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.

In last week’s issue Svetlana wrote of the death of both her parents and about her relatives in their generation. In this second installment 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 bemedaled 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 Killington of Princeton University says in his assessment at the end of her story, “It is vivid testimony to the loneliness of absolute power.”
Starting in 1917 someone decided that a plainclothesman was to follow me 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 Yefimov, 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 use a special little room near to the school office, blushing with embarrassment. I had to use a special little room near to the school office, blushing with embarrassment.

I told my father I was in my first year at the university and I had to be sent to the conservatory. My father had his weaker sides. He was capable of self-doubt. He could be led up the garden path. Beria was as an ace of my father's weaknesses. He flattered my father with a shakiness that caused old friends, accustomed to looking on my father as an equal, to winces 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 Kim, who was

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by

SVETLANA

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after all the time. But the conservatory left him cold. "Where are we going today, Svenochka?" he would ask. If I told him we were going to a concert he would chuckle. "Oh, them nasty Jews again!" Unless the music had too much bravura he would fall quietly asleep.

I remember vividly the last time Uncle Aleksandr Steindorf [arrested in 1937, shot in 1941] 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.

Stalin 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 1928. 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 ruthless, more practiced in perfidy and cunning, more insolent and single-minded 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 as an ace of my father's weaknesses. He flattered my father with a shakiness that caused old friends, accustomed to looking on my father as an equal, to winces 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.

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'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.

From 1935 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.

There 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. Beria 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 look 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 told away! Imagine leaving her...

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Svetlana

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old father like that? Says she's beeu!" But
without me he had been lonelier than ever.
Sometimes he appeared unexpectedly at Zu-
kalovo. Grandfather and Grandmother would
come down from their rooms. Then we'd
all have a picnic. There would be难以belit ing
over a fire, and an excellent light Geo-
gian wine. My father used to send me to the
poultry yard for guinea and pheasant eggs. and
the grownups would asok them in the hot ashes.
Once Grandmother wept loudly and my father
scolded and try to make her
right, "Grandmother would exclaim. "I'll never
are some things I'll never understand!" With
about "lazy good-for-nothings" the servants,[125x348]"You're qyuite
non: "Your mother was a fool, a foga)! How
she wouldn't listen! Shc paid for it. coo!" I start-
I ran to my nurse for moral support. Until I
is
[125x364]older
my grandparents. [Uncle] Pavel'a wife had a
with Vanly. Yakov's wife was at odds with
"harp tongue that made matters worse.
Such-and-such. I wan, but my father told mc
bring letters from anybody. He ordered me not to
give you a kiss. I'll see you soon."

"Hello, little Housekeeper!
I'm sending you pomegranates, tangerines
and some candied fruit. Eat and enjoy them.
I'm sending your pomegranates, tangerines
and some candied fruit. Eat and enjoy them.
Because he's still doing badly at school and
heoed me nothing but promises. Tell him I
don't believe promises made in words and that
I'll believe Vanya only when he really starts to
study, even if Ios marks are only "good." I re-
port to you, Comrade Housekeeper, that was
in Tiflis for one day. I was at my mother's and
I gave her regards from you and Vanya.... 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, Svetanka!
"... Thank you for the letters! I didn't an-
swer 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 al-
ways. It's a bit lonely without you, but what
can I do? I'll be patient. I give my little House-
keeper 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 Rina [a resort
near Sochi] and that you had a young man
with you. Well, there's nothing wrong with that.
Rina is nice, especially if you have a young man
along, my Little Sparrow.
.. . Come to Moscow by Aug. 18, so I can
see you. 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. 18, 1939, and Stalin was indeed busy, he was ne-
gotiating a nonaggression pact with Hitler. It
was signed on Aug. 23.

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

"Oct. 21, 1934. To Comrade I. V. Stalin,
Secretary No. 1
Order No. 4
I order you to take me with you.
Signed: Svetanka-Housekeeper.
Svet.
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 Zedabrov tomorrow.—May 16, 1936.
Another time: "I order you to let me
go to the movies. Ask them to show Chapley
and an American comedy.—Oct. 16, 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 requiring 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. 16, 1937."

When I got older I varied my demands:
"Papa! Seeing that it's freezing outside, I or-
dear you to wear your overcoats. Svetanka-
Housekeeper.—Dec. 15, 1938."

The last humorous message I wrote to him is
dated May 16, 1941, the eve of the war [Hitler at-
tacked 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 "traveller" was written across the top of
this one: "We send greetings to our Housekeep-
er! On behalf of the secretaries—little papa I.
Stalin.

