

UKRAINIAN HERALD

IV

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Issue IV

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Underground Magazine from Ukraine

Issue IV

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FROM THE PUBLISHERS

The fourth issue of *The Ukrainian Herald* was published in Ukraine in January 1971. Several copies of it reached the West. Our edition is an English translation of the Ukrainian text which appeared in the periodical *Liberation Path*, London, Nos. VI and VII-VIII, 1971. The illustrations-portraits of Alla Horska, Valentyn Moroz and Vasyl Symonenko, as well as the index were added by the publishers.

The poetry was translated by Vera Rich, an English poetess.

Footnotes were prepared by Dr. Nicholas G. Bohatiuk, Professor of Economics, Le Moyne College.

THE TASK OF THE "UKRAINSKYI VISNYK"

The necessity for such an uncensored publication arose long ago in Ukraine. There are many problems which evoke the general interest of and disturb wide circles of the Ukrainian community, but these are never explained by the official press. When, on the rare occasions the press does mention these problems under the pressure of circumstances, it resorts to conscious falsification.

The "Visnyk"² includes without generalization information about the violations of the freedom of speech and other democratic freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution, about the judicial and extra-judicial repressions in Ukraine, about the violation of national sovereignty (facts about chauvinism and Ukrainophobia), about the attempts to misinform the public, about the situation of Ukrainian political prisoners in prisons and camps, about various acts of protest and so on. The "Visnyk" gives a review or fully quotes publicistic articles, documents, artistic works, and other materials which have already acquired wide circulation in "Samvydav".³

The "Ukrainskyi Visnyk" at any rate is not an anti-Soviet or an anti-Communist publication. In its content and purpose, it is fully legal and constitutional. The criticism of individuals, organs, institutions, including the highest ones, for allowing errors in the decision-making of internal political problems,

¹ UKRAINSKYI VISNYK — UKRAINIAN HERALD — patriotic, underground journal published in Ukraine; the first five issues available in the West: Issue I (January 1970), Issue II (May 1970), Issue III (October 1970), Issue IV (January 1971), Issue V (May 1971).

² VISNYK — Ukrainian Herald.

³ SAMVYDAV — selfpublished, uncensored works in typed or mimeographed form currently circulating clandestinely in Ukraine.

particularly for violating the democratic rights of individuals and nations, is not rated by the "Visnyk" as anti-Soviet activity, but is considered as a guaranteed principle of socialist democracy and a constitutional right, and the honourary duty of each genuine citizen. The unusual conditions of the "Visnyk's" publication can be explained by the fact that in this country the violation of constitutional guarantees and the illegal persecution of people active in public life occur very often.

The "Visnyk" is not an organ of any organization, or group with a united program or an organizational unity, and therefore will allow the printing of self-published materials, written from several viewpoints. The task of the "Visnyk" is merely to objectively inform about concealed cases and phenomena in Ukrainian public life. The "Visnyk" will therefore not include any materials which are written especially for it and are not in circulation. The "Visnyk" does not print any such documents (as a rule anonymous) which are anti-Soviet, that is those which object to the democratically elected Soviet as a form of public participation in the governing of the country, and anti-Communist, that is, those which totally discard the Communist ideology as such.

The "Ukrainskyi Visnyk" can only function with the active support of the public, which not only will disseminate it, but will not allow any anti-democratic or Ukrainophobic act, any case of an illegal persecution of people for their beliefs, to remain without publicity or appropriate reaction.

The "Visnyk" guarantees an impartial approach to informational material. In the following editions, we will inform you of exposed errors or inaccuracies which are inevitable in view of the circumstances of its publishing.



THE TRAGIC DEATH OF ALLA HORSKA

On November 28, 1970, the Ukrainian artist and community leader, Alla Horská, was murdered under still dubious circumstances.

Alla Oleksandrivna Horská was born on September 18, 1929 in a Russified Kyiv family. She graduated from the Kyiv Arts Institute. In the beginning of the 1960's she became actively involved in the process of national revival, which gripped the younger generations of the creative Kyiv intelligentsia. She began to use the Ukrainian language. In 1962 she became one

of the organizers of the well-known Club of Creative Youth (disbanded in 1964). She participated in the organization of literary and art evenings, the circulation of underground works, the collection of mutual assistance funds, etc.

In 1964, along with artists Lyudmyla Semykina, Panas Zalyvakha and Halyna Sevruck, Alla Horska created the Shevchenko stained-glass window in the vestibule of Kyiv University. The window depicted an angry Shevchenko, who with one arm embraced a mistreated woman-Ukraine, and with the other, highly raised, held a book. The stained-glass window bore the inscription: "I shall glorify these small dumb slaves, I shall put the word on guard beside them" (the photo of the stained-glass window had been published in the "Ukrainian Calendar" for 1965, issued by the Ukrainian social and cultural society in Poland). The window was brutally destroyed, while Alla Horska and Lyudmyla Semykina were expelled from the Artists' Union of Ukraine. During the investigation of their "case" they conducted themselves with dignity.

Below we are reproducing an excerpt from the brief record of the "discussions" about the already destroyed stained-glass window which took place in the Artists' Union of Ukraine.

FROM THE REPORT ON THE "DISCUSSION" ABOUT
SHEVCHENKO'S STAINED-GLASS WINDOW
AT THE T. H. SHEVCHENKO UNIVERSITY OF KYIV

April, 1964, a section of the decorative-monumental art of the Union of Artists in Ukraine. The meeting is chaired by the head of the executive bureau of the Artists' Union in the Ukr. SSR for the province of Kyiv, the meritorious art worker, V. Shatalin.⁴

V. Shatalin: There seem to be many spectators. This is a closed meeting. Only members of the Union have the right to be present. We ask the rest to leave the room. (Noise and

⁴ VIKTOR SHATALIN (1926-), Ukrainian writer.

disorder as those spectators fortunate enough to have gained entrance into the room are led outside the door.)

V. *Shatalin* continues: The artists A. Horska, L. Semykina, and P. Zalyvakha made a stained-glass widow in the vestibule of the University of Kyiv in honour of the 150th anniversary of the birth of T. H. Shevchenko. The window provoked a general protest and was destroyed at the directive of the party organization of the University and the Department of Higher Education. The secretary of the provincial party committee, comrade Boychenko⁵, proposed that the Organizational Bureau of the Union inspect the window. The decisions reached by the commission (whose members were Shatalin, Friedman, and Panfylov) are that the window is an ideologically harmful phenomenon. Shevchenko is portrayed behind a grating. Their treatment of the subject is severely harsh. It does not resemble the Kobzar's⁶ portrait. We must judge the attitudes of Union members, Horska and Semykina, harshly in this responsible act and proceed severely towards them.

L. *Semykina*: I would like to inform you of the work of the artists upon the stained-glass window of Shevchenko. The term of work was short, the work itself tense. We had to work night and day and even slept on the scaffolding. We put our very souls into it. We wanted to show the grandeur, the indestructibility, the revolutionary rebelliousness that was Shevchenko, his filial ties with mother-Ukraine, whom he defended. We wanted to determine his image by contemporary means. The barbarian destruction of our stained-glass window, which you did not even want to show the community or the students, and the brutal forcing of the commission, made up of artists and writers, from the university — all this provokes a deep indignation. We demand a censure of this vandalism and the punishment of those who allowed it. (During the appearance of

⁵ V. BOYCHENKO (), secretary of Kyiv Party Committee who attacked Ukrainian writers L. Kostenko, V. Stus and I. Dzyuba, deploring that they had "succumbed to nihilist moods, enthused about formalist trends and ideologically harmful assertions."

⁶ KOBZAR — reference to T. Shevchenko, the Bard of Ukraine.

L. Semykina, the artist Synytsia⁷ supported her by remarks. V. Shatalin: "Comrade Synytsia! You're drunk! Leave this meeting immediately!" — Synytsia is escorted from the room).

M. Chepikh: The stained-glass window is sloppy work. There is no picture, no forethought; the colour scheme of market flowers on silver paper; a disfigured Shevchenko, a woman. This is a disgrace, not art. This work cannot adorn the Kyiv State University.

Vaydekov: It is a terrible cage. Had you concentrated on the vertical, you could have avoided all this. You could have thought of various things. Instead, you followed the road of contemporary abstract generalization. You desired to make an effect, but the one you made was pitiful. It is necessary to consider the outcome more closely.

S. Ostoshchenko: The arms and several other minor details are not to my liking. But in general, I also do not like such unprovoked attacks, this atmosphere. It appears to me that the subject matter is appropriate. It seems that in principle this is a good thing. (Applause. The chairman: "Applause is superfluous here.")

V. Chernikov: Comrades, turn your attention to the stained-glass window. There is no picture there, only Shevchenko behind a grating. What exactly is this supposed to be? I have finished.

Vorona: The conflict is not over the grating, but rather over the principle. One does not feel that this was done by Soviet artists during the 60's. Besides, this does not show our attitude toward Shevchenko. I question the very project. If this had been a part of a series, then it may have been justifiable, but in this case it brings about doubts.

Dzyuban (the chairman of the registration committee): You are aware of the fact that words were always the weapons in the struggle of the working people. Here, however, words are turned a different direction. (Laughter. Shouts of "We don't understand", and "Concretely"). You can't understand that the

⁷ SYNYTSIA (), Ukrainian artist.

enemy has used Shevchenko as a weapon? Where did you find these words: "...small dumb slaves"? If you had done this in a Ukrainian organization during seignorial Poland, it would have rung true. There, Shevchenko's words "rise up and break your chains" would have applied. Only the enemy can phrase it this way. (A voice in the hall: "Why didn't you say this sooner?").

P. Hovdya: The very form of the psalm is very complicated. Making use of the forms of religious psalms, Shevchenko added a revolutionary meaning. Dzyuban, although somewhat awkwardly, correctly stated that Shevchenko is taken advantage of 'over there'. We should not forget this. We don't mean to be suspicious, but by the very fact that the artists wanted to complete the work so quickly — there's something in that. If they would have approached the matter practically, they would have shown that Shevchenko's dream has been realized.

(The report stops short)



Towards the end of 1965, after the arrest of a large group of Ukrainian intelligentsia, Alla Horska was interrogated as a witness in both Kyivan cases of Y. Hevrych⁸ and Ye. Kuznetsova⁹, O. Martynenko¹⁰, and I. Rusyn¹¹. She gave no evidence

⁸ YAROSLAV HEVRYCH (1937-), student of the Medical Institute; tried in Kyiv (1966) and released (1968). A. Horska witnessed his trial and wrote an appeal to the UkSSR Procurator on his behalf (1965 and 1966).

⁹ YEVHENIYA KUZNETSOVA (1913-1968), chemical engineer; scientific worker at the Chemistry Department, Kyiv University; arrested in 1965 and sentenced to four years imprisonment on charges of "anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation"; with I. Rusyn and O. Martynenko, she protested Russification of education in Ukraine.

¹⁰ OLEKSANDER MARTYENKO (1935-), geologist, scientific worker; arrested and tried in Kyiv in 1966 together with Ye. Kuznetsova and I. Rusyn and charged with "anti-Soviet nationalist propaganda."

¹¹ IVAN RUSYN (1937-), geodesist; arrested (1965) and tried in Kyiv (1966) together with Ye. Kuznetsova and O. Martynenko for "anti-Soviet nationalist propaganda"; in 1968 he signed "The Appeal of the 139"; after his release returned to his employment in a Kyiv Planning Institute.

and refuted what those arrested had admitted. She was one of the few among those surprised by the sudden arrests, who adhered to her principles till the end. Her declaration of that time, about the infringements of the law exercised by the organs of the KGB¹² during the inquiry, is well known.

To the Public Prosecutor

Of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic

From citizen Horska, A. O., residing at the address:

City of Kyiv, 25 Ryepina Street, Apt. 6.

GRIEVANCE

Please use measures against the employees of the KGB at the Council of Ministers of the Ukr. SSR, who abuse their granted authority.

As is known, towards the end of August and at the beginning of September 1965, a large group of intelligentsia was arrested in Ukraine. Among those who are now serving time in prison are a few of my friends.

On December 10, I was summoned to the Committee of State Security, where the interrogator, comrade Koval, read me the testimony of the arrested Yaroslav Hevrych. It implied that I gave him some Ukrainian book, "Ukraine and Nationalism", published outside our boundaries, to read. As nothing of the sort had occurred, I categorically denied the validity of such a testimony. After this a confrontation with Hevrych was arranged for me. Obviously under pressure, and struggling within himself, Hevrych repeated his testimony but I again denied it. We were granted the opportunity to question one another. Noticing that Hevrych did not look very well, I asked him about his state of health, but the interrogator forbade him to answer this question, leaving it "till later". After that, I asked Yaroslav Hevrych what forced him to give false testimony against me. He answered literally as follows: "After 105

¹² KGB — Committee of State Security, Soviet Secret Police.

days they teach you to lie." Two interpretations of this phrase are impossible.

Ya. Hevrych admitted that some sort of psychological or physical pressure had been applied which forced him to give false testimony.

Paying no attention to my insistence, this phrase was not admitted into the record of proceedings of the meeting, and Hevrych was forced to repeat the invented testimony. Present at our meeting were the interrogators, comrades Koval, Sheko, and Rybak. During the interrogation and the confrontation, the interrogators correctly and politely insulted me and threatened me with imprisonment.

On Monday, December 13, I was recalled to the KGB, where the interrogators, comrades Rybak and Sheko, presented me with an even more unfounded accusation: that supposedly, the arrested Oleksander Martynenko, confirms that an extract of some book found in his dwelling, had been copied from a book he had supposedly taken from my studio, and then replaced.

Knowing from past experience how objectively the interrogators hold these confrontations, I flatly refused to say anything if a representative of the prosecutor's office was not present at such a confrontation. I again demanded that Hevrych's phrase, which could bear witness to the forced nature of his confession, be included in the record. In reply, I heard that Hevrych had said nothing of the kind (!!!).

Such conduct on the part of the KGB interrogators signifies that they do not carry out these interrogations objectively, but speed up the testimonies of the arrested and those being interrogated on the basis of ready and essential accusations. Therefore, it is necessary to provide a prosecutor's supervision over their interrogations. Besides this, from these interrogations and those in Ivano-Frankivsk about the matter of P. Zalyvakha, and also from the accounts of other friends who were summoned to be interrogated (and there are dozens of these) — I have gained the impression, that the only guilt of the imprisoned, lies in the fact that they either read or gave someone else to read a Ukrainian book published abroad.

But, is it possible in our Soviet country, a country in which the basic law — the Constitution — guarantees citizens freedom of conscience, word, print, meetings and so on, to throw people behind bars simply for reading a book, even if it is of a foreign ideology? I am not taking for granted the possibility of the existence of laws, on the basis of which this would be possible, for this would mean an encroachment on the principle gain of the October revolution. V. I. Lenin justly regarded that the truth does not require the protection of censorship. Yes, during Lenin's time. Shulgyn's book "The 20th Hour" and other hostile writings were allowed to be printed. Finally, the inconsistency of our censorship, when works which were not allowed yesterday are published today, and the absence of an index of prohibited books, disorients the reader, and therefore, none of these reasons can be the basis for punishment.

With regards to the aforementioned, please issue instructions on the intervention of the prosecutor's office in the actions of the KGB, in order to halt unlawful means of holding interrogations with the aid of prejudiced reports, threats, and also about the correction of admissible falsifications, namely: the inclusion into the record of the abovementioned phrase of Ya. Hevrych.

From this time foreward, I personally refuse to give any kind of testimony to the employees of the KGB, without the presence of representatives of the prosecutor's office.

16. XII. 1965

A. Horska



Alla Horska¹ also signed collective petitions: a request to be permitted to attend political trials, a protest against the prohibition of the convicted Panas Zalyvakha² to paint, and others.

After her expulsion from the Union³ she was forced to look for work out of town, creating, together with other artists, a number of monumental and decorative complexes in the Donbas⁴. She was reinstated into the Artists' Union.

Even in these years, Alla Horska did not shun civic duty. In 1967, she went to Lviv⁵ to the trial of Vyacheslav Chornovil⁶ and then together with a group of Kyiv residents participating at the trial wrote a protest against the illegal character of the trial to the republican institutions. In 1968, she signed a well-

¹ ALLA HORSKA (1929-1970), artist and painter; wife of painter V. Zaretskyi; expelled from Artists' Union of Ukraine (AUU); appeared as a witness in the pretrial investigation of Ya. Hevrych, a medical student, in December 1965 and wrote two complaints to the Ukrainian SSR (UkSSR) Procurator regarding the violation of procedural standards of preliminary investigation and trial; one of the organizers of the "Club of Active Youth" in 1960's; mysteriously murdered in Vasylykiv near Kyiv on November 28, 1970; together with L. Semykina, H. Sevruck and P. Zalyvakha, she designed and produced a Shevchenko stained-glass panel for the Kyiv University; the panel was destroyed for "ideological" reasons.

² PANAS ZALYVAKHA (1925-), artist, painter and art critic; arrested in 1965 and sentenced at a closed trial to five years of hard labor for "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda" (Article 62, Penal Code of UkSSR); returned to Ivano-Frankivsk from Mordovia in 1970; Soviet authorities refused him the right to paint for his protests against the Russification policy in Ukraine; rearrested in January 1972.

³ UNION — the Artists' Union of Ukraine (AUU).

⁴ DONBAS — Donetsk Basin, Ukraine's main coal-mining and machine-building region.

⁵ LVIV — the main city of Western Ukraine, regional as well as a cultural, political, economic, educational and religious center. (Pop. ca. 570,000).

⁶ VYACHESLAV CHORNOVIL (1938-), journalist and literary critic; graduated from the School of Journalism and College of Philosophy, Kyiv University; author of "The Chornovil Papers" published in the West in English and Ukrainian (1968); arrested in 1967 and sentenced to three years of hard labor for his contributions to the underground publications and his opposition to the Russification; rearrested in January 1972.

known protest of a large group of Kyiv⁷ residents against the violation in the USSR of the principles of socialist democracy and the norms of socialist legality. During the pogrom brought about by the signing of this statement, officially called "anti-Soviet", out of a group of artists only A. Horska, L. Semykina⁸, and H. Sevruk⁹ remained uncompromising until the end, for which they were again expelled from the Artists' Union.

In July 1968, Alla Horska, together with Lina Kostenko¹⁰, I. Dzyuba¹¹, Ye. Sverstyuk¹², and V. Nekrasov¹³ wrote an open letter to the newspaper *Literaturna Ukraina*¹⁴ in connection

⁷ KYIV — the capital of Ukraine (pop. ca. 1,700,000).

⁸ LYUDMYLA SEMYKINA (), artist and painter; co-designer and co-producer of a Shevchenko stained-glass panel at the Kyiv University which was destroyed for "ideological" reasons; expelled from the AUU.

⁹ HALYNA SEVRUK (), painter; co-designer and co-producer of a Shevchenko stained-glass panel at the Kyiv University, later destroyed for "ideological" reasons; expelled from AUU.

¹⁰ LINA KOSTENKO (1930-), poetess; author of "The Rays of the Earth" (1957), "The Sails" (1958), "The Wandering Hearts" (1961) and "Poetry" (1969); charged by the regime with the "detachment from the Soviet reality".

¹¹ IVAN DZYUBA (1931-), poet and literary critic; graduated from the Philological Department of Donetsk Pedagogical Institute; scientific worker of the Institute of Literature, Academy of Sciences of the UkSSR (AS UkSSR); member of the Writers' Union of Ukraine (WUU); outspoken opponent of Russian domination and Russification in Ukraine; author of "Internationalism or Russification?" published in the West in Ukrainian (1968), in English (1968 and 1970) and in Italian (1971); arrested in January 1972.

¹² YEVHEN SVERSTYUK (1928-), journalist and literary critic, co-author with I. Dzyuba, Mykhaylyna Kotsyubynska, L. Kostenko and V. Nekrasov of an "Open Letter to the Editors of *Literary Ukraine*" (1968); author of "Ivan Kotlyarevskyi Laughs" and "Cathedral in Scaffold" — both published in the West; arrested for a eulogy at the funeral of a botanist, professor Dmytro Zerov on December 20, 1971; released and rearrested in January 1972. His brilliant articles about the fate of Ukrainian culture under Russian domination are widely circulating in manuscript form in Ukraine.

¹³ VIKTOR NEKRASOV (1911-), leading Russian writer from Kyiv, who, together with his Ukrainian friends I. Dzyuba, Ye. Sverstyuk, M. Kotsyubynska and L. Kostenko penned a strongly-worded "Open Letter to the Editors of *Literary Ukraine*", a rebuttal of O. Poltoratskyi's piece of calumny; member of WUU; state prize laureate; the author of an outstanding novel "In the Trenches of Stalingrad".

¹⁴ LITERATURNA UKRAINA — "Literary Ukraine", bi-weekly; organ of WUU; published in Kyiv.

with the appearance there of a slanderous article by O. Poltoratskyi¹⁵.

In 1969-70 A. Horska supported the appearances by Valentyn Moroz¹⁶, even his article "Among the Snows", which was received unfavourably by a portion of the Ukrainian intelligentsia. (In the V. Moroz "case", there is on file a postcard from A. Horska, confiscated during a search, where she calls V. Moroz "a flower in the midst of snows" because of his civic activities.) Called out for an interrogation by the Ivano-Frankivsk¹⁷ KGB in the summer of 1970, she refused to give any kind of testimony against Moroz and ridiculed investigator Baranov (calling him "comrade Baran" (ram) and so forth.) Several days prior to her death, she expressed sincere regrets that she did not attend Moroz's trial at Ivano-Frankivsk, and wrote a statement of protest to the Supreme Court of the Ukr. SSR on the illegality and the cruelty of the verdict (it is unknown whether or not she had time to send it).

A characteristic fact: while Alla Horska was lying murdered in the cellar, (but none of her friends knew about it as yet) in one of the Kyiv research institutes a lecturer (or, even an employee) of the Oblast¹⁸ Committee of the Party said before a collective that the "nationalists" have changed tactics, are organizing "gatherings" at homes and workshops of artists and

¹⁵ OLEKSIY POLTORATSKYI (1905-), journalist, writer and critic, member of the Communist Party and of WUU. Defender of government Russification policy; notorious for his denunciation of Ukrainian patriotic writers as "bourgeois nationalists" in an article "Whom Do Certain 'Humanitarians' Protect?" in "Literary Ukraine" (July 16, 1968).

¹⁶ VALENTYN MOROZ (1936-), historian, lecturer of modern history at the Pedagogical Institute in Ivano-Frankivsk; had just completed his doctoral dissertation when arrested (1965) and sentenced to five years of hard labor for "anti-Soviet propaganda" (1966); strong defender of freedom for Ukraine; his most famous essays, "A Chronicle of Resistance", "Among the Snows" and "Report from the Beria Reservation" were recently published in the West in Ukrainian and English; rearrested on June 1, 1970 and sentenced to 14 years of imprisonment and exile.

¹⁷ IVANO-FRANKIVSK — regional city of one of Ukraine's 25 administrative subdivisions (regions) (pop. ca. 115,000).

¹⁸ OBLAST — administrative subdivision (region).

in this respect named the apartments of sculptor I. Honchar¹⁹ and of Alla Horska.

Alla Horska was murdered on November 28, 1970 in the house of her father-in-law in the town of Vasylykiv near Kyiv.

Among the Ukrainian community informed of the circumstances of the tragic incident, there exist today no less than three versions of the murder. Many believe that it was committed by her father-in-law, an elderly person, whose wife died only a year before, and due to this, having occasional mental disorders. When his memory returned, the father-in-law, seemingly committed suicide. What happened was that on the day following Alla's murder, he was found on the railroad track near Fastiv²⁰ with his head cut off.

Nevertheless, there are a number of those, who don't find this version convincing. They base this on Alla's own physical strength, and the weakness of an almost 70-year-old man. They call attention to the fact of how thoughtfully and accurately the traces of the murder were covered up in the house: the body was dragged into the cellar, all traces of blood were painstakingly cleaned and covered with carpeting, all the shutters in the building were fastened, and so on. Some are suspicious due to the conduct of the militia, which could not recognize the body found on the tracks for an entire week, although, as it is maintained, there was a passport in the old man's pocket. When her friends, N. Svitlychna²¹ and Ye. Sverstyuk, concerned about Alla's absence of several days, arrived at Vasylykiv and began to demand that the militia open the building of old Zaretskyi²²; they agreed although not very willingly. They glanced through the house very superficially,

¹⁹ IVAN HONCHAR (1911-), sculptor; Party member; wrote a letter in defense of Oles Honchar's book "Cathedral" (Sobor).

²⁰ FASTIV — a town in Kyiv Region.

²¹ NADIYA SVITLYCHNA (), sister of professor Ivan Svitlychnyi; co-author with I. Dzuyba, I Svitlychnyi and L. Kostenko of a letter to the First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Ukraine (CC CP of U), P. Shelest (1967); dismissed from employment with Ukrainian Republican Radio Committee (1968).

²² old ZARETSKYI — father-in-law of Alla Horska.

and stated that they had seen nothing of a suspicious nature. Only later, at the insistence of N. Svitlychna, did the militia open the entrance to the cellar, where the body was found. They believe that the militia investigator who headed Alla's murder case, undoubtedly had contact with the KGB, because he questioned Sverstyuk, of whom he had not heard of earlier, about how his essays got across the border, and made ironical remarks such as: "How is it that you did not save your Horska" and so on. The inquiry immediately assumed an accusatory character against N. Svitlychna, Ye. Sverstyuk, and Alla's grief-stricken husband, artist Zaretskyi²³, whom the militia even had arrested for several days.

Arising from these facts, and recalling secret political murders of former times, some even allow the possibility in this case of the political murder of an active citizen of the community in order to intimidate others. They talk of the generally reactionary trend in Ukraine; they mention the cruel punishment accorded V. Moroz just prior to Alla Horska's murder, and so on.

And finally, the third group disregards a straight-forward political murder in present circumstances, but allows for the possibility of instigating a mentally disturbed old person; the possibility of speculating on family discord, which may have existed in the past.

The funeral of Alla Horska was set for December 4th. On that day, people arrived from other towns, and the Kyivans came. Unexpectedly, allegedly in the interest of the investigation, the funeral was postponed to December 7th, a Monday. On the day of the funeral, in Alla's mournfully decorated studio, her friends arranged a posthumous exhibition of her works. Hundreds of people went through the workshop.

A permit for the burial of Alla Horska at the Baykovyi cemetery, obtained by I. Franko's²⁴ granddaughter, Z. T. Franko²⁵, had been annulled — and Alla was buried at the newly-estab-

²³ VIKTOR ZARETSKYI (1925-), painter, Alla Horska's husband; expelled from AUU.

²⁴ IVAN FRANKO (1856-1916), Ukraine's most famous writer, scholar and patriot.

lished cemetery — a vacant plot of land outside the city. None of the relatives or close friends were allowed to see the body of the murdered; the coffin was not allowed to be opened. They were not even allowed to bring the closed coffin into the house or the workshop of the artist.

Although the coffin was transported quickly from the workshop to the out-of-town cemetery, nevertheless, approximately 150-200 people gathered there. Concluding a short speech made up of general phrases, the official representative of the Artists' Union wanted to end the eulogizing at this; however he was prevented from doing this. Several words of farewell were said by teacher Oleksander Serhiyenko²⁶; critic Yevhen Sverstyuk read the obituary; Vasyl Stus²⁷ read a poem dedicated to Alla; Ivan Hel delivered the eulogy on behalf of the people of Lviv.

On December 8th, a memorial service was held in one of the Lviv churches, for the murdered Alla Horska. On the 40th day after her death, Alla's friends arranged the traditional commemorative ceremony in Kyiv.

Sometime after the funeral, somebody began to spread a provocative rumour in Kyiv, that Alla Horska was killed by the "nationalists" themselves, because "she had known too much". At that time the assistant prosecutor of the Kyiv Oblast

²⁵ ZYNOVIYA FRANKO (1925-), philologist; grand-daughter of the leading Ukrainian writer and scholar Ivan Franko; 1969 dismissed from position as a senior researcher at the Institute of Linguistics of the Academy of Sciences of the UkSSR (AS UkSSR); arrested in January 1972 and released upon public repentance.

²⁶ OLEKSANDER SERHIYENKO (), teacher; dismissed from his job (December 1970) for giving eulogy at the funeral of painter Alla Horska (December 7, 1970).

²⁷ VASYL STUS (1938-), poet and literary critic; graduated from the Donetsk Pedagogical Institute; since 1964 scientific worker at the Institute of Literature, AS UkSSR; dismissed in 1965; 1966 relieved from duties as senior scientific worker at the State Historical Archives in Kyiv; wrote an open letter to the Presidium of the WUU and a reply to O. Poltoratskyi as well as a letter to Yuriy Smolych, president of the WUU (December 10, 1971); arrested in January 1972 for active support of anti-Russification activities of young Ukrainian intellectuals, professionals and cultural workers. His collection of poems "The Winter Trees" was published in Brussels in 1970.

came to Lviv, called out I. Hel²⁸ for an interrogation and threatened him with a severe punishment for "spreading rumours" that Alla had been killed for her ideological convictions. In reality, in I. Hel's speech there was only one general phrase about the vagueness of the circumstances and reasons concerning Alla Horska's death.

For participating in the funeral of Alla Horska and for speaking at the cemetery, teacher O. Serhiyenko was illegally dismissed from work, while I. Hel received a reprimand at work. (More details about these repressions — in the "Chronicle".)

²⁸ IVAN HEL (1937-), toolmaker; graduated from History Department of Lviv University; arrested in 1965 and sentenced in 1966 for "anti-Soviet propaganda" to three years of hard labor in Yavas, Mordovian ASSR; after release from prison he was not permitted to continue his academic career at Lviv University.

A WORD FROM YOUR FRIENDS¹

The mind has already comprehended all the horror, all the permanency of our loss — but the heart rejects it. It cannot become reconciled with the thought that dear Alla is no longer with us; that we will never meet her on the street again, will never feel the warm pressure of her friendly hand, the security of her courageous shoulder.

She knew how to love people, provided a person only had a root — a love for our native land, and the readiness to serve it faithfully.

Being herself of an unusually strong and honest character, she forgave people their weaknesses and imperfections, and gave each his own. It was easy with her.

Independent and proud, Alla respected people and enjoyed the general love of her friends and acquaintances. But just as all who love, Alla also knew how to hate. She openly scorned satisfied officials and businessmen having to do with art. They could not bear the hard mocking gaze of her gray eyes and repayed her for this with darkest hatred. They hated her for the very things for which we love her.

It is unbelievably difficult to work for the Ukrainian nation. Yet it always gave forth people, like Alla Horska, who were ready to follow their path to the end.

Farewell our beloved friend, farewell Alla! As long as we are fated to live, you will always be with us.

We will not allow the fire, which you nourished in your heart, to die out!

¹ A WORD FROM YOUR FRIENDS — A EULOGY IN HONOR OF ALLA HORSKA.

ON THE GRAVE OF ALLA HORSKA*

Alla Horska is no longer here. It is dumbfounding, dark and incomprehensible. And it tears into our consciousness with sorrowful despair — that Alla Horska will never again be among us. It is as if a dark curtain fell over the sun.

But I know, that Alla cannot but exist. Her spiritual strength and energy, her sunny smiles and her motherly-attentive look of deep unity, — she lives in everything. She cannot withdraw into non-existence. Alla is unchanged. She is constantly present wherever anyone has troubles or misfortune; near those who are homeless and unfortunate; wherever she can place her strong shoulder. She always discovers it first and assumes the greatest load herself, self-sacrificingly and simply, as if fate itself gave her the mission of being a support for other people.

With her comes the composure of a prominent person, filled with dignity, with an unbribable, clear conscience; a person on whom you can rely upon in everything as upon yourself, even more than on yourself, because she has a generous artistic talent to give of herself, selflessly and totally, to people and to a cause which she undertakes. A rare embodiment of responsibility, human strength, and significance.

Alla's clear, joyful face brings with it a holiday. And her laughter rises above everything, just as her grand and lovely figure towers above and glistens in any kind of large crowd. And you always know, that in her soul shines some kind of fanatically self-sacrificing love for everything good, honest, and decent. And you always believe that her glance is constantly searching about for something meaningful and worthy of respect. And her every motion and gesture is filled with a contempt for timid submissiveness, the evil covetousness and all

* The text differs somewhat from the one delivered by Ye. Sverstyuk at the funeral. The additions were presumably made by the author himself.

the cheap copper coins, for which people trade their very lives, and even drag their neighbour into this filthy trade.

Today, before her grave, on the abyss of eternity, all structures that are poor in art are crumbling, collecting at her feet. And at last we stand before the absolute truth, toward which she, disregarding everything, was striving in her life and in her art, while proudly discarding the smooth paths of half-truths, which would have aided her long ago to establish herself at exhibitions of artistic achievements.

In her pictures, children, silently troubled and appearing grown-up, as if deep in thought, are growing and ripening in the wind and sun. The portrait of a mother who anxiously peers into space with the eyes of her soul. A sketch of Dovzhenko's portrait with a cloudy, split forehead, painfully clutched by a white and black hand. How much suffering and dignity is there in those sorrowful female faces. How comprehensible everything seems in her pictures today in her mournful workshop, which has been transformed into an art exhibit, and how the crown of thorns suits the sadly wise concentration in her self-portraits; so far removed from her smiling photographs, on which joy serves as a means of her immunity and an expression of her independence.

A tragic talent, she was heading towards the tragic truth, through the terror of which, like the distant stars, shines the snow-white ideal, somewhere in the mother's figure, who strives to protect her child with her powerful arms, and, as if with the wings of a swan, sweeps away the boughs of the snow-ball tree.

In her incrustation "Zemlya" (Earth) — in the strange entanglement of the powers chained to the earth, which protrude in deep furrows on the woman's forehead, are entwined with the thick roots of calloused, longing, outstretched arms; in that mutilated tree of life one can see the darkened depths of her achievement of traditions so characteristic of her, the fullness of the achievement of pains and forces of the native land, which the artist opened for herself, and which she served with the dedication of a neophyte.

If we would imagine in detail the history of her life — it would be an instructive story of how the artist, Alla Horska, discovered her own Ukraine, of how she searched for her sacrificial altar, and how she progressively learned to see, particularly in the invisible, finding springs and digging in the depths of hidden roots, and how with powerful arms and legs, she unfolded the abundant carpets of decorative flowers called to life for only one season.

On the day of our last farewell, we finally feel the dramatic effect of her talent. Sketches. Sketches and she herself through unfinished sketches, entirely on the road into her depths. She only required an undisturbed hour in order to return to herself and to light up in her depths. But when can there be a peaceful hour for a monumental artist, who takes in orders so she can work, and performs exhausting labour simply for food.

The years 1962-1963. The Club for Creative Youth, to which she gave her efforts, means of existence, and refuge in her own home. This was a time of finding oneself, one's sources and goals in the tight-knit group of young enthusiastic artists, authors, directors, winged with the perspective of true creativity, and the hopes of a cultural reawakening.

Sketches of theatrical costumes and decorations for M. Kulish's² play "Tak Zahynuv Huska" (This Is the Way Huska Died) — play which did not see the stage... The story with "Pravda i Kryvda" (Truth and Injustice) in Odessa is the same.

The year 1964 — the stained-glass window of Shevchenko for the vestibule of the T. Shevchenko University — days and nights of self-sacrificing work destroyed at its completion by Chancellor Shvets³, prior to its examination by the Artists'

² MYKOLA KULISH (1892-1942), the greatest playwright of the modern Ukrainian theater; author of "Tak zhynuv Huska" (Thus Died Huska), "Pravda i kryvda" (Truth and Injustice); his drama "Narodnyi Malakhiy" (People's Malakhiy) (1928) was banned due to its revelation of the Bolshevik deception of the Ukrainian people.

³ IVAN SHVETS (1901-), professor of thermotechnics; chancellor of Taras Shevchenko University of Kyiv; Party member; member of the AS of UkSSR.

Council, and her only reward — dismissal from the Artists' Union.

The years 1965-1969 — departures for monumental-decorative work to Donetsk⁴, Zhdaniv⁵, and Krasnodar⁶. Reinstatement in the Artists' Union and another dismissal because of her civic position in the case of the political trials of 1965-1967. Unclear secret insinuations of an unfounded grayness, a summary of the scores — and again escape to work without hope in a village in Cherkasy region.

