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The intimate recollections of

STALIN'S DAUGHTER

From her forthcoming book 'Twenty Letters to a Friend'
by Svetlana Alliluyeva

Family pictures in Svetlana's Russian home

The history of modern Russia may never be told dispassionately; all that is written has to be weighed against the author's personal view. The men who could really tell us the facts are not the kind who will. Or they are dead, or murdered, and we are left to select and reject and, in the end, try to assemble, like a gigantic jigsaw puzzle, the events of 50 years. Now a new provocative piece of the puzzle lies on the table.

When Stalin's daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva, came to this country this year she brought with her a manuscript called *Twenty Letters to a Friend* which will be published next month by Harper & Row. Here LIFE begins the first of two instalments from her book.

Mrs. Alliluyeva's work should be read more for personal experience and the intimate feeling of things than for political history. Born at the center of power she writes of a private world ringed with horror. And out of her recollections comes a picture of herself as she struggles to find within her fated family the essence of human dignity. She wrote her book in 1963 as letters to someone she prefers not to identify, other than to say that he is a scientist who belongs to "the world of literature."

Mrs. Alliluyeva says herself that her book is not political history but adds, "This does not mean that the political history of the country was unknown to me." She prefers to call what she has written "lyrical reporting about events which I knew myself, about people whom I knew myself." That her writing should be compared to that of Tolstoy and Turgenev she finds "very funny," but her description of the Soviet scene invites the comparison. Running through the book is a brooding love for the vast and enigmatic land of Russia, a fatalistic horror of the things which Russians did because—as Tolstoy once argued—their very Russianness willed the doing. The picture that she gives of her father—a gruff, suspicious, autocratic man who was unexpectedly prudish in small matters, Byzantine in the extreme, loving to his daughter in an absent-minded way—is one that only a daughter could know. And Mrs. Alliluyeva's account of her mother's death turns new light on an incident about which historians have been uncertain for a generation. Her recollections echo the tragic Slavic folk tale—one by one, mother, brothers, uncles and aunts come to violent ends or go mad.

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On Long Island, Mrs. Alliluyeva talks about her book and her memories of her father. "I avoided being a judge of my father, which I absolutely cannot be," she explains. "I felt always a personal attachment to my father . . . not what could be called a confidence, but an attachment, of child to father. It was there. Yes, I cannot forget it—unfortunately." In her book she recalls how Stalin enjoyed "stretching out on a deck chair with a book and his official papers or the newspapers"—as he is at right, relaxing in the early 1930s.

'IT'S DARK BEHIND

by SVETLANA ALLILUYEVA

In the village of Zhukovka, evening sun lights the grass and the woods with gold. These woods are a small oasis [outside Moscow], an oasis where roads and *dachas* aren't built any more. The grass is mowed in the clearings and the underbrush cut away. People come here to relax. The visitor from Moscow has only to spend three or four hours roaming the forest and breathing its air to feel cured, strengthened, reborn, rested from all cares. He puts a faded bouquet of wildflowers on the rack of the electric train and goes back to the teeming streets of Moscow. For a long time after that he will advise everyone he knows to spend Sunday hiking in the woods. Sooner or later they will all go by on the path, past the fence and the house I live in.

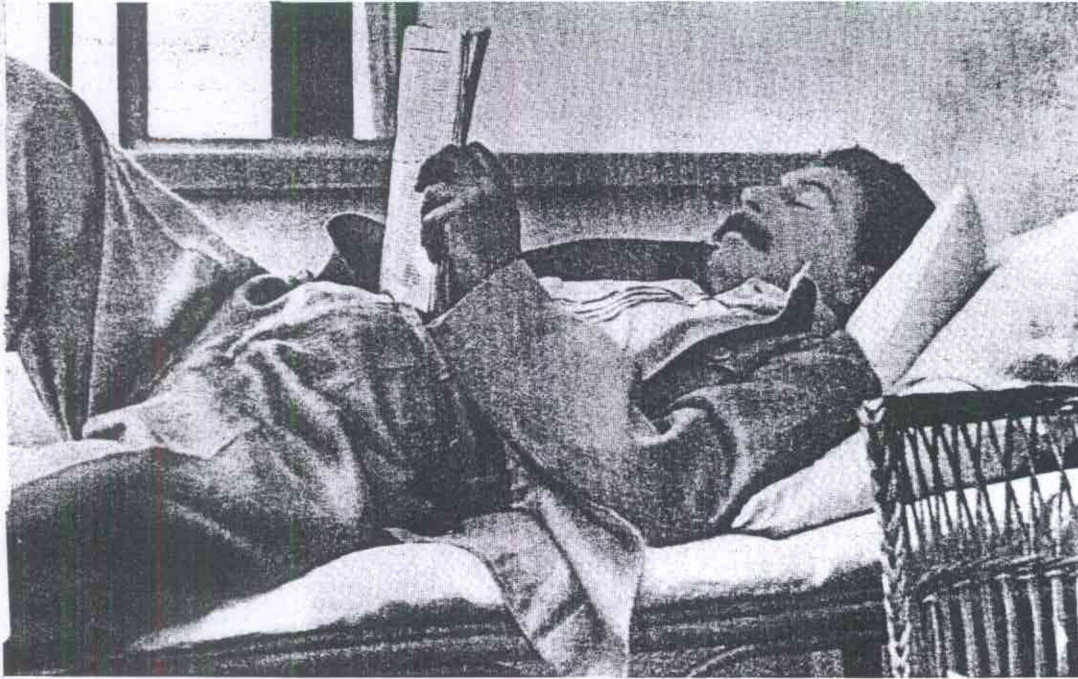
I have lived in these woods and this part of the world all my 37 years [written in 1963]. What difference does it make that my life and these houses have changed? The woods are still the same. The villagers still draw their water from wells and do their cooking on kerosene stoves. Cows still low and hens cluck inside the village huts. Yet television antennas stick up from the gray, tumbledown roofs and the girls wear nylon blouses and sandals from Hungary. But the grass and the birch forest have a sweet smell, the golden pines are just the same and the same country roads go off to Petrovskoye and Znamenskoye.

This is where I belong—not in the Kremlin, where I lived for 25 years. There is a feeling of space here; there are fields and sky. There's a nice old church on the hill. True, it's not used any more and the trees have grown up rank in the enclosure around it, but it stands splendid in the dense greenery and goes on serving the cause of everlasting good on earth. I don't want to be in the city for anything. I would suffocate there.

Please don't think I look on my life as anything special. Most of my generation have had much fuller lives than I. The ones who are five or six years older are the best of all. They're the ones who went fearlessly and eagerly straight from their classrooms to the war. Few of them survived. Those who did are the flower of our time. I have no great deeds to my credit: I've never been an actor on the stage. All my life was spent behind the scenes.

It's dark behind the scenes. You can see the audience applauding, open-mouthed with delight, following the speeches and blinded by the multicolored lights and the scenery. You can see the actors, too, playing their roles as czars, gods, servants and extras. There's a smell of mice and glue and old sets. But what an interesting place it is! It's where the make-up men, the prompters and costume people have their being. No one knows better than they that life is an enormous theater where by no means everyone is cast in the role he was meant for. The play goes on, passions boil, the heroes brandish their swords, poets recite, czars are crowned, castles on the stage tumble and spring up again in the twinkling of an eye, the fairies and the evil spirits fly, the ghost of the king appears, Hamlet broods—and [as in Pushkin's final stage instruction] the People are silent.

I shall tell you about the very end, the days in early March 1953, when I was in



my father's house watching as he lay dying.

They were terrible days. The feeling that the steady, firm and familiar ground was swaying beneath my feet began on March 2, when I was called out of French class at the Academy and told that "Malenkov [Georgi Malenkov, who succeeded Stalin as premier] wants you to come to Blizhny." Blizhny, the Russian word for "near," was the name of my father's *dacha* at Kuntsevo, just outside Moscow. It was unprecedented for anyone but my father to ask me to come to the *dacha*. I went with a feeling of disquiet.

We were through the gates when Khrushchev and Bulganin waved my car to a stop in the drive outside the house. I thought it must be all over. They took me by the arms. They were both in tears. "Let's go in," they said. "Beria and Malenkov will tell you everything."

Instead of the usual deep silence everyone was fussing and running around. When someone finally told me that my father had had a stroke in the night and was unconscious, I even felt a little relieved. I had thought he was dead already. They found him at 3 o'clock in the morning, in this room, right here, lying on a rug. They decided to carry him to the next room, to the sofa he usually slept on. That's where he was now. The doctors were there too. "You can go in," somebody told me.

There was a whole crowd of people jammed into the big room. Doctors I didn't know—Academician V. N. Vinogradov, who had looked after my father for many years, was now in jail—were making a tremendous fuss, applying leeches to his neck and the back of his head, making cardiograms and taking X-rays of his lungs. A nurse kept giving him injections and a doctor jotted it all down in a notebook. A special session of the Academy of Medical Sciences was being held somewhere. Another group of doctors was conferring in the next room. An artificial respiratory machine had been brought from one of the medical research institutes. Some young doctors had come with it since no one else had the faintest idea how to work it. The unwieldy thing was just standing there idle and the young doctors were staring distractedly around, utterly overcome. Everyone was tiptoeing. All felt that something portentous, something almost of majesty, was going on in this room.

