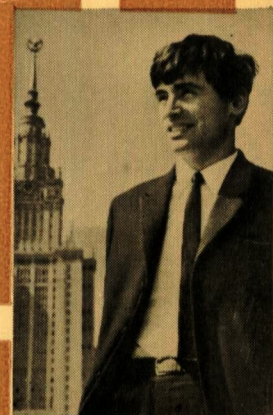




1969  
**THESE ARE  
THY CHILDREN,  
HELLAS !**



1969



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OLEG DOBROVOLSKY, KOSTAS SARAFIDIS

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**THESE ARE THY  
CHILDREN, HELLAS!**

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## MIKIS IS SMILING

In October, 1966 Mikis Theodorakis who was on tour in the Soviet Union came to the Uzbek capital, Tashkent. The name of this fine Greek composer and prominent public figure, leader of the Lambrakis Democratic Youth League, an EDA party deputy in the Greek parliament and a staunch fighter for freedom and democracy, is a familiar one in the Soviet Union. Millions of Soviet people know and love his music and songs telling of the fortitude and sufferings, the hopes and dreams of the Greek people.

Tashkent accorded Mikis Theodorakis and his friends—members of the Folk Musical Instruments Company—the same enthusiastic welcome they received everywhere in the USSR. Hundreds of people waited for Mikis at the entrance of his hotel, the “Tashkent”, to greet him and get his autograph. People recognized him in the streets and gave him bunches of fragrant Tashkent roses, schoolchildren tied the scarlet Young Pioneer scarf around his neck, workers at the plant he visited gave him a firm brotherly handshake. Whenever the composer, tall and well-built, strong and kind, appeared on the stage, he was given a tremendous ovation.

Mikis Theodorakis and the other Greek musicians were warmly welcomed everywhere in the Soviet Union but there was a special quality about their reception in Tashkent. The point is that as soon as they landed at the Tashkent airport

they found themselves surrounded by Greeks—political emigrants, patriots who had fought for a bright future for their country. These people had lived in the Soviet Union, mainly in Uzbekistan, since 1949.

Mikis Theodorakis and his friends spent a considerable part of their time with them. A meeting was held in defiance of the wet weather, in the courtyard of the Greek club since there was not enough room for everyone inside. In answering the greetings of representatives of the Greek Political Emigrants Society, Mikis Theodorakis described what was happening in Greece and the people's struggle for their rights. Who could have guessed then that only a few months later, a junta of "black colonels" would seize power, by means of a fascist coup, that the principles of freedom and democracy would be trampled underfoot, that arbitrary rule and terror would reign in the country and that Mikis along with a great number of other patriots and democrats would find themselves behind prison bars and experience the inhuman brutality of the *asfalia*! At this grand meeting the leader of the Lambrakis movement was elected an honorary member of the Greek political emigrants youth organization and presented with membership card No. 1.

Equally moving was Mikis's meeting with the pupils of School No. 464, 120 of whom are children of the Greek emigrants. The children, lively and enthusiastic—Uzbeks, Russians, Ukrainians, Greeks, dark-haired, dark-eyed, fair-haired, blue-eyed—chanted: "Mikis, Mi-ikis!..." An olive-skinned Greek girl Matula Rosiu said addressing Theodorakis that the Greek children living in emigration were loyal to the great cause for which the Greek people were fighting and for which their fathers and grandfathers had fought, and that they promised to grow up worthy of their people. A little Uzbek boy with eyes like black olives put on Mikis's

head a brightly embroidered *tyubeteika*<sup>1</sup> and tied a Young Pioneer scarf around his neck. Smiling Mikis lifted the boys high in his arms and kissed him.

Theodorakis met the Greek emigrants several times every day.

But on these happy occasions there was a trace of bitterness and pain. It was homesickness, pangs of love for their country whose rulers stubbornly prevented the return of her true and loyal sons and daughters who had devoted to her their youth, their best years spent in struggle, difficulties and hardships, who had risked their lives for their country's freedom and independence. The words of Euripides spoken by Electra aptly apply here:

*Oh, are there groans more painful to the ear  
Than those caused by separation from the Motherland?*

When the vibrant voice of Maria Faranturi rang out in Theodorakis' "Epitaph" during a concert by the Greek company, this nostalgic grief was reflected in the sad eyes of an elderly Greek with greying temples and a deeply-lined face as much as in those of a young girl-student who had been born and brought up far from her native land which she knew only from her parents' stories and from books but was none the less dear to her.

Mikis Theodorakis as though reading their thoughts and hopes, said to them: "We are greatly moved by our meeting with you. Here, in far-away Tashkent, lives, works and hopes a part of the Greek people. Our thoughts, the

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<sup>1</sup> Tyubeteika—a scull-cap worn in Central Asia.

thoughts of the youth are always with you. Today we have brought you our songs. Soon the wonderful day must come when together we shall build a new life in our liberated Motherland."

The "emigrants of freedom" as the Greek political emigrants are called, have lived for almost twenty years in the Soviet Union. The generous and hospitable Central Asian Republic—Uzbekistan—has become for them a second homeland. Almost two decades! Long enough for a child to become a young man or woman, for a youth—a full-grown man, for a middle-aged man to grow old. How has life changed the people who left their native land when quite young? What has life offered the new generation, born and brought up away from their own country? How do these people who fought for the same cause live and work? How did the Land of the Soviets accept them? What opportunities for education and spiritual growth have been given them in the home of the October Revolution and Lenin?

To be able to answer these and many other questions, we, two journalists, left Moscow in October, 1967, for Tashkent, where Greek is often heard spoken in the streets, where you can meet men and women formerly of Athens, Thessaloniki, small Greek towns and villages. The story of what we saw and heard, of our numerous meetings and diverse impressions forms the contents of this book which naturally cannot claim to be a comprehensive and exhaustive account of the life of Greek political emigrants. This is just the story of what we saw, the people we met, what moved us and made a lasting impression on us.

## SALAAM, TASHKENT!

Tashkent at last. Having emerged from the railway station we found ourselves in a square filled with the hum of human voices, the clanging of trams and the noise of passing cars, buses and trolleybuses. Behind us were two and a half days on the train which sped us from Moscow to the south-east through the country's broad expanses. We had passed the Volga, boundless steppes, saline soils, yellowish sands, the Aral Sea with its smell of fish, camels stoically indifferent to everything around them, small bare saxaul trees... We had caught glimpses of black-eyed Kazakh children, of an old Kazakh on a donkey holding the bridle of a two-humped camel which plodded along with measured steps, Kazakh women in red or green dresses over wide black trousers...

But all that was behind us. This was Tashkent, first mentioned in annals dating back to the second and first millennia B.C. The beauty of Tashkent with its shady parks and gurgling *aryks*<sup>1</sup>, gorgeous splendour of flowers and trees justifies such compliments as the "pearl of Asia" and "garden-city". And not so long ago, following the successful negotiations, begun on Soviet initiative, between the late Prime Minister Shastri and President Ayub-Khan for a peaceful settlement of the conflict between India and Pakistan, Tashkent began to be called "a city of peace", and the expression "the spirit of Tashkent" took root.

If asked what traits distinguish the Uzbeks, we would answer: cordiality, hospitality, goodwill. These qualities which run in the blood of the people who gave the world

<sup>1</sup> Aryk—an irrigation ditch.



Navoi, Biruni, Ulug-Bek and other great poets, scientists and philosophers, are inseparable from the Uzbek national character. The Uzbeks are always ready to come to the help of those who have met misfortune. During the years of World War II, they took into their homes hundreds of thousands of Soviet people evacuated from the front-line areas and regions temporarily occupied by the fascists.

We put up in the very centre of the city at the six-storeyed hotel, the "Tashkent", with its bluish inlaid pediment. Opposite there is the national style Opera and Ballet Theatre and to the right the concrete and glass building of the new department store.

From the balcony we could see far across this city of over one million inhabitants, hear the sounds of its everyday life, sense its work rhythm. On the horizon, in the morning haze, clearly discernible were the outlines of mountains crowned by the dazzling snow-white tops of the Chatkal range. And quite near, to the left, was the glittering greenish glass façade of the building housing the government offices. Other buildings were going up close by, arms of tower cranes pointed skywards, excavators gnawed into the ground, powerful bulldozers were clearing obstructions, electric welding flashed, dump-trucks roared... We were, in fact, in the midst of one of the numerous building projects. It looked as if Tashkent was being born anew after the earthquake of April 26th, 1966.

A few steps away was the "Shapito" circus. Bravura music floated up to us during the evening performances. The Uzbeks are fond of the circus, and the square near the "Shapito" is always crowded.

Tashkent is an important industrial centre, home of the huge "Tashselmash" and "Uzbekselmash" enterprises which produce different kinds of machinery for cultivating cotton,

the Republic's chief crop, a textile complex which is one of the biggest in the USSR and other enterprises.

At the same time Tashkent is the centre of the Republic's cultural life. Here are found the Uzbek Academy of Sciences, research institutes, Tashkent University and other educational establishments, libraries, theatres, museums... It is a well-planned modern city with straight streets and spacious squares, parks and gardens, big blocks of flats and fine public buildings. Any big European city might envy the wide sunlit Ali Sher Navoi Street, one of its main thoroughfares with its fair made up of rows of sales pavilions. Luxuriant southern vegetation gives the city a charm all its own.

