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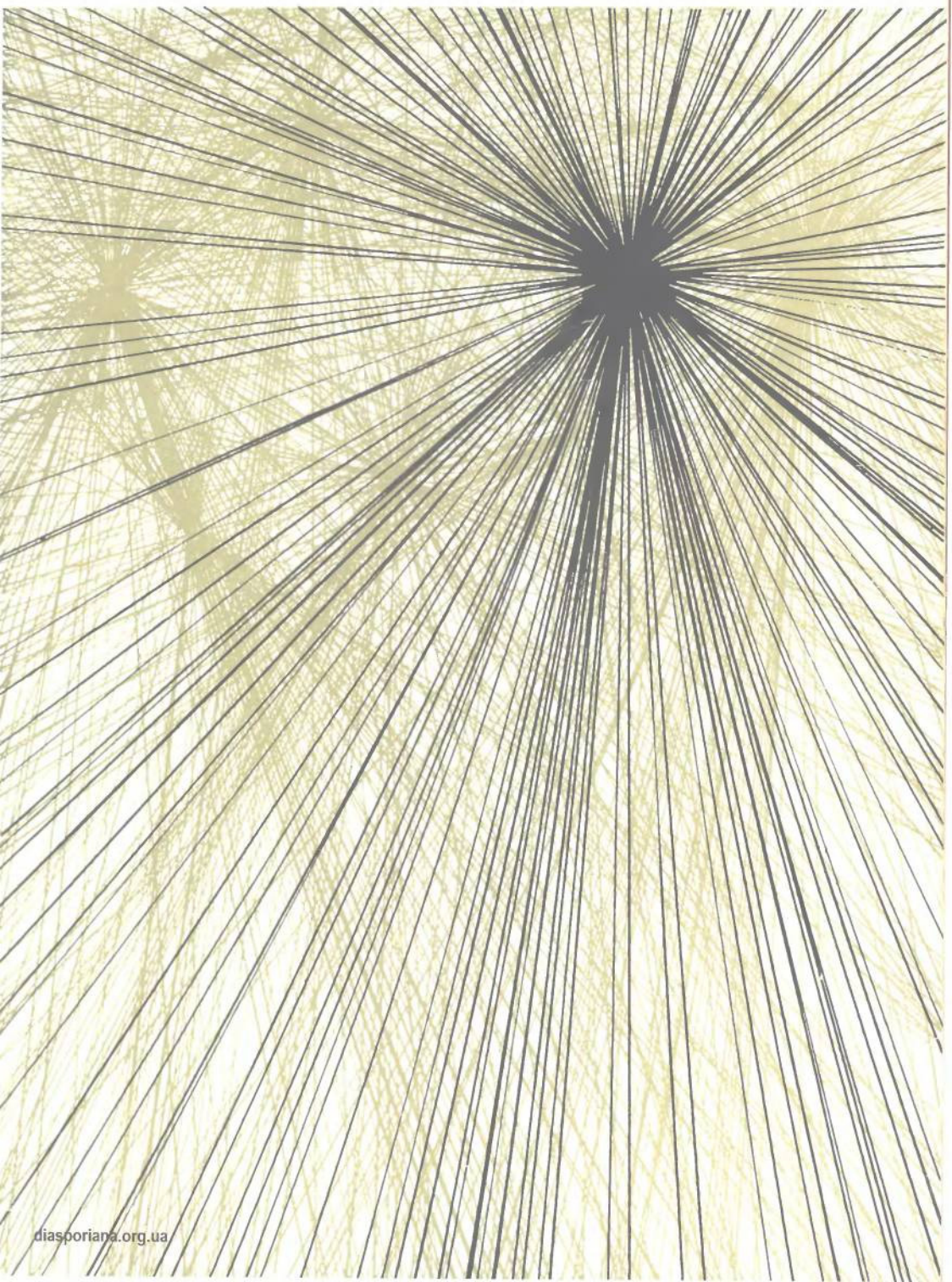

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EDITORIALS

FOR A LASTING TRIBUTE TO TARAS SHEVCHENKO

As Poet Laureate and spiritual leader of Ukraine Shevchenko has entrusted the future generations with the task of spreading the spirit and preserving the heritage of Ukrainian culture. Now, more than ever before, there is an urgent need to do this. Indeed, every Ukrainian-American and above all, every student of Ukrainian ancestry should participate in this endeavor by joining the Ukrainian Studies Chair Fund (USCF) in its efforts to establish the first permanent university professorship in the field of Ukrainian history and culture in the United States. The project of the Ukrainian professorship was initiated by the Third Congress of the Federation of Ukrainian Student Organizations of America (SUSTA) in 1957, and is now supported by almost all Ukrainian-American organizations.

The need for the chair is apparent. Presently, almost all teachers of Ukrainian subjects in parochial and other schools in the United States received their education and early teaching experience in Ukraine. Most of them are now in their fifties or sixties, and although there is now a surplus of these teachers, there are no young, American-trained teachers of Ukrainian subjects to replace them at their retirement. Why? Because not one of the 1855 American colleges and universities has a complete four-year program in any Ukrainian field of study. If this situation continues, eventually there will be no qualified teachers to transmit an understanding, appreciation, and love for Ukrainian culture to children and students. Without this understanding and love for the Ukrainian heritage, the young Ukrainian-Americans will have little incentive and interest to join the Ukrainian churches, organizations, and community life. Neither will they be in a position to defend the Ukrainian cause in time of need, while their brethren in Ukraine are muted by Soviet Russian terror.

Those in charge of the chair project have realized that a serious teacher-training program can be provided only within the framework of a permanent professorship under the supervision of a well-qualified expert in a given Ukranian field, who would devote all his time and knowledge to preparation and implementation of such a program. The Board of Directors of USCF includes Dr. Lev E. Dobriansky, Joseph Lesawyer, two former SUSTA presidents, Zenon Kravets and Konstantyn Sawczuk, and others. Local representatives of the USCF are coordinating fund-raising activities in 25 Ukrainian-American communi-

ties. Their nationwide goal is to raise an endowment fund of $350,000. Only the interest earned by the fund will be used to finance the work of the professorship. Thus no further appeals for funds to carry on the work will be necessary, and the undertaken work will not be interrupted because of lack of funds. The Atran Chair of Jewish Studies has been established at Columbia University on a similar basis.

As of December, 1961, approximately $50,000 has been collected. The most generous contribution, $18,500 in cash and $13,000 in pledges, was made by the Ukrainian community of New York City. The canvassers of funds also point with pride to the small Ukrainian community of eighty families in New Brunswick, N. J. Out of 51 families which were visited there, 48 donated $100 each.

Our prompt action on this matter will also help to eradicate the widespread misconceptions about Ukraine which are circulated freely by misinformed "experts" of Soviet affairs in this country, because there is no formally recognized authority to refute and correct these distortions of historical facts. One such distortion appeared recently in the 158th issue of a State Department publication called *Soviet Affairs Notes:*

> "The term 'Ukraine' is itself a modern political rather than an historical term. It was invented in the nineteenth century by nationalists seeking to detach the soutrwestern borderlands of Russia from the Czarist empire."

This and similar erroneous notions about Ukraine are not only damaging to the Ukrainian cause, but are detrimental to the security of the United States as well, because they are used as a basis for shaping our foreign policy towards the Soviet Union. This policy ignores the only allies of the United States within the USSR, namely, the captive non-Russian nations. This fact is evident in a letter which Secretary of State Dean Rusk sent to the Chairman of the House Rules Committee in the summer of 1961, in order to oppose the creation of a Special House Committee on Captive Nations. In this letter Mr. Rusk wrote:

> "The United States Government's position is weakened by any action which confuses the rights of formerly independent peoples or nations with the status of areas, such as Ukraine, Armenia or Georgia, which are traditional parts of the Soviet Union. Reference to these latter areas places the U. S. Government in the undesirable position of seeming to advocate the dismemberment of an historical state."

It is too late to correct such misconceptions about Ukraine after they have been printed and distributed. But they can be prevented. Dis-

torted statements are made by professional people who in turn have been misinformed about Ukraine while studying Soviet affairs in some college or university. Even today, the future journalists, teachers, diplomats, historians, and others who are specializing in Soviet affairs are being taught that the Ukrainian language is a "dialect of Russian," that Ukrainian aspirations to independence are a "German invention," etc. Therefore, correct information about Ukraine must reach them in the form of a required survey course in Ukrainian history before they leave the university and occupy important positions. Such a survey course in Russian history is required in all schools which offer Soviet study programs. The obligatory nature of such a course will be also specified in the contract on the basis of which the Ukrainian professorship will be established.

While you personally may be unable to donate $100, $500 or $1,000 to become a member, an endowing member, or a patron of the USCF respectively, you can help in canvassing your area. By doing this, you will join the Ukrainian student movement in the United States and the Ukrainian-American communities in honoring the Champion of Freedom Taras Shevchenko in the most deserving way. For more information contact the president of your local student club, or *hromada,* or write directly to:

Ukrainian Studies Chair Fund, Inc.
302 West 13th Street
New York 14, New York

COMMENT ON HOUSE CAPTIVE NATIONS COMMITTEE

The young Americans of Ukrainian origin who make up the nationwide membership of SUSTA, the Federation of Ukrainian Student Organizations of America, have a special interest in Soviet affairs which impels them to take a strong stand in favor of the creation of the proposed special House Committee on Captive Nations. The need for such a Committee becomes more pressing every day. Recent events have shown that ignorance of historical facts and misinformation are still prevalent among senior officials charged with responsibility for the conduct of American foreign policy.

On August 22, 1961, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, in an unfor-

(*Continued on page* 74)

AMERICA FACES THE STORM

by JAMES E. WOODBURY

The American Ship of State is voyaging through stormy seas and lowering weather. Ever and anon sudden flashes of spray on the horizon bespeak the presence of uncharted reefs and breakers. The young skipper at the helm, brave enough no doubt, still lacks the experience to gauge the difference between sudden but superficial squalls and the deeper thunders of the storm.

That old Ship of State, first hailed by Longfellow has often braved rough weather and heavy seas in the past but perhaps never such grim and threatening tempest as today. And her perils are all the greater because the crewmen of old are no longer aboard. We have now no such sailors to fend off piratical assault as that Commodore Decatur who preferred his country above all else. Indeed, to exchange the language of metaphor for that of plain truth the kind of men who in times gone by made this Republic great seem sadly lacking today. They quite literally preferred liberty to death and we can be sure that with their vigorous common sense they should be amazed and also apalled at the confusion and unreasoning fear which prevails among present-day Americans when they confront Soviet Russian Communism.

Those early Americans, quite a different breed from the Lippmanns and Kennans of our time, would have had little sympathy for an America which was willing to abandon its friends to a life of slavery for the sake of an uncertain span of illusory peace. With their clear eye for political and military realities the Americans of yesterday would not have been willing to fight a battle of survival on the enemy's ground. They would have sought to tear open the vitals of the foe and even more so if the threat left them little option other than to attack with the utmost force.

Cuba and Latin America, Laos and Geneva, foreign aid and anti-colonialism in Africa, even Berlin — all these, though important enough, are not the real battle ground. Indeed their importance has been overestimated, often by Communist design. They are not where the beast has his lair and it is to his advantage to fight us as far away from the victims of his rapine as possible. But this obvious truth seems remote from the mind of the great masters of diplomacy in Washington. Principles of strategy and humanity which were self-evident to Washington and Lincoln alike seem beyond the comprehension of the State Department and the men around President Kennedy. We all hope that the scales will fall from the eyes of the President and that like a pala-

din of old he will cast off misguided and shallow advisors and come to grips with Russian Communism in Eastern Europe where, nourished by the blood sucked from its slaves, it prepares its assault upon what remains of the Free World. But the process of confusion and mental self-defeat sowed by Russian Communism, that bastard offspring of Pugachovism and the dream of Catherine the Great, has already progressed very far. Without a direct clash the Muscovite leaders have succeeded in persuading the West to fight in the dark and with blunted swords. The hour is late!

Our duty as young Ukrainians who have accepted the citizenship of this great country is to join with other Americans in rallying to its defense. We can best do this by exercising our privilege as citizens to make our knowledge of the brutal realities of the Soviet Empire and our opinions on what should be done to save America and destroy Russian Imperialist Communism forever (and it is only by destroying it that we can save America) crystal clear to our representatives in Congress, who are, it seems, more sincerely concerned for America than some of the deluded "Soviet experts" and State Department bureaucrats who still have such pernicious effect on American policy.

And we can do this in many ways. Even symbol and gesture, though they must always march hand in hand with action, can be of untold value. By writing your Congressman or Senator now, for example, and by seeing to it that your family and friends do likewise, you can help to secure passage of a bill to commemorate the 100th Anniversary of the death of Taras Shevchenko on the US postage stamp "Champion of Liberty" series. The US Post Office has objected to this proposal on the grounds that in this country, as elsewhere in the West it is customary to celebrate anniversaries of births rather than deaths. By writing to such friends of East European liberty as Senators Javits and Dodd, you may contribute by helping the Post Office to see the light. And finally what can we do on the broader front? We can strive to enter the main stream of American life, while in no way abandoning our noble Ukrainian heritage. Through mastering the English language as a tool of training ourselves professionally in every department of Ukrainian, Russian and East European studies through entering ordinary professions—especially the law, that traditional gateway to American politics—we can influence American life and our fellow citizens more directly and effectively than ever before. The immediate future may be dark but all is not lost. If we are prepared to make sacrifices for America, as our forbears did for Ukraine, we shall with God's help turn back the tides which threaten to engulf that Ship of State which is perhaps the noblest craft man have yet beheld beating its way to windward against the storms of tyranny.

SHEVCHENKO - THE FLAME OF ENLIGHTENMENT

By TATIANA CYBYK

"*And God said, 'Let there be light.' And there was light.*" But for the Ukrainian people of the nineteenth century there was no light. Their life was dominated by the opression of Polish and Russian despots. Their language and customs were being crushed out of existence. Many were ignorant of the illustrious past of their forefathers. They did not know what it was to be a free man since they were bound as serfs to their land. Had fate decreed that these people would never see the light of freedom shine over Ukraine? Was there no one who could awaken the great mass of Ukrainians and instill in their hearts a fierce and burning love for their oppressed land? Was there no man who could arouse among this oppressed nation the yearning to be free and to cast off its chains of bondage? Yet fate was not such a cruel mistress, for in 1840 the bright light of an awakening spirit finally shone over the Ukraine. A man, a serf, one who was ready to endure suffering of every kind for the love of his beloved Ukraine came forth into the foreground of Ukrainian life. In that year, Taras Shevchenko, Ukraine's greatest son and poet, published "Kobzar" ("The Minstrel"), whose appearance had made a great impression, an impression felt throughout Europe as well as in his seemingly God-forsaken native land. How did this one man find the ability to bring light to the Ukrainian people? What kept him working endlessly and enduring so much in order to enlighten the oppressed nation? Finally, how did Ukraine appear in the eyes of Taras Shevchenko? These are the questions I will try to answer.

Born and raised a product of serfdom, Taras Shevchenko, as a sensitive human being, was profoundly unhappy at the plight of his fellow Ukrainians. Through his own sufferings he had learned to evaluate their problems at first hand. Gifted with incomparable powers of observation, he understood their way of thinking, their hopes, their dreams and their frustrations. When, at the age of twenty-four, he became a free man, Taras Shevchenko began to utilize his own experiences in carrying out the goal to which he had dedicated himself:—to arouse his oppressed people from the ". . . lethargy of torpid inertia, into which they had been plunged as a result of their lost struggle for independence . . ."[1]

Once he became a free man he discovered in himself a creative

talent for poetry. Using his native Ukrainian language, he began his work of enlightenment. First, he realized that success in arousing his oppressed people depended upon confronting them with the illustrious history of their past.

As a young boy he had listened endlessly to the tales of his grandfather about the great Kozak State of the 16th and 17th centuries. With these tales deeply embedded in his youthful mind, Taras Shevchenko himself personified the spirit of the Ukrainian past.

Included in the first edition of "Kobzar" in 1840, were two of his greatest historical poems, "Ivan Pidkova" and "The Night of Taras."[2] In these poems he dramatized the exploits of two *Kozaks,* the legendary Ivan Pidkova and one of the Kozak *Hetmans,* or rulers, Taras Fedorovych. Written in a simple poetic language, understandable by all from the most highly educated in the land to the lowest serf, he glorified the deeds of the Urkainian knight heroes, the Kozaks.