After her death, prior to her funeral, it is said that they considered her work, and have supposedly reinstated her in the Union. But who will consider and renew from ashes the creative flashes of those miserly years of life, poisoned with the knowledge that the best flowers of your soul will call out nothing except evil misfortune, that who knows who requires your talent, and that your epoch awaits nothing from you except to step accurately into already beaten tracks.

How much work and hope disappeared on that road covered with snow!

All the bright hours are in the bright future ... In the past — burning, which dissipated as smoke in the crisis of indifference, in the thickets of hatred, and in the soul a kind of spiritual weariness that reflected itself in the last expression of her face.

But, in all this, how well she knew how to follow the road with dignity and independence — and fully feel the joy of her attempts, her work and her difficult battle for self-assertion! Her voice, her smile, her figure hide the incident of this blind tragedy that cut short her life. Alla Horska will emanate light, will establish the presence of her soul by her very name. She was a rare person, who will always remain with us as our own soul. In the perspective of the whole decade, she towers as a white apparition of the Good Spirit, which embodies in itself,

⁴ DONETSK — regional center of UkSSR (pop. ca. 900,000).

⁵ ZHDANIV — town in Donetsk Region of UkSSR (pop. ca. 425,000).

⁶ KRASNODAR — center of Krasnodar Territory, RSFSR, where Ukrainians comprise the majority of population.

conscience, dignity, the aspirations of youth, and the brightness of a free human face illuminated by the talent and the devotion of a human being.

Eternal glory to the courageous and honest person and artist, who became lost in the cold of the blind autumn mists, but left people the bounties of a great soul — her path and her cheerful smile.

Ivan HEL

EULOGY AT ALLA HORSKA'S FUNERAL

From the citizens of Lviv, from all those who respected and valued Alla, who were inspired admirers of her talent, her deeds and her thoughts, who were united with her by common ideas, from those who travelled to see her alive not long ago — a sincere companion and friend, I want to verbalize our immense pain and sorrow, our deep grief and despair at our loss. Alla's fate is similar to the fate of her nation, as the fate of her talent is similar to the fate of the spiritual powers of Ukraine.

At present, the pain of the fresh wound is still too great. It pierces every nerve, and therefore it is difficult to appraise in our minds the greatness of our loss. The thought always comes to mind, that our generation, the generation of Alla Horska, in these comparably peaceful times, loses too many friends, adherents, and builders of the new Ukrainian spiritualism. If these losses are not physical, but are born from apathy and the renunciation of those ideals which unite us, it becomes unpleasant and painful. But it is immeasurably more difficult in the case of such tragedies, as the loss of the unforgettable Vasyl Symonenko, as this fresh grave, dug out not only in the much-suffering Ukrainian land but also in the heart of each of us.

The circumstances and reasons for this horrifying tragedy do not appear totally clear to us. But, nevertheless, Alla Hor-

ska whom we loved and respected so much is no longer here...

No longer is this gifted artist here, who succeeded in giving so much of her generous talent already, but who could have created immeasurably more. No longer is this courageous and principled citizen here, the faithful daughter of the Ukrainian Revival of the 60's⁷. No longer is this close and fine person here.

But death is not omnipotent. For as long as any one of us who knew Alla is alive, Alla's wise and enchanting smile, her great human warmth, her cordiality and sincerity shall live. Her works on canvas, on the walls of buildings, of schools and museums, shall survive. Her unbending principles, her industry, her noble hatred generated by love will be remembered...

For us, Alla will remain a model of a human being and an artist, who knows no yielding in the face of circumstances and does not take notice of "good" or "bad" times, but persistently searches for the single, the separate path for each of us, by which we can best serve Ukraine.

Because of the circumstances of life, but most of all because of social circumstances, Alla did not discover Ukraine and herself at once. Perhaps because of this, her life during the past decade was so active and uncompromising. It was not only the fruitful artistic searches that led her to the mature settling of her principles and methods. No public gathering of which the 60's were so plentiful took place without Alla's active participation, no matter what it threatened. We all can and should equal that kind of life, particularly now, when weary from the long road, some demand a re-evaluation of ideals and the depreciation of our achievements.

We would like very much for this tragic death not to depress or bend us. We are certain that Alla herself would want this, if she could answer us. Let everything cowardly, time-serving, trivial and idle be swept from our deeds and relations

⁷ 1960's — 1961 was the year of the great turning point in Ukrainian Soviet poetry; at first a small group of young poets broke with Socialist realism; then this path was followed by the hundreds; now when new persecutions of Ukrainian intellectuals are on the increase, many of them are discriminated against and arrested.

in the face of this tragedy. Yet human life is so insecure and without guarantee, and there is so much that each of us has to succeed in doing in those years or days, not counted by anyone in advance, which Fate has measured off.

A great thanks to you, Alla, that you lived, created, and fought among us. It is little to say now that we will never forget you. You merited an honorary and holy right to overcome death, to remain alive among us, to walk stubbornly and firmly along the difficult and thorny path destined for us.

Eternal glory to you and eternal remembrance from us!

IN MEMORY OF ALLA HORS'KA

Burst into spring, my soul, and do not wail.
A frost of white Ukraine's bright sun is palling.
Go, seek the guelder rose's shadow fallen
on the black waters — seek the red shadow's trail

where there are few of us. A cluster small.
Only for prayers and hopes expressed in sighing.
We all are doomed to an untimely dying.
For crimson blood is sharp as any gall,

it stings as if within our veins forever
in a grey whirlwind of lamenting, twist
clusters of pain which fall in the abyss,
and, in undying woe, tumble together.

3. 12. 70



A SHAMEFUL MOCK TRIAL IN IVANO-FRANKIVSK

(Valentyn Moroz sentenced to 14 years)

The previous issue of the "Ukrainskyi Visnyk" reported in detail about the second arrest of the historian and publicist, Valentyn Moroz, in Ivano-Frankivsk, on June 1, 1970, about the gist of the charge, and the protests of the public expressed in connection with the unlawfulness of V. Moroz's arrest. Therefore, we report below only about the trial itself.

The trial was preceded by "preventive" measures, not applied before, with regard to people who, in the opinion of the KGB, may have wished to attend the trial at Ivano-Frankivsk.

In Kyiv, the critic and translator, Ivan Svitlychnyi was summoned to the militia on the day of the trial for a chat about "idleness"; teachers were sent to a hospital to check upon the ill teacher, O. Serhiyenko; at the tuberculosis sanatorium where M. Plakhotnyuk is one of the doctors, a meeting was hastily called and everyone was warned that no one should leave anywhere the following week, or even become ill, under threat of dismissal from his job(!) The same warning was received by N. Karavanska in Odessa.*

In Lviv, long before the trial, a group of people (it is known that among them were: writer-journalist M. Osadchyi, poets — I. Kalynets, I. Stasiv, and H. Chubay¹, the artist S. Shabatura², the teacher O. Horyn³, and others) sent a phototelegram to the Prosecutor's office of the UkSSR and to the Ivano-Frankivsk Regional Court demanding that they be admitted to the trial of V. Moroz and that they be informed of the date of the trial. Already the next day, they began to be summoned to see the managers of the enterprises or institutions where they were working. They were threatened and warned that the trip to Ivano-Frankivsk would mean dismissals from their jobs. Precisely on November 17, the artist, Oleh Minko, was summoned by the Motor Inspection (he has his own car), from where he was taken against his will to the KGB for interrogation.

In Ivano-Frankivsk, several days before the trial, Maria and Daria Voznyak were summoned to the KGB. The painter, Panas Zalyvakha, who is under police surveillance in Ivano-

* Wife of S. Karavanskyi, who is serving a 30-year prison term in Vladimir prison near Moscow, for writing protests against the Russification policy in Ukraine; a poet, linguist and translator — transl. note.

¹ H. CHUBAY, poet; in 1970 wrote a letter to the Supreme Court of UkSSR in defense of V. Moroz requesting his release.

² S. SHABATURA, artist; in 1970 wrote a letter to the Supreme Court of UkSSR in defense of V. Moroz requesting his release.

³ OLHA HORYN, teacher (Lviv); in Dec. 1969 with fifteen other former political prisoners, she wrote a letter to the Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of UkSSR, O. Lashko, and to the Procurator of UkSSR, Hlukh.

Frankivsk², was officially, in the course of the surveillance, forbidden to appear in the street where the regional court is situated for the duration of the week.

They behaved particularly brutally in the town of Dolyna (Ivano-Frankivsk region) with the nurse, Maria Yukysh, who after receiving information about the date of the trial, was to inform a Kyivan woman, O. Meshko⁴, about it also. In order to prevent this, the KGB immediately sent... a "doctor" to her flat, and he "discovered" that her completely healthy two-month-old baby had a sprained leg, and forcibly took the mother and the baby to a hospital. M. Yukysh was kept with her baby for an entire week among people ill with infectious diseases in a general (not even a children's) ward, and was not allowed to use the telephone. Doctors and nurses who were uninformed about the entire thing at first wondered why a healthy baby was kept in the hospital, for it could have caught an infection from other patients. Later they learned, and someone among them quietly informed the worried mother, that her baby was alright, and that a "sick" KGB agent had been admitted, in the next ward, who watches her every move.

Despite these measures, a group of people from Lviv and the Lviv region, and several persons from Moscow and Kyiv came to the trial. The inhabitants of Ivano-Frankivsk also came to the trial.³ On an average there were about 20—30 people present at the entrance to the court during the two days of the trial.

On the morning of November 17, a group of people made personal applications and sent telegraphic requests to the chairman of the Ivano-Frankivsk regional court for admission to the trial of V. Moroz in order to be able to convince them-

² Panas Zalyvakha was released from the Mordovian concentration camps, where he spent 5 years. — transl. note.

⁴ OKSANA MESHKO (1905-), (Kyiv), author of a letter to the Chairman of the Supreme Soviet of UkSSR, O. Lashko, in defense of V. Moroz (17 June 1970); cosignatory of a similar letter to O. Lashko and Procurator of UkSSR, Hlukh, in defense of S. Karavanskyi (Dec. 1969).

³ For greater authenticity we are describing the trial using material supplied by three eye-witnesses present during the trial.

selves whether V. Moroz had in fact committed any offence regarding the Soviet laws. If specially selected people would be admitted into the courtroom, and the friends and acquaintances of Moroz who have come from various towns would not be admitted to the trial — the application stated such a trial would have no right to be termed open. However, the KGB men and judges were afraid to let even tested people into the courtroom. Contrary to the Soviet Constitution and to Soviet laws, the trial was closed. Even the guards were selected from among non-Ukrainian soldiers, mainly from the Caucasus, who understood poorly not only Ukrainian but also Russian.

Apart from the troops, many KGB personnel, even from different regions (Lviv people recognized several of their "guardians") were summoned for "the protection of order". It is said that no less than ten "guardians" were allotted to each person who was present near the court. No one was admitted farther than the main entrance to the court. During the two days, the public was not admitted not only to the court, but also to the office of the College of Advocates and the Notary's Office situated in the same building.

Valentyn Moroz was tried by the court college for criminal matters of the Ivano-Frankivsk Regional Court, consisting of the judge, *Kachylenko*, *Ivan Ivanovych*, and the assessors *Gal-kin* and *Bazhaluk*. The Assistant Procurator of the region, *Horodko*, acted as prosecutor.⁴ The accused was defended by a lawyer from the Moscow city college of advocates, *Kogan* (in 1966, he defended the Russian writer *Synyavsky*⁵).

⁴ It is being pointed out that this *Horodko* "supervised" the investigation in Moroz's case on behalf of the Procuracy, was present at the interrogations, and to a certain extent directed the course of the investigation, while the defence lawyer was allowed to see the material of the case only after the conclusion of the investigation.

⁵ *SYNYAVSKY* — *ANDRIY SYNYAVSKY* and *YULIY DANIEL*, dissident writers, arrested and tried (10-14 February 1966) in Moscow; unlike similar "show" trials in Ukraine, this one was reported in the press; *Synyavskyi* was sentenced to 7 years of labour camp and 5 years of exile, *Daniel* to 5 years of labour camp and 3 years of exile for "slandering" the Soviet Union in articles smuggled to the West; authors of works published since 1959 in the West under the names of *Tertz* and *Arzhak*.

Let us recall that the investigation in Moroz's case was conducted and the indictment was prepared by the Ivano-Frankivsk directorate of the KGB. Head of the directorate was Colonel *Holda*, head of the investigation department, Colonel *Dolgikh*, case investigator was senior investigator Major *Baranov*, assisted by senior investigator Captain *Pryhornytskyi*. The arrest warrant was issued and the indictment prepared by the KGB, approved by the Regional Procurator, *Paraskevych*, (known from his illiterate conduct of the accusation against M. Ozernyi⁶ in February 1966).

Philological expertise of Moroz's articles in order to confirm his authorship was conducted by workers of the Institute of Philology of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR, Master of Philology *H. Yizhakevych* (grand-daughter of the famous Ukrainian painter...) and *A. Hryshchenko*.

Called as case witnesses were: the writer *B. Antonenko-Davydovych*, the literary critic *I. Dzyuba*, the critic and journalist *V. Chornovil*, and a villager from Kosmach in the Hutsul area, *V. Bobyak*, who did not know anything regarding the essence of the matter.

In accordance with oral reports, it has been possible to reconstruct the following picture of the trial.

The trial began at about 10 o'clock in the morning on November 17th, 1970. To check upon the presence of the participants, witnesses were brought into the courtroom where there were present only the accused, the judges, the prosecutor, the defence lawyer, the secretary to the court and several armed soldiers. The identity of the accused was checked in the presence of the witnesses. Answering the question about his citizenship, V. Moroz said that he was a citizen of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic (but as is known, there is only an all-Union citizenship in the USSR). To the question of whether he had been tried before, he said that he had been unlawfully

⁶ MYKHAYLO OZERNYI (1929-), teacher (Ivano-Frankivsk); arrested and tried by the Ivano-Frankivsk Regional Court (4-7 February 1966), and sentenced to six years, halved on appeal; transferred to unknown destination; author of *The Discovery of Kyiv* (Vidkryttya Kyieva, 1964).

sentenced in 1966 to four years imprisonment for propaganda of separation of the Ukrainian SSR from the USSR permitted by the Constitution of the USSR. To the question about his wife's place of work, he replied that he was not certain whether she had a job at all because in our country it has become customary to take revenge on the family of people arrested on political grounds. To the question of whether the accused had any objections to the composition of the court or to the prosecutor, he replied that he had enough grounds to challenge them but that he would not do so because his fate had been decided without the "court" and the procedure now taking place was of no significance.

After the witnesses had been led out and the court session resumed, Valentyn Moroz made a declaration of protest against the unlawful closed trial and demanded an open hearing of his case. The defence lawyer supported the demand of the accused. However, the court rejected his application without any justification.

The indictment was then read and the accused was given the opportunity to give his explanations regarding the substance of the accusation. To this Moroz made a statement, the gist of which is as follows: a trial *in camera* is unlawful. Therefore, he refuses to give any explanations at such a trial or to answer any questions on the part of the judges or the prosecutor as such, that would sanction this lawlessness. However, he reserved for himself the right to raise protests or bring up petitions as well as to answer the questions of the defence lawyer. In order that his decision should not be interpreted as an unprincipled attempt to deny in a cowardly manner the authorship of the publicistic articles with which he had been charged, Valentyn Moroz said that he at the same time was declaring that he was the author of the articles "Report from the Beria Reservation", "Moses and Dathan", "The Chronicle of Resistance", and "Among the Snows", but the humouristic "I Have Seen Mohammed" ascribed to him by the investigating organs did not in fact belong to him. He would not give further

testimony at such a "trial". Nevertheless, he was asked several questions to which he gave no reply.

I. Dzyuba was the first to be called into the courtroom as a witness. Instead of replying to the questions posed by the prosecutor, he made a statement that he would not answer any questions for two reasons. Firstly, one of the articles for which V. Moroz was standing trial, had been polemically aimed at himself, I. Dzyuba, therefore, it was unethical to place him in the role of a witness against Moroz. Secondly, he could not take part in an illegal trial, because on the basis of Article 111 of the Constitution of the USSR, article 91 of the Constitution of the Ukrainian SSR and Article 20 of the Criminal Procedure Code of the Ukrainian SSR, the trial of V. Moroz could not be held *in camera*.

The witness, B. Antonenko-Davydovych, called next also stated that in view of the utter illegality of a closed trial he would not give any evidence. After all, in his life he twice stood closed trials as a result of which he was cruelly punished (once he was even sentenced to death) on the most ridiculous fabricated charges. He, therefore, considered as inadmissible for himself to take part in such a "trial", because he did wish to bear the responsibility before descendants along with the judges and the prosecutor for participating in open arbitrariness.

After a prolonged interval, caused no doubt by the court's confusion owing to the behaviour of the witnesses, the witness, Vasyl Bobyak, was called into the courtroom. He answered completely irrelevant questions such as: how many more schools are there in Kosmach at present than there were during Polish rule; was it really true that a geological prospecting derrick in the middle of the village was a nuisance, etc.

The witness, V. Chornovil, called last, refused to give any evidence for two reasons. First of all, any trial for openly expressed convictions was such that undermined the foundations of socialist democracy and the Soviet order. Secondly, a closed trial was a violation of the Soviet Constitution and legal procedure.

Left without witnesses, after a conference the court decided, despite a protest by the defence lawyer, to read the witnesses' evidence given during the preliminary investigation. They read V. Chornovil's evidence in which the witness denied his acquaintance with the three latest articles by V. Moroz and stated that he, on his own initiative, had sent the work "Report from the Beria Reservation" to deputies of the Supreme Soviet of the Ukrainian SSR, having received it from Mordovia, which was one of the reasons for his conviction in 1967.⁵ To the judge's question of whether Chornovil confirmed this evidence now, the witness refused to answer owing to the fact that the trial was closed.

The witness, I. Dzyuba, called for the second time, having heard the evidence given by himself earlier, stated that if it was not for his attitude to the illegal closed trial, he could have brought up some essential points to make it more precise. However, he could do it even so if the accused and the defence lawyer gave him their permission. Having received such permission, the witness said that he was indignant at the blackmail which the investigator, Baranov, allowed himself during the preliminary investigation. By means of deceit, he extracted from I. Dzyuba evidence which did not entirely correspond to reality. As a matter of fact, I. Dzyuba never received a written text of the article "Among the Snows" from Moroz, but only had an oral conversation on this subject with him. Already after the trial, I. Dzyuba stressed that this statement of his did not mean his cancellation of his boycott of the closed trial at all, because it was made at the request of the accused, whereas Dzyuba did not answer any question of the judges or the prosecutor.

Former evidence of B. Antonenko-Davydovych was also read in the presence of the witness, who had stated during the investigation that V. Moroz showed him unfinished variants of the articles "Moses and Dathan" and "Among the Snows" in the desire to obtain from him literary consultation. Having

⁵ V. Chornovil was then sentenced to three years hard labour in concentration camps, later reduced to eighteen months. — Transl.

listened to the evidence read, Antonenko-Davydovych said that he could have introduced essential changes into his evidence, because the investigator recorded his statement in a distorted manner, but that he would not permit himself to do it because it would mean that he recognized the legality of a closed trial.

In this way the trial was in fact hampered by the boycott on the part of the accused and the witnesses. The court had no possibility of putting up any evidence. Nevertheless, the court session continued.

The next day, the court heard the experts who diligently justified the assertion *that Moroz was in fact the author of the four articles* quoted in the indictment.⁶ It seems that the conclusions of some sort of an ideological expertise were read, which gave an evaluation of the contents of V. Moroz's articles. Who carried out this "expertise", defining even the article "Chronicle of Resistance" as anti-Soviet, remains unknown.

The full text of the closing speech by the State Prosecutor, Horodko, is not known. It is known however that the prosecutor qualified the entire activity of V. Moroz and all his articles as anti-Soviet. The prosecutor emphasized the fact that the articles "Report from the Beria Reservation" and "The Chronicle of Resistance" had been published abroad, seeing in it an aggravating circumstance. The prosecutor also called an aggravating circumstance the fact that Moroz was being tried for the second time for "anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation". The prosecutor demanded a maximum punishment of 15 years permitted by Section 2 of Article 62 — 10 years imprisonment and 5 years exile. The prosecutor demanded the most severe conditions of imprisonment — in a special prison, in order to prevent Moroz from writing anything or passing anything to freedom.

The defence lawyer, Kogan, in his concluding remarks, attempted to prove the absence of *corpus delicti* in V. Moroz's

⁶ The experts' testimony is not as innocent as it appears at first. During the preliminary investigation V. Moroz refused to give any evidence and it was therefore impossible to produce an indictment against him and to bring him for trial without the conclusions of the expertise.

activities, as envisaged by Article 62, section 2 of the Criminal Code of the Ukrainian SSR, i.e. "agitation and propaganda with the aim of undermining or weakening the Soviet regime". The defence lawyer considered the qualification of V. Moroz's articles as anti-Soviet unjustifiable, and their dissemination by the author himself as unproven. He, allegedly, called the prosecutor's arguments about aggravating circumstances as legally illiterate. The appearance of the articles abroad, if the accused had nothing to do with their handing over, should neither serve to aggravate nor to diminish his guilt. Likewise, section 2 of the Criminal Code of the Ukrainian SSR only concerns those who are tried for the second time — therefore the repeated conviction cannot by itself influence the term of the sentence chosen by the court. The defence demanded the acquittal of the defendant *or at least the requalification* of the charge to Article 187-1 of the Criminal Code of the Ukr. SSR with the maximum punishment term of three years.

Valentyn Moroz made a final brief speech, the content of which is not known. It is only known that he did not ask for any alleviation for himself and did not engage in disproving the accusation. His last word was a political speech of a programmatic character.

In accordance with Article 20 of the Criminal Code of the Ukr. SSR, court verdicts in all cases are pronounced in an open session. V. Moroz's adherents present near the court demanded in their written applications and orally to be admitted into the courtroom during the reading of the verdict. The court however committed another gross violation of the law. Notwithstanding the great number of troops and KGB personnel, they were afraid to allow anyone from among those present in front of the court into the courtroom. Instead, they summoned by telephone a specially selected public — deans and lecturers of the social sciences of the Medical and Teachers' Training Colleges of Ivano-Frankivsk. Some of them were not even forewarned why they were being called to court. Others were warned by the KGB men to say at the entrance of the court that they were not going to the trial but to the Notary's

Office or to the office of the College of Advocates. The deceit was soon revealed however, and the KGB men and soldiers cleared the way for those "specially invited" by roughly pushing aside those people who had been waiting for two days to gain admittance at least for the reading of the verdict. KGB personnel were also led into the courtroom and stationed in the passage-way.

The verdict repeated all the statements of the indictment. Only the authorship of the humorous story "I Have Seen Mohammed" was dropped from the charge as unproven. The circumstance, that all the witnesses in the case refused to testify as a sign of protest against the closed trial, was not mentioned in the verdict, and other evidence from the preliminary investigation was distorted. It is probably because of these lies that the witnesses were not permitted to be present in the courtroom at the reading of the verdict. Legally ignorant assertions of the prosecutor about aggravating circumstances were repeated in the verdict. The term of sentence allotted to Moroz by the court was 6 years of special prison, three years of special regime camps and 5 years of banishment — a total of 14 years of punishment.

Valentyn Moroz met the verdict with ironic laughter, and the invited "scholars" met it with confused silence. Then a KGB man from the aisle gave a "signal" by applauding. Everyone remained silent, so he clapped his hands more loudly. Here and there, he received some scattered support...

To the question posed by the judge, of whether he understood the verdict, Moroz answered: not entirely, because in the verdict it was stated that the trial was held *in camera*, but now he sees many people in the courtroom. The presiding judge explained to him that, according to the law, verdict is pronounced in an open session in all cases, and all those who so desire may be present at the reading of the verdict. Moroz, who was obviously just waiting for such an explanation, then asked: "Why then, if such is the case, are there none of my friends in the courtroom, though they have been standing outside the court for two days, but people whom you have

dragged in are here?" Instead of giving an answer, the judge ordered the soldiers to take Moroz away, and pronounced the trial ended.

During the pronouncement of the verdict, near the court there suddenly gathered a large crowd of Ivano-Frankivsk inhabitants. They dared not come near the court for two days. Perhaps fearing a demonstration, the KGB men placed several "black Marias"⁷ in front of the main entrance as a bluff, and V. Moroz was taken away through a back door in an ordinary car.

Attention is being drawn to the cynical behaviour of the KGB personnel and the non-Ukrainian soldiers who were specially incited beforehand. People were roughly pushed away from the doors; the soldiers punched S. Hulyk, a pregnant woman from Lviv, in the stomach, when she tried to carry a collective statement to the chairman of the regional court. The KGB men contemptuously told those who were near the court: "you are nothing", "gang", "we will do with you what we like", "we have enough room for all of you", etc.

Immediately after the trial, the witnesses composed and sent a protest letter to the Procurator of the Ukrainian SSR and to the Ministry of Justice of the Ukrainian SSR.

*To the Minister of Justice of the Ukrainian SSR,
comrade Zaychuk.*

To the Procurator of the Ukrainian SSR, comrade Hlukh.

On 17th and 18th of November, 1970, the regional court at Ivano-Frankivsk considered the case of *Valentyn Yakovych Moroz*, charged under Art. 62, Section 2 of the Criminal Code of the Ukrainian SSR. We have been called as witnesses to this trial. Without any legal grounds, in violation of the Constitution of the USSR, the Constitution of the Ukrainian SSR and the Criminal Procedure Code of the Ukrainian SSR, the trial took place in a closed session. The chairman of the court

⁷ BLACK MARIAS — black police prison vans.

personally and responsible people from among the guards guaranteed to us, as witnesses, our presence during the pronouncement of the verdict, in which our names could also have been mentioned. As a matter of fact, this is provided for by the legal rules envisaged in Art. 20 of the Criminal Procedure Code of the Ukrainian SSR. However, in spite of our repeated reminders, we were not admitted to the reading of the verdict, although at the same time many people with special invitations were allowed to be present at the reading of the verdict and passed by us. Some of them were not even aware of why they were being invited to the regional court.

We wish to express our categorical protest against the illegal actions of the Ivano-Frankivsk regional court.

We reserve the right to appeal to the cassation court — the Supreme Court of the Ukrainian SSR, to the Ministry of Justice of the Ukrainian SSR and the Procuracy of the Ukrainian SSR with a justified complaint regarding the illegality of the closed trial of V. Ya. Moroz, and in this connection — regarding the verdict.

18th November, 1970.

*B. Antonenko-Davydovych*¹

I. Dzyuba

V. Chornovil

¹ BORYS ANTONENKO-DAVYDOVYCH (1899-), writer; graduated from Kharkiv and Kyiv Universities; member of WUU; sent to labor camps in 1934; rehabilitated in 1956; strong defender of Ukrainian language and culture; one of 78 signatories (writers, scholars, students and workers) who requested the admittance to the trials of Ukrainian intellectuals (1966); his recent works have been objects of controversy in which he maintained a firm stand; one of 139 signatories of an appeal to Brezhnev, Kosygin and Podgorny in defense of persecuted Ukrainian intellectuals (1968).

*

At the end of November and the beginning of December, 1970, many people (at least 30 to 40 persons) sent individual telegrams and statements of protest to the Supreme Court of the Ukrainian SSR regarding the cruel treatment of V. Moroz, demanding that the unjust verdict of the regional court be annulled and the defendant be acquitted.

It is known that petitions to the Supreme Court have been sent by the Kyivans — the writer B. Antonenko-Davydovych, the critic I. Dzyuba, the artist Alla Horska, the philologists M. Kotsiubynska and Z. Franko, the pensioner O. Meshko, the medical practitioner M. Plakhotniuk, the teacher O. Serhiyenko, V. Drabata and others; from Lviv — the doctor O. Antoniv², a former worker of the Society for the Protection of Historical and Cultural Monuments S. Hulyk, the teacher O. Horyn, the engineer A. Volytska, the poet I. Kalynets, the artist M. Kachmar-Savka, the telephone operator H. Kunytska, trade-union worker Ya. Kendzio, a former university student, the poetess H. Savron, the poetess I. Stasiv, the journalists P. Chermerys, V. Chornovil, the poet H. Chubay, the artist S. Shabatura, and others. Appeals were also written by I. Hel (the town of Sambir, Lviv region), N. Karavanska (Odessa), the painter P. Zalyvakha, M. Vozniak and L. Lenyk (Ivano-Frankivsk), the priest V. Romaniuk (Kosmach in the Hutsul area), and others.

The most profound and legally best justified appears to be the extensive petition submitted to the Supreme Court of the Ukrainian SSR, the Procuracy of the Ukrainian SSR and the Ministry of Justice of the Ukrainian SSR by the witnesses in the case — B. Antonenko-Davydovych, I. Dzyuba and V.

² OLENA ANTONIV, Lviv, medical doctor, one of the nine signatories of the letter-protest to Soviet Ukrainian authorities in Kyiv in defense of V. Moroz (1970).

³ STEFANIYA HULYK, (Lviv) one of nine signatories of the letter-protest to the Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the UkSSR, First Secretary of the CC of CP of UkSSR and the Chairman of the Committee of State Security of UkSSR and the Procurator General of UkSSR, in defense of V. Moroz arrested for the second time in 1970.

Chornovil. The authors refused to give their statement for circulation, considering that by this they would demonstrate to the authorities to which they appeal their sincerity and absence of any hind thoughts. The contents of the petition is known from a few people who read it at the authors' homes. The petition stresses that in the USSR during the post-Stalin period no person, who acted not clandestinely but openly expressed his views in literary and publicistic articles, has ever been so cruelly punished. The court incorrectly qualified these articles as anti-Soviet. The authors of the petition think that when in 1969 the KGB men discontinued the investigation in the case of "Report from the Beria Reservation" they had no doubts that it had been written by V. Moroz. The fact that the "Report..." has again been included in the indictment and the unbelievably cruel sentence testify, in the authors' opinion, as to the onset of reaction, in particular in Ukraine. This is clear also when comparing the sentences in the case of V. Moroz and the Russian historian Amalrik, also tried for the second time for writing considerably more sharp articles than Moroz and sentenced to three years of concentration camps.

Antonenko-Davydovych, Dzyuba and Chornovil consider that the investigation and the trial did not prove that Moroz personally disseminated his articles. Worthy of attention is their belief that the KGB is perhaps falsely creating a criminal situation by circulating someone's works, so that they can later square accounts with their author. They also wrote about the illegality of a closed trial and were indignant that they, being witnesses, were not allowed in for the passing of sentence, where their behaviour in court and their testimony at the preliminary investigation were distorted. Towards the end, quoting a series of articles from the Criminal Procedure Code, the authors demanded an overruling of the sentence of the Ivano-Frankivsk regional court.

It is known that the authors of all other statements as well in the first place drew attention to the closed trial and the unbelievably harsh sentence. We have at our disposal a few of these statements to the Supreme Court of the Ukr. SSR.



Phototelegram.

Kyiv. To the Supreme Court of the Ukrainian SSR.

Precisely on the eve of Constitution Day of the USSR and the election of judges, the Ivano-Frankivsk people's court allowed itself to ignore Article 91 of the Constitution of the Ukr. SSR (and Articles 20,370,372 of the Criminal Code of the Ukr. SSR) about the publicity of the judicial review, by sentencing historian Valentyn Moroz to 14 years' imprisonment at a closed court trial.

Has the Constitution of the USSR stopped being the fundamental law for all the citizens of the Soviet Union without exception, or do the provincial judicial instances tower above all written laws, since they violate Article 92 of the Constitution of the Ukr. SSR* by their practice.

If the basis of the Constitution of the Ukr. SSR is formed by the primary principles and foundations of socialism, then surely this is not the first and only incident of the destruction of these foundations by the very organs which should sanctimoniously uphold them?

For what then should distinguish the Constitution of the USSR from all others in the world, if not the consistent democracy upheld till the end, and the democratic rights of each citizen?

But do a closed trial for Valentyn Moroz, the banning and exclusion of citizens wishing to be at the trial by militia, moreover, their banning and exclusion at the passing of sentence speak of this?

Will the Constitution of the USSR differ from the bourgeois ones, if in it "not only are the rights of citizens formally fixed, but the primary centre of attention is transferred to the guarantee of these rights, to the methods of the realization of this guarantee", will be violated this lightly, cynically and with impunity by the provincial courts, as the Ivano-Frankivsk provincial court did on November 17-18?

* Article 92 of the Constitution of the Ukr. SSR states that: "The courts are independent and are subservient only to the law".

Is this the expression of the substance and the features of socialist democracy, of socialist legality and humaneness?

If the Supreme Court confirms the decision of the Ivano-Frankivsk provincial court, it will force me to refrain from voting for judges, who do not want, or are not able, to stand on guard of the letter and the spirit of the law.

Olha Horyn
Lviv — 16, Kirova 33/14.

To the Chairman of the Supreme Court of the Ukr. SSR.

On November 17-18, during the trial of Valentyn Moroz, we were the witnesses of the vicious abuse of power on the part of the employees of the Ivano-Frankivsk provincial court and the Ivano-Frankivsk KGB. In recent times, it is an unheard of fact — to sentence a person to 14 years merely for what he is thinking.

History knows many inhuman sentences by the best representatives of its epochs. But if today we are riled by the ignorance of a world which sentenced Campanella¹ to 25 years, which exiled Dante² beyond the boundaries of his native land, and which exiled Shevchenko to Siberia³, what right have we in our humane age of the 20th century, to keep silent and watch indifferently as medieval tortures creep into the bright world?

What right have we not to be angry, when under the protection of laws and constitutional rights, a person is imprisoned in the most brutal and cruel manner due to four unknown articles, which should have been inspected not in a courtroom

¹ CAMPANELLA — *Thomas C. Campanella* (1568-1639), Italian Renaissance philosopher and poet; a Dominican; "The City of the Sun" is an account of a utopian society.

² DANTE (ALIGHIERI) (1265-1321), Italian poet; author of "Divine Comedy".

³ SIBERIA — vast territory of the Asiatic part of the RSFSR; Siberian exile system with thousands of prison camps scattered throughout the whole region was developed by both the Tsarist and Bolshevik regimes.

in a closed session, but in an open auditorium among fellow writers. For what else can we call all that which took place in Ivano-Frankivsk a closed trial, armed guards at the entrance to the court building, representatives being especially invited by telephone for the sentencing, and so on. Are just decisions reached under the cover of secrecy, hiding from people? Must the words of the prosecutor, if they actually are objective and just, hide behind the unlawful decisions of the court? Where and by what right was there so much contempt for the "simple mortals", who voluntarily arrived for the trial of V. Moroz, and whom the representatives of the local KGB called "you — nothings". Besides, we won't ask about the right, we'll think of the appearance of some of the representatives of appropriate organs.

Various trials are taking place in our time. We are not afraid to try bandits, sadists, murderers in open-door trials... Why we even let some of them go on bail... But why, on what basis was Valentyn Moroz tried behind closed doors? Is it not because the injured truth would suddenly stand beside the defendant?

Soon the works of the outstanding philosopher of the 12th century, R. Bacon⁴, will appear in Ukraine, who was also sentenced to 14 years, simply because he did not want to agree with some of the scholastic opinions of his time. The centuries acquitted and rewarded the prominent scholar. But how many curses, how much contempt humanity has poured today onto the heads of those who, donning their black robes — regarded themselves as the overseers of truth on earth, the "overseers of truth" whose bones to this day have no rest, whose ancestors renounced their names and their memory. How many of them there were in each century! And to this day History is subjecting them to its own irrevocable trial.

Valentyn Moroz did not break any established laws. But as a person, he has the human right to think. You are not the keepers of all human fate and wear no black robes. But in

⁴ R. BACON — ROGER BACON (1214-1294), English scholastic philosopher, a Franciscan; called the Admirable Doctor.

your hands today is the fate of a human being, and your own as well, for History does not know how to forget. And so that your ancestors will not run away from your name, burning with shame, let the biblical wisdom be fulfilled: "Judge not and ye shall not be judged".

City of Lviv

November 29, 1970.

Iryna Stasiv-Kalynets⁵

Ihor Kalynets⁶

A Letter to the Supreme Court of the Ukr. SSR.

City of Kyiv

From Oksana Yakivna Meshko

Born in 1905.

In Ivano-Frankivsk on November 17-18, 1970, the trial of Valentyn Moroz took place.