On a hot summer day it is pleasant to walk in the shade of mighty plane-trees, oaks, chestnuts and maples of which the local people are justly proud. The park with its green elms and flower beds along the old irrigation canal Ankhor is another attraction. Weeping willows with their branches almost touching the water of the river Salar bring to mind the following lines from a poem by Nikiforos Vrettakos:

*The willows burst into leaf, the sun sparkling above them,  
Like waterfalls their white branches cascade  
o'er the river.*

Rippling aryks, irrigation canals, and fountains are characteristic of this oriental city where people from time immemorial have known the value of water whose synonym is life.

Tashkent even has its own smell: the perfume of many flowers, especially roges, incongruously mixed with the smoke of *shashlyks* being grilled.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Shashlyk—grilled mutton.



Tourists who come in an endless flow from all countries of the world search the city for local oriental colour. They can still find it though the modern mode of life has largely ousted it. To see it you must go to the oriental bazaar which, like a mirage, springs up in a depression hidden by the ancient mosque in Ali Sher Navoi Street. You will be greeted by the sounds of national Uzbek music from loudspeakers (modern civilization has also penetrated into this dreamy world of the past), and the smell of caraway seeds, barberries, pinks, red peppers, dried dill.

Onions, watermelons resembling dark-green cannonballs and huge golden melons lie piled on the ground. Customers move ceaselessly about the market. Your attention is attracted to grey-bearded old men in colourful quilted robes—*beshmets*, white turbans or velvet *tyubeteikas*. An elderly woman with a load on her head passes by. A small grey donkey draws a cart laden with fruit. In the *chaikhana*<sup>1</sup> old men sit drinking tea pouring it from porcelain tea-pots into *pialas*.<sup>2</sup>

This is the Tashkent we saw, a city of workers, of new construction projects, an ancient but ever youthful city. Mentally we made it an obeisance.

...In 1949 Tashkent extended a cordial welcome to some thousand fighters for Greece's freedom. Since then the family of political emigrants has grown by several thousand—the new generation born in the Soviet Union. The Greek "colony", however, is but a small island in this city of over a million. Where should we begin to get acquainted with it? We had no doubts about this: the first thing to do

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<sup>1</sup> Chaikhana—tea-rooms in Central Asia.

<sup>2</sup> Piala—a round cup without a handle.

was to go to the Greek Political Emigrants Society. And that's where we shall begin our story about Greece's sons and daughters who live in the Soviet Union.

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## A FEW STATISTICS

At 30, Pedagogicheskaya Street, a quiet street, not far from the centre of the city, the Greek Political Emigrants Society has its headquarters. We enter the courtyard and at once it seems we have arrived in Greece: quick animated speech is heard, a soft, poignant melody comes from the open doors of the two-storey club—a member of the Greek Song and Dance Company, we are told, is practicing for a coming performance. The façade of the club is decorated with a large emblem: a scarlet carnation with the Parthenon as background.

While we were in Tashkent we went to the Society headquarters every day and soon began to feel at home amidst good friends and acquaintances. The courtyard was particularly lively when the working day was finished. Here you could meet a foreman from the "Tashselmash" plant who came on some public or personal business, an operator from the clothing factory "Yulduz", a design engineer from the "Tashtextilmash" plant, an assistant professor from the Institute of National Economy and a surgeon there for a sitting of the Scientific-Technical Society, a school teacher who taught the children Greek...

Most of them are active members of the Society. This organization, to which belong over 80 per cent of all the political emigrants, was set up in December, 1963. It now has nine local branches: six in Tashkent, one in each of the three—Chirchik, Moscow and Kiev. The Society is headed by a Central Council consisting of 75 members and an executive body—a presidium. The Society organizes festivals at which the achievements of the political emigrants in production, science and technology, culture, art and sport are reviewed. It arranges weeks of friendship and marks national holidays and memorable dates in the history of the Greek people's struggle for freedom, democracy and progress. The Society's main aims are to sustain and strengthen the feeling among the political emigrants of being part of the Greek people who are fighting for a happy future for their homeland, to nurture national consciousness and national traditions and to cultivate in young people a love for Greece and the Soviet Union (there are now more than 5 thousand children of political emigrants under the age of sixteen). The Society is also concerned with other matters: the granting of pensions, allocation of living space, rendering help to the sick, receiving and distributing passes to sanatoriums and holiday homes, etc. It is not surprising that because of all these activities the Society is highly thought of by the emigrants.

The Society's leaders gave us a lot of interesting figures and data as they told us about the changes which have occurred in the emigrants' lives.

In the Soviet Union they were able not only to work but also to study. Immediately after their arrival groups were organized to help them learn Russian and schools were set up for the illiterate. They were given ample opportunities to study in schools for working youth, where they could

get a complete secondary education, and to enrol at various specialized secondary and higher educational establishments. Since then over 2,000 of them have received a higher or specialized secondary education. They are making a success of their work in industry and agriculture, in culture and science. Among them now are engineers of different specialties—civil, mechanical and electrical, technologists, chemists, hydrotechnicians, economists, oil experts, shipbuilders, agronomists, doctors, university lecturers, and secondary school teachers, lawyers, architects, journalists, actors... At present about 350 Greeks are enrolled at higher educational establishments in Tashkent and another 300 at specialized secondary schools.

The forty of them who have completed post-graduate courses and successfully defended dissertations for their master's degree are working in such spheres of science, as economics, history, medicine and biology, philosophy and philology... About the same number are now doing post-graduate courses in preparation for scientific and educational work.

The overwhelming majority of them came from poor peasant families who would have had little chance of educating their children. In the USSR they have received an education and become highly qualified specialists. At present over 4,000 of them work at industrial enterprises, the same number in construction and about 1,000 in different institutions. Of the women 2,500 work in production, 210 of them have a higher education and many have finished trade schools.

The Greek political emigrants have proved themselves to be good workers. Hundreds of the Greek people have become shock workers, over 1,500 have been awarded Soviet orders, medals and honorary certificates and 700 occupy executive posts in industry and construction.

Altogether about 9,000 of the Greek political emigrants are working in the sphere of production. More than 2,000 of them have a higher or specialized secondary education. Obviously should they return to their homeland they could contribute a great deal to developing the economy and culture of Greece which is obliged at present to bring in foreign specialists and to spend large sums to have Greeks trained abroad.

In Uzbekistan, we met not only the political emigrants but the Russian people who work with them at plants and factories, institutes and offices. We were interested in their opinion of the Greeks. We never heard a bad word about them nor detected trace of enmity. We felt that this is due not only to the sympathy and respect felt by Soviet people for their class brothers, for people of like minds, fighters for freedom and democracy, but also to the close ties that have long bound the peoples of Russia and Greece. When speaking of the present, one cannot but remember the past.

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#### UNITED BY LOVE OF FREEDOM

Friendship between the Greeks and Russians was born, grew and became strong during upheavals in the countries of both peoples. Emigration of Greeks to Russia went on without interruption during the centuries-old domination

of the Osman conquerors. Historians, not without ground, call this emigration a genuine people's movement. Freedom-loving klephts, peasants and merchants made their way to Russia in order to escape from the Turkish yoke. Their way was difficult and fraught with dangers. Not all succeeded in crossing the borders into the Russian state. But those who did settled down and stayed.

At the beginning of the 18th century quite a number of Greeks were living in Moscow. In the quarters of the Russian capital with its towers and numerous churches were the workshops of Greek artisans—furriers, tailors, goldsmiths. . . It is known that Peter the First recruited sailors for the young Russian navy from among Greeks living in Russia. In antiquity the Greeks had won fame as brave seamen.

In the second half of the 18th century a big Greek colony formed itself in the small Ukrainian town of Nezhin which became a lively trading centre. Greek trading stations began to appear in South-Russian ports—Kherson, Taganrog, Nikolayev, and at the very beginning of the 19th century—in Odessa. The Greeks quickly became accustomed to the Russian mode of life, to Russian ways and manners. Historians have often noted the contribution made by the enterprising Greek colonists to the economic development of the Russian regions bordering on the Black Sea.

The Greeks were also active in the political, social and cultural life of Russia. Some of them entered the Russian armed and diplomatic services. In this connection mention should be made of I. Kapodistriya who for some time was Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Russian state. Kapodistriya was closely acquainted with many prominent figures in the field of culture including the poet V. Zhukovsky, the historian N. Karamzin and others. When in 1812 Napoleon's

hordes invaded Russia, the Greeks along with the whole Russian people helped repulse them. Some fought in the ranks of the Russian army. One of these was Alexander Ipsylanti, courageous fighter for the freedom and independence of Greece, and a friend of the Decembrists—noblemen-revolutionaries who in 1825 attempted to overthrow the autocratic serfdom system in Russia. In 1813 Ipsylanti had an arm torn off by a cannon-ball in a battle near Dresden. During the Patriotic War of 1812 many well-to-do Greeks donated large sums for the Russian Army.