One person was behaving in a way that was very nearly obscene. That was Beria [Lavrenti Beria, head of the secret police, who was executed nine months later]. He was extremely agitated. His face, repulsive enough at the best of times, now was twisted by ambition, cruelty, cunning and a lust for power. He was trying so hard at this moment to strike exactly the right balance, to be cunning yet not too cunning. He went up to the bed and spent a long time gazing into the dying man's face. From time to time my father opened his eyes. Beria stared fixedly at those clouded eyes, anxious even now to convince my father that he was the most loyal and devoted of all. Unfortunately, he had succeeded for too long.

During the final minutes, as the end was approaching, Beria suddenly caught sight of me and ordered: "Take Svetlana away!" The people who were standing around stared, but no one moved. The second it was over he darted into the hallway ahead of anybody else. The silence around the deathbed was shattered by his loud voice, the ring of triumph unconcealed, as he shouted: "Khrustalyov! My car!" [Khrustalyov was the head of Stalin's personal bodyguard.]

He [Beria] was a magnificent modern specimen of the artful courtier, the embodiment of Oriental perfidy, flattery and hypocrisy who had succeeded in confounding even my father, a man whom it was ordinarily difficult to deceive. A good deal that this monster did is now a blot on my father's name and in a good many things they were guilty together. But I have not the slightest doubt that Beria used his cunning to trick my father into other things and

THE SCENES'

CONTINUED

laughed up his sleeve about it afterward.

Now all the ugliness inside him came into the open—he couldn't hold it back. I was by no means the only one to see it. But all were terrified of him. They knew that the moment my father died no one in all Russia would have greater power.

My father was unconscious; he had lost his speech and the right side was paralyzed. Whenever he opened his eyes they leaned over him, straining to catch a word or read a wish. I was sitting at his side holding his hand and he looked at me, though I am sure he couldn't see me. I kissed his face and his hand. There was no longer anything more for me to do.

It's a strange thing, but during those days of illness when he was nothing but a body out of which the soul had flown and later, during the days of leave-taking in the Hall of Columns [where prominent Soviet personalities lie in state], I loved my father more tenderly than I ever had before. He had been remote from me, from us, his children, from all his relatives. Yet even the grandchildren who never saw him loved him and love him still. When he found peace at last on his deathbed and his face became beautiful and serene, I felt my heart breaking from grief and love.

Neither before nor since have I felt such a powerful welling of contradictory emotions. As I stood in the Hall of Columns day after day, unable to speak, I realized that a deliverance of some kind was under way. I had no idea what kind of deliverance it was or what form it was going to take, but I saw that it was a release for me and everyone else from a burden that had been weighing on the minds and hearts of us all. They were playing an old Georgian folk tune with a melody that was sorrowful and full of feeling. I looked at that beautiful face in its sadness and repose and listened to the funeral music and felt torn by grief. I thought what a bad daughter I was, that I had been more like a stranger than a daughter to him and had never been a help to this lonely spirit, this sick old man, when he was left all alone on his Olympus. Yet he was, after all, my father, a father who had done his best to love me and to whom I owed good things as well as bad—more good than bad, in fact. All those days I couldn't cry and I didn't eat.

My father died a difficult and terrible death. It was the first and so far the only time I have seen somebody die. God grants an easy death only to the just. The hemorrhaging had gradually spread to the rest of the brain. Since his heart was healthy and strong, it affected the breathing centers bit by bit and caused suffocation. His breathing became shorter and shorter. For the last 12 hours the lack of oxygen was acute. His face altered and became dark. His lips went black and the features grew unrecognizable.

The death agony was terrible. He literally choked to death as we watched. At what seemed the very last moment he suddenly opened his eyes and cast a glance over everyone in the room. It was a terrible glance, insane or perhaps angry and full of fear of death and the unfamiliar faces of the doctors bent over him. Then something happened that to this day I do not understand. He lifted his left hand as though he were pointing to something above and bringing down a curse on us all. The gesture was full of menace, and no one could say to whom or to what it might be directed. The next moment, after a final effort, the spirit wrenched itself free of the flesh.

The flesh grew still. The face became pale and assumed its usual appearance. In a few seconds it was serene, beautiful, imperturbable. We all stood silent for a few minutes. It seemed like ages.

The members of the government rushed for the door. They had to go to Moscow, to the Central Committee Building where everyone was sitting and waiting for the news everyone was secretly expecting. To be fair, they were torn by the same contradictory emotions as I—sorrow and relief.

All except the degenerate Beria spent those days in great agitation, trying to help, yet at the same time fearful of the future. I saw Voroshilov, Kaganovich, Malenkov, Bulganin and Khrushchev in tears. Besides being bound to my father in a common cause, they were under the spell of his extraordinary personality.

According to custom, the body was to lie on the deathbed for several hours more. Bulganin and Mikoyan stayed behind. I sat on a sofa by the opposite wall. The doctors went home and half the lights were put out. An old nurse whom I had seen around the Kremlin hospital for years was quietly tidying up the large dining table in the center of the room.

This was the room where everyone ate and where the tiny circle of the Politburo used to hold its meetings. Affairs of state had been discussed and settled at this table over dinner. "Coming to dinner" at my father's always meant coming to decide some question. Along the walls there were sofas and chairs. In the corner there was a fireplace; my father always liked a fire in winter. In one corner was a record player. My father had a good collection of Russian, Georgian and Ukrainian folk songs and didn't recognize the existence of any other kind of music.

Cooks, chauffeurs and watchmen, gardeners and the women who had waited on the table—all went up to the bed silently and wept. They wiped their tears away as children do, with their hands and sleeves and kerchiefs. The nurse, who was also in tears, gave them drops of valerian.

Valentina Istomina, or "Valechka," as she was called, who had been my father's housekeeper for 18 years, came to say goodby. She dropped heavily to her knees, put her head on my father's chest and wailed at the top of her voice as the village women do. She went on for a long time and nobody tried to stop her.

All these servants of my father loved him. In little things he was not hard to please. He was courteous, unassuming and direct with those who waited on him. He never scolded anyone except the big shots—the generals and commandants of his bodyguard. The servants had neither bullying nor harshness to complain of. They often asked him for help, and no one was ever refused. During his last years, Valechka and all the rest had seen more of him than I. She will be convinced to her dying day that no better man ever walked the earth.

Late that night—rather, when it was near daybreak—they came to take the body for the autopsy. I started shaking all over with a nervous tremble. The body was laid on a stretcher. It was the first time I had seen my father naked. It was a beautiful body. It didn't look old or as if he had been sick at all. With a pang like the thrust of a knife in the heart I felt what it meant to be "flesh of the flesh." I realized that the body that had given me life no longer had life in it, yet I would go on living.

You can never understand what this means until you have witnessed the death of a parent with your own eyes. You have to watch as "the spirit departs the flesh." It wasn't so much that I understood this at the time, but I sensed it.

The body was taken away. A white car was driven up to the doorway and everyone went outside. Those who were standing on the porch

Flanking Stalin's bier as his body lies in state in Moscow's Hall of Columns are the leaders of the new government that took over at his death in 1953. From left, they are Vyacheslav M. Molotov, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Marshal Kliment Voroshilov, President of the U.S.S.R.; Lavrenti P. Beria, Minister of Internal Affairs; and—in the place of honor closest to Stalin—

or in the driveway took off their hats. I was still trembling, and someone put a coat over my shoulders. Bulganin put his arms around me. The doors slammed shut and the car started up. I buried my face in Bulganin's chest and finally started to cry. He cried, too, and stroked my hair. The others lingered in the doorway and then started to drift away.

I went to the servants' wing, which was connected to the house by a long passageway that was used to bring food from the kitchen. Everyone who was left, the nurses, bodyguards and servants, had gathered there. Somebody made me eat. "You're going to have a long day," they told me. "You haven't had any sleep and you're going to the Hall of Columns soon. You'd better get your strength up." I had something to eat and sat for a while in an armchair. It was 5 o'clock in the morning. I went into the kitchen. On the way I heard someone sobbing loudly. The nurse who had been developing cardiograms in the bathroom was crying as if her heart would break. "She locked herself in and has been crying for hours," somebody told me.

At 6 o'clock in the morning the radio would announce the news we already knew. But everyone needed to *hear* it. It was as if we couldn't believe it otherwise. Finally a voice came on, a slow voice associated with major announcements. Everyone took it all in. Men, women, everyone started crying all over again. I broke down and wept and felt better because I was not alone, because all these people knew what an immense thing it was that had happened and were weeping with me.

All of them were sincere. No one was making a show of loyalty or grief. All of them had known one another for years. All of them knew me, too. They knew that I was a bad daughter and that my father had been a bad father, but he had loved me all the same, as I loved him.

The only places I enjoy thinking back on are the ones I lived in with my mother: the apartment we had in the Kremlin up to 1932, and Zubalovo, our *dacha* near Usovo. You could feel Mother's presence in both of them.

Ten years have gone by. My life has changed very little [in 1963]. I live, as I always did, in my father's shadow. Meanwhile a generation has grown up to whom neither Stalin nor a great deal else, both good and bad, that is associated with his name means anything.

I would never attempt to write a biography of my father, which, after all, would have to cover 20 years of the last century and half of this one. I can only judge what I saw and experienced myself or what is at least within the limits of my understanding. I can write about the 27 years that I spent with my father, about the people who came to his house or were close to him, about everything that was around us and made up our life.

