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Stalin's daughter, the adored child of the most ruthless and violent man of our times. Here, for the first time is the unique story of—her soul-searching, heart-rending decision to abandon her children and escape to the West—her mother's hideous suicide—her lonely Kremlin childhood—her father's strange death—her three ruined marriages.

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Svetlana

THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF STALIN'S DAUGHTER

MARTIN EBON

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Svetlana

THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF

STALIN'S DAUGHTER

MARTIN EBON

TWENTY-ONE PHOTOGRAPHS
LARGE CLEAR TYPE

"When I left Moscow last December in order to convey the ashes of my late husband, Mr. Brijesh Singh, to his home in India, I fully expected to return to Russia within one month's time. However, during my stay in India I decided that I could not return to Moscow. It was my own decision, based on my own feelings and experiences, without anyone's advice, or help or instruction.

"The strongest struggle was going on in my heart all that time because I would have to leave my children and not see them for quite a long time. I did everything to force myself to return home. But it was all in vain . . ."

Thus spoke SVETLANA ALLILUYEVA at her first American press conference.

With rare understanding and sure knowledge, Martin Ebon reveals the life story of Stalin's daughter, her childhood in the Kremlin . . . her first romance, her two loveless marriages and her realization of true love . . . her self-discovery of religion . . . her flight to freedom and her decision to defect from the U.S.S.R. . . . her reflections on the past . . . and her hopes for the future.

MARTIN EBON is a teacher, lecturer and the author of *World Communism Today* and *Malenkov: Stalin's Successor.*

Svetlana

THE STORY OF STALIN'S DAUGHTER

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author of *WORLD COMMUNISM TODAY* and *MALENKOV: STALIN'S SUCCESSOR*

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PROLOGUE

From Tragedy to Rebirth

The daughter of Joseph Stalin was walking through the streets of India's holy city of Benares on the Ganges River. As she passed one of the famous Ghats, the terraces through which bodies of the dead are taken for cremation, a friend drew Svetlana's attention to a corpse being carried by mourners. But she covered her eyes with her hand and cried out, "I have seen thousands of them at home. I can't see any more!" That was on February 24, 1967, less than two months after the ashes of her Indian Communist husband had been scattered on the Ganges.

On April 21, 1967, Svetlana Alliluyeva-Stalina stepped out of a plane at New York's Kennedy International Airport. Her manner was enthusiastic, her smile contagious. She walked up to a cluster of microphones and said, "Hello there, everybody! I am happy to be here." The plane that brought her to the United States from Switzerland completed Svetlana's exodus from a life of tragedy. She had spent some forty years in the Soviet Union in the shadow of her famous and infamous father. Now, she was ready to begin a new life.

In the following pages, we shall trace Svetlana's life journey through the years of tragedy to the moment of her spiritual rebirth.

CHAPTER ONE

Decision in Paradise

A small, off-white dog named "Pommy," friendly and nondescript, is the inhabitant of Kalakankar with whom Svetlana Alliluyeva-Stalina spent most of her time during the sixty-seven days she stayed in this serene, remote and friendly Indian village. Weeks after she had left, a visitor took a photograph of Svetlana out of its frame, and Pommy ran up, stood on his hind legs, his short tail wagging, and tried to lick the face on the picture. In New York, Svetlana said that she did not need many material possessions, but that she hoped for a car, and for a dog, a "gypsy dog," footloose as she was. Pommy had been a good companion to the uprooted daughter of Joseph Stalin.

Kalakankar had been paradise to Svetlana. It seemed like the embodiment of all she had ever wanted: the peaceful green of trees and bushes and grassy slopes that led to the sprawling Ganges River; the solid square stones of the terrace outside her window; and moist sand she could run through her fingers as she sat at the river bank—with her pain, her memo-

ries, her doubts, her hopes, and with only the little dog by her side, more innocent than a child.

Now and then she compared Kalakankar with Sochi, the Black Sea resort at which she had spent many months with her father as a child and young girl. But the comparison was in externals only—sun and trees and the wide expanse of water. The innocence of Sochi had been her own, that of a child living in an oasis of beautiful ignorance, surrounded by a vast desert of fear. No, Kalakankar was far removed from Svetlana's own past, from everything she had ever known.

"Kalakankar," she later wrote to her host, "is a small paradise on earth. Those who live here permanently cannot realize that. But for a person like me, who came from far away, it is evident. I have arrived to Kalakankar with a dead heart, and I thought it would never again revive. . . . Here at Kalakankar, thanks to you, I began to live and to breathe again. I can see that wonderful world around me—trees, birds, flowers, blue sky, moon, stars. I thought I'd never be able to see all these things—my eyes were blind, my heart was deaf . . ."

All through 1966, Svetlana Alliluyeva had asked the Soviet authorities, in particular Premier Alexey Kosygin, to let Kanwar Brijesh Singh take her back with him to his Indian homeland before he died. They had not let him marry her, and now they would not let her go. Brijesh Singh had come to communism through an ideological back door. As a very young man, while studying in Berlin in 1929, he had become a follower of M. N. Roy, a veteran of the Comintern—whom the author of this volume visited in India shortly before his death—who was then estranged from Stalin's policies, and who returned to India in 1931. Roy was imprisoned for six years. It was not until 1934 that Singh joined the Communist Party of India and later visited Moscow himself. During the last years of his life, even before his illness, he took little interest in Indian communism. It was in a Moscow hospital in 1963 that Brijesh Singh first met Svetlana after she had undergone a tonsillectomy. Later they met again in a convalescent home, and their relationship ripened into love.

Though a Communist, Singh was also a member of a rich and influential Indian family of distinguished origins. After a visit to India, he returned to Moscow in April of 1965. Svetlana introduced him to her children from two previous marriages, Joseph Alliluyev Morozov and Ekaterina Zhdanova. The two young people, then as now, lived in Svetlana's Moscow apartment.

For the better part of three years, Brijesh and Svetlana lived and worked together. He was employed in Hindi-language work by the Soviet government's Progressive Publishing House, for which Svetlana did English translations. As Brijesh's asthma worsened, and their appeals to go to India together were turned down over and over again, Svetlana became obsessed with the idea that the Soviet doctors could not be trusted. Her concern grew as pleurisy and cardiac complications set in. Her fears had historical justification. At the death of her father and of her second father-in-law, Andrey A. Zhdanov, charges had been made that "medical murder" had been committed. When Brijesh finally died on October 31, and when, too late, the authorities at last permitted her to accompany her husband's ashes to India, she suspected that he might have died as a result of neglect or false medication.

In Kalakankar, she implored Dr. Bhagwandas Nagar, the village doctor, to tell her candidly whether Brijesh had been given an overdose or fatal treatment. She showed Dr. Nagar her husband's Moscow hospital records, and although he reassured her, the overwrought woman's doubts could not be stilled. Once, he heard her whisper in her distraction, "Let me die! It is no use living like this!" The physician spoke to her, in terms of Hindu philosophy, about the meaning of life and death; he managed to calm her.

On December 20 she arrived in Delhi, carrying the ashes of Brijesh Singh, on a Soviet Aeroflot plane. She stayed at the Soviet embassy's guest house in the In-

dian capital for three days. A telegram to Brijesh's brother, Suresh Singh, in Kalakankar, advised him on Christmas Day that his brother's ashes had arrived from Moscow, and he prepared immersion ceremonies. Svetlana, accompanied by an unidentified Russian woman, arrived in the village, seventy-five miles east of Lucknow in Uttar Pradesh Province, on December 25. Two days later, she asked the woman to return to the Soviet embassy in Delhi, while she remained in Kalakankar.

At the beginning of her stay, Svetlana lived in the main palace of Raja Dinesh Singh, India's former Foreign Minister and now Minister of Commerce. But she preferred the *kothi* of Suresh, a modest house in which she occupied Brijesh's old room. It is a quiet room of moderate size, with splendid views of the blue-green lawn and the stone terrace overlooking the Ganges River. There are only a few pieces of furniture, including Brijesh's comfortable chair, a bed, dressing table and two photographs of Svetlana and Brijesh below a sculpture of the legendary Hindu god, Krishna.

Here she had once hoped to live with Brijesh. She fitted herself into the household with the natural simplicity that is a part of her friendly, outgoing personality, although then tempered by grief and bitterness. The skills she had learned as a lonely Kremlin child, developed when she was her father's favorite "housekeeper," and later as wife and mother, came in handy in the Singh household. She sewed, knitted, cleaned and cut vegetables, cared for her own room, washed and pressed her clothes. In spite of his Communist views, Brijesh Singh had always displayed certain class attitudes in his household. He was demanding and treated the domestic servants as servants. In contrast, Svetlana asked them to join her at the dinner table. As one of them recalled, she acted just like "a commoner," and "we would have liked to serve her all our life."

Paradisical Kalakankar symbolized a period of decision in the life of Svetlana Alliluyeva. Aboard the

Aeroflot plane, bearing her Soviet passport valid until November 5, 1968, Svetlana barely had time to think. The four days in the Delhi embassy had been filled with the familiar threatening sounds of the official Russian language. The ambassador himself, Ivan A. Benediktov, belonged to an older, cruder generation of Soviet officialdom. He had been Minister of Agriculture under Svetlana's father from 1947 to 1953. Although Soviet ambassador in India for six years, he had remained contemptuous of the cultural, philosophical, and religious aspects of the country in which he served.

But while the embassy compound had been just an extension of the Russia Svetlana had come to fear, the Singh house in Kalakankar gave her time for repose. It provided the simplicity of a daily life that seemed harmonious, close to the soil, and, above all, free. In a relatively short time Svetlana had to decide about her freedom. Her Indian visa, issued on November 16, was due to expire on March 15. Her "superiors" in Moscow, as she put it with bitter irony, were "intractable" in demanding her speedy return, first on January 4, later on March 1 and 8.

Svetlana wanted to remain in India, in Kalakankar, in the home and the room of the man she had loved. The man the Soviet state and the Communist Party had not permitted her to marry. The months before his death had made her intolerant of all the hypocrisies and ugliness she had managed to overlook in the past. Now, the grassy slopes along the Ganges had become a symbol, not only of her memory of Brijesh, but of the promise of freedom. She wrote, in letters to friends, that she had encountered universal love and respect in this Indian community, among Communists, aristocrats, writers, men and women. She saw Kalakankar as an embodiment of human tranquillity and dignity.

With all the exuberance of an eager immigrant-convert she began to learn, to soak up, appreciate, and identify with Indian culture, Hindu traditions, and the religio-cultural air that permeates that extraordinary

land. She studied the Hindu language and practiced its writing. *"Bharat Hamara Desh Hai"* were the first words she wrote: "India is our country."

Early every morning Svetlana walked down to the river for her bath in the Ganges. She sought to guard against violating Hindu customs wherever possible. When the ashes of Brijesh Singh were to be submerged in the river, she was asked to go along in the boat. She asked the village priest, Pandit Ramanand Tripati, whether it was customary for women to do this, and when told that it was not, she remained ashore. Touchingly, desperately, naïvely, Svetlana sought to fit herself into Hindu village life. She gave up meat and ate only vegetables. Now and then she dressed in a sari instead of one of her Western dresses.

She decided not to return to Moscow. She wanted to remain in India, on the banks of the Ganges which had carried away the ashes of the man she loved. But would that be possible? The Soviet state had in the past claimed her as if she were a piece of national property. Could she, and should she, defy the Moscow authorities? How would her two children, Joseph and Ekaterina, react to her defection? What would it do to their lives, assuming, as she must, that they would not want to follow her example?

Late at night, when the cool air from the river tempted her, she sat quietly for hours on a stone bench under the Ashok tree, thinking, thinking, thinking—her own mixture of melancholy and promise, of hope and fear.

In daylight, she occasionally made fun of her worries about the future. Once she put her hand in front of Suresh Singh, palm up, and asked, "Do you know palmistry?" When he said that he did, she pulled her hand back quickly. "I know you are joking." She did not want to have her fortune told, not even by Suresh, of whom she had become quite fond. When she heard that he was involved in a legal case, she even fasted to prompt a positive decision. But Suresh persuaded her, on the third day of the fast, that she had better eat and drink again.

Now and then representatives of the Soviet embassy, silent and ill at ease, came to see her. They talked secretly. She was more withdrawn than usual after they left. On January 16, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi visited the village. She was accompanied by an entourage. There was little chance for a quiet personal talk, but Svetlana gave Mrs. Gandhi to understand that she hoped to remain in India, although the Prime Minister did not encourage her in any way.

As her decision took shape, Svetlana spoke to Brijesh's brother. But there was little he could do to advise her. This was an important matter, to be considered and decided by top New Delhi officials—by Mrs. Gandhi and by Commerce Minister Dinesh Singh, one of the Prime Minister's closest advisers. He was the logical mediator, being both the most prominent member of her husband's family and a top Cabinet official. Since 1849, members of the Singh family had been feudal landlords, rajahs, or local rulers and tax collectors in Kalakankar. In spite of this aristocratic past, or even because of it, several members of the Singh family held radical political views. The third rajah, Rampal Singh, was a co-founder of the Congress Party, which had opposed British rule. The fifth rajah, Avadesh Singh, shared his ideas. Dinesh Singh has a socialist outlook, which often places him in a pro-Soviet position among members of the Indira Gandhi Cabinet. When Svetlana asked Dinesh Singh to intercede for her, help her to remain in India at least until October 31, 1967, the first anniversary of Brijesh's death, he turned her down.

Later on, after she had left India, the government found itself in the middle of a legalistic debate as to whether Dinesh Singh had acted in an official or private capacity when he told Svetlana, in effect, that her desire to stay was embarrassing to the New Delhi government in its relations with the Soviet Union. She took his statement as official, and it was only after this bit-

ter disappointment that she considered a more radical step: to come to the United States. India had been her first choice, but India had shown itself weak and vacillating. Surely Moscow's displeasure would not prevent the United States from welcoming her.

There were two other important men in whom she confided: her husband's long-time friend, the ebullient socialist leader Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia, and Justice S. S. Dhavan of the High Court at Allahabad, President of the Indian-Soviet Cultural Society for the Province. Lohia counseled her quietly; as an opposition leader, his backing might do her cause more harm than good. Justice Dhavan, anxious to avoid any clouding of Soviet-Indian relations, tried to calm Svetlana's mounting impatience and despair.

The magic of Kalakankar did not extend to the reception Svetlana found at Allahabad, where she went on February 5 for four days. The crass "Russia can do no wrong" clichés of the local Communists and their fellow-travelers repelled her. She remembered that Kosygin, trying to talk her out of going to India, had said she would barely be able to feed herself, and that India was only a country of mud huts. But Allahabad's public buildings, the High Court, the Senate Hall, Muir Central College, and the Medical College, impressed her favorably. At one meeting, fulsome praise of the Soviet way of life prompted her to say, "You may praise my country but in fact it is not worth *all* this praise." At the same meeting, she reported candidly that Soviet agriculture was lagging in output, so that wheat had had to be imported the year before. And as for industrial skills, she noted caustically that "our electric shavers and watches are useless."

In turn, some of the people she encountered at Allahabad frankly regarded her as a romantic fool. The meetings led to dinners, and the dinners led to drinking, which made Svetlana furious. She had seen and done a good deal of drinking in her life, but just then she had put it aside, together with the consumption of meat. At a party at Allahabad's Gymkhana Club, as

reported in the *Hindustan Times*, a high police official boisterously promised his protection, saying, "No one dare ask you to go from Uttar Pradesh [Province] as long as I am alive." And an intoxicated lawyer chimed in, "Svetlana, why can't you influence your nephew [Dinesh Singh], who is a minister at the Center and who enjoys the confidence of the Prime Minister, to have your stay prolonged?"

This annoyed Svetlana, who said, "I do not know how to tackle drunken people here, but I knew how to tackle them in my own country."

The cynics began to hint that her pious pro-Hindu sentiments, the sentimental talk about her "husband," Brijesh Singh—whom, when all was said and done, she had not even married—as well as such expatriate notions as wearing a sari and practicing abstinence were, well, a little naïve. Brijesh Singh had been quite a Don Juan during his travels in Europe, vying with his friend Lohia for the favors of many a lady in the East and West. He was about fourteen years Svetlana's senior. He had two daughters by an Indian wife, both old enough to be married. Brijesh's second wife, of Czechoslovak nationality, now lives in London with her son. While divorced from the Czech wife, he was only judicially separated from his Indian wife. And, some said, unless Brijesh had married Svetlana according to Hindu rites, their marriage would not have been binding in India anyway.

Then Svetlana gave a Press Trust of India reporter a statement, designed to help rally public opinion behind her desire to remain in India; it was never published. Hospitality was wearing thin. Was the guest beginning to overstay her welcome? Was India the right kind of refuge for Svetlana, after all? She returned to her beloved Kalakankar, weary and saddened, and there were tears in her eyes when little Pommy came running to her as she entered the grounds.

By now she had become an embarrassment to the Indian government, and even to some of her friends. Justice Dhavan feared that she would permit herself to

be exploited by politicians; he felt that she talked with too much candor. But he did favor that she remain in India, particularly if the alternative was that she might "fall under American influence."

After Svetlana's flight to Rome became known, Dhavan tried to influence the Indian government to bring her back to New Delhi. By then, Svetlana was glad to have left, much as she loved India. Justice Dhavan wrote of his impressions:

> She told me that she loved the people of India in spite of prevailing poverty and horrible conditions. She said that she felt a subtle spiritual bond between herself and the civilization of India, though she confessed that she could not exactly define the nature of that bond. She was desperately keen that she should be permitted to live in India as long as she liked. She said, "I like the people and they like me. I felt very happy here. I do not see why my government should not extend the period of my stay. But I have been told that I must return to Moscow."

Dhavan and his wife had watched Svetlana closely and concluded that "she is a woman of many sorrows, lonely and with no friends. The present atmosphere in Moscow must have oppressed her like that of a haunted house. Several times while discussing ordinary things with us, she blinked back her tears, particularly when she was relating anything about her family."

Although she made a second trip to Allahabad, Svetlana preferred staying at her "little paradise," Kalakankar, to other journeys. She traveled little, and actually did not see much of the multiplicity of Indian life. The trips she did make were at times marred by what she saw. She was horrified by the dirt and callousness of Benares. More and more she saw poverty and death. It was time to leave India, if she wanted to keep her affectionate illusions intact.

On March 3 and 4, Svetlana went to Lucknow, to visit Brijesh's niece, Aruna Kurami, who was in bed

recovering from an operation. As the niece recalled later, they just sat around the room listening to records. Svetlana was quiet and seemed upset. She apologized: "I hope you don't mind my not being very talkative, but I don't feel like talking." On another occasion, visiting with friends, Svetlana sat up late into the night, listening to Indian sitar records even after everyone else had gone to sleep.

The Soviet embassy was beginning to push for her to return to Moscow. Her journey home had been postponed several times. Her booking for the Delhi-Moscow flight was changed from March 1 to March 8. From Lucknow, Svetlana went to New Delhi for her last few days in the Indian capital. On March 5 she stayed at the home of Dinesh Singh, who had closed the door on any possibility that the Indian government might press for a prolongation of her stay on Indian soil. Still, she had not decided exactly what to do. Her mind was awhirl.

The next day's events proved decisive. About 9:30 A.M., a Russian embassy car picked her up at the Singh residence and took her to the Soviet compound. She was given a room at the guest house, which she was expected to occupy for the next two nights. She had two traveling bags but unpacked only immediate necessities. Luncheon with Ambassador Benediktov was an ordeal. The veteran Bolshevik was boisterous and condescending, the kind of official she dreaded having to face again in Moscow. He made crude jokes about Indian customs and sneered at Svetlana's vegetarian diet. What a stupid thing, for a Russian woman to take up such Indian habits! To Svetlana, Indian customs were not the antiquated rituals of a backward nation but symbolic of Brijesh Singh, the ancient traditions of which he was part, the serene charm of Kalakankar. Benediktov's opinions and language grated on her nerves, but she hardly replied.

One bureaucratic step facilitated Svetlana's decision. Her passport was returned to her that day, two days before her scheduled departure. Then, too, the em-

bassy was in the throes of double confusion. It was preparing for the celebration, on Svetlana's date of departure, of International Women's Day, which would bring many Indian visitors to the embassy. Benediktov and his staff were also busy welcoming a delegation of visitors headed by Marshal Matvey V. Zakharov, the sixty-eight-year-old Soviet Chief of Staff, who had been Deputy Minister of Defense since 1964. Zakharov had been in command of Soviet troops in southeastern Europe in 1944-45. In June, 1967, following Egypt's defeat by Israel, he was the first high-level Soviet official to arrive in Cairo.

In the excited comings and goings at the embassy, the unobtrusive woman in Western clothes was left to herself. In the afternoon, as she moved about the compound between the main building and the guest house, she might have been just another member of a women's delegation, somewhat at a loss in the embassy environment.

Svetlana made up her mind. She went to her room and repacked her things, fitting the most important items into one suitcase that she could carry herself. With care, she placed the manuscript of her autobiography among her clothes; it had been written during the three years preceding 1963. Disheartened by the tightening Soviet government controls over writers, Svetlana and Brijesh Singh decided to have the manuscript shipped out of the Soviet Union. They gave it to Mr. Triloki Nath Kaul, who had become Indian ambassador to Moscow in 1962. A lawyer by training and a member of the Indian civil service since 1936, he served as ambassador to the USSR and Hungary concurrently. Mr. Kaul saw to it that the manuscript was safely transported to New Delhi; when Svetlana arrived in the Indian capital in December, 1967, he returned it to her. Now she packed the manuscript to take it away with her.

When Svetlana entered the lobby of the Soviet embassy, carrying her suitcase, she attracted no significant attention. Nevertheless, the next quarter hour was excruciating for her. Casually she walked over to a telephone and called for a taxi. For ten minutes she stood waiting, feeling increasingly conspicuous, but no taxi arrived. She made a second call, and this time a taxi came within a few minutes. As it halted outside the door, Svetlana picked up her suitcase, carried it outside, and placed it inside the cab. Then she leaned back into the seat and said to the driver, "Take me to the American embassy."

* * *

As a postscript to Svetlana in India, here are three illustrative views of the subject from quite different Indian sources, which show at least as much about the strains of life in India today as they do about Stalin's daughter.

The first comes from a veteran woman political leader of India's governing Congress Party, living in one of the country's major cities. She had been close to the Communist movement of India during the period of British rule, was briefly imprisoned, but now represents a relatively conservative position within the Congress Party. Her views were expressed as follows:

> We have, of course, behaved like cowards. Worse: hypocrites. But then, we have done little else during the past few years. It starts from the top, with Indira Gandhi. When she met Svetlana Stalina, she was electioneering in a difficult area; she is a registered voter in Allahabad. I do not know whether you have followed what happened in Uttar Pradesh, but all over the country the Congress Party has suffered from defeats at the hands of a motley group of parties. We were outvoted by seven other parties, which now control a number of provincial governments, but, as they are scattered in strength, we will just about manage to retain national control.
>
> The very last thing the Prime Minister and her Cabinet wanted early this year was this embarrassingly talkative Russian woman on their hands. We

have, after all, shown ourselves consistently inclined to be cool to our friends and subservient to our antagonists. Nehru and Krishna Menon professed to see the hope of the world in Mao's China, and our European friends and you in America as "neo-colonialists." Believe me, the Indian Communists could have swallowed Stalina's presence a good deal more easily than our top leadership, whom you cannot even call crypto-Communists, but simply people with outmoded political reflexes.

Certainly all this was short-sighted. In due course, the government would have been able to impress on Svetlana the need to be appropriately "neutralist" in her remarks, and not to rock the Moscow-Delhi boat. Instead, Dinesh Singh practically forced the woman into the arms of the American State Department. I see that Russia has taken Ambassador Benediktov away, but I do not expect any repercussions within our own government. It will take another generation before we will have overcome the conditioned political and economic reflexes that our ministers learned during those formative years they spent in the London School of Economics. They are too old to learn the kind of new tricks that Stalina would have been able to teach them, but I do not expect that they are able to unlearn the outdated lessons.

What they could not say in her case, of course, was that she did not know what she was talking about. Most of them have had their little sightseeing trips to Tashkent, Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev, and they can tell the rest of us about the way "socialism" works in the USSR—just as they used to talk about Peking—and this smug pose was in danger of being ripped apart by Svetlana. No, they are glad to be rid of her. And now anything she might say can always be attributed to her American environment, or to some unspeakable pressure being exerted on her. Our official conscience will quiet down quickly. We will forget her, if she will only stop talking about her love for India—an India that she does not know very well, and which officially recoils from her loving embraces.

Parallel views were expressed editorially by the independent Delhi weekly, *Thought* (April 1), which commented that the Indian government had "refused her residence in India, obviously for fear of displeasing or annoying Russia," but that the Cabinet "should have taken the people into its confidence." Specifically, the magazine said, External Affairs Minister Chagla "should have told them candidly that in order to avoid international complications or, more frankly, for selfish national interest, the government thought it prudent not to get embroiled over the activities of an individual. That would certainly have exposed the government to the charge of chicken-heartedness. But this could have saved it from its present position, which is far worse. Mr. Chagla has virtually confessed that the government is afraid to tell the truth."

Another Indian view was expressed by a young professor of economics, who regards himself as politically nonaligned. He visited the United States as an exchange student, but this has not, by any means, made him dogmatically "pro-American." The economist made these points:

> If I had been Stalin, or even if I had been Brezhnev, Benediktov would have been shot. We have all heard stories about his contempt for India's backwardness, and while we make a national habit of masochism, we don't like it coming from somebody like him. He's got his comeuppance, and well-deserved, too. As for Alliluyeva, or Stalina—or, I suppose, "Mrs. Singh"—she had no clue. The India for which she professes love is anathema to many of us. We are trying hard to stamp out the superstitions and backwardness, the religious extremism which has led to so much communal trouble.
>
> The way she felt about Brijesh Singh and Hinduism—if we still had *suttee,* she might have decided to have herself cremated in a funeral pyre at Varansi [Benares], so that her ashes could be strewn into the Ganges, too. White sari and all. Sorry if I sound cynical. But I cannot stand gushing women. It used to be

wives of British colonial administrators. Then American tourists, to whom all of India was the Taj Mahal and the ascetic face of Nehru. Now it's Stalin's daughter. We have been saved from her discovering the *Dharmasutras;* maybe now she will try to memorize the vocabulary of baseball instead.

Ramakrishna [whose religious concepts Svetlana studied] was mad, you know. A case of built-in LSD. He describes that he went into religious euphoria at the sight of a lion in the zoo. Literally. I am not making this up. But then, our religious legends tell us that Vishnu was reincarnated as a boar. Seriously, I shouldn't talk this way, but this touristy naïveté has always prompted me into overstatement. Visit picturesque London and see the mini-mods; have a fling at Gay Paree; step over the starving beggars in colorful Calcutta; fly to famine-stricken Bihar, where even the sacred cows have nothing to eat! The whole Cook's Tour view of India to the tune of "Moonlight on the Ganges" has no relation to the desperate reality of our lives. Our jungle of religious beliefs must be cut down to make room for such basic things as rational agriculture and family planning.

So Svetlana's view of us may be excusable in a casual visitor, which, I suppose, she was. But as part of a philosophical-religious conversion, it is sophomoric. I wonder what books they have on India at Moscow University? Or what Brijesh Singh told her? Can any adult with intellectual pretensions and a personal involvement with India be ignorant of the obscurantist elements in Hinduism? I wonder. But I hear she liked Catholicism in Switzerland. Let's see, what is the most fashionable Anglo-Saxon form of Christianity? Of course, the Church of England. The Episcopal Church, in America, same thing. Pardon my cynicism. It is my birthright and passport for being an Indian intellectual and a Bengali. Don't take it too seriously.

CHAPTER TWO

Escape to Freedom

Clutching her suitcase with one hand and pushing through the revolving door with the other, Svetlana entered the United States embassy in New Delhi. The Marine sergeant at the reception desk was directing two messengers, who were making entries in the day book recording incoming and outgoing documents. When, without a word, Mrs. Alliluyeva handed him her Soviet passport, the Marine at first placed it quietly on his desk, face down. As soon as the messengers had left, he picked up the passport and asked whether he could be of help.

"I am a Soviet citizen," Svetlana said, "and I would like to speak with someone from the American embassy."

Svetlana sat in a room adjacent to the reception hall and waited. The consul, George O. Huey, was summoned to the embassy. He received Mrs. Alliluyeva in his office, and when she had identified herself and told him she did not wish to return to Russia, Huey telephoned Ambassador Chester Bowles, who was ill and confined to his bed. Meanwhile, Svetlana was given a

chance to rest in the office of First Secretary of the Embassy, Joseph Greene. On Bowles's instructions, Huey was joined by other embassy officials. They interviewed Svetlana, getting details on her trip, and contacted the State Department for information and instructions. They had to make a choice between quick action and diplomatic caution. Was this really Stalin's daughter? She could be an impostor, a Russian propaganda trick—even some other refugee with a mental aberration.

Ambassador Bowles made the affirmative interim decision, in answer to Svetlana's request for protection and help in arranging her departure. Technically, she did not ask for "asylum" in the United States. This would have required U.S. authorities to advise the Indian government of her request, whether or not they planned to grant it.

The embassy's decision, in quick consultation with the Department of State in Washington, was to give Stalin's daughter time to make firm plans for her future, but in an atmosphere outside all possible pressure. Ambassador Bowles instructed a Russian-speaking embassy official, who was also a Central Intelligence Agency staff member, to accompany Svetlana to Rome on the earliest possible flight. The official, Robert F. Rayle, booked passage for both of them on Flight 751 of the Australian airline Qantas, leaving for Rome at 1:14 A.M. on March 7. A U.S. visa was affixed to her Soviet passport, to make her entry into and transit through Italy as smooth as possible. She traveled under her own name, written in the passport as "Svetlana Alliluolev." The exit application gave her last residence in New Delhi as "10, Thyagaraja Marg." There is no number 10 building in this street. The flight left Delhi's Palam Airport on schedule and without incident, arriving in Rome at 7:45 A.M. local time. Svetlana was taken to a private residence by Mr. Rayle and U.S. embassy personnel in the Italian capital, so that arrangements for the next destination could be made without publicity.

The Russian embassy in Delhi sent two staff members to Kalakankar to search for Svetlana. While questioning Suresh Singh, they were told that the radio had reported her arrival in Rome. Ambassador Benediktov called on the Indian External Affairs Ministry on the morning of the 8th to protest what he regarded as a "kidnapping." That same evening, U.S. Ambassador Bowles visited the Ministry and explained that Svetlana had voluntarily come to the embassy for a visa, which had been granted. Bowles then forwarded to Svetlana, in Rome, an Indian government request that she return to Delhi, thus placing the decision in her own hands and underlining the fact that she had not been "kidnapped." Svetlana refused the request, assuming that it had been forwarded on behalf of the Soviet government. She wrote to an Indian friend, "I do not want to ask now either the government of India or anybody else in India for asylum in India. Since I still have my valid Soviet passport, I cannot feel secure in India nor in any other country on which the USSR can bring pressure."

The State Department informed the Soviet Union of the journey and status of Svetlana. It did not want her decision to reflect negatively on Washington-Moscow relations. In an attempt to show its good intentions, Washington decided that Svetlana should have an opportunity to reflect on her sentiments quietly, in a neutral spot. The U.S. embassy in Moscow made it clear that there had been no "complicity" by American officials in encouraging Svetlana's decision to cancel her return to Russia and leave India for the West. And at the time the Russians were annoyed but not indignant; in effect, they seemed to be shrugging their collective shoulders at this turn of events. It was, after all, a woman's privilege to change her mind; she might even change it back again. There was always the possibility that Svetlana would return to Moscow after all.

At one point, during her departure from Italy for Switzerland, she seemed irritated enough to do just that. Her protection, organized by Italian police in

Rome, was elaborate and melodramatic. After she had been three days on Italian soil, the Swiss Cabinet's seven members agreed on March 10 to grant her a temporary visa. She was scheduled to leave Rome for Geneva on a commercial Alitalia plane. News of her presence had leaked to the press, but Italian police kept her whereabouts secret—so secret, in fact, that when Mr. Rayle, the C.I.A. man who was to accompany her to Geneva, arrived at the airport, Svetlana was not there.

The Italian police carefully hid Mr. Rayle in one part of the airport and Svetlana in another. They were supposed to meet on the plane, which had been held up, pending the arrival of the VIP's. By then, newspaper reporters and photographers were poking into every corner of the airport. Rayle, already on the plane, became alarmed; he demanded that departure be delayed until Svetlana had been brought aboard. Members of the plane's crew, ignorant of their human cargo but insistently aware of their schedule, would not listen to him, and the stairway on wheels was pulled away from the airplane door. At this, Mr. Rayle placed himself inside the open door frame, feet set firmly apart, and refused to move. He was not leaving without Svetlana. He argued until the bewildered crew wheeled back the stairway so that he could search the airport.

No one could tell Rayle anything. Even the police who had brought the American to the four-engine jet-propelled Viscount had been kept in the dark about Svetlana's hiding place. Rayle, now quite frantic, ran from police official to police official, from office to office. Finally, he found someone who knew the mystery visitor's whereabouts. She had been hidden in an empty warehouse at the far end of the airport.

By this time Svetlana had become alarmed, seemingly abandoned in this isolated and depressing place, with only a single, taciturn armed guard standing in the open doorway. At this infuriating comedy of errors, she burst out, "If I'd known it was going to be

like this, I would not have decided to come!" There were more delays, more confusion, more running around. Rayle was forced to charter an Italian government postal plane for $2,000. Svetlana was still in a high temper when she and Mr. Rayle finally buckled on their seat belts. By then, their departure had been delayed by nearly ten hours, all for the sake of "security"! And it had been exhausting as well as aggravating. But by the time the plane's roar settled down to a steady hum northward to the Alps, Svetlana Alliluyeva was asleep. Two hours later, when the plane taxied across the Geneva airport, she had regained her calm.

In New Delhi, Moscow, and Washington, the journey of Stalin's daughter from Italy to Switzerland created a flurry of diplomatic activity. In the Indian capital, the Central Intelligence Bureau on March 10 seized all the papers connected with Svetlana's departure at the airline offices. In the Soviet capital the carelessness of Ambassador Benediktov prompted his recall. At the State Department, hasty preparations were being made to assure Svetlana's nonpolitical status, to guard against sensationalism, and to arrange her smooth passage to the U.S. if she really wanted to come.

After their arrival at Geneva Airport, Mr. Rayle handed Svetlana over to the Swiss authorities. She walked silently away from the plane, which had come to a standstill in front of a repair hangar, just shaking her head at the questions hurled at her by reporters in German, French, and English. The Swiss visa had been granted with the specific understanding that she would not engage in political activity, and all concerned sought to make sure that this condition was not violated. At this time, the foreign offices of the U.S., Russia, India, and Switzerland were in continuous consultation, either trying to extricate themselves from the temporary dilemma her trip had created, or to smooth the way for her future steps.