The man was blamed for vocalizing his thoughts, which deeply moved him, in connection with the preservation of the material, spiritual and cultural heritage of the nation. When a person with a social temperament comes into contact with a wide circle of questions and these questions grieve him, then, you will agree, that if he passes over them, then he could not be regarded as a decent person.

But once this person touches upon them, no matter in which way this might be, he is avenged with such an unheard of term of imprisonment as 9 years and 5 years of exile.

⁵ IRYNA STASIV-KALYNETS (1940-), poetess; wife of poet Ihor Kalynets; graduated from Lviv University; lecturer of Ukrainian language and Literature at Lviv Polytechnical Institute; in Summer 1970 she was relieved from her duties as a lecturer; together with other Ukrainian intellectuals, including her husband, wrote a letter to the Supreme Court of the UkSSR (November 29, 1970) in defense of V. Moroz. Arrested in January 1972.

⁶ IHOR KALYNETS (1939-), poet; graduated from the Department of Philology, Lviv University (1961); employed by Lviv Regional State Archives; his "Poetry from Ukraine" was published in Belgium in 1970; arrested in January 1972.

In essence, there was actually no trial. There was a closed meeting, after which they did not even allow those wishing to be present, including some witnesses, to hear the passing of sentence.

Such a trial makes it possible for all kinds of rumours and surmises to spread, in which the major thought remains: for openly expressed thoughts, a man was deprived of his youth and of his constitutionally guaranteed rights to live freely and work according to his vocation.

It is difficult to imagine how one can connect such a sentence with the concept of socialist legality. But it is not difficult to imagine, that if he had propagated anti-communist ideas and the most adventurous of appeals, he would have been tried by an open court and the press would surely have written about it as a lesson to the frivolous.

If he had been a dishonest person, then he could have been sentenced at a trial and this would have found general support.

At my age and with my experience (I was unjustly sentenced during the cult of Stalin to 10 years of camp regime, and later rehabilitated), it can be said, that at similar trials a man is blamed for the crimes of others...

Who was to blame, that he, a young specialist-historian, who was to defend his thesis and, who, obviously, read his lectures well, for no one had any complaints against him, was proclaimed a criminal, and allotted 4 years of imprisonment.

And of course he saw much violence and lies there. Then he was set free, but had no possibility to earn enough for bread, for he was not given work, and after 9 months he was given 9 years' imprisonment for sharply critical thoughts.

This is simply inhumane. Was there not a mistake, which now has been evened out by cruelty?

I appeal to the Supreme Court with my thoughts, to consider them and review the case of Valentyn Moroz in the spirit of socialist legality, on which our youth is educated and which it must respect.

Kyiv — 86, Verbolozna, 16.

O. Meshko

*To the Chairman of the Supreme Court of the Ukr. SSR.
From citizen V. P. Drabata
Kyiv — 101, Lomonosiv 57, apt. 7.*

The excessively harsh punishment of the young historian, Valentyn Moroz, to 9 years of severe regime camps and 5 years of exile (a total of 14 years), came to my knowledge. I did not know him. I don't know for what he was tried, for the trial was closed. I am not a lawyer and do not understand the articles of the criminal code. But I do know, that according to contemporary Soviet laws, the greatest term of imprisonment is 15 years.

If he committed some grave crime, wider circles of citizens should have been informed about it. When the reasons for sentencing are concealed, then the impression is formed, that we are not dealing with deeds but with opinions and their expression.

In our time, when under the influence of democratic powers humanitarian tendencies are spread throughout the world, the excessive harshness of punishing people whose opinions for some reason or another do not coincide with official ones, can only arouse a depressing impression in the eyes of citizens as well as foreign friends.

Legal proceedings, particularly here, are not always correct. Facts from our not too distant past testify to this.

I regard it my civic duty to bring to your attention the unjustifiably excessive harshness of this sentence with the aim of its mitigation.

December 11, 1970.

V. Drabata

To the Supreme Court of the Ukr. SSR.

On November 17-18, 1970, I, along with a group of people from Lviv, Ivano-Frankivsk, Kyiv, and Moscow, was a witness to the unprecedented harshness and cynicism of the legal proceedings of the historian and publicist, Valentyn Yakovych Moroz, which was crowned by a 14-year term of conviction (6

years of special prison, 3 years of labour camps, and 5 years of exile).

Actually, we weren't witnesses in the real sense of the word, for we were not even allowed into the vestibule of the court building. Each of us had at least ten "guards" and "overseers", in uniform and in civilian dress, from whom we, rightful Soviet citizens, heard that we are "nothings", a "herd", and that they "will do what they please" with us, and so on.

In violation of Soviet laws which guarantee public trials, they tried Valentyn Moroz within four bare walls, themselves hiding behind the backs of armed soldiers. They were even afraid to allow us in for the passing of sentence. All this gives us the basis for regarding the trial as unlawful and amoral. All of us present near the courtroom, therefore, approved the principled behaviour of the witnesses, who, as a sign of protest against this type of trial, refused to participate in it in any manner.

Moroz was sentenced for his attempt to have his own beliefs, which do not fit into the standard framework. You must be very evil and inventive people, to see "anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation" in Moroz's publicistic essays, especially in those, which he wrote after being freed, and which became the reason for his arrest.

The judicial qualification of Moroz's essays as anti-Soviet will not stand up to criticism. The inquest and trial also did not find any proof that Moroz personally disseminated his works. And so, the harsh punishment is the wild predatory revenge of people deprived by nature or by the circumstances of life of those features which Valentyn Moroz has: compassion, high principles, internal decency, and real, not paid, patriotism.

I beg of you, do not join those, who have already dishonoured themselves by the inhumane punishment and about whom history will say its word, as it did about their spiritual twins of Stalinist times. At examination of the appeal, overrule the sentence of the Ivano-Frankivsk provincial court as illegal, amoral and harmful to the prestige of our regime. Harshness will

not bring you the respect of the people or spiritual equilibrium. It will always hang like a heavy rock around your necks.

I wish to believe, that at the examination of Moroz's case, you will manifest yourselves as just and humane.

The City of Lviv,

Partisan Street, 12, apt. 1-a.

Stefaniya Hulyk

To the Supreme Court of the Ukr. SSR.,

In the case of the sentencing to 9 years imprisonment

And 5 years exile of the historian, Valentyn Moroz,

From the priest of the village of Kosmach, of the Kosiv district of Ivano-Frankivsk region, Vasyl Romanyuk

Declaration

We are living in the time of great acceleration and great contrasts. On the one hand — modern cruelty and new totalitarianism are growing in the world, values are depreciating, traditions are being lost and spiritual devastation is deepening. On the other — there is the painful quest for the roads towards Peace, Goodness, and Justice.

And often evil conquers all. The trampling of Christian values, which humanity has developed through the ages, becomes customary and even commonplace... Among such depreciated values, we should probably place first and foremost compassion, tolerance, and Christian charity.

These thoughts came to mind immediately, just as soon as the unbelievably harsh sentence, that the Ivano-Frankivsk provincial court allotted Valentyn Moroz, was made known. 14 years' imprisonment, of which 6 years are to be spent in a special prison and 3 years in a concentration camp of a special regime — only a murderer or a rapist could have been sentenced to this, — and even this with great bitterness, with the understanding of society's debt for the digression of such an individual.

What did Valentyn Moroz do? Openly and on principle, he wrote a few articles, filled with sincere anxiety for the spiritual

achievements of his nation, for its fate, for humaneness and justice. This person, full of worry about his nation and his people, was tried for "undermining order". It would be worthwhile to consider, who actually "undermined" order — Valentyn with his humane articles, or the Ivano-Frankivsk provincial court with its Asiatic-like, harsh sentence, which is capable of compromising any kind of system.

I knew Valentyn Moroz personally. I knew him as a nice person, honest, highly moral, and intelligent. And I never heard anything from his lips which could be called criminal.

I am not a lawyer, and may not even know on which articles or paragraphs Moroz's sentence was founded. But in order to understand that this sentence is not even legal judicially, it was enough for me to discover that Moroz was tried secretly, within four bare walls, with reinforced security and supervision.

Turning to you, as to the appeal's instance, which will soon examine Moroz's case, I ask you to be governed not only by judicial considerations (although there are also enough of them, in order to annul or mitigate the sentence), but firstly, by the high principles of humaneness and justice.

For even Pontius Pilot, the last resort in the Roman province of Judea, whom it was difficult to suspect of excessive humaneness, did not wish to add his name to the black deeds and the slander of the Pharisees towards Jesus Christ and — as the Holy Scripture says — "washed his hands" of the matter.

27. 11. 70.

Vasyl Romanyuk

The Supreme Court of the Ukrainian SSR in Kyiv considered the case of Valentyn Moroz on December 24, 1970. It is known that V. Moroz did not submit an appeal against the substance of the verdict to the Supreme Court, but only a protest against the illegal trial *in camera* and his demand for the consideration of his case once again in an open session. An appeal regarding the substance of the verdict was submitted by the defence lawyer of the convicted, Kogan¹, demanding Moroz's release or at least the requalification of the charges to Art. 187-1 of the Criminal Code of the Ukrainian SSR.

Several Kyivans who came to the Supreme Court to hear the appeal were not admitted to the courtroom on the grounds that the case was being heard in a closed session. In a corridor, before the beginning of the trial, the critic Dzyuba, the philologist, Z. Franko, and the medical practitioner, M. Plakhotnyuk, buttonholed the Procurator of the Ukrainian Republic, Hlukh.

Asked why Moroz was tried in a closed court, the procurator replied that state secrets were considered, namely: "channels through which Moroz passed his articles abroad, and that, apparently, this cannot be discussed in public." This is a conscious lie. Moroz did not pass anything abroad, neither was the investigation nor the trial concerned with this, and no "channels" were investigated there. When Doctor Plakhotnyuk asked why then was his acquaintance, medical college student, Yaroslav Hevrych, tried in a closed court in 1966, after all Hevrych did not write anything himself, nor was there any talk about any channels then, the procurator did not find any answer. To statements by I. Dzyuba, M. Plakhotnyuk, and Z. Franko, about the unbelievable cruelty of the sentence, the Procurator of the Republic said the following: [not in Ukrainian but in Russian — transl. note] "And when he wants to destroy me, tries to step on my throat, should I stand on ceremony with him? In our country there exists an apparatus of violence for defence from such people." They then retorted that if one

¹ KOGAN — defence lawyer of V. Moroz.

was to think like that, then it was not enough to sentence people to 14 years imprisonment for such innocent things as "The Chronicle of Resistance"², but it was necessary to execute them by shooting... The procurator also stated that he would demand that the verdict be confirmed because this was necessary as a lesson to others. In answer to Z. Franko's words that the public would be compelled to send petitions to the United Nations, the Procurator ironically waved his hand, as if to say: go on, send your petitions in good health...

The Procurator of the "sovereign" Republic at first made the attempt to speak Ukrainian, but as this was very difficult for him, he changed to Russian...

The Supreme Court left the verdict of the Ivano-Frankivsk regional court without change. In January, 1971, Valentyn Moroz was transported to Vladimir prison [near Moscow — transl. note], where he will be kept in conditions of strictest isolation during the first six years.

² THE CHRONICLE OF RESISTANCE — one of major essays of V. Moroz.

The reaction of the conscious part of the Ukrainian community to the sentencing of V. Moroz is various. But they all agree on the fact, that the term of punishment for the open writing of literary and publicistic articles was unprecedented in its harshness in post-Stalinist times. Some tend to consider this as an isolated incident, provoked by the reaction of the KGB to the sharp criticism of them in the "Report..."¹ and at the emphasized highly-principled behaviour, both in prison and when free, of V. Moroz. Others regard Moroz's punishment as a period, in conformity with established law, of the further oncome of reaction and the revival of Stalinist-Berist² tendencies in the social life of the USSR. They think that this trial will be followed by other, no less harsh repressions, perhaps even mass ones. Along with this, someone is spreading rumours even about the candidates for the repression, naming Ye. Sverstyuk, V. Chornovil, and others.

As has become known to us, lately, in the United States, Canada, and other countries, there have taken place mass demonstrations of Ukrainian youth, particularly students, near Soviet embassies and consulates, as a sign of protest against the anti-democratically harsh punishment of Valentyn Moroz. Nevertheless, they call attention to the fact, that this is little in comparison to the reaction in the case of Amalrik³, and that

¹ REPORT — "A Report from Beria Reservation" by V. Moroz written while in prison and completed on his thirty-first birthday (1967).

² LAVRENTIY BERIA (1899-1959), Russian Communist leader; since 1938 head of NKVD (People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs) and MVD (Ministry of Internal Affairs) — Soviet Secret Police; deputy premier in charge of Ministries of State Control and Interior; executed on Khrushchov's orders for "trying to remove the agencies of state security from control of the Party and the Soviet regime"; Soviet forced labor camps were under his direction.

³ ANDRIY AMALRIK (1938-), Russian dissident writer of French descent; dismissed from History Department of Moscow University; 1965 arrested, convicted and sent to Siberian prison camp for 2½ years; his "Forced Trip to Siberia" was published in the Netherlands; 1966 released and employed as journalist, but soon dismissed; 1970 rearrested and sentenced to three years of imprisonment in severe regime camps; his book "Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984" was published in the West in English, Russian and Ukrainian (1971).

the world knows almost nothing about the situation and the repressions in Ukraine. In addition to this, they draw an analogy with the almost simultaneous widely publicized trials of the Leningrad Jews and the arrest of the American Communist, Angela Davis. Moroz's 14-year sentence does not give way in its severity to the sentences of the Spanish Basques and the Leningrad Jews, but the character of the accusations in his case is completely different. In all the enumerated cases, the people were tried or will be formally tried, not for beliefs and their dissemination, but for other (perhaps even fabricated) purely criminal accusations — for the murder of the head of the secret police, for conspiracy with the aim of hijacking an airplane and killing the pilots, for the transferring of weapons to prisoners and aiding them in escaping, and so on. Moroz was even sentenced formally for his beliefs — for the writing and the dissemination, unproven by the court, of a few articles of an oppositional character.

The details are also compared. Prior to the trial, Angela Davis can have daily contacts with her lawyers, friends and strangers, and with her upholders from the Party. She writes letters containing criticism of the governmental order of the USA, gives interviews of the same content, and herself guides the campaign for her own defense. If they try her, then undoubtedly, it will be publicly with correspondents and photographers. As is known from our press, the Americans officially invited Soviet lawyers and so on to take part in the inquiry in the case of Angela Davis and in the supervision of the law. But they kept Valentyn Moroz for almost half a year in the most severe isolation, not even allowing him to see his wife and 8-year-old son prior to the trial. The trial of the Leningrad Jews was at least formally public, and the renowned defender of democratic rights in the USSR, the academician Sakharov⁴ was present at the trial. Even the Basques in Spain were tried publicly, in the presence of French lawyers and

⁴ ANDRIY SAKHAROV (1921-), Soviet nuclear physicist; member of AS of USSR; attended the trial of Leningrad Jews; he acknowledged the existence of serious "nationality problems" in the USSR.

foreign journalists. But Moroz's 'trial' took place within four blank walls under the protection of soldiers, who did not understand a single word spoken by the defendant.

It is noticed, that the central Russian press not only actively opposed lawlessness in Spain and the USA (here are the headlines of only one edition of the newspaper *Pravda*⁵ of December 5: "To Stop High-handedness", "Conscience and Courage in Prison", "The Torture-chamber Will Not Break the Fighters for Freedom", "Shameful Trial"), but first included substantial articles about the legal meaning of the documents concealed until now by the UN, The Universal Declaration of Human Rights and the International Conventions about Human Rights. Such are, for example, the articles of H. Zadorozhnyi, Doctor of Law, Professor of International Law, and member of the executive of The Soviet Association of Cooperation with the UN, (*Pravda* of December 15) and the candidate of law, V. Romaniv (*Pravda* of December 11). Professor Zadorozhnyi's idea about the necessity of each nation to guarantee its citizens the rudimentary minimum of democracy is especially weak, for it is precisely for the attempt to partake of the most basic minimum of democracy, that Valentyn Moroz was so inhumanely punished.

We are presenting in translation that portion of the article by the Professor of International Law, Zadorozhnyi, where there are general theoretical principles:

"The right to think freely and express freely one's convictions, the right to assemble, the right to establish associations and trade unions for the protection of one's interests, the right of personal inviolability and other basic human freedoms are transformed by imperialism into state crime, which carries the death penalty, life or lengthy imprisonment. But all of these nations undertook the responsibility to encourage and develop the respect and the maintenance of human rights and freedoms, under the Charter of the UN.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights and International Conventions of Human Rights concretize human rights

⁵ PRAVDA — organ of the CC of CPSU; published in Moscow.

and basic freedoms as the rudimentary minimum of democracy, worthy of contemporary civilization, emphasizing, that each nation is duty-bound to respect and secure these rights and freedom for all who are found within the borders of its territory and under its jurisdiction.

The minimum democracy guaranteed by International Law and the constitutional laws of civilized countries, consists of the fact that no one can experience arbitrariness or unlawful interference in his personal or family life, high-handed or unlawful encroachments on the inviolability of his life (probably dwelling), or the secrecy of correspondence, or the unlawful infringements on his honour and reputation.

Surveillance, listening in on the telephone, the total control of thoughts, the high-handed interference in personal, business and social life, the systematic murder of political and civic leaders, are all well-known facts to the entire world... Indeed, it is difficult to find norms of International or constitutional law, statutes of the UN Charter, or Conventions of Human Rights, which in their principles would not be violated by the forces of international imperialist reaction.

To arrest the arm of the executioners, the judicial high-handedness, the mockery of the principles of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights — this is demanded by the conscience of nations, and the interests of general peace, democracy and progress.”

(H. Zadorozhnyi: “To Stop High-handedness”, *Pravda*, 15. 12. 1970)

★

They think that the appearance of these articles in the organ of the CC of the CPSU* might possibly result in the greater popularization in the USSR of the UN documents about human rights, which were concealed in the USSR until now. During searches, the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights is

* Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

confiscated. Withdrawing the Declaration from the political prisoners in Mordovia, the guards declared "That is for Negroes. What do you need it for?" (look for this in V. Moroz's article "Report from the Beria Reservation", and in the statement of political prisoner, I. Kandyba⁶, published in the previous edition).

⁶ IVAN KANDYBA (1930-), lawyer; graduated from the Law Department of Ivan Franko University in Lviv (1953); employed by the judicial agencies of the City and Region of Lviv; with Lukyanenko, Virun, Lutskiv and Libovych, he organized the *Ukrainian Workers' and Peasants' Union* (UWPU) 1959); arrested and tried in Lviv on May 20, 1961, and sentenced to 15 years of imprisonment in severe regime camps; protested against drugging of camp food by Soviet authorities.

At the end of 1970 there appeared in *Samvydav* a collection of poetry by Valentyn Moroz entitled "Prelude", which contains poems written both during his first as well as his second imprisonment. The work, "The First Day", composed in the summer of 1970, is also in circulation. These works are a proof of the versatility of the author's talent and his unusual literary skill.

Valentyn MOROZ

FROM THE COLLECTION "PRELUDE"
(Poems)

Ukraine

Crimson of sunshine and heavy blackness
are thy colours

arching eyelashes of poplars in flight
is thy singing

intertwined sceptres of triple-horned gods
are thy emblems

out in the grey steppe the whisper of night is
thy praying

fireburst of sunshine upon azure heavens
thy banner

THE BOWSTRING

The wind, grey grandson of Svaroh, sounds trumpets
like a jarl's horn that calls one out to sea,
through torn-hemp clouds the silver depths shine bluely,
Moon through the mist, like a deer, darts and speeds.

The sail booms in the night, wind-filled it bellies tautly,
through the clouds' chaos the silver horn shines blue.

The moon-hound darts. The bow-string twangs like copper.
Diana's taut bow. Now seethes the frenzied view-halloo.

The roof of dreams has bent. Shaft on the bowstring trembles.
My boat speeds into night through wadded clouds.
The taut bow of intent will sunder the grey curtain;
through the deaf wall of dreams will break a squall of power.

BELATED FLIGHT

The muscles call to roam.
Beyond the naked forests
winter's steely bell
rings through the world anew.
Now the wild honey seethes.
The deaf drum of alarming
drives us confusedly forth
the warm sun to pursue.

The days are ripe.
And with its final music
through the bare sound of treetops
leaf-fall is whispering.
It is time, it is time! —
a breath of snow already,
the silver fox of winter
is catching at the wing.

PRELUDE

Amid the oaks, upon the fresh-cut clearing,
our long-haired ancestors were sowing millet,
above the high gates, rain-bleached, their sign appears, —
skull of a horse high on an ashen spear.

The stading is circled around on four sides
by the mighty-toothed force of the world of the forest,
at dusk, Will o' the Wisp in the rushes will light
the late guest on his way with blue flickering torches.

Like shoreless chaos the wildwood has spread,
wolves have multiplied on grown-over marsh-levels,
green-eyed the he-goat has shaken his beard
in the drunk density of the Midsummer revels.

The summer is passing the heather-month's ring,
the sun's golden crown is cooling and fading,
and from her far kingdom already Kolyada,
Dazhboh's daughter sets forth, the buxom-faced maiden.

LUTS'K

Lyubart, O prince, with beard that shimmers argent,
now are the maplewood psalteries of your minstrels grown silent,
and all princely majesties fade upon crumbling and mouldering parchment,
and on the jagged-edged steel your name is now blackened and faded.

I shall gather the square medallions of words forgotten,
out of prophetic silver forge an enchanted chain,
shall raise once more out of the mire Dazhboh's altar, ancient, wooden,
I shall grasp from our testaments the spirit of old Ukraine.

Stolp'ye's walls will be planted firm, beyond marshes will nestle Sedlyshche,
Zaborol' the sweet-singing with its birch-tree bark will shine whitely,
Khotomel', the eager, sharp-eyed as a wolf will peer, watchful,
like the head of a bear the White Tower will stand tall and mighty.

Ratno will thunder with hoofs, with shields Voynytsya will glitter,
with an auroch's horn, on four sides Rozhyshche will trumpet loudly,
like a hollow tree, Lypno with mead will welcome wayfarers fitly,
by the narrowing Buh will rise the girdling walls of Hordlo.

And white owls in a flock will fly above the towering ramparts,
and the grey wings will disperse the twilight shades hovering dimly,
and the tribesmen will fearfully gaze upon mysterious writings,
upon the leaning tombstones on the graves of the Karaimy.

THE FIRST DAY

The first day in prison is an eternity filled with pain. Everything — sounds, smells, dimensions, words — everything is filled with pain.

The first day in prison is a man without skin. Every memory is a scalding drop, every thought a hot coal.

The first day in prison is a world cleft into two parts. Every nerve is cut down the middle. Here is the stuff from which one's *I want* is born. And the roots through which this *I want* burrows into the fat of life have been left here, cut off. Routine *I wants* flow in their accustomed channels through the layers of living elements and inevitably arrive at the place of rupture. And every time there is a new pain.

The first day is a plant with its roots hanging in the air, unable to attach themselves to anything in the emptiness. And this is the greatest suffering, for the nature of roots is to take root.

The worst thing is to daydream. Then oblivion brings two fresh ruptures together and the *I want* reaches its goal. But the sudden awakening tears the thin thread harshly, and the pain, which had begun to fade, flames up again.



The strong have a hard time of it. All of their *I wants* are very great: those that brought them behind prison grates and those that drive them to freedom. No, this is not a union of *I want* and *I must*. This is a struggle between two satanic *I wants*, both muscular and furious; both having strong, even pulses, with a strong appetite for life; both fed by a taut, full-blooded organism.

The weak are still. Their *I wants* are small and feeble and will never rouse a person from his place. Sometimes the *I want*

also asserts itself in such persons. But then it becomes mute forever, hypnotized by the fear of prison. Being afraid of bitterness, such people will never empty a cup to the bottom. They will never know *taste*.

★

The time will come when new roots will grow from the woundtips and will attach themselves to new soil and absorb new juices in order to feed the human *I want* that is eternally hungry. The pain will thicken and turn into an even, firm yearning, heavy and dark like pitch. And every day the pitch will become brighter and harder until it turns into the *crystal of expectation*. The most alluring of freedoms is the freedom glimpsed through its cloudy mass.

The axe of time strikes the crystal gate and suddenly you are outside and free again. But this is not the freedom which shone for so long behind the crystal wall. You have your freedom, drunk, confused and — again without skin... For it is impossible to squeeze through prison bars without scraping your skin on them. Though it be a hundred times, prison takes its toll every time.

★

Afterwards there will be reminiscences, stories, always facts, facts, facts: funny, disgusting and touching. But prison is not facts. Prison is a man without skin on the first day. Whoever knows how to describe this will know how to describe a prison.

But you cannot describe it...

Yet, after all, one day, you will describe it.

That will be — later... later...

But today is — the first day...

Ivano-Frankivsk, KGB Prison.

★

After the arrest and trial of Valentyn Moroz, there appeared in *Samvydav* poems and entire collections dedicated to him — some signed, some anonymous.

Ihor KALYNETS

*From the cycle "RECAPITULATING SILENCE" (1970),
dedicated to Valentyn Moroz.*

TO VALENTYN MOROZ

I would wish this book might become
if but for an instant for Thee
Veronica's veil on Thy Via
Dolorosa.

I would wish that this book might become
like Veronica's veil to recall to us
the holiness of Thy
countenance

20 November

INTRODUCTION TO THE CYCLE "THE STONE WINDMILL"

Whenever I recollect
Thine image

it seems to me that
Thou hast emerged
from a dark aperture
of flame

and always canst Thou
return again
back to Thine own home

though the scrap of Thy country
lying under
Thy feet is called
only a prison cell

and to overcome space
is to gnaw at stone

and to overcome time
is but to tilt against
fossilized, petrified
stony windmills.

THRENODY

*once again walking over
the Via Dolorosa*

First Station

on the Golgotha
of a provincial courthouse
Thy radiant face
by a close fence of rifles
was barred and encircled

lone Thou art
bearing the cross

so very powerless
still are our backs

Second Station

from her eye Ukraine
wiped off a teardrop shed
secretly

Lord, how they shine
transparent
that small group of women
lamenting

and that poor mother has
suckled
with her marrow
legions of spies

Third Station

and those two
who were crucified once
together with Christ

today
are masking
that lofty Golgotha
with green boughs of law-codes

the procurator's toga
is hiding
the foot-pad's keen knife

Fourth Station

a fresh cross

and weeping, not vainly,
from it
the resin of Kosmach

O this
may still serve us
for an ikonostasis
here in our
desecrated temple

Fifth Station

O strange nation that can
peacefully go about
your daily round

indeed today
the earch
did not tremble

and the darkness that
from heaven
like ashes
untimely
upon your head is now
falling

you still
cannot perceive

Sixth Station

unbetrayed

He was sold
just by our weakness

many too, brothers true,
today yet
will forsake Him

and without pieces of silver

perhaps you feel pity
indeed
for the biblical Judas

Seventh Station

our father speaks not
our mother
presses close where the footprints
are bleeding

do thou aid us,
Mother of God
that now art
also our mother, watch
over us

grant that we
also may touch these
unquenchable footprints

Eighth Station

over thronging crowds
like metal

were raised high
the anguished arms of
the faithful

Veronica
thou wert wishing to wipe clean
that wounded bloodcovered face

they are trampling underfoot
thy weil

which will be
a banner

Ninth Station

turn away Thy countenance
from them

but let it be so
that within my soul
for ever remains

an image of Thee
bearing that crown of thorns
on Thy head

Tenth Station

from love towards us
He took on Himself
so dread a
sentence

So to save us
from the greatest of
all sins

indifference
to *the fire*

Hryhoriy CHUBAY

*From the cycle "EASTER",
The collection "LIGHT AND CONFESSION" (1970).*

KOSMACH — 1970*

our dwellings and shrines are all in the valley
but on the hill there sits
a dragon that watches the valley
and now it is starting to paint Hutsul-fashion
Easter eggs so that they'll think in the valley
that the dragon's a native

now it has started working hard at its painting
and down from the hill Easter eggs of wet clay
started rolling
we all ran out to the gates so that we could see
these strange Easter eggs
and upon every egg
a prison was painted

* During Easter 1970, a provocation was made regarding Valentyn Moroz (see editions 2 and 3), after which his house was searched and a month later he was arrested.



TO THE DAYS OF VASYL SYMONENKO

(In January of last year, when the 35th birthday of the Ukrainian poet, Vasyl Symonenko, passed, we did not possess sufficient materials for an anniversary collection. We present them now, in connection with the 36th anniversary of the birth and the 7th anniversary of the death of Symonenko).

On January 8, 1971, Vasyl Symonenko would have been 36 years old. Among the poets "shestydesyatnyky"¹ [of the 60's], a special place belongs to him. He did not yield his talent before

¹ SHESTYDESYATNYKY — the young Ukrainian poets of the Sixties.

his popular contemporaries, but was nevertheless more 'traditional', and created in a clearly expressed Shevchenko-like key. But socio-political motives, so characteristic of all the "shesty-desyatnyky" at the beginning of their creativity, were heard most loudly and most sincerely from Symonenko. This is probably why a battle blazed around the name of the poet after his death.

The chief, officially concealed, events connected with the name of Vasyl Symonenko after his death:

December, 1963. Immediately after his burial in Cherkasy, to which a group of friends and adherents of the poet travelled from Kyiv, an evening in honour of Vasyl Symonenko was held in the club of the Kyiv Medical Institute, disguised in announcements under the title of "An Evening of Poetry". The evening was held and conducted, with the aid of students of the Medical Institute, by Vasyl's friends: Alla Horska, Mychaylyna Kotsyubynska, Yevhen Sverstyuk, Ivan Svitlychnyi, and others. (The speeches from this evening are presented further on).

During 1964, in a series of cities in Ukraine, but primarily in Kyiv, a collection of funds was taken up for a memorial for Symonenko, and to assist his family. An unofficial competition was held for the best project of a memorial for the poet. (Among others, the artist, Alla Horska, actively collected funds and organized the competition).

In December, 1964, on the anniversary of the poet's death, a Symonenko evening took place in the Assembly Hall of the Scientific Research Institute of Oil and Gas. The evening was conducted by V. Chornovil. The introductory remarks were made by the critic, I. Dzyuba. The poet, Ivan Drach, read the poem "To Vasyl Symonenko", written that very day. (I. Dzyuba's speech and I. Drach's poem are presented further on).

In January, 1965, at an official evening of the Writers' Union of Ukraine dedicated to the 30th birthday of Vasyl Symonenko, an address was delivered by I. Dzyuba, whose speech

aroused a violent reaction from those present and later spread widely in *Samvydav*¹, (see further ahead).

In April, 1965, in the newspaper *Radyanska Ukraina*², there appeared an article by a poet from Cherkasy, M. Nehoda, entitled "The Everest of Villainy", and with it a letter to the CC CPU² from V. Symonenko's mother, Hanna Shcherban.³

The story of the appearance of these materials in the organ of the CC CPU is today pretty well known. At the beginning of 1965, one of the employees of the newspaper "Literaturna Ukraina" privately showed Nehoda Symonenko's "Diary", circulated by *Samvydav*. In it Symonenko wrote about Nehoda as about a weather-vane, who "can condemn perhaps with as much passion as he previously praised". The incensed Nehoda wrote and submitted an "Open Letter to *Literaturna Ukraina*". (The draft copy of this letter accidentally made its way to one of Nehoda's friends in Cherkasy, and he began to circulate it. We will present this document, so valuable in its characterization of the times, further on). Nehoda was called to Kyiv to the CC CPU, where his letter was passed on. The then head of one of the departments of the CC, Kondufor, gave Nehoda instructions to write a different article, in which he was no longer to bespatter Symonenko. On the contrary, he was to set off the dead poet against his living friends. In a day, Nehoda submitted the essay "The Everest of Villainy", which was printed in *Radyanska Ukraina*.

It is regarded, that the idea of publishing in the paper a letter by the poet's mother to the CC CPU to strengthen the effect also belongs to Nehoda, who wrote the text of the letter.

¹ A name given to self-published works usually in typed or mimeographed form which is currently circulated clandestinely in Ukraine.

² Central Committee of the Communist Party of Ukraine.

² RADYANSKA UKRAINA (SOVIET UKRAINE) — organ of the CC of the CP of Ukraine, of the Supreme Soviet and the Council of Ministers of UkSSR.

³ HANNA SHCHERBAN — mother of V. Symonenko; under pressure from Soviet authorities she wrote a letter (suspected to be written by M. Nehoda) to CC of the CP of UkSSR and published in *Radyanska Ukraina* in April 1965 in which she blamed her son's friends for publishing his diary and works abroad without her knowledge.

The signature of V. Symonenko's mother (as a matter of fact illiterate) was forged by the employees of the Cherkasy KGB and the Regional Committee of the Party. They threatened that they would proclaim her son as anti-Soviet, would not publish [any of his works], and would deprive her family of any means of livelihood whatever. But in the event of her signing the letter, they promised various privileges. In such a manner, there appeared the letter to the CC CPU, in which the mother "pleaded" to defend "the good name of her son, a Communist" and named persons, who took from her the manuscripts of her dead son (I. Svitlychnyi, A. Perepadya)⁴. It is known that in the text of the letter, the name of Alla Horska also appeared, but it did not appear in the newspaper. Perhaps Hanna Shcherban herself insisted on this, for she respected Alla Horska very much.

The actual authorship of the "mother's letter" did not raise any doubts in anyone's mind. Still, in *Samvydav* there appeared an anonymous "Reply to the Mother of Vasyl Symonenko, Hanna Shcherban". This article thanked the mother for bringing up such a son for Ukraine and simultaneously reproached her for allowing herself to be dragged into an affair so insulting to the memory of her son. In it was written, just who Vasyl Symonenko is for the Ukrainian nation, who are his true friends, and who are his enemies. (We do not have this document and cannot quote it).

After the arrests of a group of Ukrainian intelligentsia in August-September of 1965, the "Reply to the Mother of Vasyl Symonenko" was included in the charges as an anti-Soviet document. From the arrested critic, Ivan Svitlychnyi, the KGB demanded negative evaluations and reviews of the foreign editions of [the works of] V. Symonenko, and also explanations as to how Symonenko's works got across the border.

In December, 1965, a Symonenko evening took place in the club of the Scientific Research Institute of Communication. It

⁴ ANATOLIY PEREPADYA — friend of V. Symonenko who together with I. Svitlychnyi, after Symonenko's death, allegedly took his diary and some works and sent them abroad.

was organized with the aid of a committee of the Institute's Komsomol⁵, by the journalist, Rita Dovhan, for which she was subsequently dismissed from the editorial office of the newspaper "Druh chytacha" [Friend of the Reader] and from the party. (In time the expulsion from the party was changed to a severe reprimand). The evening was conducted by the critic, Ivan Dzyuba. The evening took on a very sharp character and spontaneously overflowed into a protest against the arrests.

In the subsequent years, in connection with the strict prohibition to hold any kind of literary evening whatever in Kyiv without the agreement of the District Party Committee, the traditional December Symonenko evenings were not held. It is known only of a few evenings in memory of Symonenko held in private dwellings with a limited number of persons. This gave the KGB agents the possibility of spreading rumours or even anonymous letters (see about this in the second issue)⁶ that the "nationalists", particularly I. Dzyuba and I. Svitlychnyi, only took advantage of Symonenko's name in order to create popularity for themselves, that they did not organize a commemoration of the 5th anniversary of the poet's death, and so on.

The poems of Vasyl Symonenko appeared in print three times: "Tysha i Hrim" [Silence and Thunder] (1962), "Zemne Tyazhynya" [The Earth's Gravity] (1964), and "Poeziyi" [Poems] (1966). Besides these, two children's fairy tales and a little book of short stories were published in separate issues. Symonenko's most poignant poems, short stories and his "Diary" remain unpublished. Some of his poems were distorted in printing. During the last five years, Symonenko has not been printed at all.

Vasyl Symonenko's political poems appeared in *Samvydav* during the poet's lifetime, with his active cooperation. Today Vasyl Symonenko is parallel to Mykola Kholodnyi, the most popular poet of the Ukrainian *Samvydav*. Due to the small

⁵ KOMSOMOL — the Communist Youth League.