Not far from Kuntsevo there is a dark, empty house where my father spent the last 20 years of his life, after the death of my mother. [Once] it was a wonderful, airy, modern, one-story *dacha* set among woods and flowers in a garden. The roof was a vast sundeck where I loved to run and play. I remember how the whole family came out to see the new house and how noisy and cheerful it was. My mother's sister Anna and her husband, Stanislav Redens [purged in 1938], came there. So did my mother's brother Uncle Pavel and his wife Yevgenia. Uncle Aleksandr and Aunt Maria Svanidze were there, too, and my brothers Yakov and Vasily.

Beria's pince-nez was already gleaming in a corner somewhere. He came up from Georgia from time to time to "pay homage" to my father and look at the new *dacha*. Everyone hated him, starting with Redens and the Svanidzes, who knew his work in the Georgian Cheka [the secret police now known as the K.G.B.] only too well. My mother, as my father himself told me later, when I had grown up, "made scenes" and insisted as early as 1929 that "this man must not be allowed to set foot in our house." He said, "I asked her what was wrong with him? Give me facts. I'm not convinced. I see no facts! But she just cried out 'What facts do you need? I just see he's a scoundrel! I won't have him here!' I told her to go to hell. He's my friend. He's a good Chekist."

My father had the house [at Kuntsevo] rebuilt over and over again. The same thing happened with all his houses. He would go south to one of his vacation retreats and by the time he went back the next summer, the place had been rebuilt. Either there was too little sunshine for him, or it needed a terrace. If there was one floor, it needed two, and if there were two—well, tear one down.

He built the second floor at Kuntsevo in 1948. The following year he held a large reception in the big room for a delegation from China. The second floor was never used again.

My father lived on the ground floor. He lived in one room, in fact. He slept on the sofa, made up at night as a bed, and had telephones on the table beside it. The large dining table was piled high with official papers, newspapers and books. He used one end for eating when he was alone. There was a sideboard for china and medicines. My father picked out his medicines himself, since the only doctor he trusted was Vinogradov, whom he called once or twice a year. The great soft rug and the fireplace were all the luxury he wanted. After the war the whole Politburo came for "dinner" nearly every night in the main room, where my father also saw visitors. I seldom entered it and the only foreigner I saw there was Josip Broz Tito [of Yugoslavia] in 1946. But all the other leaders of the foreign Communist parties—English, American, French and Italian—very likely have been there. It was in this room that my father lay in March 1953. The sofa by the wall was his deathbed.

My father spent every day from spring to fall out on the terraces. During his later years he was especially fond of the small terrace on the west side where he could watch the setting sun. The garden, the flowers and the woods around were my father's hobby. He liked to see ripe red cherries, apples and tomatoes everywhere. Once in a while he took a pair of shears and pruned a twig or two. He spent hours roaming the garden as if he were seeking a quiet, comfortable spot and not finding it. In summer he spent days at a time wandering out of doors and had his official papers, newspapers and tea brought to him in the park. This was luxury as he wanted and understood it.

The last time I was at Kuntsevo, two months before he died, I had a surprise. There were blown-up magazine photographs of children all over the walls, a boy skiing, a girl drinking goat's milk from a horn. There was practically a gallery of drawings. They were supposed to be likenesses of writers like Gorky and Sholokhov and others I cannot remember. Higher on the wall there was a portrait of Lenin, by no means one of the best.

After my mother died, huge photographs of her were hung in my father's office and in the dining room of the apartment in Moscow, but my father wasn't living there and they didn't mean anything. The idea that Stalin lived in the Kremlin is false. It is true only in the sense that my father's office and work were in the Kremlin.

Strange things happened at Kuntsevo after my father died. The very next day—it was well

CONTINUED

the new premier, Georgi M. Malenkov. At the right of the bier are (from left) Marshal Nikolai A. Bulganin, Minister of Defense; Nikita S. Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party; Lazar Kaganovich, Deputy Premier; and Anastas Mikoyan, Minister of Domestic Trade. Before the year was out, Lavrenti Beria was arrested and executed.

before the funeral—Beria had the whole household, servants and bodyguards, called together and said that my father's belongings were to be removed—no one had any idea where—and that they were all to quit the premises.

My father's possessions, his books and furniture and china, were packed up and tearfully loaded on trucks. They were all carted off somewhere, to the sort of warehouse the secret police had plenty of. Servants were simply thrown out. A good many officers of the bodyguard were transferred to other cities. Two of them shot themselves.

Later, in 1955, after Beria himself had "fallen," they started restoring the *dacha*. My father's things were brought back. The former servants and commandants were invited back. They were preparing to open the house as a museum, like Lenin's house at Leninskiye Gorki. But then came the 20th Party Congress [in 1956, when Khrushchev denounced Stalin in a now famous speech]. After that, of course, any thought of a museum was dropped. The service buildings in which my father's bodyguards used to live are now a hospital or sanatorium. The house itself is gloomy, closed up, dead. Sometimes I have a nightmare about it and wake up cold with fright.

But once we had quite a different house—a house that was sunny and gay. Less than 20 miles from the center of Moscow, the house once belonged to the younger Zubalov, an oil magnate from Batum. Mikoyan and his family, Voroshilov, Shaposhnikov and several other Old Bolshevik families lived in Zubalovo Two, as it was called, while my father and mother took over the smaller Zubalovo Four nearby. The Mikoyans' house to this day is as the Zubalovs left it. On the porch is a marble statue of a dog. The walls are hung with Gobelins and downstairs the windows are of stained glass.

Our place underwent endless transformations. At the outset my father had the surrounding woods cleared and half the trees cut down. He was unable merely to contemplate nature; he had to transform it. He had fruit trees planted over large tracts and strawberry, raspberry and currant bushes. We children grew up on what was actually a small estate with a country routine—haying, picking mushrooms and berries, our own fresh honey every year, our own pickles and preserves, our own poultry.

My mother was interested in something else—our education and upbringing. Although I was only 6 when she died, I could already read and write both Russian and German. My brother Vasily, who was already a difficult child, had a wonderful tutor, Aleksandr Muravyov, who was forever thinking up fascinating expeditions to the river and woods: camping out all night by the river in a lean-to and cooking fish, nut-picking and mushroom-gathering expeditions. Winter and summer a teacher named Natalia Konstantinovna—no one called them governesses any more—spent alternate days teaching us clay modeling, showing us how to make our own toys out of wood, how to color and draw.

All this educational machinery was set in motion by my mother, yet she herself was practically never home. My mother worked first on the staff of a magazine and then enrolled in the Industrial Academy. She was forever attending meetings somewhere, and she spent all her free time with my father. She was afraid of spoiling me because my father petted and spoiled me enough.

Iosif and Nadya Stalin (at left) picnic with the Voroshilovs (right of center)

Grigory Ordzhonikidze

Anastas Mikoyan

Mikoyan's

What splendid children's parties we had! I remember my last birthday party while my mother was still alive. It was February 1932, and I was 6 years old. The Kremlin apartment was filled with children. We recited verses in Russian and German and satirical couplets about shockworkers and political double-dealers. We danced the Ukrainian *gopak*. Artyom Sergeyev, a friend of my brother Vasily and now a much-decorated general, crouched on all fours in a bearskin and growled while somebody read a fable by Krylov. My father was there too. He was only watching, but once in a while he enjoyed the sounds of children playing.

Nikolai Bukharin, whom everyone adored, often came for the summer. [Bukharin was purged and shot in 1938.] He filled the whole house with animals. Hedgehogs would be chasing each other across the balcony, garter snakes sunning themselves in jars, a tame fox racing through the park. I vaguely remember Bukharin in a long blouse and linen trousers and sandals. He used to play with the children and tease my nurse, whom he taught to ride a bicycle and shoot an air rifle. Everyone had a good time when he was around. (Years later, long after he was dead, "Bukharin's fox" still was racing around the empty Kremlin.)

The grownups often had parties of their own. The colorful Semyon Budenny [a gloriously mustached World War II general] would bring his accordion and play Russian and Ukrainian songs. Budenny and Voroshilov had especially good voices. My father would sing too. He had a fine ear and a clear, high-pitched voice. (His speaking voice, on the other hand, was low and not very loud.) I have no idea whether my mother could sing, but it is said that once in a while she would dance a Georgian *lezghinka*.

Our apartment in the Kremlin was run by a housekeeper, a German from Riga, Latvia,

The Soviet leaders were Svetlana's friends

To young Svetlana, the feared and famous men who surrounded her father were friends and neighbors, frequent dinner guests and summer visitors. The Voroshilovs and Mikoyans had nearby dachas *at Zubalovo. Nikolai Bukharin, the old Bolshevik, used to come for the summer with his wife and child and had a pet fox which hung around for years. At parties, mustachioed Marshal Semyon Budenny played the accordion and Voroshilov and Stalin would join in the singing. Abel Yenukidze, a high official, was Nadya Stalina's godfather and Svetlana called him "Uncle Abel." Grigory and Zina Ordzhonikidze—he was Minister of Heavy Industry—were close family friends. Although Svetlana tells how much she and her mother disliked Beria (later head of the secret police), she as a child once nestled comfortably between his knees on a country outing.*

Abel Yenukidze

Nikolai Bukharin

three sons

Semyon Budenny

Young Svetlana with Lavrenti Beria

named Carolina Till. She was a charming old woman, neat and immaculate and very kind, who wore her hair piled high on her head in the old-fashioned way, in combs and with a chignon on the crown. My mother entrusted the whole of our rather modest budget to her, and with it she ran the household. Up to 1933 our household was run by my mother or by a housekeeper, without any Chekists or bodyguards. The only guard was a man who rode in the car with my father and had nothing to do with the house. He wasn't allowed near it.