In 1841, Shevchenko completed his great work, the epic poem "Haydamaki."[3] This tremendous poem consists of eleven cantos, with a prologue, an epilogue and an introduction. The theme of this work is the bloody rebellion in 1768 of the oppressed peasants. These peasants, who lived on the left bank of the Dnieper, revolted against their Polish overlords. Using this historic event as his background, Taras Shevchenko wove a great dramatic plot which aroused keen and sympathetic interest among his Ukrainian readers. This poem also implanted among his readers the idea of rebellion against their contemporary oppressors. "Haydamaki" begins with the following words:

"Listen well, my people worthy,
For the Cossack glory
I have told with detail thorough
Without bookish memory
So my grandsire told it to me,
Keep him live and well,
And me with him . . .
For he knew not
What the bookish people
Write about those tales of glory.
Listen well, O grandsire,
Let them chatter!
Meanwhile I will
Come again to my folks
I will take them to my country,
I will take them — sing them

What a dream I have and cherish
In that Ukraina,
Where the haydamaky wandered
With their holy weapons,
On those paths which I have trodden
With my feet so tender."[4]

Another poem glorifying the deeds of the Kozaks was "Hamaliya," written in 1842. In a very broad sense this work is also historical. The main character, Hamaliya, however, is not an historical but a fictional character.[5] The events which the poet presents are likewise greatly embroidered. It is regarded as an historical, rather than a fictional work, only, because, again, it is a poem about the heroic deeds of the Kozaks.

However, not all of Shevchenko's historical poems glorify the past. In some of his works he looks upon the past with a very critical eye. In "The Open Grave," he portrays the sad plight of "Mother Ukraine" dressed in a tattered and torn dress. He blames her sad state on Bohdan Khmelnitsky, one of Ukraine's most illustrious Hetmans, who in 1654 signed a treaty at Pereyaslav with the Russian Tsar, which put the Ukraine under Moscow's protection.[6] By this treaty, Shevchenko says, Khmelnitsky sold Ukraine to the Muscovite tyrants and oppressors.

In another of his poems, "The Great Cellar," written in 1845, Shevchenko denounces all those people who have been in any way the oppressors of Ukraine. This poem, written in the form of a mystery tale[7] introduces to the reader three lost souls. The first is the soul of a girl carrying a pitcher full of water who crossed the path of Bohdan Khmelnitsky as he was on his way to Pereyaslav to make the ill-fated treaty in 1654.[8] The second soul was that of a girl who gave water to city of Ukraine, in 1708 during the reign of Hetman Ivan Mazepa. And the third soul was that of a girl who while still a child, looked on with great pleasure and interest as Catherine the Great rode down the Dnieper River during a tour of her empire. Thus in this mystical poem, Shevchenko covered three stages of Ukrainian history — the beginning of the Kozak government, the last struggle for independence (which ended in defeat) and the beginning of complete Muscovite control over Ukraine — with each soul symbolizing various groups of people who aided in the downfall of Ukraine.

Czar Peter the Great's horse after he ruined Baturin, then the capital

So, through his historical poems, Taras Shevchenko sought to arouse the interest of the vast oppressed Ukrainian nation, by pointing out to them that their life had not always been one of oppression by other na-

tions and that their forbears had once enjoyed a glorious and triumphant era in history.

Through these same poems he also pleaded with his people to "arise and break their chains of bondage, for as long as there is God, there is a future of liberty and freedom somewhere over the horizon." As Professor Clarence Manning has said, Taras Shevchenko ". . . summarized and embodied the past of Ukraine but also he was living just at the moment when the ideals of the future were being forged in the fires of adversity. He spoke for the future of his land as well as for the past, for the future liberty and freedom that were to come as well as of that glory which had faded. Yes, Shevchenko became a very embodiment of the ideals and the aspirations and dreams of every Ukrainian patriot."[9]

Having roused his fellow Ukrainians to the great past of their mother country, this gifted individual then turned his attention to the current plight of the Ukrainian people:

> ". . . how they tear even the skin from the poor cripple's back when they snatch off his ragged jacket all because, forsooth, he can pay no tribute to the fattening, upstart squire; a widow, he sees, crucified because she can not pay her head tax; the bright hope of some family, the only child, a son, he beholds, shackled and dragged off to the army; a child, its belly swollen with hunger, he sees lying beside the fence while its mother cuts the grain of the rich squireling; he sees the unwed mother disowned by her family, cast out by the young squire who is responsible for her plight, stumbling along like a dying person, swaying with dizziness . . ."[10]

He realized that the present life of the serfs was beyond all imaginable horrors. "Though having in his early poems, idealized the past of Ukraine, Shevchenko could not but feel the contrast existing between the glorious heroic times and the present sad conditions of the population. In his early poems we see already his profound sympathy for the victims of serfdom and with the precarious conditions of life of the peasants."[11]

Therefore, he began to write poetry dealing with the life of the serf. His poems "Katerina" (1838), "Nun Marianna" (1841), "The Witch" (1847), "The Water Nymph" (1846), "The Lily" (1846), "The Princess" (1846), "Petrus" (1850), "Marina" (1848) and "The Vagabond" (1838), all

". . . deal with the tragic conditions created in the Ukrainian villages by the arbitrary power of the serf-owner over his subjects. The unhappy lot of young women victims of the debauchery of their lords moves the poet in particular."[12]

In his work "The Servant" Shevchenko describes the life of a mother who, after exposing her own child so that he might be discovered by a rich and childless peasant couple, later enters their service and brings up her own son. Only on her deathbed she confesses to him that she is his mother.

". . . By purity of form, simplicity, almost biblical grandeur and the profoundly human idea of the expiation of an involuntary fault by a life of work and humiliation, this poem . . . could rank beside the masterpieces of world literature."[13]

However, Shevchenko, who did not wish to drive his suffering countrymen to despair and panic, does not portray only the hideous life of the serf. Upon occasion, he showed his fellow Ukrainians the picture of a life full of beauty and joy.

For example, in his poem "Evening," Shevchenko describes a beautiful summer evening. In a cherry orchard, a family is preparing to sit down to supper. Overhead one hears the melodious song of the nightingale and the pleasant buzz of the crickets. In the distance one can hear the singing reapers as they return from the fields at the end of their daily work. This, in the eyes of the great poet, is the ideal life of the country. Another example of this same conception is an excerpt from the poem "The Princess" in which Shevchenko depicts the ideal beauty of a Ukrainian village:

"A village! And the heart will rest . . .
A village in our Ukraine——
Is like a *pysanka*[14] a village
With a green grove surrounding:
The orchards bloom; the homes are white
And up above the palaces stand
As in a miracle, surrounded
With wide leafed poplars;
And there's a forest — and a forest and a field
And the blue mountains beyond Dnipro . . ."[15]

In order to arouse in the hearts of his Ukrainians a deeper love for

their country, Shevchenko on many occasions depicted the beauty of Ukraine. In his poem "The Dream" (regarded as a political poem), which I will discuss later, Shevchenko, at one point in this great work, described the beauty of the Ukrainian landscape:

"Dawn! Flying, I watch it from above . . .
Along the rim of heav'n its blazing heralds run,
While song of nightingale from some dusk-haunted grove
Welcomes the sun.
A breeze blows tenderly and cool,
"Steppe land and field alike in azure haze are dreaming,
Deep in the gorges and above each pool
Young willow roots are greening.
Heavy with ripened harvest hand the fruit trees,
The poplars, slender, straight and tall
Stand like watchful sentries,
Talking together, back and forth they call,
Around it, round this land, as morning breaks,
Garlands of flowers twine anew,
And everything turns green; it wakes
To bathe itself in morning dew.
Then, radiant and fresh, it goes to meet the sun.
No end of this the far horizon shows,
No hint of source from whence 'tis spring.
And none can mar the beauty of the place
Nor add a cubit to its perfect grace."[16]

Finally, in order to set an example for his countrymen as to how they should love their country, he wrote his ever-famous "Testament" in which he literally bared his soul:

"When I die, O lay my body
In a lofty tomb
Out upon the steppes unbounded
In my own dear Ukraine:
So that I can see before me
The wide stretching meadows
And Dnipro, its banks so soft,
And can hear it roaring,
As it carries far from Ukraine
Unto the blue sea
All our foemen's blood--and then

I will leave the meadows
And the hills and fly away
Unto God Himself . . .
For a prayer . . . But till that moment
I will know no God.
Bury me and then rise boldly,
Breake in twain your fetters
And with the foul blood of foemen
Sprinkle well your freedom.
"And of me in your great family,
When it's freed and new,
Do not fail to make a mention
With a soft, kind word."[17]

Shevchenko wove into the tapestry of his poetry national folklore and superstitions. Two of his works, ballads called "The Lunatic" and "The Poplar Tree," are regarded by many critics as his most beautiful creations. Here he combines reality with fantasy. In both of these forms, we find as characters the girl whose love is unfulfilled, and the Kozak, the typical Ukrainian national hero. Together with these real-life charactrers Shevchenko includes various representatives of the world of fantasy—water nymphs, witches, ghosts, and so forth. These ballads became very dear to the Ukrainian peasants for they recognized in them their own legends. Also, it is very interesting to note that Shevchenko's poetry was written in the same stanza structure as the Ukrainian folk songs. All this tended to bring his poetry closer to the general Ukrainian mind.

After exposing the sad plight of his countrymen, Shevchenko next referred to those who were responsible for the oppression of the Ukrainians, namely the Muscovite government and its representatives. He began to write poems in which he openly attacked the Russians for their cruelty and voiced a plea for the liberation of the serfs. These social-political poems were one of the main causes for his arrest in 1847 and subsequent ten-year imprisonment, during which span of time he was officially forbidden to write literary works in a memorandum written by the Emperor Nicholas I himself.

One of his most famous social-political poems is "The Dream." "The Dream" is a fantastic satire, perhaps inspired in form by Dante, but wholly original in content, wherein Shevchenko transports himself from Ukraine to St. Petersburg in a dream

". . . and shows us the panorama that opens before his eyes: the Russian capital built in the midst of swamps and marshes

on the bones of thousands of workmen who perished in the most unhealthy working conditions on this poisonous soil. The next scene is an audience at the Czar's and is drawn with expressions of bitter sarcasm. He shows us also the shadows of the Ukrainian Cossacks who, ordered in masses, as punishment from their native land to the building works of St. Petersburg, found also their death in the swamps; and the shadows of the Hetman Polubotok who died in the fortress of Saint Peter and Paul for having defended before Czar Peter the rights and liberties of the Ukraine. All these tragic shadows accuse the Czar of cruelty and deceit. The monument of Peter I set up by Catherine II, with the inscription on it: 'To the First from the Second,' that was glorified as a symbol of the greatness of the Russian Empire . . . wake in the heart of the Ukrainian poet quite different reflections: 'This is the First who crucified our Ukraine,/ And the Second gave the finishing stroke to the victim.' "[18]

Doctor Coleman, when writing about Taras Shevchenko, said the following about this great work:

"His poem, 'The Dream' is the fulfillment of this broadly human sympathy. It is a protest, done with burning pen, against all oppression."[19]

Shevchenko's second great political poem is "Caucasus." In this poem the great master first depicts the Caucausian Mountains, where:

"From the Dawn of the world
The eagle tortures Prometheus:
Every day pierces his breast
Tears out the heart . . ."[20]

Then he writes about war in these same mountains where Ukrainian soldiers were forced by the Russians to fight against the peace-loving inhabitants of that region. He writes with great irony about the "good fortune" created by the Russian system, which, according to a later statement by Shevchenko knows nothing better than "to build prisons and forge chains."[21]

These poems are perhaps the most pointed and pithy expressions of Shevchenko's opinions about the Russian government and, as earlier stated, they were the main reason for his arrest and confinement.

In captivity he did not lose his will to uphold freedom; on the contrary this imprisonment only embedded within his heart a greater, stronger and more burning love for his Mother Ukraine. While imprisoned in the Peter and Paul Fortress in St. Petersburg, he clearly displayed his feelings toward his native land, writing the following poem:

"I care not, shall I see my dear
Own land before I die, or not,
Nor who forgets me, buried here
In desert wastes of alien snow:
Though all forget me, — better so.
A slave from my first bitter years,
Most surely I shall die a slave
Ungraced by any kinsmen's tears;
And carry with me to the grave
Everything; and leave no trace,
No little mark to keep my place
In the dear lost Ukraina
Which is not ours, although our land
Which none shall ever understand;
No father to his son shall say:
—Kneel down, and fold your hands and pray;
He died for our Ukraina.
I care no longer if the child
Shall pray for me, or pass me by.
One only thing I cannot bear:
To know my land, that was beguiled
Into a death-trap with a lie,
Trampled and ruined and defiled . . .
Ah, but I care, dear God; I care!"[22]

However, Shevchenko does not blame only the Muscovite despotism for the oppression. His burning pen also atatcked those Ukrainian rich and powerful nobles who began to emulate their Russian overlords. In his poem "The Epistle" Shevchenko appeals to the Ukrainian intellectuals to come to their senses and help resurrect the Ukraine and not try to bury her. In a state of mind almost filled with despair he cries out that these Ukrainian lords are crucifying their country more than the Russians or the Poles. However, Shevchenko is not pessimistic as to the future of Ukraine, for he is certain that "The Spirit is immortal and free in spite of the tyrants and human speech cannot be stifled."[23] He displays his optimism in the poem "The Fool" where he cries out:

"When shall we get a Washington
With a new and fair law?
But we shall get him some time!"[24]

Yes, Shevchenko firmly believed to his death that one day Ukraine would be a land of freedom and liberty. As one knows from history, Shevchenko's dreams have not as yet been realized in full. True, serfdom has been abolished in Ukraine—ironically enough their emancipation was proclaimed one week after the great poet's untimely death—but his dream of liberty for the Ukraine is still only a dream.

Thus one man, Taras Shevchenko, a man of the people, brought the flame of enlightenment to his native land. Although born a serf, he turned into ". . . not only a national poet, but also a universal genius, one of the lights of humanity."[25] All his life he nourished a deep, burning and undying love for his suffering Mother Ukraine. This helped him endure every suffering and scale heights of achievement which made him worthy of the title, Ukraine's National Prophet. Along with this supreme love Shevchenko "bore two hatreds equal to themselves—the hatred of Czarism and the hatred of slavery."[26]

How did his poetry become so popular with his nation even then as well as in our own day? The answer is that

> ". . . Shevchenko's poetry, born of the folk poetry and of the soul of Ukraine, written with the highest artistry yet with Biblical simplicity, was dedicated to the extermination of what to the poet was the greatest evil of the world, human bondage, particularly the brand the Russian Empire was most familiar with, serfdom."[27]

Also the source of many of Shevchenko's subjects and themes was the wealth of Ukrainian folklore. It can be said that

> ". . . Shevchenko's poetic work bloomed like a marvelous flower that sprang entirely from its native soil,—soil that had seen so many great aspirations bloom and fade, such heroic enthusiasms and which had been soaked with blood and tears in the course of its traggic history."[28]

Truly Shevchenko was a great man in the eyes of his people as he is today in the eyes of all freedom-loving humanity. Ironically his genius is also recognized in Soviet Ukraine where

". . . they try to represent Shevchenko not only as the prophet he was, but as the ideologist of the coming social revolution. They say that Shevchenko was well up in the theoretical problems of socialism and proofs are being found by them that, in the beginning of the 40's he was intimately connected with followers of Fourier who had in Russia Petrashevski as their leader. In order to prove that Shevchenko sympathized with a social revolution, his editors and commentators in Soviet Russia go so far as to falsify the text of his poems, eliminating words on God, religion, changing whole expressions, substituting other words, in short—all that does not agree with communistic doctrines."[29]

But every intelligent person can easily recognize that Shevchenko's ideas and the ideals of communism are not in any way similar to each other. Shevchenko wanted liberty and freedom and not the enslavement imposed by the iron regime of the hammer and sickle.

In reading this famous "Kobzar" one realizes that its author was a great master of words and freedom-loving ideas which are dear to every Ukrainian to this day.

The following are some of the best and most beautiful appreciations vet rendered to the great author and national prophet, Taras Shevchenko:

"He was a peasant's son and has become a prince in the realm of the spirit."

"He was a serf, and has become a Great Power in the commonwealth of human culture."

"He was an unschooled layman, and has shown to professors and scholars newer and freer paths."

"Fate pursued him cruelly throughout life, yet could not turn the pure gold of his soul to rust, his love of humanity to hatred, or his trust in God to despair."

"Fate spared him no suffering, but did not sting his pleasures, which welled up from a healthy spring of life."