In their struggle against the yoke of the Osman Empire the Greeks found ready sympathy and support from the Russian people. In 1814 a revolutionary society "Filiki Etheria" was founded in Odessa. Greek emigrants were the first to join it. The names of the Greek leaders of the national-liberation struggle—the courageous klepht Kolokotronis and the ardent revolutionary poet and philosopher Rigas Velestinlis—were widely known in Russia. The "Greek Marseillaise" by Rigas translated into Russian by the poet N. Gnedich, who made a brilliant translation of the "Iliad", enjoyed popularity in Russian progressive circles. These lines of Rigas's inspired poem, met a warm response in the hearts of progressively-minded Russians:

*Take heart, ye peoples of Greece!  
The day of glory has arrived.  
Let us prove that freedom and honour  
Are not forgotten by the Greeks.*

The best people in Russia were opposed to the arbitrary rule and despotism of autocratic Russia, to the shameful system of serfdom, and so were entirely on the side of the Greek people fighting for freedom and national independence. The future Decembrists P. Pestel, M. Orlov, V. Rayevsky and others often met with members of the "Filiki Et-

heria" society and maintained friendly relations with them. The great Russian poet Alexander Pushkin, singer of freedom and fighter against tyranny during his exile in Kishinev, often saw Alexander Ipsylanti, the Society's leader. Pushkin profoundly believed in the victory of the Greek people, the "heirs of Homer and Themistocles". Russian poetry of that time contains many beautiful lines filled with sympathy and respect for the participants in the Greek Revolution. Among them are the immortal lines by Pushkin:

*Arise, o Greece, arise!  
Not in vain didst thou strain thy strength,  
Not in vain did battles shake  
Olympus, Pindus, Thermopylae...  
Thou, country of gods and heroes,  
Hast broken slavery's chains  
On hearing the fiery songs  
Of Rigas, Byron and Tyrtaeus.*

History does not repeat itself. One epoch gives way to another, new historical formations take root, and life itself undergoes changes. History does not repeat itself, but historical comparisons and parallels are quite natural. Just as in the twenties of the 19th century the Russian people warmly supported the Greek people's fight for their country's freedom and independence, so 120 years later, in a different historical epoch, the Soviet people made a decisive contribution to the rout of Nazi Germany and her satellites thus helping the Greek patriots drive the German and Italian interventionists out of their country.

Thus the Soviet and Greek peoples' friendship is deeply rooted in history. It is based on their striving for freedom and democracy, social justice and progress, which had been strikingly reflected in the deeds of their best sons throughout the ages. Nearly twenty years ago when the So-

viet people gave a fraternal welcome to the Greek patriots who had been forced to leave their native land, they were receiving representatives of people with whom they were tied by bonds of traditional friendship and sympathy. But at the same time they saw in them revolutionary fighters, the best sons and daughters of Hellas—fellow-champions of Beloyannis, democrats and patriots, and this sharply defined their attitude to them. The Soviet people surrounded the new arrivals with care and attention. They did everything they could to make the Greeks, who had parted from their near ones and friends bringing only with them knapsacks containing necessities, feel at home among friends in the land which was new to them. The Soviet Union, which had suffered immeasurable losses as a result of the Second World War and was investing enormous sums to rehabilitate and further develop its economy, gave them clothing, footwear, pocket money, fed and housed them, and made it possible for them to work and study. It is no secret that in those postwar years the Soviet people were experiencing considerable difficulties: shortages of food, clothing and different other goods, and an acute housing problem. But they responded to the need of the Greek democrats and patriots, helped them, fulfilled their internationalist proletarian duty, and at the same time obeyed the dictates of their own hearts.

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### THE BEGINNING OF THE ODYSSEY

Early in November, 1949, Tashkent, festively garbed for the coming 32nd anniversary of the 1917 Socialist Revolution, greeted the Greek political emigrants. The trains

pulled, and onto the platform stepped crowds of young people with suntanned, weather-beaten faces, tired, thin and bearing signs of anxiety and troubles endured.

A new period of life was opening up before them, and they did not know for how long it would last. They saw a big city, its gardens and parks beautiful with the tints of autumn, and around them strange people. But this was a Soviet city and the people were Soviet. Nevertheless a vague anxiety refused to leave them: their homeland, mothers and fathers, little brothers and sisters, girl-friends and brides were far away. How would their life turn out, what did the future hold for them—numerous questions to which they could find no answers plagued them. But casting aside all doubts they resolutely stepped forward into the unknown. Thus began their Odyssey. The legendary king of Ithaca returned to the island dear to him after ten years of voyaging. When would their Odyssey end? No one knew.

In the city everything including specially equipped hostels had been prepared for their arrival. Most of them were single boys and girls between 18 and 20 years of age.

Next to the hostel was the canteen where they were served rich savoury cabbage soup and they made their acquaintance with Russian and Uzbek cooking. Later on Greek cooks began to cook their own national dishes. Some hostels were right in the centre of the city, others further out among the cotton plantations, collective-farm gardens and mulberry orchards. The snow-white mistshrouded tops of the mountains seemed nearer from there. They reminded them of Greece with its mountain summits.

Most of them could speak no Russian, which made it impossible for them to work or study. At once groups were organized to study the Russian language. And they began to wrestle with the intricacies of Russian grammar and

to master the strange pronunciation. Their perseverance and persistence were soon rewarded: they acquired an elementary stock of words and could make themselves understood in the shops, trams and buses.

Then in the factories of Tashkent and Chirchik there appeared apprentices who looked a little older than apprentices usually do—young people who slowly and carefully pronounced Russian words and listened carefully to the foreman's instructions. The workers received the Greeks cordially and patiently taught them the trades of turner, fitter, moulder, smelter, electric welder and others. The day when a young Greek man or woman made a part on a lathe on his own became a gala occasion for the teacher and the taught.

It was not easy for the Greeks as they had to work as well as study and they had not yet overcome the "language barrier". In the evenings they had to resist the temptation to go to the cinema or just relax and went to the evening school for young workers. Children of peasants (about 90 per cent of all the political emigrants came from peasant families), they were eager to gain knowledge. Hundreds of young people while working got a secondary education and entered higher schools. That however was later. In the initial period they worked and went to evening schools. In Chirchik and Yangiyul two vocational schools were opened for them. From 1950 till 1962 these schools trained more than 650 turners, fitters, carpenters and electricians. The majority of the pupils also received a secondary education and many of them entered specialized secondary schools and institutes.

As early as 1950 Greeks appeared among the students at Tashkent's higher schools. Many of them studied at the evening and correspondence departments of the institutes.

This was an irresistible mass striving to get an education, to have a profession, access to the sources of human knowledge, to the riches of world culture.

The Greeks gradually got used to the new conditions and made many friends among whom were Uzbeks, Russians, Ukrainians and representatives of other nationalities. They did not feel isolated as emigrants often do in foreign countries where they are looked down upon as unwelcome strangers. We talked about this with many Greek political emigrants and never heard any complaints from them. All said that from the very first days of their stay in the USSR they had felt the comradely care of the Soviet people.

Most of the time was taken up by work and study, particularly at first. But youth is youth! And if you are twenty, can you shut yourself up for ever within four walls? There was a natural desire to seek diversions, to spend their spare time in an interesting way. So the young Greeks went to the theatre, the cinema, visited museums and exhibitions, went to dances and walked in the parks for which Tashkent is famed. Many took a great interest in sport. And, of course, they got to know girls, made dates and never complained about their limited stock of Russian words, since words are not really necessary for lovers. The walks under the plane trees and in the clover fields around Tashkent ended in a wedding feast. The young men married Greek girls, their companions-in-arms with whom they had marched along the difficult roads of war, as well as Russian, Uzbek and Ukrainian girls... Now there are 5,000 Greek families of which 2,000 are mixed ones. Now it is hard to say into whose family of political emigrants the first Greek baby was born in the Soviet Union. Nor does it matter much. The main thing is that children were born, took their first steps to the delight of their parents, were

placed in creches and then sent to kindergartens and one fine day, serious and solemn, with school-bags on their backs, for the first time in their life crossed the threshold of the school...

But the reader has every right to ask whether indeed everything turned out so happily and whether the authors did not look at things through rose-coloured spectacles and embellish the truth. No, we were far from that. Of course, everything was not easy—life is not a fairy tale in which wishes come true at the wave of a kind fairy's magic wand. The political emigrants also met difficulties, sometimes not inconsiderable, and we should be going against our conscience if we said that these difficulties have now been completely overcome. Many Greeks who came to the Soviet Union in 1949 had been under the impression that everything that could be done for the sake of man had already been accomplished here, that socialism presented man with an abundance of good things without demanding anything in return, that work here was easy and never wearisome: one had only to press buttons and the machine would turn out the necessary output by itself. It was certainly a naive but quite pardonable view for young people to hold. On arriving in the Soviet Union, the Greek youth realized that Soviet economic and cultural achievements were the result of strenuous and selfless work by Soviet people.

Inevitably there were difficulties but they are not the main point. When you review the life of the Greek political emigrants in the Soviet Union, no difficulties, no shortcomings can overshadow the main thing: in conditions of capitalist Greece they could not have achieved the great progress in labour, education and cultural development that they have made during their stay in the Soviet Union.

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## SKILLED HANDS

Several thousand Greek emigrants have mastered different skills and learnt to operate complex machines and lathes. Hundreds of Greeks—qualified workers, technicians and engineers—work at the enterprises of Tashkent and other Soviet cities.