No one cared about luxury or possessions, though all the Soviet leaders did try to give a good education to their children. They hired good governesses of the old prerevolutionary school to teach German to their children.

During those years my parents always went south with [our] friends, with Abel Yenukidze [purged in 1937], my mother's godfather, with Mikoyan, Voroshilov or Molotov and all their wives and children. Sometimes my father went hawk shooting with a double-barreled rifle. Or he might go hunting hares at night from an automobile. Bowling, billiards—anything that took a sharp eye, he was good at. He never swam; he didn't know how. He didn't like sitting in the sun. He did like to go walking in the shade of the woods. But even this quickly bored him and he preferred stretching out on a deck chair with a book and his official papers or the newspapers. And he could sit at the table with guests by the hour. My mother was used to it; in this sense she was a perfect wife. In Moscow once while I was a baby and she still was nursing me, my father felt slightly ill at Sochi. She left me without the least hesitation to my nurse and our goat Nyuska and went to my father.

In summer our life centered on the terrace downstairs and on my father's balcony on the second floor. My nurse was forever sending me there. "Go take these currants to Papa," or "Bring Papa some violets," or "Take him some lilies of the valley." I would go trotting off and be rewarded no matter by a warm, tobacco-scented kiss from my father.

In spite of being so young my mother, who was 30 in 1931 was respected by the entire household. She was very much loved by everyone. She was extraordinarily gentle and considerate. At the same time she could be firm, stubborn and unyielding.

My mother was tender with my oldest brother Yakov, my father's son by his first wife Yekaterina Svanidze. Yakov, who was only seven years younger than my mother, loved and respected her greatly. My mother was on the friendliest terms with the Svanidzes, with Aleksandra and Maria, the sisters of my father's first wife, who had died young, with her brother Aleksandr Svanidze and his wife Maria. My mother's parents and her brothers, my Uncles Fyodor and Pavel, her sister Anna and Anna's husband, Stanislav Redens, were at our house constantly. There were no quarrels, no petty squabbles.

They were extraordinary personalities, gifted and fascinating. The life of almost ev-

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ery one was cut short in some tragic fashion.

Grandfather Sergei Alliluyev was from a peasant family in Voronezh province. His grandmother was a gypsy. It must have been from their gypsy blood that the Alliluyevs got their exotic southern features, their black eyes and flashing white teeth, their dark skins and slender frames. Grandfather was gifted with his hands and good at all kinds of mechanical work. In 1898 he joined the Russian Social Democratic Workers' Party. He was never an important figure in the Party; he was one of the humble rank and file.

He and his family had a four-room apartment in St. Petersburg. It was not large, but it would be as much as a Soviet professor could dream of today. His children went to a high school and grew up as members of the intelligentsia.

After the Revolution my grandfather built the Shatura Hydroelectric Station. At one time he was even chairman of the Leningrad Electric Power Company. As an Old Bolshevik he was close to the Old Guard of the Revolution. He was a gentle, courteous man who to the end of his days—he died in 1945 at the age of 79—retained his spirit as a revolutionary idealist of former times, his integrity and his extraordinary honesty.

He lived with us at Zubalovo and was adored by his grandchildren. He had a carpenter's bench and was always soldering things, sharpening and planing, fixing the electric wiring.

My mother's death in 1932 broke my grandfather's spirit. He grew silent and withdrawn. He stayed in his room for days at a time, making things on a lathe. Then he fell ill. I suspect it was his spirit that began to ail first, because he had always had an iron constitution. In 1938 he suffered a new blow, the death of his son Pavel. Meanwhile, his son-in-law, Stanislav Redens, had been arrested. After the war, in 1948, his daughter Anna was sent to prison. Thank God Grandfather didn't live to see it.

I went to see him in the hospital not long before he died. He was no longer able to speak. He just closed his eyes and silently wept, for he realized that people were coming to say goodby. Many Old Bolsheviks came to the open coffin in the Museum of the Revolution to say goodby. And at the cemetery, the old revolutionary Litvin-Sedoi made a speech which I didn't fully understand then but now understand very well. It began: "We, the older generation of idealistic Marxists . . ."

My grandmother, Olga Fedorenko, wasn't even 14 when she tied her clothes in a bundle, slipped out the window and ran off with my grandfather in Tiflis. Born in Georgia, she herself was a strange mixture. Although her father, Yevgeny Fedorenko, had a Ukrainian name, his mother was Georgian. But he married Magdalena Eichholz, who was from a family of German settlers. Magdalena Eichholz was the perfect German housewife; she baked fine cakes and bore nine children, of whom our grandmother, Olga, was the youngest. She brought up all nine in the Protestant church. Whenever we children started making fun of her and asking "Where is God?" or, "If man has a soul, where is it?" she would get angry and tell us: "Wait till you grow up and you'll see where. Stop it!" She was quite capable of bursting into screams of abuse at what she called our "sloppy managers"—all the state-employed cooks and servants and commandants who looked on her as a "fussy old freak."

All four of the children, Anna, Fyodor, Pavel and Nadezhda ("Nadya," my mother), were born in the Caucasus. They were exceptionally good-looking, all but Fyodor, who made up for it by being the most intelligent. The strongest, however, was my mother, who had a special inner fortitude. The others were much softer. Pavel and Anna were goodness itself, so much so that my mother was always complaining that they and our

Maria Svanidze — Maria Korona Svanidze
Nurse Aleksandra Bychkova — Nadya Alliluyeva Stalina — Anna Alliluyeva Redens
Svetlana Stalina — Vasily Stalin — Svetlana Bukharina

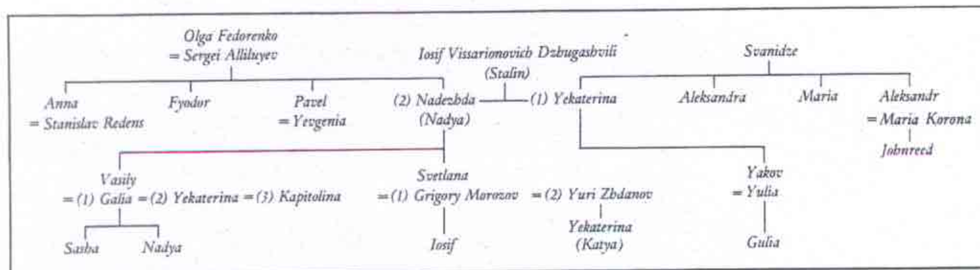

Chart traces family trees of Stalin's wives, Yekaterina Svanidze (right) and Nadya Alliluyeva (left), and descendants

Sergei Alliluyev

Pavel, Nadya and Fyodor Alliluyev

Anna Redens in Moscow's Red Square in 1964

Iosif Stalin's ill-fated in-laws

Sergei Alliluyev

Stalin's in-laws—the Alliluyevs and the Svanidzes (the family of his first wife)—suffered enormously during the years of his rule. Stanislav Redens, the husband of Nadya Alliluyeva's sister Anna, was executed at Stalin's order, as was Aleksandr Svanidze, brother of Stalin's first wife and husband of Maria Korona Svanidze. Anna Alliluyeva Redens, Maria Korona Svanidze and Yevgenia Alliluyeva, wife of Nadya's brother Pavel, were all arrested and spent years in prison. Fyodor Alliluyev went mad at an early age—according to Svetlana, schizophrenia runs in her mother's family. Stalin had known old Sergei Alliluyev, himself an ardent revolutionary, even before 1900. On several occasions before the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917 Stalin had hidden out in the Alliluyev apartment in St. Petersburg, and it was there that he met Nadya. Sergei Alliluyev died a natural death at the age of 79.

grandparents "just let the children run wild."

My grandmother was unusually attractive, so much so that there was no coping with all her admirers. From time to time she hurled herself into affairs with a Pole, a Hungarian, a Bulgarian, even a Turk. She liked southern men and sometimes complained angrily that "Russian men are boors."

In later years my grandmother and grandfather had suffered so much from my mother's death, in their own ways, that they lived in separate apartments. Meeting at dinner in our house at Zubalovo, they would start quarreling over nothing. As a result, both encountered old age, illness and death alone. Although both were lonely, neither wanted to give up any freedom in the final years. "Freedom, freedom, I love freedom!" Grandmother loved to exclaim. What she meant was that it was Grandfather who had robbed her of freedom and "ruined" her life.

Both were utterly impractical. During the years when they had privileges such as ration books to which Old Bolsheviks were entitled, they kept on wearing old clothing left over from before the Revolution. The relatives of other big shots in the Party, meantime, were using similar positions to carve out lives of luxury. This innocence was annoying to people. "Look at that wretched old pair," they'd say. "Can't their son-in-law [Stalin] get them something better to wear?" Their son-in-law, meanwhile, wore a plain military tunic of linen in summer and of wool in winter and an overcoat that was 15 years old. He also had a short, strange-looking fur coat with squirrel on the inside and reindeer on the outside, which he started wearing soon after the Revolution. He went on wearing it with a fur cap to the end of his days.