"And it withheld till after death its best and costliest prize—undying fame and the ever new delight which his works call forth in millions of human hearts."[30]

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1. Dmytro Doroshensko, *Taras Shevchenko: Bard of Ukraine* (New York, 1936,) p. 10.
2. Volodymyr Radzykewych, *Istoria Ukrainskoi Literatury* (History of Ukrainian Literature) (Detroit, 1955), p. 66.
3. Radzykewych, *op. cit.*, p. 66.
4. Translated by Prof. Clarence Manning, Columbia University, Department of East European Languages. (Emeritus)
5. There were seven Kozaks recorded in history with this same name.
6. Ivan Krypiakewich, and others, *Velyka Istoria Ukrainy* (The Great History of Ukraine) (Winnipeg, 1948) p. 473.
7. This style was quite popular in the days of Taras Shevchenko.
8. There was a folk superstition that if someone crossed one's path with a container full of water, whatever one set out to do on that day would be accomplished. Shevchenko interprets this as meaning that the girl was forecasting good fortune for the Russians because on that day Bohdan Khmelnitsky was on his way to sign the Pereyaslav treaty.
9. Doroshenko, *op. cit.*, p. 4. Quoted from the preface by Prof. Clarence Manning.
10. Arthur Prudden Coleman. *A Brief Study of Ukrainian Literature.* Ukrainian University Society, 1936. p. 17, 18.
11. Doroshenko, p. 36.
12. Doroshenko, p. 37.
13. Doroshenko, p. 37.
14. *pysanka* — an Easter egg very artistically decorated.
15. Translated by Tatiana Cybyk.
16. Coleman, *op. cit.*, p. 17.
17. Translated by Professor Clarence Manning.
18. Doroshenko, p. 41 f.
19. Coleman, p. 18.
20. Doroshenko, p. 42.
21. Doroshenko, p. 43.
22. Translated by E. L. Voynich.
23. Doroshenko, p. 43.
24. Doroshenko, p. 44.
25. Doroshenko, p. 48.
26. Doroshenko, p. 42.
27. Coleman, p. 19.
28. Doroshenko, p. 11.
29. Doroshenko, p. 49.
30. Cited by Doroshenko from the "Slavonic Review," Vol. 3 (London, 1924).

THE IMPACT OF GEOGRAPHY ON UKRAINIAN HISTORY

by ***HLIB HAYUK***

(In March, 1961 *Mr. Hayuk read an address to the Ukrainian Student Society of the City College of New York upon which this article is based. Ed.)*

Nature has endowed Ukraine with riches equalled or surpassed by only a few other countries, yet she remains one of the poorest nations in the world. This paradox can best be explained if we analyze Ukrainian history or, to be more specific, the history of the Ukrainian people from a geographical standpoint.

In general the history of Ukraine has been that of a subjugated country. Unlike the history of such independent sovereign states as England or France, Ukrainian history consists chiefly of the grim annals of alien domination and oppression. There are but a few fleeting moments in Ukrainian history over which we can rejoice; the rest is a tale of sadness and mourning.

Geography, or the physical environment which the Ukrainian people occupy, has been a constant and vital factor in their history. Wars have been fought, millions of people have been killed, exiled or imprisoned, but the geographic area which is the Ukrainian people's homeland has remained constant, although different names have been applied to it during the course of history — "Little Russia," "South Russia," "Little Poland," etc. The geography of a given area may be defined as the spatial environment in which chronological events have occurred. A study of that geography may help us to understand why certain events took place, while others did not. Last but not least, the geography of a particular area may indicate the influence upon man of a specific environment.

In the past geography influenced man, but as technology developed man in turn began to influence and change geography. If we accept the idea of ever-increasing technological progress, especially in the various fields of basic research, we can then predict that man may ultimately win complete mastery over his environment. We would then see the world's deserts blooming or even the Antarctic becoming densely populated. However, we must remember that only today are we at last able to think of changing our environment through technology. In the

past technology was lacking and men were controlled by their environment. In many instances environment was the decisive factor in the life of the various divisions of mankind.

Let us turn now to an examination of the profound effects which certain physical-environmental factors peculiar to Ukraine have had upon the Ukrainian people.

First, let us consider the rivers of Ukraine. The importance of rivers was first noted by the German anthropo-geographer, Friedrich Ratzel, who stated that they usually tend to unite the people and communities located along their banks by providing an easy channel for communication.[1] Rivers, said Ratzel, are a force for unification, not division, an obvious fact of geography which is usually overlooked when nations in search of natural boundaries use rivers as their frontiers, failing to realize that in so doing they are not insuring their future security but only creating new problems for themselves and sowing the seeds of later conflicts. The role of rivers as communication routes comes into sharper focus when we remember that the Chinese still call them "dry roads."[2] We can also cite the geopolitical writer Horrabin who says this in his book, "The Geographical Foundations of History: "A river unites a large number of people. And it does not unite them only in space but confronts an entire large group of people with common problems and gives them common interests."[3]

The Dnipro, Ukraine's greatest river, is 1,405 miles long, the third longest river in Europe after the Volga and the Danube. The earliest Ukrainian state grew up along the Dnipro and the Ukrainian people have always regarded it as a sacred river.[4] In fact, its banks were settled even before historic times. The so-called Tripilyan civilization arose in the Dnipro region about 3,000 B.C. and was contemporary with other ancient agricultural civilizations along the Indus, the Tigris-Euphrates, the Nile and the Yellow River in China. "It is from the Tripilyans that we begin the study of Ukrainian history and trade relations with other countries."[5] S. Shamray has described the reasons for the location of the town of Tripilya 50 miles south of Kiev, where most of the archeological research on the Tripilyan civilization has been carried on. "The location was an excellent one for settlement; a steep hill, surrounded on three sides by water, made it easy to defend against enemy attacks. Besides this, there is a ford across the Dnipro nearby."[6] Control of the ford meant control of the adjacent trade routes.

The growth of Kiev in early historic times depended on the Dnipro. It was the fastest means of communication and served as a trade route from the Scandinavian countries to Constantinople via Kiev. A great part of Kiev's wealth was derived from the annual trade during the ice-

tree seasons. The growth of Kiev in power, wealth and culture was hindered only by the rapids. These rapids or *porohy,* as they were called, were formed when the Dnipro crossed a granite-crystalline formation of rocks as it flows toward the Black Sea, causing very turbulent rapids. There were nine rapids in close proximity. Today they are flooded by the raising of the river level due to the erection of dams, of which the Dniprostan at Zaporozhe is the most important. Our forefathers, however, could not surmount this physical problem. They had to take their boats and goods and portage them overland for about 15 miles. This made it easy for the nomadic tribes which then roamed the steppes and set traps for the traders near the rapids. These tribes, especially the *Peczenihs,* captured and destroyed many trade caravans. The rulers of Kiev tried to drive them away but they simply fled into the steppes to await a better opportunity. These annual raids or ambushes at the rapids dissipated the strength of Kiev. Here was a physical environmental obstacle which Kiev-Rus tried to overcome at a high price in lives and strength. Prince Sviatoslav Zavoyovnyk, the Conqueror, (960--972) realized this weakness and the threat which the rapids posed to Kiev-Rus. He lost his life at the rapids before he could establish another capital for Kiev-Rus, which he intended to locate on the Danube, not far from Constantinople in what is today Bulgaria.[7] However, although the rapids weakened Kiev-Rus, later in history, in the 15th and 16th centuries, they provided a refuge to which serfs and other oppressed folk could flee. These escapees eventually created the Zaporozhan Host, which later evolved into the 17th century Cossack state. These rapids and islands in the Dnipro provided safety for the independent *Sich,* which lasted until 1775, when it was treacherously destroyed by Catherine the Great. Thus the last spark of Ukrainian freedom was extinguished in the same year which saw the birth of a new freedom with the first shots at Lexington and Concord in America.

But the geographic factor which has left the deepest trace upon the Ukrainian people has been the wealth of the soil and Ukraine's rich natural resources. Professor Ivan Mirchuk in his work "Ukraine and Its People" said: "The entire Ukrainian nation is today deeply rooted in its native soil, a circumstance which it regards as its most effective weapon and with the help of which it has managed not only to cling to the land given it by fate, in spite of numerous onslaughts by nomads both ancient and modern, but also to cherish no mean policy of expansion even in modern times."[8] Of the climate of Ukraine Prof. Mirchuk says this: "Compared with that of Russia, the climate of Ukraine is warmer and more favorable to the cultivation of the soil, compared to that of western countries, it is drier and much healthier."[9] He also

says: "The Ukrainians are a people of peasants. There is no question about that." Even a hasty review of the history of Ukraine, he adds, proves incontrovertibly that it is not only an agricultural country today, but that it has always been so since prehistoric times.[10] This has meant that the population of Ukraine has always been in very close contact with the soil and this intimacy with "Mother Earth" is particularly characteristic of the entire Ukrainian peasantry, even nowadays. "This orientation of the inner man holds true not only for one class but for the entire nation, for the intelligentsia of today, the intellectual leaders of the people, springs mainly from the peasantry, and the purely urban population, middle class as well as laborers, is composed either of foreigners or of immigrants from the open country."[11]

An extraordinarily strong and organic dependence of man upon the soil which he cultivates and which nourishes him is everywhere clearly reflected in the language and literature of Ukraine, in its habits and customs, in religious life and in Ukrainian culture, music, art and philosophy.[12]

The greatest poet and writer of Western Ukraine, Ivan Franko, said: "I am a peasant — prologue, not epilogue."[13] Vasyl Stefanyk said: "Our destiny is the soil; forsake it and you are lost, cling to it and it will develop all your powers and draw out your very soul in the hollow of its hand; embrace it, subject yourself to it and will suck the life-blood out of your veins . . . but in return you will have herds of sheep and horses and full stockyards and for your strength it will give you a cabin full of children and grandchildren whose laughter is like silver bells and whose cheeks are red as the fruit of *kalyna* . . ."[14]

Taras Shevchenko, who is so often pictured in peasant dress, was born a serf, bound to the soil of his home, and a 2,500 ruble ransom was necessary in order to free him. The settlement of Ukrainians in the prairies of Canada and the Americas shows that the intimacy which the Ukrainian people have had with the soil for thousands of years continues even outside their homeland.

Stephan Rudnyckyj, in an anthropo-geographical study of Ukraine, explains why the Ukrainian peasant became a small-holder of land while the Ukrainian nobility became Russified or Polonized. "Invaders who were attracted to our Ukrainian lands since time immemorial would divide the land beforehand among the nobility thereby attracting to them any remaining Ukrainian nobility and even making it possible to create a new class of big landlords out of former republican Cossacks. Therefore, due to the long rule by the landlords in Ukraine who down to modern times owned all the large estates, the Ukrainian peasant starved on his tiny plot of land."[15]

The Empress Catherine knew very well that the backbone of Ukrainian consciousness was the Ukrainian peasantry. Thus, upon the absorption of "South Russia," she gave large landholdings to foreigners —Dutch, Germans, Serbs, Muscovites, etc. rather than to the land-hungry Ukrainian peasants. This was a clear-cut policy of Russification and destruction of the Ukrainian peasant who was the bulwark of opposition to Tsarist Russia. Catherine knew, just as did her successors, Stalin and Khrushchev, that the immigration of foreigners on a large scale would result in the Russification of Ukraine because these foreigners would have to speak with the local people in the lingua-franca or in Russian. These anti-Ukrainian policies begun by Catherine II are still being carried on today.

The foreign settlers received 65 hectares of land while the land-starved peasants got only 1-1/2 - 3-1/2 hectares apiece after the emancipation of the serfs in 1861. The big landlords almost never sold their lands, usually giving them to their sons as an entailed inheritance. Meanwhile, the Ukrainian peasant would divide his land among his sons, reducing it to ridiculously small holdings and forcing many families to migrate in search of new land to Siberia, the Far East (Zelenyj Klyn), Central Asia, the Americas, or to move into the new industrial cities where they became Russified.

Despite the poverty of the majority of peasants, who never owned more than one-third of the total land, Ukraine became known in the 19th century as the "bread basket" of Europe and it is still best known by that name today, except that its role is limited to being the "bread basket" of the Soviet Union. During the 1930's, while millions of Ukrainian peasants were starving to death, Moscow was exporting Ukrainian wheat on the world market in order to get capital for her industrial schemes. In World War II, Hitler's "Drang Nach Osten" policies were designed to secure the wheat, coal and iron of Ukraine permanently for Germany. Ukraine was to become a part of Germany and Ukrainians slaves of the Germans. Hitler said that the only geography which Ukrainians would have to know would be that Berlin is the center of the world and that they would need only just enough literacy to read street signs and sign their names. The fate he intended for them would have meant their virtual annihilation. World War II gave the Ukrainian people yet another vivid illustration of the dangers of living in a rich geographical region without strong natural barriers which is eagerly desired by a "hungry" neighbor.

Whether or not the Ukrainian people will decide their destiny in the future is still unknown. But we can guess that Hitler may not have been the last foreign aggressor to cast covetous eyes on the territory of Ukraine and its natural wealth

1. Yurij Lypa, *Pryznachenia Ukrainy* (New York, 1953 2nd Edition) p. 57
2. *Ibid.*, p. 57.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 58.
4. Ivan Mirchuk, *Ukraine and Its People* (Munich, 1949) p. 11.
5. *Lypa,* op. cit., p. 61.
6. Ukrainian Academy of Science, *Istorychno-Geographichny Zbirnyk* (Kiev. 1931, vol. IV) p. 9.
7. Lypa, *op. cit.,* p. 87.
8. Mirchuk, *op. cit.,* p. 35.
9. *Ibid.* p. 10.
10. *Ibid.,* p. 35
11. *Ibid.,* p. 35.
12. *Ibid.,* pp. 33-37.
13. *Ibid.,* p. 36.
14. *Ibid.,* p. 37.
15. Stepan Rudnyckyj, *Osnovy Zemleznania Ukrainy* (Uzhorod, 1926) vol. II, pp. 112-113.

Educator Prof. Virgil Rogers, Dean of the School of Education at Syracuse University discusses differences he found between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. educational systems during his six week trip to the Soviet Union with 60 *American educators. From left to right: Jean Harvey, L.A. soph from Syracuse U; Dean and Mrs. Rogers and Volodymyr Mayewsky, president of the Ukrainian American Student Association of Washington, D.C. during the White House Conference sessions held at Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D.C.*

THE CURZON LINE CONTROVERSY

by LARISSA HANUSZCZAK

With the acceptance at the Yalta Conference of the Curzon Line as the basis for Poland's eastern frontier new strains were placed upon Polish-Ukrainian relations. Actually, neither Galicia (Western Ukraine) nor Byelorussia, the lands which lie immediately east of the Curzon Line. are ethnically Polish. The absorption of Western Byelorussia and Galicia into the Soviet Union has been viewed by many diplomatic observers in the West as simply an illegal extension of Communist rule at the expense of a helpless Poland. This attitude is a gross over-simplification of the issue. The purely Russo-Polish aspect of the problem must not be allowed to obscure the underlying Galician and Ukrainian reality. Truth in such questions yields only to a patient examination of history. If we are to understand contemporary Ukrainian-Polish tensions, we must look back to the period during and after World War I.

At the outset of the 1914-1918 struggle Galicia was a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and had been so since the tripartite partitions of Poland in the late 18th century. The disintegration of that Empire in 1918 left the non-Germanic nations and peoples which had belonged to it unwilling to have anything to do with the projected free union of nations which Austria wished to establish in place of the Habsburgs.[1] Unable to reach any agrèement with Vienna, the Ukrainian divisions of the Austro-Hungarian army revolted and on November 1, 1918 proclaimed the independence of Western Ukraine. Meanwhile, the downfall of Tsarism in Russia had led to independence for that larger part of the Ukrainian nation which had been ruled by Moscow since the days of Mazeppa. The union of the Western and Eastern Ukrainian governments on January 22, 1919 completed the rebirth of Ukraine.

Emboldened by the prevailing confusion in Eastern Europe and supported by France, Polish troops then attacked Lviv and defeated the meager Ukrainian forces. A Ukrainian delegation was sent to Paris to protest to the Allied Supreme Council against the aggressions of the newly-liberated Poles and to secure its intervention against Poland; the delegation was received on February 10, 1919.[2] The Ukrainians brought with them a draft proposal for a peace treaty with Poland, but the Poles refused to meet with them.[3] The delegation held numerous meetings with the Supreme Council and tried to persuade it that the sole desire of Ukraine was for complete national independence. On June 25, 1919, with the signing of the Versailles Treaty, it was decided that Galicia

would become an autonomous territory under the protection of Poland.[4] An ethnologically correct provisional eastern frontier of Poland, coinciding with the later Curzon Line, was drawn up.[5] But the Polish government had no desire to give the Ukrainians in Galicia the privilege of self-determination and the Allies did not interfere to alter the course of events. It should be remembered that Poland was the keystone of the French 'cordon sanitaire' policy against both Bolshevism and Germany and that the Poles were receiving direct military aid and advice from France. Ukrainian independence disappeared under the pressure of Bolshevism from the east and Pilsudski from the west and the temporary suspension of Galician autonomy gradually became permanent, *de facto* if not *de jure*.[6]

On December 8, 1919 the Allied Supreme Council proposed a definitive eastern frontier for Poland proper, exclusive of Galicia. Named the Curzon Line after Lord Curzon who was then British Foreign Secretary, the proposed border also left almost all Byelorussian territory outside Poland.[7] Lord Curzon's well-known anti-Russian bias would never have allowed him to advocate any frontier he tought over-generous to the Russians, so we may assume that he and the other Allied negotiators were fully satisfied of the non-Polish character of the lands to the east of the Curzon Line. This line ran as fallows: from Bialystok in northern White Russia south through Brest-Litovsk and Przemysl to the Carpathians.[8]

The rapid Soviet advance led by Marshal Tukhachevski against the Poles greatly alarmed the Allies and on July 10, 1920 Lord Curzon dispatched from the Spa Conference a telegram in the name of the Allies to the Soviet government warning that if Bolshevik troops crossed the Curzon Line into ethnic Poland the Allies would intervene to protect Poland. What the Allies could not anticipate at Spa was the abrupt reversal of Soviet fortunes, the so-called 'miracle of Warsaw.' Aided by General Weygand and the French military mission, the Poles routed Tukhachevski's army and in 1921 the Soviets were forced to sign a peace treaty with Poland which fixed the eastern frontier well to the east of the Curzon Line, leaving Galicia and Western Byelorussia to Poland.

