Life 4/22/67

PART II

The intimate recollections of

From her forthcoming book 'Twenty Letters to a Friend'

by Svetlana Alliluyeva

The years from 15 to 17 can be difficult for any young person and they were critical ones in Svetlana's strange and lonely life. In the winter of 1941, when Hitler's armies were turning their full force toward Russia, she was sent to safety in a school in Kuibyshev. It was, she writes, "a time of dreams and doubts." Svetlana felt "terribly alone," turned to classical music, and was shocked to discover the real cause of her mother's death. Next winter she fell in love, and when her furious father broke up the affair, she, by now conditioned to his whims, was able to accept it stoically.

Svetlana in a Georgia courtyard

In last week's issue Svetlana wrote of the death of both her parents and about her relatives in their generation. In this second instalment taken from her book which Harper & Row will publish in October, she calmly recalls the weird details of her day-to-day existence. As she grows up, abnormal situations begin to seem normal in her eyes. She is sometimes coddled, sometimes raged at, often totally ignored. She goes to the movies—escorted by soldiers and armored cars. She comes home and sits down to supper—to hear her uncle pleading for the life of a friend. She dines with beribboned generals when the bombs are falling—and her father asks her about school. She gives a man a kiss—he gets 10 years in prison. Throughout it all, one by one, her friends and relatives disappear. She knows who caused the disappearances. Even this begins to seem normal, and when it happens to one particularly close family friend, she simply remarks, "I'll never believe my father was responsible for this particular death." Finally the last props fall away. Brother Yakov is captured by the Germans. And within her horror story, brother Vasily enacts one of his own. Only the children are left.

That she could survive all this and keep her head is in itself remarkable. That she should write it down is fortunate. As Professor James Billington of Princeton University says in his assessment at the end of her story, "It is vivid testimony to the loneliness of absolute power."

COPYRIGHT © 1967 BY COPEX ESTABLISHMENT VADUZ. ENGLISH TRANSLATION COPYRIGHT © 1967 BY PRISCILLA JOHNSON McMILLAN.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. EXCERPTS FROM "TWENTY LETTERS TO A FRIEND," TO BE PUBLISHED OCT. 2, 1967 BY HARPER & ROW, INC.
THE PICTURES FOR THESE TWO INSTALMENTS WERE NOT SUPPLIED BY OR AUTHORIZED BY MRS. ALLILUYEVA.

THEY PERISHED

by

SVETLANA ALLILUYEVA

Starting in 1937 someone decided that a plainclothesman was to follow at my heels everywhere I went. He was supposed to protect me, though from whom and what I never had the faintest idea.

The first was an emaciated, jaundiced-looking man, Ivan Krivenko by name. When I saw him rummaging in my schoolbag and reading my diary, I conceived a hatred for him. He was quickly replaced by a fat, self-important man named Aleksandr Volkov, who bit by bit terrorized the whole school. Instead of using the same cloakroom as everybody else, I had to use a special little room next to the school office, blushing with embarrassment. I had to have a lunch brought from home and eat in a little corner screened off from my friends. I stood it a while and then rebelled.

Next I had a kind, quiet man by the name of Mikhail Klimov. He and I were friends in a way. He trudged faithfully behind me from 1940 to 1944, when the job was abolished. I was in my first year at the university and I told my father I was ashamed to go there with this "tail." Apparently my father realized how absurd the whole thing was. He was just back from the Teheran Conference held in December 1943 and was in a particularly good frame of mind. He simply said: "To hell with you, then. Get killed if you like. It's no business of mine." I was over 17 before I was allowed to go to the theater or the movies by myself, or even walk down the street.

Klimov liked the fact that we went to the theater all the time. But the conservatory left him cold. "Where are we going today, Svetochka?" he would ask. If I told him we were going to a concert he would clutch his head. "Oh, them rusty saws again!" Unless the music had too much bravura he would fall quietly asleep.

I remember vividly the last time Uncle Aleksandr Svanidze [arrested in 1937, shot in 1942] came to the apartment at the Kremlin. He looked sad and depressed. He must have known all too well what was going on. People were being arrested in Georgia, where Beria got his start. He sat in my room a long time waiting for my father. My father arrived. He generally brought the people who had been with him all day. It can hardly have been easy for Uncle Aleksandr to talk to him in front of the others.

It was as if my father was making a point of cutting himself off from his relatives, his family and all their concerns. My mother's death destroyed his faith in his friends. He viewed her death as a betrayal. Probably whenever he saw any member of her family it was a painful reminder.

Beria played on my father's bitterness and sense of loss. Once he was First Secretary in Georgia, it did not take him long to reach Moscow, where he began his long reign in 1938. From then on he saw my father every day.

I speak advisedly of his influence on my father and not the other way around. Beria was more treacherous, more practiced in perfidy and cunning, more insolent and singleminded than my father. He was a stronger character. My father had his weaker sides. He was capable of self-doubt. He could be led up the garden path. Beria was aware of my father's weaknesses. He flattered my father with a shamelessness that caused old friends, accustomed to looking on my father as an equal, to wince with embarrassment. How my mother feared and hated him! And it was her friends who were the first to fall the moment Beria was able to convince my father that they were hostile.

I have said that in a good many things Beria and my father were guilty together. At some point, unfortunately, they became spiritually inseparable.

Beria's role in the Civil War in the Caucasus [after the 1917 Bolshevik take-over] was highly ambiguous. He was a born spy and provocateur. He worked first for the Dashnaks (the Armenian nationalists) and then for the Reds as power swung back and forth. Once the Reds caught him in the act of treason and had him arrested. He was in prison awaiting sentence when a telegram arrived from Kirov, who was

Remembered moments of her father's

The years between her mother's death in 1932 and the outbreak of World War II were, Svetlana recalls, "the years that leave me with the memory of my father's love." To Svetlana, Stalin was "Popochka," and he called her "my little housekeeper" and "my little sparrow." Stalin liked to swoop young Svetlana up in his arms, hug her and plant loud kisses on her cheeks. Of his three children, Svetlana was his favorite. She accompanied him to the theater and the movies, out to his country dacha *at Kuntsevo and south to Sochi (his favorite Black Sea resort) during her summer vacations from school. She lived largely behind the scenes, rarely appearing with Stalin in public. But Svetlana did stand with her father (right) in a box at Moscow's Bolshoi Theater*

'LIKE SHADOWS'

chief of all operations in the Caucasus, demanding that he be shot as a traitor. However, the fighting started up again and nobody got around to dealing with him. But all the old Bolsheviks in the Caucasus knew of the telegram's existence—and Beria knew of it. Isn't it perhaps here that one should seek an explanation of Kirov's murder many years later?

Sergei Kirov was a great friend of the family, probably from early days in the Caucasus. Kirov used to *live* in our house. My father liked him and was attached to him.

Kirov spent his last summer, 1934, with us as in previous years. [He was then considered Stalin's heir apparent.] Then, in December, Nikolayev [supposedly an anti-Stalin partisan, later liquidated] shot him. I'll never believe my father was involved in this particular death. I remember when we got the news that Kirov was dead and how shaken everybody was.

Grigory Ordzhonikidze, another of our old friends, died in 1936. I suspect that this too was a result of Beria's machinations. He was a fairly massive obstacle on Beria's path to power—particularly in Georgia. In February 1936 he shot himself. For a long time his death was attributed to medical sabotage.

In those years people vanished like shadows in the night. Could my mother have halted the terrible process had she lived? I doubt it. She would never have been a match for Beria. Even had she summoned up strength to leave my father, whom she loved, her fate would have been even worse, because he would surely have taken his revenge.

From 1933 until the outbreak of the war my time was divided between school, the Pioneers [the Communist children's organization], my room at home and my books. It was a tiny world in which my nurse warmed me like a Russian stove. I read a great deal, for my father had a vast library.

Those are the years that leave me with the memory of my father's love. Every night, before he had taken off his overcoat, he would go down the corridor past my room and shout: "Housekeeper!" I would put down my homework and rush to the dining room. There was a large carved sideboard with my mother's cups on it and a table with the latest newspapers and magazines. Above it was a large portrait of my mother. I would sit on my father's right. I just listened while the grownups did the talking. After a while my father would ask how I had done in school that day. Since my marks were excellent until I got to the eighth grade, he was always very proud and they would all praise me and send me off to bed. Sometimes before my father left he would come to my room to kiss me goodnight as I lay sleeping.

It was in these years that my father started taking me to movies and the theater. The movies thrilled me most. There was a theater in the Kremlin, on the site of what had once been the Winter Garden. We used to go after dinner, about 9 in the evening. It was late for me, of course, but I begged so hard that my father couldn't refuse. He would push me in front and say with a laugh: "You show us how to get there, Housekeeper. Without you to guide us we'd never find it!" I would lead a whole long procession to the other end of the deserted Kremlin. Behind us came the many members of the bodyguard and the heavy armored cars. We generally saw two movies, maybe more, and stayed till 2 o'clock in the morning. I would be up at 7 the next day for school.

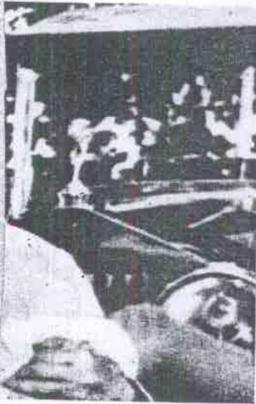
Sometimes after school was out in the summer my father would take me to Kuntsevo. He enjoyed having me around. But it didn't work out because it was impossible for anybody to fit in with his way of life. The one thing I liked was our walks in the garden and woods. He would ask me the names of various flowers and grasses. What sort of bird was that singing? All this I had learned from my nurse. But then he would sit down in the shade with his newspapers and official papers and I would get restless and bored.