Let us take, for example, "Tashselmash". This plant produces a variety of machines for cotton cultivation including cotton-harvesters which are widely used in Uzbekistan and other southern republics where cotton is grown and are also exported abroad—to Yugoslavia, Cuba, Turkey, Iran and, before the seizure of power by the fascist junta, also to Greece. Many thousands of people including 200 Greek political emigrants—turners, electric welders, grinders, fitters, polishers, smelters work at the factory. Some of them have also mastered two or three related professions. Not a few Greeks with wide production experience and organizing ability are managers or shop foremen, or are in charge of sectors or shifts. Andreas Kumulidis, a peasant's son and formerly a peasant himself, for example, is now manager of the mechanical department with a personnel of 800 workers; Takis Spanopulos who finished an industrial secondary school is a shift manager; Kostas Karanikolas is senior foreman in the foundry shop. While working, many Greeks received secondary and higher education. Kiros Yanevski holds a diploma from the Polytechnical Institute; Georgis Gasevski, senior foreman of the mechanical shop, finished the specialized secondary school attached to the plant; Paskhalis Doludis, a fitter, has graduated from the historical faculty of Tashkent Univers-



ity, and Lefteris Avgerinos, a former "Tashselmash" worker, is now a doctor working in the plant's clinic.

Kiriakos Muratidis enjoys universal esteem at the plant. He was born in the village of Dipotamia in the Kastoria region and from the age of ten had helped his father till a small plot to keep a large family. There were nine children including himself. Kiriakos had only managed to finish three classes at school. On arriving in 1949 in the Soviet Union, he worked at the plant as an apprentice first to a fitter and then to an electric welder and was awarded the highest grade. As one of the best specialists he was transferred to the experimental department where he has been working for many years. He is a shock-worker and has been awarded the badge of "Worker with Excellent Results in Emulation."

Everyone at "Tashselmash" knows the name of Mikhailis Kalinas who lost his life at the factory. Late on the night of June 30th, 1966, a fire broke out in the foundry. Foreman Kalinas ran to the telephone, called the fire brigade, and then rushed back with a hose to put the fire out. A black cloud enveloped him... The raging flames threatened to spread to the neighbouring shops, the siren began to wail alarmingly, workers ran to the place of the fire... By joint efforts the flames were extinguished, the danger was eliminated, but foreman Mikhailis Kalinas lost his life.

But who is this hero? Mikhailis was born in 1924 in the village Sklitro in the Florina region. During the fascist occupation he fought in the ranks of the Resistance movement, often looking death in the face. On arrival in the USSR, he went to work at "Tashselmash" where he soon became one of the foremost workers. He was appointed foreman. He always managed to get jobs done on time. He was a generous man, broad-minded and kind, and liked by

all. The feat he performed was not an accidental occurrence for him. It was prepared for by his whole life. He simply could not act otherwise and rushed into the fire without a thought of the danger.

Fine people are also to be found at other enterprises. At the "Uzbekselmash" plant assistant shop manager Apostolos Kioses, foremen Vasilis Kelepuris and Panaetis Siopis and many other specialists are highly regarded. Some 200 Greeks work at the "Tashkabel" plant, one of the biggest Soviet enterprises where cables are produced. Among the best workers there are the Greeks N. Kunelas, G. Kutulas, Ya. Plumakis, G. Tsipuridis, A. Karadzios, Kh. Rentis, T. Ilkos, A. Kukumbris, G. Khalkidis and T. Zabonas. The "Tashtextilmash" plant, which produces cord finishers, twistors and spinners for the textile industry, has a number of capable design engineers who formerly were workers. One of them—Pantos Farmakis—joined the plant after finishing a vocational school in Yangiyul. While working, he graduated from the Textile Institute. Former workers Polikhronis Duyas and Vangelis Mukas have also become experienced designers. The latter had only managed to finish two forms at a secondary school in Greece.

Quite a number of Greek political emigrants work at the Tashkent Textile Complex whose output has won recognition beyond Soviet borders. Most of the 16 thousand people who work there are women. This enterprise has a school for young workers, a specialized secondary school and advanced training courses which more than 3 thousand workers take every year. The complex has: a club of textile workers, a polyclinic, a hospital, a maternity home, numerous kindergartens and creches, a holiday home, a stadium and other sports centres. Here again the professional skill and diligence of the Greek political emigrants have won

recognition. Many of them are foremen and forewomen and help train young workers.

We were much impressed by the "Yulduz" (Star) factory and its branch. This factory, established a quarter of a century ago, produces men's suits, trousers and school uniforms. Among the workers, mostly women, are quite a number of Greeks.

The director of the factory Khakima Abdullayeva, a black-eyed Uzbek woman, who has been at the enterprise since it opened, spoke with pleasure of the Greek women-workers. "All of them," she said, "came here without any professional training but in a short time became highly skilled sewing-machine operators, seamstresses, press operators, pressers, etc. And some of them have advanced further. For example, Alexandra Kharisopulu graduated from the correspondence department of the Leningrad Clothing Institute and works now as a technologist; Eftimiya Chuleka who completed the course at the polytechnical secondary school is now forewoman at the sewing shop. Twenty-two-year-old Eftaliya Papatnasiu also finished this school and works as an inspector. Nearly all the Greek women participate in the emulation campaigns for the title of a shock worker, and 23 women have already gained this coveted title. "The Greek women," continued Khakima Abdullayeva, "have clever fingers, they make excellent seamstresses and have a very responsible attitude to their work. The other day we had an evening party at which many Greek women were given honorary certificates and presents."

Over 600 people work in shop No. 3, the largest at the enterprise, and there we met several Greek women. Grey-eyed Zoya Karadimu operates a steam press. She has reached the fifth grade and earns 120-130 roubles a month,

not counting monthly bonuses. Her husband is a student at the Tashkent Institute of Irrigation and Mechanization of Agriculture. Then there was Theodora Gudova, an inspector who also finished the polytechnical secondary school. This small pretty woman with humorous eyes is, we were told, one of the strictest and most inexorable workers in the checking department. Her husband Takis is a foreman on a building project and their nine-year-old son, Kostakis, is in the third form and also is learning to play the accordion at a music school.

Then we met a married couple: Uraniya Bada and Yannis Badas. She is a seamstress, and he works as a presser. They are both shock-workers. Uraniya has mastered 5 related trades and if necessity can replace any worker. Uraniya and Yannis have two children. Their 17-year-old daughter Anula is at a medical school, and their son Kostakis is in the fifth form at school. Unhappily Yannis has a chronic lung disease. But the factory sees that he receives every care. The trade union has on several occasions given him vouchers to a sanatorium in the Crimea. He receives regular medical treatment and is under the constant supervision of a doctor in the medical department of the "Yulduz" factory.

We also visited a small clothing factory, the No. 1, which manufactures men's shirts, school uniforms and children's wear. It employs 300 women half of whom are Greeks. The director Setrak Babayants, an Armenian, told us that many Greek workers had been trained at a clothing specialized secondary school, some of them work as forewomen and inspectors. He singled out forewomen Mariya Spanopulu and Katina Topolidu for the exceptional quality of their work.

Hundreds of Greek political emigrants have been

awarded the title of shock-workers. Many specialists are systematically increasing their technical knowledge, making valuable rationalization proposals and inventions which have already been adopted in industry. Their success is due to their creative thinking, persistence, singleness of purpose and profound interest in improving production processes. Yannis Rabaunis has invented a machine for cutting fruit and vegetables, Pavlos Katsanos—a universal sprayer for which he has been awarded the bronze medal of the USSR Exhibition of National Economic Achievements, Stafis Kufodimos—a machine for producing glass fibre. These and other Greek inventors hold author's certificates.

We were told about Nikos Vasiliadis, a designer of agricultural machines. A former peasant with a four-year primary education, he started working in the foundry at "Uzbekselmash", then finished a course at a machine-building secondary school and finally graduated from the Polytechnical Institute. Now Vasiliadis works at a design office. His wife Eleni is not lagging behind her husband. She is the daughter of a political emigrant Nikos Mikhailidis who before retiring on pension worked for many years at the "Tashtextilmash" plant. Eleni graduated from the Chemical Institute and is now successfully engaged in research.

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### IN INDUSTRIAL CHIRCHIK

Chirchik, a major industrial centre 35 kilometres to the north of Tashkent also impressed us very much. We

went there in a dark-grey "Volga" car kindly placed at our disposal by the Greek Political Emigrants Society. We drove along a highway flanked on both sides with poplars, acacias, willows and plane trees. Traffic was quite heavy: loaded dump-trucks roared past us and there were many lorries and buses. We left behind us the village of Kibrai—a district centre. Breaks appeared in the cloudy sky and suddenly sunshine bathed everything around. In front of us we saw a plain with cotton plantations and collective-farm gardens and on the horizon snow-covered mountains enveloped in a light mist. Half an hour later we drove into the town. We had left behind us a hydropower station, one of many on the river Chirchik from which the town gets its name. To the right we saw huge plants and factories and a tall black chimney belching out an orange flame.

The biggest industrial enterprises in Chirchik are the electrical and chemical complex producing equipment for the chemical industry and the "Chirchikselmash" supplying Uzbek agriculture with harvesting machines and cultivators.

About 1,200 Greek political emigrants live in Chirchik. They have become steelmen, founders, electric welders, turners, fitters, grinders... Many of them combine work with study. For example, Vangelis Nikovski, Spiros Tsam-puris, Margaris Zotos studied after working hours and have now become diplomaed engineers.

Many workers study at general evening schools and specialized secondary schools and at the evening departments of institutes.

The chemical complex, which was built on the eve of the war, employs about 150 Greek political emigrants. Among the foremost workers are senior foreman of the re-

pair-machine shop I. Emirzas, turner P. Katsikas, fitters' team-leader G. Papantoniou.