On March 15, 1923 the Conference of Ambassadors, composed of the representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, again recognized the Curzon Line as Poland's true eastern border, but their declaration was little more than a pious hope since they were unwilling to antagonize Poland or dispute her sovereign rights. Nor did they pledge remedial action at any future date.[9] Although Ukrainians were represented in the Polish Senate, Galicia enjoyed even

less autonomy than under Austro-Hungary.[10] In the absence of any Allied supervision, the agreements enjoined by the Supreme Council at Versailles fell into abeyance with Galicia and its people. For example, it had been stipulated at Versailles that there was to be no colonizing of Galicia. But in fact Polish soldiers and civilians were settled by force in the frontier districts.[11] The Ukrainian language was forbidden as the sole medium of instruction, only bi-lingual schools being permitted; no Ukrainian universities were allowed and only a very few Ukrainian students were admitted to Polish universities or secondary schools.

With the acquisition of Galicia Poland had obtained a prize package of wealth and productivity. Of the total area in Galicia 69.5 per cent was arable and 25 per cent forested and it had less wasteland than any other region in Poland.[12] The official figures for 1938 show that Galicia had 63 per cent of Poland's oil reserve in the Boryslav-Drohobych district, 90 per cent of Poland's natural gas; from Boryslav and Staruniа in Galicia came all of Poland's ozokerite and from Kalush, Stebnik and Chotyn all of her potassium.[13] A large portion of Poland's pre-1939 production of such resources came from the Carpathians in Galicia. It is not surprising that the Polish government-in-exile in London objected so strenuously to the reunion of Galicia with Ukraine after the war.

In the years 1930-31 the Polish government carried out a great 'pacification' campaign in Galicia. Many people were murdered, much property was destroyed, Ukrainian cultural centers were demolished and the Greek Catholic Church was persecuted. These years saw the emigration of many people to the New World.

With the rise of Hitler to world power German eyes turned once again to Ukraine, the 'bread basket of Europe.' As in 1918, German ambitions were focused on Ukraine's wealth. The Ribbentrop-Molotov agreement of August 1939 in Moscow which divided Poland into Russian and German spheres of domination along a line roughly coinciding with the Curzon Line was the first stage in Germany's new 'Drang Nach Osten.[14] The pact served the twofold purpose of preparing the way for the military crushing of Poland, the only obstacle on the invasion route to the east, and of lulling Soviet suspicions, at least for a time, by handing over Galicia and western Byelorussia to the U.S.S.R. With the German invasion in June 1941 the people of Galicia merely exchanged the terror imposed by the N.K.V.D. for the cruelty and starvation conditions of German occupation. Nor was there any improvement in their lot when Allied victory brought renewed Communist rule at the end of the war.

At the Big Three meeting in Yalta from February 4 to 11, 1945 the Curzon Line was much in discussion. Although the Western Allies had

little comprehension of the issues of Ukrainian freedom, even less in fact than at Versailles, they felt that the Soviet Union should be rewarded territorially for her effort and sacrifice in the war and they agreed that the Polish territory to the east of the Curzon Line should be ceded to the U.S.S.R. (Actually the line of demarcation finally accepted was slightly more favorable to Poland than the old Curzon Line.) To compensate for this loss, Poland was given Danzig, a large part of East Prussia, a sea front on the Baltic, Upper Silesia and other territory east of the Oder.[15] But it was agreed that the western boundary of Poland, with its additions of purely German territory, would not finally be settled until the post-war Peace Conference, a conference which of course has yet to be held. The London Poles, some of whom had grudgingly been accepted by Stalin as members of the post-war Polish government, were still eager to retain the rich Galician oil fields, so important to the pre-war Polish economy.[16] But their wishes were brushed aside at Yalta. Churchill agreed that the Curzon Line was the natural western frontier of a united Ukraine.[17] Poland, said an article in *Pravda,* only wanted to keep Western Ukraine to protect her own selfish interests.[18] And Stalin remarked that Poland cound not be allowed to retain the Ukrainian and Byelorussian territory she had seized after World War I, since the Curzon Line was the ethnologically valid frontier. He added that he did not want the Polish population to remain in Western Ukraine and Byelorussia against their will; they were free to leave for Poland.[19]

It cannot be said today that the problem of Poland's western and eastern borders has been finally settled. With the cunning support of Stalin, who hoped thereby to embroil Germans and Poles for generations to come, and the tame acquiescence of his East German puppets, Poland's new western lands have been swelled to include virtually all land east of the Oder-Neisse, including some territory which could not have been called ethnically Polish before 1939 by the wildest stretch of the imagination. And when Mr. Nixon commented on this issue in one of his campaign speeches, bitter comment from both Germany and Poland demonstrated that this question is still very much alive. A recent *New York Times* article commented on the rapid industrialization by Poland of the 'new' territory and resettlement of the area by Poles and stated that ". . . the fact of a going community must now be brought into the controversy over history and equity between Germany and Poland."[20] As long as Poland, East Germany and Ukraine all have Communist governments the western boundary problem cannot become acute, but if, for example, a united non-Communist Germany came into being, the treat to Poland's 'new' lands might well encourage the Poles to demand Galicia. Only if the Polish people, as distinct from their

Communist rulers, learn to confine their legitimate desire for national independence to lands which are truly ethnically Polish, will the vexed question of frontiers at last be laid to rest.

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3. *Ibid,* p. 119.
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9. Horak, *op. cit.,* p. 50.
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13. *Ibid,* p. 37.
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FOR THE 100th ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF TARAS SHEVCHENKO

by GEORGE TARNAWSKY

". . . I'll glorify
The mute, the down-trodden
And as a sentinel o'er them
I'll place the mighty word."

(1814 - 1861)
TARAS SHEVCHENKO
Eastern Europe's Champion of Liberty

It would be a great injustice to the Ukrainian people to say that Ukraine would not exist today if it weren't for Shevchenko, because no single man can bear in his soul enough fire to rekindle a dead nation: Ukraine wasn't even dormant when Shevchenko "awoke" her. But she would have been different!

There would have been no Kulish, no Franko, no Lesya Ukrainka. There would have been no Kotsiubynksky, no Stefanyk, no Tychyna. There would have been no Dovzhenko, and no Archipenko. Many of those who died for Ukraine would not have died for her . . . It is impossible to describe the importance of Shevchenko in Ukrainian history (to say "in the history of Ukrainian literature" would be not only in-

sufficient, but unjust). for it is impossible to imagine Ukraine without Shevchenko!

If there are fifty million Ukrainians, then for at least fifty million people his name is as familiar as that of their mother, and if there are only forty million, then no less than forty million know him as well!

"When I die . . .," "I was turning fourteen . . .," "A cherry orchard by the house . . ." — did we learn those verses in school? We don't remember. It must have been very long ago . . . It feels as though those weren't poems, but the most basic words of our native language, which we stored in our memory long before we even learned to pronounce them. We can't judge them as works of art, because for us they have ceased to be art and have become an integral part of our "being Ukrainian." We don't know whether those verses are good or bad, and we don't care!

It is for the poets and literatteurs of other nations to judge Shevchenko as an artist; Ukrainians are incapable of it.

Shevchenko was not a poet in the contemporary meaning of the word. Much of his poetry is not personal, but, so to say, collective, national . . . "folk poetry," if you wish. Like latter-day surrealists (only with a much greater spontaneity), he would submerge himself in the subconscious of his mind, but instead of semi-rational Freudian symbols, he would bring up with an almost atavistic faithfulness the jewels of the national poetic language, many of which were not yet present in the folklore. Not out of textbooks, but from the memory of the old people's tales heard in his childhood, and out of the songs of the *kobzars* and *bandurysts,* he would mine the raw material for his poems in the form of the bloody history of Ukraine, and would cut it with the poetic skill perfected by centuries and generations into fiery or diaphanous, but always song-like, compositions.

This is Shevchenko . . . if one could dare to attempt describing him in so few words.

A sampling of his poems is given in the English translation on the following pages, and after them a few Ukrainian folk songs, as an example of the rich soil from which Shevchenko's poetry has sprung.

TARAS SHEVCHENKO (1814-1861)

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* *

LINES FROM "THE HAYDAMAKY," BOOK V

Hetmans, O Hetmans! If you were to rise,
To rise up and look on that same Chyhyryn
Which you built, where you ruled in past days, then your eyes
Would weep bitter tears; you would not recognize
The glory of Cossackdom in the poor ruins!
The squares where, of old, like a sea, glowing red,
The army in front of the standards was burning,
And His Highness, proud on a raven-black steed,
But flashes his scepter — and the whole sea is boiling;
It would boil and flood across
The steppes and the ravines;
Evil faints before them . . . and
Behind them . . . But why speak
Of such things: It has passed away!
And what is past and gone
Do not mention, my brave brothers,
So that they should not
Overhear . . . And what if you do
Mention it? You shed tears.
Let us at least see Chyhyryn,[1]
Stronghold of Cossack years.

— 1841

*
* *

The sun sets, and dark the mountains become,

The little bird hushes, the field has grown dumb,

The people rejoice that slumber is nearing,

And I look: and I fly with my heart in my dreaming

To a dark orchard in far Ukraina,

I fly there, I fly there, pondering deeply,

And it seems that my heart is at rest, has grown tranquil.
Dark shadows spread over plain, mountain and grove,
A star twinkles out in the blue, high above:
Star, O Star — and the bitter tears rain —
And hast thou, then, risen too, over Ukraine?
Do the dark eyes search for you yet
In the blue heavens? Or did they forget?
May they slumber forever if they have forgotten,
Never to hear of my pitiful fortune.

— 1847, *Fortress of Orsk*

*
* *

Blaze of lights and music calling,
Music weeping, rising, falling!
Like rare and precious diamond
Youthful eyes are gleaming fair,
Joy and hope are shining there
In laughing eyes. All bliss is sent
To eyes so young and innocent!
On all sides, people laugh and smile,
All are dancing, only I,
Like one bewitched, look on meanwhile
And weep in secret, weep and sigh . . .
Why do I weep? Perhaps that ever
All eventless like gray weather,
All my youth has passed me by.

— 1850, *Orenburg*

SONG

The waters flow down to the sea
And never more return;
A Cossack goes to seek his fortune —
Fortune there is none.
The Cossack journeys far and far
Where dance the dark-blue waves —
Like them the Cossack's heart is dancing,
But thought speaks and says:

"Where do you journey, without asking?
To whose care abandoned
Father, and your dear old mother,
And a fair young maiden?
In foreign parts the folk are strange,
It's hard to live, indeed,
Among them; none to share your tears,
No one with whom to speak."

The Cossack sits there on the further
Shore -- the blue waves dance.
He dreamed that he would find good fortune —
Sorrow crossed his path.
And now the cranes fly in long skeins
Toward the further shore.
The Cossack weeps — the beaten tracks
Are overgrown with thorns.

— 1838, *St. Petersburg*

*
* *

Once I was walking in the night
Along the Neva, and my wits
Were pondering deeply as I walked:
"If it had been," I thought, "if it
Had been the slaves would not submit,
There would not stand on Neva's banks
These palaces as a living shame,
A brother, a sister would remain;
But now . . . no, there is nothing now,
Not even God, not demi-god;
And, with their brats, dog-trainers reign,
And we — the clever kennel-men —
Weep on, and breed their hounds for them!"

So, walking at night, I chanced to be
Beside the Neva, and my wits
Formed such fine thoughts; I had not seen
That over on the other bank
A kitten, as if in a pit,
Blinked both his eyes, for there were lit
Near the Apostle's Gate — twin lamps.
Startled from my dreams, I crossed
Myself, and spat three times for sure,
Then once again in thought was lost,
The same deep thought I had before.

— *November* 13, 1860, *St. Petersburg*

*
* *

Shall we ever meet again,
Or have we parted now forever,
Carrying to the empty plains
Love's word, truth's word, to the deserts:
So be it! She was not our mother,
Yet we had to pay her honor!
Such is God's will! . . .

Obey it surely,
Be humble, seek the Lord in prayer,
Mindfully of one another;
Love your dear Ukraine, adore her,
Love her . . . in fierce time of evil,
In the last dread hour of struggle,
Fervently beseech God for her.

—*May* 1847, *St. Petersburg, in the Fortress*

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* *

Both the valley stretching wide,
And the gravemound soaring high,
Both the hour of eventide
And what was dreamed in days gone by
I'll remember still.

But what of that? We did not marry,
But parted as we had been only
Strangers. Meanwhile all the wealth
Of those precious years of youth
Sped away in vain.

Now the two of us have withered,
I — a captive, you — a widow,
We walk — but we are not alive,
We but recall those days gone by
When, of old, we lived.

— 1848, *Kos-Aral*

*
* *

Oak-grove, darkly-shadowed spinney,
Thrice in the year's course
A new robe you wear . . . A rich
Father must be yours!

Firstly in a cloak of green
He adorns you richly,
And he himself is all amazed
To look upon his spinney.

Looks his fill upon his darling,
Well-beloved and young,
Takes her then and robes her newly
In a golden gown;

Wraps her in a costly mantle
Of the purest white,
Then, all weary from his labors,
Lies down for the night.

— *January* 15, 1860, *St. Petersburg*

—Translated by Vera Rich

UKRAINIAN FOLK SONGS

DON'T STAND, WILLOW

(Wedding Song)

Don't stand, willow, by the water,
Early, early!
Don't stand, willow, by the water,
Early in the morning!

Bloom with seven hundred flowers
Early, early!
Bloom with seven hundred flowers
Early in the morning!

A flower for each of all the boys
Early, early!
A flower for each of all the boys
Early in the morning!

But for Hryts there is no flower
Early, early!
But for Hryts there is no flower
Early in the morning!

Do not fear, beloved Hryts,
Early, early!
Do not fear, beloved Hryts,
Early in the morning!

A pretty flower there'll be for you,
Early, early!
A pretty flower there'll be for you,
Early in the morning!

Pretty Hanna will come to you
Early, early!
Pretty Hannusya will come to you
Early in the morning!

A GIRL WAS PICKING FLAX

A girl was picking flax, flax,
A girl was picking flax, flax,
And also picking hemp.

The girl laid bare the earth,
The girl laid bare the earth,
The cold earth.

"You, cold earth,
You, cold earth,
Take my father and mother!

"Take my father and mother,
Take my father and mother,
And me, a young girl!

"So I don't go,
So I don't go
To work as a servant.

"To work as a servant —
To work hard
At strange work.

"When Saturday comes,
When Saturday comes,
Still it's strange work.

"When Sunday comes,
When Sunday comes,
My blouse is no longer white."

THEY CARRY THE COSSACK

They carry the Cossack
And lead his horse.
The horse hangs down its head,
The horse hangs down its head.

And behind him, behind him
Walks his girl,
Breaking her white hands,
Breaking her white hands.

Oh, break, break
Your white hands,
Every finger of them,
Every finger of them.

Young girl, you will never
Find a better one
Than your Cossack lover,
Than your Cossack lover.

WAS I NOT A HOLLY TREE IN THE MEADOW

Was I not a holly tree in the meadow.
Was I not red in the meadow?
They came and broke me up
And tied me into bunches —
Such is my fate!
Bitter is my fate!

Was I not grass in the field,
Was I not green in the field?
They came and cut me down
And dried me to hay — —
Such is my fate!
Bitter is my fate!

Was I not wheat in the field,
Was I not heavy with grain in the field?
They came and cut me down
And tied me into sheaves —
Such is my fate!
Bitter is my fate!

Was I not a child at my father's,
Was I not beloved at my father's?
They came and married me off
And ruined my life—
Such is my fate!
Bitter is my fate!

OH, THE HANDS HURT, THE FEET HURT

Oh, the hands hurt, the feet hurt,
Hey, while reaping wheat.

Oh, and I'm bored already,
Hey, waiting for my lover.

Oh, and my lover's not around,
Hey, my Eavan's not around.

Oh, from the mountains, from the slopes,
Hey, the wagons creak as they roll on.

And the wagons creak, and the yokes jingle,
Hey, and the oxen chew their cuds.

And before them walks a young chumak,[2]
Hey, playing on a flute.

Oh, let him play, let him play on;
Hey, something has happened to him.

Oh, something happened to him,
Hey, in the fields by the sea.