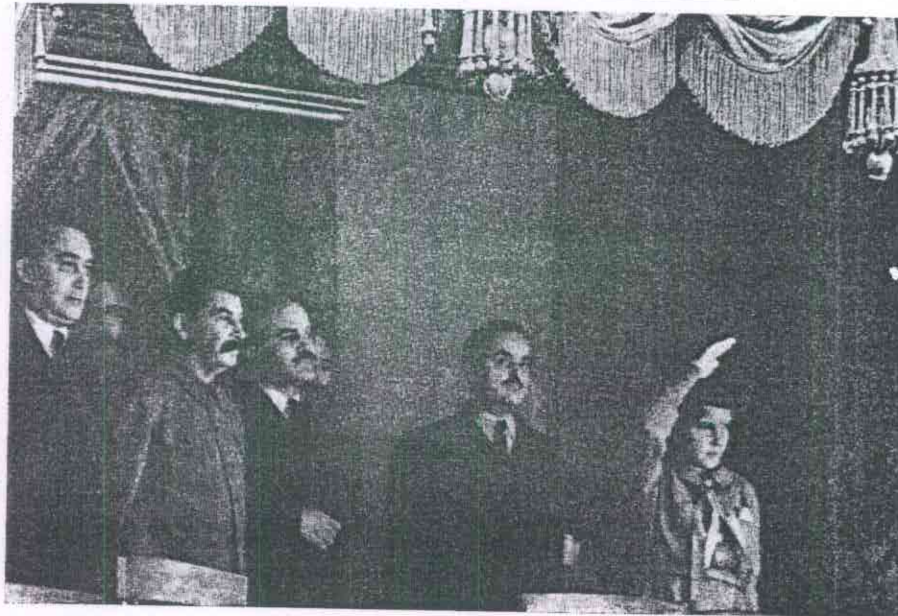
My father thought it was being with him that bored me, and that hurt his feelings. We had one quarrel that lasted quite a while. I asked him straight out: "May I go away now?" "Go," came the brusque reply. After that he didn't speak to me or call me up for a long time. It wasn't until I asked his forgiveness under the prodding of my wise old nurse that he was willing to make up. I heard him mutter angrily: "She went away! Imagine leaving her

CONTINUED

affection

on the 20th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution in 1937. With them, from left, are Georgi M. Dimitrov, Comintern general secretary; Premier Vyacheslav M. Molotov and Nikolai M. Shvernik, general secretary of the Soviet trade unions.





old father like that! Says she's bored!" But without me he had been lonelier than ever.

Sometimes he appeared unexpectedly at Zubalovo. Grandfather and Grandmother would both come down from their rooms. Then we'd all have a picnic. There would be shashlik sizzling over a fire, and an excellent light Georgian wine. My father used to send me to the poultry yard for guinea and pheasant eggs, and the grownups would cook them in the hot ashes. We children generally had a good time on these picnics, but I'm not sure about the grownups. Once Grandmother wept loudly and my father went away angry and upset.

Grandmother was forever making scenes. Grandfather would scold and try to make her see that she didn't "understand." "You're quite right," Grandmother would exclaim. "There are some things I'll never understand!" With that she'd flounce off to her room, muttering about "lazy good-for-nothings" [the servants].

Once, continuing one of her quarrels with Grandfather, she screamed loudly in my direction: "Your mother was a fool, a fool! How many times did I tell her she was a fool, but she wouldn't listen! She paid for it, too!" I started to cry and yelled: "You're a fool yourself!" I ran to my nurse for moral support. Until I was 16 I believed what the grownups told me, that my mother had died of appendicitis, and I couldn't bear to hear an unkind word about her.

Without her, the family at Zubalovo started squabbling. Uncle Fyodor quarreled with my older brother Yakov. Yakov didn't get along with Vasily. Yakov's wife was at odds with my grandparents. [Uncle] Pavel's wife had a sharp tongue that made matters worse.

All the hostile factions sought my father's support. They enlisted me to "go tell Papa" such-and-such. I went, but my father told me off. "Why do you repeat everything they tell you like an empty drum?" He ordered me not to dare come to him any more with requests on behalf of others. Sometimes at school people gave me letters for him. He ordered me not to bring letters from anybody.

I still have a lot of letters my father sent me from Sochi, or to me at Sochi or in the Crimea. Here are a few excerpts.

"Hello, my Little Sparrow!

"Don't be angry with me for not answering right away. I was very busy. I'm alive and well. I feel fine.

"I give my Little Sparrow a big hug."

"My dear Setanka!

"I got your letter of September 25th. Thank you for not forgetting your little papa. I'm all right. I'm well, but I miss you. Did you get the peaches and pomegranates? I'll send you some more if you order me to. Tell Vasya [Vasily] to write me too. Goodby then, I give you a big kiss. Your little papa."

"Little Housekeeper!

"I got your letter and postcard. I'm glad you haven't forgotten your little papa. I'm sending you a few red apples. In a few days I'll send tangerines. Eat them and enjoy yourself. I'm not sending Vasya any. . . ."

"Hello, little Housekeeper!

"I'm sending you pomegranates, tangerines and some candied fruit. Eat and enjoy them, my little Housekeeper! I'm not sending any to Vasya because he's still doing badly at school and feeds me nothing but promises. Tell him I don't believe promises made in words and that I'll believe Vasya only when he really starts to study, even if his marks are only 'good.' I report to you, Comrade Housekeeper, that I was in Tiflis for one day. I was at my mother's and I gave her regards from you and Vasya. . . . I give you a kiss. I'll see you soon."

"Hello, my Little Sparrow!

"I got your letter. Thank you for the fish. Only, I beg you, little Housekeeper, don't send me any more fish. . . ."

"Greetings to my Housekeeper, Setanka!

". . . Thank you for the letters! I didn't answer the letters because I was very busy. What are you up to, how is your English, and how are you? I am healthy and in good spirits as always. It's a bit lonely without you, but what can I do? I'll be patient. I give my little Housekeeper a kiss."

"Hello, my little Housekeeper!

"I got both your letters. I'm glad you haven't forgotten your little papa. I couldn't answer you right away. I was busy.

"I hear you weren't alone at Ritsa [a resort near Sochi] and that you had a young man with you. Well, there's nothing wrong with that. Ritsa is nice, especially if you have a young man along, my Little Sparrow.

". . . Come to Moscow by Aug. 25, or even the 20th. Write me what you think of this. I don't plan to come south this year. I'm busy. I can't get away. . . ." [This letter is dated Aug. 8, 1939, and Stalin was indeed busy; he was negotiating a nonaggression pact with Hitler. It was signed on Aug. 23.]

My father signed all his letters to me the same way: "From Setanka-Housekeeper's wretched Secretary, the poor peasant I. Stalin." I answered in the same vein and sent him "orders" like the one below. He thought up the form of these, too.

"Oct. 21, 1934. To Comrade I. V. Stalin, Secretary No. 1

Order No. 4

I order you to take me with you.

Signed: Setanka-Housekeeper.

Seal.

Signed: Secretary No. 1: I submit. I. Stalin."

Apparently they had forgotten to take me with them to the theater or a movie on some occasion. One time it was: "I order you to let me go to Zubalovo tomorrow.—May 10, 1934." Another time: "I order you to let me go to the movies. Ask them to show *Chapayev* and an American comedy.—Oct. 28, 1934." Under the order my father would write, "I obey," or "I submit," or "Agreed," or "It will be done."

Since my father was forever requesting new "orders" and I was getting tired of it, I once sent him this appeal: "I order you to permit me to send you an order only once a week.—Feb. 26, 1937."

When I got older I varied my demands:

"Papa! Seeing that it's freezing outside, I order you to wear your fur overcoat. Setanka-Housekeeper.—Dec. 15, 1938."

The last humorous message I wrote to him is dated May 1941, the eve of the war [Hitler attacked Russia on June 22]:

"My dear little secretary, I hasten to inform you that your Housekeeper got an 'excellent' in her composition! . . . Eat and drink to your heart's content. . . . Housekeeper."

A "minute" was written across the top of this one: "We send greetings to our Housekeeper! On behalf of the secretaries—little papa I. Stalin."

My father loved and respected his mother. He said she was an intelligent woman. Sometimes he would tell us how she used to spank him when he was little and how she used to hit his father when he drank too much. [His father died in a drunken brawl after somebody stabbed him with a knife.] She was extremely devout. When my father went to see her shortly before she died, she told him: "What a pity you never became a priest."

He was delighted by her scorn for what he had accomplished, for the clamor and worldly glory. She never wanted to leave Georgia and live in Moscow, though my father and mother both asked her. She was about 80 when she died in 1936. My father was deeply upset. But he was a bad and neglectful son, as he was a father and husband. People who weren't personally close were always more important to him than those who were.

As a rule my father didn't nag or find fault with me. From time to time he indulged in petty carping. Once in Sochi when I was 10 he glanced at me (I was a rather big child) and remarked: "What's this, are you going around naked?" I had no idea what the matter might be. "It's that," he went on, pointing at the hem of my dress. It was above the knees, the normal length for a child of my age. "To hell with it!"—he was angry by now. "What's that?" This time it was my shorts. "These girls who go in for sport! What an outrage!"