The Swiss were determined that her privacy should be assured together with her personal safety, but that

she should nevertheless be free to decide whom she would see, where she would go, and what correspondence she would undertake. They wanted to make sure that the Russians should have no reason to feel that her presence in Switzerland was being exploited for anti-Soviet propaganda and, finally, to leave the way open for her departure to any point she wished.

Svetlana had been given a visitor's visa to remain in Switzerland. She made no public statements during her stay, and the press was kept away from her with vigor. Nevertheless, reporters and photographers eagerly followed every trail that might enable them to track her down. Officers of the federal police in Bern, the capital city, were offered bribes to reveal her whereabouts; newsmen scoured the countryside in search of clues.

Ludwig von Moos, Swiss Minister of Justice and Police, directed his ministry's "Operation Svetlana" throughout her stay. Antonio Janner, head of the Foreign Ministry's Eastern Division, was assigned to Svetlana. The tone of her visit was set with the initial government announcement that Svetlana was "very tired," had come for "a temporary rest stay," and had been granted the Swiss visa because "according to known facts, she has never been involved in political activity." But the announcement reaffirmed that "she does not wish to return to the Soviet Union."

While Rayle got ready to fly directly to Washington, in order to report personally to Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Svetlana's escorts—one plainclothes detective and two uniformed policemen—drove with her in a gray automobile of the Swiss federal police, stopping over for a meal of trout at the Hotel des Treize Cantons in Chatel-St. Denis, in French-speaking Switzerland.

Fear of publicity prompted the Swiss to move Svetlana twice during her stay on their country's soil. They first took her to Beatenberg, a remote ski resort in the Bernese Oberland, where she had Room 16 at the Jungfraublick Hotel, in view of two celebrated peaks, the Jungfrau and the Eiger. But Svetlana and her three

guards remained at Beatenberg only two days. In spite of its remoteness, in the mountains and ten miles from the town of Interlaken, she was recognized shortly after her arrival. Svetlana took her vegetarian meals with mineral water in the hotel restaurant, next to a window but with the curtains always drawn. However, when she shopped for ski clothes on March 13, at the Stähli shop, she was quickly recognized from a newspaper photograph.

Svetlana, speaking first in English and then in German, had just finished buying dark blue ski pants, a jacket, gloves, and a white woolen cap from a saleswoman, Sylvia Schmoker, who noted that she came into the shop "very quietly and by herself," wearing a dark blue raincoat. The saleswoman, as well as the owners, Robert and Ann Stähli, recognized her quickly. When Mr. Stähli mentioned this to two federal policemen, they denied knowledge of her identity but became alarmed. Shortly afterward her guards checked Svetlana out of the hotel in such a hurry that, according to the Jungfraublick's manager, Hans Zahler, they did not even pay the balance of 29 Swiss francs on their bill; payment was later forwarded to the hotel. This haste proved justified, as scores of reporters reached the hotel the very next morning.

Rather than drive back down the steep road into the valley, with its dangerous hairpin curves, Svetlana's guards took her down to Lake Thun in a cable car. They had notified the Swiss federal police from Beatenberg, so that another car was waiting for them at the lake.

In order to avoid a repetition of this episode, her next destination was the isolated Burgbuhl rest home run by Catholic nuns at St. Antoine, seven miles outside the city of Fribourg. Her simple cell-like room was decorated with a modernistic crucifix and palm leaves. It was from here that she was taken to meet an official of the Indian External Affairs Ministry, Joint Secretary R. Jaipal, who stayed in Switzerland from March 12 to 16. Jaipal took away with him a written

statement by Svetlana, relieving the Indian government of any involvement in her flight from New Delhi. Her statement was also designed to clear the Indian government of the charge that it had officially turned down her request for a stay in India. Mr. Janner, the Swiss diplomat, was present during her talks with Jaipal. Svetlana maintains that this was done at her behest, so that there would be no misunderstandings between her and the Indian official; the Indian government stated that the presence of the Swiss assured that there could be "no question of tutoring by the Indian official"—in other words, that it could not be said that Jaipal prompted Svetlana or put words in her mouth.

After consultation with Swiss officials, Jaipal went to Moscow to reassure the Soviet government that India was innocent of any complicity in Svetlana's departure. By this time, Communist and other Indian newspapers had charged that she had been "kidnapped" by U.S. agents against her will and with the connivance of Indian officialdom. Jaipal stayed in Moscow for three days, briefing Mr. Kewal Singh, the Indian ambassador, enabling him to pass on details of Svetlana's trip to the Russians. Jaipal returned to Delhi from Moscow, where Indian government spokesmen reiterated that they had not turned down any request from Svetlana for a stay in India, and had not even known that she wanted to remain. Would she, they asked, have taken the risk of making such wishes known to the Indian government, when this might cause her serious difficulties with the Soviet authorities?

What the Indian government did not take into account was the fact that Svetlana, with candor that sometimes bordered on the foolhardy, had told all and sundry—particularly during her stay in Allahabad—that she was fed up with Moscow, specifically with the peremptory attitude of Premier Kosygin, and wanted desperately to remain in India, which she had come to love. Either she had made known her desire to stay in India or she hadn't! It was this conflict in statements that prompted parliamentary opposition speakers in

Delhi to ask whether the External Affairs Ministry was lying.

As late as March 19, she was uncertain of her next step. On the 23rd, Svetlana sent a handwritten letter from Switzerland to Brijesh Singh's lifelong friend, Indian Socialist leader Ram Manohar Lohia, which he publicized on April 4. The Swiss had given her *carte blanche* to write to anyone, at any time, but were handling her mail through the Federal Political Department in Bern. The Bern office acted as a "mail box" for Svetlana, without restricting or censoring outgoing or incoming mail. Her handwritten letter was placed in a typed envelope and then forwarded to New Delhi.

Svetlana's letter had been prompted by reports from India that she read in Switzerland, asserting the Indian government's ignorance of her wishes. On March 21, External Affairs Minister M. C. Chagla told the parliament at New Delhi that she had "never even suggested she wanted to stay in India, to anyone, during her stay." He was backed in this presentation by Commerce Minister Dinesh Singh. Dr. Lohia attacked both government officials and accused the Indian government of cowardice and lying. After seeing reports on this parliamentary debate during her stay with the Catholic nuns near Fribourg, Svetlana became furious at what she regarded as official Indian hypocrisy. This is the text of her letter:

March 23, 1967
Switzerland.

Dear Dr. Lohia,

I've learned here from the newspapers that you did really fight for me in the Parliament; thank you for your kind heart, for your good words about me and my late husband. I've learned also about Mr. Chagla's statement in the Parliament. Since you seem so kindly to be interested in my problems, I want to tell you some true facts. Unfortunately, I see now how every word and action of mine could be turned against me, and sometimes people simply talk lie.

Yes, there was a private talk between me and Di-

nesh Singh in January, at Kalakankar, about the possibility for me to stay in India rest of my life. I've asked him whether it is possible for me to approach the Prime Minister with such a request. Dinesh knew my feelings to my late husband, to Kalakankar, to India. It was no surprise for him that I wished to stay in India. But he told me that he thinks it would be impossible to settle, because of the strongest opposition from the Soviet government, which would inevitably arise.

Later, on the 16th January, I've met the Prime Minister in Kalakankar, where she came on her election tour. It was impossible to talk with her privately, too many people were around us, but she also understood and knew my feelings and my wish. On the end of January, before Dinesh Singh left Kalakankar for Delhi, he talked with me again to make quite clear to me, that the Indian government, the Prime Minister, and he himself, would not be able anyhow to help me if I decide not to return to Moscow and stay in India. He said that I should try to find some ways myself to settle the problem with the Soviet government, and if I would succeed in that, then, certainly I can expect the help from the Indian side also.

For Dinesh Singh that was a private talk with me. But for me it was the opinion of the government, expressed unofficially. Was not it so? And that is really why I am now here, in Switzerland, and that is, indeed, why I have to apply to the U.S. embassy. Is it not clear?

Now they have sent the special emissary to Switzerland, to meet me and to have my explanations. I mean, the emissary of Mr. Chagla, Mr. R. Jaipal, with whom I had a talk in the presence of the Swiss representative, because I was afraid, that again my words would somehow be distorted. Mr. R. Jaipal did his best to explain to me, that my talk with Dinesh Singh (and his refusal) were private, that I should not consider that as a reply of the government of India.

I do not understand much in diplomacy, but I got the opinion, the certain opinion expressed by the

Minister of State—why should I neglect it? Or have I to say now that it did not ever happen? Mr. R. Jaipal took the letter from me to Dinesh Singh (the main points of which he had drafted for me himself), to prove that nobody in India knew about my plan to defect and nobody helped me. That is true—nobody knew that, and nobody helped me.

But I feel very much disgusted with all that. When I was in Rome International Airport I've received the news: Indian government asked me to return to Delhi. I refused, because I knew, that this was a request of Moscow. That is all, dear Dr. Lohia.

Thank you so much for all your efforts. I hope one day to meet you in India again, because wherever I go and stay, my heart forever belongs to Kalakankar, to India. I'll do my best to return back one day, and stay there forever.

My best wishes to you.
Sincerely—Svetlana Alliluyeva.

The letter created a furor in the Lok Sabha, India's parliament. Lohia submitted the letter as a proof that the Prime Minister and the Ministers of Commerce and External Affairs had committed what under the Indian constitution is known as "a breach of privilege," and called for investigation by a parliamentary committee. His motion was defeated by a voice vote, but only after four hours of acrimonious debate and occasional disorder.

At one point, near-chaos prevailed for several minutes. Opposition members tried to interrupt External Affairs Minister Chagla, and members of the governing Congress Party shouted down A. K. Gopalan, the spokesman of the Communist Party (Left)—there is a Left and a Right Communist Party in India—who threatened Congress members with blows.

Dr. Lohia accused the government of deliberately misleading parliament and world opinion, adding that, "Murder is a big crime, but a bigger crime is to tell a lie." He was supported by Mr. M. R. Masani, speaking for the Swatantra Party. Lohia recalled Mr. Chagla's

earlier assertion that Svetlana had never asked Dinesh Singh for help, but pointed out that her letter now contradicted this statement. Congress Party members asked for proof that the letter was authentic, and Lohia suggested that its handwriting could be compared with samples of her writings from Kalakankar.

Lohia accused the government of trying to "suppress" the truth, adding that he had offered advice to Svetlana to stay on with him, in defiance of Indian and Soviet pressures, so that they might "fight it out" together, but she did not accept this suggestion.

Congress Party members played down the importance of the dispute. Mr. K. Narayana Rao saw no reason for anyone to be "unduly excited" about Svetlana's arrival or departure. Mrs. Tarakeshwari Sinha referred to Dr. Lohia as a knight-errant of the fair sex, and brought laughter to the tense debate by accusing the opposition leader of pushing a romantic episode into the center of governmental affairs. When Mrs. Sinha said, "Those who speak of beating hearts should concern themselves first with the heartbeats of thousands of Indians before they concern themselves with the beating hearts of foreigners," Dr. Lohia interrupted with, "I speak to your heartbeat." Mrs. Sinha replied, "You may speak to it, but it does not respond." She further stated that Lohia, not being married, could not talk authoritatively on the marriage between Svetlana and Brijesh Singh. The Svetlana matter might "involve a beautiful woman, Stalin's daughter, or a rose or camellia, but where matters of government and parliamentary privileges are concerned, roses or camellias do not matter." When she referred to Dr. Lohia as not being married, he shouted gallantly to her, "You've never given me the opportunity!"

The debate grew serious again and members tried to interrupt and began to shout each other down. After order had been restored, Minister Chagla continued to warn of "a dangerous precedent" if the parliament doubted a minister's word just because a private letter was "flourished" before them by someone like Dr. Lohia, whom he called "a champion of damsels in distress."

Mr. Masani asked the Minister whether Svetlana would be given asylum in India if she asked for it. Chagla replied cautiously that such a request would be considered "sympathetically." A vote on Dr. Lohia's motion was taken shortly afterward. It was defeated, 236 to 150, with the Congress Party members backing the government's position.

In Switzerland, among the Sisters of Saint Canisius at St. Antoine, the Indian debate angered Svetlana only briefly. After the hectic days in Delhi and Rome, and the unnerving flight from Beatenberg, she had at last found serenity. She confided in the nuns, even telling them of her baptism into the Russian Orthodox Church in Moscow in 1962. On Easter Sunday, March 26, Svetlana attended High Mass at St. Nicholas Cathedral in Fribourg. The cathedral, a remarkable example of Gothic architecture built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is a Roman Catholic church. Svetlana visited it once more on the following Sunday, April 2.

The final weeks of her stay in Switzerland were spent in Fribourg, at the Catholic convent of the Order of the Visitation. She moved during the week of April 3 because rumors had begun to circulate in the village of St. Antoine that the mysterious new resident at the Canisius home might be "the Russian woman." The Visitation Order kept her incognito for nearly three weeks; only its Mother Superior, Sister Louise Raphael, and Svetlana's constant companion, Sister Marguerite Marie, knew that the quiet, blue-eyed visitor was the daughter of Joseph Stalin.

The nuns were soft-spoken and kind. It was the first real peace she had enjoyed for a long time, perhaps since she was a child. There was time now to reflect over her whole life: the whole forty-two years, or as much as she could remember of them. Her father's image was still sharp and powerful. But her mother—Nadya, Stalin's second wife—had died when Svetlana

was seven. She had done the unimaginable: she had killed herself. Stalin had tried to erase his daughter's memories of her mother, even destroying small mementoes. But here, in the stillness of the convent, and at this moment of summing-up and of decision, she remembered.

CHAPTER THREE

The Mother

There are two distinctly different images of Nadezhda Sergeyevna Alliluyeva, Stalin's wife of thirteen years. Both are correct. One shows her as a young, dark-eyed, slender woman, a revolutionary idealist who has married a man who is making history. This is the picture of Nadya as she was from the year of their marriage, 1919, to the period of Svetlana's birth in 1925. She was then an outspoken, outgoing human being, quick with a laugh or a penetrating jibe, fervently sure that the revolution of which she was a part would bring well-being and happiness to the suffering Russian people.

The second image is that of a woman who is, for the most part, silent. She has seen not only disappointment but terror. She has witnessed betrayal at first hand. The man she married in a glow of admiration for his heroic achievements has revealed himself as a cruel ruler, a traitor to his friends and contemptuous of his wife. Nadya never really broke; yes, she killed herself, but she had not given in. Even the deep silences that characterized the last years of her short life were inter-

rupted by protests, by dangerously candid accusations of her husband. Yesterday's idealism had been replaced by bitter, barbed disillusionment.

Svetlana's mother lived the exciting life of a young revolutionary, and later the drab existence of the half-discarded wife. She was born in Baku on September 22, 1901; if she had lived, she would have been sixty-five years old when her daughter, Svetlana, arrived in the United States. Her father, born in 1866, died in 1945. He was a locksmith by profession, a revolutionary by temperament. Nadya's mother, Olga, descended from German settlers whom Catherine the Great had brought to Russia in the eighteenth century, spoke both German and Georgian. Within the Soviet Union, many of these ethnic Germans lived for more than two decades in the Volga-German Republic. Along with other minorities suspected of traitorous tendencies, they were deported to Soviet Central Asia during World War Two.

Nadya's father, Sergey Yakovlevich Alliluyev, had difficulty supporting his family of five. As a journeyman locksmith-and-revolutionary, he was footloose and itinerant, roaming the Caucasus area. It was in Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, that he was most active in revolutionary movements in the late nineteenth century. In addition to Nadya, the Alliluyevs had two other children: Paul, a quiet, soft-spoken young man with the same idealistic orientation as Nadya, but less dynamic; and Anna, a vivacious woman who combined a keen sense of observation with shrewd judgment.

Years after Nadya's death, Svetlana chose her mother's family name, Alliluyev, thus combining family tradition with her search for a new identity. The Alliluyev name was originally adopted by the family's ancestors, priests of the Orthodox Church. It derives from the Hebrew chant in praise of God, "hallelujah," a composite of the words "hallel" ("praise" or "glory be") and "Yahweh" (the name of God). The word entered the Orthodox liturgical vocabulary by way of

Greek-Byzantine rites. A Hebrew prayer of psalms is known as "Hallel."

Nadya's years with her family in the Caucasus gave her only a sketchy education, but when the Alliluyevs settled down in Petrograd (later Leningrad), she was quick to absorb the new ideas of the revolution and became useful to the movement by developing secretarial and administrative skills. Still in her teens, she acted as a revolutionary courier. While the Alliluyevs lived in the city's working class Viborg district, her father several times made his home the hideout for prominent revolutionaries, including Lenin and Stalin. Sergey Alliluyev was employed at the Putilov plant, whose workers formed a "proletarian aristocracy" known for its literate interest in public affairs.

Nadya's revolutionary ardor had, oddly enough, a distinctly religious fervor. It was stimulated by her youthful affection for Stalin, then a colorful, active leader of the Bolsheviks. When he was sent as a Red Army political commissar to the front at Tsaritsyn, at the southwesternmost part of the Volga River, Nadya followed. He returned to Leningrad to become Commissar of Nationalities.

When the Bolshevik government moved its offices to Moscow in 1918, administrative chaos prevailed. As head of the Commissariat of Nationalities, Stalin could not compete with the more essential government departments for office facilities. He had been promised quarters in the Great Siberian Hotel, but the Supreme Economic Council had managed to move its staff into the hotel, ahead of the Nationalities Commissariat. Stalin had to make do with rooms in private houses.

Hoping to bluff his way into the Great Siberian after all, he instructed one associate: "We must not let them get away with this. Tell Nadya Sergeyevna to type up sheets saying, 'This Building belongs to the Commissariat for Nationalities.' And make sure you take a few thumbtacks along." His ploy did not work. The offices had to remain for the time being in the bourgeois environment of private homes, and Nadya's office on the

third floor of a requisitioned house sported bright yellow wallpaper and a ceiling painted with green birds.

They were married on March 24, 1919. The Alliluyevs were at the wedding party, as were quite a few of Stalin's revolutionary companions from Georgia. A few months later Nadya gave birth to a boy, who was named Vassily. In a sense, then, the marriage had been forced on the thirty-nine-year-old Stalin, and this may partly account for his later coldness toward his son. His attitude toward Svetlana, particularly during her younger years, was quite different: a complex mixture of affection, guilt, loneliness, regret, and of fatherly love for the daughter who bore a spiritual resemblance to the woman who had died.

Stalin's marriage to Nadya contrasted with concepts that, following the Bolshevik revolution with its emphasis on the emancipation of women, had been advanced by some of the revolutionaries. They supported the cause of "free love," regarding the institution of marriage as a mere carryover of "bourgeois hypocrisy." The main advocate of this view was Mme. Alexandra Kollontai, one-time Soviet ambassador to Sweden. Lenin, however, particularly in interviews with a veteran German Communist, Clara Zetkin, denounced any tendency toward promiscuity, stating that proletarian and socialist morality implied strict personal discipline in sexual matters.

Nadya joined the Communist Party in 1918 and worked in Lenin's personal secretariat after Vassily was born. According to an obituary in the Moscow publication *Ogoniok,* November 20, 1932, she was "assigned to the most responsible secret work" and Lenin "highly appreciated her energy, attentiveness, and limitless devotion to the cause." She also worked in the administration of the Trade Unions Association and on the editorial staff of the magazine *Revolutsie i Kultura* (Revolution and Culture), published by *Pravda,* the official party journal.

About the time Vassily was born, the Stalin family moved into the Kremlin, where Lenin and the other

prominent party leaders had their homes. This brought about an isolation of the Party leadership from the day-to-day existence of the Russian people, with a distinct effect on the leaders' attitudes. In the case of Stalin, it led eventually to complete isolation, as he retreated more and more from reality and into his own image of the world.

Nadya, having married young and leading a relatively sheltered life, was often shocked by the sexual and financial immoralities characterizing the years of supreme Kremlin power. She never lost this sensitivity. She could not reconcile herself to the cynicism, the dog-eat-dog power plays among the so-called Kremlin elite. Her alienation from Stalin began shortly after they moved into the Kremlin with the baby Vassily. At that time Stalin still traveled a good deal, and Nadya's brother Paul came to live with her. In the tradition of the Alliluyev family, he married the daughter of a priest.

Svetlana's uncle Paul made his career in the Soviet state as a foreign trade specialist. As this field included military equipment, he became a tank expert and eventually rose to the position of Chief of the Political Commissariat of the Tank Corps and Commissar of Tank Forces of the Soviet Union. He told Alexander Barmine, the General who left the Soviet diplomatic service when he was First Secretary at the Athens embassy, that Nadya's married life soon turned into "a dismal existence, and with Stalin's rise to dictatorship it became actually painful." This view was confirmed by Nora Murray Korzhenkov, daughter of a high Secret Service official, who said that there was about Nadya "an air of sadness," as though "she felt a great sorrow that the new Russia was not the land of freedom for which she and her father had worked."

Svetlana was born in 1925. When she was still a baby, her mother took her and Vassily out of the Stalin apartment in the Kremlin and went to Leningrad. Her flight to Leningrad signaled a deep rift in her relation to Stalin—a rift that never healed. Two maids ac-

companied her: one named Caroline, of whom we know nothing; the other, Alexandra Sergeyevna, remained in the service of the family for three decades, and her influence on Svetlana was profound. Alexandra died in 1956, three years after Stalin's death. She planted and cautiously nurtured the seeds of religiosity in Svetlana's personality.

When Lenin was still alive, Nadya occasionally turned to him for reassurance. As far back as 1921, shocked by Red Army terror in Salsk, a city in the Rostov area, she came to Lenin with her dismay over the massacre of hundreds of hostages. This was only a year before his first stroke. Lenin sympathized, admitting that such happenings were shocking but "necessary." After Lenin's death Nadya communicated her shock and disillusionments to Stalin, but with increasingly limited success and to his mounting irritation.

Cut off in the Kremlin, and with Secret Police power growing, Nadya had less and less opportunity to exchange news with her father, Sergey Alliluyev. Both saw their hopes for a free society crushed under Stalin's rule. According to Nora Murray, they were "frequent critics of the dictator's mass terror policy." And Victor Kravchenko said that Nadya regarded the "brutal collectivization drive" as more than she could tolerate "even from the father of her two children." He recalled that "she did not limit her expressions of horror to the family circle but repeatedly assailed her husband's policies at Party meetings . . ."

Her social life was also severely circumscribed. A naturally gifted and outgoing person, Nadya played the piano and occasionally the harp. Within the Kremlin community, she was briefly active in a drama group which staged plays at the Kremlin Theater. In one performance of Alexander Ostrovsky's well-known play *The Thunderstorm,* Nadya not only directed the staging but was also scheduled to play the part of the leading lady, Ekaterina. A week before the performance, the part was taken over by a professional actress. The

outspoken Nadya made no secret of the fact that Stalin had regarded her stage ambitions as "unseemly."

To find some sort of outlet for her energies and get away from the stifling Kremlin atmosphere, Nadya entered a new field of study when Svetlana was four years old and Vassily ten. With the same independence of spirit later displayed by her daughter Svetlana, Nadya defied Stalin's anger and, in 1929, enrolled in the All-Union Industrial Academy's textile section. Her specialty became the chemistry and engineering of viscose products.

The Industrial Academy released Nadya from the drab Kremlin existence which she regarded as a form of self-imprisonment. Once, when the Soviet elite was given the privilege of using special funds for which no accounting was required, Nadya confronted Stalin with the view that this was "still another way by which we cut ourselves off from the people around us, as if these walls were not enough." Years later Svetlana encountered her father's impracticality about money in alarming fashion. During World War Two, when she saw him only on rare occasions, he often seemed embarrassed and uneasy. To make her leave but still show fatherly generosity, he would dig an assortment of ruble bills out of his trouser pockets and hand them to her—but he had grown so unaware of prevalent high prices that the money often barely covered the price of a meal!

Although Nadya enrolled at the Industrial Academy in 1929 under an assumed name, her identity did not remain secret for long. She enjoyed not only the instructions but also the after-class get-togethers with fellow students—sitting on wooden benches, drinking tea and talking. This, for the wife of Joseph Stalin, was foolhardy; no doubt Stalin had spies among her classmates. But her original idealism—and, in a deeper sense, her naïveté concerning Stalin's deep-rooted suspiciousness—prevented her from acting with caution. Nadya delivered a bitterly critical report on forced collectivization before the Academy's Party cell; Khrushchev succeeded in suppressing the transcript of her talk,

saving Stalin personal embarrassment. Alexander Orlov, the former Secret Police officer, offers this impression:

> Alliluyeva was happy to have broken out of the stale atmosphere of the Kremlin, to meet people and life. She was shocked by what she learned. She discovered that the children and wives of workers had recently been deprived of food rations. She was told that thousands of Soviet girls were being forced into prostitution to keep themselves and their parents from starvation. From students who had been sent into the rural districts to help carry out the collectivization program, Alliluyeva heard the horrible truth of the mass executions and deportations of peasants, of famine in the Ukraine, of bands of orphaned children wandering along the roads begging for bread.
>
> Alliluyeva was particularly shaken by two students back from the Ukraine who told her that in the worst famine districts cases of cannibalism had been discovered, that they themselves had helped arrest two brothers caught trying to sell the dissected body of a man. Alliluyeva repeated this report to Stalin and his chief bodyguard, Pauker. Stalin answered with a volley of the foulest language, warned his wife that he would not let her attend school any more, and ordered Pauker to arrest the two students.

K. V. Pauker acted as chief bodyguard and "Man Friday" for Stalin for about fifteen years. But in March, 1938, he was accused of having been a German spy and was executed. Orlov quotes him as describing Nadya's outspoken attitude. When Orlov said that he had always regarded her as "modest and meek," Pauker corrected him.

"Meek? Then you didn't know her. She was a peppery woman! I wish you could have seen how she flared up once and shouted at him straight to *his* face! 'You are a tormentor, that's what you are! You torment your own son, you torment your wife, you torment the whole Russian people . . . !' " But "Alliluyeva had no way of leaving her despotic husband," as

Orlov put it. "For her, it was not a marriage but a trap."

It is interesting that, in the outburst Pauker quotes, Nadya did not include Stalin's daughter Svetlana. Years were to pass before Svetlana would feel the dangerous anger of her father.

Once, before Nadya had decided to enroll in the Industrial Academy, Stalin asked her to accompany him on a Red Navy inspection on the Black Sea. Their conversation took place in the presence of attendants, one of whom recalled that Stalin urged his wife to "mix more with people" and stop being a gloomy hermit surrounded by infants. With characteristic directness, Nadya said that such a tour would show her very little of the people, except "their backs and the back of their necks, as they kowtow to you . . ."

Svetlana's aunt, her mother's sister Anna, provides us with the only published account of Nadya's personality and life in a slender book entitled *Vospominania* (Reminiscences), published in Moscow in 1946. She wrote that Nadya had been a "shy and proud" person, "alive and direct," and that she not only played the piano well but also baked bread and cakes. The book angered Stalin, as did anything that tended to humanize his family and, above all, his background. As a result *Pravda* denounced the book of Stalin's sister-in-law in severe terms, calling it "the trick of an adventuress" trying to cash in on personal notoriety. The review added that "the freedom with which she writes about Lenin, Stalin, Kalinin, and the other Party leaders is not permissible." The critique appeared on May 14, 1947. A year later Anna was deported to a forced labor camp and was not released until 1954, a year after Stalin's death. Anna and Svetlana are the only survivors of the Alliluyev family. Anna's husband, the Polish-born Secret Police official, Stanislav F. Redens, was liquidated during the purge of 1937.

Nadya's brother Paul was demoted from his position with the Tank Corps and given minor assignments. Alexander Orlov met Paul Alliluyev in Paris after he

had been demoted from his position of Commissar of Tank Forces. He was then one of the administrators of the Soviet Pavilion at the 1937 Exhibition. They had dinner near the Place St. Michel. Paul said that, since his sister's death, "he" had "stopped seeing me," because, after what had happened, Stalin seemed to feel that "I must be kept at a distance." Paul burst out, "What am I? A terrorist? Idiots! Even here they are trailing me!" His death in 1939 was reported as having occurred "while carrying out his official duties." Friends believe that Paul Alliluyev had a fatal heart attack while en route to a prison camp. And the parents, Sergey and Olga Alliluyeva? They too were deported; they too died.

And Svetlana's mother, Nadya? Nadya also.

CHAPTER FOUR

Nadya's Suicide

"The Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party (Bolsheviks) brings to the knowledge of the Comrades that an active and faithful member of the Party, Comrade Nadezhda Sergeyevna Alliluyeva, passed away during the night of the 9th of November."

This announcement appeared in Moscow's *Pravda* and other Soviet newspapers on November 10, 1932. It did not say that the thirty-one-year-old woman who had died during the previous night, known as Nadya to her friends, was the wife of Joseph Stalin, to whom she had been married for some thirteen years.

Svetlana was seven. For a decade, she believed the official version of her mother's death, that it had been caused by peritonitis resulting from acute appendicitis. When the daughter, at the age of seventeen, heard that her mother had actually committed suicide, her shock was traumatic. It became a bitter part of her disillusionment with Soviet society, and with many of the aspects of her father's life and rule. The impact of Nadya's death on Stalin, for which he had to accept direct

responsibility, was dramatized by the grandiose funeral that Joseph Stalin arranged for his wife.

As Alexander Orlov, a former officer of the Soviet Secret Police, recalled, "most of the Soviet people first learned of the existence of a woman named Nadezhda Alliluyeva when she died," and "her body was carried through the streets of Moscow." The official announcement of her death was followed by the statement of her "family and close friends" that she had died "suddenly."

The very secrecy with which her death was surrounded, and the obviously false explanations that were officially circulated, opened the door to the most devastating of rumors: that Stalin had killed his wife, by strangulation and/or with a pistol. Several published accounts, second-hand and of doubtful authenticity, have alleged that it was neither natural death nor suicide but murder by her husband's hand that ended Alliluyeva's life. This was most certainly not the case.

The autumn of 1932 brought a severe crisis in the life of Nadezhda Alliluyeva. Within a few weeks, her course at the All-Union Industrial Academy would end and she would receive her diploma. She had no real plans for the future. Could she return to the drab and increasingly menacing atmosphere of the Kremlin? She had become a burden on Stalin's conscience. She was in his way. But her own efforts to change his methods were obviously wasted. As her frustrations mounted, her physical appearance changed. She looked worn and exhausted, much older than her thirty-one years.

That fall, Nadya went to visit a cousin who was fatally ill. The journey kept her away from Moscow for several weeks, during which time she visited cities suffering severely from famine, including Poltava, Charkov, and Szitomir. She returned depressed. She took Svetlana briefly to the country but returned again to the Kremlin. It was at this time that she tried to intervene with Stalin about the fate of Efim Kovarsky, who only a year earlier had received the Order of

Lenin for his work in agricultural engineering. In late 1931 he was arrested, and in October, 1932, accused of "sabotage" and "espionage." Nadya checked into the validity of these accusations herself, found them baseless, and confronted Stalin with the fact. He reminded her that she was to refrain from interfering in such matters. Kovarsky was reported to have confessed to his "crimes," and he was condemned to death. Nadya asked Stalin to reverse the verdict. Instead, he summoned the then Deputy Chief of the Secret Police, Genrikh Yagoda, and instructed him that the sentence against Kovarsky was to be "carried out immediately."

The celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution added to the strain for Nadya. It began with the inevitable military parade in Red Square on November 7. While Stalin watched troops from the top of Lenin's tomb, Nadya was just one of the crowd below, at the arm of her brother Paul. Then began the round of official parties that were to end with Nadya's death. The events of the night were sordid. Svetlana's father—at least during this particular period of his life—entertained himself in a cruel and sometimes sadistic manner.

While Stalin could drink a great deal without showing physical signs of intoxication, he found on occasion obvious pleasure in degrading his associates and gloating over the demise of his alleged enemies. At the same time, he could act with grave restraint in the presence of diplomats, and be kind and courteous in the company of his young daughter.

Nadya's brother Paul, quoted by Barmine, describes the situation that led to her death:

"She was deeply hurt by Stalin's contemptuous treatment of her. Accompanied by Klimenti Voroshilov, he would disappear for days at a time in more congenial company provided for him by his G.P.U. [Secret Service] agent, Genrikh Yagoda. On several occasions Nadya happened upon her husband in these festivities, and there were some ugly scenes during which the Dictator treated her rudely." It was part of Stalin's

petty pleasure that no one dared to stop him from using the most insulting phrases among his cronies.

Orlov has noted: "In the NKVD it was no secret that Stalin got along badly with Alliluyeva. He habitually used in her presence the kind of foul language and told the kind of obscene jokes that no self-respecting woman can tolerate from anybody. Her humiliation was especially painful when he behaved boorishly in the presence of guests at dinner or at drinking parties. Alliluyeva's timid attempts to stop him provoked angry stares from him and, when he was drunk, the grossest kind of Russian curses." It was such an atmosphere that permeated the party given on November 9, 1932, in Klimenti Voroshilov's home.

Concerning the evening, Barmine quotes her brother Paul as saying that, "she made some critical remarks about peasant policy which doomed the village to famine," and in answer, Stalin insulted her in front of his friends in the most obscene manner. An unidentified person who was present at the party stated in *Na Rubezhe,* September, 1952, that Nadya and Stalin arrived separately and acted as if they had gone through a serious quarrel. According to this account, Stalin threw bread pellets at his wife, insulting her with vicious curses in the Georgian and Russian languages. According to Natalia Trushina, quoted by Elizabeth Lermolo in *Face of a Victim,* the bell at Stalin's Kremlin apartment rang around one o'clock in the morning: Voroshilov was escorting Nadya home. He left, and Nadya rushed into the apartment. When Trushina came into the room, Nadya was sitting on the bed, and she is quoted as saying:

"It's the end. I've reached the limit. Until now I've been a sort of wife to him, but not any more. I'm nothing. The only prospect is death. I shall be poisoned or killed in some prearranged 'accident.' Where can I go? What can I do?"

Soon afterward, a shot was fired in Stalin's apartment. The children's nurse was the first to hear it. As she entered the study, she found Nadya lying on the floor. The account maintains that Stalin was absent from the Kremlin during the night.

Orlov said that an officer he had recommended to Stalin's bodyguard, and who was on duty that night, heard the shot. When he rushed into the room, Nadya "was lying on the floor, in a black silk evening dress," the pistol beside her body. He added, "From the way I know Stalin treated his wife, I am inclined to think that she shot herself."

The "murder" version asserts that Trushina telephoned the Voroshilov residence and Stalin came home. There was a heated argument between the two, during which Nadya accused him of a multitude of betrayals. He choked her, then a shot rang out; and when Trushina came in, she found Nadya on the bathroom floor, not breathing, and with a wound in her temple. There is little or no evidence to back up this "murder" version, and moreover some of the details are patently false: for instance, Nadya could not have shot herself in the temple because her head, intact, was photographed at close range in the casket. An odd historical continuity is the fact that Dr. B. S. Veisbrod signed Nadya's death certificate, as well as that of Lenin.