The gray oxen turned over,
Hey, three wagon-loads of salt.

Oh, a young girl came to him,
Hey, to buy some salt.

Oh, but she didn't buy any salt,
Hey, she made some trouble.

"Oh, young chumak, tell me,
Hey, why your shirt's not white."

"Oh, how can it be white,
Hey, on the third Sunday?"

"Oh, it's very well for you, young chumak,
Hey, to lie under the wagon.

"But take a scythe and go into the dew,
Hey, and cut some grass!"

"Oh, young girl, may you,
Hey, never see the day

"When my tarry hand,
Hey, is reaping wheat!"

OH, BAIDA IS DRINKING

Oh, Baida[3] is drinking mead and horilka,[4]
And not for a day, not for a night,
And not just for an hour.

The Turkish sultan comes to him:
"Oh, what are you doing,
Brave Baida?"

"Oh, I'm drinking mead and horilka, Sultan,
And not for a day, not for a night,
And not just for an hour."

"Give up your idle life, Baida,
Court my daughter
And become a sultan!"

"Your daughter is ugly,
And all your family
Are dogs!"

Oh, the Turkish sultan yells
For his servants,
His brave young servants.

"Take Baida, tie him up,
And hang him on a hook
By one rib!"

They take Baida, tie him up,
And hang him on a hook
By one rib.

Baida swings upon an oak tree,
And not for a day, and not for two,
And not just for one night.

The Turkish sultan comes to him:
"Oh, what do you see,
Brave Baida?"

"I see two oak trees, Sultan,
And on those oak trees
Some doves are sitting.

"Give me a bow, Sultan,
So I can shoot a dove
For your dinner."

Oh, when Baida looses the bow,
He shoots the sultan
Right between the ears.

And the sultana in the neck,
And the sultan's daughter
Right in the head.

"It's for you to rot in the ground, Sultan,
And it's for young Baida
To drink mead and horilka!"

WEDDING SONG

Early on a Sunday morning,

Early on a Sunday morning,

The blue sea was playing.

The blue sea was playing,

The blue sea was playing,

Mary was getting water.

Mary was getting water,

Mary was getting water,

Then she began to drown.

Then she began to drown,

Then she began to drown,

She called out to her brother.

"Save me, save me, brother,
Save me, save me, brother,
Let me not be lost.

"Let me not be lost,
Let me not be lost,
Let me not float away
into the blue sea."

ABOVE THE ORCHARD, THE ORCHARD

Above the orchard, the orchard
The wheat lies in fields,
The wheat lies in fields,
And above it the oats.

Above it the oats,
And not rightly, oh Cossack,
And not rightly, oh falcon,
You live with me.

You live with me
But when evening comes,
But when evening comes,
You go to another.

You go to another,
And to me, the young one,
And to me, the young one,
You bring sorrow.

OH, WHAT IS THAT RAVEN

Oh, what is that raven
That caws above the sea?
Oh, who is that rebel
That gathers all the rebels?

Gather together, brave young men
And all the young nation,
And let us go, brave young men,
To the forest of Lebedyn[5]

Oh, it's strange, brave young men,
Something is humming in the clouds,
And, oh, brave young men,
Something will happen to us.

Grow, grow, maple tree,
Grow upward high —
They are burying their leader
Deep in the cold earth.

Grow, grow, maple tree,
Grow still higher!
They are burying their leader
Still deeper in the cold earth.

—Translated by Patricia Kilina

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1. During the reign of Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky, Chyhyryn was the capital of Ukraine.
2. Chumaks were Ukrainians salt-traders who brought salt from the Black Sea in their wagons drawn by oxen.
3. Prince Vasyl Vyshnevetsky, nicknamed Baida, was the founder of the Sitch — the fortress of the Cossacks. He was captured by the Turks in 1563 and was executed by being hung on an iron hook by a rib. This song narrates the popular legend of his death.
4. *horilka* — Ukrainian spirits.
5. Lebedyn — the site of a monastery which was the gathering place for the Haydamaky — members of the late-17th-century Ukrainian peasant uprising against the Poles and the Russians. This song dates from that period.

ON THE ROCK

A Water Color

by MYKHAILO KOTSIUBYNSKY

Mykhailo Kotsiubynsky (1864-1913) *was born in Vinnytsya, in central Ukraine. He is generally regarded as one of the finest Ukrainian short story writers. Kotsiubynsky's writing is distinguished by an exquisitely coined language that forms a style classically limpid yet metaphorical. The subject matter of his stories is very often the impressions that he gathered during his extended trips to Bessarabia, Crimea, the Carpathian Mountains and Italy. Besides a great number of short stories, he also wrote a novel "Fata Morgana," and a novelette "The Shadows of the Forgotten Ancestors."*

From the cafe, the only one in the whole Tatar village, one could very well see the sea and the gray sands of the shore. Through the opened windows and doors of the long columned veranda flowed the bright blueness of the sea, prolonged into endlessness by blue sky. Even the sultry air of the summer day took on soft bluish tones in which the contours of the far littoral mountains melted and dissolved.

A wind blew from the sea. The salty damp air drew the customers to the cafe and, ordering coffee for themselves, they crowded beside the windows or sat on the veranda. Even the cafe owner, bowlegged Memet, watchfully keeping an eye on the customers, shouted from time to time to his younger brother: "Jepar! *Bir kave . . . eki kave!*— one coffee . . . two coffees!" and would stand in the doorway in order to breathe the damp breeze and to take his round Tatar cap off his shaved head for an instant.

While Jepar, red from the close air, blew on the embers in the oven and shook the little pot so there would be a good *kaimak,* or foam, on the coffee, Memet looked upon the sea.

"There'll be a storm," he said, not turning around. "The wind is getting stronger – out there, on the boat, they are furling the sails."

The Tatars turned their heads toward the sea.

On a large black boat which, as it appeared, was veering toward the shore, the sails were being furled. The wind swelled the sails, and they were trying to free themselves like great white birds; the black boat leaned over and lay with its side on the blue waves.

"It's turning toward us," Jepar answered. "I even recognize the boat — that's the Greek bringing salt."

Memet also recognized the Greek's boat. For him this mattered a great deal since, besides the cafe, he owned a small shop, also the only one in the village, and was the butcher. That is to say, he needed salt.

When the boat drew nearer, Memet left the cafe and went toward the beach. The customers hurriedly emptied their cups and followed Memet. They crossed the steep narrow street, went around the mosque and down a stony path to the sea.

The blue sea billowed and boiled with foam on the beach. The boat bobbed up and down in one place; it splashed like a fish but couldn't reach the shore. The gray mustachioed Greek and his young servant-oarsman, slender and long-legged, wore themselves out straining on the oars, but they were unable to beach the boat. Then the Greek threw the anchor into the sea, and the oarsman quickly began to take off his shoes and to roll his yellow trousers up above the knees. From the beach the Tatars were exchanging a few words with the Greek. A blue wave boiled like milk near their feet and then melted and hissed on the sand, flowing back into the sea.

"Are you ready, Ali?" the Greek cried to the oarsman.

Instead of answering, Ali swung his bare feet over the side of the boat and jumped into the water. With an expert movement he took a sack of salt from the Greek, threw it onto his shoulder and carried it to the beach.

His slender figure in narrow yellow trousers and blue jacket, his healthy and swarthy face burned with sea wind, and the red scarf around his head, contrasted beautifully with the background of the blue sea. Ali threw his burden onto the sand and again leaped into the water, plunging his wet pink calves into the light foam that was white as beaten egg-whites and, farther in, washing them in a clean, blue wave. He would run up to the Greek and would have to choose the right moment, when the boat was level with his shoulder, in order to take a heavy sack easily. The boat was struggling with the waves and jerking on the anchor like a dog on a chain, and Ali kept running from the boat to the shore and back again. A wave would overtake him and throw balls of white foam under his feet.

Sometimes Ali let the right moment pass, and then he would seize the side of the boat and be raised upward with it, like a crab glued to the boat's side.

The Tatars were gathering on the beach. Even in the village, on the flat roofs of the huts, Tatar women appeared in spite of the heat, looking like bunches of flowers in flower-beds.

The sea was getting more and more rough. Gulls flushed from the lonely shore cliffs, touching their breasts to the waves and crying over the sea. The sea blackened and changed. The small waves would merge and, looking like lumps of green glass, would creep furtively up to the beach, fall upon the sand and smash themselves into white foam. The water gurgled under the boat, it boiled, it foamed, and the boat jumped up and down and leaped as if being carried somewhere on white-maned beasts. The Greek would often turn around and glance with alarm upon the sea. Ali was running faster between the boat and the beach, spattered all over with foam. The water by the beach began to grow muddy and yellow; from the depths of the sea a wave would throw stones and sand onto the beach and, flowing down again, dragged them back with so much noise that it seemed as if some large animal were grinding its teeth and growling under the water. After about half an hour, the flood tide was already jumping over the stones, covering the beach path and advancing toward the sacks of salt. The Tatars had to draw back in order not to get their shoes wet.

"Memet! Nurla! Help me, people, or else the salt will get wet. Ali! Well, come here!" the Greek yelled.

The Tatars stirred and, while the Greek, looking with anguish on the sea, remained in the boat which danced on the waves, the salt was taken to a safe place.

Meanwhile the sea was advancing. The monotonous, rhythmic sound of waves changed to booming. At first it was hollow, like heavy breathing, but later it became strong and short, like a distant shot of a cannon. On the sky, clouds like gray spiderwebs were moving slowly. The swaying sea, already dirty and dark, was leaping onto the beach and covering the rocks, down which streams of dirty, foamy water would flow after each inundation.

"It'll be quite a storm," Memet cried to the Greek. "Let's get the boat out of the water."

"What? What did you say?" the Greek yelled, trying to shout through the din of the tide.

"Get the boat out of the water!" Nurla shouted as loud as he could.

The Greek busied himself and, amid the splashing and roar of waves, began to loosen the anchor-chain and secure the rigging. Ali grabbed the chain. The Tatars took off their shoes, rolled up their trousers and began helping. Finally the Greek pulled up the anchor, and the black boat, caught by a dirty wave which sluiced the Tatars from head to foot, began to move toward the beach. Shouting, the little group of wet and bending Tatars pulled the boat from the sea, like some

kind of monster or big dolphin, amid the gurgling of foam.

Finally the boat lay on the sand and was fastened to a pole. The Tatars were smoothing their clothes and helping the Greek to weigh salt. Ali also helped although at times, when his master was chatting with the customers he would look at the strange village. The sun already stood above the mountains. The Tatar huts, made of rough stones and with flat, earthen roofs, clung to the naked gray cliffs, one upon another, like little houses of cards. There were no fences, nor gates, nor streets. The crooked paths writhed over the rocky slope, disappeared on the roofs and reappeared again somewhere lower, at the foot of some steps made of masonry. Everything around was black and naked. Only on one roof, by some miracle a thin mulberry tree grew, and, looked at from below, the tree spread its dark crown on the blue skies.

But outside the village, in the distance, a magical world opened up. In the deep valleys, green with grapes and full of bluish haze, clusters of rocks jostled one another, rosy from the evening sun or blue with thick pine woods. The round bald mountains, like gigantic tents, cast a black shadow, and the distant peaks, grayish blue, seemed like the fangs of frozen clouds. At times, from behind the clouds, the sun would let down into the mist and into the bottom of the valley the slanting skeins of golden threads, and they cut through the pink cliffs, the blue forests, the black heavy tents, and lit fires on the sharp peaks.

Compared to this fabulous panorama, the Tatar village looked like a lump of rough stone, and only the little file of slender girls who were returning from the *chishme,* the village fountain, with tall jars on their shoulders, enlivened the stony waste.

At the edge of the village, in a deep valley, a little stream ran among walnut trees. The tide prevented its water from flowing into the sea, and so the water flooded among the trees, reflecting their green leaves, the flowery robes of the Tatar women and the naked bodies of children.

"Ali!" the Greek shouted. "Help pour the salt!"

Because of the roar of the sea, Ali barely heard this.

Salty fog from the fine splashes hung upon the beach. The turbid sea raged. Already not waves but breakers were rising on the sea—tall, angry, with white crests from which long clusters of foam tore themselves loose with lashing noises and flew upward. The breakers moved unceasingly, trampling the returning waves, leaping over them and sluicing the beach, casting ashore fine gray sand. Everything was wet and washed down, and the holes along the shore were filled with water

Suddenly the Tatars heard a crash, and simultaneously water poured over their feet. A strong wave had caught the boat and had thrown it against the pole. The Greek ran to the boat and gave a cry: there was a hole in the side. He shouted from grief, he cursed, he wept —but the roar of the sea drowned out his lament. The boat had to be dragged farther up the beach and tied again. The Greek was so sad that, although night had come and Memet was calling him into the cafe, he did not go to the village but remained on the beach. Like ghosts he and Ali wandered through the water spray, the angry booming and the strong scent of the sea in which they were steeped. The moon had already risen long ago, and it leaped from cloud to cloud: in its light the littoral stretch was white with foam as if covered with the first soft, fluffy snow. Finally Ali, lured by the fires in the village, persuaded the Greek to have a look in the cafe.

The Greek delivered salt to the seaside Crimean villages once a year and generally sold on credit. On the second day, so as not to waste time, he ordered Ali to repair the boat and he himself set out by mountain path to collect debts throughout the villages; the shore path was flooded and so, on the sea side, the village was cut off from the world.

Early in the afternoon the sea had begun to calm down, and Ali went to work. The wind fluttered the red scarf on the oarsman's head, and he puttered around the boat and hummed a song monotonous like the rote of the sea. At the proper time, like a good Moslem, he spread his scarf on the sand and kneeled in devout silence. In the evening he built a fire on the beach, cooked himself a pilaf from some damp rice which had remained in the boat, and was even preparing to spend the night beside the boat, but Memet called him into the cafe. The place was crowded only once during the year, when the grape merchants came down, but now there was room for everyone.

It was cozy in the cafe. Jepar dozed beside the oven on which glittering pots were hanging, and in the oven the fire was slumbering and turning to ashes. When Memet would awaken his brother with the cry "Coffee!" he would start, leap up and begin working the bellows in order to rouse the fire. In the oven the fire showed its teeth, sputtered with sparks, and gleamed intermittently over the copper plates and dishes, and the fragrant steam of fresh coffee would spread through the room. Flies droned under the ceiling. Behind the tables, on the wide benches upholstered with silk, the Tatars sat, playing dice in one place, cards another, and small cups of black coffee were standing everywhere. The cafe was the heart of the village, where all human interests crossed, all that by which people on the rock lived. There sat the most important

guests: the grim old *mullah,* Asan, in a turban and a long robe which hung on his bony stiff body like a sack. He was dark, and stubborn as a mule, and for this everyone respected him. Here also was Nurla-efendi, a rich man who had a red cow, a wicker cart and a pair of buffaloes; and also the well-to-do *yuzbash,* the village officer, who owned the only horse in the village. They were all kinsmen, as were the rest of the people of that small forgotten settlement, although this didn't prevent them from dividing into two enemy camps. The cause of the hostility was a little spring which welled from underneath the cliffs and flowed in a narrow stream through the exact center of the village, among the Tatar gardens. This water gave life to all that lived on the rock, and when one half of the village put it on their gardens, it was painful for the other half to see how sun and stone dried their onions. Two of the richest and most influential persons in the village had gardens on different sides of the stream: Nurla on the right side, the *yuzbash* on the left side. And when the latter put water on his soil, Nurla damned the stream higher up, diverted it and put water on his own plot. This angered all the left-bankers and, forgetting family ties, they made war for the life of their onions, and smashed one another's heads. Nurla and the *yuzbash* led the hostile parties, although the officer's party was somewhat stronger because on its side was the *mullah* Asan. This hostility could be seen even in the cafe: when the backers of Nurla played dice, those of the officer looked at them with scorn and sat down to cards. In one thing the enemies concurred: they all drank coffee. Memet, who didn't have a garden and, like a businessman, stood above partisan conflicts, always hobbled on his bowlegs from Nurla to the *yuzbash,* trying to calm and reconcile them. His fleshy face and shaved head were always shiny, like those of a skinned ram, and in his clever eyes, always red, a restless little fire roamed. He was eternally preoccupied by something, eternally speculating, remembering or computing something, and time after time running into the shop, into the cellar, or again to the customers. Sometimes he would run out of the cafe, turn his face toward the flat roof and call:

"Fatima!"

And then from the wall of his house, which rose above the cafe, a veiled woman would depart like a shadow, and would silently walk across the roof to the very edge.

He would throw up to her some empty sacks or order something with a rough, grating voice, tersely and imperiously, like a lord to his servant, and the shadow would disappear just as silently as it had come.