He went off to his room and came back with

Svetlana recalls that Stalin was always very hard on her half brother, Yakov (above). When Yakov tried to commit suicide, her father sneered, "Ha! He couldn't even shoot straight." Yakov was captured during the first few weeks of World War II and spent the war years in a German prison camp (center, in picture at right). After the war Stalin and Svetlana heard he had been shot.

two cotton undershirts. "Come on," he commanded me. "Here, Nurse," he said to my nurse, whose face registered no surprise whatsoever. "You make her some pantaloons to cover up her knees. And see that her dress is *below* the knees!" "Certainly, certainly," answered my nurse. "But Papa," I wailed. "Nobody wears them that way now!"

They made me a pair of long, foolish-looking pantaloons and a dress that came below my knees. I shortened the dress little by little and my father never noticed. I had only to be wearing socks instead of stockings in the summertime for him to scold me: "Going around with bare legs again, I see." He insisted that I wear dresses that hung like sacks and were not nipped in at the waist. Or he would rip the beret off my head: "What sort of pancake is that?" In his day girls wore hats and that was all there was to it.

In looks my brother Yakov had my father's almond-shaped Georgian eyes but that was about all. He was more like his mother, Yekaterina Svanidze, who died when he was 2.

I saw him angry only twice. Both times his anger was occasioned by Vasily's profanity in front of me and other women. Yakov couldn't stand it. They had a fist fight.

Yakov spent his early years in Tbilisi [the Georgian form of Tiflis]. He came to Moscow to study as a young man. My father didn't want him there. Yakov always felt like a stepchild with my father but not with my mother, whose stepson he actually was. My father bullied Yakov and picked on him. After Yakov shot himself he was ill a long time. My nurse told me that my father treated him worse than ever and heaped contempt on him for being a "weakling."

Yakov's first marriage was a failure and soon broke up. Later he married a fine woman who had been abandoned by her husband. Yulia was Jewish, and that displeased my father. He never liked Jews, though in those days he was not as blatant about expressing his hatred for them as he was after the war. But Yakov stood firm.

He respected our father's judgment and opinions; it was at his wish that Yakov chose to become a soldier. But they were too unlike each other to be compatible. "Father speaks in ready-made formulas," Yakov complained to me once.

Yakov left for the front the day after the war started. Yulia and Gulia [their 3-year-old daughter] stayed with us. I've no idea why (in the first months of the war no one, not even my father, had any clear idea what to do), but we were all sent to Sochi. At the end of August I talked to my father on the telephone from Sochi. I asked why we hadn't heard from Yakov. Slowly and distinctly he uttered the words, "Yasha has been taken prisoner." Before I could open my mouth he added: "Don't say anything to his wife for the time being." Yulia could see from my face that something was wrong and started asking me questions. I kept repeating, "He doesn't know anything himself."

But the considerations that guided my father were not humane. Somehow he had the idea that someone had "tricked" Yakov and "betrayed" him intentionally. Might not Yulia have been a party to it? When we got back to Moscow that September he told me, "Yasha's daughter can stay with you a while. But it seems that his wife is dishonest. We'll have to look into it." So Yulia was arrested in the fall of 1941 and was imprisoned until the spring of 1943, when it "turned out" she had had nothing to do with Yakov's capture and when his conduct as a prisoner convinced my father that he had not surrendered on purpose.

During the autumn of 1941 leaflets were dropped on Moscow with Yakov's photograph. He looked dark and thin. He was in his uniform, without his belt or officer's tabs. Vasily brought some leaflets home. We examined them a long time, hoping they were forgeries. But it was Yakov all right.

Yakov was captured and shot

After Stalingrad, in the winter of 1943-44, my father said to me during one of our rare meetings: "The Germans have proposed that we exchange one of their prisoners for Yasha. They want me to make a deal with them! I won't do it. War is war." I could tell by his tone that he was upset. He wouldn't say another word about it and just shoved something in English under my nose, something from his correspondence with Roosevelt, with the words: "Translate! Here you've been studying all this English. Can you translate anything?" I translated it, to his pleasure.

He spoke to me about Yakov again in the summer of 1945, when the war was over. "The Germans shot Yasha. I had a letter of condolence from a Belgian officer, Prince Somebody-or-other. He was an eyewitness. The Americans set them all free." He spoke with an effort and didn't want to say any more.

Later my father told me that when the director Mikhail Chiaureli was making *The Fall of Berlin*, a movie that turned out to be a lifeless spectacular, he approached my father about showing Yakov as a war hero. My father did not give his consent, and I think he was right. Chiaureli had to have Yakov's story only to magnify my father. Of course, justice to Yakov was the last thing my father had in mind. He was unwilling to thrust his relatives to the fore because he considered every one of them to be unworthy.

In 1941 we had to leave Moscow and go to school somewhere else. They packed us off to Kuibyshev. It took a long time loading our goods and chattels onto a special van. Nobody knew whether my father would be coming or not, but they loaded his library just to be on the safe side.

Vasily's first wife came, too. She was a nice young girl named Galia. In October 1941 she gave birth to a son, Sasha. Room somehow was made for everyone. Grandmother even kept squabbling with the housekeeper as usual. Grandfather was the only one who wasn't there. He preferred to be in Tbilisi.

In Kuibyshev we were all assigned to a small building, a museum that had been fixed up in a great hurry. The whole place still smelled of paint and the corridors of mice. In late October I went to Moscow to see my father. He didn't write and it was difficult to talk with him over the phone because he got tense and angry and kept saying he didn't have time.

I got to Moscow on Oct. 28, the day bombs were dropped on the Bolshoi Theater, the university buildings on Mokhovaya Street and the Central Committee Building on Staraya Ploshchad. My father was in the Kremlin shelter and I went there to join him. There was the same long table set for dinner with the same people there, except that now they were all in uniforms.

My father didn't notice me—I was just in the way. There were maps on the tables and on all the walls. Finally he caught sight of me and had to say something. "How are you getting on there? Have you made friends with anybody in Kuibyshev?"

"No," I said. "They've set up a special

CONTINUED

school there for children who've been evacuated."

My father suddenly turned a pair of darting eyes on me. "What? A special school?" He was getting angrier. "Ah, you"—he was trying to find a word that wasn't too improper—"Ah, you damned caste! Look at that! The government and the people from Moscow come and they give them their own school. That scoundrel Vlasik—I bet he's behind it!"

He was quite right. It was a caste that had come to Kuibyshev. Half the population had to be evicted to make room for these families. Our evacuee school was full of the children of well-known Moscow people. Some of the teachers were too intimidated even to go into the classroom. I spent only one year there, thank heaven, and went back to Moscow in June 1942.

I felt terribly alone that winter [1941-42]. Maybe it was my age, 16, a time of dreams and doubts. It was in Kuibyshev that I first started listening to serious music; it was there that Shostakovich's *Seventh Symphony* was performed for the first time.

I made a terrible discovery that winter. I used to read English and American magazines like LIFE, FORTUNE and *The Illustrated London News*, both for the information they contained and to practice reading English. One day I came across an article about my father. It mentioned, not as news but as a fact well known to everyone, that his wife, Nadezhda Sergeyevna Alliluyeva, had killed herself.

I rushed to Grandmother and said, "I know everything. Why did you hide it from me?"

"Who could have thought it?" she repeated over and over again. "Who could have thought she would ever have done such a thing?"

I tried to remember everything I could. I thought about my father and what he was like and about the fact that he really was hard to get along with. Yakov's wife Yulia had vanished just before we left Moscow. People said she had been arrested on suspicion of "betraying" him to the Germans. The words my father had told me over the telephone—"Don't say anything to Yasha's wife"—began to seem strange to me. I started wondering about something that had never occurred to me—was my father always right after all? It was blasphemy even to think such a thing then.

In June 1942 I went back to Moscow with my nurse, Vasily's wife and child and Aleksandra Nakashidze, the housekeeper. I was distressed to find that Zubalovo had been blown up in the autumn when the Germans had been expected at any moment. The thick old walls stood there like ugly shells. A new house was being built that was a simplified version of the old one; by October we were able to move into it. It was an absurd, hideous thing, painted dark green for camouflage.

At Zubalovo that winter there was an atmosphere of drunkenness and debauchery. Various guests came to see Vasily—famous athletes, actors and pilots. A tremendous amount of drinking and revelry went on as if there were no war.

In August 1942 Winston Churchill came to Moscow. Churchill was having dinner in our apartment and my father had given orders that I was to be home. I went in wondering whether it would be all right to say a few words of English or better simply to be quiet.

My father was in an unusually cordial frame of mind. Patting me on the head he said, "This is my daughter," and added, "She's a redhead!" Churchill smiled and remarked that he had been red-haired when he was a young man but now look—and he waved a cigar in the direction of his head. He said that his daughter was in the Royal Air Force. I understood what he was saying but was too shy to say anything myself.

I wasn't allowed to listen long. My father kissed me and told me to go on about my own business. I couldn't understand why he had wanted to show off, but now I think I see why. He wanted to seem at least a little like an ordinary human being. You could see he liked Churchill. [After Svetlana left, however, Stalin and Churchill got into a bad quarrel about the second front and the evening ended badly.]