My father had known the Alliluyevs a long time, since the end of the 1890s. There is a family legend that as a young man my father rescued my mother from drowning. It happened in Baku, when she was 2 years old. She was playing on the shore and fell in. He is said to have gone in after her and fished her out. Years afterward my mother met my father again. She was a schoolgirl of 16 by that time, he an old friend of the family, a 38-year-old revolutionary just back from exile in Siberia. Maybe the fact that he had rescued her seemed significant to her, for she was a romantic.

After my mother died no one spoke openly of the pain all shared, but it was present. Maybe that's why later, when the household broke up and meetings became less frequent, my father seemed to be avoiding my grandparents more and more.

Grandfather used to come to our apartment in the Kremlin and sit in my room by the hour waiting for my father. Dinner was at 7 or 8 at night. My father was never alone. At best, Grandfather might get to sit at the table with him in silence. At times, when my father had brought too many people, Grandfather would sigh and say: "I guess I'll go home. I'll come another time." It might be six months or a year before he came again. He never once asked my father what had happened to his son-in-law, Redens, though the fate of his daughter Anna, her shattered life and the lives of her sons worried him deeply. He had too much pride to beg.

Grandmother was more natural. She always had a pile of complaints, and in the old days she used to go to Lenin. So Grandmother frequently turned directly to my father: "Ah, Iosif, imagine, I can't get vinegar anywhere!" My father would burst out laughing and my mother would fume. My father would have the whole thing settled in a second.

Once my mother died my grandmother no longer felt at home in our house. She lived either at Zubalovo or in an immaculate little apartment of her own in the Kremlin. I liked going there, for it was quiet and cozy and warm. But it was also infinitely sad. What did she have to talk of but sorrows? She was wonderful-looking even at 70. She had no wrinkles. She never could understand why her daughter Anna should be in prison. She would give me letters for my father and later take them back. She knew it wouldn't do any good. In the early spring of 1951 she died of a heart attack at the age of 76.

My mother's favorite brother was Pavel, who became a professional soldier. At the end of the 1920s he was sent as our military representative to what was then pre-Nazi Germany. He and his family lived there until 1933. Sometimes he sent my mother a dress or some good perfume, but my father took a puritanical view of "foreign luxury" and refused even to

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tolerate the scent of perfume. My mother had to enjoy these presents surreptitiously, although she did wear the perfume. Sometimes she came to my room to stroke my head as I was falling asleep. I could smell the exotic perfume on my pillow for hours afterward.

To the end of his days my father would ask me with a look of displeasure, "Is that something foreign you've got there?" He beamed whenever I told him no, it had been made in the Soviet Union.

Before Uncle Pavel's death in 1938 he used to come to our apartment in the Kremlin and sit by the hour in Vasily's room or mine and wait for my father the way Grandfather and my Uncle Aleksandr Svanidze did. When Aleksandr Svanidze and his wife and my Aunt Anna's husband Stanislav Redens had all been arrested, Uncle Pavel came to my father again and again to plead for colleagues of his in the army. It never did any good. In the autumn of 1938 Pavel went to Sochi on vacation. When he got back he found that every one of his colleagues had disappeared. Pavel dropped dead of a heart attack in his office.

Beria made up various stories about Pavel's death and kept trying to put them over to my father. The most far-fetched was that Pavel had been poisoned by his wife. A full decade later, in 1948, he had Pavel's widow accused of spying and poisoning her husband and she was thrown into jail. She and Anna Redens—Redens himself had been shot 10 years before—were given 10 years. Neither was set free until 1954.

Anna Redens was goodness itself, the embodiment of the Christian spirit. Her attitude never failed to exasperate my father, who called her "an unprincipled fool" and remarked that "this sort of goodness is worse than any wickedness." She had once been very beautiful, slender as a reed, with features that were finely chiseled and regular, warm brown eyes and magnificent teeth. She married young, got fat and stopped looking after her appearance. She worshiped her husband, a Polish Bolshevik. To her he was the best man who had ever lived. People say Redens was tough, that he put on airs and wouldn't stand being contradicted. But I won't presume to judge what I don't remember and didn't see.

After the Civil War he was a leading Chekist in the Ukraine. Later he was transferred to the Georgian Cheka. This is where he came into conflict with Beria, who had ambitions to become head of the Cheka in Georgia. They took an instant dislike to one another. I shall come back to Beria, who seems to have had a diabolical link with our family and who wiped out a good half of its members.

Beria's appointment as head of the N.K.V.D. [formerly the Cheka] in Moscow meant trouble for Redens, and he knew it. He had been assigned to the N.K.V.D. in Kazakhstan and he and his family had left for Alma-Ata. They had not been there long when he was called back to Moscow. He went with a heavy heart and was not seen again.

Toward the end he, like Uncle Pavel, tried to see my father to intercede for people. But once my father cast someone he had known a long time out of his heart, once he had relegated that someone to the ranks of his enemies, it was impossible to talk to him about that person any more. Any effort to persuade him made him furious. No one, neither Redens nor Uncle Pavel nor Aleksandr Svanidze, could get anywhere. When he saw each one of them for the last time, it was as if he were parting with someone who might no longer be a friend, with someone who was in fact an enemy already.

My Aunt Anna and her children came to Moscow after Redens was arrested. Unlike the wives of others who had vanished, she was allowed to keep her apartment. But she was no longer permitted to come to our house. Being only 11 at the time, I couldn't make out what had happened. Where had everybody gone?

Aunt Anna refused to accept the fact that her husband had been shot, though my father was heartless enough to inform her of it in 1938 or 1939. To her friends' credit—they were old Party intellectuals, like her husband—every one of them stood by her. Often she would say, "I'll go call on Voroshilov (or Kaganovich, or the Molotovs) . . ." And she would go, though nobody else in her shoes would have dreamed of such a thing.

During the final years of the war someone suggested that she write her own memoirs. She lacked the literary ability, but she told it all to an editor named Nina Bam who wrote it up into a book. I didn't find it very interesting. Nonetheless my father was outraged when the book came out in 1947. A devastating review appeared in *Pravda*, rude, shockingly unfair and dogmatic. The more acid phrases could only have come from my father.

Everyone except Aunt Anna was frightened to death. She just laughed and said she was working on the next volume. But she never got the chance. In 1948, when a new wave of arrests swallowed up and sent back to prison those who had already served 10-year sentences starting in 1937, not even Aunt Anna was spared. She spent part of the next six years in solitary confinement but mostly in the prison hospital. The curse of heredity—the schizophrenia that plagued my mother's family—had caught up with her. When I saw her the first

Her two children scarcely saw their grandfather

As a grandfather, Iosif Stalin was strangely aloof. He never even bothered to meet five of his eight grandchildren, and the time Stalin spent with Svetlana's children, Iosif and Katya, could be measured in hours. Svetlana tells how "scared" she was the first time that she took Iosif, who was then three, to meet her father. Stalin played with the boy for half an hour and Svetlana remembers that she was "in seventh heaven." Svetlana, her father and her two children were all together on only one occasion, and that was on Nov. 8, 1952, the 20th anniversary of Nadya Stalina's death and only a few months before Stalin himself was dead. Svetlana had arranged a meeting at Stalin's dacha *at Kuntsevo. Stalin took one look at 2-year-old Katya, who "was funny as a button, with pink cheeks and dark eyes that were big as cherries," and burst out laughing.*

Iosif in a garden

Svetlana with Iosif in early 1950s

With Katya in 1954

With Katya in her teens

day she was back she was unable to recognize her two grown sons.

She is beside herself [1963] when people talk about "the cult of personality." She talks on and on: "They're exaggerating. They always exaggerate in this country. Now they're blaming everything on Stalin. But he didn't have an easy time either. And we mustn't forget the good things he did!" [Anna Redens died in August 1964 in a section of the Kremlin hospital located out of Moscow. After prison she had a great fear of locked doors but despite her protests she was locked up one night in a hospital ward. The next morning she was found dead.]

The story of my mother's brothers won't be complete until I say something about Fyodor. Life destroyed him a bit sooner than the others. He was so gifted that he was accepted for the aristocratic Marine Guards. Then came the Revolution and the Civil War. Of course he went into the army. He was assigned to intelligence. The legendary Kamo wanted him. [Kamo was a pseudonym used by an Armenian who was a kind of Bolshevik Jesse James.] He had known the family in Tiflis. But not everyone could bear what Kamo and his men could stand. Once he staged a mock raid in which it was made to look as if the whole of the unit was smashed while on the floor lay the corpse of the commander, his heart torn out.

Uncle Fyodor didn't pass. One look at the chaos and blood and he went right out of his mind. He was a semi-invalid the rest of his life, a kind man who lived on a pension and died about the age of 60. He was slovenly dressed and he slopped up his food at the table. My father was sorry for him. But he avoided him and made fun of his eccentricities.

It's strange that of his eight grandchildren my father saw only three, my two children and Yakov's daughter. Although he always was cold and unfair to Yakov, he felt tenderness for Yakov's daughter, Gulia. Stranger still, he displayed love and tenderness toward my son Iosif, the son of my first husband, a Jew my father refused to meet even once. I shall never forget how scared I was the first time my father saw Iosif. He was about 3 and very cute with huge shiny Jewish eyes and long lashes. My father melted.

Svetlana and Iosif on vacation near Yalta

It was in 1949, one of the very few visits he made after the war to Zubalovo, which was deserted by now. There were only three people living in the place—Iosif, his nurse and my old nurse, who was ill by this time. I was in my last year at the university and living in Moscow. My father played with Iosif half an hour, wandered (or rather, ran) outside the house—he had the brisk step of a young man until his dying day—and went away. I stayed behind reliving that half hour and going over everything in my mind. I was in seventh heaven.