⁶ IN THE SECOND ISSUE — reference to the Issue II (May 1970) of the Ukrainian Herald.

number of printed copies and their great demand, not only are his unprinted works being circulated in copies, photocopies, and magnetophonic tapes, but also the poems from his collections. There are grounds to believe that the general number of copies of Symonenko's works in *Samvydav* greatly outnumbered the published editions.

In accordance with our accepted principles, we are presenting only the unpublished works of V. Symonenko, or those published with fundamental changes, as well as materials from *Samvydav* about Symonenko.

ELEGY FOR A CORN-COB THAT DIED AT THE DEPOT

There is no wailing heard. The orchestras grow rusty.
Orators have grown tired from their own roar.
This coffin holds no leader nor no maestro,
It is a corn-cob lies here — nothing more.

Stupidity the coffin, impotence that palls it.
Wandering after it the tired thoughts flock.
And whom do they bewail? And whom should I judge for it?
From whose heart must I wrench away the lock?

By the lapel and soul, whom should I shake now?
And whom should I curse for this senseless death?
The cob is dead, and I must cry its wake now,
With grief and anger brimming in each breath.

O my poor cob, why are you spurned to dung now?
O my poor cob, you have offended — whom?
O my poor cob, the harvest-fields' abundance
And human toil lie with you in the tomb.

The sleepless nights, the peaceless days, hands withered
And calloused, sweat and thoughts of burning pain,
There in the coffin lie with you together,
And rot away beneath the heavy rain.

You evil brood, I curse you to damnation!
What noble ranks by you are not yet worn!
You kill all human hopes and aspirations
In the same way you killed this cob of corn.

THE GATE

Unknown forms and images disordered,
Haunt the gate in dread alarming dreams,
Where the keys are jangled by the warders,
And the guard-door's hinges creak and scream.

Phantoms, bearing bloody swords, arrayed in
Heavy mantles, black as night, unchecked
With strange formless balls a game are playing,
Balls of heads, new-severed from their necks.

From phlegmatic walls spilt blood is pouring,
Groans upon the lips have long grown cold,
Centuries of degradation, torture,
Make turn in their graves the dead of old.

But the town does not see in the gloomy
Night, guards, not with swords now at their sides,
Hurl new victims where the walls are looming,
With a dirty bandage round their eyes.

THE UKRAINIAN LION

My thoughts now are swelling, to words they are growing,
In the tempest of days their young shoots resound.
The whole week among lions I was living and roaming,
Not in vain is "Leopolis" the name of this town.

There are renegade towns, there are towns simply bastards,
There are lions that only can purr like a cat,
Who lick the bars crazily, senselessly, dastards,
Who know themselves blind, and find glory thereat.

But today I do not wish to think of such cravens,
For a stroke of luck came to me so:
I have seen here in L'viv the eyes of Shashkevych,
The broad back of Kryvonis, the brow of Franko.

Grey-haired L'viv! Capital of my dreaming,
Epicentre of joys and all which I yearn,
My soul is expanding, I fathom your meaning,
But, L'viv, understand me some small part in return.

I have come here to you as a son, yearning warmly,
From the steppes where Slavuta his great legend weaves,
So that your heart, a lion's heart, undaunted,
A small drop of strength into my heart might breathe.

BALLAD OF THE OUTLANDER

One Whitsun, from out of where dense rushes grow,
Came a man who began to sow hopes and desires:
"Good people, the Lord God sent me to you
That I might beget your Messiah.
Your village by sin is most sorely oppressed,
Like the ocean your lies are expanding,
But my son will arise; wrong and all wickedness
He will overcome at God's commanding!

"Bring to me your daughters of sixteen; therein
I shall choose the maid God has predestined!"
He spoke, and sat down on the fence near the inn,
And his stern eyes burned all where they rested.
But when they had brought all the girls to him here,
He silently waved them off, shunned them:
"Why, what is all this? I must wait for next year:
There is no holy maiden among them!"

To the vagabond's lodging they brought him good fare,
Food and drink, every man, as was fitting,
So that their liberator might live without care
In their village until the next Whitsun.
And again came the girls unto him, but he sighed
And shook his head slowly and glumly:
"Well, well! I must wait until next Whitsuntide:
There is no holy maiden among them!"

The winters grow white, the spring days bubble clear,
Like clouds years are passing, are fleeting,
And he views the parade of young girls every year,
Never finding the bride he is seeking.
But every summer he shakes his head glumly:
"There is no holy maiden among them!"

And the people wait sadly, cast down, patiently,
And they all pray, sincerely requesting:
"Cut short my life, God, if so it must be,
But send him the maiden predestined!"

On the thirtieth Whitsun those asses so meek,
Tired of waiting for destiny sadly,
Went on tiptoe the outlander's dwelling to seek:
They found him there dead in the alley.
At their sinful girls they hurled curses and scorn,
Then the people to wash him desired,
And saw straightway: a fruitless eunuch had sworn
That he would beget the Messiah.

* * *

What for you from the start has been fated,
You'll not escape though fast you ride;
One man destiny will make bald-pated,
To a second a hat with wide brim is donated,
While as for the third, he gets only the whip.
As for the fourth and the fifth and the sixth and the ninth of them,
All of their whole life through,
They are promised so much, excitingly,
That in the end the fourth, fifth and sixth and the ninth of them,
Will become standard cripples too.
But best of all him to whom fate in her bounty
Wants to give nothing at all,
Not heart, nor wits nor shame to him,
Nothing, just nothing.
Then for him
From our lowliness we
Make a high pedestal,
And with incense smoke consecrate it,
And scatter flowers before him,
And with laurels we crown his brow.
And, that life may be joyful for him,
Sell the Muse to his harem now.
And live on with no care to hurt us
Since every small child can guess
That the Muse has no more virtue
Than a courtesan can possess.
So often for cash they trade her,

So often she sells her own shame,
Too weak "harlot" to upbraid her,
But there is no stronger name.
But why should that concern us?
We are quiet people.
Just a full trough of skilly we need,
A warm blanket, a thatch that's peaceful,
And, now and again, a sweet.
For what from the start was fated,
From Adam down to our times,
For the people from the bald pates of
Our great wise leaders shines.

* * *

I am fleeing from self, from pain and exhaustion,
From the shouting of goggling towns.
And lonely I roam
To the white bracken of dreams.
I renounce everything.
And ignore every being,
For I wish to be nothing.
I am wearied by all my own foolishness,
I am murdered by all my own vaunting,
I shall flee from myself
To the white bracken of dreams,
There — in dreams — gentle tigers
Will tenderly kiss me on lips parched to dryness,
And leopards, bewitching, will take off their skins
And will give them to me of their bounty:
"Take them!"
I will take them.
I'll forget everything in the world,
Be a dream, dreamy-vision of sweetness.

How good that I am this dream,
And how bad that I must awaken,
And white bracken will change into green . . .

Carry me upon your wings, my happiness, and come
 Where on hill and slope there clings the torrent of the sun.
 Where in their white newness stand, in their clean garments shine,
 Native homes, white homes, with windows clustered by hop vines.
 Where the dreaming girls down to the well-spring make their way,
 Where by the earth-track fields are spread, in silkiness displayed.
 Where I, as a lad, a rosy wonder, switch in hand,
 Was once nipped by an angry gander in my fine new pants.
 Bless me then good fortune, wilful, changeful though you be,
 That on this soil to live and here to die be granted me.

THE COURT

Paragraphs upon the bench were seated,
 Footnotes in the corners skulked in bands,
 With sharp eyes, round the accused stood, neatly,
 Precedents with bayonets in their hands.

And a Circular peered through his glasses,
 And gawkers warmed themselves around the stoves,
 And, leaping forth, came new Instructions, massing
 From the telephones where wisdom throve.

"She's a foreigner!" the Paragraphs said.
 "She's not ours!" the Circular averred.
 "She's unheard-of!" squeaked the Footnotes after,
 And through the court began a moan and stir.

The Circular stared at them, sternly-featured,
 The courtroom murmured and grew quiet again.
 And they crucified her, the poor creature.
 In the bloated Paragraphs' great name.

Weeping she had taken the oath — vainly —
 That she'd done no wrong, was doing naught...
 Judges had iron logic to sustain them:
 For there was no framework to contain her,
 For, the fact was, she was a new thought.

CHORUS OF ELDERS FROM THE POEM "FICTION"

*"We are the enlightened! Now
We bring the radiant sun,
Reveal the blessed light of truth
To sightless little ones!"*

Taras Shevchenko

Our race is wise; that is a law of nature,
We know all, have attained all things, you see;
he blinks at us in pride and sincere rapture,
our happy ancestor, the chimpanzee.

He simply has to swing on creaking branches,
and on the tropic winds play merry jinks . . .
But we shall go, teach all the world's expanses,
How one may sail upon broad seas of ink.

In our land all are over-wise, so clever,
that we must ration ink and paper too,
volcanoes act with might and frenzied fever
on peaks of the high paper mountains now.

We know it all! Our knowledge always grasps it!
What will tomorrow bring? Ask us! We know!
Just as the fire upon dry rusty raspings
Of straw is fed, wisdom aye feeds us so.

We shall rise up, we shall lead up, advancing,
We shall act, we shall conquer every height!!!
In one go we'll decant to you entrancing
truths in such numbers you'll be dumbstruck quite.

Why do you roam the world as drunkards wander,
What do you seek? We've found it all, so why,
When all roads of enlightenment lead under
Our sun, from out your regions where mists lie?

Here for long ages no one heard of sorrow,
and other nonsense and such tales of liars.
Only one care can cause our brows to furrow:
What of wise paper mountains if some morrow
They're kindled by a little spark of fire?

TO A KURDISH BROTHER

Battle on — and win your battle!

Taras Shevchenko

The mountains, their soil blood-soaked, call, resounding,
And, cut adrift, stars fall to the abyss,
Into the fragrant valleys, scarred and wounded,
Comes the invader, hungry chauvinism.

Kurd, save your bullets now, but do not wonder
Whether the lives of murderers to spare!
Upon these bastards of rape, sack and plunder,
Like a blood-tempest, fall upon them there!

Your talk with them by bullets you must manage,
To steal your goods alone they did not come,
They came to take away your race and language,
And to make a bastard of your son.

You will not live in concord with the tyrant,
Your fate to draw the wain, to lord it — his,
And on the blood of tortured nations thriving
Grows fat our worst of foemen, chauvinism.

He acts with shame and with deceit, his plan is
To turn you all into a humble brood . . .
Kurd, save your bullets, for you will not manage
Without them to preserve your nationhood.

So do not lull to sleep the power of hatred,
For “welcome” as your watchword can’t exist,
Till, where the grave lies open for him, waiting,
Falls the last of this planet’s chauvinists.

TERROR

Granite obelisks crawled like medusas,
Crawled until their strength failed, weary-worn,
In the cemetery of slain illusions
There is no room for new graves any more.

Milliards of faiths in the black earth are buried,
Milliards of joys are scattered without trace,
The soul burns, angry reason flames, while merry
Hate in the wind roars with a laughter crazed.

If only all deluded folk saw clearly,
If all the slaughtered ones might live again,
The heavens, grey from curses, then would surely
Burst apart from blasphemy and shame.

Think, lackeys! Tremble, murderers, in confusion,
Life was not cobbled to your last, for sure.
D'you hear? The cemetery of illusions
Has no more room for new graves any more.

For now the nation is one wound completely,
And now the earth with blood is satiate,
And for each henchman and each tyrant, meetly,
The noose of a guerrilla surely waits.

Those driven to despair, slain and downtrodden,
Are rising to pass judgement on these deeds.
Their maledictions, strange and evil-boding,
Will fall on souls, bloated and mildew-sodden,
And the trees will swing on their boughs as burden,
The apostles of all crime and treachery.

(According to Symonenko, this poem either has no name or is called *Terror*. In the collections *Terrestrial gravitation* and *Poetry*, to confuse the significance, it was given the title *Prophecy of 1917* and two final lines were added:

And truth and love shall rise on earth, and warden
Of truth and right the workers' toil shall be.

Deep into your eyes, now, I am gazing,
Blue and alarmed they are, like break of day,
Red lightnings kindle fire-sparks from them, blazing,
Of revolutions, risings and affray.

Ukraine! For me a miracle forever,
Let year flow after year, my whole life through,
For ever shall I, proud and lovely mother,
Be enchanted and bewitched by you.

For your sake, pearls into the soul I scatter,
For your sake do I think, create my verse,
Let Russias and Americas cease their chatter
When with you I lovingly converse.

False unfriends, be off, and quit my home, now,
True friends, wait outside for me, I pray,
I have a son's sacred right, alone now
With my mother for a while to stay.

Rarely do I think of you, dear mother,
The days are all too brief, are cut too small,
Not all devils live in heaven above us,
Enough of them on earth — fiend take it all!

You see, each hour against them I must battle,
You hear the clamour of primaeval fight;
How could I manage without friends of mettle,
Without their brains, without their eyes and might?

You are all my prayer, Ukraine beloved,
You are my age-old despair, for strife
Fiercely high above the earth hurls thunders
In the contest for your rights, your life.

Let the beetroot-coloured clouds flame, glowing,
Let their insults hiss me — all the same
Like a drop of blood I shall be flowing
On the sacred banner of your name.

(In the printed collections, only the first, second, fourth and eighth stanzas are given. In the collection *Terrestrial gravitation*, the final line reads: "There on the red banner of your name". Symonenko called this work *Ukraine*).

* * *

There are a thousand roads, a million narrow pathways,
There are a thousand fields, but only one is mine.
And what am I to do, when the first-fruits of harvest
I have to reap on land unplentiful and tynd.

Should I discard the sickle, as a tramp roam, shirking,
For this cruel crop-failure should I curse my fate,
Go as a hired hand to the neighbours, working,
For poor moccasins and scraps upon my plate.

If I could forget my poor native field, they'd bring me
For this small plot of land, everything that I need . . .
Moreover the rough stubble never pricks nor stings you
If you wear the shoes of a fink upon your feet.

But I have to tread my native field barefooted,
Weary myself and sluggish sickle at the task,
Until worn out I fall upon the swathes I cut there,
Slumbering with my own sheaf held within my grasp.

For this field is mine. Here shall I start my harvest,
For nowhere does there wait for me a better yield,
For the thousand roads, the million narrow pathways
Only lead me back to my forefather's field . . .

(In the collection *Poetry* the third stanza was omitted).

THE BALLAD OF HAPPINESS

Into the entry she stumbled,
from the room boredom blew,
loneliness.
In her hands the besom's laugh rumled,
she brushed her felt over-boots fresh.
She stamped
her feet on the mud flooring,
and beat off the frost

from her gloves.
With her
came in the wild roaring,
and the snowstorm's mad laughter above.
And the quiet children's
life reawakened —
stamping, wailing
and squealing again.
The moon will come,
warm itself, maybe —
draw its pale disc
to the pane.
It looks, curiously,
at the platter:
is your food so funny that I
by your laughter
and squealing and chatter
am drawn into your house
from the sky?
Happiness in a wave
bubbles silver,
as if here for long years it had been —
not real life at all,
but an idyll,
as in trashy books
or the big screen.
Where are camera-men?
Where are poets?
Hurry up, lads, a subject for you!
A snap for the papers
to show it;
some horribly funny verse too!
But what is show situation:
pretty mother, and three little dears;
O what a sweet illustration,
to confirm and support our ideas.
The happy statistics cavorting
in articles learned, profound —
but you'll not see,
from this windy vortex,
the toil of her drear daily round.

Silent and ashamed, you will happen
 Somehow not to see what is plain,
 that this milkmaid, each night,
 (O so happy)
 has her hands and feet
 crying with pain.
 But under your
 peaked cap there enters
 like lightning a thought that rings:
 into the cosmos now
 venture
 not rockets
 but milk's streaming springs.
 But for her
 it is no great matter,
 for long she has known it clear:
 truly
 indeed, she is happy,
 only happiness is so drear . . .
 And so this Mariya
 or Nastya,
 will rouse folk with her milkmaid's bell,
 that such happiness
 may faster
 in the Soviet land cease to dwell.

In the collections the lines:

But what is this show situation:
 pretty mother and three little dears;
 O what a sweet illustration,
 to confirm and support our ideas.

were omitted.

In the second-last line "difficult" is placed instead of "such".

The poem, which in the printed collections begins with the words "To praise and glorify with anthems swelling" should actually begin with the following stanza:

Maybe 'tis so, should stand, without repealing,
 As from old was habitute for us,

To fall down, obediently kneeling,
At the feet of men of genius.

In the poem “The Lonely Mother”, the last lines should be read as:

And this your deed,
Though scorched and seared with shaming,
The shot-down nation as a blessing know.

In the printed collections, the word “shot-down” in the last line was omitted.

THE ONE-ARMED FORESTER

(Narrative Story)

He returned from the war with a party membership, four medals, one arm and twenty ribs. When the drum stopped beating in the house, the who-knows-how-old accordion finished playing, and the guests had eaten and drunk everything, which the war had not finished chewing, and had departed, Petro said to his mother:

— Tell Motria to get married...

His mother clapped her rough palms:

— She has awaited you like a God!

— Well, and so... Let her get married, — he repeated in a voice filled with desperate chagrin and bitter absinthe.

— Do you think, that she doesn't know... in what state you're in? — his mother almost cried out. — Why she, my grey-winged dove, loves you all the same...

— There's no need, mother, — her son ferociously cut her short. — I don't even want to hear about it.

The following day Motria came running. She gazed into his icy blue eyes with her own huge eyes, filled with dark distress and outrage, and asked:

— Beloved, why are you like this? Then don't take me [for a wife], but don't despise me as a bitch.

— I don't despise you, Motria. But...

— Then let us remain simply friends...

— That's impossible — he stifly forced from within himself, gazing somewhere past her.

— Why then? Tell me — why?

— It is impossible, — he gripped his only fist and repeated — That is completely impossible because I love you...

They spoke lengthily, seriously and depressingly. At noon the teacher carried forth her misery and her undeserved shame through the questioning of dull windows. She walked and cried, and did not bother to hide her tears.

On the third day another volcano erupted in the village. Petro came to the office and said to the head:

— Give me some type of job.

— Are you joking man? — asked the other. — Why you're a teacher, and we have no one to even teach the children the basic writing.

— I don't want to teach in the school.

— God be with you, Petro, — old Lymar rose from his ancient stool. — Why don't you want to teach school?

Petro looked past him with his terrifying, staring eyes, empty as an abyss. He set his jaws tightly and it seemed that they were about to break at any minute.

— I don't like children — this terrifying figure groaned. — I will not teach school. If you are a human being, then appoint me as a forester. I can find a common language only with the she-wolves, — he suddenly burst into tears almost hysterically and sat down weakly on the bench.

Petro became a forester. He avoided everyone, particularly the youngsters and kept afar from them. He spent all his days and nights in the forest. And although as a forester he seemed able enough, the villagers feared him. Some whispered that in addition to losing his arm in the war, he also lost a bolt from his mind. Others stated that instead of removing his ribs, they had removed his heart.

Petro did not listen to such idle prattle. He immersed himself up to his ears into forestry matters and had only business relations with everyone. In two years, he had planted almost all the kolkhoz ravines and glades which for decades had warmed their fruitless, yellow-green bald-spots under the indifferent sun, with oaks, maples, lindens and willows.

Who knows what brought him together with old man Omel'-ko, whom they called Kheteze in the village. Perhaps, the fact that after having buried four sons from the front, the old man had also begun to shun both people and home, and even his own scarcely living wife. The one-armed half-wit and the feeble old man Kheteze, depressed with age and unbearable grief, wandered through the village and forest, as if two amorous phantoms. Whether they ever spoke to each other — no

one could venture to say, for fear of spreading a lie. Perhaps they spoke, perhaps not.

Only, when Petro and the old man drank a glass or two, would entire flocks of children gather round them. The old man then became a real factory. In a short time, he would hurriedly divide whistles made of linden, horns made of hazelwood, pop-guns made of elder bush, and annoying rattles among the barefooted youngsters. And thus whistling, trumpeting, twirling and rattling could be heard from every house. The mothers did not know what to do — whether to thank or to curse the old man.

While the old man whittled, Petro told the children such stories and fairy tales, that they were not even aware of how unmercifully the mosquitoes were biting. But this hangover passed, and once again everything returned to tedious and gray race. Again something befell them, drove them away from human voices, laughter and song, and they, as if doomed, took to the forest, searching for work for their hands, and perhaps for herbs to cure souls crucified by torment.

I was only a bud at that time. But I remember well the taste of bread made of acorns, and pancakes made of bran and young linden leaves. That terrible spring famine in our village did not pass any honest house.

When harvest was begun, we ran over the stubble with our baskets made of bulrushes, and gathered every spike, ground it with the palms of our hands, extracting from it the wheat's gold. Exhausted mothers then made a slightly burnt meal from that grain and in the mornings treated us with strange-looking flatcakes.

But one evening my mother said to me:

— A paunchy one in fancy pants came today from the county. He told us not to gather the spikes, or they will try us. So, Hryshko, don't go into the fields tomorrow. Let them choke on those awns.

But it was impossible not to gather the spikes. We wanted to eat, so we went into the field. Everything was fine, but just before lunch, Pryvitnyi, the guard, suddenly swooped down

upon us. The older boys were able to dash into the gully, but he blocked my path with his stallion and cursed obscenely: — Come on, bastard. Off to the village council. We'll find out to whom you belong, and will give your mother a reprimand.

Scolding and cracking his whip, he sent me running in front of his horse, across the stubble, to the road. I don't know how long I ran. The stubble pricked my feet, showers of sweat poured into my eyes, my basket hit my legs, and my body was filled with an animal-like fear and exhaustion. I ran and felt that I was just about to collapse and would not be able to rise again, and all the while the horse panted and the brutal abuse hung above my ear.

— What are you doing, you skunk!? — Suddenly something at the side tore into my consciousness. I stopped and turned my gaze from the stubble. Before me, terrifying like a demon, loomed Petro on horseback.

— Uncle, I won't ever again — I whined.

But Petro did not hear my pleas. He rushed past me. I jumped aside, and while falling backwards, I saw how he vehemently lowered the whip on Pryvitnyi's head.

— Have you gone mad? — the latter screamed. But Petro brought him down from his horse with the second blow, and beat him, angrily and mercilessly. Pryvitnyi at first called the forester a one-armed satan, then pleaded, and finally became completely still.

Petro brought me home unconscious. For over a year, they took me to various old women to pour out my fears [with wax]. What happened afterwards, I can only say from the words of others, for that entire year I barely existed and very little pierced into the secluded corners of my memory.

They wanted to try Petro for the cruel treatment of a human being who was fulfilling his official duty, and for the condonation of thieves of socialist property. But prior to this, it was decided to expel him publicly from the party and from the kolkhoz as a lesson to others.

The assembly was held in the common pasture, for it was attended by all who could move. The women wept, the men —

remnants from the war, silently panted, and even the youngsters did not play as usual.

The county official, the one "in fancy pants", came to the point at once:

— Petro Pidoshva must be tried as a bandit. He should be driven out forcefully from the party. It is a disgrace that in our wonderful times, such degenerates still conduct themselves so...

— Only who is the degenerate? — a cry tore from the midst of the crowd and fearfully grew silent.

The official gave a proper rebuff to the anonymous anarchist and proposed to listen to Petro.

— What shall I tell you? — he rose. — If the party supports the ill-treatment of children, then drive me from it to the devil, before I leave myself. I did not fight in the war for this. I have no arm. I have four ribs less than other people. The war even destroyed my unborn children, — these final words he whispered hoarsely, but they were heard by all. Petro suddenly turned round and called into the alarmed crowd — Motria, are you here?

— I am here, — answered the girl as if from another world.

— Then before all humanity, I beg your forgiveness for my injustice to you. Now you know why I sent you away...

He had almost fallen to the ground and with him fell a vigilant silence. It was pierced now by the one in fancy white pants from the county:

— Are you tempting us with these merits? Do you wish to erase your crime with a tear? You cannot do it! We have seen the likes of you! We shall sweep the dirt unsparingly from our ranks.

— Oh, may you bite your tongue! — old man Kheteze jumped up. — Let me speak.

— Old man you're not a party member and have no right to speak...

— What, I have no right? And do you want this? — he thrust his fist into the air giving him a paltry fico. — I had

four funerals and all for my Communist sons. And I have no right?

— Let the old man speak! He has remained silent long enough! — the people hooted.

And the old man spoke:

— Don't accuse me of not fulfilling my responsibility, for you will not find a greater one than I have fulfilled. So listen and don't interrupt. I had four sons — Yakiv, Ivan, Vasyl, and Prokip. The people won't let me lie. Hitler made me an orphan, and there is no one to bury the old man. There appeared to me a fifth son — Petro. The German did not finish him off, so now his own kind are harassing him, — the old man again burst out at the visiting official. — Why, are you at least worth his fingernail? Perhaps you, carrion, will also expel my dead sons from the party? Hm? Well, speak up, you chicken soul will you expel them? Tell me the truth, or I'll let down your pants and flog you with nettle. They couldn't beat any wisdom into your head, then perhaps some will enter through your a-s!

The old man was forcefully calmed down. Petro was instructed not to give his hands freedom, and the one in white pants was asked not to stumble into the village again.

After the assembly, Motria came into Petro's home, where she lives to this day.

DIARY

Scraps of thought

"To read another person's diary without permission is the height of baseness."

(Obscure aphorism of the Commoner Wilson)

September 18, 1962.

I begin my diary not because I want to play at being great but because I need a friend with whom I can share all my doubts. And I do not know of a more faithful and heartier friend than paper. For the twenty-eighth time the earth is carrying me around the sun. In this time I have managed to do little that was beautiful and good. On the other hand, I have learned to keep silent and be careful, when I should be shouting. And what is worse, I have learned to be insincere.

Lying is probably my profession. The talent for lying is native to me. There are three categories of liars: the first lie for the sake of moral or material comfort; the second lie for the sake of lying; the third consider lying an art. These are the ones who create or supply the logical ends of truth. These liars seem to me, from my vantage point of lies, to be noble. They are the reservoir of literature. It would be boring to live without them. Without them even truth would become middling and banal, tiresome and petty. The noble lie exalts truth.

Believing this, I have practiced the third kind of lying the most often. People like me are also necessary to literature. With our feeble thoughts we will fertilize the ground that will produce a titan, the future Taras¹ or Franko. I await him as a believer awaits the coming of Christ. I have faith that I will be fortunate enough to hear the joyful hosannas in honor of his appearance. May he pay no attention to us, the little drudges of poetry. He will grow out of us.

I could serve literature better if only nature had not given me sight and hearing. I do not see all the hues and do not hear

¹ TARAS SHEVCHENKO (1814-1861), Ukraine's greatest national poet, Bard of Ukraine.

all the sounds. Music is my despair. Never will I reach the point of understanding it profoundly. Never will I attend such a holiday of colors from which a fortunate Saryan² never returns. I cannot really envy the Saryans and Shostakovyches³, for an illiterate cannot envy a Lev Tolstoy⁴. He envies his neighbor who knows only how to scribble.

September 19, 1962.

Children sometimes unconsciously say striking things. I remember that a year ago Oles and I were enjoying ourselves near the Kazbetskyi Market. Catching sight of the despot's memorial, he asked me:

— Father, who's that?

— Stalin.

He looked at him for an instant and then, as though in after-thought, asked:

— And why did he climb up there?

And in fact Stalin did not rise to the pedestal, the people did not put him there. He climbed up himself — by means of broken promises, baseness. He climbed up bloodily and arrogantly like all despots. Today this tiger that fed on human flesh would die from fury if he found out how precious his coarse, worthless monuments have become to collectors of metal junk.

It is frightening when life-long glory and idolization turn into posthumous shame. This is not glory, but only a game which grown-up children delight in. Only the poor in mind and spirit cannot understand this.

September 27, 1962.

Today V.⁵ paid us a short visit to Cherkasy⁶. I first met him in 1958. This was probably in September because on the next

² SARYAN — MARTIROS SARYAN (1880-), Soviet Armenian painter.

³ SHOSTAKOVYCH — DMYTRO SHOSTAKOVYCH (1906-), Soviet Russian composer.

⁴ LEV TOLSTOY (1828-1910), Russian writer.

⁵ MYKOLA VINHRANOVSKYI (1936-), prominent poet of the "Sixties Group"; film director; graduated from Kyiv Institute of Drama and

day we sat and ate grapes in a little room which he rented in Kalinin Square. We almost became friends, but then parted. During these four years he completely forgot about our meeting. I did not. Even then he made a deep and strong impression on me. I believed in him from the start and do not think that I was mistaken.

Damn this worthless money! It has made me a slave to a newspaper, and I could not make the trip to Kaniv⁷ with Mykola⁸. I have not had such a loss for a long time, for frankly speaking, I have had nothing to lose.

October 8, 1962.

Three days and a hundred impressions. Vinhranovskiyi, Pyanov, Kolomiyets⁹ and I made cavalier raids upon Kryviy Rih¹⁰ and Kirovohrad¹¹. Although not once did we succeed in appearing before a large audience, I was satisfied. Mykola is, without doubt, an outstanding talent. The words in his poetry pulsate from thought and passion. One deepens spiritually by merely being next to him.

We had an argument with Pyanov about *Roses in Mourning*. It seems to me that one cannot confuse the Madonna created by artists with the purely religious Mother of God. The hypocrites in cassocks have turned the beautiful Jesus and His Mother into oppressors of human flesh and spirit. I hold Jesus and

Moscow Cinema Institute (1961); member of WUU; one of 139 signatories of an appeal to Brezhnev, Kosygin and Podgorny in defense of persecuted Ukrainian intellectuals (1968).

⁶ CHERKASY — Regional city of UkrSSR (pop. ca. 165,000).

⁷ KANIV — town in Cherkasy Region where the Bard of Ukraine, Taras Shevchenko, is buried.

⁸ MYKOLA — MYKOLA VINHRANOVSKYI.

⁹ VOLODYMYR KOLOMIYETS (1935-), poet; Party member; member of WUU; graduated from the Philology Department of Kyiv University (1958); was associated with literary journal "Dnipro"; one of 139 signatories of a letter-appeal to Brezhnev, Kosygin and Podgorny in defense of Ukrainian intellectuals (1968), but subsequently he retracted his signature.

¹⁰ KRYVYI RIH — city in Dnipropetrovsk Region (pop. ca. 600,000); important iron-ore and railroad center of Ukraine.

¹¹ KIROVOHRAD — Regional city of Ukraine (pop. ca. 200,000).

the Virgin Mary to be unique creations. But when even the most beautiful legend becomes an instrument of spiritual enslavement, then I can no longer judge the "characters" of such a legend without taking into account the manner in which they are exploited by those of little faith. A scholar's noblest and most humane aims cannot serve progress if they turn into an arbitrary standard. The immaculate Mother of God deserves enthusiasm but, forgive me, not emulation. The denial of physical pleasures is unnatural, and thus cruel and reactionary.

As concerns *Roses in Mourning*, I never had any intentions of "overthrowing gods". In these poems I speak out against a new religion, against hypocrites who, not unsuccessfully, are attempting to turn Marxism into a religion, into a procrustean bed for knowledge, art and love. The sad examples from cybernetics and genetics, the stormy growth of noxious trends in painting and literature, the eternal calls to sacrifices and the unending promises of a "future paradise"; — is this all so very distant from the tragedy of Bruno and Galileo? From the psalmist and the iconographer? The monasteries and the Kingdom of Heaven?

If Marxism does not survive the frenzied onslaught of dogmatism, then it is destined to become a religion. No teaching has the right to monopolize the spiritual life of humanity. I did not agree with Einstein's politics, even though he made discoveries which shook science.

October 16, 1962.

There is nothing more frightening than unlimited power in the hands of a limited man.

The head of the collective farm from the village of Yerenko shouted at a meeting in helplessness and rage:

— I'll give you another year of '33.¹²

As usual, no one even thought of taking this scoundrel by the scruff of his neck. Yet by a single idiotic phrase of his, this

¹² '33 — 1933 forced collectivization of agriculture and artificial famine organized by the Soviet government resulting in the death of some 7-10 million people.

fool will destroy the good results of dozens of intelligent people. If our leaders had more sense than they do, loudmouths like these could admire the sky only from behind prison bars.

October 21, 1962.

I passionately hate the wisdom that is sleek, official and patented. It does not matter how many quotes a bungler uses to support his intellectual ceiling; it is still too low for the normal person. Just as space is inconceivable without motion, so poetry is inconceivable without thought. What kind of space is it if one cannot move in it? What kind of poetry is it if it does not deal with ideas? Poetry is beautiful wisdom.

How our humor has degenerated, how improverished our satire has become! Affectation, second-hand ideas, tight pants and modish hair-dos — is it worthwhile for serious people to waste words or even ruin their nerves on such paltriness? And how much ill-will there has been already toward bad literary advisers! I have never even tried to write thorough and weighty answers to shallow problems. You cannot plunge very deeply into mud, even though you may be a Japanese pearl-diver.

I must write a poem about Herostratus. This is very timely just now. The world is teeming with Herostratuses.

November 9, 1962.

The holidays have passed, and I am ashamed to think of how I acted yesterday. I behaved like riffraff, even insulting people. How unfortunate that no one gave me a bloody nose! I must somehow take myself in hand, wag my tongue less and use my brain more.

Belated repentances always resemble affectation. But I have no other way out. I must learn to look at myself impersonally.

June 21, 1963.

I have not looked into these pages for almost half a year, even though certain events that took place in the last six months should somehow have been recorded.

I have almost run out of breath in the dusty smoke of ideological battles. Realism has been victorious. Not through literary works, it is true, but through administrative measures.

All in all, the danger of the formalistic madness was, it seems, only an apparent one. In Ukraine at least I have not met anyone who mourned the passing of abstractionism or some kind of neo-futurism. Only in literature has the formalistic idiocy remained, as it always did, a real danger. For is it not formalism when hundreds of scribes, according to previously set patterns and for the twentieth time, keep sucking at the so-called eternal ideas — love your work, respect your mother and father, do not look askew at your neighbor? Formalism begins where thinking ends.

If a poet does not awaken new thoughts and emotions, he is a formalist, no matter how he advertises his supposed kinship with the realists. Realism cannot be vulgar. There is the realism of Shevchenko and there is the realism of Dmyterko¹³. A great difference! The Dmyterkos are not the heirs of literature. They live off it, not for it.

It is doubtful whether I can be accused of formalism, yet nothing of mine is printed.

July 6, 1963.

I do not know whether it is the same with everyone or whether it is so only with me. Doubts very often destroy any assurances of one's courage. I do not know how to conduct myself when real trials should come upon me. Will I remain a human being, or will my eyes as well as my mind be darkened? The loss of manfulness is the loss of human dignity which I place above everything, even above life itself. Yet, how many intelligent and talented people have saved their lives at the expense of dignity, only to vegetate uselessly afterward. This is the most terrible thing of all.

¹³ LYUBOMYR DMYTERKO (1911-), writer; Party member; member of WUU; he led a smear campaign in the Soviet press against I. Dzyuba whose "Internationalism or Russification?", was published in the West.

Last Sunday, we were in Odessa¹⁴ where the local numb-skulls entertained us with their idiotic fears: if only nothing would happen. Actually we were forbidden to take part in the Shevchenko program. It seems that some people are still afraid of Taras¹⁵. Philistines from the revolution.

July 22, 1963.

Perhaps my demise has begun. Physically I am almost helpless, though morally I am not yet completely exhausted. When I think about death I do not feel any fear. Is it because it is so far away? Strange, I do not wish to die, yet I have no particular zest for life. Ten years are more than enough for me.

I look at the past with irony. Soon I will be 29, but what have I done or, at least, begun to do that is outstanding? Not life, but a series of petty troubles, petty failures, petty disappointments and petty successes!

No, I did not think to live the way I do. Happy is he who wants little out of life; he will never become disappointed with it. The straightest and shortest path to so-called happiness is to become a bourgeois. The mind can prolong thoughts; it cannot make its owner happy.

September 3, 1963.

The summer, filled with physical and moral exhaustion, has passed. Autumn has begun, and I look with hope into its as yet pellucid eyes. A poor, stingy autumn we have had this year. What can I expect from such a beggar? She will even feed on a scrap of bread.

The whole summer I spent sitting on a truly deserted island. If I had not gone to Kaniv to the *Lark*,¹⁶ then there would not be anything worth mentioning. In Kaniv I also met artists A. H.¹⁷ and H. Z.¹⁸ A. H. and I understood each other especially well.