It was in the winter of 1942-1943 that I met Aleksei Yakovlevich Kapler. Because of him, my relationship with my father was never the same again.

Aleksei Kapler is all right now and is living in Moscow. He is one of the recognized masters of film-making. In late October 1942 Vasily brought Kapler to Zubalovo; he was advising Kapler on a projected film about pilots in the air force. At first, I guess, we made no special impression on each other. Later we were all invited to a film preview. We talked about movies.

In a playful mood, Stalin thumbs his nose at the camera in the late '30s. Several years later, when Svetlana was 16, she learned more about the circumstances surrounding her mother's death. It was then that she first began to question her father's actions.

Her first love

Kapler, or Lyusia as he was known, was surprised that I knew something about movies and pleased that I didn't like American hits with tap dancing and chorus girls. The next time he came to Zubalovo he showed us *Queen Christina* with Greta Garbo. I was tremendously impressed, and that pleased Kapler.

We next met during the November holidays. A lot of people had come to the *dacha*. Kapler turned to me unexpectedly: "Can you do the fox-trot?" I was wearing my first good dress from a dressmaker. I also had my mother's old garnet brooch and a pair of flat-heeled shoes. I was probably very awkward, but Kapler assured me that I was a good dancer. I was so much at ease and I felt so peaceful and warm beside him! I wanted to put my head on his shoulder and quietly close my eyes.

"Why are you so unhappy today?" he asked me. I kept on dancing but I started telling him everything. I told him how lonely I was at home. I told him it was 10 years to the day since my mother's death, yet nobody seemed to remember. It all came pouring out, and the whole time we went on dancing. They kept playing records and no one paid any attention to us.

Kapler had just come back from an area where guerrilla warfare was being waged in Byelorussia. He used to come to my school and stand in the doorway of the building next door watching for me to come out. I could feel my heart tighten with joy, knowing he was there. We used to go to the Tretyakov Gallery and look at the exhibition on the war. We also went to the theater. Aleksandr Korneichuk's play *The Front* had just opened. Kapler said it had nothing to do with art. We also saw Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird* and *The Queen of Spades* at the Bolshoi. Kapler showed me Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* and

was exiled by her angry father

Svetlana was only 16 when she fell in love with film maker Aleksei Kapler. "Because of him," she writes, "my relationship with my father was never the same again." Stalin sent Kapler into exile for 10 years. After his release his hair was white (right).

the wonderful *Young Mr. Lincoln* in the viewing room of the Ministry of Cinematography on Gnezdnikovsky Street. There we could sit side by side and alone.

Kapler also brought me books. He had Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. [The Russian translation was already circulating privately. Yet it hasn't been published to this day! S.A.] He also brought James Aldington's *All Men Are Enemies* and Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not*.

We walked the snowy streets of Moscow, unable to get our fill of talking and of each other. My hapless watchdog, Mikhail Klimov, brought up the rear. He was utterly demoralized by what was happening and by the fact that Kapler never failed to greet him with amiability and give him a light for his cigarettes.

To me Kapler was the cleverest, kindest and most wonderful person on earth. He helped me discover the world of art. I was a continual source of surprise to him. He found it extraordinary that I listened and drank in all his words.

Kapler soon left for Stalingrad. It was the eve of the battle. He knew I would want to know everything he was seeing and he took a step that was staggering in its chivalry and its recklessness. As I looked through *Pravda* one day in late November 1942, I came across an article entitled "Letters of Lieutenant L. from Stalingrad—Letter One," by Special Correspondent A. Kapler. It was a letter from an unknown lieutenant to the woman he loved describing everything going on in Stalingrad.

I could imagine my father's reaction when he opened the paper. He had already been informed of my peculiar conduct; he had hinted that I was behaving in a manner that could not be tolerated. Now he would see the article; even our walks in the Tretyakov were described in minute detail. The article ended: "It's probably snowing now in Moscow. You can see the crenelated wall of the Kremlin from your window." What on earth would happen now?

Kapler got back from Stalingrad just before New Year's, 1943. As soon as we met I begged him not to see me or call me on the phone any more. He was worried too and said he hadn't sent the article to Pravda but "friends had played a trick on him." He agreed we would have to part.

I was the first to weaken. I called him on the telephone and the whole thing started up again. Every day we talked at least an hour on the phone. Everyone in my house was in a state of terror.

A decision was taken to bring Kapler to his senses. Colonel Rumyantsev, General Vlasik's right hand and another of my father's bodyguards, called Kapler on the telephone. Rumyantsev suggested to Kapler in a diplomatic way that he should go as far away as possible on an assignment. Kapler told him he could go to hell and hung up.

The last day of February was my 17th birthday. We longed to sit quietly together. We hit upon an empty apartment near the Kursk Station where some air force friends of Vasily's used to gather. After school that day my watchdog, Klimov, was terrified when I set out in a wholly different direction. He sat in an adjoining room pretending to read a paper while straining to catch what was going on in the next room, the door of which was open.

We stood together and kissed one another in silence, knowing it was the last time. Kapler had been assigned to go to Tashkent to make a movie—*In Defense of the Fatherland*. We were endlessly happy. But tears kept coming.

Alas, those who were watching had twisted everything. And so on that day, my birthday, Feb. 28, the decision—"what to do"—had been taken.

Kapler went home to get his things. On March 2, 1943, as he was about to leave, two men appeared in his room and told him to come along. They took him straight to the Lubyanka [prison]. Kapler was searched and told he was under arrest; he had had contacts with foreigners. He had, in fact, been abroad several times and knew practically every foreign correspondent in Moscow. My name, of course, never came up.

On the morning of March 3, as I was getting ready for school, my father showed up at the apartment unexpectedly, something he had never done before. He was choking with anger. "Where, where are they all?" he spluttered. "Where are all these letters from your 'writer'?" I cannot tell you the contempt in his voice as he spat out the word "writer."

"I know the whole story! I've got all your telephone conversations right here!" He patted his pocket as he said it. "All right! Hand them over! Your Kapler is a British spy. He's under arrest!"

I took everything Kapler had ever written me out of my desk—his letters and the inscribed photographs he had brought me.

"But I love him!" I protested at last, having found my tongue again. "Love!" screamed my father. For the first time in his life he slapped me across the face—twice. "Just think, Nurse, how low she's sunk!" He could no longer restrain himself. "Such a war going on, and she's busy the whole time . . ." He used the coarse peasant word.

"No, no, no," was all my nurse could say, standing in her corner.

"What do you mean—no?" My father was still in a rage, but he was spent after hitting me and started speaking more calmly. "What do you mean no, when I know the whole story!" He looked at me and said, "Take a look at yourself. Who'd want you? You fool! He's got women all around him!" With that he went to the dining room and took all my letters to read.

I felt utterly broken. I realized no one could possibly want me. Could Kapler really have loved me? Could I really have meant anything to him?

After my father had gone I went on mechanically getting ready for school. It was only then that I realized what had happened to Kapler.

CONTINUED

When I got back from school that afternoon, I was told that "your father wants to see you in the dining room." I went in silence. My father was tearing up Kapler's letters and photographs. "Writer!" he muttered. "He can't write decent Russian! She couldn't even find herself a Russian!" Apparently the fact that Kapler was a Jew bothered him most of all.

Kapler was sent to the North for five years. He lived in Vorkuta and was allowed to work in the theater. After finishing his sentence, he decided to go to Kiev, where his parents were, since he was forbidden to go back to Moscow. In spite of enormous risk, however, he came to Moscow for a very brief stay. The year was 1948.

After a few days in Moscow, he boarded the train for Kiev. Some plainclothesmen came after him and took him off at the next station. This time he was sentenced to work for five years in the mines in the terrible camps near Inta [far to the northeast, near the Urals].

In March 1953, when his term was coming to an end, he asked permission to return to Vorkuta. Instead he was unexpectedly taken to the Lubyanka in Moscow again.

He was set free quickly, in July 1953 [after Stalin's death]. This time he was told:, "You are free now. You can go home. What's your address? Whom do you want to telephone?" [Svetlana saw Kapler again only once, briefly and by accident, in 1954.]

Zubalovo was closed in the spring of 1943, because, as my father remarked, we had turned it into a den of iniquity. Yakov's little daughter Gulia was reunited with her mother, who had spent two years in prison under a statute providing for punishment of relatives of those who had been taken prisoner. Everyone who was taken prisoner, even if he had been wounded, as Yakov was, was considered to have "surrendered voluntarily to the enemy." The government thereby washed its hands of millions of its own officers and men. Is it any wonder that when the war ended many of them did not want to come home?

Vasily was banished from Zubalovo, as I was, for "moral depravity." In addition he was given 10 days in a punishment cell by personal order of my father.

I was married in the spring of 1944. My first husband, Grigory Morozov, was a student at the Institute of International Relations. I had known him from our school days together. He was Jewish, and my father didn't like it. However, he somehow accepted the marriage and gave his consent.

It was May. Flowers were in bloom outside the *dacha*. The bird cherry trees were a dazzling white, bees were buzzing, and it was still. "So you want to get married, do you?" he remarked. For a long time he stared at the trees and said nothing. "Yes, it's spring," he remarked all of a sudden. "To hell with you. Do as you like."

We were well provided for. We went on with our studies in peace. I was able to have a child and not have to worry. We were given an apartment outside the Kremlin. My father set only one condition—that my husband never set foot in the house. There was just one thing he would not give us: his love, his warmth, a real family relationship.