Mostly men are employed at the plant while women prevail at the shoe factory situated near the town market. The factory which has recently been modernized turns out ladies' shoes and children's footwear. Among the advanced workers here are the Greek women Despina Khaita, Sonya Mikhailidu, Dimitra Logoteti, Mariya Vizali and Fani Mikhailidu.

We visited the "Chirchikselmash" plant where about 270 Greeks are employed. In the courtyard we saw an endless string of new machines, smelling of paint, for picking unopened cotton bolls. The plant exports such machines to Algeria, Mali, Cuba, India and other countries.

We met the manager of the assembly department, Fanasis Tsobanidis, section manager Vasilis Tasios and foremost workers: Kharalampos Tsulfas, a smith, Panaetis Sideropoulos, a moulder, Fanasis Nikolaidis, a gas welder, and Lazaros Dulyas, a turner. All were trained at the plant, and many continue to study. Vasilis Tasios, for example, is finishing a course at an industrial technical college.

The meeting with Omiros Yangusis, a former designer of "Chirchikselmash" and since 1967 a teacher, lingers in our memory. His story is typical of the Greek political emigrants who have acquired a profession and followed their calling in the Soviet Union. Omiros has grey hair and intelligent brown eyes. He is 44 years old. In Greece he had only managed to complete two classes at secondary school, as after his father's death the family could not afford to pay the school fees. He went to work at a draper's shop as a messenger boy. He had to stand at the door of the shop inviting customers to come in, sweep the floors, tidy his master's apartment, fetch water, get up at day-

break and work till late at night. Then he became a labourer. During the war years he was active in the All-Greek Youth Organisation (EPON), fought in the ranks of the Resistance movement against the fascist invaders, helped liberate his native town Florina. After the war, in 1946, he was exiled to the barren island of Pholegandros...

Omiros Yangusis has spent over 18 years in Chirchik, all of it at "Chirchikselmash." He learned the trades of fitter and turner there. He finished an evening school and industrial secondary school and qualified as a specialist in the cold working of metals. After that he worked as a designer and senior engineer. At the same time he studied in Chirchik at the evening department of the Tashkent Polytechnical Institute and in 1965 became a full-fledged mechanical engineer. On September 1st, 1967, he became a lecturer at a technical college in Chirchik.

In 1958 his mother Khrisula Yangusi arrived from Greece bringing with her an EPON banner which her son had hidden in their house during the hard times of the fascist occupation. At a grand meeting Khrisula Yangusi presented it to the Greek Youth Organization in Chirchik.

Khrisula now lives with her son. Omiros's wife, Kula, is a doctor working at one of the hospitals. Their two children Anastasis and Eleni are at kindergarten.

At the transformer plant we met Vangelis Kapitanios, an electric fitter, a tall man of 43 with long arms and rather rough-hewn features. Born in the village of Komanos in the Kozani region he had lived in the village till 1944. He fought in the ranks of the Resistance movement, was wounded and still has some small splinters in his lungs. He had not learned a trade in Greece. He got his qualifications in the USSR. For many years he worked at "Chirchikselmash" as a milling-machine operator. Since 1962 he

has worked as an electric fitter—a trade he learnt at this plant. With him there are 35 compatriots, five of whom are engineers. Vangelis Kapitanios is leader of an 8-man team which has in it four Greeks, a Russian, two Kazakhs and a Tatar.

We called at Vangelis' home. He lives not far from the plant in a cottage with a verandah. Behind it is a small garden where he grows apples, peaches and grapes. Vangelis got a fair-sized loan from the plant which he repays in instalments, to build the cottage. The plant helped him with building materials. Vangelis' family is small. He has a wife, Maria, a Russian, who works at the office of the plant, and a son Seryozha who is in the fourth form. The family has a refrigerator, a washing machine and a TV set.

We were interested to learn how this family spends its leisure. Vangelis once spent his leave in a holiday home near Chirchik, had twice visited his wife's relatives in the Penza region and recently had been to Moscow. Several times the trade union offered him accommodation at a sanatorium at only a third the cost, but he prefers to spend his leave at home, pottering in his garden. Maybe this love for the soil is the result of his peasant origin? However his son Seryozha likes to go to a Young Pioneer camp for his holidays where he can go in for sports and games, go on hikes or excursions. Seryozha's stay in the camp costs Vangelis only 10 roubles a month, all other expenses being borne by the plant's trade-union committee. At home Seryozha plays football with the neighbours' boys and rushes about on the bicycle his father gave him.

After the introduction of a five-day working week the Kapitanioses began to go more often to the cinema, to concerts at the Chemical Workers Club or watch TV at

home. One thing they never miss watching is a football match where the Uzbek team "Pakhtakor" is playing. Many Greeks, including the womenfolk, are keen football fans. On some evenings Vangelis switches on the record-player, and the family listens with pleasure to Greek, Uzbek and Russian folk and modern songs.

On days-off during the summer many workers at "Chirchikselmash" often go in buses to the picturesque Aktash Mountains—foothills of Tien Shan. Some people fish in the Chirchik while others cook *shashlyks*. In winter the snow-covered slopes of Aktash are a favourite haunt of skiers.

The mountains remind Vangelis of his homeland, his native village Komano. His mother, his three brothers and sister still live there tilling the land as before. How are they getting on? Life is not all honey there for such people as they. Several times Vangelis has sent money to his mother, but, of course, her main wish is to see him and her grandson. Will her dream ever come true? Time will show...

We visited the Chirchik branch of the Greek Political Emigrants Society which actively maintains and develops national traditions, fostering them in the growing generation. On holidays, especially, but at other times too it organizes parties which are attended by Greeks and their Soviet friends and comrades. Amateur song and dance groups and soloists perform at these evenings. There are quite a number of gifted amateur artists among the Greeks. The sisters Anna and Katina Iliya and Fani Josifidu, all sing well. The branch of the Society keeps under constant supervision the studies and education of 250 Greek children. In Chirchik there is a Greek sports association and a football team which has often defeated other Greek political emigrants teams.

## THE HUNGRY STEPPE

The Hungry Steppe looks as if a curse has been placed on it. Scorched in summer by a merciless sun, lashed in winter by hurricane winds, deprived of water and covered with deep fissures, it bears the stamp of desolation, silence, and death... You can travel for scores, hundreds of kilometres and see no human habitation, not even birds. The Hungry Steppe occupies a vast area—one million hectares on the territory of Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan and Tajikistan.

People have long considered ways of making this wasteland fertile. But first water had to be brought to it. Irrigation work first began in the Hungry Steppe about 70 years ago, but its scope was so small that it produced no visible result. A planned assault on it began when a decree on irrigation work in Turkestan, signed by Lenin, was published in May, 1918. By 1940, 137 thousand hectares were under irrigation. Work had to be suspended because of the nazi invasion of the Soviet Union but was resumed immediately after the war. In 1948 the Farkhad hydro-electric station was built on the river Syr Daria and part of the yellowish muddy waters of this great Central Asian river was diverted along the Southern Canal to the steppe. In 1956 the area of irrigated land had increased to 206 thousand hectares. But this was only the beginning. In the same year the Communist Party and the Soviet Government decided to begin extensive reclamation of the Hungry Steppe.

Some 26 thousand volunteers—men and women—workers, technicians, engineers, scientists... people of 70 nationalities went to transform the dead land. The state

supplied them with machinery and equipment. Among these volunteers were two thousand Greek political emigrants. It has become the custom here for the Greeks to participate in all important undertakings. They share the Soviet people's life, work shoulder to shoulder with them on the most difficult and responsible projects, partake in their joys and sorrows.

The first group of Greeks, some 60 people arrived in the Hungry Steppe in August, 1956. The train stopped at the small Yangier Railway Station. A little farther away there were few small mud-houses with flat roofs. And nothing more. All around, as far as the eye could see, was the lifeless steppe, flat as a board, with reddish patches of dried out salt-marshes. The sun was burning hot, and there was not a single tree to provide shade. And it was here, in these severe conditions, in the summer heat and winter cold that the conquerors of the Hungry Steppe were to live and work. They slept in tents, warmed themselves at camp fires, ate tinned food, waited with impatience for the cistern with drinking water. No one thought then that only a few years later, near the tiny Yangier Railway Station there would be a town with tree-lined streets, the administrative centre of the irrigation and reclamation system of the Hungry Steppe, with neat white houses, cinemas, a hospital, a polyclinic, schools, kindergartens, a hotel, a shady park 40 hectares in area and industrial enterprises. A town with an abundance of flowers where grapes ripen in the sun, with a dense forest on its outskirts.

In 1958 another group of Greek political emigrants numbering over 400 people arrived in the Hungry Steppe. Among them were two-engineers, two friends: Nikos Terzoglu and Khristos Kostopulos. They took charge of the building of state farm No. 5 which was later named after

the first cosmonaut in the world Yuri Gagarin. The state farm was built by Greek workers.

The farm was a going concern in three years—18 months ahead of the plan. Expenses were 450 thousand roubles less than the sum allocated for the job. They built 150 houses with a total living space of 25 thousand square metres and put 8 thousand hectares under irrigation.