Prominent Soviet citizens are usually cremated. However, Stalin ordered Nadya buried in the ancient cemetery of the New Maidens' (Novodevichy) Monastery, where the first wife of Peter the Great and numerous prominent Russian personalities are buried. Nadya's body lay in state for two days, her head surrounded by flowers. On November 11, her body was moved in an elaborate procession over the seven kilometers from Red Square to the cemetery. Stalin had given security instructions, saying he planned to walk behind the black and silver funeral coach all the way to the cemetery. However, after ten minutes on foot he changed his mind and ordered his bodyguard, K. V. Pauker, to drive with him through back roads to the monastery grounds. The stone decorating Nadya's grave was sculpted in good taste: her head seems to

emerge, with a youthful innocence, atop the marble pillar.

Soviet writers sent a joint message of condolence to Stalin, but Boris Pasternak sent a personal message. In it, he said that when he read the news of Nadya's death, he had been affected "as though I had been present, as though I had lived through it and seen everything." Stalin's standard acknowledgment of condolences was as impersonal as had been the original announcement of Nadya's death:

> I convey my heartfelt thanks to the organizations, institutions, comrades and others who have expressed their condolences on the occasion of the passing of my close friend and comrade, Nadezhda Sergeyevna Alliluyeva-Stalina.
>
> J. Stalin

When he went down to his Sochi seaside vacation a few months later, there was only a seven-year-old girl to remind him of the intimate bond he once had with Nadya.

After the brief death announcement of November 10, foreign correspondents began to ask questions of Soviet officials. Nicholas Basseches, then a correspondent for the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, asked a representative of the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs about the causes of Nadya's death. The conversation went as follows:

"What did Madame Alliluyeva die of?"

"That doesn't really matter."

"But really, what?"

"Well, if you must know, she died of acute appendicitis."

"That's a strange thing—people rarely die nowadays of appendicitis."

"That's just what it was. She would not think of being operated on until it was too late."

The Associated Press reported from Moscow on November 13 that there was a "rumor" that Nadya's death had been caused by peritonitis, resulting from appendicitis, but that "all authoritative sources are silent on the cause of her death and also refuse an explanation of why the reasons are kept secret."

Despite official efforts, the truth could not remain hidden. Dozens of people had attended the Voroshilov party and had seen Nadya get up and hurry home when Stalin insulted her. History does not pass judgment on such individual acts as a suicide. Yet the contrast between Nadya's youthful hopes and the harsh realities of Stalin's acts during the thirteen years of their marriage made self-destruction seem the logical way out.

Certainly it can be said that Stalin had driven Nadya to suicide. And further, it was in the nature of his personality to project his own guilt onto those around him, to see her death as directed against himself, and to seek reassurance in ever-widening purges.

Today the shadows of many deaths hover over Svetlana, but none larger than that of her mother. When she was still a child, a Russian diplomat and military man of distinction, Alexander Barmine, made his way to freedom as Svetlana did thirty years later. Speaking to the author of this volume of the childlike faith, in its original religious sense, that Nadezhda Alliluyeva brought to the promise of communism, Barmine said:

"This woman was pure. Within her, deep within her, was the call that she must do something to undo the evil that this man was doing. She knew of it, not in all detail, but in its frightful essence. And so, in a symbolic gesture not unlike that of Christ, she gave her life for the sins of another. It was her ultimate effort to undo what could never be undone. She threw her life on to the scale, weighing it against all those other lives."

In her own spiritual search, Svetlana must somehow come to terms with the meaning of her mother's suicide.

CHAPTER FIVE

Little Girl in the Kremlin

She was seven years old when her mother killed herself. They took her south to her grandmother, at Gori, in Georgia, for the difficult period that followed. Thereafter, Svetlana lived with Joseph Stalin throughout the formative years of her life.

The Kremlin is a sixty-four-acre city within the city of Moscow. It was built by the rulers of Muscovy as a fortress. Svetlana's mother often complained that the very Kremlin walls symbolized the isolation of Soviet rulers from the masses they governed. The leadership elite inhabiting the Kremlin compound set a pattern that is repeated, on a smaller scale, by Russian and Chinese embassies abroad. They, too, create small fortresses for themselves and try to be as self-contained as possible, socially and otherwise. "Kremlin" in Russian literally means "citadel."

As one drives through the Borovitsky Gate from Red Square into the Kremlin area, past the Cadet Institute Pavilion, one faces an unobtrusive house which consists of a ground floor and two upper stories. There, during part of his reign, Joseph Stalin had his

modest apartment. After a short climb, one had to walk through a rather narrow and dark corridor to reach the door that opened on Stalin's private apartment. For the many years that Stalin appeared in public in his massive gray coat, this garment could be found hanging in the anteroom, where visitors used to wait. The dining room beyond was dominated by a large table but otherwise sparsely furnished. Its other notable piece of furniture was a couch on which Stalin's sons, Vassily and Jacob (son of Stalin's first marriage), used to sleep during occasional visits with their father. Svetlana had her own bedroom during these years she grew to womanhood and ran her father's household.

Churchill, who visited Stalin in 1942, speaks of the family's four-room apartment. This would include Stalin's studio, with its large library. At one time, his reading desk was decorated with two framed pictures—one of Lenin reading a copy of *Pravda* and a second of his two favorite women: his beloved mother "Keke" and his daughter Svetlana. On the wall was a plaque he had inherited from Lenin—Dante's quotation: *"Sequi il tuo corso e lascia dir le genti"* ("Go your way and let the people talk").

For security reasons, Stalin's food was always tested chemically for poison. Much of it was sent in from the Kremlin's central restaurant, supervised by the Secret Police. The maid Alexandra taught Svetlana the basic culinary skills, but neither of them had much of a chance to prepare food independently, and they found the testing procedures discouraging.

During Svetlana's five happy Kremlin years, from 1932 to 1937, she saw her father in a variety of moods. He liked to refer to her as his "little housekeeper," and he was cheered by her obvious delight in seeing "Papotchka" returning to his apartment for the midday meal, or at dinnertime. What Vassily, particularly as he grew older, saw as a prisonlike existence, Svetlana, very much the "little woman," regarded as a cozy home, to which Stalin returned with his mixture

of sternness and fatherly warmth. His hair and mustache were still quite black. The odor of his favorite pipe tobacco, from the Jusuri valley of Georgia, was familiar and pleasant. His preference of austere dress, with emphasis on military cut, emphasized an air of studied simplicity.

In the country and in Sochi, Svetlana would watch or participate in the simple games her father enjoyed, such as billiards and a form of miniature bowling close to the English game of skittles. On sunny days, Stalin would not hesitate to knot a plain handkerchief over his head to protect himself from the sun. His tastes were simple. Native Georgian food and wines, rice and lamb dishes—these were what Svetlana served and shared with her father. In these years, then, her life was a happy one.

Stalin showed consistent tenderness and devotion to his daughter, particularly immediately after Nadya's death. In turn, the love and respect that Svetlana felt for her father were indisputably clear during the 1930's, until the war years and her marriage to Grigory Morozov created a break. While outside the Kremlin walls Stalin's ruthless purges rocked all of the Soviet Union, the girl child in the Kremlin lived a life of warmth and affection, isolated from the terrors abroad.

This was a sheltered child, happily unaware of her special place in the world and of the hatred that much of Russia and the world felt for her father. She went to a public school together with her brother Vassily. Private tutors prepared her for the demanding studies at Moscow University.

Svetlana's interest in history, music, and the arts showed itself early. Of these, literature developed into a lifelong devotion, increasing as her knowledge of foreign languages increased. Without question, the hours Stalin spent with his daughter, both in the Kremlin and when they vacationed in Sochi on the Black Sea, gave him great pleasure. He read to her or, better still, told

her such stories as that of the legendary Georgian figure, Tariel, "The Knight of the Leopard Skin." Epics and traditional legends were small pleasures this father shared with his daughter. Hoping to share another pastime with him, Svetlana learned chess, but she could not really offer Stalin a challenge.

After Nadya's death, Stalin gave up the country house at Pervukhino; it became Molotov's house. One of Nadya Alliluyeva's favorite instruments, a harp, remained behind at Pervukhino. Svetlana, who managed to play the piano quite well and enjoyed singing, tried to master the harp as well but she did not pursue it, perhaps sensing that its sound brought bitter memories to her father.

Her loneliness was striking. She could not have realized how lonely she was, particularly during the childhood years, because she did not know any other life. One link with the family's past disappeared with the death of her grandmother in 1937. When news reached the Kremlin that "Keke" Djugashvili, Stalin's mother, was seriously ill, a team of medical specialists was flown to Tiflis, but it was too late. Stalin himself had planned to fly to his mother's bedside but the risks were considered to be too great. His mother died—and Stalin went into abrupt and complete seclusion.

Anna Alliluyeva, Svetlana's aunt, later wrote that Ekaterina Djugashvili had the "quiet, restrained dignity, which comes to people after a long life spent in worries, the bitterness of which has not warped her character." Photographs show her in a nun's habit, and she sought to live up to her son's position with dignity of dress. Anna reports that she once met Keke at Borzhom, the Caucasian resort, in a heavy black dress. When she asked her why she dressed so uncomfortably, in spite of the heat, Keke replied rather pathetically, "I have to . . . Don't you see, everybody around here knows who I am."

All appointments were cancelled the morning after Keke's death, and Stalin drove to his summer home. A

little later Svetlana was picked up and taken out to join her father. Only Secret Police Chief Lavrenti P. Beria and Stalin's aide Alexander Poskrebyshev stayed with father and child. Svetlana helped to serve her father while he refilled his wine glass but ate little. Among those guarding the Pervukhino house was, allegedly, Achmed Amba, the Turkish bodyguard. Glancing into Stalin's room, Amba wrote that he saw books and old papers on Stalin's desk. "He was re-reading his mother's letters." In the evening he talked to Svetlana of his youth, told her legends of his native Georgia, spoke of his childhood years. The child fell asleep in her father's room. Beria, the cold-blooded killer later to be killed himself, carried her to her bed. For three days Stalin stayed away from the Kremlin. Then he returned to his home and office.

(In later years, Svetlana blamed Beria for much of the terrorism that historians associate with her father's rule. The fate of the two men was closely linked. Beria died violently in the Kremlin, four months after Stalin's death. He had hoped to succeed the man whose tool he had been—but had he been only his tool? Was he not also his Machiavellian guide, the man who played on Stalin's pathological fear as if it were an instrument of which he was a master? Stalin relied on Beria more than on any other man, perhaps even more than on his personal factotum, Alexander Poskrebyshev. In the delicate give-and-take of the Stalin-Beria relationship, some people wonder when the master became servant and the servant, master. This much we know: after the murder of Beria, the killing in the Kremlin stopped.)

Ekaterina Djugashvili was not cremated, as had become the custom with high Communist officials as part of the Marxist atheist dogma. Keke had remained a devout Orthodox Christian, and she was quietly buried in accordance with the rites of her church. Instead of being buried in Moscow at the New Maidens' cemetery where Nadya's body rested, Stalin's mother was interred in a mountain cemetery near Tiflis, known as "The Pantheon," close to the body of her husband, whom she had outlived by nearly half a century. A death mask of Keke was fashioned by a well-known sculptor, together with a sculpture of her right hand. The stone over her grave does not refer to her son; it merely gives her birth and death dates, and her name, Ekaterina Georgiyevna Djugashvili. Her family name had been Geladze, and her father was a peasant serf who had lived in the village Gambareuli.

As she grew older, the teen-aged Svetlana was permitted to roam outside the Kremlin, to buy things in stores, and to go to the cinema with her girlfriends from the "outside world." The Secret Police shadowed her on these trips, but outwardly she was free to go unguarded.

The young woman was thus able to gain self-assurance, and in the Stalin household she soon became the "ruler." She had learned domestic skills early, including how to darn socks, knit, and do lacework. Reading was her favorite pastime. During the Caucasus vacations, she learned how to ride and did some shooting. She not only developed skills at sewing but also at designing some of her own clothes. Her taste ran, then as now, toward the attractive but unobtrusive, toward single colors and away from garish patterns.

There were no intrusions into the Stalin household during this period. Svetlana's father kept the "Nook," an affectionate term the household used for his apartment, as much out of the mainstream of official events as possible. Documents and messengers were kept away, and business was transacted in Stalin's own office or in general government offices elsewhere in the Kremlin.

Thus, Svetlana was partly insulated from the interest which her father took, after his second wife's death, in an attractive, vivacious woman named Rosa Kagano-

vitch. Some historical writers, such as Alexander Orlov, have suggested that one of the reasons for Nadezhda Alliluyeva's unhappiness was Stalin's interest in Rosa. There can be no question that the two women were strikingly different. Rosa Kaganovitch, a physician, was a tall brunette, a good conversationalist but also a good listener, a sophisticated Jewess who maintained a "salon" for artists and writers in her own separate Kremlin home.

Did Stalin marry Rosa Kaganovitch? Her name was mentioned persistently for several years after Nadya's death. Perhaps a formal marriage ceremony was performed, but her position in Stalin's life did not correspond to that of Nadya. A strong personality, she maintained a personal life quite separate from Stalin. Most accounts refer to Rosa as the sister of a leading Soviet figure, Lazar M. Kaganovitch, who was later ousted by Khrushchev. But other sources suggest that Rosa was a niece of Kaganovitch, who adopted her before World War One.

Stalin's relationship to Rosa Kaganovitch reflects curiously on his lifetime ambivalence toward individual Jews and the role of Jews in the political and cultural affairs of the state. Stalin was a man of many phobias, and although some of his earliest revolutionary writings were directed against Tsarist discrimination against minorities—Georgians, Jews, and others—his anti-Semitism took on virtually pathological aspects during the closing phase of his life, when Jewish figures in Eastern Europe were accused of, at the least, Zionist connections, and, at the worst, treason. The so-called "Doctors' Plot," denounced after Stalin's death as wild fabrication, also had strong anti-Jewish undertones.

That Svetlana did not share this particular phobia was later to become evident. But in other ways, in the Kremlin period, the link between father and daughter was strong. Next to his mother, Stalin loved Svetlana best and most loyally, and she returned his devotion in full. Nor was it his position that interested her. During

the sheltered years in the Kremlin, she saw herself as the daughter of just another human being, a man from Georgia. Occasionally, she added "Djugashvili" after her given name. Once she said defiantly, "I am not the daughter of Stalin, but of Joseph Djugashvili . . ." And the day she registered as a student at Moscow University, she proudly wrote down her father's occupation as "Professional Revolutionary."

CHAPTER SIX

What Svetlana Did Not Know

Every morning, the big black limousine picked up Svetlana and Vassily Stalin in the Kremlin and drove them to a Moscow public school, Experimental School Number 28; every afternoon it took them home again. Whenever they went up or down the huge stone staircase at the entrance, a wall-size picture of their father looked down on them, and on all the hundreds of other children who went to school with them.

Only Svetlana knew him in actual life as the understanding, protective father that he was supposed to be toward millions of Russian children who recited poems and sang songs in his praise. Throughout the Soviet Union, statues in stone, wood, steel, plaster, or bronze showed his head. Plays, novels, paintings, and symphonies were created to laud him. His picture could be found in homes and offices, railroad stations, hotels, and public squares. No compliment was too fulsome, no declaration of loyalty too obsequious. Communist parties throughout the world echoed every obscure change in the Soviet policy line, which at times merely reflected Stalin's passing ideas or convictions.

When Nadya died in 1932, Stalin was fifty-two years old, and Svetlana was seven. For most of the next decade, his daughter was in his care. She was her father's last link with happiness and innocence. At a time when Stalin's path was strewn with corpses, Svetlana saw him simply as an affectionate father in whom she placed her trust. Yet there were changes in the Kremlin existence even then. Stalin methodically eliminated all visible memories of Nadya. He even changed living quarters, though he joined the children for meals as before. There were still pleasant evenings together—picnics, delightful weeks at Sochi on the Black Sea, games of billiards, and miniature bowling.

In 1934 a new country home was built in Kuntsevo, about seven miles out of Moscow and near the road to Leningrad. Stalin spent as much time as he could there until the war years, when he was forced to remain in the Kremlin, perhaps more than he would have liked. Between the Kremlin, Kuntsevo, and Sochi, Svetlana spent happy years. Her companions were the children of some of the Party's leading men. But as time went on, they and their families would disappear from the stage of her life, as political changes became increasingly frequent. And the acute child began to catch glimpses of the world outside her own sheltered existence.

This world, her father's real world, was full of thunder clouds as far back as the year she was born, 1925. Stalin, then forty-six, had won the struggle for succession against Leon Trotsky, the fiery orator and brilliant civil war tactician, who was Stalin's intellectual superior but could not match his patient guile. Removed as War Commissar, Trotsky was eventually forced into exile in Mexico, where, much later, he was murdered.

In 1925, too, the town of Tsaritsyn, where Stalin had fought in the civil war and stayed with Nadya, was renamed "Stalingrad." Much later, after Stalin's death, the ritual would be reversed, and the town's name changed once more, this time to "Volgograd." During the seven years that separated Svetlana's birth from her

mother's suicide in 1932, her father prepared himself for wave after wave of purges: demotions, accusations, trials, exiles, executions. The pattern eventually ranged from executions of individuals—at times men who had been his comrades in the early revolutionary struggles—to mass killings that created a general atmosphere of terror.

Stalin's first reaction to Nadya's death had been to interpret it as part of a conspiracy against himself. He had aroused enough antagonism by then to give this suspicion a sound basis in reality. He was certainly the target of many planned and partly executed plots. His survival in the jungle of Kremlin intrigue was due to his exaggerated anticipation of who might possibly be conspiring against him.

For the first four years of her life, Svetlana was the center of her mother's happiness; Nadya avoided going out and shied away from Party affairs. Stalin had pledged himself to govern in a triumvirate with Leonid Kamenev and Grigory Zinoviev, but broke with them at the Party congress the following year. To gain strength against them, Stalin allied himself with Nikolai Bukharin and Alexey Rykov.

The years 1927 and 1928, with Svetlana just two and three years old, were painful for Nadya. Stalin was not yet powerful enough to "liquidate" his real or imaginary rivals physically. Instead, he engaged in the risky, nerve-wracking tactics of playing them off against each other. This, at least temporarily, saved the life of Leon Trotsky. But on November 17, 1927, a dramatic event illuminated, like lightning, the political landscape of the Soviet state, with its deepening shadows and rivers of blood: Adolf Joffe, the veteran Soviet diplomat, committed suicide.

The Russian generation to which Svetlana Alliluyeva belongs today must find Joffe's suicide note enlightening. He left it for Trotsky; it read as follows:

> All my life I have thought that a man of politics ought to know how to leave the scene at the right time, as an actor leaves the stage, and it is better to go too soon than too late.
>
> More than thirty years ago I embraced the philosophy that human life has meaning only to the degree that, and so long as, it is lived in the service of something infinite. For us, humanity is infinite. The rest is finite, and to work for the rest is therefore meaningless. Even if humanity, too, must have a purpose beyond itself, that purpose will appear in so remote a future that for us humanity may be considered an absolute infinite.
>
> It is in this, and this alone, that I have always seen the meaning of life. And now, taking a glance backward over my past, of which twenty-seven years were spent in the ranks of our Party, it seems to me that I have the right to say that during *all* my conscious life I have been faithful to this philosophy. I have lived according to this meaning of life: work and struggle for the good of humanity. I think I have the right to say that not a day of my life has been meaningless. But now, it seems, comes the time when my life loses its meaning, and in consequence I feel obliged to abandon it, to bring it to an end . . .
>
> I know that the general opinion of the Party is opposed to suicide, but I believe that none of those who understand my situation will condemn me for it. If I were in good health, I would have found strength and energy to struggle against the situation created by the Party. But in my present state I cannot endure a situation in which the Party silently tolerates *your exclusion from its ranks,* even though I am absolutely certain that sooner or later a crisis will come which will oblige the Party to cast off those who have led it to such disgrace. In this sense my death is a *protest* against those who have led the Party to a situation such that it cannot react in any way to opprobrium.
>
> If I may be permitted to compare something big with something little, I will say that the immensely important historical event, your exclusion and that of Zinoviev, an exclusion which must inevitably open a period of Thermidor "in our revolution" [referring to the final terror period of the French Revolution, and the

fact that I am reduced, after twenty-seven years of revolutionary work at responsible posts in the Party to a situation where I have nothing left but to put a bullet through my head—these two facts illustrate one and the same thing: the present regime in our Party. And perhaps the two events, the little and the big one together, will jar the Party awake and halt it on the road leading to Thermidor . . .

Do not be afraid, today, if certain ones desert you, and especially if the many do not come to you as quickly as we all wish. You are in the right, but the certainty of victory of your truth lies precisely in strict intransigency, in the most severe rigidity, in the repudiation of every compromise, exactly as that was always the secret of the victory of Ilyich [Lenin].

I have often wanted to tell you this, and have only brought myself to it now, at the moment of saying good-bye.

I wish you energy and courage equal to those you have always shown, and a swift victory. I embrace you. Good-bye . . .

Joffe was buried in Moscow's New Maidens' cemetery, where Nadezhda Alliluyeva would come to rest five years later—equally idealistic, equally disillusioned. The content of Joffe's note was soon known to everyone of importance in the Kremlin group; Nadya found it profoundly disturbing. Joffe's reference to Thermidor, to the final month of the French Revolution during which it turned on itself, was darkly prophetic.

Stalin, having weakened Zinoviev and Kamenev by allying himself with Bukharin and Alexey Rykov, now turned against Bukharin. In July, 1928, the two men had a showdown that left Bukharin shaken. In a state of despair he went to see Kamenev, hurling accusations: "Stalin will strangle us all. He knows only vengeance—the dagger in the back." Foolishly, Kamenev transcribed the outburst and forwarded his notes to Zinoviev—but they were intercepted by Stalin's Secret Police. Even if these two men had not already been doomed, the transcripts would have sealed their fate. A year later, Bukharin was ousted from the Communist International.

Three years after Nadya's death, the wheels of the purge machinery began to turn. The starting point was the assassination of Sergey M. Kirov, Zinoviev's successor as head of the Leningrad Party administration. A vacation snapshot shows Svetlana aboard her father's yacht in the Black Sea; Stalin stands behind the child, and in the background, wearing a naval cap, is Kirov. Shortly afterward, on December 1, 1934, Kirov was murdered in his offices at Leningrad's Smolny Institute.

The family picture showing a smiling Stalin, his little daughter in her sailor suit, and the unsuspecting Kirov, illustrates the curious juxtaposition of innocence and terror which underlies Svetlana's dilemma even today. Her Kremlin years were filled with bloody events which she could not know, and which even now must elude her in all their complexity, detail, and lasting significance.

Yet, even as a little girl, she learned the lesson that it may be better not to forge firm friendships, so as to avoid the pain of separation. When she was nine years old, she saw a good deal of a boy named Micha, the son of one of her father's oldest friends and fellow revolutionaries, Abel S. Enukidze.

Enukidze, three years older than Stalin, had been a pioneer of the revolutionary underground in the city of Baku. Just because he had been an old comrade-in-arms to Stalin, his position was precarious. Enukidze simply "knew too much"—among other things, he knew that Stalin's role within the revolutionary movement had, in the beginning, been distinctly secondary. The old-fashioned and straightforward Enukidze apparently did not understand Stalin's increasingly pathological need to be acknowledged as a hero in everything, past or present.

As Secretary of the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party, Enukidze knew dossiers that the

Secret Police had compiled at Stalin's behest. For instance, according to Khrushchev, Enukidze, "on Stalin's initiative," signed the controversial decree concerning the murder of Sergey M. Kirov in 1934. Nearly three decades later, Khrushchev admitted that "the circumstances surrounding Kirov's murder hide many things which are inexplicable and mysterious."

Also Enukidze failed to express the expected high degree of admiration for Stalin. He did not state, in his published memoirs, that Stalin had been a "founder" of the Baku revolutionary underground and its printing plant. He was forced to write in *Pravda,* on January 16, 1935, that it was not he but Stalin and others who had founded the Baku group. On this point he revised his autobiography in the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia.* In March of that year, he was demoted from his Moscow Party post to a position in the Transcaucasus.

As a member of the revolutionary Social Democratic Party since 1898, Enukidze felt himself qualified to intervene in the purges of leading Communists. He was sneered at by Khrushchev, who was quoted in *Pravda* on June 13, 1937, that "Enukidze having lost all qualities as a Bolshevik, wanted to play the 'good-hearted uncle' with regard to the enemies of our Party."

Wanda Bronska-Pampuch, who went to school with Svetlana, relates when Stalin's daughter was thirteen or fourteen years old, a friend whom she identifies only as "Galya" pleaded with her to ask her father's help. The account states:

> Galya's father had been arrested during the night, and she and Galya had sat next to each other in school for three years. They had copied each other's notes and shared their small secrets. Svetlana often visited Galya's dacha, or Galya and her parents came to hers. Their fathers were old friends.
>
> At noon Svetlana asked her father to straighten out the silly mistake. She was astonished when her father said nothing, but silently kept on cutting his meat. Impatiently, she pressed him, saying that at least he could call the security police. The NKVD doesn't make mistakes, he told her, and when she failed to grasp his meaning because of his dry, unemotional tone, he repeated: "The NKVD doesn't make mistakes. You must understand that!" Then she started to cry: "But I love Galya so much." "You may love somebody," her father explained more gently, "yet you have to be against them." They were living in a period when more important things than her feelings or friends were at stake: the revolution and Soviet power. Surely, she didn't want the revolution to suffer a defeat. Svetlana had been reared with devout faith in the revolution; she didn't want to harm it. But Galya's father had also fought for the revolution; he had been her father's comrade-in-arms.
>
> "That's enough!" her father shouted suddenly, banging his fist on the table. "Yes, he was my comrade-in-arms, even my friend—he was all that, do you understand? But he forgot everything and became an enemy, a traitor, a counterrevolutionary!" After a pause, he went on, talking gloomily to himself rather than to her: "He must be destroyed, squashed like a louse, he and all the others like him. They must not live, they must not live any longer . . ."
>
> When Galya approached her at school the next day, Svetlana tried to put on as stern and expressionless a face as her father's. "Your father is an enemy of the people!" she said loud enough for all to hear, and turned away from her friend. Then, as if at her command, the others quickly moved away from Galya. Svetlana passionately hoped some of them would stay at Galya's side, but soon Galya was left alone, head bowed, shoulders drooping in despair. Without looking at Svetlana, she went to her seat, took her books, and left the class.
>
> Galya did not come to school the next day; someone said that her mother had also been arrested and that she herself had been sent to a children's home. Many others followed Galya in the succeeding weeks and months. Hers was a model school; most of the pupils were the children of top officials. That year yesterday's top officials became today's traitors, and the places of yesterday's pupils were taken by others.

Svetlana had to get used to them time after time; she also learned to steal a peek at the morning newspaper: the names of dismissed and newly appointed commissars and Party secretaries were always published in small print on the last page. That way it was easier to figure things out beforehand and not be surprised by the disappearance of some classmates and the appearance of new ones.

Svetlana now takes the position that Stalin's successors share her father's guilt. The Kirov murder, engineered by the Secret Police with Stalin's guidance, is certainly one event of which post-Stalin regimes had guilty knowledge. For instance, as Lazar M. Pistrak, the leading Khrushchev biographer, pointed out, the post-Stalin "collective leadership" in its third (July, 1957) composition included six men who knew that the Kirov affair had been covered up: Khrushchev, Bulganin, Voroshilov, Mikoyan, Shvernik, and Pospelov. Pistrak noted: "In view of Kirov's extraordinary popularity in the Party, a fervent desire to solve the mystery surrounding his assassination was voiced by many of his sympathizers, but the six men mentioned were not among them. This is strongly supported by the fact that during the Great Purge of 1937, not only all possible material witnesses, but also Kirov's immediate associates from the Leningrad Party Organization, vanished forever."

One consequence of the assassination was the adoption of a new and harsh decree, signed by Enukidze, thereafter invoked in all purge cases. Another was that within weeks of Kirov's death, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and others were charged with conspiracy against him. They were found guilty and imprisoned on January 16, 1935. A final trial from August 19 to 24, 1936, found both men guilty, and they were immediately executed.

Achmed Amba, who allegedly served as a bodyguard for Stalin, describes in his book *Ein Mensch Sieht Stalin* (A Man Looks at Stalin) that the spunky girl child resented her father's continual involvement in official matters. According to this account, which may well be apocryphal, Svetlana came home one afternoon, when she was eleven years old, absolutely beaming over her school grades. She had done extremely well. With the highest grade a 5, she had received 5's in all subjects, except one, in which her grade was 4—and she came home shouting that her father must see her accomplishment, immediately, and share her delight.

Stalin did not return from his office until late in the evening, but he did praise Svetlana with rare enthusiasm and pleasure. She was rewarded with a long trip to the Caucasus, beginning on May 24, and extending to August. This was in 1937, certainly one of the child's happiest years. It was a busy summer in Moscow. Purges of the Party, the managerial class, and the army were in high gear; the officer corps was decimated. On June 11, Moscow Radio announced the arrests, on various dates, of a group of Russian generals—among them Tukhachevsky. The very next day, *Izvestia* announced that the Supreme Court had secretly examined the cases against eight generals. All were found guilty—under the new decree—of "Breach of military duty and oath of allegiance, treason to their country, treason against the peoples of the USSR and treason against the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army." The announcement concluded: "All the defendants were condemned to the extreme penalty, which was duly carried out."

On May Day, 1937, Marshal Mikhail Tukhachevsky had still reviewed the troops on Moscow's Red Square. Now trial upon trial, usually behind closed doors, led to execution. When there were no trials, brief announcements spoke of guilt and the "extreme penalty."

The waves of purges eliminated all former members of the Politburo who had functioned under Lenin—except Trotsky, who was exiled, and, of course, Stalin. Also eliminated were the Chief of the Red Army General Staff, the Supreme Commanders of all major military districts, and the army's chief political commissar; virtually all USSR ambassadors abroad; at least

one-quarter of the Red Army officer corps; 1,108 out of 1,966 delegates to the Seventeenth Communist Party Congress, previously screened by Stalin's control offices; and, finally, the two Secret Police chiefs themselves, Genrikh Yagoda and Nikolai Yezhov.

Yagoda and Yezhov had prepared accusations against hundreds of purge victims—until they, in turn, were purged. They pleaded guilty to sabotage and spying, conspiracies and murders. Yagoda confessed to arranging Kirov's murder among many others. The pattern resembled that of gang warfare; hire an assassin to eliminate an enemy and then eliminate the assassin. The technique demands ever-widening purges, because every victim is associated with others who might seek revenge, and even the executioners of the executioners share guilty knowledge.

In 1956, in his address to the Twentieth Congress, Khrushchev referred to the purge of the generals when he spoke of "the many military leaders falsely condemned by Stalin during 1937-41." At the Twenty-second Congress, Khrushchev added:

> A rather curious report leaked out in the foreign press to the effect that Hitler, preparing the attack on our country, launched a forged document through his Intelligence service, stating that Comrades [Yona] Yakir, Tukhachevsky and others were agents of the German General Staff. This supposedly "secret" document fell into the hands of Czechoslovakia's President [Eduard] Benes who, evidently guided by kind intentions, forwarded it to Stalin. Yakir, Tukhachevsky and other comrades were arrested and then liquidated.

Nine months after the death of Tukhachevsky, Bukharin, Rykov, and others were found guilty of multiple treason and immediately executed. Bukharin was put to death on March 13, 1938, the day after Hitler's armies occupied Austria.

In the autumn of 1939, under the terms of the Nazi-Soviet Pact that united Stalin and Hitler, Russian

forces invaded Poland from the east and German armies from the west. On December 21, Hitler sent to Stalin a telegram of birthday congratulations: "Best wishes for your personal well-being, as well as for the prosperous future of the peoples of the friendly Soviet Union." Stalin cabled back: "The friendship of the peoples of Germany and the Soviet Union, cemented by blood, has every reason to be lasting and firm."

It was Stalin's sixtieth birthday. He was self-assured and haughty. His daughter, Svetlana, was then thirteen years old. In the evening, Stalin celebrated his birthday by attending a performance of the Bolshoi Theater; the ballet was called *Svetlana.*

CHAPTER SEVEN

Brothers and Husbands

Svetlana's two brothers, Jacob Djugashvili and Vassily Stalin, are dead. Her two former husbands, Grigory Morozov and Yuri A. Zhdanov, are today professionally active men: Morozov is a professor at the Moscow Law Institute, and Zhdanov is President of the University of Rostov.

Jacob, Vassily, Grigory, Yuri: four names that are milestones of emotion in Svetlana's life, each one linked dramatically with her father's memory. She has not yet completely come to terms with Stalin's role in Russian and world history, nor even with his impact on her own life.

After the death of her mother, Svetlana was the person with whom Stalin identified most strongly for the rest of his life. Everything she did, particularly every one of her human attachments, was a challenge to Stalin's suspicious and vindictive nature. Each son and son-in-law symbolized a special facet in Stalin's life, to be suppressed, manipulated, defied or embraced.

Jacob, Vassily, Grigory, Yuri: each one represented a period in Stalin's career. If we begin, chronologically,

with his firstborn, Svetlana's half-brother Jacob—or Yasha—we must view the boy in relation to Stalin's first marriage, in 1903 or 1904, to Ekaterina Svanidze in his native town, Gori, in Georgia. Stalin was then about thirty years old, a rebel against authority: against Moscow's domination of Georgia, against the Czarist regime, against various "bourgeois" elements in his native region.

Yasha was born in April, 1905. His father saw little of him or of the child's young mother. Stalin was frequently in hiding, traveling, participating in revolutionary congresses abroad: in Finland, the year the child was born; in Stockholm, the year after; in London, in May of 1907. On June 26, 1907, when Yasha was two years old, Stalin participated in the "expropriation" of banks in the city of Tiflis—bank robberies to finance the Bolshevist revolutionaries.

Stalin was more a visitor than a husband to Ekaterina, but she had been brought up in the strict Georgian tradition as the wife who must be at her husband's beck and call, available when he wants her, unquestioning about his important tasks and travels. Even when her body was wracked by illness, Ekaterina was uncomplaining. Stalin hardly had time to notice her illnesses; she died April 10, 1907.

Iremashvili recalls that, as soon as Stalin had left the cemetery, his grief for Ekaterina had been forgotten. He added: "Forgotten, too, was his little son Yasha, whom Keke [Ekaterina's nickname] had loved so much, and whom she had taught to adore and look up to his father in loving admiration."

Two years later, Stalin moved away from his parents-in-law, who had hidden him whenever he returned from his conspiratorial trips. Now, Yasha was a relic of Stalin's past. But he remained, on the periphery of his father's life, a goading reminder of Stalin's early personal history, for more than three decades.