¹⁴ ODESSA — Regional city of UkSSR (pop. ca. 900,000).

¹⁵ TARAS — TARAS SHEVCHENKO.

¹⁶ LARK — reference to T. Shevchenko.

¹⁷ A. H. — Alla Horska.

¹⁸ H. Z. — Halyna Zubchenko.

My friends have suddenly become silent. Not a word about them. The printing houses have become even more worthless and arrogant: *Literaturna Ukraina* (*Literary Ukraine*) castrates my article, *Ukraina* (*Ukraine*) abuses my poetry. Every lackey does whatever strikes his fancy. How not to beam with gratitude, how not to pray every evening and every morning for those who gave us such blessings. It can also be added that in June my poems were removed from *Zmina*¹⁹ (*Change*), butchered (?) in *Zhovten*²⁰ (*October*), and refused by *Dnipro*²¹ and *Vitchyzna*²² (*Fatherland*).

Oh, oh, how merry! We're all beneath the stake.
That is what's necessary for progress' sake.²³

September 5, 1963.

Yesterday I wrote the "Tale About an Impostor". I wrote it in one breath though some of it had been written down earlier. Today I still like it. It is too bad that there is no one to whom to read it.

Now I have become still lonelier in Cherkasy, since even the crowd in the *Molod Cherkashchyny* (*Youth of Cherkasy*) is gone. The paths of friendship between Nehoda²⁴, Ohloblyn²⁵ and myself have, so to speak, been covered over by a thick fungus. One of them needed me as long as I could be of use to him. The other turned out to be nothing but a weathercock. I have no doubt that he will condemn me as hotly as he praised me

¹⁹ ZMINA (Change) — literary youth journal.

²⁰ ZHOVTEN (October) — literary journal, organ of Writers' Union of Ukraine (WUU), published in Lviv.

²¹ DNIPRO (The Dnieper) — literary journal, organ of the CC of the Leninist-Communist Youth League of Ukraine, published in Kyiv.

²² VITCHYZNA (Fatherland) — literary journal, organ of WUU, published in Kyiv.

²³ STANISLAV TELNYUK (1935-), writer; member of WUU; graduated from Pereyaslav-Khmelnytskyi Institute of Education (1954) and from Kyiv University (1959).

²⁴ NEHODA — MYKOLA NEHODA (), a poet from Cherkasy, who at first praised and supported poet V. Symonenko but later, under official pressure, criticized him.

²⁵ OHLOBLYN — (?) a poet.

earlier, for he himself has demonstrated this from several rostrums at various meetings.

However, we must tend to our business.

September 20, 1963.

When I speak of a "deserted island" and my loneliness, then I do not mean any disrespect to people. Because I have no friends in Cherkasy does not mean that I hold everyone to be worthless, not deserving of my attention, etc. (My wife accuses me of this). I simply have not met any kindred spirit among them. And friendship cannot last on rationality alone.

Not long ago I met B. H.²⁰

I think that I am writing worse than I did a year ago.

Heart and brain have grown idle.

²⁰ B. H. — BOHDAN HORYN (1936-), literary and art critic; research worker of Lviv Museum of Ukrainian Art; brother of psychologist Mykhaylo Horyn; signed a letter in Karavanskyi's defense; arrested in 1966; released in 1968; became almost blind while in prison camp; re-arrested in January 1972.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY IVAN SVITLYCHNYI¹
IN MEMORY OF VASYL SYMONENKO²

(Kyiv Medical Institute, December 1963)

It is an easy and simple matter to call oneself a son of the people. But it is difficult and not everyone is fortunate enough to be worthy of this high calling. It is an easy and simple matter to talk about one's love for Ukraine. But it is a difficult matter and not everyone can succeed in actually loving her.

Everyone who knew Vasyl Symonenko even slightly knew his wholehearted, organic aversion to beautiful, florid — but irresponsible — words. And only he who knew this can evaluate what Vasyl Symonenko's words about Ukraine really meant, can understand that, in his readiness to "fall in drops of blood on its sacred banner", there is not an iota of posing or affectation. Vasyl Symonenko lived his whole life with this pulsating inner readiness for significant action.

Vasyl Symonenko's fate was such, that even now, when he is no longer with us, probably few know whom we have lost. The bulk, perhaps the best, of his writings has not yet been published. And whoever knows Vasyl Symonenko only through the press, does not know the real Vasyl Symonenko, or knows him only scantily.

A man of exacting demands from himself and from others, Vasyl laughed when he read the critical praises of his first collection of poetry. Even then he stood a head taller than what had been published. Even then he had already created the things that drew ovations from even the most exacting listeners, so deeply and precisely did he express the thoughts and emotions of his contemporaries.

¹ IVAN SVITLYCHNYI (1929-), writer; professor of literature, literary critic, translator; member of WUU; together with I. Dzyuba detained in Kyiv at the time of arrest of Sinyavsky and Daniel; arrested (1965) and exiled; signed with I. Dzyuba, N. Svitlychna and L. Kostenko an appeal to P. Shelest, the First Secretary of the CC of CP of UkSSR (1967); rearrested in January 1972.

² VASYL SYMONENKO (1935-1963), leading Ukrainian "poet of the Sixties"; he became a symbol of opposition to Russification and official hypocrisy; his poetry and diary were published in the West (1965).

Vasyl Symonenko entered our literature along with that generation which still felt the deadly atmosphere of Stalinist lawlessness, but which was already uniting itself in the struggle for broader democratic principles, for a better life for its people. He entered our literature along with that generation which is personified for us by the names of Lina Kostenko and Ivan Dzyuba, Ivan Drach³ and Mykola Vinhranovskiy, and many, many others. Perhaps someday literary historians will call Vasyl Symonenko the most talented poet of his generation. In any case, we know that among us there was and is no poet of greater courage, greater determination, and greater unwillingness to compromise than Vasyl Symonenko.

There was, immediately after the 20th Congress⁴, much naive, rose-colored optimism and simple enthusiasm among us. There were many illusions built on sand. Many imagined that all national problems would resolve themselves at one blow, and that nothing was left except to march ceremoniously with upraised fists on the path to communism. Only gradually did grim reality correct these childish fantasies; only gradually did we see that all our successes were difficult, that a tremendous effort of strength is needed for true achievement, that not only is our path not covered with roses, but the path itself has disappeared. It must be cleared through the thick growth of the bureaucratic stupidity of some, the cheap scepticism of others, and the offensive indifference of still others.

Among all of us, Vasyl Symonenko understood this perhaps best of all, was aware of it the most deeply, and expressed it the most consistently. That is why in his poetry there are so few bombastic struggles and fanfares in the major key, and so many grim and cruel truths. That is why, when our Gagarins

³ IVAN DRACH (1936-), poet, literary critic and translator; one of the most prominent members of the "Sixties Group" of young Ukrainian writers; expelled from Party; member of WUU; at one time member of the UkSSR delegation to the UN General Assembly; signed an appeal of 139 to Brezhnev, Kosygin and Podgorny in defense of arrested Ukrainian intellectuals (1967).

⁴ 20th CONGRESS OF CP OF USSR — (1956) at which N. Khrushchov condemned the personality cult of Stalin.

and Popovyches⁵ catapulted into space, Vasyl was enthusiastic about these achievements, but wrote that "not rockets flash into the cosmos, but ductile rivulets of milk", the product of a kolkhoz woman's labor. He wrote of how "woman's years soared into the sky in smoke"; he wrote the "Obituary to a Corncob Which Died at the Storage Depot"; he wrote about the old peasant whom the demagogues and liars made into a thief; he praised the greatness of a simple peasant woman, hoping

That her deeds for ages would
Resound in bronze over the earth,
That all who passed her would
Take off their hats in honor.

In his grim realism, his social concern, and his categorical unwillingness to compromise, Vasyl Symonenko made a great impression on all those who were fortunate enough to hear him. He influenced talents who, while perhaps greater than his in purely artistic terms, were not yet stabilized, not wholly matured socially, and who were ready to make frivolous compromises, to lose their faith, to become hesitant and desert their beliefs. Entering Ukrainian literature, Vasyl Symonenko passionately praised the noble enthusiasm of his contemporaries, that youth which

Boldly rushed into the duel
At times defying common sense itself,

and that madness of the valiant which seems so absurd and nonsensical to the bourgeois, but in reality is and should be the norm of human life. And, speaking to his friends and those who believed as he did, Vasyl⁶ said:

Though we turn purple from the strain
We'll not stop progress anyhow.
New generations are not parrots
To echo what was learned so long ago.

⁵ GAGARIN and POPOVYCH — Soviet astronauts.

⁶ VASYL — Vasyl Symonenko.

The young are taught and learning will not hurt them.
But one thought cuts me to the quick:
Let not Procrustes draw to them too closely
With his little measure-stick.

This cry of a sensitive poetical soul went, as usual, unheard by the Procrustes⁷; that is why they are what they are. But this cry lodged deeply in the souls of his colleagues, awoke in them a great social consciousness, a boundless dedication to their beloved work, a continuous readiness for action.

He only lives who lives not for himself,
Who, struggling, wins for others life.

Such was Vasyl's motto, and so did he live himself. Even on his death bed, knowing that he did not have long to live, he thought about himself the least. He thought of others and, a few moments before his death, he wrote, in a trembling hand, a deeply tragic letter to the Presidium of the Writers' Union of Ukraine. He wrote:

"Dear comrades and old friends:

I write to you at a tragic moment of my life. It is possible that tomorrow I will no longer be alive. I am sure that literature will survive this almost painless loss. But I cannot leave life without providing for the existence of my family, especially my mother. My mother has worked in the kolkhoz⁸ for 27 years, in spite of this, she has been forced to depend on the support of others. The first day of my death could become the first day of her existence as a beggar. With all my heart I ask you not to let this happen and, if it is possible, to allot to her from the Literary Fund at least a minimal sum that would keep her from starvation.

⁷ PROCRUSTESES — reference to Greek mythological Procrustes who forced his guests to lie on either a very long or a very short bed and fitted them to beds either by stretching them or cutting off their legs.

⁸ KOLKHOZ — collective farm.

All rights to my writings belong to my family: to my wife Lyudmyla Pavlivna, my son Oles, and my mother Hanna Fedorivna Shcherban.

December 12, 1963

V. Symonenko"

These lines cannot be read calmly. I think that if we really had loved and do love Vasyl, we should do everything to satisfy his last wish. In the memory of all who knew Vasyl he will remain an extraordinary lover of life and a man of iron will. When everyone knew that he would no longer be able to rise from bed, to write poems, and to read them to others, many of his friends travelled to Cherkasy in order to ease at least a little the last days of his life and to help him as much as possible. It is hard to imagine how much one must strain one's nerves when one knows that one is seeing a human being for the last time, that one is listening to him for the last time, and yet one must look cheerful so as not to inadvertently betray the doctor's secret and poison the last hours of a friend who has been sentenced to death. But our fears turned out to be groundless. And not because we were so courageous and self-controlled, but because Vasyl made so extraordinarily light of the tragic situation. Even when he was already breathing with difficulty, he made others laugh and through no word or gesture did he betray his fate, even though he already knew about it no less than the others. One does not wish to say "eternal rest" about such people as Vasyl. One wants to talk about the eternal life of his works, his ideas. For no matter what changes will take place in our lives, we know that his poetry will live as long as the nation for which he wrote will live, as long as the cause for which he fought will live.

And I think that we will all hold it to be a great honor and a great blessing to be like our friend and comrade, to do what he did, in the way that he did it.

THE SPEECH OF YEVHEN SVERSTYUK AT AN EVENING IN MEMORY OF VASYL SYMONENKO

*in the Kyiv Medical Institute in December, 1963**

It was delightful to think that Vasyl Symonenko lives and works somewhere in Cherkasy. So he will arrive in Kyiv with impressions and not in search of them. He always brings a surprise — a new tale (no one expected that he would also write fairy tales), a tale interesting for children, but even more interesting for adults. Unexpectedly, it appeared that he wanted to publish a collection of stories as a surprise. No one would have been astonished had he brought a scenario or a drama. And obviously, it would have been profound in content, Symonenko-like, inspired by the sharp freshness of a prairie wind, deepened in the unfamiliar strata of our lives. And even when he does not bring his manuscripts — for want of something to do, he pours out a few witty remarks. Why, the radio in the train just announced the sad tidings — “Ukraine is in debt to the Fatherland for 5 million eggs.” One can avoid listening to the radio, but Vasyl knew how to discover interesting trivialities and frankness in word piles, which are not purposely dropped by the unrestrained lackey subservience. His ear could not adapt whatsoever to this well-fed tone, to those false deathly-affected or deathly-happy intonations.

He lived in our blessed province, where people are so undemanding as to words, where they are so quickly entwined in a circle of the most primitive interests. Where the most important method of association is the tingle of glasses. Where it is so easy to drown in the snares of urgent trivialities and to go astray among the trees, beyond which one cannot see the forest.

There was, let us say, a man like other men, who completed his post-graduate studies and travelled to Cherkasy, to its most lively centre — the pedagogical institute. And the furrows in his brain and even the wrinkles on his face disappeared

* We present a somewhat expanded text, known in **Samvydav** under the heading of “Symonenko — an Idea”.

somewhere. He trained himself to live and everything rounded itself off: a rounded head, a round face, rounded off thoughts, and rounded off feelings — an ideal ball which rolls without obstruction down the asphalt of one's career!...

Why do these people die spiritually, become so dull and grow so negligent in silence, not even repeating the Lermontovian "Thought":

We greedily hold in our breast the remainder of sensitivity,
Hidden like miserly treasure.

With the absence of spiritual life all around their tiny flame dies out — the dream of youth, the impassable sea-weed of indifference draws close. The province is not only the villages and towns, the sleepy province exists also in the higher educational institutions of our capital, in our editorial boards, everywhere where passivity and adaptation reign.

Vasyl was lean and rough looking. His gaze did not even stop lengthily at rounded people. He stubbornly and scowlingly gazed into the root [of things]. He himself, appeared from the earth like a root with an organic love for it and for his peasant stock. He was well aware of what and how deeply it was saturated, and he never forgot this for a moment. He knew this not after a drink but with pen in hand and with melancholy in his eyes.

In our literature, there are many devil-may-care type of men, who write in the manner of Yesenin, expressing their love of the thatched roof, or even of the oxen [symbolizing their native land]. These are calm, self-satisfying poetic recollections of a moss-grown inhabitant, who knows not the cost of eulogized callouses, but knows the price of his own comfort. He imagines himself a poet set forth by greater superiors in order to sing. Only hold the manuscripts which are sent in from the surrounding areas for a while in your hands and you will see how painstakingly and blindly they copy the titled graphomaniacs of the capital, not even attempting to look at life with their own eyes. The reminiscences about the ruminating of oxen did not please Vasyl. When he did introduce oxen into his poetry, it was only in his own context of re-

strained anger: "In our oxen-like veins, the Kozak blood rages and roars."

Symonenko is the only poet, so far, who crystallized in the province, and who introduced his own current into poetry, the current of naked truth and an uncorruptible honesty.

He knew the common people in their mode of life, being a son of a peasant himself. He knew the village by his muddy boots, having been a newspaper worker. But he regarded life not as a "representative", but as a person, as a son looks at his helpless mother.

He raised himself to the top echelons of contemporary culture, and knew how to see a worker of the kolkhoz against the background of the cosmic age — the entire scope of the extremes of life and the "paradoxes of the epoch":

I kiss the hands which turned the grind-stone

On the eve of the cosmic age.

Even a fool nurtured amidst the prosperity of the city, who despises the village for the high prices at the market, not merely the squalor and illiteracy, would not smile at these words.

Symonenko's deep understanding of the meaning of his root, the continuous feeling of strength which is derived from his native land, the experience of joy and bitterness of his responsibility before his own people — all this was as elementarily powerful in him as the words:

Without you I am meaningless,

As a bird without wings.

How this public creed of Symonenko rises above the thousands of resounding patriotic declarations! In his simplicity one senses a person of a great intellectual culture — a superior intellect which knows how to eliminate trivialities and to expose the substance. His simplicity is sharp and without regard to anything, as is his poem "The Thief".

I recall an evening at the Cherkasy Pedagogical Institute. The appearance of Vasyl was the most interesting and the most sensational, although he appeared along with Mykola Vinhranovskyi. One sensed that they liked him there, for his very

name aroused a wave of applause. But one of those who do not listen to poetry very intensely, by the virtue of his inherent diligence, recorded a dubious sound and at this point, in order to frighten him, sent a note: "What kind of independent Ukraine do you have in mind when you write — 'Let Americas and Russias be still...', and 'I have a sacred filial right to be alone with my mother'..." Vasyl calmly and almost carelessly read this note and said: "For me there exists only one Ukraine. If the author of this note knows of another, let him say so. We shall choose." Such was his laconic and truly folk simplicity and wisdom.

One could not argue with him. He did not express speedy half-thoughts. He thought over everything and where others speak much and unclearly, he remained silent. We can take pleasure in the fact that this style of his was reflected in that which he left us. But he left us only the beginning of his ascent to the summit. In the difficult struggle with himself, with the atmosphere of drowsy indifference and the deadly norm, he made his way to his own path and had only begun to tread it.

He had just begun to learn, in defiance of all winds, the joy of battle and strength, which is transfused into a person from the power of earth's gravity:

My native land! My mind is illuminated
And my soul becomes more tender,
When your expectations and dreams
Pour into my life.

He had just learned to remove the great problems of life from the dust of triviality, the problem of the preservation of human individuality ("I") and of a new idea ("Sud") in a world of categorical standards, the problem of a fine gait and one's own path among the stony monsters which —

Opened their jaws, like craters,
And called: — We are the symbol of the age!
Who is not with us — is against us!

He learned, and having done so he taught us. He will continue to live as an integral part of us, as a living mind and conscience, which does not die.

I recall, that when they carried the coffin of Vasyl Symonenko across a bleak vacant plot of ground, where the burning wind blew violently, there suddenly glittered a phantom-like cold sun. Its rays were as if broken in the accumulations of glacial mountains and sent to the earth only an orange shadow of farewell.

It seemed that the accumulation of prosaic icy cliffs powerfully isolates the fire of the poetical word from the reader's heart. Partially, this is the external historical accumulation of public indifference, and partially, our own internal accumulations. For truly, the comparatively feeble, lame poem of a fashionable poet immediately reaches even into our province, and people of a serious countenance search for some more significant meaning in it. But the powerful and profound voice of Symonenko becomes lost in the glacial obstructions and grows deaf in the cold wilderness.

And in the midst of all this, Vasyl Symonenko is completely approachable in form for every literate person and is intensely emotional in content. He constantly speaks of that which disturbs people, that of which they also speak, but — without that public elevation, the clarity of mind and the passion for words.

Each of his poems will remind us, and those who will come after us, of the basic truths without which one's life cannot have meaning.

You are aware that you are a human being...

However, it is necessary to regard Symonenko's simplicity through his own eyes. It is customary for us to label as simple a dull generality, a rhymed truism, understood beforehand even by one, who is not used to thinking. Symonenko combated this kind of "simplicity" while still in the university, as a sharp young mind battles with a false imitation of mentality. Not long ago, he mentioned one such student contrivance against this idle simplicity. Among the students there arose an argument with regards to Block. A student-graphomaniac, who did not understand "complex poetry" came out against Block. Vasyl, at a lecture, asked the following question of the lecturer of

literature: "Can a person who does not understand Block be a poet?" The lecturer replied: "Probably not," and the idle sim-pleton was not so much embarrassed as he was angry.

Symonenko received the publications of the first poems of Drach and Vinhranovskiy in the "Literary Gazette" as an event in his own life, as the beginning of the rebirth of poetry. During the new campaign in the sphere of literature, it could have been assumed that Symonenko would be contrasted with the "formalists". He himself feared this and at this point he reacted in such a way, that the overseers of poetry would have sooner preferred pure formalism.

On the whole, Symonenko's verse gravitated toward complexity, in as much as his thought searched for its own form and scope.

In the white sterile silence of a hospital, Vasyly's voice was broken, but his gaze did not turn back once, but continued to penetrate the unknown. It seemed that his entire life centered itself in the blazing brilliance of his painfully huge eyes. "From time to time, a poet must break through the circles in which he finds himself, — he thinks aloud about the expiration of one familiar poet. — It appeared that he had talent, a freshness and even honesty of thought, but he enveloped himself in one of his circles and became numb. There he was forgotten. A poet must break away from this circle into a different orbit... In one night I smoked a package of cigarettes — and I am still coughing..."

His break was made at a high price. But in his short and impoverished youth, he was able to consolidate his uniqueness for all time, his difficult but entirely comprehensible path towards the truth. We spoke of this after one of his appearances honest to impertinence.

This is life. Our forefathers, the Zaporozhtsi [Kozaks] measured it without sub-dividing it. They laid down their life for life's sake, without sparing blood. He who appears in the field of honour, offers his whole life.

Therefore, what moral right have we to play with truth, to play with words, like a clown in a circus arena plays with

seriousness. Symonenko had an aversion for spiritual dwarfs and clowns. He walked uprightly in his full stature; he walked beautifully, as his own "passer-by" — and looked ahead with the manly eyes of a peasant's son.

His path has the magic power to straighten dishonest souls.

INTRODUCTORY SPEECH DELIVERED BY IVAN DZYUBA
ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF
VASYL SYMONENKO

(Kyiv, Club of the Oil and Gas Institute, December 12, 1964)

This evening marks our loyalty to the memory of Vasyl Symonenko and to the responsibilities which his memory calls for. When Vasyl died a year ago, he had friends and admiring readers, but less than one would like. Today they are a hundred times more than they were then. Somehow we must see to it that there are another hundred times more. And so it will be. For Symonenko gave himself up to a cause which "will not die, will not pass away", a cause which has the future behind it, no matter what the plans of the "higher authorities" are.

Vasyl Symonenko became a poet not when he wrote his first or his second poems, but when he loudly spoke out about the great sorrows of his people. In this way did he find himself in the midst of those important processes that encompassed our young literature. He took a solid stand among the group of young writers which is resurrecting Shevchenko's wish, his great call to his dead, living, and unborn countrymen, a call continued by Franko, "My country, tormented, torn asunder...", a call continued by Lesya Ukrainka⁹, a call so decisively proclaimed anew in the 1920's and so tragically silenced in the 30's.

Now, before our very eyes, that which was so consistently and fiercely extirpated and crushed now "comes to life again and laughs again". "Our soul will not die". And Vasyl's part

⁹ LESYA UKRAINKA (1871-1913), great Ukrainian poetess (real name: Larysa Kosach-Kvitka).

in it will also not die. And this is the reason for his success and his growing strength. To his comrades of the pen Vasyl bequeathed the faith in that great tradition of Shevchenko in our literature.

But today I would like to speak about something else as well. Literature has a duty to the reader, but the reader has a duty to literature, too. We do not always think about the latter. The Ukrainian reader has committed great sins against Ukrainian literature, beginning with Shevchenko. An even now we very blithely display the greatest pretensions toward our literature, not stopping to ask ourselves whether we have created even the most elementary conditions for its existence. Some people would like the poets to do everything for them, to bring them Ukraine on a silver platter. We have too much of what I would call "consumer patriotism". Too much fear originating in individualism, in a lack of feeling of one's inter-relation with countless like-minded people and participation in something of all-importance. Then a person places the meaning of one's existence in himself and begins to value himself more than the goal, the idea for the sake of which he lives. Then he feels himself "mortal" instead of a part of immortality.

Let there be joy, not fear. Let everyone in his own way do everything that he can. Let him not think that someone else will do it for him. This is the most that everyone of us can say to himself on the anniversary of Vasyl Symonenko's death.

Once, long ago, on the occasion of a tragic loss, Mykola Chernyavskiy¹⁰ wrote:

Unfortunate, impoverished Ukraine,
A curse lies on your land:
Whatever is remarkable dies,
Only slaves remain alive.

Our duty to the memory of Vasyl Symonenko is to act in such a way that when a remarkable person dies, what is left is not "living slaves", but living souls, capable of struggle.

¹⁰ MYKOLA CHERNYAVSKIY (1868-1946), Ukrainian writer and translator from world literature.

A SPEECH COMMEMORATING THE 30TH BIRTHDAY OF
VASYL SYMONENKO, DELIVERED ON JANUARY 16TH,
1965, AT THE REPUBLICAN BUILDING OF LITERATURE
IN KYIV BY IVAN DZYUBA

December and January have passed for us under the sign of Vasyl Symonenko. On the first anniversary of his death a posthumous collection of his works "*Zemne tyazhynya*"¹ (The Earth's Gravitation) appeared. Unfortunately, not all the best poems of V. Symonenko were included in it, even though they circulate widely in manuscript copies, and the ones that were included were not always printed the way they came out from the author's pen. Nevertheless even in this shape the collection gives extraordinary material for extended discussion about the problems of our social life and our literature. Especially, if the work of Vasyl Symonenko is taken not as a unique and isolated event, but in connection with all modern, present-day poetry.

I underscore the latter not by accident. It can be foreseen beforehand that all kinds of attempts will be made to cut off Vasyl Symonenko from the whole process of creation of new values, which during the last few years has taken place in modern Ukrainian literature, and to contrast him with the rest of the young poets in order to beat them down with his name. Since it is part of our tradition to subdue the living by the dead... Have not those who baited Dovzhenko² during his lifetime started to use his name in their fight against every new,

¹ ZEMNE TYAZHINNYA — "The Earth's Gravitation" — collection of poetry of V. Symonenko; published by Publishing House "Molod", Kyiv, 1964, 120 p.

² DOVZHENKO — *Oleksander Dovzhenko* (1894-1956), prose writer and movie producer; the summit of his motion picture career was "The Earth" (1930) depicting poetic scenes of the eternal philosophical problems of life and death, birth and love; shortly after its release it was prohibited for the deviation from the Marxist ideology; first in 1950's permitted to be shown in Ukraine and at the Brussels Film Festival (1958) and rated as one of the twelve best films of world cinematography. His other productions were deprived of any Ukrainian characteristics and assumed the style typical of Soviet socialist realism. A film based on Dovzhenko's autobiographical novel "Enchanted Desna River" (1954-55) was filmed in Russia instead of Kyiv as Dovzhenko planned.

honest word? Have not they tried to reinforce with his authority the shaken "authority" of varnishing of reality?

And now we have heard from a highly placed critic that Vasyl Symonenko is "the only mature poet among the young." It is clear why he is "the only mature poet" for that bonze: because he is dead and cannot answer that man as he deserves; the man is counting on such "unanswerability". But the esteemed bonze is mistaken. Let him read Symonenko's poems. There a great deal is said about him, said with annoying incisiveness. And from our side, let us remind you that those young poets whom the critic considers "immature" were the examples and inspiration for Symonenko, as he is now an example and inspiration for all of us.

No, the work of Vasyl Symonenko will not be torn apart from the living and joyous process of creation of Ukrainian literature. Only in connection with this process is it completely comprehensible, and in its turn, provides a great source for the characterizing of this process. This is not the time nor the place to speak in detail about all the problems that are stemming from it. I would only like to point out three factors, which I feel, are exceptionally instructive in this "lesson", which was given to us by Vasyl Symonenko.

First, Vasyl Symonenko started from shallow maxims but arrived at philosophical, political thought, at the creation of ideas, at poetry as an arena for independent thinking. From the popular journalistic moralizing to the high publicism, to political lyricism of the school of Shevchenko. From simple syllogisms he went to heartfelt fullness and emotional beauty. And that path is very instructive and at the same time it points out what great strength and opportunity was lost in our literature, since the majority of young poets did not start and are not starting from a lower level than did Vasyl Symonenko, and definitely have no less "spontaneous talent". Therefore many of them could have become like Symonenko, but only a few do become like him. The remainder are not going up but rather down. How many, right before our eyes, have diminished in stature, have become commonplace and their ta-

lents declined! What is the cause? There are many reasons, of course, but here we will name only two.

In the first place, when a person speaks with a full voice, his voice gets stronger; but when he trains himself to whisper, that "whisper" becomes his normal tone of voice. Vasyl Symonenko courageously spoke the truth, and the truth alone made him greater and greater. A poet needs space for the "application of the energy" in order to multiply his strength. And who narrows that space for himself, who is not using his full potential, who is not always, straining the muscles to the limits, his muscles are unnoticeably becoming weaker, his strength is lessening, he is losing weight. There is a medical term called "lazy heart." Many of our poets have lazy souls, lazy consciences.

In the second place, Vasyl Symonenko was a cruelly self-critical person and never satisfied with himself as regards big and not petty things. He had too high a conception of literature, too lofty ideals and criteria to remain satisfied with what he had accomplished. When his first book appeared, everybody praised it, everybody admired it, but Vasyl talked about it rather ironically. He already did not like it, because he had outgrown it. Today he too was greater than yesterday, and tomorrow he would become greater than today. This valuable ability of constant self-advancement, growth, self-improvement, the desire of knowledge, cruel discipline, self-education, that is one of the good lessons of Vasyl Symonenko for us all. Speaking without exaggeration, ninety per cent of Ukrainian literary men lack these virtues. Because of that, they are not rising up, but are sliding down.

Second. It is no secret, that Vasyl Symonenko was most of all a poet of national idea. Anybody who reads his book, will see that it is this idea that forms a dominant factor in his poetry. It is true, that Leonid Mykolayovych Novychenko³, who at this moment is sitting behind the presidium table, assures

³ LEONID NOVYCHENKO (1914-), Secretary of the WU of USSR; member of the Academy of Sciences of the UkSSR; graduated from the Philological Department of Kyiv University; a Russian lackey.

us that the concepts, "national idea", "national consciousness" are now unlawful and illegal, antiquated and anti-Marxist. I would advise him to tell that to the Chinese Communists, or to the Italian Communists, or the Polish Communists, or the English Communists, or for that matter to the Russian Communists. Or let him tell that to Karl Marx himself, who speaks about all those national matters, "national feelings", "national shame" especially in his correspondence. All those passages, if they were quoted now, without forewarning who said them, would have such an effect that many would have to be revived by water. Of course, national idea exists and will exist. It is real for us today and it means a concept of a fully sovereign state and cultural existence for the Ukrainian socialist nation, of a fullness and sovereignty of her national contribution towards the general cause of peace, democracy, and socialism. This idea lies at the foundation of Vasyl Symonenko's poetry. It dominates it.

But this is why I am saying it: the primacy of national idea brings with it very often the danger of indifference to other ideas; in some it kills the interest towards other problems of the human spirit. There have been poets, there were even whole literary schools, that became stale and monotonous because they were forced by historical circumstances to devote themselves wholly to the national idea and they lagged in many instances behind literary schools that did not have the necessity to dwell on the primacy of the national idea. But there are precedents in history of the different kind, when the national idea does not squeeze out but catalyzes the infinity of other universal human ideas. It is the deeper interest in the national idea and the dedication to it that leads to the secret-most depths of other social and spiritual needs. Good examples of this are to be found in Shevchenko, Franko, Lesya Ukrainka; we find them in Sandor Petöfi⁴ and Schiller⁵. But speaking of

⁴ SANDOR PETÖFI — *Alexander Petöfi* (1822-49), Hungarian poet and patriot, killed in the Hungarian revolutionary war; author of exquisite lyrics, several epics, and the national poem "Up, Magyar".

⁵ SCHILLER — *Friedrich von Schiller* (1759-1805), German poet, dramatist, historian, and philosopher; one of the founders of German lite-

Ukrainian literature, it has not been found in many in the past and still is not found often. Symonenko belonged to those who felt a strong bond of the national idea with all the values common to mankind, with the concepts of human dignity, honesty and conscience; with the concept of personal and social ethics and justice. It is these very concepts of dignity, conscience, and justice that have led him to the national idea, a renewed understanding of Ukraine.

Once Dostoyevski inquired: "Would you agree to building world harmony upon one and only one tear of a single, innocent child?" In the same spirit we also ask: can there be "world harmony", can there be universal society, can there be justice common to mankind, the achievement of which requires the smallest injustice towards any one nation, in this case the Ukrainian nation? No, that kind of society and that kind of "harmony", established on such foundations, cannot exist. This is why the national question is bound together, by thousands of tiniest threads, with the most intimate questions of human conscience. This is why, given a high understanding of it, it can inspire also the contemporary poet with the universal meaning and pathos of self-sacrifice. These aims were achieved by Vasyl Symonenko. This is proved by both his published and unpublished works.

And finally, the *third* factor. By this I mean the moral lesson of civic ethics which was given to us by V. Symonenko.

There are epochs when the decisive battles occur in the field of social morality and civic behaviour; when even the elementary human dignity, withstanding the brutal pressure, can become a strong, rebellious, revolutionary force. In my opinion, our age belongs to a great extent, to such epochs.

It happened historically in such a way that a great part of our problems consists in the discrepancies between word and

ature; strongly influenced by Kant; his idealism and hatred of tyranny were a powerful influence in modern German literature.

^o DOSTOYEVSKI — *Feodor Dostoyevsky* (1821-1881), Russian novelist; his novels are characterized by deep psychological insight.

deed, theory and practice, plans and reality, in the decline of social morality and degeneration of public life. And, correspondingly, a considerable part of our task lies in the eradication of these discrepancies and in the establishment of a high level of public activity, the raising of national-political life. But here we are handicapped by the huge and dull force of inertia, indifference and civic demoralization, which was born with the era of Stalin and is nourished today, on one hand by unrestrained official hypocrisy, and on the other hand by that melodramatic scepticism which has become a favourite and "fashionable" retreat for those who run away from difficult civic duty, who run away because of laziness, because of fear and blindness; it is fed by the miserable scepticism of the philosophizing slave who wants to fool himself and pretends that he is so enchanted with the play of paradoxes, that he is not aware of the yoke around his neck; that scepticism that with all its modern and everchanging, gaudy apparel can be equated with the old wisdom of an intellectual serpent: "Fly or crawl — the end is inevitable, everyone will be buried in the ground; everyone will turn into dust."

This is perhaps why nothing today can be of greater significance than a high level of public conduct. People are not waiting for anything as much as they are waiting for the living example of heroic public conduct. People need this example because they need the assurance that even today such heroic action is possible and that today it is not fruitless, and that today, as always, "insanity of the courageous is the wisdom of life." Therefore, today, perhaps more than ever, it is possible and it is necessary to fight.

This is where the main lesson of Vasyl Symonenko is found. Personal adherence to principle, uncompromising stand and calm courage were joined in him with high and binding social consciousness; human dignity and self-respect, human honesty and conscience were to him the main prop of social life. His works reflected the rise of new self-consciousness among the Ukrainian youth, where through the layers of past ages are growing the shoots of perennial greenery and youth of human

dignity, human freedom and independence, invincibility and inexhaustible human spirit "that spurs the body to the struggle", that calls one to stand by his nation and to make that the meaning of his life.

Such was the lesson given to us by Vasyl Symonenko, by his works and by his whole moral and social personality. Now a question arises: can we learn the lesson ourselves? And in this respect I am personally alarmed and saddened by nothing else but our "unanimous" love of him, Vasyl Symonenko.

It appears that today Vasyl Symonenko is loved by all. He is loved by the "general public" and by high-ranking officials. He is loved by "Literaturna Ukraina", edited as if it were a wall-newspaper of a district branch of the militia, and he is loved by the doctor of philology, corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR, Secretary of the Union of Writers of the USSR — Leonid Mykolayovych Novychenko. And all of us together love Vasyl Symonenko very much. Some are so blind in their love (or perhaps because of their humanity) that they are not aware that it is of no use for them to love him, since they did not walk the same path with Vasyl during his life, they will not walk the same path after his death. And one wants to beg them: "Be magnanimous; don't love Symonenko!" But they are not such disinterested people as not to love him. They are shrewd; they will go on loving him because they know that with hatred one can only kill the living, but with love one can kill even the dead. But anyway, we should convince them that it is not in their interest to love Symonenko, because he may, even from the other world, create such a furore yet that it would take them a long time to disown him.

At the time when they signed brave public letters to the newspapers protesting against the cutting down of Christmas Trees at the time of the New Year, Vasyl Symonenko was troubled by the cutting down of other kinds of trees. And he was troubled even more by the following phenomenon: Even when nobody was cutting the tree, and it was surrounded by highly-qualified gardeners, and for its cultivation funds were provided from the already overtaxed national budget, it still

was withering. People passing by it wondered and said: "It seems the tree is of such poor stock that it is drying out by itself". The philosophers were explaining: "No, the tree is not bad, it has equal rights, but such is the law of history!" And at the same time, far from the human eye, underground, the roots of the tree were undercut utilizing all the earth-digging machinery".