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

He was delighted by her scenes for what he
had accomplished, for the clamber 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 fa-
ther and husband. People who weren't personal-
ly close were always more important to him
than those who were.
As a rule my father didn't rag or find fault
with me. From time to time he indulged in pet-
ty carping. Once in Sochi when I was 10 he
glanced at me (I was a rather big girl) and re-
marked: "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 nor-
mal 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

Svetlana recalls that Stalin was al-
ways very hard on half brothers.
father, Yakov (dwar). When Yakov
tried to commit suicide, her father
announced, "He couldn't even shoot straight." Yakov was arrested
during the first few weeks of World
War II and spent the war years in a
German prison camp (center, in pic-
ture at right). After the war Stalin
and Svetlana heard he had been shot.
I broke up. Later he married a tiny woman whose stepson he actually was. My father bullied and picked on him. After Tahoe shot himself he was ill a long time. Aly nurse wanted him there. Yakov always felt like a step-Georgian loon of Tiflis. He came to Moscow to study as a student. My father didn't want him there. Yakov always felt like a stepchild with my father but not with my mother, who stepped on him actually. 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 hopped on him for being a "wailing." 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 as if 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 Gala [their 2-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. Somewhere he had the idea that someone had "tricked" Yakov and "betrayed" him intentionally. Might he have been a party to it? When we got back to Moscow that September he told me, "Yasha's daughter can stay with you awhile. But it seems that his wife is dishonest. We'll have to look into it." So Yulia was arrested in the fall of 1941. She 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 1944 Feathers 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 leaves home. We examined them long time, hoping they were forgeries. But it was Yakov all right.

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! 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 confidence from a Belgian officer, Prince Someone-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 Mihail Chuevleti was making The Fall of Berlin, a movie that turned out to be a lifeless espionage, he approached my father about showing Yakov at a war hero. My father did not give his consent, and I think he was right. Chuevleti 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 1943 we had to leave Moscow and go to school somewhere else. They packed us off to Kuibyshev. It took a long time leading our goods and chattels onto a special train. 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 Gala. In October 1945 she gave birth to a son, Sasha. Room somehow was made for everyone. Grandmother even kept scolding 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 Commerce Building on Staraya Ploschad. 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 all on 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
school there for children who've been evacuated."

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

He was quite right. It was a case that had come to Kulyshche. 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, through second grade, 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 Kulyshche that I first started forecasting 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 my nurse, Vasily's wife and child and Aleksandr Naksadzhiev, the housekeeper. I was distressed to find that Zhubalova had been blown up in the autumn when the Germans had been expected at any moment. The pathetic old walls stood there like ugly shells. A new house was being built that was a simplified version of the old one. In September we were able to move into it. It was an absurd, hideous thing, painted dark green for camouflage.

At Zhubalova that winter there was an atmosphere of drunkenness and deahemery. Various guests came to see Vasily—a famous athlete, 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 emotional frame of mind. Putting me on his 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—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 1942-43 that I first met Aleksandr Yakovlevich Kapler. Because of him, my relationship with my father was never the same again.

Aleksandr 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 Zhubalova; 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

In a playful mood, Stalin thumbs his nose at the camera in the late 1930s. Several years later, when Stalin was 64, she learned more about the circumstances surrounding her mother's death. It was then that the first questions came to question her father's actions.

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 gucci shoes 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 lovely 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 whistling for me to come over. I felt my heart lighten with joy, knowing he was there. We went to the Tretyakov Gallery and look at the exhibition on the war. We also went to the theater. Aleksandr Korneichuk's play Two Front had just opened. Kapler said it had nothing to do with art. We also saw Macheinik'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

"Her first love" were all invited to a film preview. We talked about movies. Kapler, or Lydia 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 Zhubalova he showed us Queen Christa with Greza Garbo. I was tremendously impressed, and that pleased Kapler.
was exiled by her angry father

the wonderful Yevgeny Mr. Livrich in the visiting room of the Ministry of Cinematography on Gruzdyevsky Street. There we could sit side by side and alone.

Kepler also brought the 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.

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 batman watching, Mikhail Klimov, brought up the rear. He was utterly demoralized by what was happening and by the fact that Kepler never failed to greet him with amiability and give him a light for his cigarette.

To me Kepler 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.