Jacob attended school in Tiflis until, after the Bolshevik revolution, Stalin brought him to the Kremlin. Even then he did not permit his second wife, Nadya, to

take the boy in hand. Father and son just did not get along. Stalin was demanding, impatient, brusque; Yasha sullen, withdrawn, resentful. He could not or would not keep up with the competitive children of the Kremlin elite. Marked for emotional defeat early in life, Jacob tried to commit suicide while still a teenager. Stalin's reaction was typical: he took this act of youthful desperation as a personal affront, as an insult to his name and person. His comment was scornful: "Even this, he cannot do right!"

When Jacob was twenty-two years old, Stalin decided that it was no use trying to fetter the young man. His training in electrical engineering at Moscow's Bauman Institute of Technology had not revealed either academic or practical gifts, and so he was given a bureaucratic and provincial job in the Caucasus. In the 1930's he was reportedly manager of a tractor station in a town on the Kuban River. When Germany invaded Russia, Jacob, as a member of the Red Army reserve, was inducted into the army and sent to the Byelorussian front.

Throughout these years, Stalin kept Yasha at arm's length in one striking respect—his name. While Svetlana and Vassily took on the name of "Stalin," Jacob remained a Djugashvili—a living image of his father's discarded past. And it was as "Jacob Djugashvili, Stalin's son," that a German communiqué announced his capture in 1942. No reference to this event appeared in the Soviet press. Later reports, through neutral channels, revealed that Jacob was captured on July 16, 1941, little more than one month after the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union. He was caught near the town of Liozno (Ljosno), while German troops sought to drive through Smolensk toward Moscow. His rank, at that time, was Lieutenant in the Artillery.

Vatican sources were quoted in the *New York Times* (October 4, 1944) as stating that, following his capture, Jacob had been taken to Nazi leader Hermann Göring, who "tried to impress him with Germany's military and industrial power." The dispatch added that Stalin's son "expressed contempt for all that was non-Russian," and "as far as his private career was concerned, Jacob said, he saw his father rarely and had no personal privileges at all because he was the Premier's son."

Stalin had an opportunity to regain his son when Soviet armies captured Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus, who had been in command of the German Sixth Army during the battle for Stalingrad. The Germans secretly proposed an exchange of prisoners: Stalin's son for Von Paulus. Stalin treated the offer with disdain. He had disowned Jacob long before then, even to the point of treating his surrender to the Germans as equivalent to treason. Jacob Djugashvili's young wife, whom he had married two years before his induction, was arrested on charges of "complicity" in her husband's "desertion" from the armed forces.

Svetlana has expressed cautious hope that Yasha may still be alive, in spite of the fact that his father's failure to rescue him was tantamount to a death sentence. Testimony by liberated prisoners and captured German documents indicate that the Nazis sought to exploit Yasha for propaganda purposes, tried haphazardly to indoctrinate him, and that he finally died through semi-suicide. Although the Germans claimed that he had "given himself up," which superficially justified Stalin's condemnation of Jacob, and distributed a fake "open letter" to his father by air drop behind Russian lines, he resisted their impatient conversion attempts.

Jacob Djugashvili was taken from a mixed POW camp near the front to a "VIP" camp that provided excellent accommodation, including a personal orderly. He was promised privileges of all types, provided he became a spokesman of Georgian nationalism, criticized Stalin, and described a German victory as "inevitable." He lived in a special "officers' wing" of the Oranienburg concentration camp, where German officers fraternized with him, addressed him as "Oberst" (Colonel) and arranged for liquor, women, and other diversions —including chess, at which he excelled. He received a

letter from Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels, who pledged in Hitler's name that Jacob's whole family—including Svetlana—would receive friendly treatment if he cooperated with the German authorities.

Next, Jacob was taken to Berlin for a meeting with Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler and Nazi Party ideologist Alfred Rosenberg, a Baltic native who spoke Russian. The meeting told the Nazis that Jacob would not become their tool. Back at the camp, this time perhaps Dachau, he was placed in solitary confinement, starved, and beaten. According to G. Ter-Markarian, Jacob was taken from his cell two weeks later for transfer to the common barracks, "unshaven, unkempt, staggering on his feet, blinded by light after a long stay in darkness," and told that Stalin had turned down the Nazis' exchange offer. He escaped his guard and rushed into the electrically-charged barbed wire. The guards opened fire just as he hit the high-voltage wire, and he fell dead.

Another account, apparently written by a fellow-prisoner, Vladimir Kerzhak, confirms that Jacob Djugashvili received at first "VIP treatment," but says that he arrived in October, 1941, at the Oflag 13D camp at Hammelburg, Bavaria. Jacob shared a room with two captured Soviet army majors, fully indoctrinated by the Nazis. Oflag 13D ran a pilot operation of a Nazi-oriented political group, Russkaya Narodnaya Trudovaya Pravda, or R.N.T.P. (The Russian National Workers' Truth), which circulated a mimeographed newsletter, *Puti Rodiny* (Ways of the Motherland), among Russian prisoners.

After a difficult period of fruitless indoctrination and spasmodic humiliation, Jacob was put to work in a wood-carving unit. Cigarette holders "carved by Stalin" became popular among prisoners, who paid for them in food and cigarettes. A chess set carved by Jacob was allegedly sold at a Berlin auction for five hundred marks. Kerzhak, writing in the New York Russian daily *Novoe Russkoe Slovoe*, said that Stalin's son "certainly was not a convinced Bolshevik, but neither did he believe in a German victory, and even less in National Socialism." He was broodily silent for the most part; once, when Henri Barbusse's laudatory biography of Stalin was mentioned, he shouted with irritation and contempt, "Boasting!" On the whole, most sources agree that Jacob defied Nazi blandishments, was maltreated after VIP indoctrination attempts failed, and died by rushing into electrically-charged barbed wire. His death may have occurred as early as 1942 or 1943, and in the Dachau rather than in the Oranienburg concentration camp.

In dealing with Vassily, Svetlana's brother and Nadya's son, Stalin was on the whole more fatherly and tolerant than toward Jacob. Vassily was fourteen years younger than his half-brother and his childhood years corresponded to the best years that Stalin and Nadya had together. The youngster however was intellectually and emotionally erratic. Like Jacob he had a strong rebellious streak, but never openly broke with his father.

More heavy-set than his half-brother, Vassily resembled his father somewhat in general physique. In his later years, he wavered between a rough-and-ready and a somewhat dandified manner and appearance. Of the three children, he could most easily be recognized as Stalin's offspring; but where Stalin's underlying suspicion made him reserved in his dealings with other people, Vassily tended to be demanding and something of a braggart, a heavy drinker and a man-about-town.

As a student he performed unevenly. He might study dutifully one day and be sullen and withdrawn about his work the next. His strongest single characteristic was restlessness, an inability to concentrate on any single task or project long enough to bring it to meticulous completion.

Vassily was good at two things: riding and building radios. Both he and Svetlana got along well with the horses on the Sochi estate. And with other Kremlin youngsters, Vassily played soccer passionately. But his urge to "get away" was too strong to permit steady educational or emotional development. He darted from

one subject and hobby to another; his passions included painting, dancing, fishing, chess and astronomy. Because of the dangers involved, he was not permitted to go hunting or to drive a car, even in his late teens. (Ironically, he was later to die in an automobile accident.)

Vassily's sullen rebellion became a life pattern. He avoided political meetings and discussions as best he could, although, of course, he was taught Marxist ideology with the rest of the Kremlin children and had private tutors. As he grew older, he seemed to avoid everything his father liked. In small matters, their tastes clashed. Stalin's musical preferences were orthodox. Once, when Vassily was trying a radio set he had built, switching from station to station, he cut off a Tchaikovsky piece in favor of a jazz band. Stalin upbraided him and said that at least he should have waited for the Tchaikovsky piece to finish.

Continuing to feel hemmed in, Vassily eagerly took part in a cross-country tour undertaken by a group of Kremlin youngsters. The trip brought them as far east as Central Asia, north to Murmansk, and south to the Black Sea. However, the journey was marred by Vassily's rambunctiousness, his persistent habit of playing tricks on his friends. This boisterous behavior particularly annoyed Molotov's daughter Natasha—whom he later married.

The purge of the Soviet Air Force in 1937 created a need for officer personnel. After finishing his gymnasium education and working in the aircraft industry, Vassily Stalin entered the Red Air Force in 1938. During World War Two he flew a number of missions, and on October 9, 1944, as Colonel Vassily Yosifovich Stalin, he was given honorable mention, together with other officers, in his father's Order of the Day. On May 30, 1945, he was one of seventy-five officers who received the Order of Suvorov, Second Class. On March 2, 1946, Stalin signed a decree promoting Vassily to Major-General, and on other occasions he was cited for "skilled and courageous leadership." In May,

1948, a photograph was released with this caption: "Major-General Vassily Stalin, son of Premier Stalin, at the controls of his plane in command of the air section of the May Day parade in Moscow."

During the Russian advance into Germany, Vassily was in command of the air force's Fifth Division and maintained headquarters in a requisitioned private residence near the Elbe River, at Dahlhof. We have only the testimony of a Siberian-born cook, one Gennady K., on Vassily's high-handed treatment of his second wife, daughter of Marshal Semyon K. Timoshenko (Molotov's daughter was the third), the domestic staff of eight, and sixteen guards. Vassily's penchant for cars was evident even here; out of several automobiles, his favorite was a tan-colored Mercedes.

Vassily's personal chauffeur, Zhenka Sorokin, was hard-pressed at times, particularly when his master had attended a boisterous drinking party and was in the mood to frighten pedestrians. The same daredevil ambition once prompted Stalin's son to challenge an outstanding fighter pilot to an "air duel." Vassily was maneuvered into a forested area and had to land his plane, a Yak 5, in a plowed field. He apparently treated his airmen with erratic disdain. If the Gennady K. account is to be trusted, some of the more high-spirited pilots took occasional revenge. One of them allegedly caught Vassily when he was drunk, wrapped him into a tarpaulin, and beat him severely. On another drunken outing, one airman stole Vassily's motorcycle and forced him to ride back on a farmer's oxcart. However, high-ranking army leaders were fearful of antagonizing Stalin's son. Marshal Georgy K. Zhukov was elaborately polite, and Marshal Vassily D. Sokolovsky avoided him.

Vassily, an avid soccer fan, pushed his division's team unmercifully. When he noted a skilled player in another unit's team, he would arrange to have him transferred to his own division. If his team won, he would shower the players with gifts and hold elaborate drinking parties; when they lost, he would go so far as to jail

players who had dared to perform poorly. His wife had a heavy marital cross to bear.

Other commanders were aware of Vassily's excesses, and this may have prompted his downgrading after his father's death. As the dictator's memory was blotted out, Vassily was removed from active flying duties. Lacking the protection he had enjoyed previously, he was severely beaten and suffered internal and other injuries that kept him hospitalized for several months. Afterward, he was made director of sports. As Svetlana has said about herself, so he too was regarded as a sort of state property because of his paternity, and kept out of the limelight.

After the end of the war Vassily's antisocial behavior became even more marked. In this connection, a curious story has been told by a German woman, Helena Wannemacher, alias Pushkova.

According to Mrs. Wannemacher, Vassily interceded for her with the Soviet Secret Service after she had failed in a Paris assignment which allegedly included two murders. She was introduced to Vassily in Moscow by Semyon Beria, son of Lavrenti Beria, whom she had accompanied to Army Day festivities at Moscow's "House of the Red Army." An account published in the German weekly *Stern* (April 9, 1967) says that Vassily was in the company of a young woman, and that while the rest of the party had champagne, he drank vodka—to excess. Later on, runs the report, he went with her to Ivan Serov, the chairman of the Committee for State Security, to whom she presented her case. In this interview, which took place in Vassily Stalin's presence, Mrs. Wannemacher stated that she was twenty-three years old, had been in the security service for only ten months, and had run into difficulties only because she had not been sufficiently trained.

The report—which of course lacks independent confirmation—gives details picturing Vassily Stalin as dissolute, hedonistic, forceful, defiant, and shrewd. In the absence of more authoritative data, it illustrates his general public conduct during a period when he was prominent and influential but rather at loose ends. But after his father's death, nothing was heard about him until 1962, when he was reported to have died in an automobile crash in the city of Kazan.

The war years had a decisive impact on all the Stalin children. With Jacob captured by the Germans and Vassily in the Red Air Force, Svetlana at first stayed behind in the Kremlin apartment close to her father. But the year 1942 brought irreversible upheaval into her life. Two sources suggest that she lived briefly in the United States, staying with Soviet ambassador Maxim Litvinov in Washington and perfecting her English; the U. S. Department of State says that it "has no record" of such a visit. Certainly she did have much wider contacts during this period, made friends among fellow-students at Moscow University, traveled as extensively as her father would permit, and engaged in home-front activities.

It was in the year 1942 that the British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, while visiting Moscow in August, had a brief glimpse of Svetlana in the Kremlin. After a long day of strenuous negotiations—the date being August 15th—Stalin led Churchill from his office to his apartment, which the Prime Minister described as modest, simple, and dignified. He wrote that "presently there appeared, first a very aged housekeeper" (probably Alexandra Sergeyevna) "and later a handsome red-haired girl, who kissed her father dutifully." Churchill added that Stalin "looked at me with a twinkle in his eye, as if, so I thought, to convey: 'You see, even we Bolsheviks have family life!' " Svetlana began to set the table, while the old housekeeper brought dishes.

It was all quite spontaneous, and although the dinner was only an afterthought of Stalin's, it lasted until nearly 3 o'clock in the morning, when it was time for Churchill to catch his plane. Only five people, including the translators, were present. Stalin and Churchill found a common interest in picking on Molotov: the

stiff, schoolmasterly Foreign Minister had always been an easy target for Stalin's polite, and at times not so polite, ribbing. Churchill spoke of having heard that once Molotov had failed to return directly to Moscow from a diplomatic visit in Washington, pausing instead to sample the fleshpots of New York; and Stalin topped this by saying that, even worse, Molotov had secretly gone to Chicago to visit "with the other gangsters."

After many smaller dishes the culinary *pièce de resistance,* a roast suckling-pig, was brought in, and though Churchill had to pass this up, Stalin thoroughly enjoyed it.

In his report to the British War Cabinet (a copy of which was sent to President Franklin D. Roosevelt), Churchill wrote: "Stalin introduced me to his daughter, a nice girl, who kissed him shyly but was not allowed to stay." He added that the evening had brought the two war leaders together, for the first time, on "easy and friendly terms."

By that time Svetlana was a mature, attractive, self-assured young woman. Her relationship with Stalin was now only intermittently affectionate, for at Moscow University she had at last learned of the circumstances leading up to her mother's suicide.

During a chilling moment at the university library, she came across a foreign article that forced her to ask: Just how did my mother die? Was my father at fault? All the built-up, pent-up doubts had come to the fore then, and nothing could still them.

Svetlana confronted her father. At first she was diffident, defensive. Could he tell her something about her mother's death? How had it happened? His reply was incoherent, full of vague accusations against others. He spoke of conspirators, but his words and manner merely convinced her that her mother had committed suicide. After that, Svetlana's attitude hardened until talk between father and daughter became guarded, the atmosphere of their meetings strained. By then, too, she had become aware that she was guarded by the Secret Police. When she was a little over sixteen, she

realized that her telephone was tapped and her social life reported in detail to her father.

About that time, Svetlana met a young student at Moscow University named Alexey Kepler, a film scenario writer. The two young people fell in love, met frequently on dates, went to the theater together, and even considered marriage. At the time of Svetlana's seventeenth birthday, Stalin confronted her angrily with his disapproval of the romance. Svetlana had been a dutiful daughter until then, but she was outraged when she discovered that Alexey had been picked up by the Secret Police on charges of acting as a "British spy"—at a time when Britain and Russia were wartime allies!—and "transferred" to an unspecified location.

In fact Alexey Kepler had been deported to a labor camp where he remained imprisoned until after Stalin's death; other romances were similarly cut short by Stalin's domineering jealousy. In 1954 he was briefly reunited with Svetlana, when a mature but brief relationship replaced their interrupted youthful romance. But Alexey had married in the interval. The intervening period had estranged him.

Shortly after Alexey's deportation, Svetlana defied her father even more directly. She declared that she would marry a lieutenant in the Kremlin guard, Grigory Morozov, for to the distraught and rebellious seventeen-year-old he was the next best thing to Kepler. Both young men were Jews, which aroused Stalin's anger for personal and political reasons. Svetlana's marriage to Morozov was defiant and therefore ill-advised, but it served the purpose of getting her out of the Stalin household for good; it was a dramatic assertion of her independence from her father.

The sheltered Kremlin child had by then gained a more mature realization of Stalin's desire to dominate her, as well as of his role in public life. When, after only two years, the hasty marriage ended in divorce, there was a period of tentative reconciliation with her father, but in the long run Svetlana could not forgive the fact that Stalin had disregarded her happiness as a

woman and her dignity as a person. However, this partial return to the former relationship with her father led to an "approved" marriage, in 1948, to Yuri A. Zhdanov. Svetlana did not love Yuri, who was neither handsome nor charming. But she saw this as a *marriage de convenance* to an "officially" acceptable man who was coldly cerebral, combining the calculating ways of the scientist with those of the political manipulator. (When, in 1967, Svetlana read Boris Pasternak's novel *Dr. Zhivago,* she was struck by the coincidence in names: the novel's protagonist is called Yuri Andreyevich, as had been "my second husband, whom I did not love" and who was full of "revolutionary ideas and phrases spinning around like cogs in a machine, but fixed forever in the same spot.")

Yuri Andreyevich Zhdanov was the son of Andrey A. Zhdanov, Stalin's deputy, and at the time of Yuri's marriage to Svetlana, the number two man in the Kremlin elite. This Stalin-Zhdanov marriage was characteristic of a strong tendency toward marital links within the Soviet leadership: Stalin's own relationship to Rosa Kaganovitch, whose brother or uncle Lazar Kaganovitch was a member of the Politburo, was another example of the same tendency, as were Vassily's marriages to Timoshenko's and Molotov's daughters, and links between the Molotov and Khrushchev families. In the tradition of European royal houses, of the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt, and of the upper castes of India, the top Soviet families felt safest among their own kind.

Within months of Svetlana's marriage to the cold-blooded Yuri, his father died. The death of Andrey Zhdanov on August 3, 1948, had enormous political significance and impact; in later years, just before Stalin's death, the Kremlin power struggle led to the accusation that Zhdanov senior had been the victim of "medical murder." Georgy Malenkov was Zhdanov's rival for Stalin's favor and possible succession. A complex net of political, cultural, and scientific strands linked the Zhdanov-Malenkov rivalry to events inside

the Soviet Union and throughout world communism. In 1946, Zhdanov had unleashed a ruthless drive against "cosmopolitan" influences in Soviet art and literature. He said on August 21 in Leningrad that "if feudalism and later on, the bourgeoisie in the period of its flourishing, could create art and literature asserting the new systems," then certainly "our new socialist system, embodying all that is best in the history of human civilization and culture, is capable of creating the most advanced literature, which will leave far behind the best creations of old times."

The very type of bureaucratic control over literature and the arts that prompted Svetlana to leave the Soviet Union can be called "neo-Zhdanovism," after the policies advanced by the man who was once her father-in-law. Zhdanov had the full support of the Central Committee of the Communist Party in cracking down on Russian writers and artists. He forced the Leningrad Writers Union to call for a literature that praised "the majesty of our victory, the pathos of rehabilitation and socialist reconstruction, and the heroic deeds of the Soviet people in fulfilling and overfulfilling the new Stalin Five-Year Plan."

Music was another Zhdanov target. On February 10, 1948, he told Soviet composers to write more "like Glinka and Tchaikovsky," which certainly reflected Stalin's taste. The Central Committee denounced contemporary composers, including Dmitry Shostakovich, Sergey Prokofiev, and Aram Khachaturian, on the grounds that their music "reeks strongly of the spirit of contemporary modernist bourgeois music of Europe and America, which reflects the decadence of bourgeois culture, the full denial of musical art."

Svetlana's father-in-law also helped to set up and operate the so-called "Cominform," an association of Communist parties which later sought to counteract the independent communism of Yugoslavia's Premier Joseph Tito and his imitators elsewhere. "Titoism" became a favorite curse word in the Moscow vocabulary, replacing the "Trotskyism" of an earlier period. Stalin

was annoyed by the strength Tito had within Yugoslavia, blaming Zhdanov for the failure of the anti-Tito campaign.

During Zhdanov's ascendancy, Malenkov had fallen from Stalin's favor, although he remained prominent within the Politburo. The moment Zhdanov died, Malenkov was back in favor—he stood next to Stalin at his rival's funeral. Thereafter he remained Stalin's heir apparent, and, in fact, succeeded him as Premier in 1953. But this ever-present, paunchy, ambitious "crown prince" experienced Svetlana's open dislike, though, with her father-in-law out of the way, he was triumphant for over four years.

After his father's death, Yuri, whom Svetlana had married when Andrey Zhdanov was at the peak of his career, was ousted from his post as Director of the Scientific Section of the Communist Party, to be restored to it four years later. In 1958 he was for the first time publicly mentioned as the president of the University of Rostov. But long before then, he and Svetlana had separated and finally divorced.

With the passing of the years, Svetlana developed a strong belief in the role of predestination in man's life. Had these human encounters, each part of her development as a woman, only served to prepare her for the fulfilling but ultimately tragic encounter with Brijesh Singh? They met—not, she feels, by "coincidence"—in a Moscow hospital in 1963. From that time on, the much-traveled and worldly-wise Indian and the lonely child of the Kremlin remained together until that day in the drab Moscow crematorium when Brijesh lay dead in his coffin. Of him and to him she said, "You gave your life for me."

CHAPTER EIGHT

Stalin's Death: Medical Murder?

For months before her father died, Svetlana tried frantically to see him. She had seen his physical health disintegrate as arteriosclerosis progressed. By December, 1952, friends told her that he was gravely ill. In January, 1953, the Moscow elite was aware of Stalin's failing health and of the power struggle for his succession. Removal of the nine-man Kremlin Medical Administration and weird charges of a "doctors' plot" added to the tense atmosphere.

On March 2, 1953, Svetlana telephoned her father's Kremlin apartment repeatedly, frantic for accurate news. She did not reach him that day, nor the next, for every time she called a guard would interrupt and break the connection. It was on the night from March 1 to March 2, according to a later official announcement, that Stalin "suffered a cerebral hemorrhage." At the time, however, no news of his illness was published.

On March 4, at two A.M., the first official medical bulletin was issued, together with an appeal by the Central Committee of the Communist Party for national unity. Both were broadcast more than sixteen hours

later, at 8:15 P.M., on Radio Moscow. The same morning a Kremlin secretary picked up Svetlana at her Moscow apartment, and they drove to Stalin's country residence at Kuntsevo, a southwestern suburb. She was told that her father had been found lying on the floor, unconscious.

It was in this house, which she had visited rarely after her first marriage, that her father disintegrated before her eyes, before her soul. The year before her first marriage, when Nazi armies crossed into Russian territory, he had been confused for days, even speaking to his daughter with naïve, questioning kindness: What did people say to each other in the streets, waiting in lines, at railroad stations? He did not even attend Supreme Headquarters meetings for a week after the German invasion. Military setbacks caused new waves of unsureness; he sat at council tables apparently with quiet self-assurance, but actually waiting for the consensus of others. Later, when the victories came, he was his strident self again, upbraiding, denouncing, slashing out.

During the post-war period, Stalin grew increasingly fearful. Wherever he was, in the Kremlin apartment or the country house, he recreated the same austere environment, in which even the souls of the inanimate objects had been crushed. You could not even tell the difference between the three rooms he used at Kuntsevo: he moved from one to another during the day, trying to keep in the sun as it touched the terraces outside each room. They could all be called office or living room or bedroom; each had a long table, crowded with papers, books, magazines; each had a sofa, including the one on which he died, after they had found him helpless on the rug; he could eat or read or sleep anywhere.

He shuffled about, often in that old, worn coat, asking that the fireplace be lit, that the big wooden logs be kept burning. That is what he liked, the burning fires, just as the hunter and shepherds in the countryside used to light fires at night to keep the wolves away.

And on pieces of paper he drew, continually, wolves with sharp fangs. The last Indian diplomat to see him, Ambassador K. P. S. Menon, who visited him on the evening of February 17, 1953, saw that by the end of the interview Stalin had covered whole sheets with drawings of threatening wolves. The burning fireplaces in the Kuntsevo house had a symbolic meaning: their flames, their warmth, were a form of protection against a world that seemed to be closing in on Stalin, year after year, month after month.

His daughter's husbands had been strangers to him. He intensely disliked Grigory and he cared little about Yuri; he barely acknowledged the existence of his two grandchildren: little Joseph—who, after all, bore his name—and Ekaterina, who shared the name of his mother and his first wife. But then, he had lost his warmth of contact with Svetlana herself. Everyone had become a threat, real or imagined, directly or indirectly. They were all wolves. And as he told Ambassador Menon, "peasants" like himself knew how to "deal with wolves." His hold on reality was slipping. At one meeting he had given a martial salute although he was not wearing his military cap; at other times his monologues were rambling, and he was obviously unable to absorb detailed information provided by his staff.

Yet there were always intermittent periods of apparent lucidity and strength, of a violent determination that reduced the men around him once more to fearful acquiescence. He did not really want to see Svetlana during those last years that preceded his death, for she too was now the symbol of a rejected past. She had been too close, and now he trusted no one too near him. And those who surrounded him with their vast and their petty schemes did not want the intrusion of his daughter, who might bring inconvenient news, who might throw the delicate balance within the Kremlin off its center.

In his self-imposed isolation, Stalin hardly ever ventured to inspect military positions, new industrial plants, or the experimental agriculture stations. The

men around him came with papers and statistics, and Stalin was satisfied to manipulate these symbols of his power; reality would have been a dangerous intrusion. And his own daughter, even his own small grandchildren, were part of that dangerous reality, part of the giant wolf pack he feared in his growing mental disintegration.

As Stalin lay dying in the Kuntsevo house, Svetlana was, according to Emmanuel d'Astier, welcomed in the garden by Bulganin, Malenkov, and Khrushchev, who "was in tears." (Beria was not among those who welcomed Svetlana, and later that summer, he was killed.) They took her to Stalin's bedside, and "although he had lost the power of speech, his eyes were alive." He was lying on a sofa in the large room, where pictures cut from newspapers decorated the wall.

Perhaps Khrushchev did weep. But three years later he called Stalin a "sickly suspicious" dictator, guilty of murdering "thousands of innocent and honest Communists." Khrushchev has also been quoted as saying, after Stalin died, "Today the mice buried the cat."

They all feared him. Did they conspire against him? Did they kill him? Fourteen years later, in New York, Svetlana was asked about rumors that had circulated inside and outside the Soviet Union, to the effect that her father had been "assassinated." She answered that it had been "quite evident" that he "was sick, and he died" as "the natural result of illness, nothing else."

But Svetlana had not realized until ten years after the event that her mother's death had not been a natural one but most probably suicide. How much, then, in actual fact, could Svetlana know about the circumstances surrounding her father's death? No more than anyone else. She stayed with her dying father while the Kuntsevo house echoed with the comings and goings of the Kremlin clique, planning, timing, drafting announcements, waiting for the seventy-three-year-old man to die.

What could she do but wait, too, not knowing whether to cry in torment or to hate the lot of them?

At last, at 9:50 P.M. on March 5, Stalin died. The political maneuvering became even more intense. The key personalities struggling with one another to inherit Stalin's power were: Georgy M. Malenkov, who became Premier; Marshal Nikolai A. Bulganin, then Defense Minister and later briefly co-ruler with Khrushchev; Nikita S. Khrushchev himself; and Lavrenti P. Beria, director of the powerful Secret Police.

Again news was delayed. The first radio announcement of Stalin's death was broadcast at 4:03 A.M., in a transmission to the provinces. About an hour and a half later, a medical diagnosis of his illness and death was also broadcast. At 11:30 that night, the reorganization of the government was announced.

Svetlana stayed with her father's body, while servants and guards passed through the room, glancing at her in a mixture of awe and pity. She remained until the body was removed for a postmortem examination and, later, embalming. Her brother Vassily was not with her; she had to bear this burden alone. She was then twenty-eight years old.

No one, of course, consulted her or informed her of developments. Malenkov, whom her father seemed to have chosen as his preferred successor, was for a time the strongest figure in the government. Although Svetlana disliked Malenkov, his competence and drive had made him extremely useful to her father.

On March 9, Malenkov in his funeral oration called Stalin "the greatest genius of humanity." The body of Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin, born Djugashvili on December 21, 1879, in Gori, Georgia, was lying in state in the Hall of Columns in Moscow's House of Trade Unions. Prepared for display next to Lenin in the Kremlin Mausoleum, he was dressed in a fawn-colored jacket of military cut. His arms, one a bit shorter than the other, stretched stiffly down the sides of his body. Associated Press correspondent Eddy Gilmore noted the "surprisingly delicate hands and tapered fingertips" and the "almost scornful look of this very tough man, a look taken into death."

Masses of real and artificial flowers surrounded the coffin. Dazzling arc lights and whining motion picture cameras contrasted with funereal string music. Thousands of feet shuffled past the body.

Then the music stopped. Two persons stepped forward: Svetlana and her brother Vassily, then thirty-four. The young woman moved toward the coffin, leaned over, and kissed her father's face. Vassily looked down stonily, hesitated, stood briefly at attention. Both children stepped back. The lid was placed on the coffin: the top part was transparent, so that Stalin's face remained visible, just as it would in the Mausoleum—until they buried him in the Kremlin garden three years later.

Facing the coffin the children had, in a brief moment, revealed their differing feelings: before the hushed mass of people, Svetlana had shown herself as the loving daughter, Vassily as the withdrawn, respectful son. When the ceremonies had ended, brother and sister sat down together. Vassily offered Svetlana a cigarette. She shook her head, smiling briefly, and he lit one for himself.

Had Stalin really died a natural death, as the official announcements said? His rule had been marked by too much violence for his own death to pass without widespread speculation. Given the atmosphere in Moscow that winter, anything seemed possible or even probable. Fear was as real as the icy winds. The Kremlin itself seemed brooding and dark, irrational and unpredictable. Svetlana had not seen or talked to her father for months before his death; he had come to fear everyone, including his own daughter. Those around him exploited his persecution mania even while they were afraid of being its next target; only by focusing Stalin's paranoia on someone else could they hope to avoid his erratic wrath.

They all stood against each other, and together they stood against him: Malenkov, Molotov, Kaganovitch, Beria, Khrushchev, Bulganin, Mikoyan, Voroshilov. They had good reason to want Stalin dead—it was he

(Wide World)

Svetlana in New York, April 26, 1967, leaving her press conference at the Plaza Hotel

(UPI)

Stalin's registration card of the Political Police of Baku, 1910

(UPI)

Nadya—Svetlana's mother and Stalin's second wife—in her coffin, 1932

Svetlana's mother Nadezhda Alliluyeva

Stalin at 16, as a theology student in Tiflis (Sovfoto)

Nadya's grave marked with a marble shaft topped by a sculptured head

(UPI)

Stalin's registration card of the Political Police of Baku, 1910

Svetlana's mother Nadezhda Alliluyeva

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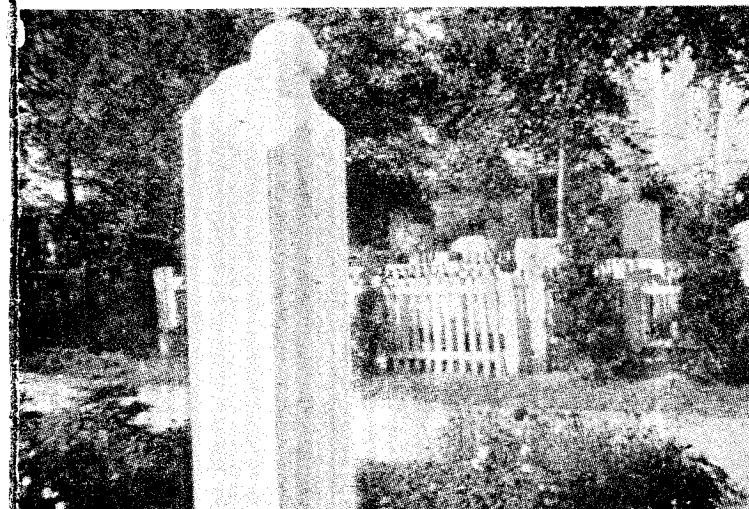
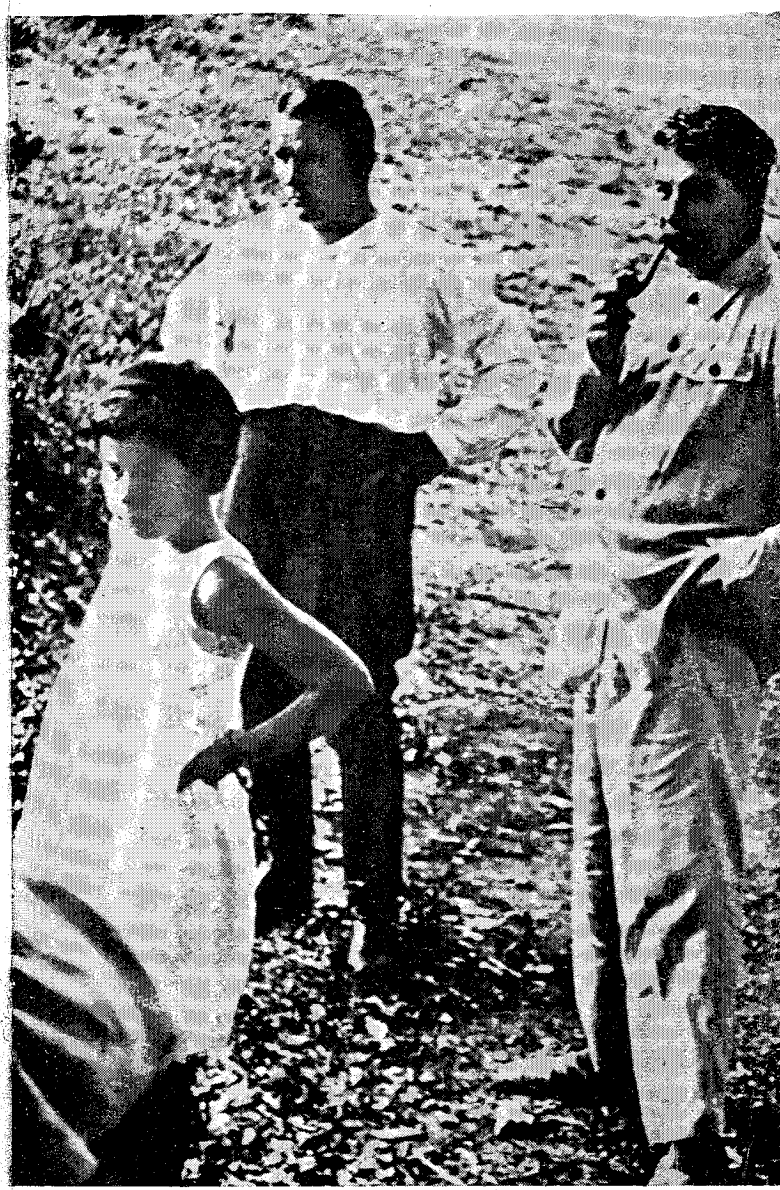


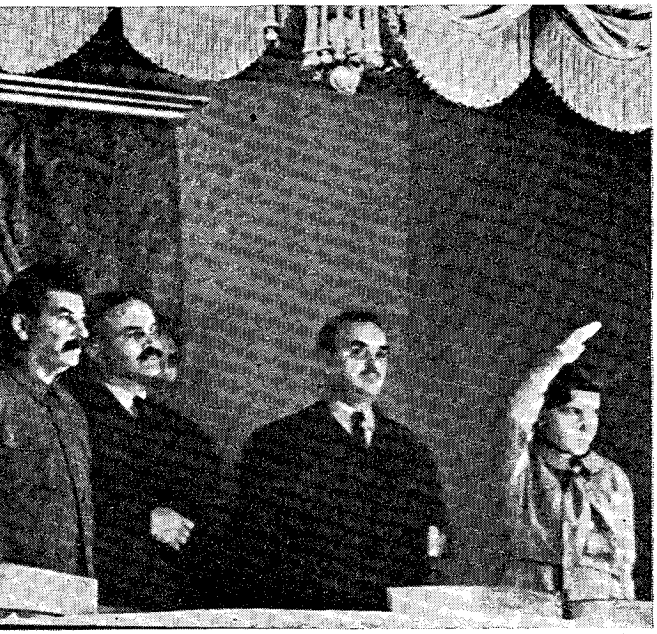
(Sovfoto)

ne of Stalin's favorite photos. Svetlana and her father in a happy moment, 1936

ht: Svetlana, an unidentified man, and her father sometime in the early thirties



(Manchete from Pictorial Parade)



(Sovfoto)

ntieth anniversary celebration of the Bolshevik Revolution, 7. Svetlana salutes from the Bolshoi Theatre loge of her father while Stalin, Molotov, Mikoyan, and Shvernik look on

(UPI)

Svetlana with her children, Joseph and Ekaterina, in 1955

(UPI)

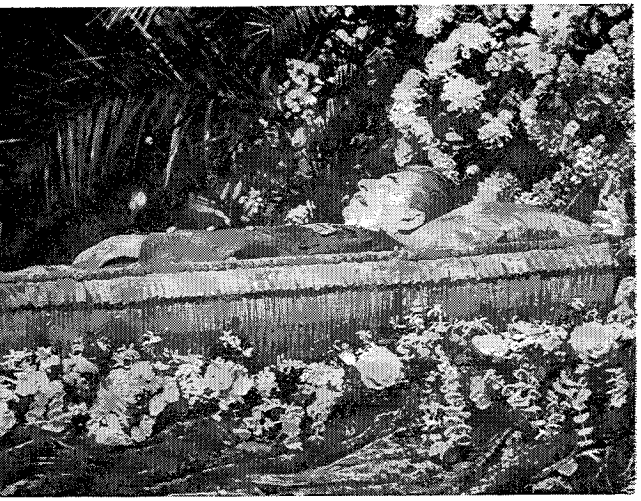
vetlana's half brother, Jacob Djugashvili, as a German prisoner, 941. He was Stalin's oldest son and is generally believed to have died in a German prison camp.