Ali saw her once. He was standing near the cafe and watched

closely how silently her yellow slippers descended the stone steps that united Memet's house with the earth, and how the pale green cloak, the *feredjhe,* fell in folds over her slender figure from her head down to her loose red trousers. She descended silently, slowly, carrying in one hand an empty pitcher and with the other holding up the *feredjhe* in such a way that only her large, oblong, black eyes, expressive as those of a mountain chamois, were visible to an onlooker. She turned her eyes upon Ali, then lowered her eyelids and continued on silently and quietly, like an Egyptian priestess.

It seemed to Ali that those eyes plunged into his heart and stayed with him for always.

By the sea, mending the boat and humming his sleepy songs, he was continually looking into those eyes. He saw them everywhere: in the waves, pellucid and sonorous like glass, as well as on the hot rock blinding from the sun. They looked upon him even from cups of black coffee. More and more often he would glance toward the village and would see on top of the cafe, under the solitary tree, the indistinct figure of a woman which was turned to the sea, as if seeking there her own eyes.

In the village they soon became accustomed to Ali. The girls, walking back from the *chishme,* would as if unintentionally uncover their faces when they met the handsome Turk, and after that they would blush, walk faster and whisper among themselves. His merry nature pleased the young men. During the summer evenings, so quiet and fresh, when stars were suspended above the earth and the moon above the sea, Ali would take out his zourna, brought from Smyrna, settle himself below the cafe or somewhere else, and talk to his native country with sad sentimental sounds. The zourna would attract the youth of the village, usually the young men. They understood the song of the East, and soon, in the shadow of the stone houses interwoven with brilliant light, the merrymaking would begin; the zourna would repeat only one motif, monotonous, vague, endless, like the song of a cricket, and the giddy Tatars would catch up the rhythm of the song:

Oh-la-la — oh-na-na!

On one side slumbered the secret world of the black giant mountains, on the other, down below, the bright sea lay, sighing in its sleep like a small child, and trembling under the moon like a golden road . . .

Oh-la-la — oh-na-na!

Those who looked down from above, from their stone nests, often saw an extended hand which fell under a ray of the moon, or shoulders shaking in the dance, and they listened to the monotonous, tiresome refrain sung to the zourna:

Oh-la-la -- oh-na-na . . .

Fatima was listening too.

She was from the mountains, from a distant mountain village, where different people lived, where there were different customs, and where her girlhood companions had remained. There was no sea there. The butcher had come, he paid her father more than the suitors from her village were able to give, and took her for himself. He is disgusting, brutal, strange, like all the people here, like this region. Here in this part of the world there are no family, no companions, no kind people —there are even no roads going out of it.

Oh-la-la — oh-na-na . . .

There are even no roads, because when the sea becomes angry, it washes away the only shore road. Here is only the sea, everywhere the sea. In the morning its blueness blinds the eyes, during the day the green waves reel, at night it breathes like a sick person. During a calm it annoys with silence, in bad weather it spits on the beach, and pounds, and roars, and doesn't let one sleep — its sharp breath creeps even into the house, one feels sick from it — one can't flee from it, one can't hide oneself -- it is everywhere, it watches her. Often it teases by covering itself with white fog, like snow on the mountains; it looks like it isn't there, and nevertheless, under the fog it still pounds, moans, sighs, just as now.

Boom! Boo-oom! Boo-oom!

Oh-la-la — oh-na-na.

It struggles beneath the fog like a child in swaddling clothes, and then throws them off. Long, torn pieces of fog creep into the house, sit down on the hearth — even the sun cannot be seen. But now . . . but now . . .

Oh-la-la — oh-na-na . . .

Now she often walks on the roof of the cafe, leaning against the tree and looking upon the sea — no, it is not the sea she is seeking; she is watching closely the red scarf on the foreigner's head, as if she hopes that she will see his eyes — large, black, hot — which come to her in dreams. There, on the sand, by the sea, her favorite flower is blooming — the mountain crocus.

Oh-la-la — oh-na-na.

The stars hang above the earth, the moon above the sea.

"Are you from far away?"

Ali jerked. The voice was coming from above, from the roof, and there Ali recognized the eyes.

Fatima stood under the tree, and its shadow covered Ali.

He blushed and stammered.

"F-from Smyrna! Far from here . . ."

"I am from the mountains."

A silence.

The blood pounded in his head like sea waves, and the Tatar woman held his eyes captive and didn't let them escape her own.

"Why did you come here? Aren't you lonely here?"

"I am poor — I don't have a star in the sky nor a stalk of grain on the earth — I have to work."

"I hear you playing."

A silence.

"It's gay . . . it's gay where I'm from, too, in the mountains . . . music, gay girls . . . where I'm from, there is no sea. And in your country?"

"Nearby there isn't . . ."

"*Yokhter?* There isn't? And you don't hear it breathing in the house?"

"No, in our country there is sand instead of sea . . . the wind carries hot sand, and mountains of it grow like camel's humps . . . where I'm from . . ."

"Shh!"

As if by accident, she let down the *feredjhe* and uncovered her white, well-groomed countenance, and placed a finger with painted nail on her full and pink lips. There was no one around. The sea, blue like a second sky, watched them, and just beside the mosque some female figure had passed.

"Aren't you afraid, *khanym,* lady, to talk to me? What will Memet do when he sees us?"

"Whatever he wishes . . ."

"He will kill us when he sees us."

"As he wishes . . ."

The sun was still not visible, although some peaks of the Yaila were already turning pink. The dark cliffs looked dismal and, below, the sea was lying under the gray cover of sleep. Nurla was coming down from the Yaila and was almost running behind his buffaloes. He hurried, he was in such a hurry that he didn't even notice how the load of fresh grass shifted a little from the cart onto the backs of the buffaloes and scattered over the road when the tall wheel, catching on a stone, would cause the wicker cart to jolt. Swinging their hairy humps

and their wide heads, the black, short-legged buffaloes turned into their yard upon reaching the village, but Nurla woke up, drove them in the other direction and stopped just in front of the cafe. He knew that Memet spent the night there, and he shook the door.

"Memet, Memet, *kel munda* — come here!"

Memet, sleepy, jumped to his feet and began rubbing his eyes.

"Memet, where is Ali?" Nurla asked.

"Ali . . . Ali . . . here somewhere," and he swept the vacant benches with his eyesight.

"Where is Fatima?"

"Fatima? Fatima is sleeping . . ."

"They are in the mountains."

Memet opened his eyes wide upon Nurla, quietly came through the cafe and looked outside. On the road stood the buffaloes, covered with grass, and the first ray of the sun was just touching the sea.

Memet turned to Nurla.

"What do you want?"

"You are crazy . . . I tell you, your wife ran away with the oarsman . . . I saw them in the mountains when I was coming back from the Yaila."

Memet's eyes crept upward. After Nurla finished talking, Memet shoved him aside, leaped out of the house and, swaying on his bowlegs, started climbing the steps. He ran through his room and came out onto the roof of the cafe. Now he really looked insane.

"Osma-an!" he shouted in a hoarse voice, putting his hands to his mouth. "Sa-ali! . . . Jepa-ar! . . . Bekir! *Kel munda!*" He turned in all directions and called everyone as if there were a fire. "Ussein! . . . Mustafa!"

Tatars woke up and appeared on the flat roofs. At times Nurla helped from below.

". . . Asan! . . . Mamu-ut! . . . Zekeria!" he yelled in a wild voice.

The alarm rang over the village, rose high to the topmost houses, came leaping down, jumped from roof to roof and summoned the people together. Red fezes appeared everywhere and ran toward the cafe down the crooked circling paths.

Nurla explained what had happened.

Memet, red and half-crazed, silently moved his wide-opened eyes over the crowd. Finally he ran to the edge of the roof and jumped down nimbly and lightly as a cat.

The Tatars murmured. The feeling of offense now united all those kinsmen who only yesterday were smashing one another's heads in the quarrel over water. Not only Memet's honor but the honor of the

whole clan was at stake. Some miserable, loathsome rower, servant and foreigner . . . an unheard-of thing! And when Memet came out of the house carrying a long knife with which he usually butchered sheep and, flashing it in the sun, thrust it briskly under his belt, the clan was ready.

"Lead us!"

Nurla went first and, after him, limping on his right leg, the butcher hurried, followed by a long line of enraged and determined kinsmen.

The sun had already come up and was beginning to heat the stones. The Tatars climbed by a well-known path, stretching out into a line like a column of traveling ants. The front ones were silent, and only in the back could occasional words be heard. Nurla moved on like a hunting dog which already scents game. Memet, flushed and gloomy, limped even more. Although it was still early, the gray masses of stone were already becoming hot, like the hearthstone of an oven. Over their naked, bulging sides, either round like giant tents or sharp like crests of petrified waves, the venomous milkweed writhed with its fleshy leaves, and lower down toward the sea, the bright green *kaporetz* grew among the blue breasts of the rocks. A little narrow path, barely visible like the tracks of a wild animal, disappeared sometimes in the stony waste or vanished under a ledge of rock. There it was damp and cold, and the Tatars took off their fezes in order to cool their shaved heads. From there they again stepped into the oven that was burning, stifling and gray in the dazzling sunlight. Stubbornly they climbed up the mountains, leaning their torsos a little forward, rocking lightly on their bowed Tatar legs; or they passed black and narrow chasms, scraping their shoulders against the rough flank of a cliff and treading on the edge of a precipice with the assurance of mountain mules. And the farther they went, the harder it was for them to cross obstacles, the stronger the sun burned them from above and the rocks from below, the more persistence was evident on their red and sweaty faces, the more the determination made their eyes bulge out of their heads. The spirit of these wild and naked cliffs, which were dead at night but which, during the day, were warm like a body, embraced the souls of the insulted ones and, adamant and fierce like the Yaila, they went to defend their honor and their right. They hurried. They had to catch the fugitives before the two reached the neighboring village of Suaku and fled out to sea. True, both Ali and Fatima were strangers here, they didn't know the paths and could easily lose their way in the labyrinth of them, and the pursuers were counting on this. Nevertheless, though little distance remained to Suaku, nothing could be seen anywhere. The air was stifling, because the damp sea wind to which they were accustomed on the

shore did not reach that far into the mountains. When they descended into a ravine or crawled upward, the fine sharp stones rolled from under their feet, and this annoyed them, now wet, tired and angry; they weren't finding what they were looking for and moreover each of them had abandoned some kind of work in the village. Those in the rear slowed down a little. But Memet drove on with confused head and blurred eyes, like those of an enraged he-goat and, limping, he would rise and fall like a wave on the sea. They began to lose hope. It was obvious that Nurla had come too late. But still they went on. Looking from above, they saw several times the curved shore of Suaku, flashing with gray sand and then disappearing.

Suddenly Zekeria, one of those in front, hissed and halted. All looked at him but he, without a word, pointed toward a high crag which hung over the sea. There, from behind the cliff, the red scarf flared for one moment and then disappeared. Everyone's heart began to beat faster, and Memet bellowed in a low voice. They looked at one another, for they all had the same thought: if they could drive Ali onto the crag, then they could take him alive. Nurla already had a plan; he put his finger on his lips, and when all had quieted down, he divided them into three groups, so that they could surround the crag from three sides — on the fourth side, the cliff dropped steeply into the sea. All became cautious, like during a hunt, and only Memet fumed and wanted to go on, piercing the cliff with his greedy eyes. But at this instant, the edge of the green *feredjhe* appeared from behind a rock, and then the slender oarsman rose up, as if he were growing out of the cliff. Fatima was walking in front, green like a bush in spring, and Ali, on his long legs covered by the tight yellow trousers, wearing the blue jacket and the red scarf, tall and supple as a young cypress, seemed like a giant on the background of the sky. And when they reached the tip of the crag, a flock of seabirds flushed from the cliffs and covered the blueness of the sea with a vibrating network of wings.

Suddenly Fatima started and cried out. The *feredjhe* slipped from her head and fell down, and she stared with terror into the bloodshot crazed eyes of her husband which looked at her from behind the rock. Ali turned around and, in that moment, from all sides, Zekeria and Jepar and Mustafa, and all those who used to listen to his music and drink coffee with him, came creeping onto the crag, holding by their hands and feet to the sharp stones. They no longer were silent—from their chests, together with a hot breath, a wave of confused yells flew toward the fugitives. There was nowhere to flee. Ali stood up straight, braced his feet on the rock, put his hand on his short knife and waited.

His handsome face, pale and proud, radiated the courage of a young eagle.

In the meantime, on the edge of the cliff behind him, Fatima was fluttering like a gull . . . on one side was the hated sea, on the other —the still more hated, loathsome butcher. She saw his glazed eyes, his evil blue lips, his short right leg, and the sharp butcher knife with which he killed sheep. Her soul flew out over the mountains. The ancestral village. The blindfolded eyes. The music is playing, and the butcher is leading her away from there, toward the sea, like a ewe which he is going to slaughter. In despair she closed her eyes and lost her balance. The blue robe with yellow crescents on it leaned over the cliff and disappeared among the cries of the frightened gulls.

The Tatars started: this simple and unexpected death made them forget Ali. Ali had not seen what happened behind him. He moved his eyes around like a wolf, wondering why they were waiting. Were they afraid? He saw before him the gleam of predacious eyes, red and cruel faces, flared nostrils and white teeth, and then suddenly all this wave of hate covered him like a flood tide. Ali fought back. He knifed Nurla's hand and clawed Osman, and in that moment they knocked him off his feet and, falling, he saw how Memet raised the knife above him and plunged it between his ribs. Memet stabbed again and again, with the obsession of a person whose pride is mortally wounded and with the indifference of a butcher, although Ali's chest had already ceased to move, and the handsome face became peaceful.

The affair was finished, the honor of the family was saved from shame. On the rock, under their feet, lay the body of the oarsman, and beside it the trampled and torn *feredjhe*.

Memet was drunk. He swayed on his bowlegs and waved his arms; his movements were unnatural. Pushing aside the curious ones who were swarming over the corpse, he seized Ali by one leg and began to drag him away. They all followed him. And when they were walking back along the same paths, descending downward and crawling upward, Ali's magnificent head, with the face of Ganymede, bumped over the sharp stones and oozed with blood. Sometimes, as it was dragged over rough places, it would bounce up and down, as if Ali were agreeing with something and saying, "Yes, yes . . ."

The Tatars followed him, cursing loudly.

When the procession finally came into the village, florid masses of women and children covered all the flat roofs and they looked like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

Hundreds of curious eyes followed the procession all the way to the sea. There on the sand, which was white from the afternoon sun,

the black boat lay on its side, like a dolphin thrown up in a storm with a punctured flank. A tender blue wave, clear and warm like the breast of a girl, flung onto the sand a thin lace of foam. The sea mingled with the sunlight in a happy smile which reached far out past the Tatar homes, past the orchards, the black forests, to the gray warm crowds of the Yaila.

Everything was smiling.

Without words, without deliberation, the Tatars lifted Ali's body, placed it in the boat and, all together, pushed the boat into the sea, to the accompaniment of the mournful cries of women which, like the wailing of frightened gulls, came from the flat roofs of the village.

The boat scraped on the pebbles; a wave splashed, the boat rocked on it and then stopped.

It stood still, but a wave played around it, splashed on its sides, spattered foam and silently, barely noticeably, carried it away into the

Ali floated toward Fatima.

—translated by *Patricia Kilina* and *George Tarnawsky*

Time out to check the 80 page program of the Golden Anniversary White House Conference on Children and Youth. From. l. to r.: Olya Melech, junior biology major at American U. and secretary of the Ukrainian American Student Association of Washington, D.C.; Miami high school senior, Jerome "Bill" Ullman specializes in reading backwards (note program), Tamara Dyba, frosh L.A. at American U. and member of the Ukrainian American Student Association of Washington, D.C. and Jean Harvey of Syracuse U; and Honolulu high school senior, Fred Luning, Hawaii.

STUDY ABROAD!

by WALTER D. PRYBYLA, JR.

Ukrainian college students in the United States have some of the finest universities and colleges in the world right here in this country, but there is a gap in one's education, if you have not studied in a foreign country. This opportunity is made available through the *IIE*. Just what is the *IIE*?

The *Institute of International Education* is a private, non-profit organization, which develops programs of educational exchange for students, teachers, leaders and specialists between the United States and 80 other countries.

IIE administers programs for the United States government, foreign governments, foundations, universities, corporations, private organizations and individuals, and acts as *a clearing house on all phases of international education.*

For example, the *IIE* selects candidates for about 1,500 awards, including the Fulbright program which enables U. S. students to secure training in more than 30 foreign countries. The fellowships are provided by the U. S. and foreign governments, universities, private organizations and individual donors.

IIE arranges admission and study for more than 3,000 foreign students, from 80 nations, at educational institutions in the United States. *IIE* receives applications from scholarship committees which have evaluated the students in their home countries. *IIE* then matches successful candidates with available opportunities. The majority of these students are on the graduate level and in almost every field.

In addition to administering many full scholarships, *IIE* combines assistance from many sources to make fellowships possible. An airline may supply a travel grant, a college may offer a tuition award, maintenance may be contributed by the U. S. government and spending-money by a church group.

IIE also arranges special orientation programs for newly-arrived students.