A 2-kilometre road flanked by trees links the farm with the main highway. The farm settlement is well planned: the streets are symmetrically situated and the cottages are of a good design. On the main streets is the club building on whose pediment are the figures "1961"—the year it was completed. The club has an auditorium accommodating 400 people, a library, a reading room, a billiard room, a room for rehearsals, etc. There is a school in the settlement for 520 pupils, a boarding school for 100 children, a kindergarten, a creche, a polyclinic, a pharmacy, a bath-house, canteens, a bakery, shops, a meteorological station. One of the streets in the settlement bears the name of General Stefanos Sarafis, hero of the Greek Resistance movement. Every house has a small garden and some families grow grapes. Beyond the town are vast cotton plantations, irrigation canals, gardens and melon-fields.

One who has designed state farms in the Hungry Steppe is the architect Yannis Sideropoulos who lives and works in Tashkent. He also worked on the design of state farm No. 5. We met him several times and called on him at his home. He is very fond of his profession and is full of creative plans which he is eager to put into practice.

Scores of state farms have been built in the Hungry Steppe since the attack on it began in 1956. Each has from 8 to 10 thousand hectares of arable land. Specialists estimated and practice has shown that the land can produce 25

centners<sup>1</sup> of raw cotton per hectare. It is envisaged that this vast region could yield two million tons of raw cotton a year and become the main producer of cotton in the USSR. Large quantities of other kinds of agricultural produce will also be grown there. Sharaf Rashidov, First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Uzbekistan, speaking of the reclamation of the Hungry Steppe said:

"In the Hungry Steppe irrigation work is being accomplished on a scale unknown in any other country. The Hungry Steppe has become a gigantic laboratory of scientific research in the design and construction of modern irrigation and draining systems, in combatting salinization, in different methods of virgin land development and the building of large socialist agricultural enterprises.

"Comprehensive mechanization of all processes including watering, applying chemical fertilizer, harvesting, etc. have made it possible for the state farms in the Hungry Steppe to achieve the highest labour productivity in cotton-growing... The cost of reclaiming the lands and establishing the state farms has already been fully returned to the state."

Syr Daria water flows to the steppe along the main Kirov and Southern canals from which it enters pipelines and then chutes raised on concrete trestles along the fields.

The Greeks have a good reputation for their work in the Hungry Steppe. They are spoken of as good builders, competent specialists, diligent and persistent people. Work in the Hungry Steppe requires courage, and fighters for the freedom of Greece do not lack it. They are also good organisers, resourceful and enthusiastic. Many of them were

<sup>1</sup> A centner equals 100 kilogrammes.



deservedly promoted to executive posts. Thus, Khristos Kostopulos was appointed chief of the No. 6 Building and Assembly Administration, a post he occupied from 1962 till 1966. During that time the Administration built a network of concrete chutes totalling in length 250 kilometres, laid 15 kilometres of large diameter pipelines and erected numerous hydrotechnical structures. Nikos Yanetsos became chief of the No. 3 Building and Assembly Administration after being manager of the production-technical department and then chief engineer. He is a graduate of the Institute of Irrigation and Mechanization of Agriculture and came to the Hungry Steppe with the first volunteers. Apostolos Babanis, chief of another Building Administration is also known for his excellent work. Lambros Stavridis, a former waiter in a restaurant in Greece, graduated from an engineering secondary school and later became chief of the No. 1 Building and Assembly Administration.

Many of the Greeks have received orders and medals and honorary certificates. Nikos Yanetsos and Lambros Stavridis were awarded the Order of the Red Banner and Nikos Terzoglu—the Badge of Honour.

Work is continuing in the Hungry Steppe. There is no doubt that this land, barren from time immemorial, will change and be of benefit to coming generations. The Greek political emigrants are contributing in an important way to this great work.

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#### AT NO. 64, "GREEK" BUILDING AND ASSEMBLY ADMINISTRATION

Early in the morning of April 26th, 1966, Tashkent was struck by a natural disaster. People, awakened by a ter-

rible tremour could not understand what had happened. They heard violent rumbling coming from the bowels of the earth, the walls of their houses shook, window panes, plates and dishes rattled, the floor seemed to be opening beneath their feet. Hundreds and thousands of dogs began to bark and howl at once. People shouted and children cried. It was a grey April morning, unusually cold for Tashkent. Half-dressed people, many of whom were clasping children in their arms, crowded into the streets and courtyards. The sirens of ambulances added to the general alarm.

It has been established that the 7.5 force shock originated directly under the centre of the city. It came from a depth of 5-8 kilometres and was directed vertically. This prevented horizontal displacement of the ground and thus saved the city from disastrous destruction similar to that which, for example, occurred in 1948 in Ashkhabad—the capital of Turkmenistan. Nevertheless Tashkent suffered seriously from the earthquake. The centre of the city withstood the shock, cracks only appearing in the walls of some buildings, but in the outskirts, for example, in Kashgarka with its numerous old houses built before the Revolution of unburnt bricks and adobe the streets lay in ruins as if they had been bombarded. The city lost nearly 2 million square metres of housing space, that is about 35 per cent of the total. Over 78 thousand families were left without a roof over their heads. 35 thousand dwelling houses, hundreds of schools, children's and medical institutions were destroyed or damaged. Several industrial enterprises also suffered.

But the elements were not content with this. A few days later, on May 8th, a new shock—this time of force six—occurred. For a long time considerably weaker shocks came almost continuously. By the beginning of September the seismic station "Tashkent" had registered 687 shocks.

All these months people lived in tents, afraid to stay in houses. A whole canvas town—over 10 thousand tents—sprang up in the streets and parks of the Uzbek capital.

The people of Tashkent displayed great courage. The initial confusion gave way to self-control and self-discipline, a feeling of comradeship and mutual help. The calamity did not divide the people but, on the contrary, united them. Most important, from the very beginning they felt the fraternal help and support of the whole Soviet people. All the Union Republics sent to Tashkent trainloads of building equipment and materials; thousands of workers, technicians and engineers who had expressed a wish to help restore Tashkent arrived in the city. Building work was started at once despite the continuing shocks. Numerous teams pulled down damaged houses and cleared building sites. Thousands of Tashkent schoolchildren were invited to spend their summer vacations in Young Pioneer camps in the Crimea, the Caucasus, the Baltic Republics, near Moscow, Kiev and Baku.

The Greek political emigrants took an active part in clearing up after the earthquake, in restoring the city. Two months after the first tremour a building administration—No. 64—was set up at their request. This enterprise has 540 workers, more than half of whom are Greeks. The people of Tashkent call it the “Greek” administration. Its chief is Khristos Kostopulos, who had worked in the Hungry Steppe.

We called at the office of the administration soon after our arrival in Tashkent.

...While driving along the busy city streets, we tried to discover signs of destruction caused by the earthquake. We were very glad to find that they were few. In the old “mud” town one can still see ruins of single-storey houses

built before the Revolution and now and then half-ruined brick buildings. But it gladdens the eye to see everywhere cranes, concrete and glass buildings, newly tenanted blocks of flats.

By October, 1967, all enterprises which had suffered earthquake damage, had already been restored, and about 50 thousand apartments, 150 schools, many hospitals, polyclinics, kindergartens and crèches had been repaired. The main thing was that already new blocks of flats, schools and government buildings had been erected. Mostly four-storey blocks are built which can withstand shock. Higher buildings are also put up. In this connection we would like to note that during the two years that have passed since the earthquake, the city has got over 2 million square metres of housing space—more than it lost as a result of the natural disaster.

But let us return to our story. Our car drove along the streets of the Chilanar district and stopped at a yellow one-storey cottage housing the offices of the No. 64 Building Administration. We came a few minutes before the end of a quick briefing presided over by the chief of the Administration Khristos Kostopulos.

We went into a room full of tobacco smoke and shook hands with Khristos, a forty-four-year-old engineer with a high forehead and a sun-tanned face. He introduced us to his nearest assistants—deputy chief of the Administration Ilias Armagos, chief mechanical engineer Tomas Yannadis, and manager of the planning department Andreas Papadopoulos.

Our first question naturally was about what the Administration had done in the restoration of Tashkent.

“What did we build?”—Khristos repeated the question, as he lit a cigarette. “Houses, schools, polyclinics, kinder-

gartens, crèches, telephone-exchanges..." "How do we build?" (he had a merry twinkle in his eye as he repeated this). "Well, we haven't had any complaints. In fact quite a lot of people, who have settled in our houses, have thanked us." "Of what trades are the Greek builders?" "All trades: bricklayers, welders, steel erectors, electricians, carpenters, geodesists, house-painters..."

We gladly agreed to accompany him and meet some of them, but we wanted him to answer some more questions first. We asked him to tell us about himself, about his life in the Soviet Union.

He lit a new cigarette and for some moments was lost in thought.

"I was born in the village of Skalohori near the town of Kozani. My father was a shoemaker. There were six children in the family, and it was difficult for him to give us an education. I was lucky, however, and finished secondary school but could not complete my education and get a profession. I took part in the Resistance movement. In 1943, I joined a partisan detachment in the Voyon-Grammos region, served as a company commissar in the 28th Regiment, took part with my comrades in freeing the town of Florina. My wife Evdokia is a Macedonian. We met and married in the mountains. Instead of a wedding march we listened to bursting shells and mines... My father is an old Communist and had been in prison for a long time. I had twin brothers: Aristotelis and Aphanasi. Aristotelis was tortured to death on the island of Makronisos. Aphanasi was freed, but I have heard that the junta has put him behind prison bars again. My younger sister Kasianni was also imprisoned. In 1959 she was set free and managed to come to Tashkent.