Kepler left for Stalingrad. It was the mandated wall of the Kremlin from one side by side, the Kursk with its static defense, hit upon an empty apartment near the Kursk Station. We calked the snowy street Kapler was searched and told he was under arrest!

A decision was taken to bring Kepler to his senses. Colonel Rumyantsev, General Vlasov's right-hand man and another of my father's bodyguards, called Kepler on the telephone. Rumyantsev suggested to Kepler in a diplomatic way that he should go as far away as possible from an assignment. Kepler 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 Vasiliy's used to gather. After school that day my watching, Klimov, was terrified when I set out in a wholly different direction. He ran to an adjoining room pretending to read a paper while trying to catch what was going on in the next room, the door of which was open.

We stood together and kissed another in silence, leaving it was the last time. Kepler had been assigned to go to Tashkent to make a movie—Defence of the Fatherland. We were endlessly happy. But tears kept coming.

At last, those who were watching had twisted everything. And so on that day, my birthday, Feb. 18, the decision—what to do—had been taken.

Kepler went home to get his things. On March 1, 1943, he as about to leave, two men appeared in his room and told him to come along. They took him straight to the Lubynka [prison]. Kepler 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 1, 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 pulled his pocketbook and said, "All right! Hand them over! Your Kepler is a British spy. He's under arrest!"

I took everything Kepler had ever written to 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 reason with me. "Such a war going on, and she's been the whole time... . . ."

He used the coarse, pastured 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 Kepler 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 Kepler.
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 murmured. "He can't write decent Russian! She couldn't even read him the dining roam." I went in silence. 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 State. My father showed up one day at Zhabalovo. He inquired: "What do you want to move to the Zhdanov's? 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 back to see him later, in November 1949. My father was angry. He invited me to Sochi in August 1947. We broke up after three years, in the spring of 1947, for reasons of a personal nature. Later I was feeling fine! I didn't see my father until August, when he got back from the Potsdam Conference. He was not at his desk because he had the usual visitors. They told him the Americans had dropped the first atomic bomb over Japan. My father paid hardly any attention to me. He had such important news! I had a son. He was already three months old. His name was Leonid. 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 1949-50. 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 feeling fine! I didn't see my father until August, when he got back from the Potsdam Conference. He was not at his desk because he had the usual visitors. They told him the Americans had dropped the first atomic bomb over Japan. My father paid hardly any attention to me. He had such important news! I had a son. He was already three months old. His name was Leonid. But this was such a little thing compared to the great events going on around us. Nobody cared.

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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 takes a picture. Her father had an occasion spoken out against "those girls who go in for sports! 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 could suffocate there.” She had a Moscow apartment but often took Yofa and baby Kraus to the countryside (pictures 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 emissary 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 Rodion, were sent to prison. I. G. Mamny, 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.”

“Your way by the Zionists,” my father told me. “Papa,” I tried to object, “the young 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 too much. 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 Yofi and I went to the Zhdanov’s apartment in the Kremlin to live.

It was by no means easy and pleasant at the Zhdanov’s—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 acquiescence that the minds of women could conceive. The whole setting—sneers, animacassavas 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 Uspenskaya (the Zhdanov’s country...
...place between my tiny, weak little Karla and me, I was worn out from being lonely and sad, from the realization that my second marriage was a failure. I wrote my father a very long 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 am 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 deserted 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 16, 1936)

In the summer of 1942 my father summoned me to Borzomi, Georgia, to be with him on his vacation, and I went for two weeks. He was 71 but his stride was brisk as he walked through the park with his generals' oldie 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 1913, 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 Kurain 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 Borzomi, Vasily and I stopped off at my father's birthplace in Gori. The house is nothing but a poor cobble's hut. But Beria had a marble pavilion built over it that makes
Her student son who stayed in Moscow

Today Sweana'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.Brief remembers his last brief meeting with his grandfather and keeps Stalin's photograph on his desk.
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 value he knew were the old prerevolutionary ones, whereby 100 rubles was a magnificent sum. Story when he handed me 1,000 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 dekor and his servants—all were paid for by the government.

Sometimes he would puzzle over his commissar or the general of his bodyguard, someone like Vlasik, and start cursing: "You parasite! 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.

I 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 in the dacha. 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 31, 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 was borne.

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

The minister at the time was Bulganin. And Vasily ordered the army to send him away from Moscow. On August 15 I received his telegram: "Don't you 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, 1951, 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 ties on subordinate and on duty. Everybody gave his evidence against him—his driver, his bodyguards, his cooks, his 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 1952-53. From there on he was supposed to go first to a civilian hospital, then to the Berkhova Sanatorium and finally, home. It...
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 1955 I went to Vladimir to see him. His third wife, Kapitulina, 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 made a gesture at us now and then as we talked. Evidently the wheels were turning slowly in his brain.