Programs of a nonacademic nature are administered by *IIE* for 500 American and foreign specialists, including men and women in the professions, business, government and the arts. The foreign specialists come to use our laboratories, factories and research centers. Specialists from the U. S. go to countries throughout the world to help in the development of modern techniques and equipment.

IIE is an information center in the field of exchange. Experienced staff consult with individuals and organizations developing new exchange projects, issue publications, and arrange national and regional conferences. *IIE* replies to thousands of inquiries from all over the world for information on exchange programs. *IIE*'s reference library includes date on the activities of orgranizations in the exchange of persons field, catalogues of foreign and U. S. educational institutions, reference books and materials pertaining to international education.

At its New York City headquarters and through *IIE* regional offices in Chicago, Denver, Houston, Washington and San Francisco foreign students, leaders and specialists are provided with a friendly introduction to American life. Hospitality week-ends, field trips to newspapers, industries, farms and museums correct misconceptions about life in the United States and build enduring friendships between citizens of many American communities and visitors from abroad.

U. S. and foreign corporations use *IIE's Roster of Internationally Trained Persons,* a cumulative file of data on 260,000 men and women who have had an international study experience. The *Roster* helps locate promising foreign personnel trained in the United States for employment abroad as well as U. S. citizens with experience in other countries.

Corporations establish international fellowships through *IIE* to provide study and training for foreign personnel. During the summer, corporations employ foreign and U. S. students of science and technology through the *International Association for the Exchange Students for Technical Experience* (IAESTE). American undergraduates gain technical experience in European industries and foreign students are placed in American industries. *IIE* administers the U. S. program for *IAESTE.*

Ukrainian stuudents who are interested in balancing their education with study abroad at foreign universities are invited to write to the *Institute of International Education,* 1 East 67th Street, New York 21, New York. Requests for information and application blanks for particular scholarships, travelships, and overseas studyships should be addressed to Mr. Kenneth Holland, President of the *IIE.* Additional information on study abroad is available from the SUSTA Vice President for Educational Affairs or the SUSTA Vice President for International Affairs by writing SUSTA, 2 East 79th Street, New York 21, New York. Make plans *now* to study abroad!

FLASH BACK

On October 4, 1961, at the Chapel House on campus, the Syracuse University Ukrainian Club presented a welcome tea in honor of guest speaker, Dr. Vincent Shandor, Secretary of the Pan American Ukrainian Conference (PAUC), who led students and faculty in a discussion on the topic, "The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Ukrainian Movement and Student Goals for the Future."

As Secretariat Director of the Pan American Ukrainian Conference and as lecturer in international law at the Ukrainian Technical Institute in New York City, Dr. Shandor discussed what students in the United States can do on the university and the political level regarding enlightening fellow Americans as to the plight and aspirations of the

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY UKRAINIAN CLUB: From l. to r., John Krawczuk (kneeling), seated Andrew Makarushka, Peter Holl, Donald Lutz, William Krawczuk, Walter D. Prybyla, Jr. (kneeling). Second row, seated, from l. to r., Mr. Illa Horodeckyj, Mrs. Iryna Krylova, Dr. Vincent Shandor (guest lecturer), Dr. Jacob Hursky, Mr. Michael Woskobijnyk. Third row, standing from l. to r., Mr. Yuriy Tarkovych, John Prybyla, Mrs. Jacob Hursky, Donald Trach, Carol Eaton, William Kincheloe, Mary Bishko-Prybyla, John McConnell, Mary Wisnowski, Patricia Maslak, Wolodymyr Butenko, Myroslaw Kraus, Patricia Markol, John Moskal, Darka Natalie Horodeckyj, George Kraus.

Ukrainian people for freedom. "Here in America the conditions are very different. The American student of Ukrainian heritage has an advantage; he has roots here; he has made contacts and has greater opportunities to spread the truth about Ukraine because America is a country which wants to know the truth. It is therefore important that we ourselves should know thoroughly about Ukraine, its culture, history and traditions. Students throghout the United States should try to cooperate and to work closer with political organizations such as the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America." In conclusion, the former representative of the Carpatho-Ukrainian government in Prague noted that at this crucial time when "the fate of two different worlds hangs in the balance, and when for the first time American and Ukrainian goals are the same, it is largely up to us what America's next move will be."

At the tea, Prof. Jacob Hursky announced that the University founded a Department of Slavic Languages headed by Dr. Clayton L. Dawson and that courses in Ukrainian language and literature will be offered.

Syracuse University faculty members present at the welcome tea were Prof. Jacob Hursky, Mr. Illa Horodeckyj (librarian), Mr. Michael Woskobijnyk, all of whom are members of the Faculty Council for the Syracuse University Ukrainian Club. Other guests were Prof. Jurij Tarkovych of the Air Force Institute of Technology, Mrs. Iryna Krylova of the AFIT and Mrs. Jacob Hursky.

Michael Pochtar of the Newark College of Engineering presents the report of the Auditing Commission at the Fifth SUSTA Congress and lauded highly the achievements of the outgoing president, Konstantyn Sawchuk, and treasurer, Myroslawa Pryshlak, both of whom had been members of the SUSTA Executive Board for four years.

STUDENT CHRONICLE

by *ROSTYSLAV L. CHOMIAK*

The winter and spring months of 1961 *have seen much activity among Ukrainian students organized in the various associations affiliated with SUSTA. We list here some of the more important events which have been mentioned in the Ukrainian press or recorded in the minutes of SUSTA:*

February 11, 1961 — *Jersey City, N. J.*
The Ukrainian Weekly for this date carried a feature article on an incident involving the USSR's Embassy in Washington and a Ukrainian student, Natalie Skoczylas. Miss Skoczylas, who is president of the International Affairs Association at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, put the Soviets on the spot when the Embassy backed out of a previous commitment to produce a spokesman to debate with her organization in favor of admitting Red China to UN membership. Miss Skoczylas secured a press release from the Embassy which did not advance any arguments for Communist China's entry into the UN.

February 13 — *New York, N. Y.*
The Ukrainian Students Association of New York held its annual meeting. Elected to office for the current year were Larysa Hanuschak, Yevhen Lashchyk, Yaroslav Leshko, Roma Subotyn, Lida Khylak, Vera Smulka, Maria Stec, Martha Savchak and Maria Chemych.

February 18-19 — *Detroit, Mich.*
Once again Wayne University was the site of a SUSTA conference. About 80 persons came from New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Ann Arbor, Detroit itself and other centers to attend the conference. Among the topics discussed were recent events in Ukraine,

Ukrainian policy of liberation, student affairs, the proposed Chair of Ukrainian Studies and the forthcoming SUSTA Congress. The conference gave the members of SUSTA's Executive Board a chance to talk over arrangements for the Congress, which was also held at Wayne State University.

At the Twelfth Annual Colgate Conference on American Foreign Policy, July 10-14, 1961, *at Colgate University in Hamilton, New York, SUSTA president Walter D. Prybyla, Jr. discusses foreign policy problems and captive nations issues with Assistant Secretary for International Organization of the State Department, Harland Cleveland (right) and outgoing Colgate University President Everett Case (left). Secretary Cleveland was Dean of the Maxwell School of Public Affairs, when the SUSTA president was a graduate student in political science.*

Over 65 *delegates, alternates, and observers representing* 18 *chapters of the Federation of Ukrainian Student Organizations of America (SUSTA) participated in the* 5*th Congress of Ukrainian students of America on July* 1*st through* 2*nd* 1961 *at MacGregor Memorial Building, Wayne State University, Detroit, Mich. In addition to those pictured, there were present over* 200 *students, distinguished guests, and members of the press.*

February 25 — *Newark, N. J.*
At its fifteenth meeting the SUSTA Executive Board discussed the conference of secondary school students, the approaching SUSTA Congress and the census of Ukrainian-American students.

February 26 — *New York, N. Y.*
A capacity audience of students and the general public filled the auditorium of the Ukrainian Institute where the Ukrainian Students Association observed the anniversary of the Battle of Kruty. The program included two addresses, solo and choral singing and the recitation of poetry.

Incumbent President of the Federation of Ukrainian Student Organizations of America (SUSTA), Konstantyn Sawchuk of Columbia University delivers the biannual report and his farewell address to over 200 *delegates and guests participating in the Fifth Congress of Ukrainian Students of America at Mac Gregor Memorial Bldg. at Wayne State University in Detroit during Independence Weekend, July* 1-2, 1961. *From left to right are members of the Congress Praesidium: Martha Kramarchuk (Rochester), Maria Zubal (Wayne State U.), Bohdan Fedorak (Wayne State U.) who was Chairman of the Praesidium of the Fifth Congress, Rodian Palazij (Cleveland), and Ivan Bodnaruk.*

April 1 — The sixteenth meeting of the SUSTA Executive Board approved the admission to membership of the Ukrainian Students Association of Buffalo, N. Y. Also discussed were the imminent conference of secondary school students, the forthcoming SUSTA Congress and liaison with the Ukrainian Youth League of North America.

April 12 — *New York, N. Y.*
The Ukrainian Circle at Columbia University, currently headed by Yaroslav Leshko, arranged in cooperation with Columbia's *Russky Kruzhok* an evening devoted to Taras Shevchenko. Professor George Shevelov spoke on the Poet's literary achievements during the last complete year of his life (1860). On the same evening an exhibit honoring Shevchenko's centenary was opened at Butler Library on the campus. Entitled "Taras Shevchenko — Poet of Ukraine," this exhibit was arranged by members of the Ukrainian Circle. It remained open to the public until mid-June.

April 21 — *New York, N. Y.*
Vsevolod Isajiv, Instructor of Sociology at St. John's University, Jamaica, N. Y. addressed a meeting of the Ukrainian Students Club at City College of New York on the conditions in which the students of today are living in Ukraine.

April 29-30 — *Baltimore, Md.*
The long-awaited conference of secondary school students of Ukrainian descent, which was first recommended by the Third SUSTA Congress, finally was held here. The students were eager to have their own organization which would be affiliated with SUSTA. It was decided that the question will be discussed at the SUSTA Congress in July, where machinery for such affiliation could be set up. In conjunction with the conference a mimeographed booklet on

SUSTA's objectives and historical background was published. Aimed at informing future members of SUSTA about the Federation's operations and principles, the booklet was also designed as publicity material for the press.

May 5 — *New York, N. Y.*

A somewhat turbulent meeting of the Ukrainian Students Association at which one student faction walked out of the gathering elected delegates to represent the New York students at the SUSTA Congress. Petro Potichny, Stephen Chemych, Martha Savchak, Larysa Hanuschak and Yevhen Lashchyk were chosen for this purpose by the rump Students Association meeting.

May 6 — *Newark, N. J.*

At the seventeenth meeting of the current SUSTA Executive Board the members reviewed the Constitution of the Federation, checked over final plans for the July Congress and defined the relationship between the Congress and CESUS, the worldwide central organization of Ukrainian students.

May 7 — *Philadelphia, Pa.*

The local Research Center of the Shevchenko Scientific Society and Philadelphia's Ukrainian Students Association joined forces to produce a commemorative concert honoring Taras Shevchenko in Houston Hall at the University of Pennsylvania. Professors Roman Smal-Stocki of Marquete University and Mieczyslaw Giergielewicz of the University of Pennsylvania delivered talks on the Poet. Songs by the student choir directed by George Hodowanec and recitations of Shevchenko's poems in Ukrainian and four other languages completed the program.

New Executive Board elected at 5th Congress of Ukrainian Student Organizations of America. First row l. to r. Walter D. Prybyla, Jr. president, Marusia Prybyla, general secretary, Oleh Poslucznyj, chairman, Commission on International Affairs; second row: Tania S. Matyciw, chairman, Commission on Ukrainian Studies Chair Fund, Eugene Lashchy, vice-president for New England region. Other members: Zenon Holubec, Larissa Hanuszczak, Taras I. Charchalis, Bohdan Futej, Ihor Iwanyckyj and Ihor Chuma. Those absent were Bohdan Fedorak, Myroslav Kraus, Jurij G. Sawchak and recently appointed James E. Woodbury.

SUSTA President Walter D. Prybyla, Jr. discusses the role of the Wayne State University Ukrainian "hromada" as the capital of the new Western region which includes SUSTA chapters in the states of Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Pictured from l. to r. are: SUSTA President Walter D. Prybyla, Jr., liberal arts major Switlana Lebedovych; medical student Larissa Zubal; Ihor Iwanyckyj; chemistry major Lubomyra Klymyshyn, President of the Wayne State Ukrainian "hromada"; liberal arts major Maria Bobjak, and fine arts major Jarema Kozak, a cartoonist for "Studentske Slovo," and the only male officer of the Wayne State University Ukrainian "hromada."

(*Continued from page 5*)

tunate letter addressed to House Rules Committee Chairman Howard Smith, called the Soviet Union a "historical state" but termed Ukraine merely an "area." We may recall that while the Soviet of People's Commissars was preparing to begin armed aggression against Ukraine it had already officially recognized the independence of Ukraine on its own initiative on December 17, 1917. And when, on March 3, 1918, the Soviet of People's Commissars was compelled to sign the Peace of Brest-Litovsk with the Central Powers, it did not protest the fact that the Central Powers had negotiated entirely separately with Ukraine. The representatives of Ukraine signed the Brest-Litovsk treaty independently of Trotsky and his co-delegates, whose credentials were regarded by the Central Powers as valid only for Russia, not for Ukraine.

Legally the Soviet Union came into existence only on January 31, 1924, when the second All-Union Congress of Soviets ratified a treaty of union between Ukraine and the Russian Soviet Socialist Republic. Of course this treaty was not voluntary but reflected the final consolidation of Bolshevik control over most of the former Tsarist territories. It is highly significant, however, that then — as later — the Soviet rulers made elaborate if fictitious concessions to the principle of national self-determination within an ostensibly federal political union. Article 17 of the 1936 "Stalin" Constitution even gave all the constituent national republics the "right" to secede at will from the Soviet Union. Whatever have been the continuing realities of Russian domination within the Soviet Union and of genocide and terror specifically directed by the Soviet regime against the non-Russian nations and their cultural and political leaders, the fact remains that the Soviets have never repudiated their pretense that all Union republics are equally sovereign members of the U.S.S.R.

It has been widely but mistakenly assumed in the West that because Soviet "federalism" is only a facade masking Russian Communist control of all the Soviet republics, the Soviet rulers keep it in being solely for propaganda reasons. Actually propaganda needs are only part of the story. In 1945, when the Soviet Union obtained three seats in the U.N. General Assembly, it was said here by many commentators that the Russians had insisted upon this concession (which involved a further recognition of Ukrainian and Byelorussian "sovereignty") because they wanted protection against being outvoted in the Assembly, as a balance against the Western Allies, etc. But Soviet security in the U.N. had already been provided for through the Security Council veto. Why did Stalin show such interest in *Ukrainian* representation at that time?

From the standpoint of ethnic justice Soviet Georgia or Soviet Armenia would have been better candidates for charter membership in the U.N. We must remember that 1944-45 was the high water mark of the power in Ukraine of UPA, the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, which fought both the Nazis and the returning Soviet forces. Stalin faced the threat, or at least the possibility, of losing Ukraine. Naturally he did not advertise the fact the Soviets were not in complete control of the situation there, but he did admit to Churchill in guarded words that he had to make concessions to Ukrainian demands for independence.

Ukrainians, together with the other non-Russian nations of the U.S.S.R., have paid a fearful price for even these insubstantial "rights" granted by their Russian rulers only under pressure. It is difficult to understand why some people in our State Department still insist on calling Ukraine an "area" and deny that Ukraine is a nation. Our United States was founded by men who rejected colonialism, not only in America but everywhere. Self-determination for all nations is a basic American ideal which we can deny only at the cost of ceasing to be truly Americans. No doubt it is a fine thing to oppose colonialism in Angola, Algeria or the Congo. Should we be anti-colonial in Asia and Africa while endorsing the worse colonialism that prevails in the Soviet Union, where the Russian half of the population holds down the non-Russian 50 per cent, including 45 million Ukrainians? The peoples of Eastern Europe, including the non-Russian nations of the U.S.S.R., have shown by their actions that they value freedom and are ready to fight and die for it. Millions behind the Iron Curtain still look on America as the Promised Land. No such reservoir of good will for the United States and appreciation of liberty exists among the shifting sands of the "uncommitted" nations.