(Sovfoto)

Stalin's mother, Ekaterina Djugashvili, who died in 1937

Vassily, Svetlana's brother, piloting a Soviet air force plane. A general in the air force, he died in an automobile accident in 1962

(Sovfoto)



(Sovfoto)

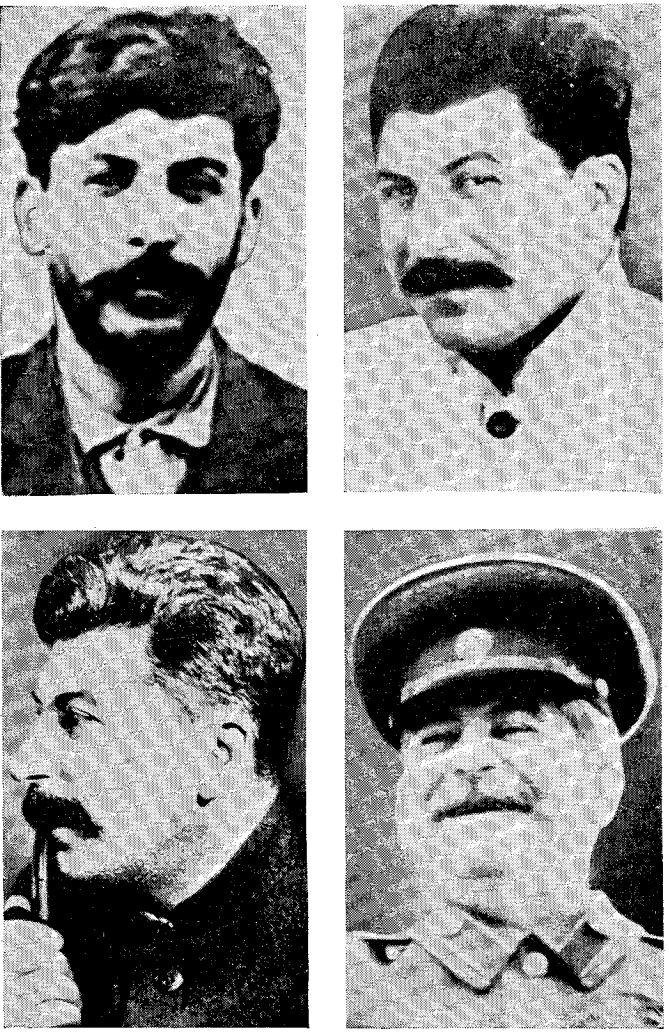
Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin lying in state, March 1953

London papers, March 5, 1953

(UPI)

(Sovfoto)

Vassily, Svetlana's brother, as a pallbearer at his father's funeral in 1953, second from right and half hidden by Malenkov



(UPI)

Four faces of Joseph Stalin: 1910, 1919, 1929, 1949

(UPI)

Four moods of Svetlana, New York, April 1967

(Wide World)

At her press conference, April 26, 1967

(UPI)

The children she left behind—Ekaterina Zhdanova and Joseph Alliluyev in Moscow, 1967

(Wide World)

Svetlana smiles as she steps off the plane at Kennedy International Airport in New York, April 21, 1967

or they, one by one. But "assassination" as such can be ruled out. Although Svetlana insists publicly on her father's "natural" death, she knows full well that more subtle means than open killing have been widely talked about, and presumably practiced, in the Soviet Union; she even feared that her Indian husband might have been the victim of calculatedly false medication.

It is quite possible that Stalin's death resulted from so-called "medical murder." George F. Kennan, then U. S. ambassador in Moscow and the man who later guided Svetlana from her temporary refuge in Switzerland to the United States, said a week after Stalin's death that the Soviet capital had been filled with "fear and hatred of the old tyrant, so thick in the air that you could almost smell it." He made two guesses at that time. The first, quickly borne out by events, was that Stalin would become the "chief ideological devil of the Soviet Union and world communism." Kennan's second guess was that the men around Stalin had either murdered him or were at least "implicated" in his death.

If Stalin had not been "a madman before he died," Kennan said, he was "just this side of madness." It therefore seemed a reasonable conjecture to the experienced U. S. diplomat that Stalin's subordinates might have done away with him not only to save their own lives, but because "the structure of Soviet power might be endangered" by his mental instability.

The circumstances surrounding Stalin's death, and the Soviet state's history of government by terror, make a conspiracy to hasten Stalin's death highly plausible. Whether this meant not preventing the death by withholding medication before his stroke, or causing it by actual interference with his person, is a matter for conjecture.

Stalin's illness did not begin with the blood clot, or brain hemorrhage, he reportedly suffered during the night from March 1 to March 2. It was preceded by psycho-physiological pathologies that extended over several years, dramatized by his increasingly erratic ac-

tions. The fears of his immediate subordinates, as revealed in Khrushchev's 1956 speech, were the culmination of statements and events which shook the whole Communist world. Purges in all Eastern European Communist parties, including the imprisonment of men who later became heads of state—Party chief Wladyslaw Gomulka of Poland and Premier Janos Kadar of Hungary—were a direct outgrowth of Stalin's mental imbalance, which such associates as Beria and Malenkov exploited and manipulated even while they feared it.

Medical and psychiatric opinion, even lacking full records by attending physicians, offers a consensus on two points:

1. Stalin's rigid personality structure contained increasingly marked elements of paranoid schizophrenia; and
2. These paranoid tendencies overwhelmed whatever previous "censoring" personality elements existed when arteriosclerosis (hardening of the artery walls) progressed and affected brain functions.

While the men around him tried to appease Stalin, seeking to find victims other than themselves as targets for his paranoid outbursts, they had reason to fear that they might be among the next victims of his senile suspicions.

"Medical murder" is a tradition of the Soviet Secret Police. In Stalin's case, one authority, Mark Vishniak, stated that if he was "killed by his associates, in all probability Lavrenti Beria, the head of the police apparatus, directed and performed the operation." Referring to the fact that Beria was killed by other members of the Kremlin clique a few months later, Vishniak says that if he was "the chief protagonist, then the junta had an additional reason to rid themselves of him as quickly as possible."

Throughout the Soviet regime, the Kremlin Medical Administration has had a reputation for "medical murder." Medicine, generally speaking, is a delicately balanced undertaking, where small differences in dosage, timing, and other factors that may be the result of legitimate subjective opinion are important factors. It is virtually impossible to prove actual intent, even where a postmortem examination may show that medical errors have been made.

Charges and countercharges of murder by medical methods were made throughout Kremlin history during the Stalin regime. Some of these were behind-the-scenes suspicions; others were made in open trials. The thin line between intentional maltreatment and unavoidable result is illustrated in the case of Mikhail V. Frunze, who replaced Leon Trotsky as chief of the Soviet military forces in 1925. Frunze suffered from an ulcer, and it was at Stalin's insistence that he returned to Moscow for surgery in October of that year. His death following this operation caused widespread speculation. A short story by Boris Pilnyak, "The Death of the Kommandarm," was a thinly disguised fictional version of Frunze's fate, suggesting that Stalin had had him eliminated: the magazine which published this story was immediately suppressed. It is quite possible, however, that Stalin merely acted out of compulsive concern.

At several of the famous Moscow "show trials," obviously planned by the Secret Police with carefully briefed defendants apparently confessing their crimes, a number of admissions of "medical murder" were made. One of these, almost as vague as the Frunze case, concerns the death of the well-known writer Maxim Gorky. He had returned to the Soviet Union and had been feted by Stalin for many years, but eventually he became rather critical of the regime. According to testimony at one of the trials, Gorky, who had suffered from tuberculosis in his youth, was asked to return to Moscow in the winter of 1936, when a flu epidemic had struck the city. If the trial testimony is to be believed, Gorky's flu developed into pneumonia, and he was given excessive dosages of medicines. Yago-

da was also accused of impregnating the curtains in Gorky's sickroom with poisonous substances.

While the Frunze case is marginal and the Gorky case weakly motivated, others have stronger political probability. In the case of Vyacheslav R. Menzhinsky, one-time Secret Police chief, the prosecution charged that his successor, Genrikh Yagoda, initiated murder by medical means. In this case, the patient suffered from a combination of bronchial asthma and angina pectoris, and the prosecution elicited testimony suggesting that "wrong dosages" were administered "with criminal intent."

Similarly, Secret Police chief Nikolai I. Yezhov died, according to a Moscow "Commission of Experts," as a result of "mercury absorbed through the respiratory tracts, the most potent and dangerous method of mercurial poisoning."

In another case of a heart condition, myocarditis, one of Stalin's original supporters in his struggle with Trotsky, Valerian V. Kuibyshev, was weakened by the injection of excessive heart stimulants. In the case of Gorky's son, a heavy drinker, pneumonia was induced by exposure, and the testimony alleged that subsequent medication was insufficient to arrest the illness.

Closer to Stalin's own case was the charge against the Kremlin doctors three months before his death that they had medically killed Andrey A. Zhdanov, father of Svetlana's second husband Yuri. The elder Zhdanov, at that time regarded as number two man in the Soviet government, died in 1948 at the age of fifty-two. The accusations against the Kremlin doctors stated that they had "formed a terrorist group" which "sought to cut short the lives of active public figures of the Soviet Union through sabotage medical treatment." The doctors were accused of having taken "advantage" of Zhdanov's illness, of having diagnosed it "incorrectly," and of having "prescribed a wrong regime for this serious ailment and thereby killed him." They were accused of similarly doing away with another Politburo member, Alexander S. Shcherbakov. This

so-called plot formed part of a Kremlin power struggle prominently involving Malenkov and Beria. The original group of doctors was replaced by others who treated Stalin and signed the papers certifying his death. After Stalin's death and on Beria's initiative, the "plot" was denounced as falsification and the original group of doctors vindicated.

During the trial of Yagoda, a pharmacist by training who was suspected of maintaining a "poison cabinet," Prosecutor Andrey Y. Vyshinsky, Foreign Minister from 1948 to 1953 and Soviet chief delegate to the United Nations, elicited the following description of techniques from a medical defendant, Dr. Leon G. Levin, who had treated Svetlana as a child:

> One should not think that a person can be poisoned only by poison. It is necessary to know that each medicine, in its essence, contains poison; everything depends upon the dose. Any medicine, even the most common, if applied in unsuitable doses or at an unsuitable moment, can be made to serve as poison.
>
> I shall cite only one example. It is generally known that people suffering from diabetes take insulin as a cure. Insulin is injected twice a day by the patient himself. People carry it about in their pockets and inject very large doses of 80 to 100 units. However, if you inject a small dose, say 5 or 10 units, into a person whose organism cannot take insulin, a person whose blood has a reduced sugar content, he will probably die of so-called hypoglycenic shock.

The Kremlin physician summarized the methods in these words: "We proceeded from these considerations when we approached our victims; not wishing to apply poisonous substances, we worked by means of wrong treatment."

During Stalin's final illness the newly appointed Kremlin Medical Administration permitted itself a display of what modern psychologists call "overcompensation": a stream of medical information flowed from

the Kremlin for about a week before the announcement that Stalin had died. In a series of communiqués, blood pressure, pulse, respiration, struggle for oxygen, enlargement of the heart, increased temperature, and lung inflammation were communicated to the world. The dictator might have been dead by then, and the lurid details of his death struggle no more than propagandistic window dressing.

Ten doctors, including the newly appointed chief of the Medical Administration, Dr. I. I. Kuperin, signed these communiqués, which were entirely out of keeping with Moscow's usual secrecy. The Soviet government could just as well have announced one day, quite bluntly, that Stalin was dead; instead, it strained to show that everything had been done with meticulous care. Stalin's death struggle was suspiciously well documented.

In addition, and immediately after the death announcement, the world was given a detailed postmortem account. This coroner's report was so worded as to relieve everyone of possible blame for Stalin's death. In the worldwide excitement over the dictator's passing, this truly remarkable document was generally overlooked, although it was widely publicized within the Soviet Union.

The postmortem report showed that Stalin's body had been subjected to a detailed autopsy. It asserted that autopsy results confirmed the accuracy of the medical staff's diagnoses and treatments; it alleged that Stalin's illness had been "irreversible," and that the "energetic treatment which was administered" could not "prevent the fatal outcome." All of which sounds as if someone was protesting his innocence over and over again.

Although Stalin actually died at Kuntsevo, the first announcements of his illness asserted that he had "become ill in his apartment." Just what happened in the interim, before the ailing man was transferred to Kuntsevo, was never clarified; this information gap dramatized that the end of February and the first days of

March were a crucial period in the Kremlin power struggle.

Two other sudden deaths and a mysterious disappearance add to the air of mystery surrounding Stalin's terminal illness. On February 15, his chief bodyguard, Major General Pyotr Y. Kosynkin, was killed—or rather, in the language of the office of the Commandant of the Kremlin, General Kosynkin experienced a "premature death." The announcement itself, published in the Moscow press, was without precedent.

And the day after Stalin reportedly fell seriously ill, a forty-one-year-old "responsible worker of the apparatus of the Central Committee of the Communist Party," one A. M. Mitin, died. His obituary was illustrated by a photograph, a distinction usually reserved for high Party officials. He was apparently engaged in highly secret work because, although he had been with the "apparatus" for nine years, Mitin was entirely unknown outside the inner Party circle. His obituary was not published in *Pravda,* which, as the Party's newspaper, would have been the logical place for it, but in *Moskovskaya Pravda,* the organ of the city's Party organization. Publication schedules of the Moscow papers suggest that the news was first passed to all papers, then canceled, but too late for the editors of the local Party publication. At this time Stalin's illness was still being kept secret, and Svetlana was still being kept away from him.

The simultaneous disappearance of his personal secretary, Alexander N. Poskrebyshev, is the most ominous element in the mystery of his death. Poskrebyshev shared Stalin's Kremlin apartment, and is one of those self-effacing but truly powerful figures whose names rarely appear in history books. He had helped make history on the grand scale, having joined the Bolsheviks in March, 1917, at the age of twenty-six. His work in the Communist Party's central secretariat goes back as far as 1923. He never wavered in his support of Stalin but was his "Man Friday" in everything, whether trivial or enormous, from fetching a paper to

framing a large-scale purge. If anyone can be said to have been privy to Stalin's secrets, it was this inconspicuous man who had no life except at Stalin's side.

Professor Konstantine Shteppa, formerly with the Department of History, Kiev University, regards Poskrebyshev as "Stalin's right hand, or even his head." Boris Nikolayevsky concluded that he not only headed Stalin's personal secretariat but was charged with "carrying out all sorts of intrigues and settlings of accounts for the Soviet dictator." He made an important speech at the Soviet Party Congress in October, 1952, and on February 22, 1953, was elected to the Moscow City Council. That was the last the world heard of the man who remained Stalin's *alter ego* even in death—although Moscow rumors now assert that he is alive, in obscurity, and working on his memoirs.

Without drawing further conclusions from this combination of events during Stalin's final illness, we should examine the motives of the men around him. Khrushchev told the Party Congress in 1956 that "Stalin evidently had plans" to finish off the older members of the Political Bureau. He quoted Bulganin as saying that a man sometimes "goes to Stalin at his invitation as a friend and when he sits down with Stalin, he does not know where he will be sent next, home or to jail." Khrushchev recalled that Stalin had made "baseless charges" against Molotov and Mikoyan, no doubt accusing them of conspiring against him. As Khrushchev put it, "It is not excluded that, had Stalin remained at the helm another several months, Comrades Molotov and Mikoyan would probably not have delivered any speeches at this Congress."

Khrushchev's remarks were supported at the funeral of Mikoyan's wife, which took place while the First Deputy Premier was in Cuba during the 1962 missile crisis. One funeral orator, Ivan Shaumyan, said of Mrs. Mikoyan, "No one knew how many sleepless nights she spent, not knowing whether her husband would come home," adding that during World War Two one of Mikoyan's sons was exiled by Stalin to Siberia.

In other words, the Kremlin clique had the best of reasons for wanting to see their leader dead. Stalin had become the prisoner of his own fears. No amount of groveling could appease him. If they waited longer then, as Khrushchev put it, in "another several months" it would be their own turns. There was historical background, there was opportunity, and there was sufficient motive for hastening Stalin's death.

Svetlana's claim, assumption, or belief that her father's death was "the result of illness" may be technically correct. Yet considering the interest his associates had in seeing Stalin dead, this view seems rather ingenuous. It is humanly understandable in terms of a daughter's devotion, her actual presence at Kuntsevo, and her desire to see the terrors of his lifetime stop short at least of his deathbed. Just as her mother's suicide left an emotional scar on Svetlana's personality, so did her father's death become a turning point in her life. The distasteful knowledge that the men around Stalin were eager to see him die is not one that Svetlana can be expected to view with historical objectivity.

CHAPTER NINE

The Children

The years after Stalin's death were the drab years. The lost years. The years Svetlana divided between her apartment and Moscow University—teaching now and then, editing and translating, desperately restless, her creative powers muted. After her father's death, and with the failure of her two marriages, Svetlana, perhaps unknown to herself, began her basic search for identity. What dominated her life during these gray years was the very mood of Moscow itself.

Stalin's death was followed by years of struggle for Kremlin power: the death of Beria, the downfall of Malenkov, the emergence of Khrushchev—who did, after all, remember that Svetlana was a Stalin and treated her with self-conscious paternalism. He, she felt, was at least human. But others were not. She saw them as interchangeable automatons of the Party machinery, who feared nothing so much as change and nonconformism.

Yet, the one thing Svetlana wanted most was to be creative—a writer, a nonconformist. The university and the Gorky Institute of World Literature were

seething with literary and artistic ferment. This was the intellectual underground, which every thinking Muscovite knew existed, and which the Party officials feared. Wherever she could, Svetlana mixed with and aided this intellectual underground, the young men and women who knew that the world did not begin or end with semiliterate *Pravda* editorials and who applauded—and feared for—the daring editors of the adventurous literary journal *Novy Mir*. Many of the people she knew wrote only "for the drawer," manuscripts they locked into their desks and hardly dared to read aloud to their friends. Her own autobiographical notes, later published in the United States as *Twenty Letters to a Friend*, were also originally written "for the drawer."

During the cultural seesawing of the Khrushchev years, the intellectual underground could safely grin over the Premier's hapless ventures into criticism of the arts and literature. His crude forays usually ended in chaotic compromise, which left bruises but not wounds. But when Khrushchev was ousted in 1964, the Party machinery took over in all its gray impersonality. Brezhnev, Kosygin, and their underlings expected artists and writers to avoid rocking the ideological boat. Moscow seemed grayer to her than ever.

The children were Svetlana's solace, but even they could not fill the void she experienced; beyond motherhood, and certainly beyond the tedious tasks of petty cultural bureaucracy, she had to be her own creative self. Many times later, in India, Italy, Switzerland, and the United States, Svetlana thought back to the children she had left behind in her Moscow apartment. She recalled the setting in which they had lived together, the rooms and meals they had shared. Could they really understand her motives for leaving?

Joseph and Ekaterina learned of their mother's decision to leave the Soviet Union for good on March 10, 1967, from a friend who had heard the news on B.B.C. radio. Reporters asked the two young people about their first reaction to their mother's decision.

They were taken completely by surprise, as they had expected her to return to Moscow in early March. Joseph said on March 11, "We are not in the least disturbed about Mother's delay. It is in her character to delay and change her mind frequently."

She had sent them enthusiastic letters from India but, said Joseph, "She kept on delaying her return, until she finally telegraphed us that she would be back March 8." The children went to the airport that day but their mother did not arrive, and Ekaterina said, "Even then we did not worry, because Mother was that way. We thought she was enjoying Indian hospitality so much that there was no reason to hurry." When they returned home there was a letter awaiting them, mailed several days earlier from India, in which Svetlana said she had postponed her departure a fourth time.

When a radio broadcast suggested that Svetlana planned to come to the United States, Joseph said, "That is certainly a misunderstanding and I cannot believe it." Ekaterina agreed. "We are a happy family, we always had friendly relations with Mother, and we see no reason why she should want to leave us."

Joseph, however, guessed at least part of the reason why Svetlana, in the end, decided to break with her Soviet past. "There is only one possible explanation. Mother had such a terrible experience with the death of her husband. She just wanted to get away from it all and rest a while before she comes home."

Ekaterina and Joseph shared their mother's apartment with Joseph's young wife, the then twenty-year-old Elena Voznesenskaya, also a Moscow University student. Ekaterina, at sixteen, was an honor student at School 59 in central Moscow, the kind of public school her mother used to attend as a youngster. Like her mother, she is fond of horseback riding. She belongs to the Komsomol, the Young Communist League. Joseph is a member of the Communist Party. In the simple four-room apartment in the government-operated apartment house, Svetlana was one

of three doing the housework. Now the two young women share the task of cleaning, cooking, and doing the dishes.

In fact, they seem a self-reliant family of young adults, although Soviet propaganda refers to them as if they were abandoned waifs. Svetlana herself, addressing herself to Joseph Alliluyev, whose father, after all, lives in Moscow as a law professor, said in *The Atlantic:* "Doctor Morozov—yes, of course, my son will be a doctor in two years' time, like his grandfather and his great-grandfather before him. How glad I am that you will be a doctor, and you will not waste your time on empty verbiage. My child, you must be strong, you must brace yourself—for the sake of Lenochka [his wife, Elena], for the sake of Katya [his sister, Ekaterina]. You must not despair, we have not parted forever. You are a sensitive boy, and you will be hurt by the mean looks you will get from the petty-minded 'common citizens,' but you must be above all that! You will find you have more friends than you think, and even those who condemn me will come to help you, and all of you, my little ones . . ."

These "little ones," these young adults now making their way against the handicap of their mother's defection with cautious dignity, were advised by her as follows: "Let them all condemn me—and you condemn me as well, if that will make things easier for you (say whatever you like: it will only be empty words, and they will not hurt me), only do not reject me in your hearts, my children, because you are more precious to me than anything in the world, my dear ones, and I think of you constantly and I pray for you, since nobody here prevents me from doing so . . ."

Her prayers, in the cloistered atmosphere of Fribourg, reflected the dilemma that her decision to leave Russia must inevitably cause her children. When she arrived in the United States and gave the reasons for her action, she wanted to make certain that she was not "misunderstood by anyone—especially my own children and my friends in Russia." She had originally

planned to spend only one month in India, but during her stay there she said, "I decided I could not return to Moscow . . . Despite the strong motives and deep desires which have led me to the United States, I cannot forget that my children are in Moscow. But I know they will understand me and what I have done. They also belong to the new generation in our country, which does not want to be fooled by old ideas. They also want to make their own conclusions about life. Let God help them. I know they will not reject me and one day we shall meet. I will wait for that."

There would be no reprisals against her children. She said about her decision: "No, I don't think it endangers them, because they knew nothing about my plans and they could not know anything. They expected me to return, as I expected to do myself, and of course I was not able to inform them, either from Delhi nor from Switzerland, that I was not coming back. So they have . . . they are not guilty at all, and I believe they cannot be punished for anything."

Would they miss her? "One thing about which I suffer very much is that they will miss me, and their life might be changed, or just without me, without my presence, because we lived a very good life. We were very affectionate with each other."

Svetlana telephoned her Moscow apartment once, while she was in Switzerland. This was confirmed on April 21, when Joseph told Moscow reporters that she had telephoned him about a week earlier, when she had seemed quite "all right." Svetlana said that, when she tried to telephone her son a second time three days later, "I could not get the connection with his number." As for mail, she felt certain that letters "will not reach them." Her article "To Boris Leonidovich Pasternak" was, in effect, an open letter to her children. Written in Fribourg and published in the United States in June, it rhetorically asked Joseph and Ekaterina, "Did I understand that I was losing you?" And she answered in self-justification, "I am not abandoning you, my children, and I am not betraying you—pay no attention to

the slanderous things they will say about me—but this was the way life would have it . . . You must understand that events are taking their inevitable course."

Her suggestion that the two young people should pay lip service in denouncing her was hardly designed to ease their delicate position in Soviet society. Nor were plans to publish the original Russian version of her open letter separately, with the intention of encouraging clandestine circulation within the Soviet Union, where it might presumably reach Mrs. Alliluyeva's family through underground channels. Russian-language broadcasts of the Voice of America and the British Broadcasting Corporation quoted her open letter immediately upon its publication.

But even before Svetlana's appeal to her children was publicized, Joseph Alliluyev had written to his mother. The letter denounced her defection and her public statements, causing her deep anguish and renewing her motherly concern about the fate of the two young people.

Joseph Alliluyev told reporters in an interview in his Moscow apartment on May 2, "Yes, I have criticized her for leaving this country. I told her I thought she was wrong in deciding to stay abroad. I said she had no reason to leave this country." Reluctant to go into details about the content of the letter, Joseph said that he had written to his mother in April, while she was still in Switzerland and before he knew that she was coming to the United States, and that he had not written to her again.

Later, Joseph was quoted as regarding his mother's actions as "terribly wrong." Asked whether her open letter would make life easier for the two young people, her son replied, "It is not a question of making things easier for us. There's absolutely no pressure brought against us. We have not even been shown any hostility . . . We get along. We go about our ways much as we did before. I'm still at the university, Katerina goes to school. Life continues . . ."

The propaganda theme that Svetlana was guilty of "abandoning" her children—as if they were helpless infants left on an alien doorstep—was used consistently by Moscow spokesmen to discredit her moral position. *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* the literary weekly, reminded Americans on June 7 that they had "wildly lamented the conduct of actress Ingrid Bergman, when she left her child in Hollywood" to join Italian motion picture director Roberto Rossellini, whereas now they were "crying" over Svetlana's "misfortune." On June 22, the second-ranking Russian Orthodox cleric, Metropolitan Piman of Krutitzin and Kolomna, told a foreign correspondent in the historic New Maidens' Monastery that Mrs. Alliluyeva was "the sort of person" who deserted her children and talks "about religion and God," thereby projecting "the moral image of a woman who has sold out everything sacred for dollars."

Premier Kosygin was equally biting at a press conference in New York on June 25. He had been asked whether Svetlana might visit her children in Russia and whether they would be permitted to come to her. Kosygin said that "those questions just do not arise," adding: "Alliluyeva is a morally unstable person and she's a sick person, and we can only pity those who wish to use her for any political aims or for any political aims of discrediting the Soviet country." The propaganda aim to discredit Svetlana Alliluyeva as irresponsible, unstable, and dissolute was firmly established.

CHAPTER TEN

Between Two Worlds

At Fribourg's serene Order of the Visitation, sheltered as if she were one of the order's unworldly nuns, Svetlana, from her window, looked down on the town's spectacular gorge, part of the timeless setting of the town, its medieval mood and tradition. She found herself at an alien but compassionate way station on this crucial journey to herself. The gentle chants of the fifty-two nuns in the Order's chapel merged with the other sensory symbols of God's universal presence: the incense of the Orthodox Church in Moscow, the ancient rites of Hinduism in the vast subcontinent of India. She was still frightened and really quite angry over the persistent hounding by newspapermen, which had forced her to leave the rest home at St. Antoine. But now, here in Fribourg, she could meet visitors, read newspapers voraciously, walk the streets with her guards, meditate and pray, gain new strength, and come to terms with the complex, curious, demanding world outside the convent's door.

Twice she attended Mass with the sisters of the Order of the Visitation, on April 9 and 16. At other

times, she preferred to let the atmosphere of seclusion provide her with the sheltered feeling of being undisturbed in her solitude. Here, at least for now, there was no intrusion, no jarring disturbance of her passionate effort to come to terms with herself and God.

It had been a long journey, this discovery of God, of the beauties of nature, of a life that is to be lived in happiness rather than in fear; of a serenity, illumination, warmth, of the thrill of discovery, knowledge, and certainty. When she had said, "Kalakankar forever," she had meant it; at last, in this Indian village, she had found paradise. But into it had intruded representatives of the Soviet embassy in Delhi, of the Moscow bureaucracy.

Now, in this brief period of sheltered serenity Svetlana had to plan her next steps, pray for guidance, and seek out those who could advise her on the future. At nearby Matran, she had met with her old friend Lyubov, daughter of Leonid B. Krasin, who had once been Soviet ambassador to London and Paris. Lyubov was married to the French diplomat, Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie. M. d'Astier had warned her against the danger of becoming a center of political controversy in the States, a victim of glaring, raucous publicity and international propaganda. He suggested that she make her home in France. She replied, "Four governments are having trouble because of me; why add a fifth?" Yes, Russia, India, the United States, and Switzerland were already aflutter about the destination and fate of Stalin's daughter. France, with its own highly strung Gallic temperament, would be spared this ordeal.

Svetlana decided that, in this journey to herself, to discover her own identity as a human being, it might be just as well to travel to the far end of the road, to that stronghold of so-called "capitalism" and "imperialism," the land she knew from books by Ernest Hemingway and J. D. Salinger, Jack London and Sinclair Lewis, from the accounts of her friends, from motion pictures and radio broadcasts: the United States

of America. This destination was only a few flying hours away.

Svetlana wanted and needed guidance about her life and her future as a writer in a world she did not know. While she was still in Italy, waiting for the Swiss government to admit her, the U. S. embassy in Rome notified the State Department that Stalin's daughter carried with her an autobiographical manuscript that might be of considerable historical significance. She had given the manuscript itself to Mr. Rayle, the American representative who accompanied her from the U. S. embassy in Delhi to Rome and then to Geneva. By now it had reached Washington. In addition, Washington's top officials, including Secretary of State Dean Rusk, knew that she herself needed the advice and guidance of a person whom she could trust, and who was familiar with Russian affairs.

Secretary Rusk decided that the ideal person to help her would be George F. Kennan, a long-time diplomat associated with Russian affairs. He had been a junior Foreign Service officer in the first U. S. embassy in Moscow, when diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union were established during the administration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He stayed in this post for four years. After World War Two, even before he became head of the Policy Planning Staff of the Department of State, he developed his thesis on "containment" of Soviet expansion. He had written an article on this subject, "The Sources of Conduct," which was published after his State Department appointment in *Foreign Affairs,* quarterly journal of the Council on Foreign Relations; so as not to conflict with his government position, he signed it "Mr. X." Kennan was Departmental Counselor and advisor to the Secretary of State, 1949-50, and U. S. ambassador to Moscow in 1952-53 before and at the time of Stalin's death. Later in 1953, he resigned from the Foreign Service to join the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, N. J. He was the author of a half dozen highly regarded books, including *American Diplomacy 1900-1950.*

Knowing Russian fluently, conversant with the culture and history of the country, and seasoned in the ways of diplomacy, he would be ideal as Svetlana's "intellectual guardian."

Kennan was at his farm in Pennsylvania on March 10, the day of Svetlana's departure from Rome. He had, according to *The New York Times* (April 22, 1967), just finished a lengthy historical work and was resting when he received a telephone call from Washington. Would he be willing to look over Svetlana's writings, and would he consider guiding her decisions as a private individual? Kennan was interested. He returned to Princeton, where he was lecturing at the Institute for Advanced Study, on Sunday, March 12, but suffered an attack of flu two days later.

By the time Svetlana had reached the St. Antoine rest house, a photostated copy of her manuscript had arrived at Kennan's Princeton home. Still sick in bed, he began to read it. He was impressed with the human qualities of her writing, with the thoughtful, inquiring personality that emerged—and with the need that Svetlana herself be safeguarded on all possible levels, legally, in terms of publicity, and for the sake of the integrity of her future life.