Vasily told Kapitulina 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 saying that he would behave better now.

Kapitulina 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. "If it better if you write these 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 1956. 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. Ever since, he has 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 Zlobinok near mine. His general's rank and his army pension were restored. They asked in return that he get a dacha and live in Georgia. Khrushchev asked him not to.

In April 1956 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 Lebortovo 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.

My nurse, Aleksandra Andreyevna, was with me for the first 10 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 1962 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.

My nurse. Aleksandra Andreyevna, was the younger of two sons died in 1953, while my mother was still alive.

Before the Revolution she worked as maid, housekeeper, cook and finally as a nurse.

Gorky once came to see my father at Zaboloto in 1914, while my mother was still alive. When my nurse was caught up by Voroshilov sneaking a look into the room, she told him that 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 recited 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 the revolution.
a drunkard

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 exquisite and words. I fell asleep at night ("little berry, little treasure, little bird") and her knees I woke up 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 she 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 else 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 spells. After her weight went over 210 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 it, too. Then we let it sit and when we carried it to the table it was flaming!"

One day at Zhdanovo 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 week before she died. She asked me to get her a "bit of nice fresh parsley." 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-Dervish, but we had no idea how to go about it. [Novo-Dervish 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 lives on in the hearts of men even in the darkest times and was hidden away and had to be looked for, that it never died out or disappeared completely.
A Historian's Assessment
of a
'Soviet Family Chronicle'

For those who try to chart Russia's turbulent history, Svetlana Alliluyeva's book is an unsual-ly a document of high importance and special fascination. Perhaps no period of comparable im-portance in modern European history has received less adequate and less detailed analysis than the first quarter-century in which Stalin ruled Russia until his death in 1953. The systematic falsifica-tions 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冷却 war polities 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 work of one who lived through the entire era within the Kremlin and its inner network of sealed 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 with-in 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 move-ment watched by the secret police: the Frankenstein monster he had created and could not escape. Her critical but relatively sympathetic portrait of her father portraying that he cannot visit art galleries like an ordinary person, watching the auster 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 peculia-rities of one man and his "cult of personality.

This does not pretend to be more than a family chronic Historians will not, of course, expect in-stance solutions to the great enigmas of this period—the reasons for the purge trials, the Nazi-Soviet pact, and the turn to aggression and renewal of war in the postwar years. There 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 exer-cise 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 chronicl provides only brief glimpses of the inner circle—even of the Molo-

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the "generation of the "now." There is the tenden-cy to glorify the original, "pure" revolutionary idealities of the "first" generation (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, col-lectivization and atheistic indoctrination. Despite qualifications and uncertainties, she appears to have rejected her father for her mother; her grown children for her unher 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 li-terary effort, distant echoes and perhaps some imita-tion of past tradition. The tale of deceiving Stalin during his postwar tour of the country, briefly recalls Catherine the Great's or Czetz's Inspector General. The juxtaposed 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 19th 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 premonatorial struggle between the identified 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 governor). 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 messages from the saint, the dacha deathwatch by the dying dictator is depicted in lugubrious de-tail. Instead of a blessing with the right-handed sign of the cross, we are given a final curse in-voked by Stalin's raised left hand. Instead of seeing him after death for the first time as a trans-figured saint, his daughter seeks him for the first time as a naked man.

Despite its historical and human interest, Mrs. Alliluyeva's document seems to give us no other critical history nor imaginative literature, but something rather like the oral folklore of the arena. 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 dozens of...
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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 man's world. The terror of the Moscow Kremlin is ever 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 terror.

Mrs. Alliluyeva obviously idealized her nurse and the other elderly women who surrounded her in childhood and consolled her in early adulthood, and unconsciously reveres as 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 iron on long-suffering loyalty to the man beyond—and above—all the Czar-Babushka, 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. In many instances, for instance, that a woman who often writes in lyrical 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 commentarians 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 inner, but will hope perhaps for a little fuller picture of these forces of intellectual, psychological and spiritual growth which slowly led her out.

Yagoda

Former N.K.V.D. chief Genrikh Yagoda and Nikolai Yezhov, largely ignored by Mrs. Alliluyeva in her book, conducted the tortures purges before Beria came in position.