"He's too calculating, that young man of yours," he told me. "Look at that. It's terrible at the front. People are getting shot. And look at him. He's sitting it out at home."

After our meeting in the spring it was half a year before we saw one another again. I told him I was going to have a child. He softened and allowed us to go out to Zubalovo again. "You need country air," he said.

Early on the morning of May 9, 1945, when the radio announced the war was over, I telephoned my father. I was tremendously excited. "Congratulations on our victory, Papa!" Barely able to speak, I wanted to weep for joy.

"Yes, we've won," he replied. "Thank you. And congratulations to you, too! How are you feeling?" Like everybody else in Moscow that day, I was feeling fine!

I didn't see my father until August, when he got back from the Potsdam Conference. The day I was out at his *dacha* he had the usual visitors. They told him the Americans had dropped the first atom bomb over Japan. My father paid hardly any attention to me.

And I had such important news! I had a son. He was already three months old. His name was Iosif. But this was such a little thing compared to the great events going on around us. Nobody cared.

It was some time before we saw each other after that. My father fell ill and was quite sick for months. I don't remember seeing him in the winter of 1945-46.

He never asked me to divorce my husband. We broke up after three years, in the spring of 1947, for reasons of a personal nature. Later I was surprised to hear it rumored that my father had insisted on a divorce.

My father went south in the summer of 1946 on his first vacation since 1937. He traveled by car. The procession stopped in towns along the way. They all stayed overnight with the secretaries of the district and province committees of the Communist Party. My father wanted to see for himself how people were living. What he saw was havoc wrought by the war. The housekeeper Valechka, who accompanied my father on all his journeys, told me how upset he was. She also told me how some Party leaders who later rose very high came to see him in the South and report on agricultural conditions in the Ukraine. They brought melons so huge you couldn't put your arms around them. They brought fruit and vegetables and golden sheafs of grain. Meanwhile the chauffeur of one leader, whose name happened to be Nikita Khrushchev, told the servants there was a famine in the Ukraine.

"It's a wonder they weren't ashamed," wailed Valechka. "To deceive your father, of all people!"

He invited me to Sochi in August 1947. We were there for three weeks. It was pleasant and sad and tremendously taxing. He was difficult to talk to. I always felt as though I were standing at the foot of a high mountain. He was up above and I was shouting to him, but an isolated word was all that got through. Only scattered words of his got through to me, too. It was easier when we went walking. And he enjoyed having me read him his newspapers and magazines aloud. He had aged. He wanted peace and quiet. Rather, he didn't know just what he wanted.

I soon went back to Moscow and the university, again living in our deserted apartment in the Kremlin. I had a letter from my father that fall [1947], the first in a long time.

"Hello, Svetka!

"I got your letter. It's good you haven't forgotten your father. I'm well. Everything's fine. I'm not lonely. I'm sending you some little presents—tangerines. I send you a kiss. Your I. Stalin."

These years, 1947 to 1949, were a dreary time. I frequently went to the Zhdanovs' house, especially after Andrei Zhdanov's death in 1948. Every Sunday Yuri Zhdanov's friends used to come there.

My father had been very fond of Andrei Zhdanov. He respected Yuri and had always hoped the two families might be linked in marriage. This happened in the spring of 1949 as a matter of hard common sense but without any special love or affection. I thought I would gain at least a little freedom by moving to Yuri's house.

My father showed up one day at Zubalovo. He inquired: "What do you want to move to the Zhdanovs' for? You'll be eaten alive by the women there. . . . There are too many women in that house." My father knew everyone in the Zhdanov household and couldn't stand either the widow or the sisters. I was alarmed, because I had no desire to live in my father's house and knew that Yuri would never agree.

I went south to see him later, in November 1948. My father was angry. He bawled me out and called me a "parasite" in front of everyone. He told me "no good had come" of me yet. Everyone was silent and embarrassed.

The next day he suddenly started talking to me for the first time about my mother and the way she died. We were sitting over a long lunch, alone. As always, there was good wine and plenty of fruit. "What a miserable little pistol it was," he remarked, showing me with his fingers how small it was. "It was nothing but a toy. Pavlushka [Uncle Pavel] brought it to her. A fine thing to give anybody!"

He cast about for other culprits. Suddenly he remembered Polina Zhemchuzhina, Molotov's wife, and how close she had been to my mother, and decided that she had "had a bad influence on her." Then he started cursing the last book my mother had read. It was *The Green Hat*, by Michael Arlen.

We traveled to Moscow together on the train that November. I was sitting in my compartment glancing at photographs of paintings in the magazine *Art* when my father came in. "What's that?" he asked. "That" was drawings and sketches by the painter Repin. "And I've never even seen them," he remarked suddenly with such sadness in his voice.

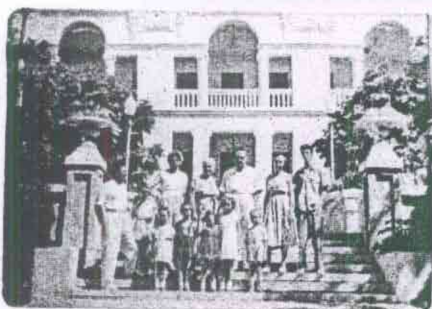
As we pulled in at the various stations and would go for a stroll my father walked as far as the engine, greeting the railway workers. You couldn't see a single passenger. It was a special train and no one was allowed on the platform. Who ever thought such a thing up? Who had contrived all these stratagems? Not he. It was the system of which he himself was a prisoner.

Outside Moscow somewhere the train stopped before it got to the station, and our automobiles were driven up. General Vlasik, puffed up and fat from cognac and self-importance, was fussing and running back and forth.

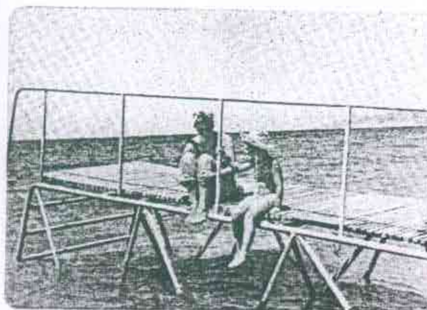
CONTINUED

Rare and carefree hours by the sea

As a young woman, Svetlana often spent her vacations at the Black Sea resorts her father liked so much. Here she shows her competence at handling an aquaplane (above) and at right, back in the speedboat, she toys with a camera. Her father had on occasion spoken out against "these girls who go in for sport! What an outrage!"



Peace found with friends in



Svetlana frequently writes of her love for nature and of the special relaxation and sense of refreshment she found in the Russian countryside. "This is where I belong, not in the city," she says. "I would suffocate there." She had a Moscow apartment but often took Iosif and baby Katya to the country (picture at upper left). She enjoyed elaborate picnics with her brother Vasily (seated next to

Svetlana CONTINUED

The generals and colonels of the bodyguard were also puffing and blowing. My father never let an opportunity go by to insult them and shout crude words in their direction. He never spoke to his household servants in that tone.

A new wave of arrests got under way. My two aunts, the widows of Uncle Pavel and Redens, were sent to prison. I. G. Morozov, the father of my first husband, was arrested. They even arrested Molotov's wife Polina. All were lumped together in a single alleged "Zionist center."

"That first husband of yours was thrown your way by the Zionists," my father told me. "Papa," I tried to object, "the younger ones couldn't care less about all this Zionism." "No! You don't understand," was the sharp answer.

When I asked him, he told me what my aunts were guilty of. "They talked a lot. They knew too much and they talked too much. And it helped our enemies."

He saw enemies everywhere. "You yourself make anti-Soviet statements," he told me one day—angrily and in complete earnest.

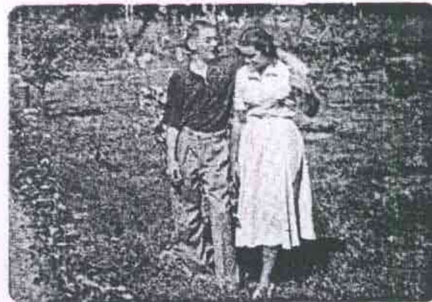
I took my final examinations in the spring of 1949 and married Yuri Andreyevich Zhdanov. Little Iosif and I went to the Zhdanovs' apartment in the Kremlin to live.

It was by no means easy and pleasant at the Zhdanovs'—my father had not been far wrong. I found myself in a household where a hypocritical show was made of what was called "Party spirit" on the one hand; on the other hand there was the most dyed-in-the-wool spirit of bourgeois acquisitiveness that the minds of women could contrive. The whole setting—vases, antimacassars and worthless still-lifes—was vulgar.

During the winter of 1949-50 I was expecting a child and was having a lot of trouble. I went to the hospital in the spring. I finally returned to Uspenskoye [the Zhdanovs' country

the Russian countryside

her in picture at upper right) and his friends. She took her children —as Stalin had taken her—south to the Black Sea resorts. At far left, Svetlana (left, top row) and her children stand with her lifelong friends, the Mikoyan family, outside a villa at Sochi. She and Iosif often went swimming together (near left). At near right, she sits with Iosif by a lake, and far right, poses with brother Vasily.



house] in the summer with my tiny, weak little Katya. I was worn out from being lonely and sad, from the realization that my second marriage was a failure. I wrote my father a woebegone letter. I received a reply two days later. It was the last letter I was ever to receive from him.

"Dear Svetochka!