At the same time when they were great realists they knew well what is permitted to be done and what is prohibited, which is the winning side and which is the losing side, which way the famous wheel of history was ordered to turn and which way it is not permitted to turn. They imagined the wheel to be like a windlass in the mine that is being rotated by the horses blinded from going in circles, and the immediate driver as personal plenipotentiary of history itself who transmits its table of commandments by a whip; at the time of their mercenary sobriety, V. Symonenko was a hopeless Don Quixote in the words of Lesya Ukrainka. He refused to acknowledge the so-called "historical gap" as the "real gap" and demanded something impossible: "Let Americas and Russias⁷ be quiet when I am speaking with you". And it is obvious with whom he was speaking. And all this, oh, how impossible and hopeless from the point of view of the educated and the all-wise sucking-pig that knows very well the laws of history and in good conscience has sucked the political wisdom from a mechanized trough. And how ironically and how nobly it will squeal when it hears, let's say, the following:

"My nation exists, my nation will always exist!
Nobody will scratch out my nation!
All renegades and strays will disappear,
And so will the hordes of conquerors-invaders!
You, bastards of satanical hangmen,
Don't forget, degenerates, anywhere:
My nation exists! In its hot veins
The Cossack blood is pulsing and humming."

⁷ "Let Americas and Russias..." — reference to his conversation with Ukraine.

The authorities are not used to such words. Also our easily frightened patriots are not used to them.

At the time when they were reassuring us that the most sacred civic faith was the belief in Shchedrin⁸-type town governors, and the greatest act of public wisdom was to stand before them at attention, Vasyl Symonenko wrote otherwise:

“Tremble, murderers! Think, toadies!
Life does not fit upon your last...”

At the time when they were praising and entertaining themselves with novels on the occasion of each consecutive “measure” that should have, very shortly, made the collective farm workers very happy, but for some reason turned out to be sclerotic, V. Symonenko wrote his “Thief” and “Elegy for a Corn-Cob That Died at the Depot”.

We have a category of poets who are swaggering about their peasant background and on those grounds consider themselves great “muzhik democrats”. They make it their duty “to glorify common working people” with all kinds of clever verbiage. One will call the poor collective farm worker Prometheus⁹; one will name him Hercules¹⁰, and another one will find a dozen of Antaei¹¹ in his village. And at the same time they are very proud of their noble-mindedness, as if saying: look, how well we are able to give honour to the people. But the fact that those Antaei and Promethei were getting meagre pennies for their work, had no right to a pension, and have no passports to the present day, did not disturb the people’s lovers

⁸ SHCHEDRIN — NIKOLAI SHCHEDRIN (pseud. Mikhail Saltykov) (1826-1889), Russian author; he attacked contemporary conditions in Russia in Aesopic language and devoted attention to the study of decaying gentry.

⁹ PROMETHEUS — in Greek religion, a Titan; he gave fire and arts to mankind; Zeus punished him for this by chaining him to a mountain where a vulture devoured his liver.

¹⁰ HERCULES — most popular hero in Greek and Roman legends; famous for his extraordinary strength and courage; son of Zeus and Alcmene; hated by Hera.

¹¹ ANTAEUS, in Greek mythology, giant; son of Poseidon; he became stronger when touching earth (his mother, Gaea); Hercules overcame him by lifting him into the air.

and they did not care whether the people wanted these empty, and lavishly paid for "respects", or whether the people wanted something else.

These matters were understood in a different way by Vasyl Symonenko, when he wrote his "Ballad on Happiness."

At the time when a certain "good man" in the Kremlin officially divided creative intelligentsia into "clean" and "unclean", and in fulfilment of this sinister joke the literary janissaries threw themselves into the task of perfecting the lists, who should go to paradise and who should go to hell, V. Symonenko wrote the poem "Punishment" — about the happiness to be thrown out of paradise.

No matter how long one would continue the comparisons, it is clear that not only all parallel lines will never cross one another, but a straight and curved line will never cross. Of course, it does not mean that the curved line cannot become a straight line. This does not mean that someone has a right to love Symonenko and someone else does not have that right. Not at all. But V. Symonenko is not an opera tenor who for his performance could be applauded by all, with the same excitement and without "consequences" to their conduct, from a philosopher to the embezzler of public property. V. Symonenko was poet of a definite idea, and he who declares his love of him thereby takes upon himself definite obligations. It is completely proper not to profess Symonenko. But it is improper to shed tears over Symonenko today while tomorrow those same tears from those same eyes splash on the denunciation of Lina Kostenko, composed with a heavy heart for *Literaturna Ukraina*. It is improper to say today that one has been moved by Symonenko's book, while tomorrow the same person, as he did yesterday, will sniff out and bait Symonenko's principles in Ukrainian literature: will project one's subjective fear as an objective law of nature and demand the same from others, using one's position, authority, and knowledge not for the support of honest trends in literature but in order to throw a flair of intellectuality on one's very mercenary functions of a literary guard.

In short, such people should be told: you are pouring tears over Symonenko, you assure us that you love him, then learn from him to be human, and not the informers and hypocrites about whom Shevchenko said:

“Oh, vain and cursed breed,
When will you perish?”...

AN OPEN LETTER TO “LITERATURNA UKRAINA”¹

(according to the manuscript of the author, preserving all the features of the original, even the errors)

Honourable Editorial Board!

I have the constant need to verbalize aloud that which disturbs and hurts me. The occasion for this became the intentionally chosen passages from the diary of V. Symonenko, entitled “The Borderland of Thoughts”, reproduced by some ill-meaning hand and transferred abroad. They disturbed me not because people’s doubts and reflections, entrusted onto paper, which are advantageous for someone to publish as commandments, are capable of influencing unsteady minds and thoughtless heads.

I do not appraise the entries in V. Symonenko’s diary any differently than as the product of a moral and spiritual crisis of the poet, caused by circumstances which I will relate below.

An (illegible — “U.V.”)² friendship tied me with V. Symonenko, the basis for which was that shared in common which joined us so, and that which made us diverse. Both Vasyl and I grew up without fathers. Mine was killed by the kulaks and Vasyl’s deserted his mother. I loved and still love my father, whom I have never seen, with filial devotion. Vasyl, on the

¹ LITERATURNA UKRAINA (Literary Ukraine) — organ of the WUU.

² U. V. — Ukrainskyi Visnyk.

contrary, did not wish to see or know his own living father. Vasyl completed university. I finished the Literary Institute, where the representatives of forty-seven nationalities and peoples studied along with me. I derived a deep feeling of the brotherly union of nations and their cultures. From the capital something drew me to my native Cherkasy region, in order to devote myself to creative reflection, unhurriedly and lengthily. Vasyl was assigned to come here, and recalling the vociferous shouts of the capital, he was depressed by the peripheral silence.

We met and became friends in the first days after his arrival to Cherkasy. He was intelligent and a witty interlocutor. Recalling student youthful pranks and noisy appearances in the capital, he laughed at his own naivety, when simple and insignificant successes turned his head. He did not envy, but ironized those coevals, who published early ripening butterflies. He did not find it necessary to ridicule those, who at the price of any kind of scandalous glory, itched to rush to Parnassus.¹ A healthy and creative atmosphere, the life and work on a Cherkasy editorial board, became apparent in that... (illegible — ed.) of Symonenko's poetry. It was here that he wrote "Zhorna" [Grind-stone], "Did Umer" [Grandfather Died], "Ni ne Vmerla Ukraina" [No, Ukraine Is Not Dead], "Symfonia Proshchanya" [Symphony of Farewell], "Proklyatyia" [A Curse], and all the best articles which determined the image of his first collection "Tysha i Hrim" [Silence and Thunder]. After the publication of the book, Symonenko more and more often makes, in his words, "cavalier raids" on Lviv, Odessa, and Kryvyi Rih². At that time Vinhranovskyi and Drach appeared on the arena. They introduced themselves noisily and pretenciously. He related something about them to the people of Cherkasy: "Young Pleiad"³, "This young constellation of poets and critics".

¹ Parnassus — a lofty mountain of Greece, North of Delphi, associated with the workshop of Apollo and the Muses.

² KRYVYI RIH — industrial center in the Dnipropetrovsk Region of UkSSR (pop. ca. 590,000).

³ Pleiad — a constellation conspicuous for its brilliance.

One could not but perceive that with each return from these 'cavalier raids', V. Symonenko changed beyond recognition.

From somewhere, there appeared finicality, a posing in his judgement and whoever did not agree with him, was branded by him with the name of pygmy. This was not inherent but acquired. And Vasyl reproached himself for this in his diary, "...I am ashamed to recall yesterday's conduct. I conducted myself like scum and even insulted people". And then again his Kyivan friends raided Cherkasy. Vasyl appeared with them before some students, and read not for them, but for a small group of connoisseurs of poetry, who later slapped him on the back. To one of the notes handed to him, he answered gritting his teeth, "Which pygmy could write this?"

From the entries in Symonenko's diary, it is not difficult to see the platform on which the poets of the "Young Pleiad" met. All of them wished to be great, even though they pretended to be humble: "We, by our feeble ideas, will fertilize the ground on which a giant will grow, the future Taras or Franko⁴. I await him like a believer awaits the advent of Christ. I believe that I will be fortunate enough to hear the joyous Hosanna in honour of his coming. Only let him not disrespect us, the small unskilled workmen of poetry. He will grow out of us." In order to become the new Messiah, one must complete something grandiose and shake the world with something, to find the point of support, to discover something, to fight against something, and to protect something. And the point of support is found.

"I rose in opposition to the new religion, against the hypocrites, who, not without success, attempt to transform Marxism into a religion." The logic of the idea of the "new Messiah" affirms the ancient and rusty arsenal borrowed from bourgeois propaganda: "No learning should dare to monopolize the spiritual life of humanity." There is no need here to protect Marxism. It defended and consolidated itself in practice, by

⁴ TARAS or FRANKO — reference to poet Taras Shevchenko and writer Ivan Franko.

the secular historical and social development of humanity. One wants to demonstrate how a toy in the possession of a grown man can and did reduce a person by the example of Symonenko.

But we shall trace how this toy in the possession of a grown man leads to moral and physical exhaustion (that magot which like a termite corrodes the tree from within). Everything lived through and produced by him prior to this, appears insignificant and pitiful to him. He wants to rebel. All around him are hypocrites, liars, and narrow-minded persons. Irritated shouts instead of thoughts and emotions burst into poetical verse. "Curses upon you, you despicable hypocrites, in whichever deeds you may loaf about." He wants to rebel. But against whom? against what? In the hour of enlightenment, he himself understands what the repeat... Thoughts about "murdered beliefs and hopes" cross from verse to verse, although the thought is not his own, but found in Stelmakh's⁵ "truth and injustice".

Alienation from national life, from daily problems, gives birth to a life of a still narrower circle of interests for the appreciators of rebellious poetry. He wants to rebel. But against whom, against what?

"I do not know whether it is like this with everyone", the poet converses with himself... "Ideas strive for shocks, while the mind fears them".

Which attempts and shocks are we concerned with? Ob-

⁵ MYKHAYLO STELMAKH (1912-), writer; graduated from Department of Literature, Pedagogical Institute of Vinnytsya (Regional center of UkSSR; pop. ca. 220,000) in 1933; research worker at the Institute of Arts, Folklore and Ethnography of the AS of UkSSR; Lenin Prize laureate (1962); deputy to the Supreme Soviet of USSR; in 1965 while deputy chairman of the Council of the Union of the USSR Supreme Soviet, together with two other prominent personalities, writer *Andriy Malyshko* (1912-1970), deputy of the UkSSR Supreme Soviet and executive member of the WUU, Party member, and *Heorhiy Mayboroda* (1913-) Soviet Ukrainian composer, People's Artist of USSR and deputy of the Supreme Soviet of UkSSR, president of the Composers' Union of Ukraine (CUU) — he addressed a query about arrests of intellectuals in Ukraine to the CC of CP of Ukraine and protested against the arbitrary arrests.

viously, not with those, on which are determined the conquerors of space, or the fighters for a great national cause. Hopelessness and loss of faith had a fatal effect on the moral and physical state of the poet. "My extinction has probably begun", he noted down on July 22, 1963. "It's a strange thing, I don't want death, but I have no particular avidity for life". In Cherkasy, he did not find any adherents, no 'spiritual brethren', and felt lonely by himself, like Crusoe⁶ on a savage island. And here he admits to himself, "It seems that I have begun to write worse than I did a year ago. My mind and heart have become lazy". The implacable disease⁷ gained the upper hand over the morally exhausted organism.

Admirers of Symonenko's talent do not know him as he appears from the entries in his diary. The book "Silence and Thunder", "The Earth's Gravity", the joyous and instructive exquisite short stories found and do find more and more new readers, true friends of the poet. Everything of value that Symonenko created in his short life-time rightly entered into Ukrainian literature and will be treasured for a long time.

I do not want to touch upon his "borders of thoughts", for the poet himself bore in his epigraph: "to read someone else's diary without permission — is the Everest of foulness". But "friends" were found, who took all of his manuscripts from the poet's family and without permission allowed them to circulate from hand to hand in photocopies and reprints, gave nourishment to our enemies abroad, to savour them in all possible ways, to quote them however they may desire.

This is baseness. This is the height of baseness, to say the least.

In April, 1965.

Mykola Nehoda

⁶ *Crusoe* — Robinson Crusoe.

⁷ *disease* — reference to cancer of which Vasyl Symonenko died.

Ivan DRACH

TO VASYL' SYMONENKO

And how are you, then Vasył', deep under
The good earth and the tillage, there below?
In that cemetery style, I wonder,
Should we make our telegrams' wings grow?
Now so many sad lays are demanded,
For plans well laid such trappings-down demanded,
So that young honeys bitterly decay,
O death, take your hand of black away!

What is it that you hear beneath the earth now,
When towards this world you turn your ear?...
And for you what are our balsams worth now
From young jubilees of bitter years?

On your brows stars have fallen, blackly gleaming,
Have blackened all the thoughts and lays of dreaming,
Blackened all the honeys' gold array,
O death, take your hand of black away!

Sleep, son of the soil! There roots are golden.
Bold the lightnings that your brows have shed.
A fireburst — and traitor cobwebs are folded
In flame from the firebrand of your head.

Round this fire, how many are fire-wardens!
And how many watchmen, watchful guarding,
And how many voiceless watersprays!
O death, take your hand of black away!

In our sinful sky, sun-perfume hovers,
In the sun appears your flame of rust.
To join you we all must soon pass over,
Only let Ukraine not pass with us!
For though for ever sad lays be demanded,
Stamping and trampling ever be commanded,
Let not young honeys bitterly decay,
Let golden honeys breath their scent always,
O death, take your hand of black away.

TO VASYL' SYMONENKO

I have given you all.
And out of my acorn
some day may revolt
oak-torches leaping...
But in me?
In me only tears of heart-aching,
that into me you were laughing
and weeping.
And on this your grief
my last and final bed is now rocking,
my coffin,
with guelder-roses and hurts filled.
Maybe of old I would water it when it
stood as a fir still.
Or maybe when I took my heart to widows
To glaze into their homes' windows revealing,
It came to travel on the highway with me,
Or maybe, glittered at my heels?
In the Ukrainian heavens
you have built a tomb.
So be it! But do not puff up your feathers;
Am I a planet, meteor, starry heaven,
Or body which is not what it might have become?
I'll look into the earth,
bound by harsh toil and torment.
And into stone I'll turn then,
Alarmed, when you to me like Icarus fly soaring,
And half-way on your flight fall, burning.

TO SYMONENKO

You know, there is such joy waiting,
And happiness wondrous ever,
For the bright day's sake unhesitating,
To plunge as a hawk from the heavens.

The sky, like wool carded and shredded,
On the grey antennas hangs, draping,
Like a white lion, dishevelled,
L'viv in the darkness awakened.

The castle's high head is inclining,
The maples like men have grown grey now,
Above the town, oboes are pining,
In a long graveyard prelude of wailing.

...Where Dnipro like a minstrel is singing,
Where the high gravemounds loom ever,
To the door of old Onysia winging,
A hawk plunged like lightning from heaven.

A poet's road is long and weary,
Not light is the road spread before him,
Thorns, Dantes, widows appearing,
Sun and... a pedestal for him.

But the poet still has a joy waiting,
The poet has happiness ever, —
For the bright day's sake, unhesitating,
To plunge as a hawk from the heavens.

...For him was a need, growing ever,
To share out the sun to people.
He plunged from the depth of the heavens,
A drop of sun in his breast's keeping.

Like a meteor resounding, plunged quickly,
Breast burned by the sun in its keeping.
But there are poets who sicken,
For poets also are people.

And poets also are lovers,
And poets, too, are day-dreamers,
A poet's fond eyes linger over
His sturdy sons in his dreaming.

And poets, too, can rejoice blithely,
The coolness of wine they can treasure,
They know the grace of Aphrodite,
They hear Robertino with pleasure.

But there is another joy waiting,
And another happiness ever,
For the bright day's sake, unhesitating,
To plunge as a hawk from the heavens.

...Where Dnipro like a minstrel is singing,
Where the high gravemounds loom ever,
To the door of old Onysia winging,
A hawk plunged like lightning from heaven.

For there is this strange joy waiting,
There is this strange happiness ever,
For the bright day's sake, unhesitating,
To plunge as a hawk from the heavens.

THE CHRONICLE

KYIV

Oleksander Serhiyenko, an instructor of drafting and drawing at the Kyiv school No. 97 has been dismissed from work illegally.

The day before the trial of Valentyn Moroz in Ivano-Frankivsk, O. Serhiyenko became ill and did not show up for work. On the same day a delegation of teachers appeared at his home. Failing to believe that their colleague was at the polyclinic, they went there as well in search of Serhiyenko. When he recovered, the principal of the Ukrainian school summoned Serhiyenko for a talk and was interested to know "how did it come about that he had to go to some trial".* He frankly explained the reason for the teachers' visit: "The comrades were interested in you, and the faculty had to convince itself whether you were really sick". In order to save Serhiyenko from harmful influences, the principal directly decided to increase his load, adding lessons in physics. But this could not be done, since Serhiyenko did not have the necessary education.

On December 7, 1970, O. Serhiyenko spoke at the funeral of Alla Horska. On the next day the principal proposed to O. Serhiyenko to resign "at his own wish", because he was already sick and tired of the fact that "the comrades are constantly interested" in Serhiyenko, and he wants to have peace in his school. Serhiyenko refused to submit such a petition.

On December 27th, with the permission of the principal (since he had no classes and no other activities were scheduled in school the next day) he went to visit his parents. When he returned to work, he was greeted by an order of dismissal... for neglect of duty on December 28th. The principal "did not remember" anything about his permission. Now Oleksander Serhiyenko is unemployed.

* The conversation was conducted in Russian.

The mother of O. Serhiyenko — pensioner *Oksana Meshko*¹ (who spent 10 years in Stalinist camps, rehabilitated) — is also subjected to persecution by the KGB. She is well-known for her civic activity, the protests against repressions, in particular against the arrest of V. Moroz.

Lately O. Meshko noticed more often that she was being watched — in the store, in the coffee house, in the trolley bus. The persons who were escorting her tried purposely to be seen by her (for instance, when she was held up in a line, the “escort” without fail peeked through the window or the door impatiently several times).

When it became apparent that O. Meshko does not exhibit any signs of fear, the actions toward her changed somewhat.

After one of the rehearsals of the choir “Homin” [Echo], which meets in the club “Kharchovyk”² on behalf of the republican Choir Association, O. Meshko was stopped by an employee of the KGB and allegedly a worker of the Regional Committee of the Communist Party of Ukraine and they proposed to her to have a conversation with the director of the club. They dragged her to the office almost by force and began to ask her what is she doing here, what she is by profession, where she works, where she lives. After this, the club’s director explained that she “does not like the conduct” of O. Meshko, who allegedly “is trying to win over members of other amateur collectives to that choir of hers “Homin”, which, by the way, does not correspond to the truth.

The director told the choir director, *Leopold Yashchenko*³,

¹ OKSANA MESHKO — mother of O. Serhiyenko; pensioner; former prisoner of Stalinist forced labor camps for 10 years.

² KLYUB KHARCHOVYK — Club of employers of food supply industry.

³ LEOPOLD YASHCHENKO — member of the Composers’ Union of Ukraine (CUU); choir director of *Homin* (Echo) in Kyiv; graduated from Arts Institute in Kyiv; dismissed from his position at the Institute of Arts, Folklore and Ethnography (IAFE) of the AS of UkSSR; arrested in January 1972.

that she will no longer allow O. Meshko in the club, as "a person with a hostile attitude". As a result of this, O. Meshko was forced to leave the choir.

★

The amateur choir "Homin" is enjoying wide popularity in Kyiv. (Its director Leopold Yashchenko, M. A., was expelled in 1968 from the Institute of Art, Folklore and Ethnography at the Academy of Sciences of the Ukr. SSR for signing a protest statement against the violations of socialist legality). The repertoire of the ensemble includes old Ukrainian folk songs, predominantly ceremonial. The members of the choir are workers, office employees, students and aspirants.

From the time of the choir's random founding, obstacles have constantly been placed before it (lack of quarters for rehearsals, a prohibition to perform spring songs and dances on the streets, in the parks, and so forth).

When, having overcome these difficulties, the choir established itself, an individual working over of its members began. The aspirants are being summoned for talks in the department, new singers are being asked who recruited them for this choir, from whom have they found out about it. As a result some attend rehearsals in fear.

In October 1970, the critic and translator, *Ivan Svitlychnyi*, was summoned to the chief of the district department of the militia and it was proposed to him as an ultimatum to get a job immediately, threatening to make him answerable for "idleness".

As is known, I. Svitlychnyi completed his post-graduate work at the Institute of Literature of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukr. SSR at the end of the 50's, and in the beginning of the 60's he often appeared in the role of a literary critic. Repressive measures have been applied to him as early as the beginning of the 60's (dismissal from work at the journal *Dnipro*, etc.). In early 1964, I. Svitlychnyi was dismissed from the Institute of Philosophy at the Academy of Sciences of the Ukr. SSR for appearing at an evening dedicated to the memory of V. Symonenko in the Kyiv Medical Institute on December 20, 1963.

On July 12, 1965, he was removed from the post of editor in charge of language and dictionaries at the publishing house "Scientific Thought" on instructions of academician I. Bilodid⁴, whose academic incompetence was exposed by I. Svitlychnyi in the article "Harmony and Algebra" (*Dnipro*, No. 3, 1965).

In early September 1965, I. Svitlychnyi was arrested together with a large group of Ukrainian intelligentsia. He was released from under investigation on April 30, 1966 as the result of active protests by the public both in Ukraine and abroad. From then on he could not find a job in his profession: he engaged in literary work at home. In 1970 the publishing house "Dnipro" published "Songs" by Béranger⁵, most of which were translated by I. Svitlychnyi.

I. Svitlychnyi was called out for the second time, with analogous threats, when V. Moroz was being tried at Ivano-Frankivsk. I. Svitlychnyi proved that he had publishing contracts, receives compensation and is not "being idle" — and for the time being, he was left in peace.

*

In October 1970, the literary critic and journalist *Yevhen Sverstyuk* found himself in danger of losing his job.

Ye. Sverstyuk was dismissed from research work at the Institute of Pedagogy in 1965 for a critical speech before the teachers of Volynia. He found a job as executive secretary in the *Ukrainian Botanical Journal* and is working there for over five years.

Now Ye. Sverstyuk has been told that he is not working in his profession and it was suggested to him to search for another job. The dates have been set several times and although Ye. Sverstyuk has not been discharged yet, the threat of this is constantly hanging over him.

⁴ IVAN BILODID (1906-), linguist; vice-president of AS of UkSSR; Party member; a hard-liner and fierce critic of the dissident Ukrainian intellectuals.

⁵ PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER (1780-1857), French poet; author of many popular songs.

No one doubts that the attempted repressive measures in relation to Ye. Sverstyuk and I. Svitlychnyi have been brought about solely by their public activity.

*

Every year the number of carollers on New Year increases in Kyiv. Over 20 "companies" of carollers greeted the Kyivans with the year 1971.

But even in this innocent custom, perhaps because of its Ukrainian character and the Ukrainian language, they continue to see "political intrigue".

In Darnytsya⁶ the company "Rukh" (Movement), which was composed of students of the Kyiv Polytechnic Institute, was attacked by the head of the Dnipro Regional Executive Committee of Kyiv with the militia. He was particularly annoyed for some reason by "Cossack Mamay"⁷ who was being carried by the carollers. "Surround and seize them; arrest the hooligans" — he ordered the militia. The students on their part demanded that the militia arrest the drunken official.

At the railroad station persons in civilian clothes stopped another group of carollers, brought them to the militia room, checked their passports and categorically forbade them to carol at the station.

*

At a closed party meeting of the Institute of Arts, Folklore and Ethnography of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukr. SSR, the case of the Institute's research worker *Tamara Hirnyk*⁸, who went to carol with the choir "Homin", was examined. T. Hirnyk is studying folk customs; she is a member of the commission at the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the Ukr. SSR dealing with the introduction of new customs. Wishing

⁶ DARNYTSYA — industrial district of Kyiv located on the left bank of Dnipro River (pop. ca. 300,000).

⁷ COSSACK MAMAY — Cossack-bandurist (*bandura* — Ukrainian national string instrument known since the XVIth century) shown on paintings popular during XVII-XVIII centuries usually accompanied by a short poem-song about national struggle of Ukrainian people; such songs-ballads are very common in Ukraine today.

to see on the spot how carolling is being done now, she reached an agreement with the choir "Homin", which even hired a bus officially. After this T. Hirnyk published an article on carols in the paper *Literaturna Ukraina*.

The discussion of T. Hirnyk's "case" in the Institute ended with a verbal reprimand for her participation in carolling.

*

At that same Institute of Arts, Folklore and Ethnography of the AS Ukr. SSR, administrative repressions were applied to a research worker whose last name needs verification. His first name is Vasyl Mykytovych, who works in the folklore department. He wrote several works dealing with folklore and gave them to his supervisor to look over. She decided that the works were written from a hostile position; the author was removed from research work and transferred to the low-paid post of bibliographer. During the examination of his "case" he was asked under whose influence he finds himself, to which the scholar answered: Kostomarov's⁹, Drahomanov's¹⁰...

*

Punishment was administered to a bandura¹¹ player of the orchestra of Ukrainian folk instruments *Vasyl Lytvyn*. In the short time of its existence, this orchestra gained popularity. This was largely due to bandura players from the Kirovograd region, the brothers Vasyl and Mykola Lytvyn, whose performance was always received by the audience with great enthusiasm, which spontaneously turned into a patriotic demonstration.

⁸ TAMARA HIRNYK — philologist; research worker at the Institute of Arts, Folklore and Ethnography of the AS of UkrSSR; one of the 139 signatories of an "Appeal to Brezhnev, Kosygin and Podgorny" (1968) in defense of persecuted Ukrainian intellectuals.

⁹ MYKOLA KOSTOMAROV (1817-1885), prominent Ukrainian historian, writer and journalist.

¹⁰ MYKHAYLO DRAHOMANOV (1841-1895), outstanding historian and literary scholar; he greatly influenced the development of Ukrainian historical thought; uncle of the poetess Lesya Ukrainka.

¹¹ BANDURA — an old Ukrainian national string instrument.

Fearing this enthusiasm, upon personal instructions of the deputy head of the Council of Ministers of the Ukr. SSR, P. Tronko, the Lytvyn brothers were prohibited from appearing with solo numbers and repressions were started against them. They were neither provided with living quarters, nor with a residence permit, although they were included in the orchestra as the result of a competition and were entitled to this. The wife of V. Lytvyn, *Antonia Harmash*, was dismissed from the publishing house "Molod", where she was working as editor, under the pretext that she does not have a Kyiv residence permit. Vasyl Lytvyn managed to find a half ruined shack 70 kms. away from Kyiv, where he settled his wife with their two small children, and himself lived in a hostel. His wife found a job as a letter carrier.

The art director of the orchestra, Orlov, in the meantime, gave the Lytvyn brothers to understand that he is going to throw them out of the orchestra at the first opportunity. In January 1971, Vasyl Lytvyn's children became ill and he did not come to rehearsals for several days. He handed in a note about the children's illness. Nevertheless Orlov ultimately demanded that V. Lytvyn submit an application of resignation at his own request, for otherwise he will be dismissed for truancy. V. Lytvyn was forced to file such an application — and he is unemployed as of the end of January 1971.

Besides having a very high performance skill, the Lytvyn brothers themselves composed several songs. The most well known is "The roads have crossed in the steppe" to the words of Vasyl Symonenko.

*

On the initiative of the KGB, the establishment in Kyiv of a chamber music-hall orchestra, which was to function at the Ukrainian choral society, was banned. The organization of the orchestra was entrusted to a young composer *Vadym Smohytel*, who prior to this directed a vaudeville company in the restaurant "Poltava". For two months the enthusiasts rehearsed their numbers in the time free from work and study. Finally they were heard by the Commission of the Choral Society,

headed by the society's head, composer Kozak. The ensemble received the highest rating and they were told that in the near future the orchestra will be officially approved. They proposed only a change of name to... "Chamber orchestra of Russian, Ukrainian and Byelorussian songs" and an introduction of corresponding changes in the repertoire. In order to save the ensemble, V. Smohytel was forced to agree to such a strange proposition.

However, on the next day the soloist of the orchestra was told on the telephone that a representative of the ministry, who is waiting for her at the entrance to the Ivan Franko Theater, wants to meet with her on the subject of the orchestra. Near the theater the girl was approached by a self-assured, pampered man, who called himself Arkadiy Petrovych, showed a KGB identification card and suggested that they "talk". He asked what kind of an orchestra they are creating and whether it has a nationalistic character. He said that V. Smohytel is a man of doubtful loyalty, etc.

The soloist told V. Smohytel about this conversation, and the latter became indignant and went to the Choral Society to inquire who, for all that, is in charge of art here — the KGB or the art organizations. As a result the orchestra was banned. V. Smohytel, who prior to this resigned from his previous post, remained unemployed.

*

Philologist *Lidiya Orel*¹², who in recent time taught at Kyiv School No. 49, has been subjected to repressions a successive time. L. Orel is a wonderful pedagogue and the faculty has evaluated her work highly. This was the case before the principal received information from appropriate organs. He summoned L. Orel for a talk and began asking her what kind of singing she attends, where suspicious persons gather, and which

¹² LIDIYA OREL — teacher, wife of the choir director L. Yashchenko; one of the speakers at the 11-15 February Conference in Kyiv on the problems of Ukrainian language; twice dismissed from employment in different schools; one of the 139 signatories of an "Appeal to Brezhnev, Kosygin and Podgorny" in defense of persecuted Ukrainian intellectuals.

is directed by some man who does not work anywhere (the choir "Homin" was meant, which is directed by Lidiya Orel's husband, Leopold Yashchenko, who was brutally expelled in 1969 from the Institute of Art). The principal placed a condition: "Either singing, or school". L. Orel declared that she will attend rehearsals and that she will go carolling on New Year. In early 1971, she was forced to resign from work.

*

The previous issue reported on the search during work of the candidate of philology, the senior staff member of the Institute of Literature of the AS Ukr. SSR, member of the Writers' Union of the Ukr. SSR, *Viktor Ivanysenko*¹³. It was thought that the matter would end with his expulsion from the party and criticism at the meeting. Yet, on somebody's directions, after a long pause they returned to this matter again. V. Ivanysenko was transferred to a low paying job of laboratory assistant, although he is actually doing the same work. The defense of his doctoral dissertation, which he had prepared, has been made impossible. Finally, at the meeting of the board of the Kyiv oblast writers' organization Viktor Ivanysenko was expelled from the Writers' Union (this expulsion should be confirmed by the Presidium of the Writers' Union of Ukraine). At the meeting of the board repentance was demanded of Ivanysenko and he was asked where he got the underground publications which had been confiscated from him. To this Ivanysenko expressed his astonishment that the writers' organization is engaged in questioning, which generally is conducted by other organs. Ivanysenko was attacked particularly sharply by the member of the board of the Kyiv oblast writers' organization, Prof. *Arsen Ishchuk*¹⁴... *Writers Borys*

¹³ VIKTOR IVANYSENKO (1927-), poet, literary critic; graduated from Philology Department of Kharkiv University (1953); Party member; expelled from WUU; his name has been deleted from the 1970 Edition of *"The Writers of the Soviet Ukraine"*, a *Bibliographical Guide* (1966 Edition of same still contains his name and picture).

¹⁴ ARSEN ISHCHUK (1908-), professor; chairman of the Department of History of Ukrainian Literature, Kyiv University; writer, literary critic; Party member.

Oliynyk¹⁵, Hryhoriy (or Anatoliy?) Koval¹⁶ and Dmytro Mishchenko¹⁷ voted against V. Ivanysenko's expulsion from the Writers' Union of Ukraine.

Although Viktor Ivanysenko has not been definitively expelled from the Writers' Union of Ukraine, in the book "The Writers of Soviet Ukraine, A Bibliographic Directory" ("Radayanskyi pysmennyk" [Soviet Writer], Kyiv, 1970) pages 163-164 and 529-530 have been torn out from the entire edition and others pasted in — already without any mention of Ivanysenko.



On November 30, 1970 an evening of young Ukrainian Soviet poetry at the Kyiv Polytechnic Institute, which was to have been conducted by the actor of the Academic Theater of Lviv named after M. Zankovetska¹⁸, *Svyatoslav Maksymchuk*, was banned.

In October 1970 S. Maksymchuk gave two large concerts in Kyiv — at the Philharmonic Society and in the republican Architect's Building. The concerts had great success; favourable reports appeared in the press, in particular in the paper *Mołoda Gvardiya*.¹⁹

These concerts were attended by *Viktor Dyumin*, a second year student of the Mechanical and the Machine Building faculty of the KPI. Dyumin is an excellent student, a member of the Komsomol office of the faculty, a Russian by nationality. He

¹⁵ BORYS OLIYNYK (1935-), poet; Party member; graduated from School of Journalism, Kyiv University (1958); since 1969 deputy chairman of the Kyiv Branch of WUU.

¹⁶ DMYTRO MISHCHENKO (1921-), writer; Party member; graduated from the Philology Department, Kyiv University (1951); senior research worker at the Department of Ukrainian Literature, Kyiv University (1951-1954); editor-in-chief of the Publishing House "*Soviet Writer*."

¹⁷ HRYHORIY KOVAL (1921-), writer; Party member; graduated from Kyiv Institute of Education (1951); employed by the Publishing House "*Soviet Writer*."

¹⁸ MARIYA ZANKOVETSKA (1860-1934), great Ukrainian dramatic actress.

¹⁹ MOŁODA GWARDIYA — (The Young Guard) — publication of the Communist Youth League of Ukraine.

liked Maksymchuk's performance very much and with the newspaper *Moloda Gvardiya* in his hand turned to the faculty Kom-somol office with a suggestion to invite Maksymchuk to its course, in order to continue the evening of poetry. The office supported Dyumin and placed an official request to the bureau of propaganda of the republican Litterateurs' Building, which then invited S. Maksymchuk to appear at the KPI on November 30th.

On November 30th notices were posted about the fact that an evening of young Ukrainian poetry was to be held in the assembly hall. And at 14 hours the Party Committee of the institute created a special commission which tore down all posters. Dyumin was called to the Party Committee and told that there would be no evening of Ukrainian poetry at the institute. No clearcut arguments were given. First it was said that Maksymchuk's program is nationalistic; then, to the contrary, they declared that some "nationalists are going to throw rotten eggs" at the actor. Dyumin replied that Maksymchuk's program was approved, that he appeared with it at the philharmonic with a paid concert and that there had been no excesses there of any kind. Then in the Party Committee it was said that the course must be assigned a hall, that a permit for this evening must be obtained at the Party Committee (although for similar evenings of Russian poetry nobody ever obtains a permit and conducts them in the assembly hall).

The evening was nonetheless prohibited. The assembly hall was closed and two ranks of guards were posted, who were to establish who came to the evening of *Ukrainian* poetry.

Let us remind you that in the Kyiv Polytechnic Institute no lesson is read in Ukrainian. The Institute's rector, Serhiy Ivanovych *Plyhunov*, is a staunch Russifier.