Even before finishing the manuscript, he telephoned the State Department; Rusk was advised that Kennan would do everything he could to help Svetlana Alliluyeva in her quest for a new existence, particularly if this meant that she be kept out of any "cold war" propaganda efforts. Kennan and Rusk were on opposing sides of political and military decisions concerning the Vietnam war. In fact, Kennan had testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee a year earlier urging a de-escalation of the U. S. war effort in Vietnam. But the two men agreed that nothing should be done to endanger Soviet-U. S. relations, and that the Svetlana matter should not become ammunition in the psychological warfare.

From the very start, from the moment Svetlana talked to Ambassador Bowles in New Delhi, Washington had handled the affair with kid gloves. This, the State Department kept telling Moscow, is almost as embarrassing and difficult for us as it is for you; so let's not make any unnecessary waves but keep the waters of international diplomacy as calm as possible—we will advise you on all the steps we take, and you can tell us how you feel about them.

Even while Rusk instructed his associates to cooperate with Kennan, acting as a private individual, the White House contacted chairmen of key committees in the Congress. Committee leaders were asked if they would refrain from summoning Mrs. Alliluyeva if she were to come to the United States. Particularly, the House Committee on Un-American Activities, which might want to question Svetlana on international Communist activities, was advised that, as a visitor to the United States, she would not be subject to the committee's powers.

Kennan agreed to go to Switzerland, discuss Svetlana's plans with her, and offer his suggestions. It occurred to him, at the same time, that she might require legal-literary guidance. Who could help? The former ambassador to Moscow almost immediately thought of one of his Princeton neighbors, a trustee of the Institute for Advanced Study—New York lawyer Edward S. Greenbaum of the firm of Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst. As he was still in bed, Mr. Kennan asked his wife to call Greenbaum and ask him to come over. The lawyer had just returned from the West Coast when the Kennans telephoned in the evening of March 21.

When Greenbaum arrived at Kennan's home, he found Kennan sitting up in bed surrounded by copies of the Svetlana manuscript. Kennan told Greenbaum he was planning to go to Switzerland and see his future "charge" the next day. Would Greenbaum help? Would he follow Kennan to Switzerland a day or two later, and smooth Svetlana's journey to the U. S.? If she agreed, Kennan would just cable Greenbaum, "Arrangements completed," and Greenbaum would

take it from there. Greenbaum was interested but did not commit himself.

Kennan came into Svetlana's Fribourg seclusion as a messenger from the great outside world. The lonely woman was delighted to talk to this experienced diplomat, of whom she had heard when he was a young secretary of the U. S. embassy in Moscow, from 1935 to 1937, and while she was still in her early teens. She told others that, at this moment, he seemed "like God to me." Kennan explained his ideas to her carefully, and she accepted them with enthusiasm, but also with a realistic sense of humor: "What choice, after all, do I have?" Kennan sent the prearranged telegram to Greenbaum, who, at first, was reluctant to go on the strenuous journey. His wife solved this dilemma for the seventy-seven-year-old lawyer when she said, "You aren't dead yet. You should go yourself." He decided to go. Mr. Kennan, after two days at Fribourg, returned to New York and briefed Greenbaum. The lawyer flew to Switzerland on March 25.

The experienced, worldly-wise lawyer gave Svetlana what he called a "pre-entrance examination," describing such capitalist institutions as bank accounts, contracts, powers of attorney, and even the role of a lawyer in daily life—which she enthusiastically summarized as the advice of a friend, "a warm-hearted man." Arrangements for her remaining days in Switzerland and entry into the United States, as well as for publication of her autobiographical writings, were quickly initiated by Mr. Greenbaum. In accordance with George Kennan's views—which did not differ substantially from those of Washington and, to a lesser degree, Moscow—a minimum of publicity was envisioned.

The diplomatic cables crisscrossed the world. Kennan reported on his private talks with Svetlana to Rusk; the State Department advised its Moscow embassy, which in turn informed the Soviet foreign office. The Soviet embassy in Washington was advised that Svetlana had "decided to visit the United States" and would be "free to remain here as long as she wishes,"

but that her journey was not for the sake of political "asylum." Anytime she liked, "she was free to leave," for India or any other point of the globe—including the Soviet Union. Kennan had acted as a private individual in preparing her journey. By now, she could arrange her moves through Mr. Greenbaum's firm. Even in Switzerland, Svetlana was represented by a lawyer, Dr. Willy Staehelin of Zurich.

Mr. Kennan summarized his views in a statement, which emphasized that Svetlana was "in addition to being her father's daughter, a human being—a valuable human being: courageous, sincere, and talented, and one who, overburdened by her sensational family connections, never before having been in the West, and being wholly without friends here, was in a peculiarly lonely and precarious position." Kennan added:

> In her native land, she had never been fully able to establish her own identity. The shadow of her great and awesome father had lain constantly across her path and had interfered time after time with her effort to be a person in her own right and to lead a normal life. She had often been treated, as she herself complained, as a "piece of state property."
>
> Now, in great travail of spirit, she had come to our embassy and placed her fate in our hands. In doing so, she had evinced a certain desperate but moving confidence in our ability and readiness to treat her in a different way: to help her to establish an identity of her own, to give her a chance to lead a normal life and pursue in a normal way the literary interests to which she is devoted. And this, it seemed to me, represented for us a responsibility we could not evade in view of our own traditions, our own pretensions, and the professed ideals of our society.

Mr. Kennan added that it would not be proper to treat Svetlana as a "defector" in the usual "cold war" sense of the word, particularly as she was "not primarily a political person," but deeply concerned with the "literary and humane." The former U. S. ambassador

to Moscow added: "She loves her country and hopes, with her writing and her activity outside Russia, to bring benefit to it, and not harm. She has no desire to lend herself either to commercial or political exploitation." He cautioned that "to take her on these terms" and preserve her "privacy and normality of atmosphere to permit her to function in this way," would require public self-control.

Kennan appealed to the American public to accept Svetlana "as a human being in herself and not just as a sort of extension of her paternity; and to concede to her the sort of fair chance that millions of other people, displaced by handicap or misfortune from their native countries, have been accorded by our society in earlier periods of our history."

The stage was thus set for Svetlana's journey to the United States. She bade good-bye to the sisters of the Fribourg Order of the Visitation. Tears were shed. Sister Marguerite Marie asked that her journey be blessed and prayed for her future happiness. Swiss police guards drove her to the Zurich airport. At 12:10 P.M. local time, she left aboard a Swissair DC-8 on a nonstop flight to New York. One of Mr. Greenbaum's associates, Alan U. Schwartz, and Svetlana traveled under the names "Mr. and Mrs. Staehelin," borrowed from her Swiss lawyer.

While Svetlana was on the plane from Zurich to New York, Staehelin took care of diplomatic niceties, thanking the Swiss authorities "and all who facilitated her stay, sincerely and heartily for their understanding." The statement emphasized that her stay had been a "period of reflection and relaxation" to Svetlana, and she had been "happy to get to know the country," and was "leaving Switzerland on her own wish." The Swiss position, traditionally neutral, had been extremely delicate. One Swiss view politely reflected some misgivings:

> Perhaps neutrality was stretched a bit during the stay of Miss Stalina. All along, we were assured by our Bern officials that she was here for relaxation and rest only, that it was all entirely unpolitical. The press was kept at a distance, because she was not to be bothered by interviews about her past or present. On the whole, we believed and respected this official version. But we were fooled a bit. Perhaps legitimately so. Maybe things have to be done that way. She was not only reluctant to meet reporters because she was overwrought, but because she had her own story for sale. While the Swiss authorities kept newspapermen off her tracks, Kennan, Greenbaum, and Schwartz came over here, and they engaged in all these "nonpolitical" negotiations which tied her up in literary and legal arrangements and prevented "intruders" from getting at her.
>
> I am not sure how this could have been done differently, but it leaves a peculiar taste in the mouth. The thing was rigged, and Washington and Bern were in on it. They said, in the end, that when she had made arrangements for publication of her writings in the U. S., the nonpolitical "rest period" in Switzerland had to come to an end. But the way it looks, in retrospect, virtually the whole period was in some way or another "political," and the exhausted tourist image, while true, served as handy camouflage.

A more kindly view was expressed by Switzerland's leading newspaper, the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (April 24), which said that Svetlana "symbolizes the pressure to break away which fills millions of educated Soviet citizens," and that "numberless men and women of her social level dream of the day when the windows and doors will be opened and fresh air will be permitted to enter." Russia, to the generation which Svetlana represents, was not only a "beloved fatherland," but "a gray bureaucratic prison," and her journey to the U. S. showed that even "fifty years of anti-Americanism have not prevented the Soviet people from retaining a deep-seated sympathy for the Americans."

Svetlana's flight lasted eight and a half hours, arriving at Kennedy International Airport at 2:46 P.M. New York time. It had been a routine crossing, during

which Svetlana had eaten two vegetarian meals, napped a little, and looked through some magazines. Now, as the other passengers were filing out of the plane, she smoothed her blue-gray dress and walked toward the door, a black raincoat over her left arm. She was the last to leave. In a few seconds, she would be on American soil.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"Nothing Has Changed . . ."

"Nothing has changed since the days of Radishchev and the Decembrists . . . As before, it is given to gendarmes and policemen to be the first critics of a writer's work. Except that in Russia under the Czars neither Gogol nor Shchedrin was ever brought to trial for the sharpness of his satirical fantasies, and they were not punished for laughing at the absurdities of Russian life. But now you can be tried for a metaphor, sent to a camp for a figure of speech!"

That scathing indictment of literary regimentation in the Soviet Union appeared in Svetlana's first published article in the United States: an impassioned piece written under the impact of the experience of reading Boris Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*. Without a doubt, literary suppression has been a means of curbing revolutionary sentiment throughout most of Russian history.

Alexander N. Radishchev (1749-1802), a poet-philosopher, expressed his opposition to serfdom and autocratic dominance in a series of "letters" to imaginary friends. A collection, entitled *Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow,* was published in 1790. The

book was banned, and Radishchev was exiled to Siberia, to be recalled by Czar Alexander I in 1801. Shortly afterward he committed suicide. He was a forerunner of the so-called "Decembrists," who organized an abortive insurrection in December, 1825. They were strongly influenced by the philosophical literature of Western Europe, and their uprisings were an inspiration to modern Russian revolutionary movements.

Nikolai V. Gogol (1809-52), best known for *The Inspector General* and *Dead Souls,* wrote in both bitterly satiric and idealistic-religious veins. He contributed much, as a stylist and literary innovator, to the evolution of Russian writing. And a third author, M. I. Saltykov (1826-1902), writing under the name of Shchedrin, combined humor and satire with social criticism.

These are the men to whom Svetlana Alliluyeva compares the new generation of Soviet poets, essayists, and novelists in the vanguard of today's anti-bureaucratic movements. Her special concern is for the fate of Andrey D. Sinyavsky and Yuli M. Daniel, who were sentenced, respectively, to seven and five years of hard labor in February, 1966. The government's persecution of these two writers hastened her decision to leave Russia. Like many of her Moscow friends who were artists, writers, and teachers, she had hoped for a continued cultural "thaw" after her father's death. However, after a brief and uncertain flowering of literary self-expression, these hopes proved premature.

While Sinyavsky and Daniel were being harassed, Svetlana "lost the hopes which I had before" that "we are going to become liberal somehow." She decided that the "way these two writers were treated and sentenced made me absolutely disbelieve in justice." She smuggled her own autobiographical writings out of the Soviet Union in 1963, because, as she put it, a writer "needs freedom to express what he likes, and that person should be sure that his books will be published." Next to the intense personal tragedy she suffered over the death of Brijesh Singh, the strangling of literary expression was Svetlana's most telling reason for leaving the Soviet Union. Her own experience symbolizes the intellectual ferment within the new generation of Soviet writers, so many of whom relate an individual quest for religious insight with a search for literary self-expression. One American observer, Richard Pipes, even sees emerging in Russia "a strong Christian movement within the literary community," whose "adherents reject the visible world and retreat into the world of inner solitude."

These young Soviet writers are following a route that parallels such predecessors as Radishchev and Gogol. They seek to break away from the government-induced artificial optimism and so-called "socialist realism." Instead of putting political doctrine first, as the Communist Party and the official Union of Soviet Writers demands, these writers pursue subject matter and styles with a strongly religio-symbolic content, where satire and fantasy are appropriate and even dominating elements. Sinyavsky and, to a lesser degree, Daniel, pushed this technique to a point that made it impossible to publish their works under present Soviet literary doctrines. As a result, some of their most brilliant writings were published pseudonymously abroad.

What were the alleged crimes of Sinyavsky and Daniel? And in what way do their works and actions symbolize the struggle for intellectual freedom in the Soviet Union, which Svetlana despaired of seeing succeed?

Sinyavsky was accused of publishing some of his works outside the Soviet Union under the pen name "Abram Tertz." Daniel used the name "Nikolai Arzhak." The "Tertz" pseudonym was traced to the somewhat bawdy folk ballad, "The Lament of Abrashka Tertz," which referred to the "snatch-purse" (purse-snatcher) Abram Tertz, who has "rummaged in the pockets of us all." An English rendering of this ballad was written by John Updike and published in

The New Leader (January 17, 1966). Sinyavsky-Tertz is best known for his books *On Socialist Realism, The Trial Begins, Fantastic Stories,* and *The Makepeace Experiments,* all of which are available in English translation in this country now.

Svetlana's support of Sinyavsky may not extend to his political ideas but may simply be an endorsement of the writer's freedom to express himself. Yet Sinyavsky is eminently political in his literary creations. The main action of *The Trial Begins* centers around the period just preceding Stalin's death, and is a poignant, bitter satire. His essay *On Socialist Realism* is a theoretical counterpart to his fiction, first published in the Paris monthly *Esprit* in 1959. The work is permeated with savage irony, castigating the Communist bureaucracy's insistence that artists and writers practice "socialist realism," so as to serve the state's purpose. Sinyavsky's tone is sharply ironic: "The modern mind cannot imagine anything more beautiful and splendid than the Communist ideal. The best it can do is to restore to circulation old ideals of Christian love and the liberty of the individual. But it has been unable so far to set up a new purpose."

Sinyavsky, who must be regarded as the personification of his own "Russian skeptical intellectual," can defend socialist ideals as eloquently as he attacks Communist suppression:

> Where socialism is concerned, the Western liberal individualist or Russian skeptical intellectual is about in the same position as the cultured and intelligent Roman with regard to victorious Christianity. He called the new faith of the crucified God barbarous and naïve, laughed over the lunatics who worshiped the cross—that Roman guillotine—and believed that the doctrines of the Trinity, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, etc., made no sense whatever. But it was quite above his powers to advance any serious arguments against the *ideal* of Christ as such. True, he could say that the best parts of the moral code of Christianity were borrowed from Plato, just as contemporary Christians assert here and there that communism took its noble aims from the Gospel. But could he say that God conceived as Love or Goodness was evil or monstrous?

Sinyavsky angrily lashes out at the pseudo-divinity of Joseph Stalin. He remarks that Stalin's *Short Course of History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union* "as long as its famous author lived was the bedside book of every Soviet citizen," and "the entire literate population was constantly urged to study it." He notes that Soviet writers played it safe by quoting, even in their novels, from Stalin's works. Thus V. Ilenkov received the Lenin Prize in 1949 for *The Great Highway,* which contains the quotation from Stalin's *Marxism and the Linguistic Question:* "The base produces the superstructure so that it can serve the base." And Sinyavsky notes dryly, "This is not the only happy turn of phrase of Stalin's which the author of the Bible might envy."

Sinyavsky also slashes the ideology of the most prominent bureaucratic overseer of Soviet culture in Kremlin history, Andrey A. Zhdanov, who was once Svetlana's father-in-law. Sinyavsky makes his Zhdanov-like character say: "The whole history is My History, and since I assert myself in the struggle with Satan, world history is also the history of My struggle with Satan."

In an outburst of frustration, Sinyavsky cries out: "Yes, we live in communism. It resembles our aspirations about as much as the Middle Ages resembled Christ, modern Western man resembles the free superman, and man resembles God."

The Kremlin bureaucracy found itself bitterly challenged by an author who managed to live a literary dual existence. While thinking his heretical thoughts and writing his satiric truths, he had moved prominently within the Moscow literary establishment.

His views on Pasternak are doubly interesting when considered in the light of Mrs. Alliluyeva's devotion to

that author. Sinyavsky comments: "A content that is necessary and close to people, both of today and tomorrow, permeates many of Pasternak's poems which deal with nature, and it is these perhaps which belong to the best work that he produced in half a century of poetic effort. Their significance is broader than ordinary landscape pictures. All of these springs, winters, rains, and dawns instruct one in goodness and tell us about the nature of life itself, which is understood in his poetry as an all-embracing element, a higher good, and the greatest of miracles."

Svetlana's own encounter with Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* came in Rome. She had heard of the book for some ten years, but had never had a chance to read it. A staff member of the U. S. embassy in Rome had given her a copy of the work published in 1957 by the enterprising Milan publisher, Giangiacomo Feltrinelli. A Russian edition was issued in the United States by the University of Michigan Press, and translations appeared in Arabic, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, French, German, Hebrew, Italian, Norwegian, Portuguese, Spanish, and Swedish.

Svetlana met the impact of this novel in Switzerland, far from home. "This encounter with the Russian tongue at its most powerful," she wrote in her essay in *The Atlantic,* "went through me like a shock, like a great surge of electricity." For at this moment of her life, she was particularly vulnerable to the strength of Pasternak's writings; in her own tragic dilemma she found parallel upon parallel between the characters and events of *Dr. Zhivago* and her own life. The novel narrates the experiences of the physician-poet Yuri A. Zhivago, following the Bolshevik revolution with its army revolts, irrational killings, starvation, epidemics, and Party purges. Dr. Zhivago takes a long, epic train ride from Moscow to the Ural Mountains, hoping to find shelter for his family, and there encounters stormy conflicts, human passion, nature in upheaval. Against this chaos, Pasternak creates characters of memorable

force, with a central relationship between Zhivago and the beautiful, tender, elusive Lara.

In much of this, Svetlana saw herself and those in her life. "And," she added, "everything was mixed up—my own life and other people's, the faces of my loved ones and those of figures in the novel, their words and my thoughts, the tears and pain of us all—it all merged together in my mind and swept over me with a greater force." Reviewing the agony of modern Russia in juxtaposition with Pasternak's literary creation, Svetlana found her sorrow for her native land almost unendurable. She thought the novel a revelation which applied not only to her own personal life but to the life of her country as well. Pasternak impressed her so vividly that she felt herself acquainted with his characters, that she seemed to have lived through parts of the story and to have seen the very rooms where it took place.

Svetlana's tribute to Pasternak is, of course, particularly significant because the author had been denounced after the publication of the novel, although he had won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1958. He was even expelled from the Union of Soviet Writers. He died, in quiet isolation, in his home in Peredelkino, twenty miles outside Moscow, on May 30, 1960. During her New York press conference, Svetlana expressed her regret that this major work had remained unpublished in the Soviet Union.

Sinyavsky, Russia's leading Pasternak critic, received a longer prison sentence than Yuli Daniel ("Nikolai Arzhak"). Daniel, too, was associated with the Gorky Institute of World Literature. The Gorky Institute and the Foreign Language Publishing House, whose associates maintain contact with writings throughout the world, have acted as windows on the landscape of international literature. Svetlana speaks of "my dear friends from the unfortunate Institute. . . ."

One of the most penetrating Daniel-Arzhak stories, "This is Moscow Speaking," has been published in abridged form in *The Reporter* magazine (August 16,

1962). It is devoted to the proclamation of a "Day for Open Murders," when any citizen of the Soviet Union who has reached the age of sixteen has the right freely to murder any other citizen, "excluding transport workers and militia personnel." The story's hero, Anatoly Kartsev, refuses the suggestion of his mistress that he kill her husband, because "I don't want to kill any one any more." In fact, he goes out into the street, shouting at people "not to kill each other, but love your neighbor." He has a vision of himself, a Slavic Don Quixote, riding through Moscow's Red Square, "ready to break his lance in the name of the Beautiful Lady, in the name of Russia."

The theme of revulsion against violence and terror, inherited from the Stalin era, runs through the work of Daniel, as it does through that of Sinyavsky. Daniel's "The Hands" also deals with the official justification of murder and the individual's reaction to it. A small-time Communist, Malinin, is drafted into the Secret Police, where he dutifully executes "enemies of the people" until he is asked to kill "counterrevolutionary" priests. Although he does not believe in "various gods, angels and archangels," he is held back by childhood memories of the church. He does shoot two priests but becomes violently ill after each killing. His third victim does not collapse when Malinin continues shooting, but keeps walking toward his executioner, praising God—for Malinin's comrades have put blank cartridges into his gun. He breaks down and is discharged by the Secret Police, his hands shaking with palsy . . . While Daniel is deeply concerned with totalitarianism, he is also, like Sinyavsky, involved with questions of individual integrity. Thus, in "This is Moscow Speaking," he writes:

> I believe that what I have written could have been written by any other man of my generation, of my fate, who like me loves this accursed, this beautiful country. I have judged it and its people more severely and more leniently than I should have. But who will reproach me for this?

It is not difficult to imagine the angry, contradictory voices that must have been raised in the high councils of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union when the fate of Sinyavsky and Daniel hung in the balance. In the end, fear that libertarian sentiments might disrupt Soviet society and the world Communist movement carried the day. At the Twenty-third Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, in March, 1966, the literary spokesman of the Party apparatus, Mikhail Sholokhov, author of *And Quiet Flows the Don,* directed himself to those sympathizing with Sinyavsky and Daniel when he said that there was "nothing more disgusting than to slander" Russia "basely to insult her, to raise an arm against her." He added:

"I feel shame not for those who have slandered the fatherland and have covered with mud all that which is most luminous for us. They are amoral. I feel shame for those who tried to defend them, no matter how this defense is motivated."

Even then, Svetlana must have regarded this sort of phraseology as directly aimed at herself and her friends, including her husband, then still alive though gravely ill.

Sholokhov further upbraided the Russian intelligentsia: "One feels doubly ashamed for those who offer their services and request to be given the opportunity to bail out the condemned renegades. Too dearly have we paid for that which we have conquered, too dear is to us Soviet authority, that we should allow slander and defamation to go unpunished." He reminded his audience of the swift Stalinist justice which would have meant death to Sinyavsky and Daniel at the mere suspicion of independent thinking, much less writing:

> Others, hiding behind words of humanism, moan about the severity of the sentence. I see here delegates of the Party organization of our national Soviet

Army. How would they act if in some of their units there appeared traitors? They, our warriors, know well that humanism does not mean slobbering. And there is something else that comes to my mind. If these kids with their black conscience had been around in the memorable twenties, when judgment used not to be passed on the basis of strictly defined articles of the criminal code but "under the guidance of the revolutionary sense of justice"—ah, that is not the kind of punishment these turncoats would have received!

From the highest level of Soviet authority, Leonid Brezhnev contributed the following observations on the Party's "concern for the development of literature and art":

> Unfortunately, there exist among the craftsmen of the arts those who instead of helping the people make it their specialty to blacken our system, to slander our heroic people. Of course, such persons are exceptions in our midst. In no sense do they express the feelings and soul of our creative intelligentsia, who are indissolubly linked with the people, with the Party. Such renegades attach little worth to that which is holiest of all for every Soviet man—the interest of the Socialist fatherland. It is quite understandable that the Soviet people cannot ignore the shameful activity of such individuals. It deals with them as they deserve . . .

It is doubtful that Svetlana Alliluyeva had an opportunity, as she made her decision to leave the Soviet Union, to study the foreign reaction to the Sinyavsky-Daniel sentences, even within the international Communist movement. The Communist parties of Western Europe reflected the shock of the literary community around them. In Italy, in the official Party organ *L'Unità,* Moscow correspondent Augusto Pancaldi candidly reported that the trial and sentencing merely expressed "the vaster problem of relations between Soviet society and its intellectuals, between policies and culture." The French Communist poet Louis Aragon wrote in the Communist newspaper *L'Humanité* that to deprive the two writers "of their liberty because of the contents of a novel or a short story is to make a misdemeanor of opinion into a crime of opinion." Aragon said that the Moscow court had created "a precedent more harmful to the interests of socialism than the works of Sinyavsky and Daniel could be." The chairman of the Swedish Communist Party, C. H. Hermansson, stated that it did "not correspond to my conception of democracy that various organs of the state or a political party should decide which views are permitted and which prohibited to the citizens." In the Belgian Communist paper *Le Drapeau Rouge,* Party official Jean Terve simply called the trial "a mistake." In the Finnish Party's magazine, its editor Pentti Saaikoski wrote that as a "sincere friend of the Soviet Union" he had to regret the trial and added, "I am discouraged by it." The Danish Communist paper, *Land og Folk,* described the sentences as "incomprehensible."

In England, John Gollan, Secretary General of the Communist Party, stated in the *Daily Worker:* "The Soviet press attacks on the accused before the trial assumed their guilt. So did the Tass [news agency] version of what went on in court . . . The court has found the accused guilty, but the full evidence for the prosecution and defense which led the court to this conclusion has not been made public. Justice should not only be done, but should be seen to be done. Unfortunately, this cannot be said in the case of this trial."

The British Communist Party, in a May Day declaration for 1967, expressed itself in favor of literary and general cultural freedom. In a publication on *Questions of Ideology and Culture,* the Party's executive stated: "We reject the concept that art, literature, and culture should reflect only one school or style. On the

contrary, we look on innovation in art as part of its very heart and nature."

These literary dissents inside world communism did not sway Moscow's official position. The Fourth National Congress of the Union of Soviet Writers, with five hundred delegates present, resolved on May 27, 1967, that Soviet literature is "permeated with the theme of building communism," and "we do not have, nor can we have, other interests besides the interests of the people expressed by our Party." Speaking for its six thousand five hundred members, the congress summed up this way: "Sound literature is called upon to accord with the needs of society. Its purposes are not meaningless experiments in the sphere of form."

The meeting had been postponed by one year because of the furor over the Sinyavsky-Daniel trial. A decade earlier, at its Second Congress in 1955, the conflict between bureaucratic and artistic elements had come out into the open for the first time. In 1958 the Third Congress had expelled Boris Pasternak after *Dr. Zhivago* had received the Nobel Prize for Literature. Upbraided by Khrushchev, this Third Congress arrived at a temporary truce between the imaginative approach and "socialist realism."

The hidden ferment in Russian literature was revealed in two events during the 1967 Moscow writers' meeting. One was the appeal by Alexander I. Solzhenitsyn, author of the fictionalized exposé of Stalinist prison camps, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. He had since completed two novels, and now, in an open letter circulated in four hundred copies, urged his fellow-writers to demand that his work be published. He had read sections from it in December, 1966, and one of his short stories had been published in the literary journal *Novy Mir* earlier the same year.

The editor of *Novy Mir,* poet Alexander T. Tvardovsky, himself subjected to Party criticism for some of his work, published a poem in the mass circulation magazine *Yunost,* which urged his critics not to "breathe down his neck." The poem said:

I myself inquire and find
All my own mistakes.
I shall remember them
Without a given libretto.
There is no sense—I am a grown man—
In ridiculous self-defense.
But, please, don't hang on my soul,
Don't breathe down my neck.

The 1967 congress heard Mikhail Sholokhov refer to "Defector Alliluyeva" and other foreign critics, while castigating writers who sympathized with Sinyavsky and Daniel for having failed to "grow up." He taunted veteran Soviet writer Ilya Ehrenburg, who had ignored the congress and left on an Italian vacation, as flaunting "independence of and scorn for the norms of public life." On May 2, Ehrenburg had announced that *Dr. Zhivago* would be published in a four-volume collection of Pasternak's works.

Two younger poets, Andrey Voznesensky and Yevgeny Yevtuchenko, arrived at the congress from abroad. Voznesensky had just spent three weeks in the United States; Yevtuchenko had visited Spain and Portugal, where he had announced that he would write a poem on Pope Paul's visit to the Shrine of Fatima. Although Voznesensky and Yevtuchenko were described by cynical observers abroad as "Moscow's international literary salesmen," their travels strengthened the impression of nonofficial ferment. But pressure from the conservative leadership of the Writers' Union made it impossible for Voznesensky to return to New York for a poetry recital at Philharmonic Hall on June 21. He was accused of being "pro-American" and of having failed to denounce Mrs. Alliluyeva during his U. S. tour.

Regardless of Party control, the Soviet Union's two hundred literary magazines of more than two hundred pages per volume include controversial items: poems of officially unrehabilitated writers of the early revolutionary periods, critical essays on conditions in the countryside, and meditations on "eternal themes" that reflect religio-philosophical concerns.

What of "Defector Alliluyeva" as a writer? A critical view of Svetlana's position was expressed by a specialist in an American university who had made several visits to Russia in recent years:

> They say that she is, first of all, a writer who is looking for self-expression. Make that Writer with a capital "W." And who says so? Kennan says so: I herewith certify, to whom it may concern, that Svetlana Alliluyeva is a bona fide intellectual and litterateur. On the basis of what? A high-pitched essay in *The Atlantic* and an autobiographical manuscript. Everybody starts out with an autobiography, but if it is "Life with Father in the Kremlin," it has a built-in success mechanism. Did you expect Kennan to call back Washington and say, "Sorry, boys, the woman can't write; don't bother with her!" *Time* magazine, our literary and everything-else *vox populi*, has noted her "little hops of bathos" and thinks "literary judgment had better wait."
>
> There is one sure way in which Svetlana can escape the label of being her father's daughter and at the same time establish her credentials as a real writer. Let her after this write under a pseudonym and see what kind of a critical reception she gets. After all, that is what Sinyavsky and Daniel did, and they succeeded in what they set out to do. A word about those two, incidentally. She takes up the cudgels for them. In fact, as she puts it, their trial was a major reason for her deciding to get out of Russia. But I'll tell you something. These two were nuts. They wrote stuff the Kremlin boys couldn't put up with at any price, particularly as it was smuggled abroad—any more than Lyndon Johnson can endorse the stuff they write in *The Realist*. Sinyavsky and Daniel were playing with dynamite, and it exploded in their faces.
>
> Plenty of stuff has been published in Russia that does not go to the hysterical and weirdo length of their stories. Caricatures of the Soviet bureaucracy have cropped up all over the lot, even in movies. Yes, there has been a thaw, and then a freeze-up, and then another thaw and another freeze-up. The Kremlin boys can't let go altogether. It is impossible. And do you know who is worried most about too much thawing, and too much new talent flowering as a result? It is the old-time hacks, the officially certified grinders-out of "socialist realism," with tractors and belching factory smoke stacks and cardboard characters. These guys are passé, and only the protective hand of the Party bureaucracy keeps them from falling off their wooden horses.
>
> The trends are in all directions. One huge novel is a good example, Galina Nikolayeva's *The Battle on the Road*. It is about seven hundred pages long. About two-thirds of it is the old socialist realism stuff, but the other third is literature. Then there are other writers, plenty of them, in and out of favor, who show the kind of courage with which Svetlana has this empathy.
>
> I am not saying that Svetlana could not have made it as a writer in Russia. But being a Stalin would have been a disadvantage. Outside it is, for the time being, an enormous advantage. But will she ever be able to find out, even for herself, whether she really is a gifted writer? Well, you know my prescription. The day we hear that the great Russian novel, written by a certain "Tanya Alexandrovna" and quietly published by Scribner's, is really the work of Stalina—that day we'll know, and she'll know!

Mrs. Alliluyeva's firm position on freedom of literary self-expression has deep significance to Communist-governed countries outside the Soviet Union. As in Russia, the East European nations also have a long tradition of revolutionary expression in prose and poetry. The most celebrated case of stubborn literary independence is that of the Czechoslovak Communist writer, Ladislas Mnacko, whose novel *The Taste of Power* was first published in Austria, then in the U. S., but not in Czechoslovakia. The novel deals with a power-hungry, corrupt Party leader who enjoys all the luxurious privileges of the elite he has ousted. One Slovak Communist, Laco Novomesky, who survived three

years of prison, told the Writers' Union in 1963 that his sentence was "only an infinitesimal part of something much bigger, much more monstrous and much more horrible."

During the 1956 anti-Soviet uprising in Hungary, some of the resistance centered around the writers' clubs named after the poet Alexander Petöfi (1823-49), who fell in the revolutionary battle of Schassburg. Petöfi groups were centers of Hungarian resistance against the Red Army units that entered Budapest, although they had originally been organized as Communist-controlled cultural centers. Similar groupings, linking idealistic Communist tenets with nationalism and literary freedom, exist in Poland, Rumania, and Bulgaria.

The struggle between the Party decrees on the one hand, and the cause of free expression as advocated by Svetlana Alliluyeva on the other, was acknowledged by the cultural department of the Czechoslovak Central Committee, which admitted that "the Party is not in a position to create artists by means of passing resolutions."

While sending Voznesensky and Yevtuchenko abroad, the Soviet leadership arrested at least ten known Moscow writers after the Sinyavsky-Daniel sentence, and one other has disappeared since then. The copy of a letter addressed to *Izvestia*, written by the wife of an arrested professor, has come to hand. It reads as follows:

> On March 13, 1965, my husband V. V. Kuznetsov took part in a debate at the Moscow State University. To some people his pronouncements appeared unpalatable. He was warned that he would face trial or be placed in an insane asylum. On November 1, 1966, at six A.M., he was seized, and under escort of a policeman and a nurse driven in a police car to the Moscow Regional Psychiatric Hospital. (The hospital psychiatrist, not knowing what to do, phoned the police for instructions and obeyed them. The "patient" is still detained.)
>
> All of this was inspired by the KGB [Secret Police], all of this is a grievous echo of the times of the cult of personality.
>
> Release my husband! I ask you to publish this letter.
>
> (Signed) Mrs. V. V. Kuznetsova

Izvestia did not publish this letter. The writer's reference to the "cult of personality" is a direct reminder that such arrests are in the Secret Police tradition practiced during the Stalin regime.

The rebellious literary spirit within the Communist bloc at times runs into a delayed, obtuse reaction among cultural fellow-travelers abroad. Some of them are as shocked by content and style of the new Soviet poets as were the pro-Soviet officials whom Svetlana encountered in India.

Even Voznesensky, whom critics have castigated as a mere "trained seal" of Soviet literary officialdom, has encountered rigid Marxist resentment among some of his audiences. When in 1963 leftist intellectuals in Munich accused him of not showing sufficient "social involvement" in his poetry, he shouted impatiently: "We have put Stalinism behind us, and you are riding straight into it!"

Given this type of definition, Stalin's daughter may now be described as the world's most prominent spokesman of literary anti-Stalinism.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Moscow-Washington: The Political Dilemma

From the moment Svetlana walked into the U. S. embassy in New Delhi, the things she did and said became part of international diplomacy. For a while it looked as if her escape to freedom would remain, as both Washington and Moscow hoped, safely "nonpolitical." The selection of George Kennan as her mentor emphasized the State Department's desire to avoid antagonizing the Soviet leadership.