My father saw Iosif twice more. The last time was four months before he died. Iosif was 7 and had just started the first grade. "What thoughtful eyes," my father said. "He's a smart boy!" Again I was overjoyed.

Iosif, too, remembers this last meeting with his grandfather and how well they hit it off. Unpolitical though he is—he's like the rest of his generation—he put his grandfather's picture on his desk a long time ago.

My son is 18 now [in 1963]. Of all the professions he might have chosen, he has picked the most humanitarian, that of doctor. I'm glad.

As for my daughter Yekaterina ("Katya"), my father was fond of her father, who was my second husband, and liked the entire Zhdanov family. [Svetlana's second husband was the son of Andrei Zhdanov, whose death in 1948 was followed by the purge known as "the Leningrad affair."] Yet he wasn't especially fond of our daughter. He saw her once, when she was 2. She was funny as a button, with pink cheeks and dark eyes that were big as cherries. He took one look at her and burst out laughing. The rest of the evening he never stopped laughing.

It was Nov. 8, 1952, the 20th anniversary of my mother's death. I took the children and the three of us went to the *dacha*. It wasn't easy to bring off, as I had trouble getting to see my father during his final years.

It was the next to last time I saw him, four months before he died. The table was piled high with good things to eat—fresh fruit and vegetables and nuts. There was good Georgian wine, straight from the countryside and served in tiny glasses. He always insisted on having an enormous selection, practically a battery of bottles on the table, even though he himself might not touch it. He didn't eat much either and only picked at things here and there, but he insisted on having an abundant choice on the table. That was his rule. On this occasion the children feasted on fruit and he was pleased. He liked to sit at the table and watch other people eat.

It was the first and only time I and my father and the two children were all together. It was nice the way he had wine served to the children in the fashion of the Caucasus.

We are sitting out on the porch. My son is boning up on physics; my daughter is deep in a science-fiction novel; Mishka the cat is purring. It's hot and still. The woods all around are buzzing with wasps and bees. The linden is in bloom. It's a quiet, wilting heat. Nature is peaceful, beautiful, perfect.

Oh Lord, how lovely is this earth of yours and how perfect, every blade of grass, every flower and leaf! What a terrible thing that there are so many madmen in the world! What a terrible thing, and how wrong, that they erect aims for themselves and for the sake of these aims consider the destruction of life itself to be justified.

To the poorest peasant woman it is plain that such a thing cannot be allowed to happen. Yet men and women who claim to be civilized fail to see it. The Chinese Communists who claim to be Marxist believe that it is not merely feasible, but necessary, for human beings to destroy one another.

Evil and insanity are on one side of the scale; intelligence, progress, brotherhood and humaneness on the other. World peace hangs in this hellish balance.

It seems to me that in our time faith in God is the same thing as faith in the ultimate triumph of good over evil. By the time I was 35 and had seen something of life I, who had been taught from earliest childhood by society and my family to be an atheist and a materialist, was already one of those who cannot live without God. I am glad that it is so.

Aleksandr Svanidze, the brother of my father's first wife, was three years younger than my father and one of the early Georgian Bolsheviks. He was handsome and well dressed to the point of being a dandy. An educated Marxist of the old school, he knew Oriental as well as European languages and was expert in history, economics and finance. He became the first People's Commissar of Finance [in Georgia] and a member of the Party Central Committee. He also married my Aunt Maria, who was a singer with the Tiflis opera. She was very beautiful. She was from a wealthy Jewish family, the Korons, of Spanish extraction.

Do you think it odd that I talk all the time about everybody being beautiful or handsome? It was a different age—people really were good-looking then. Just look at the old Russian revolutionaries. They all had marvelous faces, eyes that were full of expression, firm lips and high, intellectual foreheads.

Uncle Aleksandr and Aunt Maria lived in a wing of Zubalovo Two and would come over to our house on foot. They had movies there, and there was a tennis court and even a Russian bath for those who liked it. The Svanidzes had a son with the peculiar name Johnreed, in honor of the American journalist. [John Reed, *Ten Days That Shook the World*.] When he was little we all called him Johnny or Johnik, but now he is Ivan Aleksandrovich.

Uncle Aleksandr had ideas about Johnik's upbringing. Once he found out that Johnik had shoved his kitten into the fireplace and singed it. He grabbed his son by the hand, dragged him to the fireplace and thrust his hand into the flames. The little boy howled with pain. Uncle Aleksandr told him, "It hurt kitty too!" My father loved both the Svanidzes, especially Uncle Aleksandr, and treated them as members of the family. Were there political disagreements between my father and Uncle Aleksandr or Redens or Uncle Pavel? Maybe. People were not afraid of having their own opinions in those days.

Soon after Redens was arrested in 1937 both the Svanidzes were arrested.

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Her mother was her favorite parent

Svetlana was only 6 when her mother died, and writes that she can barely remember her face. Her image of her mother as warm and beautiful, loving and strict—perhaps the embodiment of good—was built up over the years by stories told by nurses and friends, and old pictures. At left is young Nadya as she looked at 13 posing in matching muff and cap—five years before she married Stalin. Nadya was a revolutionary herself, and worked for Lenin for years. In the years just before her death at age of 31, Nadya (at right, center picture) appeared far older then she was. At right, she chats with Svetlana at a birthday party.

Svetlana CONTINUED

How could such a thing happen? How could my father do it? The only thing I know is that it could not have been his idea. But if a skillful flatterer, such as Beria, whispered in his ear that "these people are against you," that there were "dangerous connections" such as trips abroad, my father was capable of believing it. His opinion could be manipulated. It became possible to insinuate that even though So-and-so had been well thought of for years, he only seemed to be all right. "Actually, he's an enemy. He's been saying bad things about you; he opposes you. X, Y and Z have given evidence against him." What my father didn't want to realize was that in the cellars of the secret police, X, Y and Z could be made to testify.

And when the "facts" convinced my father that someone he knew well had turned out "badly," a psychological metamorphosis came over him. This was where his cruel, implacable nature showed itself. The past ceased to exist. Years of friendship might as well never have been. He could wipe it all out at a stroke —and X would be doomed. "So, you've betrayed me," some inner demon would whisper. He couldn't go back. He couldn't even remember. In his cold-blooded way, he cared about only one thing. How is X conducting himself now? Does he admit his mistakes? All Beria had to do was bring him the record of the interrogation in which X "confessed," others "confessed" for him or—worse yet—X refused to "confess."

Uncle Aleksandr refused to "confess" or "ask forgiveness." He refused to write letters appealing to my father. He was shot in February 1942, at the age of 60.

That was during the war. In 1942 a great many people in prison camps were shot. I have no idea why this happened, whether it was because of the way the war was going—it was still going badly—or whether Beria had simply made up his mind to get rid of those who knew about his crimes and had no trouble talking my father into it.

When the sentence that had been carried out against Uncle Aleksandr was read to my Aunt Maria [who was in another prison camp], she dropped dead of a heart attack.

The time has come when I'll have to tell you about my mother. There are a lot of legends about her, some of them false, romantic or absurd, others downright hostile. Some say my mother was a saint, others that she was mentally unbalanced. Neither of these things is true, any more than the story that she was murdered is true.

My mother was born in Baku and her childhood was spent in the Caucasus. People who didn't know Georgia sometimes took her for a Georgian. Actually she had the looks of a southern Slav—the oval face, dark eyebrows, slightly turned-up nose, dark skin, soft brown eyes and straight black lashes that one sees in the women from Greece or Bulgaria or the Ukraine.

Her sisters and two brothers loved her and spoiled her. It is a happy, well-behaved, affectionate girl we see in her early letters.

May 1, 1916

"Dear Alisa Ivanovna,

"Forgive me for taking so long to answer your letter but I haven't had time. I was such a lazybones last summer that I had to spend 10 full days studying. . . . I think I passed everything but Russian composition. . . ."

Here is a letter of Feb. 27, 1917, the eve of the Revolution. " . . . I've been terribly busy all this time. But now school's closed for the fourth straight day because Petrograd is so unsettled, so I have some free time. It's very, very tense here. . . ."

The same day, Feb. 27, she sent a postcard: " . . . a great day has come, the 27th of February! . . . Papa's very excited and stays by the telephone the whole time. Abel Yenukidze arrived today at the Nikolayevsky Station [from Siberia]. To his surprise, he was in time for all the celebrations. . . ."

What they were celebrating was the February Revolution. My father was in exile at this time.

On Oct. 19, 1917 my mother wrote another letter:

"We've no plans for leaving the city. It's still possible to get food. Milk, bread, meat and eggs are all available, though costly. . . . There are rumors going around that the Bolsheviks are going to do something on Oct. 20 but probably there's nothing to it. . . ."

The Bolsheviks did "do something," as it turned out. On Dec. 11, 1917 my mother wrote:

" . . . I'm having a great fight with the school. They were collecting money for the civil servants and everybody was giving two or three rubles. When they got to me, I said, 'I won't.' . . . Now they all say I'm a Bolshevik. . . ."

Here is my mother's last letter from Petrograd. It was written in February 1918.