Under our constiutional system responsibility for the formation and execution of foreign policy rests with the President and the State Department. But the Senate's treaty powers and the investigative and *ad hoc* committee functions of the Congress exist to check inordinate tendencies in the Executive Branch. Today our NATO allies are beginning to question the stability of our policy toward Soviet Russia. Others besides the West Germans are wondering whether or not there might be some individuals in the State Department prepared to make a "deal" with the Russians whereby, in return for Russian "guarantees" of Western security, we would "recognize" Russian hegemony throughout Eastern Europe as well as in the Soviet Union and abandon the non-Russian peoples to their fate. If this tendency does exist, it must be *checked and* reversed. A House Committee on Captive Nations would be an inval-

uable instrument of research and action to help our friends behind the Iron Curtain. Already several Representatives on both sides of the House have proposed setting up this Committee. Further delay, we are convinced, would work against American interests. In criticizing Secretary Rusk's attitude on this question we are not making any partisan charges. The seeds of Western misunderstanding of East European realities were sown many years ago. Mistakes have been made by Republicans and Democrats alike and members of both parties must act to put things right. In requesting the establishment of this new House Committee we young American students of Ukrainian background ask the members of the House of Representatives to think first of their responsibilities to this country and then, soberly, of their moral obligation to the millions of our friends and "secret" allies who cannot speak for themselves.

Senator Jacob Javits gets acquainted with SUSTA delegates to the 12th Annual Colgate Foreign Policy Congress which was held July 10 - 14, 1961 at Hamilton, N. Y. Pictured from l. to r. are John Prybyla, Daria Horodecka, Sen. Javits, Marusia Prybyla, wife of Colgate University president -- Mrs. Everett Case, and Walter D. Prybyla, Jr., SUSTA president who is presenting the Senator with the SUSTA publication "Facts on Ukraine."

J. HAROLD GRADY
MAYOR

PROCLAMATION

BY

MAYOR J. HAROLD GRADY

DESIGNATING MONDAY, JANUARY 29, 1962

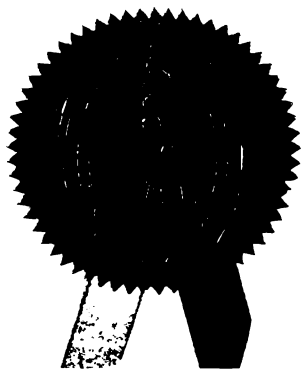
AS

"UKRAINIAN STUDENT DAY" IN BALTIMORE

WHEREAS, January 29, 1962, is the forty-fourth anniversary of the memorable Battle of Kruty and the traditional commemoration of Ukrainian student heroes who, in the love for their country, died for its safety and freedom; and

WHEREAS, American university and college youth of Ukrainian heritage honor as an everlasting source of inspiration to future generations, the spirit of Kruty -- the love for higher learning and academic freedom, the readiness to defend with indomitable dedication and courage and tenacity in the face of overwhelming odds.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, PHILIP H. GOODMAN, ACTING MAYOR of the City of Baltimore, do hereby proclaim Monday, January 29, 1962, as "UKRAINIAN STUDENT DAY (DEN' UKRAINS' KOHO STUDENTA)" IN BALTIMORE, and call upon our fellow citizens to join Americans of Ukrainian descent in the hope and prayer that the Krutian student heroes may not have died in vain and, furthermore, that their enduring spirit pervade and permeate unto a universal desire to trust in the Creator, to defend democracy and country, and to strive for enlightenment and academic achievement so that the rule of law, peace and justice, and God may prevail wherever nihilist Soviet godlessness, tyranny and inhumanity now abounds.



IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the City of Baltimore to be affixed this twenty-ninth day of January, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and sixty-two.

Acting Mayor

BOOK REVIEW

HOW THE SOVIET SYSTEM WORKS — *by Raymond A. Bauer, Alex Inkeles and Clyde Kluckhorn (Cambridge, Harvard University Press,* 1956). 274 *pp.*

Americans are naturally curious about the people who live under a dictatorship. To separate the realities of the situation from the flood of official misrepresentation by the Soviet government is no easy task. How the few can control the many has been a carefully studied art throughout history. Rarely has this art been practiced with such skill as in the Soviet Union. Since any system of this sort depends on the mass manipulation of the people at its base, the people themselves become one of the best illustrations of the system. *How The Soviet System Works* is an attempt to present for popular American consumption an analysis of the relationship between the manipulated and the manipulator, the people and the regime, through a study of refugees from the Soviet Union. The author's announced intention is ". . . to assess the social and psychological strengths and weaknesses of the Soviet system."

The Soviet system advertises itself as the most democratic the world has ever seen. Unhappily, however, the word "democracy" really tells us very little. People rule and are ruled. In Western parliamentary democracies all mature and competent citizens are privileged to share in determining the system which strives to guarantee the common welfare and the equal protection of the law for all citizens of the community. In the Soviet Union the government admits unashamedly that it exists only for the benefit of a nebulous group called the proletariat. Under Marxist Socialism (the necessary first stage on the road to the classless, stateless society of Communism), the government is a dictatorship of the proletariat (translated from Marxist jargon that means a dictatorship by the Party over every subject citizen, proletarian as well as non-proletarian). However, the Party feels that its dictatorship must be ornamented with such window-dressing as "elections," "courts," "parliaments," etc. in order to deceive and placate those who are still sentimentally attached to the trappings of genuine republicanism.

The authors report that ever since 1920 Soviet economic policy has given priority to the expansion of the country's industrial base. Agricultural production has been consolidated in large units, of which some are state-owned while the majority are collective cooperatives. The regime's announced purpose in collectivizing agriculture is to promote the spirit of Socialism and to maximize the available quantity of food. More realistically, of course, the regime seeks to make state control more ef-

fective by gathering the farmers together in collectives. The authors conclude that despite occasional resistance, the people on the whole "accept" the subordination of the individual to the state. The people disapprove, the authors continue, of the tempo of the demands made upon them, but conditions tend to remain tolerable in the absence of a practical alternative to which they can turn. Materially the Soviet Union has come a long way since 1917 and the people undoubtedly take a certain pride in Soviet industrial and agricultural accomplishments, especially when they see these reflected in the catapulting status of their country in world affairs.

Soviet propaganda, which attempts to bolster this pride, is not limited, the authors find, to mere reiteration and suppression of complaints; rather, it relies on a positive identification with the Party, which the Soviet citizen normally achieves through actively propagating and carrying on the Party program. Persons who are being considered for active Party membership must be groomed, conditioned and tested in Party schools at each of the various levels in their upward ascent through the hierarchy. So far-reaching have been the effects of this Marxist molding that the authors found basically Marxist interpretations of history, science, society and philosophy even among those refugees who had rejected Communism as a formal system. This is not surprising when one considers the absence of alternative coherent interpretations with which to fill the vacuum created by the refugees' total rejection of Marxist ideology.

The refugees reported that the characteristic approach to problem-solving in the Soviet Union consisted of ". . . a direct assault on goals with only a secondary consideration of cost and consequences." Again, this is not surprising when one remembers that Marxist doctrine requires that all other interests be subordinated to the achievements of the promised land of Communism. It was the consensus of opinion among the refugees that this method, which requires a maximum of exertion on the part of the typical Soviet citizen, resulted in tensions, pressures and resentments. The authors found that these disturbances produced alienation among those groups which had been injured by social changes, discontent on the part of those who had been discriminated against, even theft of state property to compensate for low living standards and the illegal procedure of state organs. This obvious discontent is either isolated and suppressed by the regime or deflected onto scapegoats. Of course, the regime always keeps in reserve certain alternative policies, any of which can be adopted quickly if the previously agreed upon plan proves to be unsatisfactory. In such instances one often sees the sudden

appearance or reappearance of the proponents of the alternative policy in high places.

Institutional control is vital to the existence of the Soviet regime. Trade unions and professional organizations of doctors, lawyers, writers, etc. are all direct channels of government control. The status of religion is difficult to determine. Marxism rejects the Christian concept of the duality of human existence, that is the notion that man is both body and spirit, the world both material and spiritual. Marxism is materialistic in the fullest sense of the word; it accepts the reality of only the tangible part of existence. This, say the Marxists, is the "progressive, scientific" point of view, and religion they call only a superstition, a tool used by the capitalistic exploiters to produce docility in their wage-slaves. The refugees questioned in this study seemed to indicate that religion in the U.S.S.R. persisted mainly among the aged and the less well educated; the intelligentsia and the white-collar groups had adopted the scientific approach (so-called) promoted by the Pioneers and the Komsomol and had thrown off religious "superstition." But since this book was published some observers who have traveled in the Soviet Union report that interest in religion is much more widespread than had formerly been supposed. Their observations, if accurate, would seem to indicate that the regime has not been able to minimize religious influence as much as it wants the outside world to believe. In any case, however, the Church apparently remains under secure political control.

In order to maintain control, occasional political arrests are necessary. The Soviets categorize as political a variety of crimes which would strike the American or West European as being of a strictly criminal character. For example, the theft of grain or factory materials, or negligence in handling expensive machinery might well be considered political crimes. Arrests are calculated to maintain the image of unrelenting terror. The refugees said that some arrested persons actually experience ". . . a sense of relief and relative security once they are sent to forced labor camps." It seems that when people in such circumstances know that the long-awaited event has finally happened, the mounting sense of dread with which they had been forced to live is dispelled. Ordinary people convicted of political crimes are seldom executed. Under contemporary conditions execution is more generally reserved for those of great political importance or as an example to condition the population to what can happen to those who behave undesirably. Arrests, say the refugees, are made on a political basis, and economic needs are of secondary importance. The people consider the secret police to be omniscient and omnipotent.

In a materialistic society where the good things of life belong to

the fortunate bureaucratic few at the top, there is an intense, if subtly disguised scramble for "good connections" through which one can get hold of goods and services not readily available through more orthodox channels. Behaviour of this kind is not considered a serious breach of honesty but rather as a necessary condition for mutual reciprocity. Such procedures as under-reporting production capacity and hoarding the materials thereby saved are regarded by many Soviet citizens not as serious crimes but as prudent self-interest.

The study's findings indicate that many persons, especially highly-placed young people, derive a certain idealized satisfaction from participating in the Soviet order which is working to promote a "new and better world." But the peasants, whose skins supply the sweat necessary for most of this "creative progress," are naturally more cynical and dissatisfied with conditions. However, in all social groups the people are impatient for the high standard which has so long been promised to them, yet so long deferred; they are tired of political terror and the excessive invasion of their personal lives by the state. Government ownership of industry has been far more popular than state ownership of agriculture. In the opinion of most of the refugees there is general approval within the Soviet Union for such things as workers' benefits, public health programs and medical insurance.

The people are told that Americans do not enjoy the same economic security as exists in the Soviet Union. Naturally, America is pictured as a decadent society controlled by "ruling circles" of grasping millionaires who exploit the masses for their own benefit. These ruling circles, says the Party line, are bent on world domination (a strange assertion to come from a society officially based on world revolution) and have taught the American people to be devoted exclusively to self-interest and the Almighty Dollar (also strange coming from a society which is frankly materialistic). In America racism is supposedly rampant and the rank-and-file workers must endure a poor standard of living. (The refugees reported, however, that the average Soviet citizen remains envious of American living standards). Fortunately for the world, say the Communists, Americans are soft and "can't take it." Nevertheless, the Soviet leaders retain a healthy respect for American technology and know-how.

Soviet technology is the responsibility of an upper elite in the Soviets' classless society. The authors estimate that the ruling elite is composed of about 10,000 Party members. At the time when this study was undertaken, before Khruschchev had gained undisputed power, the Communist hierarchy was capped by five or six members of the collegial governing clique. The second layer consist of the ten to fifteen

members of the Presidium. Below these are 250 to 300 non-Presidium Party members who direct the top central bureaus of the Party. Next come the 1,200 to 1,500 voting members of the Party Congress—second secretaries of the major bureaus and the most prominent industrial executives. Last, there are the 5,000 to 8,000 rank-and-file Party section chiefs who are first secretaries of city and rural Party districts, also included are the top generals and admirals and heads of factories. The outline given by the authors is necessarily somewhat dated. As they are everywhere, political conditions in the Soviet Union are in a state of flux. The middle elite of perhaps 100,000 persons is probably more stable than the top group. In this middle stratum, say the refugees, one finds officers ranking from colonel up and also subordinate but important bureaucrats. The lower elite could be roughly described as a million and a half political hacks with high hopes.

The concluding chapter of the book discusses several possibilities for the future of the Soviet state. Based on the preceding studies and analyses, the authors conclude that the system will not remain unchanged, but that change will be evolutionary rather than revolutionary. The various possibilities include a return to Stalinism (people from the U.S.S.R. say they would never tolerate this, but it is difficult to see just what they could do to stop it), increased bureaucratization (always a possibility), the provoking of crises abroad in order to distract attention from domestic discontent (a tried and true Soviet tactic which is almost sure to be used in the near future), or a gradual movement toward a stable accommodation with the West. Certainly the possibilities are many and if the past is any guide to the future, a combination of changes will take place.

Attitudes are innately dynamic and are not completely predictable even by the Soviet rulers. In this writer's opinion the most interesting aspect of the book is its exposition of Soviet conceptions of America and of our aims and objectives. This is a vital part of the workings of the Soviet system, for attitudes and images can never be ignored, no matter how omnipotent the state. How long the Soviet system will continue to operate is at least partly dependent on those very attitudes and images. This book helps Americans to understand the mind and outlook of ordinary people in the Soviet Union; it is a pity that the opportunity is not reciprocal. Khrushchev, perhaps as much for domestic consumption as American, has threatened us: "We will bury you!" And who can really say whether or not his threat will one day come true? It is up to us Americans of all nationalities, perhaps especially Ukrainian-Americans, to see to it that he is refuted on the battlefields of history.

Reviewed by *Bohdan Mysko*

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Rostyslav L. Chomiak, a graduate of McMaster University in Canada where he majored in history and politics, was until recently editor of the *Ukrainian Weekly*—the English-language section of *Sbovoda,* the Ukrainian daily paper in Jersey City, N. J. Mr. Chomiak recently received a *Reader's Digest* scholarship, enabling him to return to McMaster University for postgraduate study. He is a member of SUSK—the Ukrainian University Students' Union of Canada, PLAST, OBNOVA and other Ukrainian organizations.

Tatiana Cybyk, born in Ukraine, now lives in New Jersey where she is an undergraduate at Montclair State College. She is a keen student of Ukrainian history and an active member of various Ukrainian young people's organizations.

Larissa Hanuszczak, born in Ukraine, now lives in New York City where she is an undergraduate at Hunter College majoring in history. She is SUSTA Vice-President for the Ukrainian Studies Chair Fund and Chairman of the SUSTA Metropolitan New York region. Miss Hanuszczak, who recently completed a one-year term as President of the Ukrainian Student Association of New York, is also an active member of PLAST—the Ukrainian Youth Organization.

Hlib Hayuk, born in Ukraine, now lives in New York City. Mr. Hayuk has a B.A. degree from City College of New York and is now a graduate student at New York University specializing in economic geography. He is a member of "Zarevo" and other Ukrainian youth groups.
Patricia Kilina was born in Helena, Montana, in 1936 of non-Ukrainian descent. Miss Kilina now writes both in Ukrainian and English and is the author of a volume of Ukrainian poetry, *A Tragedy of Bees* (1960). Her unpublished work in English includes a collection of stories, *Images for a Crucifixion* and a play, *The Horsemen.*

Bohdan Mysko, born in 1931 in Lviv, Ukraine. now lives in Philadelphia. He is a graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania majoring in Slavic and Baltic studies and already has his M.A. degree. He is a member of the American Association of Teachers of Slavic and East European Languages and has written numerous articles on contemporary and historic Slavic topics.

Walter D. Prybyla, Jr. is now President of the Federation of Ukrainian

Student Organizations of America (SUSTA) for the 1961-63 term. After attending St. Basil's College Preparatory School in Stamford, Connecticut, Mr. Prybyla took his B.A. degree in history and political science at Le Moyne College in Syracuse, N. Y. Later he was granted a full research fellowship at the Graduate Center for Soviet and East European Studies of Notre Dame University, where he achieved his M.A. degree. Mr. Prybyla is now studying for a Doctorate in political science and public administration at Syracuse University's Maxwell School of Citizenship and Public Administration. Mr. Prybyla was born in this country.

Vera Rich, born in London in 1936, was educated at St. Angela's Convent in London and at the Universities of Oxford and London. Her poetry has been published in many British magazines and she has won a number of literary prizes including the *London Writers' Circle Annual Poetry Competition.* Since 1956 she has translated into English samples of the works of many Ukrainian poets. Later this year the Mitre Press in London will publish a collection of her translations of Taras Shevchenko entitled *Song Out of Darkness.* Miss Rich's first volume of original verse, *Outlines,* was published in 1960.

George Tarnawsky was born in Western Ukraine in 1934. Mr. Tarnawsky writes in English as well as in Ukrainian. His Ukrainian works include two volumes of poetry, *Life in the City* (1956) and *Afternoons in Poughkeepsie* (1960) as well as a novel, *The Roads* (1961). He is also the author of two unpublished English novels, *Sadness* and *The Hypocrite.* Mr. Tarnawsky now lives in White Plains, N. Y.

James E. Woodbury, Language Editor of *Horizons,* was born in England in 1931. A graduate of Harvard College, where he majored in modern European history, and of the Army Language School in Monterey, California, he now lives in New York City. He recently became head of the SUSTA Committee on Press and Information.

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