The administration's attitude was reflected in an editorial in the *Washington Post* (March 12), just after Svetlana had arrived in Switzerland. The editorial, entitled "Some Other Time, Svetlana," expressed satisfaction that Stalin's daughter was on neutral soil and thus, the paper hoped, effectively neutralized. Obviously assuming that she was not coming to the U. S., the paper noted that "so celebrated a defector from the Soviet Union would have been the subject of the most relentless public scrutiny, if the attention directed toward her escape and subsequent escapades is any test."

With its reference to what it chose to call her "escapades," the Washington paper seemed to categorize

Svetlana as a potentially dangerous nuisance. It added:

> To have her here, and not on television and splashed across every woman's page would be unthinkable. Yet there would be no way of telling in advance how she would perform and what the impact would be here or abroad or, above all, upon our relations with the Russians. Is she disillusioned with her father, or his successors? Or has she soured on the system? If it's the latter, her public exploitation here could convince the Russians, perhaps unjustifiably, that her defection was all part of a clever American propaganda coup to embarrass the current Soviet government. We have enough problems with the Russians without adding to them for no good purpose. That the daughter of Joseph Stalin should have grown disenchanted with her government, or her life in Russia, doesn't prove very much, in any case.
>
> So at the risk of seeming inhospitable, the United States Government was quite right to beg off and suggest she seek a less controversial asylum. It would be nice to think, however, that we might hear a little something from her, at a long range, and that she might pay us a visit—some other time.

On the other end of the Washington spectrum, Congressman Paul Findley (Republican, Illinois) introduced a bill on March 21, specifically designed to "grant asylum to Svetlana Stalin." It stated:

> Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,
>
> That, notwithstanding any other provision of the Immigration and Nationality Act or any other provision of law,
>
> Svetlana Stalin shall, upon application at any consular office of the United States, be granted a visa and admitted to the United States for a temporary period as a nonimmigrant, or for permanent residence, in accordance with the terms of her application for admission.

Findley's position was supported by Congressman Edward J. Derwinski (Republican, Illinois), who asked the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Thomas E. Morgan (Democrat, Pennsylvania), that two members of the Committee, one Democrat and one Republican, go to Switzerland and meet Mrs. Alliluyeva personally. Congressman Louis C. Wyman (Republican, New Hampshire) asked the State Department to clarify her status. Other public and private figures sent direct inquiries to the Department of State, and these were passed on to the U. S. ambassador in Bern, John S. Hayes, who conveyed them to the Swiss authorities acting as Svetlana's "mail box." Congressman Wyman's inquiry was acknowledged by the State Department's Assistant Secretary for Congressional Relations, who wrote:

> Shortly after her departure from India, Mrs. Alliluyeva concluded that her unwillingness to return to the Soviet Union or to remain in India might be misinterpreted if she were to proceed directly to the United States. Accordingly, she expressed an interest in temporary residence in Switzerland, where she could decide on her future plans in an atmosphere hopefully free of tensions and pressure. We relayed her request to Swiss authorities, who graciously accorded her permission to remain in Switzerland for the time being. If in time she should decide that her interests might best be served by residence in the United States, her request for asylum would, of course, be given prompt and appropriate consideration.

Moscow was playing it equally cool. Tass, the official news agency, issued the following statement on March 12:

> In the foreign press, reports have appeared that Svetlana Alliluyeva, daughter of J. V. Stalin, is at the present time abroad.
>
> In view of journalists' inquiries, Tass confirms that Stalin's daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva, is now abroad. Late in 1966, she was issued an exit visa to go from the Soviet Union to India for the interment of the remains of her husband, an Indian citizen who had died in the USSR. How long Svetlana Alliluyeva will stay abroad is her affair.

The New York Times reported from Moscow that Svetlana's appearance at the New Delhi embassy had "caused consternation in Washington because of its implications for Soviet-American relations at a crucial time in world affairs." In Rome Svetlana was given an opportunity to accept an Indian government invitation to return to Delhi, but she feared that this was merely a Moscow subterfuge. The United States government gave her ample turn-around time, while she lived a cloistered existence in the Swiss town of Fribourg.

Two elder statesmen of neutralism sought to persuade Svetlana not to go to America. In India, Justice S. S. Dhavan wrote to External Affairs Minister M. C. Chagla and former ambassador to Moscow, K. P. S. Menon, the last foreign diplomat to see Stalin before his death, to grant Svetlana asylum on Indian soil. But the Indian government was reluctant to commit itself to guarantee Svetlana asylum: New Delhi was trying to avoid the possibility that the Soviet government might demand the repatriation of such a prominent Russian citizen. Anyhow, by then Svetlana did not trust the Indians to stand up to Moscow's requests. While staying at the Order of the Visitation in Fribourg, Svetlana spent the better part of a day at Matran, the home of Bertrande, wife of the industrialist Claude Blancpain and niece of her old friend, Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie. She talked long and seriously to d'Astier, who implored Svetlana not to go to the United States. As he recounted their conversation in the monthly *L'Événement* (May, 1967), of which he is the editor, he told her that she belongs "neither in the Soviet Union, nor in the United States." She was not,

he said, in the category of such defectors as Victor A. Kravchenko, a former Red Army officer who escaped in 1944, wrote the best-selling book *I Chose Freedom,* and committed suicide in 1966. D'Astier warned Svetlana that, in going to the U. S., she would simply "exchange one cage for another." He was concerned that her defection would be "exploited by anti-communism and by the appetite for scandal on the part of a certain Western press."

M. d'Astier advised Svetlana not to give in to the fact that she seemed to have nowhere to turn but the U. S., and told her that "the name of Stalin is as difficult to bear in New York as it is in Moscow," and she should not serve as "an excuse for America, for the Vietnam war, racial segregation, a civilization of mass consumption, or world domination."

Svetlana had the feeling that she was being swept along by events. The fate of Stalin did not enter their conversation. When the history of the Soviet Union during its fifty years was mentioned, Svetlana quietly expressed her doubts that the accomplishments had been worth the price. But, d'Astier said, in referring to the Bolshevik revolution, "Will you not admit that something moved?" Svetlana smiled quietly. "Yes, something moved."

The Soviet leaders had failed to understand her relation to Brijesh Singh. Mikoyan had misjudged the degree to which she had inherited her mother's basic moral attitude, when he reminded her that he had lived with his own wife without formal marital registration for over forty years. He had informally "married" his childhood sweetheart Ashken Lazarevna Tumanyan in 1920; she died in 1962. Could she not, he had asked Svetlana, act as he had? Perhaps he did not know that Svetlana's mother had threatened to walk out of Stalin's fiftieth birthday party when Mikoyan arrived with another woman, to whom he was even less married but who, at that time, was known to the Kremlin group as his constant companion.

India had been afraid to grant her asylum. Switzerland had given her a visitor's visa that was good only for a few months. Neither England nor France seemed strong enough to resist Soviet pressures. And she did want to have her say; while the quiet Fribourg existence was agreeable, the blooming hyacinths serene, she longed to be her uninhibited self.

After her arrival in New York, in her statement at the airport, and in the press conference that followed, it became clear that Svetlana's deep concern for human and artistic freedom would make her a controversial figure after all. From the time of her flight to Rome, Communist spokesmen had hinted darkly at a plot of the Central Intelligence Agency. Alexander Werth, who has written extensively on Soviet affairs, said in an article from Paris in *The Nation* (New York, June 5) that it had been "openly reported" that Svetlana's trip to the United States was "arranged by the C.I.A., even though the left-wing 'Gaullist' writer, Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, had implored her to stay in France or Switzerland, and not 'sell herself to the Americans,' especially with the war raging in Vietnam. But no: having been escorted by the C.I.A. to Italy and then Switzerland, she was talked into doing a 'Kravchenko' in the United States—press conferences, best-sellers, serial rights, a million dollars and all."

Poor C.I.A.! What had it really done in the Svetlana matter? It had been unaware that she was in India. But when she appeared at the U. S. embassy in New Delhi, its Russian-speaking Mr. Rayle was given the difficult task of transporting his precious human cargo from India to Rome and thence to Switzerland. The C.I.A. had also, presumably, provided the biographical and personal information needed by the U. S. embassy in New Delhi to make sure that she really was Stalin's daughter, and not an impostor or *agent provocateur.* The C.I.A.'s central biographical register, maintaining computerized data, is a huge "Who's Who" that can print out biographical information at the touch of a

few buttons. As a result, the State Department, after checking these intelligence files, could relay to its Delhi embassy such details as color of hair and eyes, height, weight, special identifying marks, mannerisms, linguistic ability, etc.

Washington's effort to minimize Svetlana's impact availed it little. While Moscow kept silent after her arrival in New York—Tass did not even send reporters to her press conference—it struck back on May 27. *Pravda's* conditioned propaganda reflexes indicated that "the Soviet citizen S. Alliluyeva" was "first taken by C.I.A. agents from India to Switzerland." Moscow was upset by the timing of Svetlana's arrival, on the eve of Soviet celebrations of the fiftieth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. Stalin's daughter, said *Pravda,* was "being used for the unseemly purpose" of discrediting the Soviet Union. The official Soviet paper shrugged off State Department efforts to blunt the impact of Svetlana's defection and said:

> All attempts by official Washington to dissociate itself from the anti-Soviet campaigns are intended for naïve people. The mechanism of the behind-the-scenes guidance of anti-Soviet campaigns at a "summit level" has long ceased to be a secret. The role of the highly placed producers of anti-Soviet spectacles, who hope to remain anonymous, is also clear.

Pravda alleged that a "joint co-ordinating committee," dedicated to anti-Soviet propaganda, existed in Washington, including members of the White House staff, the State Department, and the C.I.A. It said that Kennan and former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff General Nathan F. Twining belonged to the committee. *Pravda* added: "This campaign is being organized and implemented parallel to public statements that the United States ruling circles ostensibly want a normalization of relations between our countries." It said that "the political unscrupulousness of the anti-Soviet propaganda people is boundless," and cited as examples the pronouncements of the pre-Bolshevik head of the Russian government, Alexander Kerensky, and the writings of a literary defector, Valery Tarsis.

Referring to Svetlana Alliluyeva, *Pravda* said that "the people in Washington are not finicky about whom they use." The Soviet propaganda reaction had all the earmarks of high-level preparation, as well as the stylistic touch of Mikhail Suslov, one of the Politburo members whom Svetlana could easily identify with the group that had collaborated with her father's much-condemned actions. Suslov, a former *Pravda* editor and agitation-propaganda specialist, presumably drafted the unsigned editorial.

A high-level Washington official commented on the *Pravda* version as follows: "Look, no American official has seen Svetlana since she arrived in Switzerland. She has a perfectly valid Soviet passport, and she can go absolutely anywhere she wants to go—including the Soviet Union. She can stay here if she wishes, or she can change residence at whim. If she should decide to apply for permanent residence in the United States, that would be a matter to be considered then. But, meanwhile, she is in no way in our jurisdiction. We have no influence on her. She is entirely on her own. She lives where she wants to live, and she associates with whomever she likes, and she most certainly says or writes whatever she pleases."

Official or not, this statement reflects Washington's attitude exactly. Anyone who read Svetlana's emotional essay in *The Atlantic* could realize that, had Washington been able to influence her, the article would have been much more restrained or, more likely, would never have been published at all.

Suslov was not only unkind to official Washington, which had sought, no matter how indirectly, to keep Svetlana in some form of quarantine; he was also particularly inconsiderate of Mr. Kennan, who had tried his utmost to keep Svetlana out of firing range of the cold warriors on both sides. In early June, Kennan in-

vited her to leave her temporary Long Island home to become a guest on his secluded Pennsylvania estate, while he was on an African lecture trip. Svetlana moved to Kennan's place—at "East Berlin, Pa."

Preparing for the fiftieth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution, Moscow stepped up its attack on Svetlana. *Komsomolskaya Pravda* republished an article from the French Communist Sunday paper *Humanité-Dimanche,* which alleged that her memoirs were being prepared, "somewhere in the United States" by ghost-writing "co-authors" who were "agents of the United States special services." The article alleged that Mrs. Alliluyeva was "surrounded by goons" and "as unhappy as a prisoner."

The Moscow publication followed by one day an article in the Soviet Army paper *Krasnaya Zvezda* (May 30), which gave Stalin and his Supreme Defense Council major credit for victory in World War Two. The article, broadcast by Moscow Radio, contradicted earlier criticisms of Stalin's wartime role by Khrushchev. If the Kremlin was planning a campaign of "re-Stalinization," Svetlana's defection had come at a particularly awkward time. Nevertheless, the anti-Svetlana campaign remained in a relatively low key, so as not to give the defection too much prominence, even if on a negative note.

Two Russian writers touring the United States were frequently asked how they felt about Svetlana's defection. The two, Daniel Granin, a Leningrad novelist, and Victor S. Rozov, a playwright, at first tended to shrug off these questions with knowing smiles. Svetlana's two marriages ending in divorce and her liaison with Brijesh Singh, to whom she referred as her husband, had run counter to the neo-Victorian official Soviet attitude. She acknowledged this when she wrote, in Switzerland, addressing herself to Brijesh beyond his death: "How they immediately rose up in arms against us, the Party hypocrites and Pharisees! What deadly danger they saw to themselves in human attachment that took no account of their usual rules!"

In Detroit, on May 11, Rozov added that her defection had "certain elements of treason in it." He said, "She is an unfortunate woman, and I feel sorry for her. As she grew older, she experienced a spiritual crisis. The press will make a great deal of noise about her. But she will not change anything in the world."

However, in Moscow quite a few changes were under way. At the Fourth National Congress of the Union of Soviet Writers, which ended May 27, novelist Mikhail A. Sholokhov, a veteran Communist literary figure, the closest thing to a political commissar of literature the Soviet Union has, virtually paraphrased Suslov's *Pravda* editorial when he denounced "voices in the West who urge 'freedom' of artistic creation for us Soviet writers." He linked, among these "uninvited well-wishers," the C.I.A., "certain Senators, inveterate White Russian emigrés, Defector Alliluyeva, and the notorious Kerensky, long only a political corpse." Sholokhov concluded, "What strange company our 'freedom of the press' advocates find themselves in!"

Among Russian emigrés, reaction to Svetlana's arrival in the U. S. was much less uniform than Moscow comment suggested. Russian refugees in the West arrived in separate waves, which began even before the Bolshevik revolution, and represent different periods of disillusionment. One such emigré, a former high Communist official who now teaches Russian at a university outside Washington, had these personal comments:

> You understand, of course, that her decision was, to put it mildly, highly personal. She says that when her husband died she stopped tolerating the things of which she had been tolerant before. In other words, the whole incredible tyranny of Stalin and his successors was tolerable until the moment that something happened to her that happens to everyone. Suddenly, the sky came falling down.
>
> These ruffians in Moscow refused to treat her like a princess. Here she was, in India, seeing Nehru's daughter as head of state, while she had to take orders from the likes of Kosygin and Benediktov, guys

who licked her father's boots in the old days. They were telling her what to do. No, you can't go to India; yes, you may go, but we'll have somebody check on you all the time; and be home by March 1. All that! To whom? To the princess, the rightful daughter of the Shah-an-Shah, the Czar-of-Czars. There was Indira Gandhi with her Congress Party flunkies all about her, and the would-be Czarina had to approach her as a supplicant: could she, would she, permit her to stay on in freedom-loving India? What did Mrs. Gandhi do? She turned the supplicant down.

And she could be pretty sure that, in the United States, where royalty is adored with sentimental republican hearts, she might get a ticker-tape parade down Wall Street. Or something like it. A press conference at the Plaza. Same thing. Nationwide color television coverage. Telstar. The works. Better than going back to a small apartment in Moscow, doing translating jobs, being labeled a foreigner-lover by some Party hack and pseudo-intellectual who assigned little jobs to her. A little teaching here, a little writing or translating there—all that was beneath her. She had tasted, if not power, at least the air of power, certainly of prominence. She was not going to stay cooped up in Moscow if she could help it.

Does she know all this consciously? I doubt it. What do any of us know about ourselves? Her story is full of rationalizations, all of them based on realities. Everyone says that there seems to be a good deal of her mother in her, and no doubt they are right. But there was something in her father that had nothing to do with the horrors he committed: he wasn't taking any nonsense from anybody. She has that streak. Never mind the genetics of it. This is herself. She has guts and push. If it didn't sound foolish, I'd be inclined to say: this woman will go far. But you know what I mean . . .

Moscow's delayed reaction to her defection to the U. S. proved that Svetlana's continued presence in India would certainly have embarrassed the Delhi government. Militarily trapped between Communist China and her arch-antagonist Pakistan, India seeks to balance her economic-military dependence on the United States against support from the Soviet Union. India had purchased sixty MIG-21 fighter bombers from Russia, and five hundred tanks from the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia in 1966. During Svetlana's stay Delhi was negotiating for two hundred SU-7 jet fighter bombers. The government was disinclined to risk its relatively cordial relations with Moscow over the question of asylum for Stalin's daughter.

Simply by being herself, Svetlana had, as the English say, "put the cat among the pigeons." Neither Washington nor Moscow had been able to tone her down to a pianissimo. D'Astier was wrong to think she would simply exchange one cage for another. Having experienced freedom, Svetlana Alliluyeva was not going to be caged again. But her escape from the Soviet cage not only created propagandist attacks on "Defector Alliluyeva"—as if she had been awarded a new academic or military title (Defector First or Second Class, perhaps)—but administrative changes in the Soviet apparatus as well.

The immediate, and appropriate, scapegoat had been the Soviet ambassador to India, Benediktov. Next, three weeks after Svetlana's arrival in New York, Vladimir V. Semichastny, chief of the Soviet Secret Police, the KGB (Komitet Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti), was downgraded to Deputy Premier of the Ukraine. A second-rate man, he was appointed originally to assure Communist Party control over the Secret Police, which under Stalin had accumulated too much power and autonomy.

The disgraced police chief was replaced by an older, more experienced and sophisticated man, Yuri V. Andropov. Where his predecessors were parochially Ukrainian, Andropov is a world-minded Russian. He served as ambassador to Hungary during the bloody 1956 revolt. As director of the Soviet Communist Par-

ty's Division of Liaison from 1957 to 1962, he became well informed on worldwide Communist activities.

The new KGB chief speaks English well, has visited many Eastern European countries and North Vietnam in 1962 and 1963. On June 21 he was named a candidate member of the Politburo. As a close collaborator of Brezhnev and Suslov, Andropov assures Party control over the Secret Police, but with more international know-how than his predecessor.

The replacement of Semichastny dramatizes Moscow's dilemma of operating an intelligence agency that demands linguistic, cultural, and technical expertise—and thus truly international sophistication—without staffing it with personnel that becomes dangerously "cosmopolitan" in orientation or develops a disdain for the provincialism of Party bureaucracy. Semichastny was third-rate and safe; but, under his direction, the KGB committed a number of blunders, of which its failure to prevent Svetlana's defection was merely the most dramatic.

In the spring of 1967 alone, nine Soviet espionage agents were expelled from Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, Greece, and Cyprus. At the same time, the U. S. Federal Bureau of Investigation blandly announced that it had identified two leading KGB officials who entered the country with forged passports, but was permitting them to go about their business, whatever it was, unchallenged; at one point, these agents managed to lock themselves out of their own automobile, parked outside Ohrbach's department store in New York City. One of them, Vassily V. Mozhehkov, used the alias "Kuznetsov," while the other traveled under his own name. The same kind of easy-going incompetence obviously permeated Soviet Intelligence in India. Mrs. Alliluyeva, who has proven since that she is not easily daunted, spoke very freely to friends and chance acquaintances, notably while visiting Allahabad for a series of receptions. She miffed local Communists, whom she obviously disdained, as well as highly placed Soviet sympathizers, with her candor in describing Russian society. She mentioned, as an example of the undemocratic Party attitude, that her apartment had been burglarized, and the thief caught and routinely sentenced to two or three months' imprisonment. But when Party bureaucrats heard that the burglary had taken place in the home of Stalin's daughter, they insisted on a more severe penalty; this, she said, illustrated the highly touted equality of "socialist justice" in the USSR.

Stories of this type were told and retold in Allahabad, as well as in other Indian cities that Svetlana visited. She made no attempt to hide her feelings about the Soviet government and the Communist Party bureaucracy. She sought to enlist anyone with political influence to help in prolonging her Indian stay. Where, even an amateur observer may ask, was the Soviet Secret Service while all this was going on? Was there not a Russian Intelligence agent listening in? Were there no informers among her audiences? Or did Soviet ambassador Benediktov, in New Delhi, ignore reports from Allahabad, Kalakankar, Benares, and other cities, where Mrs. Alliluyeva had spoken out with unmistakable candor?

Secret Police blunders and Foreign Service errors made Svetlana's defection possible. Benediktov committed the error of returning Svetlana's passport to her, two days before her scheduled departure for Moscow on March 8. Benediktov also permitted himself and his staff to become so engrossed in the embassy's official reception for a Soviet military delegation that available police guards simply missed Svetlana's movements and permitted her to walk out, unchallenged.

The heavy-handedness with which the Secret Police managed some of its affairs abroad was again illustrated on April 20, 1967: one day before Svetlana's arrival in New York, a KGB operative named Vassily F. Sanko entered the United States to serve as chauffeur with the Soviet Mission to the United Nations. Sanko's record as bodyguard and all-around goon dates back to April 20, 1954, when he helped kidnap Mrs. Evdokiya Petrov, wife of a Soviet es-

pionage agent. Sanko took Mrs. Petrov from the Soviet embassy in Canberra, Australia, to Mascot Airport in Sydney. He forced her aboard an Australian airliner that was supposed to take her to Moscow.

The plane received instructions to land in Darwin and the Australian government gave Mrs. Petrov asylum. Her husband, who had defected seventeen days before, had revealed details on Soviet espionage to Australian authorities. Sanko was obviously assigned to have Mrs. Petrov taken to Russia as a hostage. As he had been photographed in the act of forcing Mrs. Petrov aboard the Moscow-bound plane, he could easily be identified when admitted to the U. S., the day before Svetlana's arrival. Even though there was no public link with the arrival of Stalin's daughter in New York, the assignment of a notorious KGB kidnapper created a coincidence that showed lack of finesse in timing.

"Defector Alliluyeva," having thrown four governments into confusion at various times in 1967, has shown a casual disdain for bureaucratic niceties. Although she was exposed to India's diplomatic agonies, her disregard of Washington's discomforts and Moscow's irate sputterings reveals an attitude of touching unworldliness, usually displayed only by the very high and the very mighty. The Kremlin child has not entirely discarded the air of unconscious self-assurance, of being instinctively aware that she is the boss's daughter.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

New York Temptations

One of Svetlana's favorite American writers is J. D. Salinger. As an author, he is best known for his sensitive treatment of the problems of adolescence. He is also an authority—together with Howard Hughes, Charles Lindbergh and Greta Garbo—on successful hermitage. Only the very privileged ever catch a glimpse of him. Svetlana Alliluyeva has said many times that she despises publicity, being pursued by the yelping hounds of newspaperdom who seek to surround and tree their celebrated prey. But does she really mean it? Or will she succumb to the temptation of New York, the glamorous world of jet-set people, the lacquered women and their perpetually tanned men?

In Moscow, Svetlana's life was drab; in Kalakankar romantically meditative; in Fribourg religiously serene. And in New York? Under the guidance of knowledgable, humanistic, law-trained men of the world, she went into temporary seclusion on Long Island's North Shore, the Mill Neck estate of Stuart H. Johnson, Jr., father of Mrs. Alliluyeva's translator-collaborator, Mrs. Priscilla Johnson MacMillan. It was a charmingly

secluded setting. Later she settled on George Kennan's Pennsylvania farm.

Outside, the reporters and television cameras were lying in wait; at a somewhat greater distance the society columnists, headwaiters at fashionable restaurants, chairmen of departments of Slavic studies at publicity-conscious universities, eager hostesses in Washington, Newport and Palm Beach, who knew that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and Truman Capote were no longer the social assets they once had been. Svetlana Stalin, or Stalina, or Alliluyeva—by whatever name, would add freshness to a reception, a charity ball, a party at the Everglades Club. To all this, as Justice Dhavan in Allahabad and the French writer M. d'Astier in Fribourg had pointed out, Svetlana was particularly vulnerable. Not only was she a Stalin, after all, but now she was to be a millionaire from the proceeds of her book.

Svetlana Alliluyeva's emotional dilemma as a vivacious middle-aged woman was outlined by an experienced, mellow New York psychotherapist. Trained in Vienna, he is now in his seventies, and sees only a few patients. He said:

> Yes, the New York syndrome may be a trap for her. But that's only a small part of it. I suppose you think I am going to mention the obvious: that she spent the formative years of her libido development with her father. Well, all right, I've mentioned it. But beyond that, people like me are no longer the orthodox Freudians we are supposed to be, or I would begin to cite chapter and verse about her desire to kill her mother and have sexual relations with her father. Or about the traumatic knowledge, the unsolved guilt that came to her when her mother did, in fact, die by her own hand when Svetlana was only seven years old.
>
> There are likely to be elements of that, of course, but we would be arrogant to push them too far. It was a maxim, until, say, ten or fifteen years ago, to say that Marx and Freud have had the most profound impact on this century. Perhaps so, but look where their ideas have led others. Dogmatism and exaggeration. Only in the most tentative terms should we see Svetlana's attachment to her father as a psychologically decisive factor. It is quite true that she became a wife substitute for Stalin. When he called her his "little housekeeper," he made her a wife-understudy. And he may have driven her mother into death because of his own sadistic aggressions. But the love he had for this girl was real enough and not necessarily unhealthy.
>
> All right, he was sexually possessive of her, in ways that almost every father is of his daughter, particularly an only daughter, and one to whom he has been so close. That he broke up the Kepler romance, that he tried to prevent the Morozov marriage—believe me, that is a common thing, like the fondling and kissing of teen-age daughters by their fathers. Yes, I've seen all the pictures in which he is carrying her in his arms. Where do you draw the line between fatherly love, which is eminently respectable, and the incest taboo, which arouses revulsion? If we have learned anything at all, it is that boundaries are flexible, and that the so-called "normal" and pathological weave in and out of each other's territory.
>
> We know nothing, absolutely nothing, about the relation between psychopathology and the attraction which a charismatic leader like Stalin has for the masses. The tyrant and the scoundrel fulfill ambivalent images of ourselves, echoing the Walter Mittys in our souls. Maybe Svetlana has picked up a few ideas about the Indian pantheon, such as the God or Goddess Shiva who is both builder and destroyer that would help her justify her old man. Naturally, she was exposed to a side of Stalin that virtually no one else saw, and it is true that her early life must have been excessively concentrated on his loves and hates, of whom she, of course, was one.
>
> Her life pattern, since Stalin's death—and even before—has been one of escape, of being someone else. Her attraction to men outside her father's ethnic circle is significant, and so is her defiant involvement

with her Indian husband, a foreigner, and with India itself. That she speaks of her relationship with the United States in terms of "love" and "marriage" is not only charming—it is beautifully revealing. She looks upon America as masculine and exotic, a potential lover-husband.

Disillusionment? There is a pattern there, certainly. Over and over, she has been defying her father, or those she associates with her father. The men to whom she has been married—Morozov, mainly, the Jew her father hated—symbolized her defiance. But that sort of thing was a passing phase—since then, new defiances were built up, new victories won. Her father's successors, who first prevented her from marrying Singh, and then leaving Russia but finally made her escape possible, have by now been successfully defied by her. Her defiant love affair with India ended abruptly, and angrily, when the lover rejected her.

Now there is this love affair with the United States, the strong nation image, which can be relied upon not to bow to the Kremlin's displeasure. I am not a prophet, and I am not arrogant enough to try to analyze at long distance. There is a distinct pattern of disillusionment here, but I have also seen many a pattern broken. Nothing will surprise me, including a happy marriage with the U.S.A.

The hostesses will seat marriageable men next to Svetlana at dinner tables. Some of them will be even more widely traveled than was Brijesh Singh, who brought fleeting glimpses of exotic places to the isolated, deprived Svetlana. Others will be, as Singh, older than she, fatherly, protective, knowledgeable, full of understanding for her exuberance and for her romantic notions. She will be overwhelmed, at times, by the kindliness she is likely to encounter, and by the real knowledge that a Harvard professor or someone from the Council on Foreign Relations has of the current dilemma of Russian writers or the psychological aspects of underground religious ferment in the Soviet Union today.

New York, and the intellectual world it represents, will be highly seductive to Svetlana. The families of Robert and Jacqueline Kennedy, the international afterglow that remains from the death of John F. Kennedy—these will touch and partly envelop her. She will discover that the rich can be charming and that beneath the charm lies power. She, herself, has some of the unself-conscious assurance that comes with a childhood spent within a circle where power was taken for granted.

A New York publisher, twenty-five years at his trade, shook his head in wonderment and said:

> I had to laugh! Of course I'm green with envy. I'd like to publish her book so much it wakes me up at night, and I've never been an insomniac. And who is publishing her? The Establishment publisher, Harper. And who steered her to Harper? The Establishment (and Harper's) law firm, Greenbaum, Wolfe, and Ernst. And who called Mr. Greenbaum? The Establishment author-egghead-diplomat, George Kennan. It's what's known as an "inside job." The biggest publisher in New York offered her a $1,000,000 advance, sight unseen, through what they considered a reliable intermediary, and they never even got an answer! Harper offered only a fraction of that amount, but Harper publishes the Kennedys and Mr. Manchester and, oh yes, I almost forgot, Mr. Kennan. We talk about America being a young country. But the house of Harper, founded in 1817, was celebrating its centennial when Mr. Lenin got out of that sealed car at the Finland Station and started the whole thing in 1917. So Svetlana's publisher is 100 years older than her father's revolution.
>
> Somehow I can't get her untangled in my mind from Jackie Kennedy. She's taking the play away from Jackie. The world needs a new gal, and she's it. One evening soon they'll meet at dinner. Of course, nothing will happen—but what a meeting! You know what I mean. J.F.K.'s widow and Stalin's daughter. At Alice Longworth's, maybe, and Alice will ask Margaret Truman to sing after dinner.

What will happen to her later on? I can tell you what won't happen. She won't teach Russian history or lit at some quiet, snow-bound New England college like Kerensky and just grow old and then older. (He's still alive, isn't he?) She won't run a home in New Jersey for ex-Communists like Countess Tolstoy did for aged White Russians. Somehow, I can't see her settling down in Scarsdale, raising still another family, and throwing herself into a League of Women Voters registration drive.

The Establishment will drop her. That's only natural. Harper, after a book or two. That law firm, after they're satisfied the tax shelter has no holes in its roof. Mr. Kennan, after he's sure he knows everything she does and more. I mean no offense. That's just the way things go. She's what we call in the trade a one-book author. Maybe, in her case, two.

What'll she do after all that? She'll marry a New York lawyer or doctor—or she'll go back to that town by the river in India. Either way, she won't be happy. Life just doesn't begin at forty, especially for incurable romantics.

Svetlana may not end up really, really rich, though her income from her book published around the world is presently estimated at over two and a half million dollars. She is setting up a Brijesh Singh memorial fund that is to benefit the town of Kalakankar, particularly the hospital services directed by Dr. Nagar. She made a ten-thousand-dollar grant to the Pestalozzi Schools in Switzerland. She will establish a foundation for humanitarian purposes in the United States. All these are charitable undertakings of undoubted value. They also serve to divert income into tax-exempt foundation channels. To protect Svetlana's overseas income from U. S. tax collectors, her lawyers have organized the "Copex Establishment" as a corporation in the Principality of Liechtenstein, which does not levy taxes on income earned abroad.

As a woman who had not known the functions of a checking account until New York lawyer Greenbaum initiated her into the mechanics of a capitalist society, Mrs. Alliluyeva, in spite of her potentially large income, ran the risk of big money makers from Joe Louis to Mickey Rooney, whose funds trickled away in the direction of managers, agents, alimony payments, faulty stock market investments, and crowds of ever-present hangers-on. Having come under the tutelage of a renowned New York law firm, Svetlana may well find that, next to his dog, man's best friend is his tax-oriented lawyer.

The New York people, with their social glamour and their high-rise affluence, are forever conscious of the so-called "public image" among those in their selective midst. When the "Copex Establishment" was first mentioned, professional public relations men wondered whether it might not reflect negatively on Svetlana's public image as the idealistic refugee in search of free religious and literary self-expression. After all, a tax-exempt Liechtenstein corporation suggests exotic monetary dealings as elusive as a secret, numbered bank account in Zurich. The question of Svetlana's public image arose again when news from India alleged that she was contemplating a statue for Brijesh Singh at Kalakankar, that she would use her royalty money to pay his brother to write a biography of Singh, to be published in the United States. Public relations men are trained to guard against damaging associations of images. A statue and biography of Brijesh Singh? An old expression comes back to haunt, ironically—"the cult of personality!"

But there are those around her who feel Svetlana can take New York and its big and little vanities in her energetic stride. She would make mistakes, of course, but she would enjoy the unfettered stimulus that this alive city, its theaters, museums, concert halls, galleries, and literary ferment have to offer. When all was said and done, Svetlana might make a good New Yorker.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

What Does She Believe?

Svetlana, beginning the second half of her life, and looking back upon four "wasted" decades in the Soviet Union, has on several occasions expressed her present beliefs—to friends in India, Switzerland, and the United States, and, more formally, in two statements made after her arrival in New York.

She left Russia for both personal and general reasons—notably the lack of freedom of expression under communism and the need for religious and artistic liberty. The death of her husband, Brijesh Singh, brought her "long repressed feelings about my life to the surface," so that "I felt it impossible to be silent and tolerant any more." While other factors had accumulated, over the years her resentment toward the Soviet regime was crystallized because of its refusal to let her marry Mr. Singh officially, or to take him back to India before his death. After he died, the government did allow her to take his ashes home, but, she wrote, "For me it was too late."

In strong words, she expressed her disgust over the attitude of "the government and the Party to our mar-

riage" and her bewilderment that, in a "country where the marriage with a foreigner is allowed by law," she was refused permission by the regime. She added: "I think this is not the business of the government at all, and the whole thing finished quite tragically, because my husband had died in Moscow and his death . . . made me absolutely intolerant to the things to which I was rather tolerant before." Mrs. Alliluyeva also said:

> When I left Moscow last December [1966] in order to convey the ashes of my late husband, Mr. Brijesh Singh, to his home in India, I fully expected to return to Russia within one month's time. However, during my stay in India I decided that I could not return to Moscow. It was my own decision, based on my own feelings and experiences, without anyone's advice, or help, or instruction.
>
> The strongest struggle was going on in my heart all that time, because I would have to leave my children and not see them for quite a long time. I did everything to force myself to return home. But it was all in vain . . .