"Greetings, my dears. I'm glad you finally got the cigarettes I sent you. . . . There's real hunger in Petrograd. They hand out only an eighth of a pound of bread every day and one day they gave us none at all. I've even cursed the Bolsheviks. . . . I've lost 20 pounds and had to alter all my skirts and underclothes. They were all falling off me. I've lost so much people are even suspecting me of being in love."

My mother was married [to Stalin] shortly

after this. She and her husband went to Moscow and she went to work in Lenin's secretariat. A new life had begun, not for her alone but for the whole of Russia.

I always think of my mother as extremely beautiful and I don't suppose I'm the only one who thought so. I can't remember her face, but I have the impression that she was graceful and light of step, and that she always smelled of nice perfume. She seldom kissed me. My father, on the other hand, was always carrying me in his arms, giving me loud, moist kisses and calling me pet names like "little sparrow" and "little fly." Once I ruined a new tablecloth with a pair of scissors. My mother spanked me across the hands until it hurt. I cried so loud that my father came and kissed me and comforted me. He couldn't stand the sound of a child crying or screaming. My mother never gave in to me and scolded him for spoiling me.

This is the only letter I have from my mother to me. It was written in 1930 or 1931.

"Hello, Svetlanochka!

"I had a letter from Vasya [Svetlana's brother Vasily] saying that my little girl is carrying on and being terribly naughty. I hate getting letters like that about my little girl. I thought it was a big, sensible girl I was leaving behind, and now it turns out she's only a little girl after all and doesn't know how to behave like a grownup. . . . Please write and let me know whether you've decided to be good or not. . . .

Your Mama."

My father's letters were very different. I have two letters that I think I must have received from him about that same time, between 1930 and 1932, because they are printed in big block letters. His letters always ended "I kiss you." Until I was about 16, he used to call me "Setanka." (That was what I called myself when I was little.) He also called me "Housekeeper." Whenever I asked him for anything, he liked to answer: "Why are you only asking? Give an order, and I'll see to it right away." That's how we started the game of "orders," which we played until I was about 16. He also invented a perfect little girl named Lyolka as an example for me to follow. Lyolka always did just what she was supposed to, and of course I hated her for it.

My father was demanding and strict with Vasily, but lenient toward me. My mother was more lenient with Vasily, since he had enough discipline from my father already, but was strict with me to offset my father's affection. Yet she was the one I loved more.

I remember asking my nurse one day: "Why is it I love Grandpa better than Grandma, yet I love Mama better than Papa?" My nurse was horrified.

My mother saw to it that our time was filled up. We had our lessons. We made herbariums, tended rabbits—anything to keep us from being idle. In one of her letters as a schoolgirl my mother had stated the rule that "the more time you have, the lazier you are." Even as a tiny child my mother had me enrolled in a music class for about 20 children of preschool age.

She was only 30 in 1931. She was in the Industrial Academy studying synthetic fibers. My mother would have made a fine specialist. Her notebooks are neat and clean. The secretary of the Party Committee at the Academy was a young man named Nikita Khrushchev, who had come there straight from the Donbas. He became a full-time Party worker after he graduated from the Academy.

My mother was only seven years older than my oldest brother Yakov. She saw him through the death of a baby daughter and was a comfort to him throughout his unhappy first marriage.

My mother was terribly upset when Yakov tried to commit suicide in 1928, or it may have been 1929. In despair over the attitude of my father, who refused to have anything to do with him, Yakov went to the kitchen of our Kremlin apartment and shot himself. Luckily he was only wounded. The bullet went right through. My father made fun of him and liked to sneer: "Ha! He couldn't even shoot straight!" After his attempt at suicide, Yakov went to Leningrad and lived in my grandfather's apartment.

My mother's sister Anna told me that my mother used to think more and more in her last years about leaving my father. After a quarrel between them in 1926, when I was six months old, my mother took me and my brother and nurse and went up to Grandfather's in Leningrad intending to stay. The quarrel was caused by some rudeness of my father's, something small in itself. My nurse told me that my father telephoned from Moscow, wanting to come and make up and take us all home. My mother, not without a certain malicious humor, replied: "I'll come back myself. It'll cost the state too much for you to come here." So we all went home.

My mother never had an eye to the main chance. The things her position gave her meant nothing to her. She refused to go to the Academy in a car or even let on to the other students who she was. Many of them did not know for a long time who Nadya Alliluyeva was married to.

My nurse told me that before she died my mother was unusually irritable and sad. One day an old friend from Leningrad came to see her. They sat and talked in my nursery. My nurse heard my mother say that "everything bored her," that she was "sick of everything" and "nothing made her happy."

She wasn't supposed to touch alcohol. It had a bad effect on her. She didn't like it and was frightened when other people had anything to drink. My father told me later that once she came home very sick after a party at the Academy where she had had something to drink. She got cramps in her arms. My father put her to bed and comforted her. "So you love me a little after all," she said to him.

The last time I saw her was on the eve of her death—not more than a day or two before. She called me to her room and had me sit on her favorite *takhta*, or Georgian sofa. "Don't touch alcohol!" she said. "Never drink wine!" These were echoes of her quarrel with my father, who was forever giving his children wine.

She looked older than she was because she never let herself go. Her tremendous discipline,

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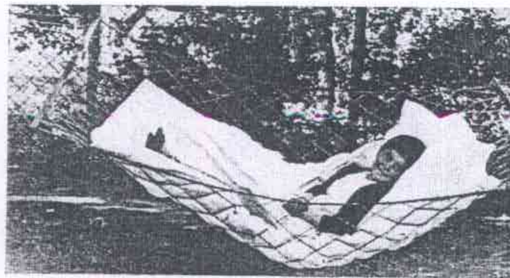
A daily round of school, home and books

As a child growing up before World War II, Svetlana lived in her father's apartment in the Kremlin, and her life was a round of school, the Pioneers (the Communist children's organization), home and books. Svetlana and her brother Vasily saw Stalin at dinner each evening, and the dictator found time to inquire about their lessons and to sign their report cards. Below, at left, Svetlana, at the age of 9, steps out of a Soviet-made car in the country. At center, she lazes in a hammock on the grounds of their country dacha *Zubalovo. At right, as a young teen-ager, Svetlana pauses on her bicycle, sporting the kerchief and the pin of the Pioneers.*



'He didn't

The flower-banked body of Nadya Alliluyeva Stalina lay in state for two days after her untimely death in November 1932. Then her funeral procession marched through the som-

Svetlana CONTINUED

her irritation and discontent built up more and more pressure within until finally she was like a coiled spring.

The immediate occasion was trivial. It was a minor falling out at a banquet in honor of the 15th anniversary of the October Revolution. My father merely said to her: "Hey, you! Have a drink!" She screamed: "Don't you dare talk to me that way!" And in front of everyone she got up and ran from the table.

My nurse started telling me how it all happened shortly before she died. Our housekeeper, Carolina Till, always woke my mother in the morning. My mother slept in a room by herself, and my father slept either in his office or in a little room with a telephone next to the dining room. That's where he was sleeping that night, after getting home late from the banquet. My mother had come in earlier and had gone to her own room.

Carolina Till got up early that day as usual. She got breakfast ready and went to wake my mother. She came running to the nursery shaking with fright and motioned to my nurse, unable to say a word. They went back together. My mother was lying beside her bed in a pool of blood. She had in her hand a little pistol that Pavel had brought her from Berlin. The body was cold. Faint with fear, mainly fear that my father might appear at any second, the two women laid the body on the bed. They called the people who had precedence in their eyes: the chief of the Kremlin Guard, Abel Yenukidze, and my mother's close friend Polina Molotov [wife of the diplomat].

Everyone came running. Meantime my father slept on. Molotov and Voroshilov came. They were all in a state of shock.

Finally my father woke up and came into the dining room. "Iosif," they said, "Nadya is no longer with us."

That is the story my nurse told me. Polina Molotov told me something very much like it. She had been at the banquet with my mother and all the others. All of them witnessed the quarrel and my mother's departure, but no one gave it much importance. Polina Molotov left the banquet with my mother so she wouldn't be alone. They went out and walked around the Kremlin Palace several times.

"She quieted down and talked about the Academy and her chances of starting to work, a prospect which occupied her mind and pleased her a good deal. Your father was rough with her and she had a hard life with him. Everyone knew that. But they had spent a good many years together. They had a family, children, a home, and everyone loved Nadya. Who could have thought she'd ever do such a thing? It wasn't a perfect marriage, of course, but then what marriage is?

"When she seemed completely calm," Polina Molotov went on, "we went our separate ways for the night. I was perfectly sure everything was all right, that it had all subsided. And then in the morning they called to tell us the terrible news."

I remember how we children were sent out at an unusual hour that morning to play. I remember how Natalia Konstantinovna kept wiping her eyes with a handkerchief at breakfast. For some reason we spent a long time playing. Suddenly we were taken to the *dacha* at Sokolovka, where we had started going that fall instead of to our beloved Zubalovo. It was al-

even go to the funeral. He never visited her grave.'

her streets of Moscow toward Novo-Devichi Cemetery. Behind the ornate, horse-drawn hearse walks a young boy, 11-year-old Vasily Stalin. At right of him is his uncle Stanislav Redens and Nadya's godfather, Abel Yenukidze. Svetlana was too young to attend the funeral, but when she was older she was told that Stalin had been extremely upset—so much so that people feared to leave him alone. At one point he stalked dramatically away from the coffin, and "he didn't even go to the funeral," Svetlana says. "He never went to visit her grave." But later at Novo-Devichi he erected a slender white marble shaft to Nadya, inscribed with the words "Member of Bolshevik Party, from I. V. Stalin."

ways fearfully gloomy at Sokolovka. The rooms were cold, uncomfortable and strange. Later that day Voroshilov came. He took us walking and tried to play with us, but he was weeping. I don't remember how they told me my mother was dead or how I took it. (For years she thought her mother had died of appendicitis.)