"My working life," continued Khristos, "in the Soviet Union began when I started at the Tashkent Textile Com-

plex. This is puzzling. It takes 4-5 years to learn to be a turner at home. I soon learned the trade of a turner. My wife began as a weaver at the same enterprise. Our daughter Agnula was born in 1950. She is now a student of the Institute of Irrigation and Mechanization of Agriculture. I studied at this Institute myself at the department of land management which I finished in 1956. In 1958 our son was born. We have named him Aristotelis in memory of my brother who was killed.

"After I graduated from the Institute, I worked for some time at the Ministry of Agriculture of Uzbekistan and in 1958 went to the Hungry Steppe. I was tired of dealing with papers and longed for some fresh air. I was very interested in the daring plans to develop the Steppe. So, I went there and I have never regretted it. I worked eight years in the Hungry Steppe..."—"Here, by the way, is Nikos, we began together," said Khristos rising to greet a well-dressed man with grey moustaches. "Meet my friend Nikos Terzoglu."

Terzoglu, who looks like a professor, is a departmental manager for a central board with the complicated name of "Glavsredazirrsovkhozstroj". This board deals with the development of new lands in Uzbekistan, Tajikistan and Turkmenistan: it builds state farms, constructs irrigation systems in the Hungry Steppe, in the Karshi and Karakalpak steppes, in the Kara-Kum desert and other places.

Nikos Terzoglu who is 50 has lived through much. He was born in Turkey. After the Greco-Turkish war his family moved to Greece. That was in 1921. In 1940 he graduated from the Higher Officers' School in Athens and fought against the Italian army which Mussolini had ordered to invade Greece. The young officer felt keenly the treachery of Greece's rulers who encouraged the aggressors. During the

occupation Terzoglu lived in Larisa and joined the Resistance movement. He was made chief of the operations section of the 9th Division and took part in the liberation of Trikkala, Larisa and other towns. The energetic and dynamic Terzoglu was nicknamed "Piravlos" (the rocket) by his friends. In the summer of 1944, before Larisa was freed he penetrated into the town to organize sabotage. There he met sixteen-year old Tasiya, a high-school girl who was also in the Resistance movement. A year later they were married.

On arriving in Uzbekistan, Terzoglu went to work at the agricultural machine-building plant in Chirchik where he was senior engineer of the measurements laboratory, later he worked as a designer and senior technologist. From 1958 till 1965 he was in the Hungry Steppe. The name of Nikos Terzoglu, an excellent specialist and organizer, is still remembered by those developing these lands.

Of no less interest are the biographies of the other Greeks who were with us in the chief's office of No. 64 Building Administration that day. Who are they?

Ilias Armagos. He is 42 and was born in the village of Elati (Central Greece). The son of a worker he began his working life in a cheese dairy in Trikkala. When he was 16 he joined the Resistance movement, became a platoon commander and was wounded. His wife Klara was also a partisan. Her father and two brothers were killed in battles with the occupation troops in 1944. Ilias' brother spent seven years in a concentration camp on the island of Yioura. His aged father and mother still live in the village of Elati. Ilias has not seen them since 1945. He has a younger brother who was born in 1937 whom he has never seen. He knows him only from photos and letters. We heard in Tashkent of a great number of such destinies, we met people who have not seen their parents for twenty years and in

some cases will never see them again since the old people have died. This is a real tragedy for thousands of Greek emigrants.

In Tashkent Ilias finished different courses for builders, and worked as a house-painter, foreman and team-leader. Seeing that he is a good organizer his comrades recommended him for the post of assistant chief of the Building Administration. His wife Klara finished a medical secondary school and works as a doctor's assistant. They have two children: a daughter Rita who is in the tenth form and intends to enter a medical institute and a son Mikhalis who is nine.

Andreas Papadopoulos was born in the village of Lopes (North-West Greece) in 1921. He worked as a brick-layer, concrete-layer and plasterer in Greece. During the Second World War he fought against the German and Italian invaders. In Tashkent he received a higher education, graduating in 1956 from the planning and economics department of the Institute of National Economy. His wife Triantafiliya who is considered one of the best dressmakers in the city works in a Fashion House. Their elder daughter Vula is a student at the Polytechnical Institute. The family has a three-room apartment, a small garden and a vineyard.

Chief mechanical engineer Tomas Yannadis is 44. He also fought in the Resistance movement. In 1958 he graduated from the Polytechnical Institute, then worked in Yanguier and helped build state farms in the Hungry Steppe. His wife Yanula, a former partisan, is a timekeeper. Their two sons are at school.

...Khristos Kostopoulos stubbed his cigarette in the ash-tray and looked at his watch. We knew that the chief of the Building Administration has a very busy day: in the morning there is a quick briefing at which current produc-

tion questions are discussed with section and departmental managers, then he calls at the construction sites, and in the afternoon people again gather in his office to plan the next day's work.

"I am sorry, but I have to go. Come to see me at home in the evening, and we will continue our talk. And now I must leave you."

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### IT IS GOOD TO BE A BUILDER!

Our "Volga" pulled up beside a fence not far from the centre that screened a building site. A sheet of plywood fastened to the fence gave the names of the team leaders working there. One of the names was Fimios Psikhogios. We went through a gate and Khristos Kostopulos introduced us to a tall, athletic-looking man in overalls. He was team-leader Fimios Psikhogios.

It was lunch time so we could talk to him without interrupting his work. Fimios is 41, the son of a peasant of the village of Kiryakokhori in the Fiotida region. We asked about his village and he was obviously pleased to share his reminiscences of it with us. He told us that Kiryakokhori is surrounded by mountains with frowning cliffs and slopes covered with oaks and firs. He recalled how as a boy he had gathered nuts, gone fishing with other lads of his age in the river Vistuzi, a tributary of the Sperkhios. He spoke of his home, father, mother, two sisters and four younger brothers. He used to help his father grow maize and rye on their

small plot and tend the sheep until he got a job as a farm-hand to help his family.

Throughout 20 years, Fimios left his native village only once and that was to visit a small town—Lammia. True, he was lucky to finish six classes at the village school (his brother Kostas finished four and his other brother Fanis—only two). There were six churches in the district but only one school... This was in a semi-basement.

In the USSR Fimios Psikhogios began life anew. The former peasant became turner at the "Tashtextilmash" plant. Later he became interested in construction and is now a well-known building worker. He has been awarded several honorary diplomas and the badge "Builder of Tashkent".

Fimios has 22 people in his team. In the Chilanzar district they have built 7 schools, 10 blocks of flats, several kindergartens and crèches and an automatic telephone exchange. "When I walk along the street," says Fimios, "and see a new house where formerly there was waste land, I feel very pleased. It's good to be a builder."

The Greeks are hospitable people. Fimios invited us to come to see him: "You ask how I live? Come and see. We will treat you to some Greek dishes, olives and we'll have a drink or two..." We learnt that his wife Panayota had finished a teachers' school and now worked at a kindergarten. They have two sons: the elder, Ilias, is in the third form, and the younger, Anastasis, goes to kindergarten. We hadn't time to call on Fimios but we learnt that the family has a good flat and a television set, radio, refrigerator and washing machine. Fimios says his hobby is photography. He has a "Zorky-6" camera, and his pictures often appear in the local newspaper "Neos Dromos" published in the Greek language.

A few days later we met another building worker—leader of a team of plasterers, Aristotelis Karanikolas of the

No. 34 Building Administration. He is reputed to be one of the best plasterers in Tashkent.

"How did you come to choose your trade?" we asked him.

"My father," he said, "was a plasterer in the village of Avgerinos, not far from Kozani where I was born, and I decided to be a plasterer too. I wanted to become more skilful so I began to watch the older men at work to learn from them. It seems to me that I have done this."

"And how long have you been a team-leader?"

"About fourteen years. Now there are 26 people in my team. They are all friendly lads, work well and conscientiously. Half of them are Greeks and the rest are Uzbeks, Russians, Tatars... We are friends and also meet after work. I remember when one of our lads Tuluva Yunusov got married, the whole team went to the wedding feast and presented him with a fine wall clock that strikes the hours."

We asked what recent jobs his team had worked on.

"Since the earthquake," he said "we have painted and decorated the buildings in a shopping centre in Chilanazar district, the Textile Institute, a number of schools and kindergartens, the hotel "Rossiya", the Fashion House and other places—it is difficult to remember them all..."

"You are an experienced plasterer," we said. "Do you pass on your knowledge to other people, do you teach learners?"

"Of course, I do," he answered smiling. "Quite a lot of them—about 200. In our trade we must have learners. One was sent to me as far back as eight years ago. His name is Dadakhan Zhurakhan. He was fourteen then and a pupil at a factory school. He has worked ever since with me. He is a clever lad and has become a good plasterer. I saw him grow up and not only had to teach him his trade,

but also to give him other advice often, help him to choose the right way. Dadakhan's father thanked me many times for my concern for his son, asked me to come to see him, wanted to treat me to *plov*<sup>1</sup>, but somehow I could not spare the time. That's not right, of course... But there are always so many things to do. Not so long ago I had to go to Volgograd to attend a conference of plasterers from all parts of the Soviet Union. It was an interesting and useful trip."

"How much do you earn a month, if it is not a secret?"