After the said affair, Dyumin and other students were asked whether they often attend Ukrainian evenings and why they go there.

DNIPROPETROVSK²⁰

In the previous issue it was briefly reported about the propaganda campaign in Dnipropetrovsk after the trial of Sokulskyi²¹ and others in January 1970. At present an opportunity exists to give more accurate and more complete data on the basis of an article by *F. Tsukanov* in the oblast paper *Zorya*²² for July 31, 1970 and verbal reports.

In the enterprises and institutions of Dnipropetrovsk and the oblast, meetings were organized for the condemnation of "criminals" — "bourgeois nationalists", Sokulskyi and Kulchynskyi²³. At the same time the text of "The Letter of Creative Youth" was not read anywhere, while the "crime" was discussed on the basis of the information of secretaries of party organizations. Thus, for instance, in the trucking fleet 21-90, the secretary of the Party office I. Shchurenko, who had not read "The Letter of Creative Youth", informed about the predatory intentions of the nationalists".

The position of the convicted was twisted, the contents of "The Letter..." falsified. Allegedly, it contained calls for Ukraine's secession from the Union, propagated hostility toward the Russian people, etc. (For the text of "The Letter of Creative Youth of Dnipropetrovsk" see the first issue of the "Visnyk").

In the trucking fleet No. 21-90 the "ideologically harmful conduct" of the driver in that fleet, *Oleksander Kuzmenko*, a witness in the Sokulskyi case, was discussed. At the trial, Kuzmenko acted independently and said about the defendants: "They are honest people. I have heard nothing evil from their lips, no political intrigue. If all the people were like Sokulskyi,

²⁰ DNIPROPETROVSK — center of Dnipropetrovsk Region of UkSSR (pop. ca. 700,000).

²¹ IVAN SOKULSKYI (1940-), poet; arrested and sentenced in Dnipropetrovsk to four-and-a-half years of severe regime in January 1970; he is alleged to have confessed to the authorship of "The Letter of Creative Youth of Dnipropetrovsk" sent to the Premier of the UkSSR V. Shcherbytskyi (1968).

²² ZORYA — (The Star) — the Dnipropetrovsk Regional paper.

²³ MYKOLA KULCHYNSKYI (1947-), poet; arrested and sentenced in January 1970 in Dnipropetrovsk to two-and-a-half years of general regime for "anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation."

we would have Communism" (quoted on the basis of an article by Tsukanov). Not considering himself guilty, he at first conducted himself with dignity at the meeting as well. Tsukanov writes about this in the paper with indignation: "Coming out on the stage, he crossed his hands on his chest in a theatrical fashion and brazenly looked at the hall, as if to say, what do they want from me, what are they accusing me of". But they found something of which to accuse him — of the fact that he knew Sokulskyi, and also of some deeds during the war, when Kuzmenko was 16-17 years old. As a matter of fact, Kuzmenko was at one time rehabilitated but today yesterday's rehabilitations cease to be real. Kuzmenko was even blamed for the fact that he collected materials for the honoring of Shevchenko and Lenin, as if to say that he dare not do this with his "soiled hands". Kuzmenko was clearly told that prison awaits him (in the newspaper article, it was stated that at the trial Kuzmenko should not have been the witness but the defendant) and he was forced to repent.

In the second issue of the "Visnyk"²⁴ an open letter to the Dnipropetrovsk newspapers of the Kyiv physician, Mykola Plakhotnyuk, was published. This is how F. Tsukanov replied to this letter in *Zorya* [Star]: "Recently the editorial mail brought a letter from Kyiv. A certain Plakhotnyuk, a physician by profession, appears in the role of a voluntary advocate of Sokulskyi and Company. I do not know whether Kuzmenko will share with him impressions of the meeting, whether he will tell him about the voice of the people which he heard (they are friends nevertheless), but we on our part are suggesting this article as our reply to the muffled cry of despair of a nationalist..."

DONETSK

At the end of 1970 the inquiry in the case of the lecturer of the Medical Institute, the candidate of Medical Science, *Ivan*

²⁴ VISNYK — reference to the Issue II (May 1970) of the Ukrainian Herald.

Suk, arrested in the summer, was still in progress. He was blamed for an unrealized attempt to collect materials and write a work dealing with the national question, in particular, on the situation in Ukraine. His wife, a student at the Medical Institute, is being used for the fabrication of charges and the blackmailing of the arrested.

According to recent information, I. Suk became insane in prison.

THE IVANO-FRANKIVSK REGION

The persecution of artist *Panas Zalyvakha*, who in August 1970 returned from a 5-year imprisonment in Mordovia, continues. It has been reported that "public" surveillance has been instituted over Zalyvakha with the prohibition to leave his house from 1 a. m. to 8 a. m., registration with the militia once every two weeks, check ups at home, etc.

At the beginning of December 1970, P. Zalyvakha went to Kyiv to the funeral of artist Alla Horska with whom he was on friendly terms. He notified the militia beforehand of his trip by an application. Nevertheless, he was punished upon his return. Now he has no right to leave the house between 8 p. m. and 8 a. m., he should register with the militia once a week, and the militia appears for a check at any time of the day or night.

*

Accounts are being squared with the wife of the convicted *Valentyn Moroz*. For five years already, she has worked in the Ivano-Frankivsk Medical Institute, where she is teaching German. After the trial of Moroz, Raisa Moroz²⁵ was unequivocally given to understand that she is working in the institute for the last year. In the spring, a competition is to be announced for the position which is filled by R. Moroz.

The Moroz family was building an apartment for itself in a cooperative way. By the decision of the general meeting of

²⁵ RAISA MOROZ — wife of the convicted Ukrainian historian V. Moroz; teacher of German at the Ivano-Frankivsk Medical Institute.

the cooperative, they were permitted to have a three-room apartment; they paid the necessary sum and had moved in. Now, upon directives of the KGB, they demand that Raisa Moroz move from her apartment into a one-room one. The head of the cooperative makes no efforts to conceal at the meetings that this is being done because R. Moroz's husband has been convicted for "politics".

*

The previous issues reported on the search of May 4, 1970, in connection with V. Moroz's case, at the home of the priest of the village of Kosmach in the Hutsul region, *Vasyl Romanyuk*²⁶. After the trial of V. Moroz, only several religious books were returned to Romanyuk. The rest were confiscated by the Ivano-Frankivsk KGB as banned. Among the banned books were: a number of religious books, including some which were published at the end of the last century and at the beginning of this century, a dramatic poem by Lesya Ukrainka "Boyar-rynya"²⁷ (a photostat from a Soviet publication of the 20's), a book by M. Voznyak²⁸ "The History of Ukrainian Literature", Vol. 2, 16-18th Centuries, 1921, "The History of Ukraine" by M. Arkas²⁹, published in 1909, a file of the newspaper *Nedilya*³⁰ for 1934-1936, the book "World History", calendars, carols, poems by Lepkyi³¹, etc. Correspondence, various notes, abstracts

²⁶ REV. VASYL ROMANYUK — Ukrainian pastor of Kosmach, Kosiv District, Ivano-Frankivsk Region of UkSSR; arrested with Shust and others and sentenced to imprisonment for defending the right of Ukrainian language and culture (1962); subjected to KGB search of his apartment for "anti-Soviet documents and articles of V. Moroz" (1970).

²⁷ BOYARYNYA (The Noblewoman) — a drama of Lesya Ukrainka on the 19th century tense relations between Ukraine and Russia (1910); banned by the Soviet regime; new edition published in Toronto, Canada, in 1970.

²⁸ MYKHAYLO VOZNYAK (1881-1954), distinguished Ukrainian scholar; member of AS of UkSSR; author of the *History of Ukrainian Literature*.

²⁹ MYKOLA ARKAS (1852-1909), Ukrainian composer and historian.

³⁰ NEDILYA (Sunday) — popular Ukrainian illustrated weekly, published in Lviv (1928-1939).

³¹ BOHDAN LEPKYI (1872-1941) — Ukrainian historical prose writer; author of tetralogy *Mazepa* (1926-1929); professor of Ukrainian literature at Cracow University (1926-1939).

of a religious nature (V. Romanyuk is studying at the Theological Academy at Moscow) were also taken. Upon the question by V. Romanyuk: can one really consider as anti-Soviet "The History of Ukraine" by Arkas, published in 1909 and permitted even by the tsarist censorship? — the captain of the KGB Pryhornytskyi replied: "Although it is not directly anti-Soviet, it can still lead to anti-Soviet thinking".

Speaking in the town of Kosiv of the Ivano-Frankivsk oblast to the teachers, a party lecturer called I. Dzyuba, I. Svitlychnyi, V. Chornovil and others "schizophrenics". The same type of "mentally deranged" are, in his opinion, Gen. Hryhorenko³², historian P. Yakir³³ and academician A. Sakharov... About V. Moroz, it was said that he managed to cause a lot of trouble in Kosmach, but he was rendered harmless in time.

THE LVIV REGION

In Halychyna³⁴ the persecution of the remnants of the Greek Catholic Church³⁵ continues. We are citing two definite facts (the others lack concreteness — names, localities, etc).

In Sambir, when a Greek Catholic priest, *Osyp Roman*, was saying Mass in a private house, five people headed by the deputy head of the city council, Teslenko, broke into the house just as the Epistle was being read. They dispersed those present, fining some (the younger ones) 10 rubles each.

A mass action of the population in connection with religious harassment occurred several months ago in the village of

³² GENERAL P. HRYHORENKO — Soviet general; arrested and placed in a mental institution for supporting *Universal Declaration of Human Rights*; he criticized the sentencing of intellectuals for "political crimes".

³³ P. YAKIR — co-author with I. Gabay and Yu. Kim of an appeal to the "men of learning, culture and art" of the USSR.

³⁴ HALYCHYNA (GALICIA) — historic name of western part of Ukraine; part of Kyivan Rus-Ukraine; Galician-Volynian Kingdom (1199-1340); 1919-1939 occupied by Poland.

³⁵ GREEK CATHOLIC CHURCH (Uniate) — Ukrainian Catholic Church; membership in Ukraine over five million faithful; in union with Rome since the Berestya (Brest) Union of 1596; liquidated by Russian authorities for political reasons in 1946; presently existing in underground.

Pynyany in the Sambir³⁶ district. There is no priest in the village, but the people do not permit the church to be closed and converted into a warehouse. On some religious feast, they called in three Greek Catholic priests to say Mass. Having celebrated Mass in church, the priests went to one home for dinner. It was there that the militia, which had been informed by somebody that Greek Catholics "are active" in the village, made a surprise attack. The people, however, threw the militia out the door. Then the militiamen and the kolkhoz head Olach called a military unit stationed nearby, and informed them that enemy spies had appeared in the village.

Put on the alert, the troops rushed into the village and surrounded the house indicated by the militia. In the meantime, finishing their dinner, two priests had already gone, while the third one, seeing that the house had been surrounded by the troops and the militia and fearing a beating, (see the first issue about the beating of Greek Catholic priests), locked himself in the pantry. When after having broken windows, they began to get into the pantry, the priest took out his crucifix and began to bless them. The soldiers became embarrassed. Remarks could be heard: "But it's a priest! What kind of a spy is this?"

Angered by the outrage, the peasants assembled, explained everything to the soldiers and with their taciturn consent freed the priest. At the same time they turned over the car of the head of the kolkoz, and locked the lieutenant, who was commanding the troops, in a stable. The soldiers went to the homes to eat and drink on the occasion of the holy day.

Several weeks later on the basis of false testimony by a certain individual, two or three women were convicted for "the organization of public disorder". One woman was given four years of camps³⁷, the other one (or two) two years.

The attacks in the press against the Greek Catholic Church and even against former Greek Catholics who have turned Orthodox have been intensified. Characteristic in this respect

³⁶ SAMBIR DISTRICT — Lviv Region of UkSSR.

³⁷ CAMPS —reference to forced labor camps of the USSR.

is the article by V. Kostenko "The Descendant of Father Soyka" (Lviv regional newspaper, *Vilna Ukraina*, of November 3, 1970) about the present pastor of the Transfiguration church in Lviv, *Petro Kozytskyi*. The author of the article failed to find any sins in the present activity of Kozytskyi, aside from the fact that he "is making heads dizzy" by religious intoxication (which V. Kostenko could have written about any priest) and that allegedly for profiteering, candles are sold in church (this is also done everywhere). The major attacks on Kozytskyi were levelled for his past, for the fact that he had been a Greek Catholic and edited the weekly *Meta* — a publication of the Metropolitan of the Greek Catholic Church, Andrey Sheptytskyi³⁸. As a matter of fact, for this Kozytskyi at one time served a prolonged term of punishment.

One is alerted in particular by the attacks upon Kozytskyi's sons, as an obvious relapse to the Stalinist era, when parents were responsible for the "crimes" of children and children — for parents. Their "whole guilt" is in the fact that wishing to acquire a higher education they did not report upon admission that their father was a priest. V. Kostenko proposes that for this they should be dismissed from work.

Unsatisfied with the article by V. Kostenko, at the end of January 1971 the paper published a whole series of responses to V. Kostenko's article entitled "The Treacherous Acts of a Pharisee". There one can read the following:

"Can a Uniate, who has become Orthodox for appearances sake, be the pastor of a church near which H. Kostelnyk³⁹ had died?"; or:

"The sons of Kozytskyi have become lecturers, are teaching the sons of workers and peasants. And what can they teach

³⁸ ANDREY SHEPTYTSKYI (1865-1944), archbishop-metropolitan of the Ukrainian Catholic Church (1900-1944).

³⁹ HAVRYIL KOSTELNYK (1886-1948), Ukrainian Catholic priest; writer; in 1946 led an Initiatory Group which, on orders from Moscow, convoked the so-called "Lviv Ecclesiastic Council" and proclaimed the annulment of the Brest Union with Rome (1596) and joined the Moscow Patriarchy; allegedly assassinated by the Ukrainian anti-Communist underground (1948).

them, having such a teacher as their father?... They have no moral right to be the teachers of our sons and daughters, who are studying at the university; they do not merit it!"

In the near future one can expect, of course, reprisals against Kozytskyi and his sons.

*

Former political prisoner, *Ivan Hel*, who spoke at Alla Horska's funeral in Kyiv, after having returned from the funeral received a harsh reprimand at work for his "truancy". At first he was allowed to travel for the funeral, but after a signal from the KGB, Ivan Hel was punished. He works as a technician in the Sambir administration of the exploitation of drainage systems and mountain rivers in the Lviv region.

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Atena Volytska, an engineer at the soil research laboratory of the Lviv University, has been reprimanded for her trip to the trial of Valentyn Moroz in Ivano-Frankivsk. Her co-worker was engaged to spy on her — whom she talks with on the phone, who comes to see her.

*

Upon instructions of the secretary of the Lviv Oblast Committee of the Party, Podolchak, the director of the Natural Science Museum of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukr. SSR, the scientist *Malynovskyi*, has been removed from his post. The reason: Malynovskyi worked for the Germans. But the point in question is not some criminal collaboration with the occupants, but ordinary work to make a living. Malynovskyi is known to be a serious scientist, who, paying no attention to the directives of the party organs, eliminated academically unqualified careerists from the museum.

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As had already been reported, after his return from imprisonment, journalist *Vyacheslav Chornovil* could not get any job for a long time; he was not even given the position of librarian. In the autumn of 1969, he got a job at the meteorological

logical station in the Transcarpathian region, but upon receiving information from the KGB he was illegally fired from there after five months. In the summer of 1970, V. Chornovil worked as an excavator in the archeological expedition in the Odessa region, and in the autumn found a job as a weigher at the railroad station in Lviv, with a pay of 60 rubles a month.

But even this "post" somehow did not satisfy the KGB men. In a month, just prior to the trial of V. Moroz, a KGB agent named Svitlychnyi appeared at the station, called the executives of the station and informed them that Chornovil is an enemy, who should have been incarcerated for 25 years, but he extricated himself and was jailed for only 1.5 years. He blamed them for employing him without taking notice of the note in his passport about the fact that he had been tried. He asked who visits Chornovil, who calls him on the phone. The frightened station master expressed his readiness to discharge Chornovil immediately. To this the KGB agent replied: "Do not rush, we will tell you when this should be done".



A brutal punishment was meted out to *Halyna Dudykevych* and her family in 1970.

Halyna Dudykevych divorced her husband, who is the son of the prominent Bohdan Dudykevych, a former Russophile, then — a member of the Communist Party of Western Ukraine, later still — a Soviet party official. For a long time now he has been the director of the branch of the V. I. Lenin Museum in Lviv.

The Dudykevyches decided to take revenge upon the young woman and to seize her son from her. According to Soviet laws the deprivation of motherhood is permitted only in exceptional cases; this happens very seldom. But, having the support of the KGB and the higher party officials behind them, the Dudykevyches did not stop at this crime. They incited the guardian council of the Lenin and then the Zaliznychnyi town districts (the guardian council is made up of several pensioners, former party officials) who "conducted an investigation" and

completely groundlessly accused Halyna Dudykevych of "immorality" as well as of being a member and even a leader of "an underground nationalist organization!" This last conclusion was reached on the basis of the fact that when they still lived together, friends came to the Dudykevyches several times and talked about poetry and other things. Besides this, Halyna's ex-husband stole from her the poem "Vertep" [The Nativity Crib of Bethlehem] by H. Chubay, which figured at the trial as the sole proof of H. Dudykevych's "counterrevolutionary" activity.

It is on such "conclusions" of the pensioners that the Zaliznychnyi District Court of Lviv based its decision. The case was illegal to such a degree that some judges refused to conduct it, and the case was taken up by the head of the Zaliznychnyi District Court Khorunzhykevych, who did not have any pangs of conscience. Highly placed persons who lived in the oblast committee building next to the Dudykevyches appeared as witnesses at the trial before the guardian council: the wife of deputy Sadov, the daughter of the hero of the Soviet Union, Stebelska, the mother-in-law of the chief of the oblast KGB, Poluden, a militaryman, member of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Muzyka, and others.

At the instigation of Yuriy Dudykevych, false evidence about Halyna Dudykevych's "nationalistic activity" was given by the student of the Drohobych⁴⁰ Teachers College, Yevheniya Khomanchuk.

At the trial it was revealed that the protocols of the guardian council had been falsified, that the witnesses made no sense in their memorized testimony. Dissatisfaction with such a trial was expressed not only by the defense attorney, but also by the prosecutor. Nevertheless, the court decided to take the child away from H. Dudykevych and carried out a separate resolution about her political unreliability which it handed over to the KGB in order to "take appropriate measures" The

⁴⁰ DROHOBYCH — center of Drohobych District, Lviv Region of UkSSR (pop. ca. 55,000).

decision of the district court was confirmed by the oblast court (there the case was conducted by judge Smirnova).

Not wishing to give up the child, H. Dudykevych took it to friends in Leningrad⁴¹, and herself appealed to the all-union judicial institutions. There they sympathized that "in Ukraine arbitrariness is taking place", promised to help, but have done nothing to this day.

In the meantime, as soon as H. Dudykevych brought the child home, Yu. Dudykevych organized a group of young men, who broke into the apartment of Halya's father, bound and beat her father and kidnapped the child. Halyna Dudykevych can find no one to administer justice to the criminals, who have highly-placed guardians.

In the summer of 1970, poet H. Chubay was summoned for questioning to the KGB in the "case" of H. Dudykevych. They asked whether Chubay was acquainted with H. Dudykevych and whether he had given her his poem. The poem "Vertep" was simultaneously declared anti-Soviet.

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A second-year student of the Ukrainian Division of Philology Department, *Halyna Savron*, a young poetess, was expelled from Lviv University.

Throughout 1970, Halyna Savron was called to the KGB several times for "dialogues" and they insinuated her acquaintanceship with M. Osadchyi⁴², V. Chornovil, H. Chubay and others, "politically suspect". They threatened her with expulsion from the university and even with arrest. They intimidated H. Savron's parents, who instituted house terror over

⁴¹ LENINGRAD — second largest city in the USSR.

⁴² MYKHAYLO OSADCHYI (1936-), poet, literary critic, translator; Party member; member of JUU (Journalists' Union of Ukraine); senior lecturer in the Department of Journalism, Lviv University; arrested in 1965 for "anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation"; in 1966 sentenced to two years in severe regime camp in Yavas, Mordovian ASSR, for reading "Samvydav" literature; he lost the right to live in Lviv where his wife and small son reside; his collection of poems "Mayache Pole" (Moonlit Field) was published in 1965, later confiscated and destroyed by the KGB; another work "Bilmo" (Cataract) was published in USA in 1970.

the girl, including beatings, demanding that she write a repentance statment to the KGB and agree to cooperate with KGB agents.

In the winter semester, H. Savron was given a failing grade in the history of the party. The dean, *Hontar*⁴³, did not permit the student to take further examinations and at the same time reported to the rector that she would not appear for these examinations. On the basis of this false report, not wishing to take H. Savron's explanation into consideration, rector *Mak-symovych*⁴⁴ expelled her from the university. In a conversation with H. Savron, her witnesses and the poet R. Bratun⁴⁵, who interceded for the young poetess, the dean unequivocally declared that the real reason for the expulsion is not failing grades at all, but the views and the acquaintances of the student.



On the day of V. Moroz's trial, the Lviv artist, Oleh Minko⁴⁶, was called to the automobile inspection station as an owner of a car, and from there was taken to the KGB for questioning. They questioned Minko twice or three times. The main theme of the interrogation was his meetings with foreigners. O. Minko is a very original and talented artist, who is not put forward as a formalist here at all. Knowing about his talent, several Ukrainian cultural leaders from abroad did in fact visit his home, looked at his works and evaluated them very highly (see, for instance, the article by poetess Vira Vovk⁴⁷, published in the first issue of "Visnyk"). KGB agents warned O. Minko not to dare to meet with foreigners again, threatened to dismiss

⁴³ HONTAR (1914-), chairman of the History Department, Lviv University.

⁴⁴ MYKOLA MAKSYMОВYCH — (1914-), rector (president) of Lviv University; electronics engineer; Party member; 1956-57 member of UkSSR delegation to the XIth and XIIth Sessions of the General Assembly of United Nations.

⁴⁵ ROSTYSLAV BRATUN (1927-), poet; Party member; 1965-66 editor-in-chief of *Zhovten* (October), a literary journal in Lviv.

⁴⁶ OLEH MINKO — Lviv artist, painter; art director of an art workshop of the AUU.

⁴⁷ VIRA VOVK — Ukrainian poetess now residing in Brazil.

him from work (O. Minko holds the post of art director in the art workshop of the Artists' Union). The chief of the operative department of the KGB, Horban, known for the fact that he started his career with the beating of the arrested and later rehabilitated university students in Stalin's day, talked unusually coarsely with O. Minko.

★

Over three years after his return from imprisonment, the writer and journalist, *Mykhaylo Osadchyi*, is still being subjected to persecution. At first he was not allowed to live with his family in their Lviv apartment; at night he was "caught" at home by the militia; for several days he was even under arrest for "passport violations". In recent months he is being persecuted for signing protest statements against the *in camera* case of S. Karavanskyi and the arrest of V. Moroz. M. Osadchyi was called to the regional committee of the Communist Party of Ukraine, where they used coarse language and threatened him.

In August, 1970, Osadchyi's sister-in-law, who had passed her examination and had the necessary number of points, was not put on the staff of the Lviv Polygraphic Institute. It was explained to her that she had not been included because her sister has such a husband, as well as because the first husband of her mother (not her father) had been a Bandera follower⁴⁸... The rector of the institute did not yield to the directive of the ministry on the enrollment of the girl. When Osadchyi wrote a protest about these infamies to the oblast committee of the party, they called him out three times and told him that his statement was written in the spirit of the BBC radio-broadcasts and threatened him with a new arrest.

When M. Osadchyi was travelling by bus to his wife's parents in the country, a KGB agent was placed by him, who

⁴⁸ STEPAN BANDERA (1909-1959), leader of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN); jailed by Poland (1934-1939) and held in German concentration camps (1941-1944); following World War II, he lived in Western Europe; in 1959 was assassinated in Munich, Germany, by a KGB agent Bohdan Stashynskyi.

at first struck up various kinds of provocative "anti-Soviet" conversations, and then right in the bus, having drunk two bottles of wine, admitted to Osadchyi who he was and why was he sent, and repented before the people for doing such a canine job. When Osadchyi was returning from the village the next day, the KGB agent, having of course sobered up and regretting his frankness, set the militia on Osadchyi. M. Osadchyi was forcibly dragged from the bus in the town of Radekhiv⁴⁰ and although they had no claims of any kind against him, they held him for some time in the regional militia (headquarters) threatening to punish him for no apparent reason.

★

Journalist *Roman Yanushevskiy* was illegally dismissed from the editorial office of the paper *Vilna Ukraina*, the organ of the Lviv Oblast Committee of the Communist Party of Ukraine. He is a member of the CPSU and worked for the paper for many years. The reason for his discharge was a sketch of the artist and restorer of the Lviv Museum of Ukrainian Art, Petro Linytskyi, who worked very hard to restore unique Ukrainian icons. It seems that in his youth, P. Linytskyi took part in the OUN* movement, for which he had served time. And in spite of the fact that Linytskyi works unselfishly for Ukrainian art for many years now (besides restoration, his own ceramic works are well known) R. Yanushevskiy was found to be at fault because he wrote several kind words about an "enemy" and was dismissed from work. Considering his discharge to be illegal, R. Yanushevskiy took the matter to court. Then he was called by the editor of *Vilna Ukraina*, Stupnytskyi, who declared: "How dare you complain about me? Do you know who you are, and who I am? You are s—t, and I am a member of the oblast committee of the party!"

It is known that during the examination of R. Yanushevskiy's personal case in the editorial office that same Stup-

* Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists.

⁴⁰ RADEKHIV — center of Radekhiv District, Lviv Region, UkSSR (pop. ca. 7,000).

nytskyi and a worker of the ideological section of the oblast committee of the party forced R. Yanushevskyi to fall to his knees (in the strict sense of the word) and to beg the "forgiveness of the party" for his deed.

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In December 1970, upon directions of the party organs, an exhibition of "Ukrainian painting of the 14-18th centuries" was closed on the day after its opening. The exhibition offered Ukrainian icons, a considerable number of which have been restored by the above-mentioned P. Linynskyi. More people than ever before gathered for the opening of the exhibition, who were enthusiastic about the unique creations of the national genius.

The sudden ban of the exhibition has been explained in various ways. Some, recalling the intensified attempts at popularization of the Russian icon painting of the Middle Ages in recent times, feel that the exhibition was prohibited so that the Ukrainian icon would not overshadow the poorer achievements of the "older brother"⁵⁰. Others report that party leaders were frightened by the enthusiasm of the viewers, which inevitably takes on political coloring in connection with Ukraine's situation. At this opportunity, it is mentioned that at the exhibition only an insignificant part of the icon art treasures of Ukraine was exhibited, which in any other country would have been proudly shown to the entire world. In Lviv alone hundreds of beautiful ancient icons are to be found, unrestored, under lock and key in the Armenian Cathedral⁵¹, in unfavorable temperature conditions, without supervision and due protection. In recent years, attempts have already been made to steal or burn the icons.

⁵⁰ "OLDER BROTHER" — an ironic reference to the Russians who have been tirelessly trying to convince Ukrainian and other subjugated nations of being their "older brothers".

⁵¹ ARMENIAN CATHEDRAL — a medieval architectural treasure of Lviv, built in the XIVth century with a XVIth century bell-tower and a residence of Armenian bishops; now closed on orders of Soviet authorities.

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At the Lviv Polytechnic Institute the KGB uncovered two illegal groups. The membership of these groups was composed of Russian and Jewish youth — the children of high-ranking militarymen, party, Soviet, economic leaders. The groups allegedly did not have a clear-cut program. Both the imitation of the Western “hippies”, and the propagation of pornography and sexuality (motto: “down with shame!”), and the ridiculing of the system, the party and the Komsomol, and even the propagation of fascism were involved. Several typewritten almanacs were published; for meetings and parties a house at the summer colony out of town had been rented. They had contacts with similar organizations in other cities.

Allegedly only the “president” of one group, *Yeresko*, was arrested (according to other reports — three persons). Other participants were either expelled from the institute, or were reprimanded and warned. On this occasion, meetings were held at the faculties of the institute. There was no mention about it in the press.

Although Ukrainians were neither members of the groups, nor was there anything Ukrainian in their activities (on the contrary, all this was deeply “anti-national”) rumours are being spread about “nationalists”. In one of the districts of the Lviv region “the treacherous actions of bourgeois nationalists at the polytechnical institute” have already been discussed officially, from a rostrum.

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On November 1st, just as on Pentacost, as part of a long-established custom, the memory of the dead is honored at the cemeteries in Halychyna. On these days flowers are also placed and candles are lit on the graves of the Sich Riflemen who died in the struggle with Poland⁵² in 1918-19, on the common graves of victims of mass execution by the NKVD⁵³ of prisoners

⁵² STRUGGLE WITH POLAND 1918-1919 — the struggle for Galicia (Western Ukraine) predominantly populated by Ukrainians.

⁵³ NKVD — People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs; Soviet Secret police headed by Lavrentiy Beria since 1938.

in jails in the first days of war in June 1941 and others. In particular a large number of people gather on November 1st at the Yanivskiy cemetery⁵⁴ in Lviv by the grave of the Sich Riflemen. Flowers and wreaths with patriotic inscriptions are placed at the central symbolic grave; the people sing religious and riflemen songs, etc.

Although the authorities still do not dare to disperse people from the cemetery, nevertheless, specially sent persons note who is present at the cemetery, at times even photographing people. Cases of repressions for honoring the memory of the dead are known. Thus in 1967, as the result of a denunciation, an able scientist *Pletinko* was removed from a responsible research position at the polytechnic institute only because he spent several minutes among the riflemen's graves and placed flowers. When his action was being discussed, the scientist said that he sees nothing wrong in honoring the memory of people who fought against the Polish occupants.

On November 1, 1970 somebody stuck a banknote — a 100-karbovanets⁵⁵ note of the Ukrainian National Republic⁵⁶ money with a large trident⁵⁷ in the center of the note (done by a well known artist Yu. Harbut⁵⁸) — to the cross of the central grave of the riflemen's cemetery. After some time a raging man from among the "spectators" jumped up to the cross. Tearing down the banknote, crumpling and throwing it away, he climbed onto the grave with his feet and shouted to those present: "What, you want a trident? You want an independent Ukraine? You won't have your trident! You won't have your Ukraine! Well disperse, disperse!", and so forth. But nobody left. On

⁵⁴ YANIVSKYI CEMETERY in Lviv where, on orders from the Soviet authorities, the graves of the Ukrainian soldiers of the WWI and WWII are being desecrated.

⁵⁵ KARBOVANETS — Ukrainian name of the Soviet *ruble*.

⁵⁶ UKRAINIAN NATIONAL REPUBLIC — Ukrainian State of World War I; overrun by Russian Bolsheviks and annexed to USSR (1922).

⁵⁷ TRIDENT — the insignia of Ukrainian Kyivan Prince Volodymyr the Great (980-1015); trident adopted as the coat-of-arms of the Ukrainian National Republic by a law of March 22, 1918.

⁵⁸ YURIY NARBUT (1886-1920), prominent Ukrainian artist of graphic arts; the designer of the modern trident.

the contrary, the people, who stood further away, thinking that somebody was delivering a speech in honor of the riflemen, came closer. The "speaker" was forced to go empty-handed.

THE RIVNE REGION

The village of Belyatychi (Bilyatychi?) of the Sarny⁵⁰ district. There is accurate information that in January 1970, several successive times, leaflets were scattered about the village and posted in crowded places. In particular, in the village club handwritten leaflets were circulated with the signature "*Freedom Committee*".

The leaflets briefly informed about the *de facto* inequality of Soviet peoples in economic and political life, and about the fierce Russification of Ukraine. The "Committee" urged the population to recall the struggle for freedom and independence, to honour the memory of fellow villagers and countrymen who laid down their heads in that struggle, and in their name to put up resistance to Russification.

In a short time, three schoolboys (6—8 grade pupils) were arrested. They were lodged in the Sarny hotel where the KGB was conducting their interrogations. The interrogations were conducted brutally. Shortly afterwards the schoolboys were released. One of them became insane after this.

In April 1970, the physical education teacher of the Belyatykh eight-grade school was arrested (he is an evening student of the Rivne⁶⁰ Teachers' College). The investigation is still being conducted without public knowledge.

In the summer of 1970, the inspector of physical education of the Sarny district was arrested. In September-October he was secretly convicted to 10 years of severe regime camps.

There are reports that even after these arrests, leaflets of similar contents appeared in the village club.

Upon instructions of the Sarny District Committee of the Party and in line with its script, the amateur theater group

⁵⁰ SARNY — District center of Rivne Region of UkSSR.

⁶⁰ RIVNE — Regional center of UkSSR (pop. ca. 120,000).

of the village of Belyatych appeared on November 6th with a musical and literary composition which was to have portrayed the history of the USSR over 53 years and the friendship of peoples. Songs and poems were solely Russian and were performed in the Russian language. And on November 7th, a forced festive demonstration took place. Eyewitnesses report: It was cold. The peasants were dressed in quilted jackets and boots. All were sad, grim, bent. With a flag, in silence, with lowered heads the "festive" column moved from the school to the club...

To this day the atmosphere of blackmail and intimidation reigns in the village. The interrogations continue.

THE TERNOPIL REGION⁶¹

Last year a group of people, in particular from the armature factory, were arrested in Ternopil and sentenced on political charges. Their names are unknown; only the name of engineer *Yaroslav Skyba* is mentioned.



In the Ternopil region in November 1970, the KGB arrested the young poet *Horbai* and an artist from the Borshchiv⁶² district, *Ivan Balan*. It is known that in connection with this case, searches were also conducted in Chernivtsi⁶³, where one of the arrested lives and works. The grounds for the arrest and the future fate of the arrested are not known.

CHERKASY

Writer, *Vasyl Zakharchenko*⁶⁴, the author of several books of prose, and a member of the Writers' Union of Ukraine, was dismissed from work in the editorial office of the newspaper

⁶¹ TERNOPIL — Regional center of UkSSR (pop. ca. 90,000).

⁶² BORSHCHIV — District center of Ternopil Region of UkSSR.

⁶³ CHERNIVTSI — Regional center of UkSSR (pop. ca. 195,000).

⁶⁴ VASYL ZAKHARCHENKO (1936-), writer; graduated from the Department of Journalism, Kyiv University (1958); member of WUU.

for youth *Molod Cherkashchyny*. V. Zakharchenko was searched and questioned as a witness in the case of I. Suk⁶⁵. Trying to save himself from harassment, he was forced to leave Donetsk and to move to Cherkasy. But the persecutions continued. When V. Zakharchenko, on a mission from the Writers' Union, went to Donbas for appearances before the workers, his trip was interrupted upon orders of the Donetsk Regional Committee of the Party. The miners were allegedly indignant that he spoke "in the Ukrainian language, incomprehensible to them". Returning from the mission, failing to restrain himself, he said something harsh to a KGB agent assigned to him, for which he was dismissed from work the next day.

On the brutal confiscation of the writer's archives from Zakharchenko by KGB agents, see V. Stus' statement in the previous issue.

CHERNIVTSI

A second-year student at the department of Philology, *Yaroslav Pavulyak*, has been expelled from the university.

Ya. Pavulyak managed to get Vasyl Symonenko's "Diary" somewhere and was reading it to students in the dormitory. January 11th had officially been the evening of Vasyl Symonenko at the university. Delivering a lecture, the instructor of the university, Dobryanskyi, was indignant at the fact that excerpts from Symonenko's diary have been selected tendentiously abroad and are being used as propaganda. Ya. Pavulyak asked to speak. He said that the best way to deprive bourgeois propaganda of the means of subsistence is to publish the "Diary" of Symonenko here without any kind of cuts. Ya. Pavulyak at the same time declared that he had read this "Diary" and told of its contents.

Interrogations were immediately started at the university. Students were asked to whom Pavulyak read the diary, had

⁶⁵ IVAN SUK (1925-), lecturer at Donetsk Medical Institute; post-graduate student of Medical Science; 1970 arrested for "anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation".

it been a typewritten copy, or a book published in Munich. They threatened those who listened to Pavulyak in the dormitory and did not inform about it. Pavulyak himself was threatened with jail and expelled from the university.