"I got your letter. I'm very glad you got off so lightly. Kidney trouble is a serious business. To say nothing of having a child. Where did you ever get the idea that I had abandoned you? It's the sort of thing people dream up. I advise you not to believe your dreams. Take care of yourself. Take care of your daughter, too. The state needs people, even those who are born prematurely. Be patient a little longer—we'll see each other soon. I kiss my Svetochka.

"Your 'little papa.' "

(May 10, 1950)

In the summer of 1951 my father summoned me to Borzhomi, Georgia, to be with him on his vacation, and I went for two weeks. He was 72 but his stride was brisk as he walked through the park with fat generals of the bodyguard panting to keep up with him.

He had lunch and dinner under a tree in the garden. He asked the servants to catch him some fresh fish. He could remember from his childhood the Georgian names for the various fish. But he didn't like talking about his feelings and used to remark that that kind of thing was "for women." The one thing he did mention was that he had stayed here with my mother in 1922 after Vasily was born.

My father had unpleasant memories of his journey because he couldn't stand the sight of a crowd applauding him. At the Kutaisi railway station his Georgian countrymen had given him such a reception that he had been unable to leave the train and get into his car. People literally threw themselves under the wheels. Father was angry. He was accustomed to having the stations cleared for his arrival.

When we left Borzhomi, Vasily and I stopped off at my father's birthplace in Gori. The house is nothing but a poor cobbler's hut. But Beria had a marble pavilion built over it that makes

CONTINUED

Her student son who stayed in Moscow

Today Svetlana's son Iosif is 22, living in Moscow with his wife Yelena and studying to be a doctor. In these pictures taken this year he is shown performing his military service, marching in the ranks (second from rear) and greeting Yelena (left and above) when she comes to visit him. Iosif remembers his last brief meeting with his grandfather and keeps Stalin's photograph on his desk.

the place look like one of the minor subway stations in Moscow.

I thought back to the time when Yakov, Vasily and I were sent to call on my grandmother in Tbilisi in 1934, when she was ill. She lived in a beautiful old palace with a park. Her room was small and dark with a low ceiling and little windows facing on a courtyard. The room was full of old women wearing black, as old women do in Georgia, and a little old lady was half-seated on the narrow iron cot. Awkwardly, she embraced us with hands that were knotted and bony. She kissed us and spoke a few words in Georgian. Yakov was the only one who understood. I remember that her pale face was covered with freckles. She was wearing a kerchief but I knew Grandmother used to have red hair. I knew, because my father told me so. Georgians consider red hair to be a sign of beauty.

My father's trip south in the autumn of 1951 was the last he took anywhere. He never left Moscow again. He spent days at a time in the big room with the fireplace. As for presents which had been sent to him from all corners of the earth, he had them collected and donated to a museum. He had no idea what to do with this avalanche of valuable, even priceless objects: paintings, china, furniture, weapons, clothing.

I've already told you how I took my children to his *dacha* in the autumn of 1952 for the Nov. 7 anniversary. I also went there for his 73rd birthday on Dec. 21 of that year. It was the last I saw him. I was worried about how badly he looked.

He had given up smoking and was very pleased with himself. It must have taken a lot of will power, because he had smoked for 50 or 60 years. He was probably aware of an increase in his blood pressure, but he hadn't any doctor to take care of him. Vinogradov, the only one he trusted, had been arrested and he wouldn't let any other doctor near him. He would take some pills or pour a few drops of iodine into a glass of water. Moreover, he himself did a thing no doctor would ever have allowed. Two months after I last saw him and just 24 hours before his stroke he went to the bathhouse and took a steam bath.

"The case of the Kremlin doctors" was under way that last winter. My father's housekeeper told me my father was exceedingly distressed. She was waiting on the table, as usual, when my father remarked that he didn't believe the doctors were "dishonest" and that the only evidence against them, after all, were the "reports" of Dr. Timashuk [Dr. Lidia Timashuk, an obscure medical worker who wrote an incriminating letter to Stalin]. Everyone, as usual, was silent.

The last time I was there we sat at the table as usual and the usual people were present. [Toward the end the "usual" people were Beria, Malenkov, Bulganin and Mikoyan. Khrushchev also appeared from time to time.] There was the usual talk—the sharp asides, the old jokes. My father's face had a ruddy look. His blood pressure must have been terribly high. But he was taking little sips of light Georgian wine as he always did.

Everything was the same as ever at the table —not a single new word. It was as though the outside world didn't even exist.

As I was leaving, my father called me aside to give me some money. He had started doing it after the war and the currency reform of 1947. My father would ask on the rare occasions when we met: "Do you need money?" Of course I always answered no. "You're only pretending," he would say. "How much do you need?" He didn't know what the new money was worth or how much anything cost. The only values he knew were the old prerevolutionary ones, whereby 100 rubles was a magnificent sum. So when he handed me 2,000 rubles, he thought he was giving me a million.

He let his salary pile up in packets on his desk. I have no idea whether he had a savings account; probably not. He never spent any money—he had nothing to spend it on. Everything he needed, his food, his clothing, his *dachas* and his servants—all were paid for by the government.

Sometimes he would pounce on his commandants or the generals of his bodyguard, someone like Vlasik, and start cursing: "You parasites! You're making a fortune here. Don't think I don't know how much money is running through your fingers!" He knew no such thing. His intuition told him huge sums were going out the window, but that was all.

He sensed intuitively that I was probably in need of money. When I divorced my second husband and left the Zhdanov family, my father gave me permission to live in the city rather than the Kremlin.

He made only one stipulation. All right, he said. You can live on your own if you like. But you can't have a government *dacha* or car any more. "Here's some money. Go buy a car and drive yourself, but show me your driver's license first," he said.

My father didn't object when I told him I was leaving the Zhdanovs'. "Do as you like," was all he said. Still, he was unhappy about the divorce. Sometimes he asked me angrily: "What are you anyway, a parasite, living off what you're given?" When he found out that I paid for my meals and for my apartment he calmed down a bit.

Vasily was also summoned on March 2, 1953. He too spent several hours sitting in the big room that was so crowded. But he was drunk, as he often was by then, and he soon left. In the servants' quarters he gave the doctors hell and shouted that they were killing our father. Finally he went home.

He was attending the General Staff Academy at the time. But my brother no longer was capable of study. He was an alcoholic.

He started the war as a captain of 20 and finished it as a lieutenant general of 24. Those responsible couldn't have cared less about his strengths and weaknesses. Their one thought was to curry favor with my father. Yet he could no longer fly his own plane.

My father saw the state he was in. He scolded him unmercifully. Vasily was ill and what he needed was to be cured. But he didn't want to be cured. He was surrounded by masseurs and trainers and "promoters" who put him up to all kinds of "deals," such as tampering with hockey and soccer games. Money was never any object. He was given anything he wanted. Even Vlasik drank with him. At the right moment, after all, Vasily could put in a good word for him with my father.

Vasily stopped at nothing. Anybody who had fallen out of favor with him was kicked out of his path, and some even went to jail. Vasily was championed by even bigger fry than Vlasik—by Beria and Bulganin, for instance. They twisted him around their little fingers. They gave him medals, horses, automobiles, privileges—everything. They spoiled and corrupted him as long as they needed him. But once my father was dead and they didn't need him any more, they abandoned him.

In 1952 my father himself had had Vasily removed from his post in the Moscow Military District. It was windy and overcast on May Day that year and the fly-past over Red Square was canceled. But Vasily ordered the fly-past on his own authority. The pilots couldn't stay in formation and very nearly brushed the spires of the Historical Museum. Several crash-landed. Both pilots and planes were destroyed.

It was an unheard-of violation of discipline. My father signed the order removing Vasily as chief aviation officer of the Moscow Military District.

My father wanted him to graduate from the General Staff Academy. "I'm 70 years old," my father said. "Yet I go on learning just the same." Vasily agreed to enter the Academy. But he didn't set foot in the place once. He stayed home and drank until the death of my father.

He was convinced that our father had been "poisoned" or "killed." He accused the government, the doctors and everybody in sight. He ranted and raved like the crown prince who had just inherited the throne.

He was summoned to the Ministry of Defense and it was suggested that he quiet down. They offered him command of one of the military districts. He refused point-blank. He would take nothing but Moscow and the aviation command of the Moscow Military District. Nothing less would do! They ordered him to a post away from Moscow. Once again he refused. They asked: Do you refuse to accept an order from the Minister of Defense? You don't consider yourself an army officer any more? No, I do not, was his reply. Take off your stars, then, the minister concluded in anger. [The minister at the time was Bulganin.] And so Vasily left the army, a retired general with nothing to do but sit home and drink. He had thrown his third wife out and persuaded his second wife to come back. By now he was so impossible, however, that even she left.

He was arrested on April 28, 1953, after a drinking bout with foreigners.

Everything came out in the pretrial investigation: the shady deals, the spending, the exploitation of Vasily's power and rank beyond any reasonable limit. He had used his fists on subordinates while on duty. Everybody gave his evidence against him—his former adjutants, aides who had served under him, even the Minister of Defense himself.

A Military Collegium sentenced him to eight years in jail. Vasily couldn't believe it. He bombarded the government with letters. He had lost sight of who he was; he was a nobody now.