I began to realize something had happened only when they took me to the building where GUM (the State Universal Store) is now, but which was then an official building of some kind. The open coffin with the body was in a big room and a leave-taking ceremony was being held. I was terribly frightened when Zina Ordzhonikidze took me by the hand and led me right up to my mother's face and told me to "say goodby." I gave a loud cry and drew back. Someone quickly carried me into another room. Uncle Abel Yenukidze took me on his knees. He played with me and gave me fruit to eat. I wasn't taken to the funeral. Only Vasily went.

Later, when I was grown up, I was told that my father had been terribly shaken. Why had such a terrible stab in the back been dealt to him? What was he being punished for? He asked those around him whether he had been inconsiderate. Was it really so important if he hadn't always been able to go to the theater with her? Did it make that much difference?

My father was in such a state that they were afraid to leave him alone. He had sporadic fits of rage. The reason was that my mother had left him a letter.

Apparently she wrote it the night she died. Needless to say, I have never seen it. Very likely it was destroyed right away, but people who saw it have told me of its existence. It was a terrible letter, full of reproach and accusations. It wasn't purely personal; it was partly political as well. After reading it, it would have been possible for my father to think that my mother had been on his side only outwardly, but in her heart had been on the side of those who were in political opposition to him.

At the civil leave-taking ceremony, he went up to the coffin for a moment. Suddenly he pushed it away from him, turned on his heel, and left. He didn't even go to the funeral. He never went to visit her grave.

It was only in his last years, not long before he died, that he started talking to me about it. I saw that he was desperately looking for the reason—looking, and not finding it. He started blaming Polina Molotov, Aunt Anna and Uncle Pavel, who had brought her a pistol so tiny it looked like a toy. He was trying to discover "who was guilty" and "who put her up to it." But if he failed to understand her at the time, then later he must have forgotten what she was like. One good thing, though, is that 20 years later he started speaking about her more gently. He seemed even to pity her and no longer blamed her for what she had done.

People were more honest and emotional in those days. If they didn't like life the way it was, they shot themselves. Who does that kind of thing now? Who cares that much about life and differences of opinion, about his own convictions or those of his opponents, or about whether one course of action is better than another?

Our carefree life of gaiety and games fell apart the moment my mother died. In the summer of 1933, when we went to Zubalovo, I found that the playground in the woods, with its hoops and swings and its "Robinson Cru-

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soe" tree house, had vanished. The only things left were traces of sand in the woods.

Our governess Natalia Konstantinovna left right away. Whether she left voluntarily or was dismissed I don't know. My brother Vasily's tutor, Aleksandr Muravyov, lasted another two years. Then Vasily got annoyed with him. So he too disappeared.

My father moved to a different apartment because he couldn't bear to stay in the one where my mother died. It was most uncomfortable to live in. It was on the first floor of the Senate building. It had walls nearly five feet thick and high vaulted ceilings. These rooms, which had been offices, were converted into an apartment for my father because his office was in the same building one floor above.

His time for seeing me and Vasily was during dinner at the apartment. He would ask me about my lessons, look at the book my marks were entered in and sometimes ask me to show him my exercise books. He used to sign the book containing my marks, as parents were supposed to do, right up to the war. He also continued taking us with him to Sochi.

But inwardly things had changed catastrophically. By 1937 or 1938, except for my nurse, there was no one left of the people my mother found. One year I came back for school in September to find that our old cook, Yelizaveta, was gone. Later they got rid of Tanya, a big, fearfully ugly but cheerful woman who used to carry the heavy kitchen trays. Finally our housekeeper, Carolina Till, was thrown out too. It was 1937, and her German ancestry probably had something to do with it.

The whole household was run at state expense. The "service personnel," as they were called to avoid the bourgeois word "servants," increased enormously. At each of my father's houses there suddenly appeared commandants, details of bodyguards, each with a chief, two cooks and a double staff of waitresses and cleaning women. These people were all handpicked, and once they had been appointed as part of the household staff they automatically became employes of the police.

In 1939, when people were still disappearing right and left, somebody came up with the information that my nurse's husband, whom she left during World War I, had been a clerk in the czarist police. Having heard there was a plot afoot to get rid of my nurse, I set up a howl. My father couldn't stand tears; besides, maybe he too wanted to express some protest. In any case, he got angry and commanded "them" to leave my nurse in peace.

It wasn't just in our house that the new system was put into effect, but no household had such a quasi-military atmosphere as ours. The reason was that my father was a widower.

Sergei Yefimov, who was commandant at Zubalovo while my mother was still alive, was transferred to my father's *dacha* at Kuntsevo. Of all the "chiefs," he was the kindest and the one least out for himself. He had some human feeling toward us as a family. The other bodyguards had none. They all built themselves country houses and drove government cars, and all of them now bewail the material benefits they have lost. Yefimov lived well, too, but on a modest scale compared with the others. Toward the end of my father's lifetime Yefimov, a general in the secret police by that time, fell out of favor. He was removed and "eaten alive" by the other generals and colonels who constituted a peculiar "court" around my father.

Another general, Nikolai Vlasik, who was first assigned to my father by the Red Army as a bodyguard in 1919, was in charge of all my father's security arrangements. Though he was incredibly stupid, illiterate and uncouth, he behaved like a grandee and took it on himself in my father's last years to dictate "Comrade Stalin's tastes." No Bolshoi gala on the eve of Nov. 7, no state banquet in St. George's Hall of the Kremlin was allowed to take place without Vlasik's passing on the program. He would graciously pass the word whether this or that movie or even the shapes of the skyscrapers had found favor with my father. While my mother was alive he never set foot in our house. Later he was a permanent fixture at Kuntsevo. From there he ran all my father's other residences, which became more and more numerous.

In addition to Kuntsevo and Zubalovo, my father had two other places outside Moscow alone. They were Lipki, an ancient estate on the Dmitrov Highway with a pond, a wonderful house and an enormous park lined with tall lindens, and Semyonovskoye, a fine old estate that had large, spring-fed ponds dug by serfs in the old days. Now it's a government *dacha*. My father seldom visited either place, sometimes not for a year at a time, but the staff always expected him at any moment and was in a constant state of readiness. They all awaited these visitations like Judgment Day, but the one they were most frightened of was the crude martinet Vlasik, who loved giving them all hell.

Another specimen all too typical of those times was Lieutenant (later Major) Aleksandra Nakashidze of the state security forces. She appeared through the good offices of Beria, she being a cousin of his wife. She didn't mean any harm and did more damage because she wasn't very bright than because she actually wanted to hurt anybody. Being only 11 or 12, I was too young to appreciate how grotesque it was to have Beria's personal spy in the house. My Aunts Anna and Yevgenia, Pavel's widow, merely inquired whether she knew how to run a house and prepare Georgian food. "Why, no," Aleksandra Nakashidze replied innocently. "I never did anything at home. My mother did all the housework and I never even washed my own cup."

Soon after this my aunts were barred from our Kremlin apartment. Yakov and my grandparents were the only ones still allowed to come there. Probably Aleksandra Nakashidze had informed on my aunts to Beria.

Aleksandra Nakashidze ruled the roost in our apartment until 1943, when my father himself threw her out. One of her duties was to get as close as she could to Vasily and me. She was a giggly woman who was fairly new to secret police work and had not yet acquired the manner. In any case, Georgian women aren't cut out for that sort of thing. She was a kindhearted person, on the whole, a hapless pawn caught in a monstrous system.

She set about putting our house in order—not my father's rooms, of course, since no one was allowed in there. One year when I got back from the South I didn't know my own room any more. Where was the old carved sideboard given me by my mother? And the countless presents from Aunt Anna? I had kept the bright clay figures Natalia Konstantinovna taught us to make on the top shelves and old albums of drawings and exercises in German and Russian on the bottom. Aleksandra Nakashidze thought it was all a lot of nonsense. She got rid of a round table and some chairs my mother had put in my nursery. And she had replaced it all by furniture which was, in fact, more modern, but cold and utterly lacking in character. She did the same with my brother Vasily's room.

We came to realize that under the new system everything in the house was considered state property and anything old and dilapidated would be "inventoried" each year and carted off God knows where. Later I saw some of these things in the apartment of Aleksandra Nakashidze's brother and sister.

Once in a while my father gave our unofficial guardian Vlasik over-all directives. It was in line with some directive of this kind that a governess named Lidia Georgiyevna appeared on the scene unexpectedly. She and my nurse got into a fight the very first day. I heard Lidia Georgiyevna cry out: "Remember your place, Comrade Bychkova! You've no right to talk to me like that!"

I told her: "Fool! Don't you dare insult my nurse!"

She had hysterics. She laughed and sobbed at the same time and called both of us names. I was "an ill-mannered girl" and my nurse was "uncultured."

The quarrel died down, but she and I were now enemies. After five years I implored my father to get rid of her. My father had no special sympathy for a hunchbacked old maid who flirted with every man in sight, and I was set free.

NEXT WEEK PART II

Her first stirrings of doubt about her father—the romance he shattered and her two unhappy marriages

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