★

It has become known that the Ukrainian political prisoners in Mordovia have greeted with unanimous indignation the arrest of V. Moroz nine months after his release and the inhuman 14-year sentence for writing publicistic articles. It is known that political prisoner, *Mykhaylo Horyn*⁶⁶ (Camp No. 19), called a several-day hunger strike as a sign of protest against the mock trial of Moroz.

⁶⁶ MYKHAYLO HORYN (1930-), industrial psychologist; brother of Bohdan Horyn; graduated from Lviv University; arrested (1965) and sentenced to six years of hard labor for "anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation" in Yavas, Mordovian ASSR (1966); in 1967 all visiting privileges were denied him.

* * *

Deathless and noble immortal impulses!
What are you in this world? Spells? Or incantations?
First wingbeat of flight above cloud formations?
The pure heart's effort, for truth and right striving?
The union and kinship of beauty and daring?
Frame of consciousness? Or the will's sudden flaring?
Joy of adventure? Wish ardent and lively?
Or the uniqueness of motifs of nature?
Rolling of thunders, sweet rains long awaited?
What are you, impulses, ecstatic, elating?
Why do you stir heart and soul, and why rouse them?
Why perplex youth's alarm of existence?
Why spread your myths in the trackless distance?
Why do you rouse from its bed old age wary?
Why force quiet people into rebel daring?
Why teach the strong the defence of the feeble?
Why whisper anger and scorn for things evil?
Why do you call to the unploughed field even
Those who are safe now in some happy haven?
Why? Noble impulses, what means this craving?
For with you no warriors at the grave tremble,
The forces of even the weakest are trebled,
With you in the black hour, the uttermost limit,
It is easier to face the last, most-dread minute...
So, while I live, be with me, and stay me!
Summon! Arouse! Rush to war, unrestrainedly,
Against dumb despair's fumes, poisonous, maiming!
Let rest never take heart or soul as its gaining!
Breathe forth with youth! Burn with fires of spring, flaming!
Be with me! Stay me!

Vladimir prison, 1970

A LIST OF UKRAINIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS*

LEVKOYCH Vasyl — member of OUN¹ (Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists), commander of the UPA² (Ukrainian Insurgent Army) military district "Buh", aged about 50, is now in Mordovia.

POLOVYI Omelyan — an old member of OUN, political prisoner in Polish times³, then an officer in the Ukrainian Legion in 1941⁴, commander of the first military district of UPA "Lysonya" (Ternopil region). He was arrested in 1946, had undergone a very prolonged judicial examination, was given the death sentence, which was commuted to 25 years of imprisonment. He served time in Kolyma⁵, Taishet⁶, and is now in Mordovia.⁷

PRYSHLYAK Hryhoriy — an old member of OUN, sub-regional chief of the Security Service⁸, arrested about 1948. An

* A continuation of the List of Ukrainian political prisoners, the beginning of which was printed in previous editions of the "Ukrainskyi Visnyk", — ed. »V. Sh.«.

¹ OUN — Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists; an underground revolutionary organization, founded in 1929 in Western Ukraine; it carried out an independence struggle against Polish chauvinism, German national-socialism and Russian communism.

² UPA — Ukrainska Povstancha Armiya — organized by the OUN in 1942; under its Commander-in-Chief, Roman Shukhevych (Taras Chuprynka), it fought against both Germany and the Soviet Union.

³ POLISH TIMES — reference to inter-war Polish State (1919-1939) with Ukrainian population of ca. 7 million.

⁴ UKRAINIAN LEGION — Ukrainian volunteer detachments ("Nightingale" and "Roland") formed on the eve of World War II on German territory; they took part in the military operations of the German army; because of their opposition to German policies in Ukraine they were recalled from the front and interned.

⁵ KOLYMA — river in Yakutsk ASSR, Magadan Region of the RSFSR; major concentration of forced labor camps of the Soviet Union. Until 1955 some 3.5 million prisoners, to a considerable extent Ukrainians, were held there.

⁶ TAISHET — town of Irkutsk Region of RSFSR; concentration of forced labor camps.

⁷ MORDOVIA — Mordovian ASSR, located in RSFSR; according to academician A. Sakharov in the Dubrovlag group of camps in Mordovia about 50,000 mostly political prisoners are held.

⁸ SECURITY SERVICE — "Sluzhba Bezpeky" of the Ukrainian Nationalist Underground.

active participant of the camp resistance movement of the 40s and 50s. Aged about 60. He had been in Taishet, Kazakhstan⁹ and is now in Mordovia. Term — 25 years.

PRYSHLYAK Yevhen — member of OUN, at the moment of arrest a regional chief of SB (Security Service). Arrested in 1952 or 1958. Sentenced to 25 years. Until 1962 he served time in prisons, then in the Mordovian camps. Age — about 60. He is now at Camp No. 17 in Mordovia.

PIRUS Vasyl — former member of SB, arrested in 1948, sentenced to 25 years of imprisonment. Served his term in Kolyma, Taishet, now — in Mordovia. He is 50 years old.

LEVYTSKYI Mykola — member of OUN, in the second half of the 50's flown in from abroad. Arrested and sentenced to 25 years in 1957. He was born in 1922. He is now in Camp No. 17 (Mordovia).

SOLODKYI Viktor — member of OUN, arrested in 1948, sentenced to 25 years. In the 50s, he was one of the organizers of the camp resistance movement. He was one of the initiators and leaders of a mass hunger strike in Taishet in the beginning of 1956, in which over 400 persons participated, demanding a review of their cases and the improvement of conditions. As one of the organizers of the hunger strike he received at that time another 25-year term (five people were tried then, three received 25 years each, two — 10 years each). He served time in Taishet, in prisons (Odessa, Izmail¹⁰, Tobolsk¹¹) and is now in Mordovia. He is about 45 years old.

PIDHORODETSKYI Vasyl — former scout of SB, arrested in 1948, sentenced to 25 years. In 1956 he received another 25-year term, together with V. Solodkyi and others, for the organization of a mass hunger-strike protest in Taishet. He was born in 1925. He is now in Mordovia (Camp No. 19).

⁹ KAZAKHSTAN — Kazakh SSR; 30% of the population are Ukrainians deported during XIX and XX centuries.

¹⁰ IZMAIL — town in Odessa Region of UkSSR.

¹¹ TOBOLSK — town in Tyumen Region of RSFSR.

ONYSHKIV Mykola — former underground member of OUN, arrested in the second half of the 40s, sentenced to 25 years of imprisonment. Served in Kolyma, Taishet, and now in Mordovia. Aged about 50.

DUBYNA Hryhor — participant of the OUN movement, arrested at the end of the 1940's and sentenced to 25 years of imprisonment. Served time in Taishet, now in Mordovia. Aged about 45.

PALCHAK Stepan — sentenced in 1961 to 10 years of imprisonment only because he maintained contacts with several participants of the OUN movement who were hiding in a bunker in the Ternopil¹² region. Among them was his sister, Maria Palchak, the only living member of the group, who was sentenced to death by shooting, commuted to 15 years of imprisonment. He is now in Mordovia.

CHUHAY Oleksander — member of the OUN underground. Arrested in 1948 or 1949 and sentenced to 25 years of imprisonment. He had been in Taishet, and is now in Mordovia. Aged about 45.

OSTROVSKYI Volodymyr — arrested for the second time about 1958, some time after his release. Sentenced to a repeated 15-year term of imprisonment. Aged — over 35.

SYNYAK Dmytro — regional chief of SB from the Hutsul region¹³. Arrested in 1946 (?), sentenced to death by the OSO (three-man tribunal), which was commuted to 25 years of imprisonment.

VERKHOLYAK Dmytro — member of the OUN underground, a nurse. Arrested in 1948, sentenced to death, which was then commuted to 25 years of imprisonment. He was in Mordovia. He was born in 1926.

ROMANIV Mykola — a former Communist, who then joined the OUN movement, a common peasant. In the under-

¹² TERNOPIL — regional center of UkSSR (pop. ca. 90,000).

¹³ HUTSUL REGION — East Carpathian mountain area settled by the ancient Ukrainian tribe "hutsuly", UkSSR.

ground he had been a regional supplier in the Hutsul region. Arrested about 1952, sentenced to 25 years of imprisonment, he is now in Mordovia.

HUNDA — 30 years old. He was sentenced for “anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation” (according to another source for “betrayal of the fatherland”) in 1956 (perhaps in 1966?). The term is very long, and needs varification. He is a native of the Hutsul region.

SHEVCHENKO Ivan — aged 60, was sentenced for the second time in 1959 for 15 years, having spent some time in freedom. The first time he was tried for his part in the police, but in camps he broke his ties with the police and joined the participants of the OUN movement. He took active part in all camp movements of the 40s and the 50s. The second time he was allegedly sentenced for “nationalistic agitation”. He is now in Mordovia.

LUTSYK Mykhaylo — regional leader of the OUN youth, from the Boiko region¹⁴ (Sokil district, Lviv region). He was first arrested in 1945 or 1946, released by a commission in 1956; again arrested in 1959 or 1960 and sentenced to 15 years. He had been in Vladimir¹⁵ and is now in Mordovia.

ILCHUK Ivan — member of the underground, from Volynia¹⁶, born in 1925. He was arrested in 1948, sentenced to 25 years. He is now in Camp No. 17 (Mordovia).

SLOBODYANYK Mykola — born about 1908, from Zhytomyr oblast¹⁷, is imprisoned since 1947 for his part in the police, but in camps he joined the participants of the OUN movement, with whom he took active part in camp protest actions. Term — 25 years.

¹⁴ BOIKO REGION — Sub-Carpathian area settled by the “boyky”, an ancient Ukrainian tribe, UkSSR.

¹⁵ VLADIMIR — regional center of RSFSR; the location of infamous prison for political prisoners.

¹⁶ VOLYNIA — north-western historic land of Ukraine.

¹⁷ ZHYTOMYR OBLAST — Zhytomyr Region of UkSSR; Zhytomyr — regional center (pop. ca. 170,000).

THROUGH THE EYES OF FOREIGNERS

(*Emanuel Rais*, an introduction to the book, "A New Literary Surge in Ukraine", Paris, 1967, in the French language).

In the second issue of the "Ukrainskyi Visnyk", there was printed the beginning of an article by Mr. Rais, a French expert on literature and the Ukrainian language. Due to lack of space, we present here the end of his article in an expanded exposition. About the author of the article, it is known only that he is a qualified expert of the Ukrainian language and literature, by nationality a Jew. (Yu. Kosach¹ in *Literaturna Ukraina* regards the appearance of this introduction as the result of a conspiracy between the Ukrainian nationalists and Zionism).

*

6

The author maintains that regardless of the harsh circumstances, the Ukrainian nation has contributed lustrous names to literature, but unfortunately they are little known to the world. Further on, he reviews the "most significant streams" of the new Ukrainian literature, beginning with Shevchenko, "who was able to awaken the lulled spirit of the nation into political action of an unexpected strength and to create eternal poetical treasures".

The author regards Ivan Franko as a second great figure which "so far is the most powerful among those given forth by Ukraine". Franko "greatly outstripped his epoch in all matters which he undertook. His expectations of the coming revolution astonish us by their clairvoyance and cannot be qualified any differently than as prophecies".

"The volume of Franko's artistic work is still the largest in Ukrainian literature. One of the few Western scholars, well

¹ YURIY KOSACH (1909-), Ukrainian Sovietophilic writer and dramatist; residing in New York; in the 1960's the editor-in-chief of a pro-Soviet journal *Beyond the Blue Ocean* (Za Synim Okeanom).

informed about Ukrainian literary matters, recently told me that the genius Franko was too great for his people.

"The day, when the West discovers him for itself, it will introduce yet another giant into the small circle of those, who shine in universal literature.

"...If so far no figure of a parallel scale has appeared, it is only for the simple reason that those equal to him occur only rarely, and that not a single universally important literature has given birth to even one personage of Franko's stature".

About Lesya Ukrainka, the author of the introduction states, that "she realized a creative feat, unprecedented in world literature". Concerning this, he has in mind, not lyrical poetry "which the epoch quickly left behind", but the creation "in years of suffering... close to 20 masterpieces in the form of short dramatical poems on subjects chosen from word history... The totality of these plays would represent the summit of world literature, if it were possible to maintain in translation the relief and clarity of expression..."

Noticeable phenomena in Ukrainian literature were the short stories of Vasyl Stefanyk² — "a peasant aristocrat of the old world", and the prose of Mykhaylo Kotsyubynskyi³, first and foremost his "unforgettable masterpiece, 'Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors'." The film, shown previously in Paris, although good, "presents only an approximate conception of this work, filled with emotion and precision, colour and personal association, which can be observed only in the greatest works. It does not seem an exaggeration to me to compare Kotsyubynskyi in Ukrainian prose with Chateaubriand".⁴

² VASYL STEFANYK (1871-1936), an outstanding Ukrainian writer; contemporary and adherent of I. Franko.

³ MYKHAYLO KOTSYUBYNSKYI (1864-1913), great Ukrainian impressionistic writer, a classic in Ukrainian Literature; author of *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors* (Tini zabutykh predkiv).

⁴ FRANCOIS RENÉ, VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND (1768-1848), famous French author, active in politics; a founder of French Romanticism.

In this section, the author examines the conditions leading to the Ukrainian literary Renaissance of the 1920's. He considers it connected with the Russian Renaissance of the years 1890-1920: "This revival was considerably greater than the Russian which determined it. Unfortunately, one must quite accurately call it an 'executed revival'."

This revival lasted all of 10 years and did not have the "normal conditions of cultural development. A purely utilitarian conception of literature sanctioned by the party forced the promoters of the Ukrainian revival to modify it; all other expressions had the character of unavoidable compromises. All variety of conceptions as well as of creativity was impeded".

E. Rais particularly notes the absence of the development of original philosophical thought during these years, although one would have expected the opposite, since "the most interesting philosophers of the past two centuries... were Ukrainians", and contributed greatly to Russian and even world philosophical thought, (especially A. Potebnya⁵). The two most significant thinkers of the Russian revival — I. Shestov⁶ and N. Berdyayev⁷, "the latter from a long line of cossacks, also stemmed from Kyiv. "Disregarding the exceptional possibilities, Ukrainian philosophy could not even take root in the Ukr. SSR, where only the official version of Marxism was allowed".

As to literature, having exceptional possibilities, it was able to utilize the brief interval due to the political orientation of the Soviet government during the first decades of its existence, when its basic efforts were directed to the restriction of Russian nationalism — one of the targets of the first stage of the Soviet Revolution. Literature had a "minimum of freedom and initiative".

⁵ OLEKSANDER POTEBNYA (1835-1891), Ukrainian scholar of Slavic philology and folklore; member of Petersburg AS from 1875; professor of Kharkiv University since 1875.

⁶ I. SHESTOV — Russian philosopher.

⁷ NIKOLAY BERDYAYEV (1874-1948), Russian Orthodox religious philosopher; in exile after 1922.

"This is why, at a price of courage worthy of admiration, a constant inventiveness and self-sacrificing devotion to literature, a group of intellectuals succeeded within 10 years to assert the growth of this paradoxical plant with its bared roots, which was the extremely short Ukrainian revival.

"At the beginning of the 30's, the actual destruction of young Ukrainian literature was accomplished, in which most of its outstanding representatives met their deaths"⁸.

Considering the age of these most prominent Ukrainian writers "at the moment of their arrest or capitulation", the author reminds the French reader, that at that age, Goethe⁹ still had not written the first part of "Faust", and Hugo¹⁰ and Paul Valery¹¹ were just starting out. "It is precisely at this age, that the brightest Pleiad in the history of Ukrainian literature was executed..."

8

Evaluating the results of the Ukrainian Renaissance of the 20's, E. Rais firstly mentions the "neo-classics"¹², who formed true classicism, which simultaneously inherited the steadfast directions of antiquity and assimilated the entire contribution of hardest modernism." He particularly segregates Mykola

⁸ ... *their deaths* — During 1930's the Ukrainian intellectual and cultural elite was heavily persecuted by the Soviet Russian regime; its representatives were tried, sentenced and deported to forced-labor camps; many of them were physically annihilated; some of them committed suicide; as a result of this Ukrainian literature suffered a terrible blow, a total decline. Then it was used by the regime as a tool of Communist government propaganda.

⁹ JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749-1832), German poet, dramatist and novelist; his life's work, *Faust*, was completed shortly before his death.

¹⁰ VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885), French poet, dramatist and novelist; the head of the Romanticists; opposed Napoleon III and fled abroad to return to Paris after Napoleon's fall in 1870.

¹¹ PAUL VALERY (1871-1945), French poet, critic and intellectual leader.

¹² NEOCLASSICISTS — Ukrainian literary movement of 1920's; it desired to implant in Ukrainian literature the immortal examples of world literature and art; it stood in opposition to the "revolutionary", "mass" and largely low-grade literature; to the five "unconquered bards" belong: M. Zerov, Pavlo Fylypovych (1891-1937), M. Dray-Khmara, O.

Zerov¹³, "whose death in the plenitude of his powers in one of the most appalling concentration camps of the North, remains to this day as a bleeding wound in the bosom of the Ukrainian people". The author regards Zerov's greatest merit, besides the creation of the group of neo-classics, to be the raising of the intellectual level of the Ukrainian literary language. "His poetical creativity, not great in extent, nor in the breadth of its range, is striking in the beauty of its expression. It is the summit of abundancy of the Ukrainian language, a thing which normally is sufficient for immortality in any literature". Disregarding the diverse characteristics in their life and creativity, the author finds the opportunity to compare Zerov with Franko.

About Rytskyi¹⁴ he writes: "I like him best of all", — and with this he emphasizes his ability to relate in a perfect manner about "the most simple, everyday things", and his ability to converse "on a high aristocratic level". "The contemporary Vergilius"¹⁵.

Mentioning the other neo-classics (Dray-Khmara¹⁶, Klen¹⁷, Orest¹⁸) approvingly, E. Rais characterizes the creative road of Pavlo Tychyna¹⁹ in the following manner:

Burghardt, and *M. Rytskyi*; the literary discussions ended in 1930's when *Zerov*, *Fylypovych* and *Dray-Khmara* were arrested, exiled and later physically liquidated in Soviet concentration camps; *Rytskyi* spent some time in prison after which he accepted the official position of socialist-realism, "reconstructed" himself and became an official Soviet poet;

Burghardt emigrated and wrote under the pseudonym of Yuriy Klen.

¹³ MYKOLA ZEROV (1890-1941), critic and literary scholar, translator; chief representative of "neoclassicists"; author of the "*History of Ukrainian Literature*" arrested in 1935 and died in a Siberian prison camp.

¹⁴ MAKSYM RYLSKYI (1895-1964), Soviet Ukrainian poet, former "neoclassicist".

¹⁵ VERGILIUS — Publius Vergilius Maro (70 B. C. - 19 B. C.), Roman poet, author of *Aeneid*, a national epic and a literary masterpiece.

¹⁶ MYKHAYLO DRAY-KHMARA (1889-1947), Ukrainian poet and translator.

¹⁷ KLEN — Yuriy Klen (pseudonim of *Osvald Burghardt*) (1891-1941), an erudite poet and translator; neoclassicist.

¹⁸ OREST — MYKHAYLO OREST (pseudonym of Mykhaylo Zerov) (1901-1962), the only emigre Parnassicist poet, translator.

¹⁹ PAVLO TYCHYNA (1891-1967), Soviet Ukrainian poet, an official

"For decades, Pavlo Tychyna is growing weaker amid the flashiness of a great official dignitary... purely decorative, deprived of any kind of real power whatever. He is regarded as being very timorous, perhaps superficial. In his youth, he was one of the most modern poets of our epoch. At the age of 30, he wrote better poetry than Rylskiy at 50... But from the age of 40, all that appeared under his signature could have been fabricated by any propagandistic functionary".

The West only knows of Dovzhenko as a film producer, but they don't know his prose. He raised scenario to a wonderful literary level, creating an autonomous view of art of real importance". E. Rais mentions "Enchanted Desna"²⁰, excerpts from his diary, and declares that this is a "great contemporary artist".

9

In this chapter, the author studies the phenomena of Ukrainian literature, which appeared after the pogroms²¹ of the 30's, beyond the borders of the USSR.

In Lviv, "the traditional Ukrainian capital of Halychyna", the dazzling appearance of Bohdan-Ihor Antonych²², who died at the age of 26, became possible. One of the greatest poets in the style of Rembo; a poet who perplexes one with the swiftness of his appearance and disappearance, as well as with his unbelievable outburst of metaphors, dazzling boldness and novelty". "Of all the great Ukrainian poets, he has the least to lose in translation".

A group of poets is mentioned, who gathered around the "entirely nationalistic newspaper *Vistnyk*"²³, edited by the po-

ode writer, acclaiming "Stalinist national policy" and "friendship among the peoples" of the USSR.

²⁰ "ENCHANTED DESNA" — a Soviet film (1954-55) based on O. Dovzhenko's autobiographical novel of the same title.

²¹ POGROMS — the name for the Soviet official attacks on Ukrainian national culture, literature, language, etc.

²² BOHDAN-IHOR ANTONYCH (1909-1937), poet-lyricist from the Lemko region (now within borders of Poland).

²³ VISTNYK — (Herald), (1933-1939), nationalistic journal published in Lviv under the editorship of its founder, *Dmytro Dontsov*; 1922-1933

lemist Dmytro Dontsov²⁴—Olzhych²⁵ and Malanyuk²⁶, who have been called “poets of great significance”.

At last, the author analyzes the young poets who grew up outside their native country, adapting the Western way of life and thought, for whom the “far-off oppressed Fatherland acquires the form of an illusion or a fantasy” and who realized “the reinterpretation of folklore... having approached it with all the tools of contemporary education”. Names unknown here are mentioned: Vasyl Barka²⁷, Bohdan Rubchak, Bohdan Boychuk, Vira Vovk, Patrytsia Kalyna, Yuriy Tarnavskiy, and Emma Andiyevska²⁸. Some of these are very highly rated.

10

“In the USSR, on the ruins of almost total destruction of any kind of genuinely artistic creativity — in the sense of the inheritance of any kind of traditions — as a result of crimes which have no equal in history, a new generation grew up, full of hope and power. It grew up having taken advantage of the curious weakening of governmental pressures, which took place after Stalin’s death. It was enough to barely perceptibly open the safety valve, for the great stream of sap of the Ukrainian tree to bear new shoots of true expression.

It is precisely this newest stream to which we restrict this particular collection.

Naturally, some of the authors represented here are very young. Therefore, any prognosis as to them can, one way or

it was known as *The Literary-Scientific Journal* (Literaturno-Naukovyi Vistnyk); Highly influential in Western Ukraine.

²⁴ DMYTRO DONTSOV (1883-), political philosopher, literary critic, father of modern Ukrainian Nationalism; he laid foundation for the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN).

²⁵ OLZHYCH — OLEH OLZHYCH (KANDYBA) (1909-1944), Ukrainian poet; tortured and killed by the Nazis in Sachsenhausen.

²⁶ MALANYUK — YEVHEN MALANYUK contemporary poet and publicist; his poetry had a profound effect upon the new Ukrainian poetry.

²⁷ VASYL BARKA (1908-), poet and prose writer; resides in New York.

²⁸ — All these are members of a modernist, the so-called *New York Group* that consists of some young Ukrainian poets living in New York and Chicago areas.

another, be disproved in the future. Besides this, all of them even now are to a great extent limited by administrative prohibitions and warnings, from the systematical malevolence of the hypocritical press to the difficulties, often insurmountable, in the matter of publishing works, to personal complications. Their freedom is, even in comparison to former generations, very relative and very unsure.

Nevertheless, some of them already have achievements in their midst, worthy of world-wide interest, achievements which we have attempted to deliver as best we could in the French translation. The personalities of some of them appear quite accurately enough, so as to enable one to trace their portraits.

And so, for the first time in two centuries, Ukrainian literary production considerably surpasses the Russian.

Truly, these young authors seem to be much greater in stature than their Russian colleagues of the same age who, as they, also took advantage of that thaw. Yevtushenko²⁰, Soskora³⁰, and Voznesenskyi³¹, thanks to the active and extensive official propaganda, triumphantly passed over the stages of the free world, having taken advantage of numerous translations.

Not wishing to diminish all their accomplishments or their fortitude, often worthy of admiration, particularly of the author of "Babyn Yar"³²..., we believe that the artistic achievements of young Ukrainian poets represented here, are, above all, "poetry" (when for example, Yevtushenko's are, first and foremost, polemics). At that time, they appear to us bolder in their search for new forms of expression.

...If, disregarding all this, Yevtushenko's creativity enjoys

²⁰ YEVHENIY YEVTUSHENKO (1933-), Soviet poet, frequently sent by the Soviet regime to Western countries to spread the Communist propaganda by means of poetry.

³⁰ SOSKORA (?)

³¹ A. VOZNESENSKYI, Soviet Russian poet, frequently touring Western countries to spread Russian propaganda by means of poetry.

³² "BABYN YAR" — Yevtushenko's poem dedicated to many thousands of Ukrainians, Jews and others murdered by the Nazis at Babyn Yar near Kyiv in 1941.

great success — what success would be I. Drach's, Lina Kostenko's or H. Kyrychenko's³³.

Of these, conscious of the risk to err in some things and powerful by their very youth, Ivan Drach appears to have the most prospects. His achievement, although not great in extent (in any case, that which could be published and reach us), is already something greater than the prospects".

Next a more detailed analysis is made of Drach's creative style, emphasizing "the metaphorical boldness", "the exceptionally sharp sense of language", "his ability to reconcile very diverse elements characteristic of the contemporary world with eternity", his inclination toward epic poetry which "has nothing in common with official standards". Analyzing Drach's ballads, E. Rais foresees in them the "great possibilities of this poet, the width of his range — from the bold and spontaneous use of folklore to the most refined nuances of modernism".

As much as Drach's originality is still the object of official silence and restriction by the rules of socialist realism, his gentle manliness only aids in perceiving the scope of this personality, with its unique and striking tonality.

"Lina Kostenko has her own original style and prosody, formed according to her exceptional sensitivity and unusually accurately grasped natural impressions... The wind, rain, and verdure in her poems live a life independent of the life of their author, and give us the impression of their proximity... The spontaneity and vitality of her conception of the world impresses one with its depth, so unexpected for a person of our times..."

Mykola Vinhranovskyi is undoubtedly highly gifted, at times vacillating, but never absent [from the literary scene]. Even his defects wear the imprint of his personality, which one cannot confuse with anyone else. He is inclined to rhetoric, which allows him to broach some social topics dynamically... Although he sometimes lacks enough breath to remain at the summits which he reaches often and easily. Even his second-

³³ HRYHORIY KYRYCHENKO (1939-), poet; since 1963 studied Ukrainian literature at the Kyiv Pedagogical Institute.

rate works shine with the sparks of true poetry, valuable in its unrepeatable fragrance”.

“These three poets, by general acknowledgement, head the group which appeared in Ukraine after the thaw. But the movement begun by them is only being born. An entire cluster of others, young ones, who grew up with a surprising swiftness and responsibility, give the young Ukrainian poetry in the USSR the appearance of a star-lit sky at twilight, where by turning one’s head, one notices new stars each time, still indistinct, but ever greater in number”.

“Naturally, as it often is in such cases among the youth, the majority of which has not reached the age of thirty, all kinds of surprises are possible. It is more than possible that tomorrow the general appearance of this picture will be unacceptable to him who paints it today. How many great peaks will arise where today there is a desert cut by gullies; how many valleys flowering today will be devastated by bunglers and riff-raff?”

The author regards Hryhoriy Kyrychenko, who appeared at that time with several poems in periodicals, as having the most prospect among the youngest, although he warns that “the dangers of the early culmination [of talent] are well known”. (Truly, after the first appearances, H. Kyrychenko has left the literary arena for the time being).

Vitaliy Korotych³⁴, in the opinion of the author, “although not on the same level”, but “definitely not an amateur”, “distinguishes himself by his exceptionally acute sensitivity in the specificity of the contemporary world”.

In the opinion of the French critic, Vasyl Symonenko belongs to the “outstanding persons, who created irrefutable values in poetry, although the centre of their attention lies outside it. He impresses us with his honesty and purity”. “Too proud, too ambitious to agree to compromises proposed by the regime, he left his disturbing diary, which merits greater attention of the West, too inclined to believe the declarations of official propaganda on the actual mood behind the Iron Curtain.

³⁴ VITALIY KOROTYCH (1937-), medical doctor and poet, translator and literary critic; editor-in-chief of literary journal *Ranok* (Morning).

His poems are also interesting; interesting first of all in their testimony of firmness and strength. Even a foreign reader will undoubtedly distinguish the fruitful artistic seed of his poetry. The immediate publication and dissemination in all languages of the free world of everything, which we have of his diary is imperative”.

Among the young Ukrainian prose writers the author accords special recognition to Valeriy Shevchuk³⁵, “who is the greatest hope of Ukrainian prose”.

“The essay and genre which operate thought rise most slowly after the devastation of socialist realism. But in this field, it is essential to emphasize irrefutable treasures, beginning with those like Rylskyi or the brilliant Professor Biletskyi³⁶, to the young, among whom Ivan Dzyuba, an essayist “by the grace of God”, occupies a special place. The truly classical clarity of his style accurately portrays the results of his ever revealing observations, for he never trusts the conclusions made previously.

None of the great literary critics of the world acted differently nor performed better than Dzyuba. If he had the opportunity to develop, without being restricted by untimely political interference, Ukraine could take pride in a first class critic, who are lacked so much in the contemporary literature of the free world.

“This issue is only a beginning, the first of a series, which is to give an impression of the wealth, the beauty, and the diversity of Ukrainian literature in general.”

Paris, 1967.

*Emanuel Rais**

* For a criticism of this introduction and of the entire book, “A NEW LITERARY WAVE IN UKRAINE”, see the newspaper *Literaturna Ukraina*, p. 64, August 13, 1968.

³⁵ VALERIY SHEVCHUK (1939-), writer, literary critic, translator; graduated from Department of History-Philosophy of Kyiv University in 1963; scientific researcher at Kyiv Historical Museum; author of several collections of stories, novels and translations.

³⁶ OLEKSANDER BILETSKYI (1884-1961), literary critic, member of AS of UkSSR; graduated from Kharkiv University (1909); author of numerous literary works.

SUPPLEMENT AND CORRECTION

1. In the third issue (of the "Ukrainskyi Visnyk") in the article "To the History of a Slander", there was omitted the surname of the prelector of the CC CPU from Kyiv, who in the spring of 1970 in Ivano-Frankivsk spread lies about a string of publically active persons and about a letter from the Ukrainian community in 1968 on the violation of Socialist legality. It has been established that his surname is *Bortsov*.

2. The director of the department of criminal investigation of the Ivano-Frankivsk regional militia, who vulgarly insulted P. Zalyvakha and called himself a Stalinist, is not a Russian, as was erroneously implied in the previous issue, but a Russified Ukrainian. His name is *Moroz*, and his rank — a captain.

CONVERSATION WITH THE READER

A proposition was made to include more artistic works, particularly poetry, because such works are circulated in *Samvydav* just as much as publicism. It was suggested, for example, that we present the Kyiv group of poets-symbolists as a new phenomenon in Ukrainian poetry (V. Kordun, M. Vorobyov, V. Ruban and others). There are no objections to this on principle. But a great number of operative material, nevertheless, demands that we postpone the printing of such works "until later". We regard it barely possible and inexpedient under existing conditions to increase the extent and the periodicity of the "Visnyk". For the future, we will strive to increase the information about the appearance of such works in *Samvydav*.

★

As could have been expected, particular reservations were heard against the inclusion of the essay "About the Poet Mykhaylo Kholodnyi"¹, in the third issue, as if to say, whether it

¹ MYKHAYLO KHOLODNYI, poet, attended the Anniversary Evening at I. Franko monument in Kyiv (1966); arrested; dismissed from the

is worthwhile to carry out garbage from your own house. Kholodnyi himself began carrying out "garbage from his house", by actively disseminating his "open letters" and "voices from the province". And the "Visnyk" is duty-bound to reflect all the processes which occur in the Ukrainian community, especially to inform objectively about all the news from *Samvydav*.

*

Just as unfounded is the accusation that the "Visnyk" intentionally does not present V. Moroz's article "Among the Snows", as one which is directed against I. Dzyuba, and also the polemical article by V. Chornovil, "How and What Does B. Stenchuk² Defend", in whose introductory section they see a criticism of V. Moroz. It was impossible to include all the works of Moroz at once. The article "Among the Snows" and the aforementioned article by Chornovil will be presented in the next issues.

*

There was the observation, that a photographed or a drawn heading, a smaller format of paper, and covers would increase interest in the issues. The "Ukrainskyi Visnyk" is printed and circulated spontaneously. Therefore, it is entirely possible, that somewhere it does have covers and painted headings. The "Visnyk" would rather be accommodated in an editorial office at number 10 Khreshchatyk³ Street and be printed on a rotary press. But when this possibility sets in, the necessity for a

fourth year at the Philosophy Department of Kyiv University; in 1969 sent letters to Soviet authorities with critical appraisal of his own writings and rejected the ideas and achievement of the Literary Renaissance of the 1960's.

² BOHDAN STENCHUK — alleged pseudonym used by the group of authors employed by the Department of Propaganda and Agitation of CC of CP of Ukraine (Shevel, Yevdokymenko and others); "his" article *How and What Does I. Dzyuba Defend* was published by the *Association for Cultural Relations with Ukrainians Abroad* and intended for foreign consumption; an answer to this article was written by Chornovil and called *How and What Does B. Stenchuk Defend* in which sixty-six questions and observations were asked.

³ KHRESHCHATYK, 10 — site of the editorial offices of *Dnipro*, the organ of the Komsomol.

publication of this type will disappear. We will be pleased when this becomes a reality...

*

Besides the small number of partial rebuffs, till now no objections against the "Visnyk" or its trend in principle have been heard in the Ukrainian community. This adds the assurance that the "Visnyk" is performing the responsibility taken upon itself.

— The End of the Issue —

APPENDIX

Vasyl' SYMONENKO

* * *

Maybe 'tis so, should stand, without repealing,
As from old was habitude for us,
To fall down, obediently kneeling,
At the feet of men of genius.

To praise and glorify with anthems swelling,
Fan the fragrant incense smoking sweet, —
Few men of genius among us dwelling,
So why not bow before them as is meet?

But I would bring these titans all together,
And, taking off my hat, I'd tell them clear:
I shall not sing paeans to you ever,
Nor with praises titillate your ears.

You are wise, your thoughts frank and undistorted,
Tell me then, in truthfulness, I pray:
Who and why has made of you immortals?
Who and why has so prolonged your days?

Speak, proclaim, so that all men might learn it,
And, for their own good, might know it clear;
It was mortals to immortals turned you,
It was mortals who prolonged your years.

And, in the hope that falcon wings would lift you
To the heaven of immortality,
All their wisdom mortal men did give you,
Drop by drop, like honey from the bee.

You became a banner for the people,
Battling against darkness for the right.
Geniuses! You immortals! Meetly
Kneel in homage before mortals' might!

(In the printed collections, the first stanza of this poem was omitted.)

Vasyl' SYMONENKO

THE LONELY MOTHER

Silent he fell.
And the stern stars were choking.
Upon his face grim suffering was laid,
And with his dying groan
The dark was broken,
A helpless groan,
Sharp as a lancet blade.
And now he was no more.
Hatred was swelling,
With vengeful swords it rushed upon the world,
For with him
They had shot down and felled there,
Your seventeen years,
Your love, still unfurled.
Life was triumphant in the duel so bitter,
For life through death
Grew stronger, firmer set . . .

But you became
At seventeen a widow,
Though your true love
And you had never met.
The years grew many,
Many years of longing.
And all your joys were sucked away by grief,
And over your
Shot darling now, the thronging
Nightingales madly laugh, without relief.
But still your right to motherhood
Remains now,
And in his crib a son is listening.
So let the narrow-minded
Call it shame now,
And hypocrites call him a child of sin
And let such riff-raff
Of the soul's degradation
Call your son "bastard", "child
Without name", it must
Be far more great a crime
To rob the nation
Of life within your trust.
Madonna of my time!
Above you flaming
Shine nimbuses of suffering and woe,
And this your deed,
Though scorched and seared with shaming,
The shot-down nation as a blessing know.

(In the printed collections, the word "shot-down" in the last line was omitted).

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