He was sent to a military hospital in the winter of 1954-55. From there on he was supposed to go first to a civilian hospital, then to the Barvikha Sanatorium and finally, home. It

CONTINUED

Vasily died

Vasily grew up into a hard-drinking, privilege-flaunting pilot in the Soviet air force. At left, he stands with his arm around his third wife, Kapitolina, and at right, he hoists one of his young sons. He was made a lieutenant general while he was still in his twenties, but after Stalin died was imprisoned by the new government. An alcoholic, he died in 1962.

was Nikita Khrushchev who told me all this in December 1954.

None of it worked. Vasily's old friends started coming to the hospital to see him. They brought him vodka and he went to pieces again. He didn't go home from the hospital but to Vladimir Prison.

In January 1956 I went to Vladimir to see him. His third wife, Kapitolina, who had done all she could to help him, came with me.

We met in the warden's office. A huge portrait of my father was hanging on the wall. The warden stole a glance at us now and then as we talked. Evidently the wheels were turning slowly in his brain.

Vasily told Kapitolina and me to pull every wire we could. He had written one member of the government after another, reminding them of the old days and swearing that he would behave better now.

Kapitolina told him to behave himself, to keep his dignity and be quiet. He pounced on her: "I ask you for help, and you advise me to be quiet?!" Then he told me the names of people he thought might help. "It'll be better if you write those people yourself," I said. "Your own word will carry a whole lot more weight than anything I can say."

He even thought of getting in touch with the Chinese. "They'll help me," he kept saying—and I suspect that he was not far wrong.

Vasily didn't get out of Vladimir until January 1960. That month Khrushchev called me in again. He was trying to think what to do and how he could help. Someone had thought of suggesting to Vasily that he leave Moscow and go somewhere else to live. I told Khrushchev that I didn't think my brother would agree.

Shortly afterward, Khrushchev summoned Vasily and spent more than an hour with him. Even Vasily said later that Khrushchev had treated him "like a father." They kissed one another on both cheeks and both of them wept. Vasily was to stay in Moscow and was given an apartment on the Frunze Embankment and a *dacha* at Zhukovka near mine. His general's rank and his army pension were restored. They asked in return that he get a job and live in peace.

Vasily requested that he be allowed to go to Georgia. Khrushchev asked him not to.

He lived in Moscow for three months—January, February and March. Shady types from Georgia were quick to gather around him. They dragged him to the Aragvi restaurant and drank with him. They praised him to the skies. Once again he started thinking of himself as the crown prince. Did the Georgians want him? By god, he'd go to live there then! He'd live in the style to which he was accustomed. A Georgian woman of uncertain age appeared on the scene and it was no time at all before she suggested that he marry her and come to live in Sukhumi.

In April 1961 Vasily went to Kislovodsk for "treatment." His daughter Nadya went with him. She wrote that his drinking was as bad as ever. Some crooks drove their cars up from Georgia to take him down with them. He didn't go, but he vanished and reappeared after five days in Kislovodsk where, it turned out, he had been living in the house of a switchwoman on the railroad. By the end of April he was back serving the same old term in jail. He had now been "requested" to serve out his term since his behavior had been unsatisfactory.

He was released in the spring of 1961 from Lefortovo Prison in Moscow on grounds of ill health. He was suffering from a liver ailment, a stomach ulcer and total debilitation. He had never eaten much—he just filled his stomach with alcohol.

This time he was allowed to live anywhere he liked except Moscow and Georgia. He chose to go to Kazan. He took a woman he had met by chance, a nurse named Masha. He was given a one-room apartment and received his retired general's pension. But he was broken physically and mentally.

He died March 19, 1962. He had been on a strenuous drinking bout and never regained consciousness. He was only 41.

Did I know a single person whose life turned out well? It was as though my father was at the center of a black circle; anyone who ventured inside vanished or perished or was destroyed.

My nurse, Aleksandra Andreyevna, was with me for the first 30 years of my life. If it had not been for the warmth given off by this large and kindly person, I might long ago have gone out of my mind. "Granny" died in 1956 after witnessing the return of my aunts from prison and going through the death of my father and grandparents. We celebrated her 70th birthday a year or so before she died. It was a happy occasion, one that brought all my relatives together, even those who had been at odds for years.

Granny was born in Ryazan province. Before the Revolution she worked as maid, housekeeper, cook and finally as a nurse.

Gorky once came to see my father at Zubalovo in 1930, while my mother was still alive. When my nurse was caught by Voroshilov sneaking a look into the room, she told him she "wanted so much to have a peek at Gorky." Voroshilov dragged her into the room. Gorky asked her which of his books she had read and was astonished when she reeled off the titles of practically every one. "Which did you like best?" he asked her. "The story in which you tell how you helped a woman deliver her baby," my nurse replied. *Birth* was, in fact, her favorite. Gorky was very pleased.

The younger of her two sons died in one of the famines that swept the countryside during

a drunkard

the 1920s. She had to spend several years in her native village, but she considered the country nothing but "mud and filth."

So she came to Moscow, which she always looked down on. "Moscow's just a village next to Leningrad," she kept saying. "They can keep rebuilding Moscow all they like, but it'll never compare."

She came to us in the spring of 1926, just after I was born. There were three people in the household whom she worshiped. The first was my mother. The second was Bukharin, who used to spend every summer at our house in Zubalovo with his wife and little girl. Finally, my nurse adored Grandfather Alliluyev.

I remember how she taught me to count. She had little balls of clay of various colors all stuck together. We put them into separate piles, put them all back together and then separated them again.

She had a magnificent command of language. Her Russian was pure, beautiful and grammatically perfect as you rarely hear it today. She had a marvelous combination of correct speech—St. Petersburg speech, not the speech of peasants—and sharp-witted sayings. I've no idea where she got them; maybe she made them up herself.

She had adopted the Soviet vocabulary and called the ladies she used to work for "bourgeois." But there wasn't a hint of malice in the stories she had to tell about them. Later on, in the more or less democratic atmosphere of the Kremlin at that time, she met a wholly different group of people. She had marvelous stories to tell about the Kremlin in those days, about Trotsky's "wives" and Bukharin's "wives." She was a chronicle of her age.

Every day when I got home from school she saw that I had my dinner. As I was sitting doing my homework she sat in her room next to mine, doing the things she had to do. At night she put me to bed. It was her kisses and words I fell asleep to at night ("little berry, little treasure, little bird") and her kisses I woke up to in the morning ("Get up, little berry, get up, little bird").

Before the Revolution she had been married and had a family of her own. Then her husband went off to the war and during the difficult years of the famine he didn't want to come back. Later, when her husband found out she was working in the Kremlin, he suddenly remembered her and started bombarding her with letters hinting he would like to come back to her.

"What do you think of that?" she commented. "I had a hard time for years and I didn't hear a peep out of him. Now he misses me all of a sudden. Let him miss me. I have a son to bring up. I can get along better without him." She died with only a few rubles to her name.

Granny had enormous dignity. One of the things my father liked her for was the fact that there was nothing servile about her. No one but the Zhdanovs dared call her an "ignorant old woman." When the household staff was put on a military footing, Granny was officially listed as an employee of the secret police. She was highly amused to be given the rank of junior sergeant. She saluted the cook with "Attention!" or "Aye, aye, sir!" "First they abolished ranks," she liked to point out, "and then they brought them back."

Toward the end of her life she was constantly ill. She had frequent heart spasms. After her weight went over 220 pounds, she stopped weighing herself because it only upset her. Even then she kept right on eating. She could read a cookbook like a novel, exclaiming as she went along: "That's how to do it! Right! That's the way we used to make ice cream! We put a glass of brandy in, too. Then we lit it up and when we carried it to the table it was flaming!"

One day at Zubalovo a television announcer said they were about to show the arrival of the prime minister of Burma, U Nu, and that Voroshilov would meet him at the airport. Granny was curious to see what U Nu was like and whether Voroshilov had aged. Forgetting her age, her weight, her heart and her ailing legs, she started running in from the next room. She stumbled and fell on the threshold. Her arm was broken.

I saw her a week before she died. She asked me to get her a "bit of nice fresh perch." On Feb. 4, 1956 her granddaughter telephoned, weeping: "Grandmother asked me to open the window. I just turned away for a second. And by the time I turned back, she'd stopped breathing!"

We decided to bury Granny next to my mother at Novo-Devichi, but we had no idea how to go about it. [Novo-Devichi is considered a government cemetery.] Finally I telephoned Voroshilov's wife. Voroshilov himself came to the telephone, obviously upset. "Of course, of course," he kept saying. "That's the only place to bury her. I'll give the order and it will be all right."

Those of our people who have been through the war and the concentration camps (both German and Soviet), who have known prison both under the czars and in Soviet times, these people who have seen every horror the 20th Century has unleashed on mankind—they never forget the kindly faces of childhood. Each has small sunny corners he can remember.

It is not for me but for history to decide who served the cause of good and who served vanity and vainglory. Let the judging be done by later generations, by men and women who did not know the times we knew. Let it be left to new people to whom the years I have described will be as remote and inexplicable as the reign of Ivan the Terrible. I do not think they will call our era a "progressive" one, or say it was all for the "good of Russia."

They will have their say. They will turn over this page in their country's history with pain, contrition and bewilderment.

But I hope they won't forget that what is good is eternal—that it lived on in the hearts of men even in the darkest times and was hidden where no one thought to look for it, that it never died out or disappeared completely.

Svetlana's nurse, Aleksandra Andreyevna Bychkova, cared for her for 30 years. She is buried next to Nadya in Novo-Devichi. "If it had not been for her warmth, I might long ago have gone out of my mind."