Mrs. Alliluyeva then asked herself this question: "Why did I leave Russia and come here to ask for your hospitality?" There were, she said, many reasons, as follows:

> Since my childhood I have been taught communism, and I believed in it, as we all did, my generation. But slowly, with age and experience, I began to think differently. In recent years, we in Russia have begun to think, to discuss, to argue and we are not so much automatically devoted any more to the ideas which we were taught. Also, religion has done a lot to change me. I was brought up in a family where there was never any talk about God. But when I became a grown-up person, I found that it was impossible to exist without God in one's heart. I came to that conclusion myself, without anybody's help or preach-

ing. But that was a great change, because, since that moment, the main dogmas of communism lost their significance for me.

Svetlana explained that she had developed "a generalized belief in God," which she defined this way: "I believe that all religions are true, and different religions are only the different ways to the same God. For me, for me the God is just the power of life and justice, and when I am talking about God, I am just talking about happiness—to live, and enjoy life on this earth. I feel that humanity should be one; that mankind should not be divided; that there should be less struggle. The people should, together, work much for good." This, she added, "is my belief in God."

As her faith in God developed, Svetlana was baptized into the Russian Orthodox Church. The baptism took place in Moscow, in May, 1962, and was undertaken by a clergyman of whom she spoke as "my priest," a Father Nikolai, who has since died. To this she added that, although she was baptized into the Orthodox Church, this did not mean that "I prefer that Church to others." Rather, as she put it, "it was just the following of tradition, following the religion to which my parents and my ancestors belonged."

Her father had attended the Theological Seminary at Tiflis, which was to prepare him for the priesthood in the Russian Orthodox Church. Although he was expelled at the age of nineteen on May 29, 1899, for "not attending classes," his mother maintained that he had studied so diligently that it had undermined his health. Mrs. Djugashvili, at any rate, remained close to the Orthodox faith. Photographs show her in a nun's habit, and upon her death, she was buried quietly in accordance with Orthodox rites. On her mother's side, Svetlana inherited the family name, derived from the biblical term for praise of the Lord, and could look back on ancestral traditions of priesthood in the Church. Today, she feels "great sympathy with modern Hinduism," doubtless because of an affinity developed during her years with Brijesh Singh. She expressed her appreciation of Roman Catholicism, referring to the care and attention she had found among Catholic nuns in Switzerland, as well as of Christian Science.

Her religious convictions, Svetlana said, were not the result of studying specific writings or of personal contacts, but "just what one may call religious feeling—which some people have, some people don't have." She compared religious discovery to the experience of a blind person whose eyes open one day, so "he can see the world, and the sky, and the birds and trees." In this manner, she said, a religious feeling came to her, and only afterward did she begin to study religious literature more extensively. In her opinion, "many" people in Russia today feel that a belief in God is important to meet the challenge of life.

Svetlana used an odd word—odd for the point at which she placed it—when she spoke of losing a good deal of "faith" when her father died. Stalin was to her "the authority which could not be—" And she did not conclude this sentence, but simply added, "Well, I loved him." He obviously was the supreme authority that could not be questioned; that could not be wrong, because she loved him. He was, to put it bluntly, her God image. During these innocent childhood days in the Kremlin, and beyond, Svetlana could cling to daughterly devotion, do traditional duties and express attitudes that were expected of her; there was no room for doubt; there was, in fact, faith. When she lost this faith there followed successive discoveries, successive disillusionments, and, eventually, a desperately needed, frantically desired illumination. The essence of Svetlana's insight came to her through a profound religious experience, comparable to a clearing filled with sunlight, in the jungle of her crowded life.

William James, in his *Varieties of Religious Experience,* says that the essence of religious experiences "must be that element of quality in them which we can meet nowhere else," such a quality that is "most one-sided, exaggerated, and intense." James speaks of

man's need to be "consoled in his very powerlessness, to feel that the spirit of the universe recognizes and secures us," to free us of "the sense of irremediable impotence." Svetlana has known what it means to be powerless, to be unable to sway her own father, much as he loved her, to save the lives of friends she knew to be innocent. She was powerless even to marry a man she loved, to pursue the roads she thought worthwhile, to be herself! James writes:

> And here religion comes to our rescue and takes our fate into her hands. There is a state of mind, known to religious men, but to no others, in which the will to assert ourselves and hold our own has been displaced by a willingness to close our mouths and be as nothing in the flood and waterspouts of God. The time for tension in our soul is over, and that of happy relaxation, of calm deep breathing, of an eternal present, with no discordant future to be anxious about, has arrived. Fear is not held in abeyance as it is by mere morality, it is positively expunged and washed away.

While Svetlana was still in India, she knew fear and indecision. But then a strong feeling of predestination grew within her. By the time she was safely among the Visitation sisters in Fribourg, she felt "like a twig that had fallen into the swirling waters of life," being moved along lightly, passively, smoothly, but unrelenting. Svetlana believes that human life is "governed by a design," where seeming coincidences are "foreordained."

Generalized religious experience, of which Svetlana's case is one example, readily bridges the concepts of Hinduism and Christianity. That great Hindu mystic, Ramakrishna Paramhansa, whose teachings she has found particularly significant, experienced a "state of continuous ecstasy," prompting him to give up all external forms of worship. His search for a Divine Mother, rather than a Father-God image, is related to the Marian concept within Christianity—and, of course, to the Earth Mother image basic to religious needs since the first pagan idolatry. At one point, Ramakrishna experienced the "consciousness of the omnipotence of God" which lifted him "above the world of phenomena."

The teachings of Ramakrishna are vividly alive in India today, pitted against the rigidities of orthodox Hinduism, particularly in the interpretations of his distinguished pupil, Swami Vivekananda. Dr. Triguna Sen of Benares Hindu University has spoken eloquently on the meaning which the teachings of Vivekananda have in the modern world. In India today, Vivekananda's words, "Imitation is not civilization," have a contemporary ring, whether applied to imitation of the Soviet system or to application of an industrialization-at-any-price doctrine. To achieve man's resurrection and rejuvenation, Vivekananda urged "restoring his lost identity and freedom."

It is not surprising that Svetlana is attracted by such thoughts at this moment of her life. It is ironic, however that Brijesh Singh, a veteran Communist, brought to the woman who loved him the message of Hinduism. This ex-Comintern agent, this Marxist atheist, this advocate of dialectical materialism asked his bride to bring his ashes back to his homeland, to be scattered on the waters of the Holy Ganges. In his introduction to *The God that Failed,* a volume of statements by former Communists and Communist sympathizers, Richard Crossman noted that intellectuals accepted "the dogmatism of Stalinism" because it offered "something like a religious release from responsibility," and then found that it had been easier "to lay the oblation of spiritual pride on the altar of world revolution than to snatch it back again."

To Brijesh Singh, and to Svetlana through his guidance, failure of the Marxist God impelled a return to traditions—whether Hindu or Christian—that permit the individual to place his own insights and needs into a pluralistic framework, leaving aside the limitations of dogma.

Svetlana hopes to spend much time in the future in Benares, the symbol of Hindu multiplicity and all-inclusiveness. This teeming town on the Ganges River, where ugliness and beauty merge, where beggars squat beneath gilded sculptures, is the throbbing synthesis of Hinduism; here a sacred cow may warm itself on a crematory fire, chewing a few funereal marigolds near the pyre; half-nude sadhus walk among the fifteen hundred richly decorated temples; the platforms above the river support holy men, legislators, farmers, businessmen, and beggars alike as they meditate in yogic positions.

Dr. Louis Renous, Professor of Sanskrit and Indian Literature at the Sorbonne, has said in his work on Hinduism that here is, indeed, "a complex and rich religion" which provides "the paths of spiritual progress, the quest for liberation, the tendency to renunciation, and finally the intensive concentration on problems which in other cultures are more often reserved for theologians or philosophers . . ."

He might have added that in still different cultures, such problems are supposed to be solved by reference to the pseudo-sacred writings of Karl Marx, Frederick Engels, V. I. Lenin, Joseph Stalin or Mao Tse-tung. On May 1, 1967, while Svetlana was getting settled in New York, a ten-foot-high portrait of her father was carried through the streets of Peking—together with pictures of Marx, Engels, and Lenin—as a huge icon might be carried in an Orthodox Easter service.

Svetlana's religio-philosophical world view clashes with the xenophobia shown by the Soviet regime when it frowned on her close relationship to Mr. Singh, even though he was a Communist, mainly because he was a foreigner. Svetlana said she resented the fact that, "because of my name, I was considered a kind of state property," so that "even the question of whether I should be allowed to marry a citizen of India was decided by the Party and the government." This narrow, chauvinistic approach affronted her developing world-consciousness, and she said:

"My father was a Georgian, my mother was of a very much mixed nationality. Although I've lived all my life in Moscow, I believe that one's home can be anywhere that one can feel free. My late husband, Brijesh Singh, belonged to an ancient family of India. He was a wonderful man and my children and I loved him very much." Beyond this personal consideration, Svetlana spoke of an intrinsic internationalism:

"I do believe in the power of the intellect in the world, no matter in which country you live. Instead of struggling and causing unnecessary bloodshed, people should work more together for the progress of humanity. This is the only thing which I can take seriously—the work of teachers, scientists, educated priests, doctors, lawyers, their work all over the world, notwithstanding states and borders, political parties, and ideologies. There are no capitalists and Communists for me; there are good people or bad people, honest or dishonest, and in whatever country they live, people are the same, everywhere; and their best expectations and moral ideas are the same."

Svetlana then answered two interrelated questions: "Do you believe that religion and the basic ideals of communism are compatible? Do you believe that religion and communism can exist together?" Svetlana answered, "I don't think that class struggle and revolution can go hand in hand with the idea of love," and added, "No, I don't believe it can be joined together." When asked whether, now that Communist dogmas had lost significance to her, Svetlana intended to "speak out" against them, she replied that she did not plan to engage in "political activities," adding, "By this I mean, I am not going to preach," either "for communism or against it." She observed, in this connection, "I am accustomed to an absolutely private life. I never had any political activities in Russia and I am not going to have it here," and said further, "I have no political philosophy."

Comparing life in the Soviet Union with conditions during the Stalin period, Svetlana spoke, first of all, of

a writer's need for freedom of self-expression. Referring to "disapproval" on her part "of the politics of my father," she said, "Of course, I disapprove of many things, but I think that many other people who still are in our Central Committee and Politburo should be responsible for the same things of which he alone was accused." When she made this statement, the Central Committee had three hundred and sixty members and the Politburo had eleven. The careers of these eleven indicate that this leading Soviet governing body does contain a number of Stalin holdovers.

With the exit of Khrushchev, who had been a close collaborator of Stalin in the Ukrainian purges, the most colorful holdover disappeared from the stage of current history. Lazar Pistrak, in *The Grand Tactician: Khrushchev's Rise to Power,* documents his part in "the greatest blood bath ever conducted by any group of men against their own comrades." Khrushchev lauded Stalin to the skies when the "cult of personality" was in vogue, and it was he, of course, who spoke out most strongly against the former Premier after his death.

The British poet and analyst of Soviet affairs Robert Conquest notes that "it is sometimes asserted that the generation of Brezhnev and Kosygin is the first to have no responsibility for the Stalinist terror," but he finds that this is "true only in the very limited sense that none of them were members of the highest bodies, bearing direct responsibility on a national scale" during the great purges of the 1930's. He observes that all of them held "posts of definite responsibility during 1952-53, a period of ruthless oppression" and "obtained promotion from rank-and-file membership of the Party precisely at the time of the Great Purge itself."

Leonid I. Brezhnev, who as the Party's General Secretary holds a position slightly more influential than Kosygin, was First Secretary of the Communist Party in the Ukraine (1947-50) and Moldavia (1950-52); he joined the Central Committee in 1952. While this places him prominently among Party administrators during the Stalin regime, he was in the second rank. Alexey N. Kosygin, now Premier, was one of Stalin's top advisers, mainly an economic administrator. He was Minister of Finance in 1948, became a candidate member of the Politburo in 1946, and a full member in 1948. The Party's leading ideologist, Mikhail Suslov, is perhaps the strongest link between the current Politburo and the Stalin era. His public career goes back to 1931, when he first joined the purge-organizing Central Control Commission of the Party. He was chief of the Party's Agitation and Propaganda Department while serving as editor of *Pravda* (1946-47). He joined the Presidium (Politburo) in 1950 and helped organize the anti-Tito drives of the Cominform. Alexander N. Shelepin was similarly active, although much younger and less prominent than Suslov. The closest identification with early Bolshevik terror is provided by Arvid Y. Pelshe, who belonged to the Petrograd Soviet in 1917; he worked in various detachments of the Secret Police, surviving all reorganizations, since 1920.

As for the rest of the Politburo, the ranks of the actual Stalin collaborators are thinning. Two prominent members of the Khrushchev generation, Alexey I. Mikoyan and Nikolai M. Shvernik, were retired at the 1966 Party congress. Nevertheless, all Politburo and Central Committee members are, in effect, survivors of the purges. They are carried along by a momentum that began with Lenin, was accelerated enormously by Stalin and continued at a reduced rate beyond his death. His successors removed Stalin's body from the mausoleum in Red Square; appropriately they left that of Lenin as a relic to the history of Bolshevism.

Summing up her views on the excesses of the Stalin regime and those who were active in it, Svetlana said: "I feel somewhat responsible for those horrible things, killing people unjustly; I feel that responsibility for this was and is the Party's, the regime, and the ideology as a whole . . ."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Svetlana's Future: To Hope is to Fear

"If you are not Stalin's daughter, who are you?"

It is a question that the world must ask Svetlana as she seeks a new identity.

If she were not Joseph Stalin's daughter, she would not be where she is now; no one would really listen to her; her life and words would have little meaning outside herself. Her experience is unique only because she is unique. Otherwise, she would merely belong to one of many waves of disillusionment.

She is not "Miss Djugashvili," not "Mrs. Alliluyeva," nor plain "Svetlana"—not really, not in people's minds, not as a public figure. Behind her looms the shadow of the man in the Kremlin, who kept a nation of some two hundred million people in a state of ever-increasing terror. There is no curse that has not been uttered against him, just as there is no word of cloying homage that was not applied to him during the years of his reign.

Svetlana Yosifovna Stalina cannot walk away from the ghost of her father. Nor does the world expect her to denounce him. There is no need for such an act of

desecration. Rather, the world might remember a touching act of filial loyalty. The date was March 5, 1956, thirteen years to the day after the death of Stalin. The Soviet press, which had outdone itself with praise of this man for decades on end, printed no word in his memory. No one came to visit his simple grave. Svetlana waited for the 12 o'clock changing of the Kremlin guards. Quickly, quietly, she put a small bouquet of flowers, wrapped in cellophane, on the stone that bore her father's name.

She had remembered him. No one else had.

Beyond her personal heritage, Svetlana is a human being of this generation, who by accident of birth bears special responsibility. She may have resented, and rightly so, being treated like a piece of state property by the Soviet regime. But she cannot escape the role of being a symbol. She may decide to spend years of meditation in a Hindu Ashram, teach Russian at a Midwestern college, marry a Texas millionaire, or go back to Russia and join the Union of Soviet Writers—but she will, from now on, be a symbol.

In a sense, this woman had a grossly delayed maturity. The Soviet state, which gave her a pension, an apartment, and a job, tried to keep her tied to its apron strings. Acting as a super-parent, it told her, in effect, "What you don't know won't hurt you!" As a result, Svetlana has a good deal of catching up to do, in areas that neither she nor anyone else can possibly imagine—from the philosophy of religion to the psychology of economics. What matters is that her intellect now has the chance to roam freely.

Her point that Stalin was not alone in his guilt is well taken. It underlines the continuing need for revision of Soviet society, still governed by a privileged class of men who owe their positions to the Stalin heritage, and whose status would be endangered by any serious shift in government organization. Fear of losing privilege, of being shifted from the "ins" to the "outs," prevents an ultimate coming-to-terms with the Soviet past. Not only the Khrushchev generation that rose

during Stalin's rule and helped to keep it going, but hundreds of thousands in public life—the "cream" of Soviet society—are fearful of being branded, at some point of reversal, as "collaborators" in the crimes of the state.

The poet Yevgeny Yevtuchenko writes in his *Precocious Autobiography* (New York, 1963): "Now that ten years have gone by, I realize that Stalin's greatest crime was not the arrests and the shootings he ordered. His greatest crime was the disintegration of the human spirit he caused." This disintegration was brought about by the very point which Stalin's daughter emphasizes: the total state machinery was an accessory to his crimes. They were all guilty, in one degree or another; so now they dare not admit his actions fully, for fear of implicating themselves in retrospect. Although many outward elements of Soviet policy have been modified since Stalin's death, there are still no true safeguards against bureaucratic abuses. Svetlana put it well when she said that the ideology "as a whole" is basically at fault.

How can this be changed? Can Svetlana Alliluyeva, with her newly won freedom of self-expression, help? She speaks of herself as being nonpolitical, as being rather humbly, a mere writer. Yet, she cannot avoid being political, any more than she can deny her father or mother. As a linguist, she must know that the very word "political" has different meanings in different languages. It need not have the derogatory ring that prompts such humanitarian intellectuals as Svetlana to recoil. Freedom is eminently political. Every prayer that is spoken, every word that is written, every step that is taken in an atmosphere of freedom has political connotations—in the best sense of the word. The Greek word for "citizen" is *politis*. Politics is linked to man's status within society, to his participation in affairs of the community. Politics, in its original and actual sense, is the art and practice of man's relation to man. To be "political" means to be involved in the world around us. It is a clean word, an honest

word—but like all words, its meaning depends on its use.

Svetlana Alliluyeva has much to teach, and even more to learn. She will need time to do both. She cannot be spared the gruesome task of reading up on Soviet history. And until she is quite sure of her ground, she may say too much too soon. She is volatile and impetuous, and if she does not watch out, some of her spur-of-the-moment statements will come back to haunt her. After a lifetime of frustrations, of pent-up yearning, patience comes hard.

Feeling that she has wasted half her life, Svetlana is eager to make the most, and quickly, of the second half. But this creates two interrelated dangers. First, she will be tempted to overstate her case, speak with too much stridency, too much emotional involvement; her French well-wisher, Emmanuel d'Astier, is apprehensive that America will be a "passionate experience" to her. Secondly, Svetlana may expect too immediate a response, too profound an impact. She feels that, since she is who she is, her experience may truly help turn the world into a Greater Kalakankar, as her loving eyes have seen it, into an all-embracing earthly paradise. That is not going to happen. Not even with Stalin's daughter having her say; not with all the sincerity and passion at her command.

One New York acquaintance feels that strength of character will help Svetlana to bridge possible difficulties:

> Where does this woman get her energy, her vivacity, her optimism? Why isn't she a nervous wreck? Here, during this green, warm summer, she seems untouched by the tragedy that has been her life. She comes indoors, from a walk in the woods, as if she had just discovered the world. A few leaves are still stuck to her jacket, and in her auburn, wavy hair. Her cheeks are glowing, pink, and her eyes reflect whatever blue is in the sky or on the water. This is a sturdy woman who wears sensible shoes, but she is

light on her feet. Her steps are springy, those of a dancer. She was snippy to the reporters who wanted to know her weight. She is a bit self-conscious about that. Sturdily built. One does not fit her easily into the cardboard image of the Russian woman, but her family tree is mixed, and that may account for it. Perhaps her Germanic great-grandmother had those same blue eyes.

But the external sturdiness belies her sensitivity. She is right in wanting to be a writer. She bubbles over with words, particularly when she is writing. She is an industrious letter writer. Perhaps she has managed to survive the terrors of the past because she reacts so quickly and dramatically to tragedy, straight from the heart, with tears, or anger. If she can also develop control, she may be a very good writer.

In addressing her children, whom she left behind in Moscow, Svetlana expressed the hope that, one day, they will be reunited. But she does not look forward to her own return to the Soviet Union. Still, one day she may return. She is looking forward to another four decades or so of active life. History can move swiftly; and even a natural political-cultural evolution within the Soviet state might make it possible for Stalin's daughter to visit a de-Stalinized Russia.

The dangers to herself, after she spoke so freely during her stay in India, were not just that she might be reprimanded or even imprisoned upon her return to Russia. More subtle but more devastating possibilities existed. These were indicated by some Soviet-inspired comments prompted by her defection, and by the manner in which other recent critics within the Soviet Union have been treated. Pretending to act more in sorrow than in anger, authorities ruled that such critics should not be imprisoned, but, "for their own protection and in their own psycho-medical interest," should be confined to sanatoria. What was more natural, the argument might run, than that a woman as bereaved as

Mrs. Alliluyeva, following the tragic death of her husband, should pass through a period of mental anguish bordering on instability? Rest, confinement, treatment by carefully supervised psychiatric personnel would follow the diagnosis by politically reliable experts. All this might have been done quietly, while the word would be spread: "Have you heard about poor Svetlana? The death of her husband. She took it terribly hard. I understand she had to be taken to a rest home . . ."

An old Russian emigré, living in the suburb of a large eastern U. S. city, spoke with warmth of Svetlana. He is one of the great "Kremlinologists" in the world, one of the few men who have been astonishingly successful in analyzing Soviet events by piecing together apparently unrelated news events. This man, who came to the United States in the early 1940's, looks upon Svetlana's role in these terms:

I have been awake nights, thinking about her. She personifies hope. I feel desperate when I think that this might not work out. Too much has happened to her. I know much more than she does, about what Stalin has done. I do not even want her to know it all. Frankly, I want her to be happy. I get angry when people wisecrack about her supposed "opportunism." About the fact that she left her children behind. That only makes her decision more courageous. In Germany, writers would say that those who fled Hitler took the easy way out, that the "internal emigrants," who stuck it out, were the real heroes. Some were, I suppose. The rest were taking the path of least resistance.

We all go through life, trying to make the big break, hoping to leave behind the trivial that holds us back like the barnacles of a ship. But our courage gives out. She has this courage. The odds are so tremendous that they stagger the imagination. The thing she has broken with is gigantic. I literally pray for

her that the exposure, the flattery, the intoxicating air of freedom will not do her harm.

You know that I have traced every detail of the crimes that Stalin has committed; that I have made a special study of the series of mysterious deaths that paved his way to power and maintained him there. I do not think she can understand all of this, and I do not want her to know it, as a human being, because it would make her chances of succeeding in this new life that much smaller. She can be a powerful influence for good, both here and in Russia, and in the relationship of our two countries, and for the peace of the world. That sounds pretty big, doesn't it? But it is big. She is the right generation. And it takes a woman to symbolize this human potential.

Yes, to hope is to fear. I hope for so much. I see such tremendous possibilities that I tremble with fear that all the things that are possible may be dissipated. I think the State Department handled this whole business very well. But there are many pitfalls. There is nothing spectacular that Svetlana can do, but she can symbolize a bridge, the common denominator that truly exists. The truisms she says are more than routine words when they come from her. We do all really want peace, in Moscow and in Washington. It is, among other things, a problem of breaking down the emotional rigidities of those Stalinists in Hanoi, their colonial hangover, their racism, their insistence on fighting a war that was over ten or twenty years ago. They know nothing. They do not know that Washington, for better or worse, would be delighted if Vietnam were to become an Asian Czechoslovakia or Rumania.

Well, I am an old man with old hopes. But this woman's actions have given me a new enthusiasm. She has made me feel Russian again. Isn't that funny? Here I am, a suburban American, tending my plants. And I look at her, and I say, "This is Russia!"

Svetlana's arrival in New York completed an escape from tragedy and dramatized her spiritual rebirth. Her ultimate danger now lies in a reversal of that experience. But if she expects too much, this rebirth may turn into tragic disappointment, into a painful letdown after the euphoria of freedom. In facing this danger, Svetlana stands utterly alone.

Chronology

1879	Birth of Joseph Djugashvili ("Stalin") in Gori, Georgia
1904	Marriage of Stalin and Ekaterina Svanidze at Tiflis
1905	Birth of Jacob Djugashvili
1907	Death of Ekaterina, Stalin's wife
1917	Bolshevik revolution; Stalin appointed Commissar of Nationalities
1919	Marriage of Stalin and Nadezhda Alliluyeva, daughter of Sergey Alliluyev; birth of Vassily Stalin
1924	Death of V. I. Lenin
1925	Birth of Svetlana Stalina
1926	Leon Trotsky and Leonid Kamenev ousted from Politburo of Soviet Communist Party; Grigory Zinoviev expelled from leadership of Communist International (Comintern)
1927	Suicide of Adolph Joffe, prominent Soviet diplomat
1932	Suicide of Nadezhda Alliluyeva Stalina
1934	Assassination of Sergey Kirov in Leningrad
1936	Execution of Zinoviev and Kamenev
1937	Execution of Marshal Mikhail Tukhachevsky and other military leaders; purge of armed forces
1939	Soviet-Nazi Pact; joint invasion of Poland; death of Paul Alliluyev
1940	Leon Trotsky assassinated in Mexico
1941	German armed forces invade Soviet Union; Germans capture Jacob Djugashvili, later reported dead
1942	Winston Churchill visits Stalin; Svetlana marries Grigory Morozov
1944	Allied troops land in Normandy, France; Russian troops enter Hungary; Svetlana divorces Morozov,

following birth of son, subsequently known as Joseph Alliluyev

1945 War ends in Europe

1947 Establishment of Cominform; Andrey Zhdanov achieves height of prominence; Svetlana marries Yuri Zhdanov, his son (1948); A. Zhdanov dies; Anna Alliluyeva deported to forced labor camp

1950 Ekaterina born to Yuri and Svetlana, who subsequently divorce

1952 Nineteenth Congress of Soviet Communist Party; emergence of Georgy Malenkov as Stalin's potential successor

1953 Death of Stalin; Malenkov becomes Premier; Lavrenti Beria, Secret Police chief, killed

1954 Anna Alliluyeva returns from imprisonment

1955 Malenkov resigns; Khrushchev begins climb to power

1956 Khrushchev makes secret speech to participants of Twentieth Congress of Soviet Communist Party, denouncing Stalin's activities

1959 Khrushchev visits United States

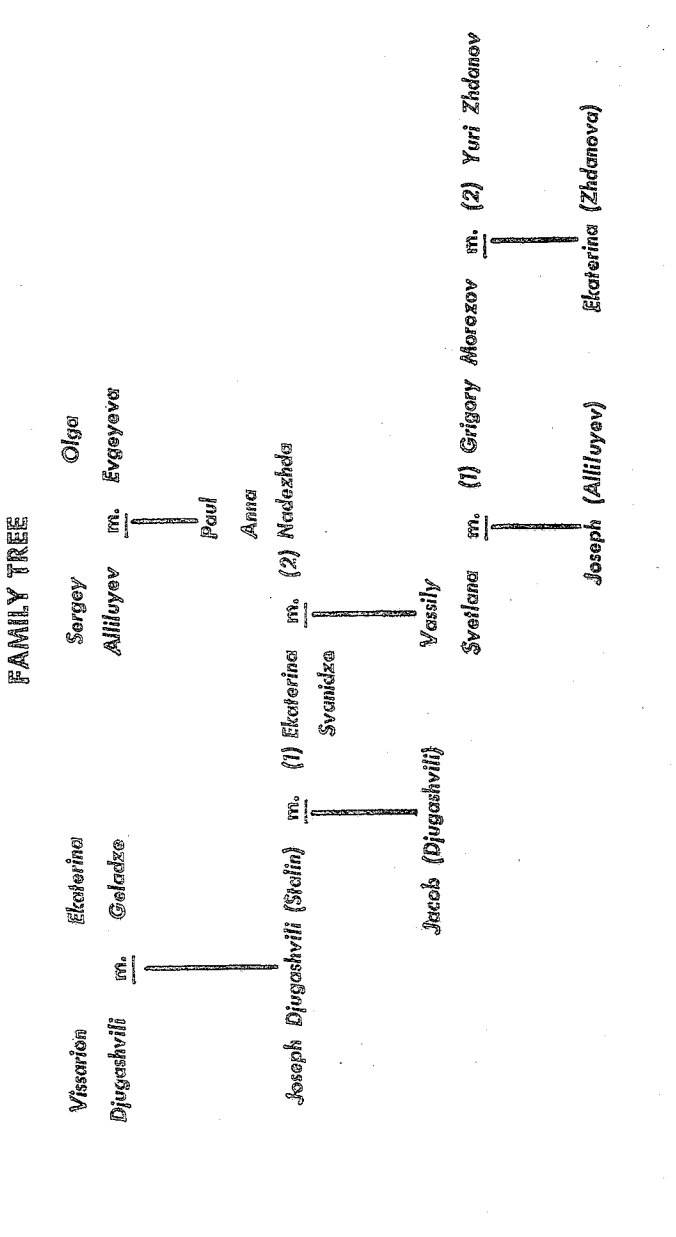
1962 Death of Vassily Stalin at Kazan

1963 Svetlana meets Brijesh Singh

1964 Khrushchev is replaced by Leonid Brezhnev and Alexey Kosygin; new regime refuses Svetlana permission to accompany Singh to India

1966 Singh dies in October; Svetlana carries his ashes to India in December

1967 Svetlana refuses to return to Soviet Union; after visit to Switzerland, arrives in United States in April



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A Note on the Sources

This book might well be read in conjunction with the autobiographical notes of Svetlana Alliluyeva, *Twenty Letters to a Friend* (New York, Harper & Row, 1967), supplementing information presented by Mrs. Alliluyeva and providing historical context. For a number of reasons, the main subject of this book could not be expected to cover some of the data and subject matter presented on these pages. However, as much of it is closely related to her, some observations on sources are indicated.

Mrs. Alliluyeva, before arriving in the United States, spoke freely to friends and acquaintances abroad. Indian Commerce Minister Dinesh Singh, during a parliamentary debate, commented on her candor, adding that he did not wish to make details of their conversations public. However, Svetlana Alliluyeva spoke with equal frankness to others, notably during her stays in Allahabad and in Kalakankar.

Part of this book deals with Svetlana Alliluyeva-Stalina's childhood years, up to the time that she attended Moscow University, a period of particular interest to the historian concerned with the personality of her father, Joseph Stalin. Statesmen from several countries have contributed to the mosaic of facts; among these are Winston Churchill, W. Averell Harriman, and Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie. The Selected Bibliography lists these and other sources.

In any research that deals with information that has been deliberately hidden from observation, recording, and confirmation, special caution is necessary. To illustrate this point, one specific question may be asked: Did Stalin's daughter ever visit the United States before her arrival in

1967? Did she, in fact, stay at the Soviet embassy in Washington, perhaps under an assumed name, some time in 1942, while the one-time Soviet Foreign Minister Maxim Litvinov was Ambassador? And can it be true that Stalin ever claimed he had sent Svetlana to Washington as a sort of "hostage" to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, to show his sincerity in demanding a Second Front in Europe against the armies of Nazi Germany?

These questions may be asked, because assertions along these lines have been made in a number of published works; if they were answered in the affirmative, this would be of considerable interest. The author of this volume sought affirmation from sources in the United States and Soviet governments, but no confirmation was received. The story of Svetlana's alleged Washington stay was presented with particular detail in the alleged autobiographical work of one Budu Svandize. This so-called "nephew" of Stalin (see Selected Bibliography) stated that he had visited at the Black Sea resort of Sochi where Svetlana was reading Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol.* This account alleged that Stalin upbraided his daughter for reading such unworthy literature, but praised her for having learned English in one year because of her supposed stay in Washington.

The alleged Svandize diaries, originally published in France and consulted for this book in a German translation, have been published in England under the title *My Uncle Joe,* and in the United States as *My Uncle Joseph Stalin*; the book is out of print in all editions. The autobiographical writings of one "Achmed Amba" are to be regarded with similar caution. Both books may be the result of a mélange of literary efforts: interviews with knowledgeable persons who wish to disguise their identities; elaboration of authentic data; outright invention.

The most recent, and most flagrant, example of this type is an alleged autobiography by Litvinov, published in the United States under the modest title *Notes for a Journal,* with a Prefatory Note by General Walter Bedell Smith and an Introduction by the English historian Professor E. H. Carr. These memoirs lack the subtlety and occasional elements of apparent authenticity of either the Svandize or Amba books. This writer shares the view of Bertram D. Wolfe ("The Strange Case of the Litvinov Diaries," in *Strange Communists I Have Known,* New York, 1965) that they bear a curious resemblance to the work of a former Soviet diplomat, Gregory Bessedovsky, *Revelations of a Soviet Diplomat* (London, 1931).

Wolfe finds it odd, and it is odd, that a scholar of Professor Carr's reputation should have carefully footnoted and endorsed publication of these diaries. Carr, noting that the author appears to be particularly ambivalent in his attitude toward Stalin, asserts that "this gives the document, whether genuine or not, a certain value for the historian." Wolfe observes that these books tend to picture Stalin as "a man of foresight, a good father, a good Georgian husband or uncle, a simple lover of Georgian foods, wines, songs, a man who knew the masses as no other Soviet leader, the possessor of various other average citizens' qualities which tend to normalize and humanize the total state and its late dictator." Professor Carr, on the other hand, believes that the Litvinov book "makes a useful contribution to our understanding of the conditions in which Soviet policy was framed and conducted in these years and of the attitude of those concerned."

With this in mind, and despite the Smith and Carr prefaces, *Notes for a Journal* is not among the sources used for this book; the alleged Svandize and Amba autobiographies are cautiously cited where elements of authenticity seem apparent. Although Bessedovsky, using his credentials as a former staff member of the Soviet embassy in Paris, seeks to document the identity of Svandize, the noted French historian of the Communist movement Boris Souvarine has stated that he never existed (*Bulletin de l'Association d'Étude et d'Informations Politique Internationales* [Paris], May, 1953).

The Selected Bibliography does not, of course, include all the sources used in the preparation of this volume; much data was received from informants in India, Switzerland, and France, or drawn from a wide variety of newspapers and periodicals published inside and outside the Soviet Union. Biographical data compiled by the Institute for the Study of the USSR, Munich, has proven particularly helpful. For overall historical concepts and certain source material, the author is particularly indebted to Alexander Barmine's *One Who Survived,* whose author personally knew Paul Alliluyev, brother of Svetlana's mother (as did Alexander Orlov, author of *The Secret History of Stalin's Crimes*), and to Lazar Pistrak, the painstaking author of

The Grand Tactician: Khrushchev's Rise to Power. Special mention should also be made of Bertram D. Wolfe's *Khrushchev and Stalin's Ghost*. Paul Wohl, the Russia specialist of the *Christian Science Monitor*, provided a number of helpful suggestions.

The lasting value of research undertaken by two men whose death has been a severe loss to Soviet studies should be mentioned: Boris Nikolayevsky, former director of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute, and at the time of his death associated with The Hoover Institute, Stanford, California; and Franz Borkenau, with whom the author of this volume spent many enjoyable hours in conversations, far removed from the violence of contemporary history, on Mount Dolder, near Zurich.

M.E.

New York City
June, 1967