A Historian's Assessment of a 'Soviet Family Chronicle'

by James H. Billington

The author, professor of Russian history at Princeton University, offers this appraisal of Twenty Letters to a Friend, *based on his reading of both English and Russian versions. Professor Billington, the author of* The Icon and the Axe, *an interpretive history of Russian culture, was recently in the U.S.S.R. on the cultural exchange.*

For those who try to chart Russia's turbulent history, Svetlana Alliluyeva's book is automatically a document of high importance and special fascination. Perhaps no period of comparable importance in modern European history has received less adequate and less detailed analysis than the fateful quarter-century in which Stalin ruled Russia until his death in 1953. The systematic falsifications and omissions of the official Soviet press, the fragmentary nature and frequent unreliability of testimony by those who escaped or survived, and the intrusion of cold war polemics into so much postwar scholarship in both East and West—all have left the serious history of the Stalin era largely unwritten. Expectations have been high for this long-awaited word of one who lived through the entire era within the Kremlin and its inner network of secluded and heavily guarded *dachas*.

The book is generally most valuable when it concretely describes her unique and tragic family circle. Here is vivid new testimony to the loneliness of absolute power and the tragic death or alienation of the children of tyrants. The popular image of Stalin living in Byzantine splendor within the Kremlin must now be modified to show the dictator with unopened paychecks on his desk, living largely in a single room of his *dacha*, sleeping only on a sofa—with his every waking movement watched by the secret police: the Frankenstein monster he had created and could not escape. Her critical but relatively sympathetic picture of her father pouting that he cannot visit art galleries like an ordinary person, watching the sunset from his terrace and encouraging his daughter to give him imaginary state commands—all may help him seem at least human again. A new generation of social, psychological and cultural historians in both East and West may be encouraged to provide accounts of this era of many-sided change which do not attribute everything simply to the peculiarities of one man and his "cult of personality."

This does not pretend to be more than a family chronicle. Historians will not, of course, expect instant solutions to the great enigmas of this period—the reasons for the purge trials, the Nazi-Soviet pact, and the turn to aggression and renewed terror in the postwar years. They will recognize that Mrs. Alliluyeva tells us about as much as a young daughter usually can about her father's business. But since Stalin's business was the exercise of power on a terrifying, global scale, one cannot help but hope that there may be more to come: subsequent writings that will provide added information and more systematic reflection on figures and issues of high policy.

The present chronicle provides only brief glimpses of the inner circle—even of the Molotovs, who were lifelong friends, or the Zhdanovs, her in-laws for a time. We are told that she heard the "same old stories" at her father's dinner table, but we don't know what the stories were. Some of the figures thought to have been closest to Stalin—Yenukidze, the Georgian friend of early years, and Kaganovich, a lifelong intimate who even imitated Stalin's appearance—are barely mentioned. There also seems to be serious distortion in the shifting of blame for the purges and prison camps of the mid-1930s from her father to Beria. There is no indication of the role played by Yagoda and Yezhov, who successively presided over the grotesque purge trials which were largely completed by the time Beria took over as head of the secret police late in 1938. It seems improbable that her mother was having premonitions of Beria in 1929, or that he could have been responsible for the murder of Kirov in 1934 when he was largely preoccupied with party duties in the distant Caucasus.

In shifting major responsibility to Beria, Stalin's only surviving child echoes in part the rationalization used by Stalin's political survivors in the years before the secret speech of February 1956 launched the ostentatious "de-Stalinization" of the Khrushchev era. More profoundly, however, Mrs. Alliluyeva appears to feel that Beria and his minions not only replaced her and the family as the focus of the dictator's attention in the late years of his reign, but also viewed the family as a kind of rival force to be systematically harassed and purged.

Like any historical recollections, these tell us something about the time in which they were written as well as the period that they describe. They were written, she tells us, in 1963, and reflect the general disillusionment that had developed in the decade since Stalin's death with the entire system of thought control and bureaucratic repression that still lingered on. This was a year in which Khrushchev was retightening cultural controls and dampening the expectations of greater freedom that his earlier criticisms of Stalin had helped raise. Mrs. Alliluyeva's disturbed and at times confusing search for new beliefs incorporates some attitudes held then and now by the "generation of the '60s." There is the tendency to glorify the original, "pure" revolutionary idealists of the '20s (represented by her mother and her family). There is a deeper nostalgia for the personal rediscovery of an even older and more remote Russia: the natural, rural world and the older spiritual culture, which had somehow both been violated by forced urbanization, collectivization and atheistic indoctrination. Despite qualifications and uncertainties, she appears to have rejected her father for her mother; her grown children for her unborn books; and Russia, her now powerful fatherland, for Rus, the poetic mother figure of Russia's past.

If the historian cannot peer into either her or Russia's future, he can find in this, her first literary effort, distant echoes and perhaps some imitation of past tradition. The tale of deceiving Stalin during his postwar tour of the country faintly recalls Catherine the Great or Gogol's *Inspector General*. The interjected descriptions of nature seem to copy a device of Turgenev and Tolstoy; the effort to characterize her writing as "lyrical reporting" bears resemblance to the fashion among early 20th Century Russian writers to devise and proclaim new forms of artistic expression.

But the most intriguing resemblances are to much older artistic forms. As in old Russian lives of saints there is a strict insistence on relating only what the writer had seen or heard; a sense of almost preternatural struggle between the idealized good identified with the Mother of God (the real and remembered wife of Stalin) and dark, demonic forces (the satanic Beria and minor devils like the hunchbacked governess). Her mother is described in the manner of Russian saints, as beautiful and sweet-smelling, and is preserved like an icon in the blown-up photograph in Stalin's room. As in the traditional gathering of followers in anticipation of final miracles or messages from the saint, the *dacha* deathwatch by the dying dictator is depicted in lugubrious detail. Instead of a blessing with the right-handed sign of the cross, we are given a final curse invoked by Stalin's raised left hand. Instead of seeing him after death for the first time as a transfigured saint, his daughter sees him for the first time as a naked man.

Despite its historical and human interest, Mrs. Alliluyeva's document seems to be giving us neither critical history nor imaginative literature, but something rather like the oral folklore of the *terem*. These were isolated chambers to which the noble women of old Russia were traditionally confined. In any Kremlin (fortress or citadel) of an old Russian city, there were usually secure

CONTINUED

Nutrament® can help you gain weight.

At last, all you forgotten underweight people have been remembered.

Now there's Nutrament—a nutritionally complete food that's good news for skinny people who are tired of looking less than best.

In each fat little can: Plenty of protein, balanced amounts of fat and carbohydrate, plus essential vitamins and minerals. Supplies 375 calories to help you build up your weight.

Try it—drink Nutrament with meals or in between. There's chocolate, vanilla, cherry and rich Dutch chocolate. And they all taste like a milkshake.

Ask for it at food or drug stores.

A puzzle about traumatic family relationships

ASSESSMENT CONTINUED

upper rooms in which nurses and grandmothers gave much-needed affection and security to the wives and daughters of the great, and relayed tales about events unfolding in the distant, little-understood men's world. The *terem* of the Moscow Kremlin is even today a restful retreat, its dimly lit walls covered with ceramic leaves and trees. If Stalin increasingly admired and resembled the paranoid Muscovite Czar Ivan the Terrible, it seems appropriate that his daughter should write about him not like the sophisticated, modern woman she appeared to be in interviews and press conferences, but more like a frightened and perplexed girl slowly emerging from the *terem*.

Mrs. Alliluyeva obviously idealized her nurse and the other elderly women who surrounded her in childhood and consoled her in early adulthood, and unconsciously reverts at times to their childlike mode of explanation and illustration. Evil people are always hunchbacked, bloated or squint-eyed. Suggestions of divine favor or disfavor are repeatedly found in the manner of death. Just as a great premium was placed in the *terem* on long-suffering loyalty to the man beyond—and above all the Czar-Batiushka, the "little father" at the head of the Muscovite hierarchy—so Mrs. Alliluyeva tries to remain sympathetic toward her father. She follows a childlike old-Russian tradition of blaming evil spirits or evil advisers rather than an evil czar, and her final insistence that all are guilty seems to echo the Dostoevsky of *The Brothers Karamazov*.

As a former princess in the East who has now become a celebrity in the West, Mrs. Alliluyeva is likely to remain a troubled woman within and the focus of many resentments and suspicions without. Psychologists as well as Kremlinologists will have many questions to ask of a record which includes so many traumatic family relationships and unhappy marriages. It seems surprising, for instance, that a woman who often writes in lyric outbursts and identifies with traditional Russian family attitudes mentions the birth and upbringing of her own children (a supreme experience in this child-indulgent culture) in an almost offhand manner. But sheltered Western commentators should perhaps not judge too summarily one who has lived in a world they can hardly imagine. And Soviet officials, who have benefited more from Stalin's policies (and told less about his terror), have little reason to ridicule his daughter as an unstable seeker of new wealth and adventure.

The outside world will not expect too many sweeping revelations from a girl isolated in the *terem*, but will hope perhaps for a little fuller picture of those forces of intellectual, psychological and spiritual growth which slowly led her out.

Yagoda

Yezhov

Former N.K.V.D. chiefs Genrikh Yagoda and Nikolai Yezhov, largely ignored by Mrs. Alliluyeva in her book, conducted the notorious purges before Beria came to power.