"There is nothing secret about it. On an average, about 250 roubles. All the lads in my team earn quite good wages. There is plenty of work here as you see. Tashkent is being built anew."

"Have you a large family?"

"My wife Marina, our schoolgirl daughter Eftimia and our son Kostas who is six and goes to kindergarten."

We wished Aristotelis Karanikolas and his team every success in work and life and said goodbye to him.

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#### SHEPHERDS BECOME SCIENTISTS

A Science and Engineering Society for Greek political emigrants was organized in Tashkent in 1961 to promote the working out of urgent problems in science and technology and spread scientific, technical and cultural knowledge

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<sup>1</sup> Plov—an eastern dish of mutton with rice and spices.

among the emigrants and their families. At present the Society has about 250 members among whom are engineers, teachers, including teachers of Greek and the history and geography of Greece, doctors, agronomists, economists, literary men and artists. The Society has 38 Masters of Science and one Doctor of Science. Its members are specialists in medicine, economics, history, agriculture, chemistry, mathematics, biology, philosophy, physiology, architecture, law and other branches of science. All of them have received a higher education and defended theses in the Soviet Union.

The Society holds branch and section meetings and conferences at which members make reports and read papers on scientific and technical subjects, and also discuss each other's papers and theses. The Society had its first scientific conference in 1965. It lasted three days and was an important landmark in its activities. The literature and art branch organizes annual competitions for the best story, poem or essay. People of various professions go in for them and the winning entries are published in the newspaper "Neos Dromos". Society members regularly give talks to the Greek population and read papers on questions of science, literature and art, organize question and answer evenings, etc. In 1966 a People's University of Greek Culture was organized on a voluntary basis and is functioning successfully. Its students study ancient Greek history, philosophy and literature, modern history, political economy, literature and art. The lectures are given by specialists, experienced instructors and scientific workers.

We heard all this from the Society's President and Rector of the People's University, Apostolos Karadzas, Master of Law. He is a senior associate of the Institute of Philosophy and Law of the Academy of Sciences of Uzbekistan. We talked with him one evening, while sitting on a

bench outside the emigrants' club. A tall well-built elderly man with grey, wavy hair, he talks with obvious pleasure about the members of the Society. When asked, how he managed to work at the Institute, do scientific research and at the same time be at the head of the Society and the People's University he answered:

"It is rather difficult, of course. But still I have some free time left. Otherwise, how could I work on my thesis for a doctorate?"

We met and talked with some of the Society members. Though their interests varied between the humanities, the natural sciences and the exact sciences, they all had something in common, something they possessed in an equal degree that united them. This is, on the one hand, a feeling of deep satisfaction that they are able to do scientific research and are encouraged to make use of their natural abilities and, on the other hand, a great passion for their work, research, scientific and teaching activity.

Take, for example, former shepherd Kostas Gesios from Rodiya in the Larisa region. In Tashkent he graduated with honours from the Institute of Agriculture, took a post-graduate course and a few years later became a Master of Biological Sciences. At present he is senior scientific research worker at the Institute of Cotton Selection and Seed Growing, attached to the USSR Ministry of Agriculture, with a number of valuable papers on cotton growing to his credit. Kostas Paganyas from the small mountain village of Distrato in the Konitsa region has also successfully defended a thesis. His parents were so poor that he had no hope of receiving an education in Greece. In the Soviet Union he went to the Institute of Agriculture. His thesis was on the use of polymers to improve the fertility of irrigated lands and their protection from erosion. Vayos Bat-



tras from the village of Kiparisos in the Larisa region is also a graduate from the Institute of Agriculture and is now doing research at the Institute of Fruit Growing, Viniculture and Wine-Making. His speciality is radio-biology. He recently defended a thesis on the special features of the absorption and distribution of phosphorus in fruit trees to become a Master of Biological Sciences.

Apostolos Papatheodoru, a peasant from the village of Perivoli in the Fiotida region has been awarded the Master of Philosophy degree.

Apostolos devoted his thesis to the topical question of classes and the class struggle in Greece following the Second World War. It is soon to be published as a monograph. Apostolos is full of appreciation for the help given him by Soviet specialists and lecturers and, above all, by his research adviser Kuchkar Khanazarov while he was doing post-graduate work at the Institute of Philosophy and Law attached to the Academy of Sciences of Uzbekistan. Apostolos Papatheodoru is now senior lecturer at the philosophy department of the Academy of Sciences of Uzbekistan. He has written a number of papers on the present situation in Greece, the alignment of class forces there and the class struggle. He is head of the social sciences section of the Society and often gives public lectures.

No one can tell what the fate of the shepherd Khristos Papadimitriou would have been in Greece, but it is very unlikely that he could have received an education there. Khristos, whose parents were poor peasants, tended sheep and goats in his native village of Monakhiti in the Grevena region. In the USSR he worked as a plasterer and electrical fitter and at the same time studied. Having graduated with honours from the Textile Institute in Tashkent he was appointed a lecturer there. His subjects are "Parts of Ma-

chines" and "Mechanics" and he also does research. He has compiled a Russian-Greek technical dictionary containing 75 thousand terms which will soon be published.

Georgios Siros from the village of Kokoti in the Fessalia region is also a lecturer. He worked as a boiler-maker at the "Tashselmash" plant, and, at the same time, finished a secondary school. He then enrolled at the Electrotechnical Institute of Communications. Now Georgis lectures at this institute on the "Foundations of Multichannel Communication" while working on his Master's thesis. He has published a number of articles and taken part in scientific conferences in Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Minsk and Novosibirsk. He often gives public lectures in Tashkent and other Central Asian cities.

Not less interesting are the destinies of other Greek political emigrants who have become scientists in the Soviet Union. At the Institute of the International Labour Movement in Moscow one often sees the short, dynamic, grey-haired Stavros Zorbalas, a research worker there. Born in the village of Mikro Khorio in the Karpenisi region, he was one of those most active in the Resistance movement. He was a member of the Central Council of EPON and issued the first number of the journal "Nea Genia" (The Young Generation), organ of the All-Greek Youth Organization during the fascist occupation.

After he came to the USSR, Stavros Zorbalas was for some years editor-in-chief of the newspaper "Neos Dromos". Then he studied in the universities of Tashkent and Moscow, wrote a thesis for his Master's degree, which he defended successfully, on the struggle the newspaper "Rizospastis" waged in the interests of the Greek working people between 1918 and 1936. He has also published a book "Znamya Naroda" (The Banner of the People) which is the his-

tory of that newspaper—the organ of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Greece. Stavros Zorbalas is a member of the Anti-Dictatorship Committee of Greeks residing in the USSR and often writes for the press. At meetings he makes fiery speeches exposing the junta regime and calling for the unity of all democratic and progressive forces who support the struggling Greek people.

Stavros' wife and comrade-in-arms Katina Zorbala teaches Greek at the Department of Classical Literature at Moscow University. Katina graduated from the Tashkent Drama Institute, and has played the lead at the Young Spectators and Greek Folk theatres. On her initiative the student orchestra "Romiosini" was organized at the Institute of Culture in Moscow. She is a soloist with it and includes songs by Mikis Theodorakis in her repertoire.

At 27, Stavros Iliadis is a lecturer on higher mathematics at Moscow University and the youngest among the Greeks to hold the M.Sc. degree. He was born in the village of Filakhto, in the Evros region, has two sisters, one of whom—Georgia—also graduated from the university, and the other—Elefteria—has finished an industrial secondary school.

One of the Greek political emigrants, Taksiaarkhis Papadopoulos, has become a Doctor of Science. He is a noted psychiatrist, and as well has complete command of all the main European languages. We met him in Moscow where he has lived since 1954, but he received his doctorate at the Tashkent Medical Institute. When still a student, he decided to specialize in psychiatry. For a few years he worked at a mental diseases clinic in Tashkent, then, having successfully passed the required examinations, became a post-graduate student at the Institute of Psychiatry attached to the Academy of Medical Sciences in Moscow.

That was 14 years ago. Now he is Doctor of Medicine, head of the second clinical department at the institute and is working at the problem of schizophrenia in young and middle-aged people. He has under him 5 senior and 15 junior research associates and post-graduate students. His thesis for his doctorate, which he defended in 1967, was recommended by the Board of the USSR Academy of Medical Sciences for publication as a monograph. Taksiaarkhis has already published over 20 scientific papers.

Modest and hard-working, Papadopoulos has won the respect of all his colleagues as well as of the Greek political emigrants. He is a member of the Anti-Dictatorship Committee of Greeks residing in the USSR.

Georgios Kiriakidis, M.Sc. (Hist.), is a specialist in the modern history of Greece. He lives in Moscow and works at the Institute of History attached to the USSR Academy of Sciences. The Moscow Publishing House "Mysl" has issued his major work "Greece During the Second World War". The first publication of its kind to appear in the Soviet Union; it is very well documented and systematically sets out to give the history of Greece in the period of the fascist occupation and the Resistance movement.

The author carefully reconstructs the difficult course traversed by Greece in the period 1939-45 and shows how the country under the Metaxas dictatorship was actually betrayed by its rulers who assisted the German and Italian dictators in their expansionist aims. From a number of Greek ambassadors Metaxas learned the exact day Italy would attack Greece but did not want it repulsed. He was anxious that the Italian army should not meet serious resistance on Greek soil. This, in particular, found reflection in the plan of operations that he approved which provided, in the event of an Italian attack, for the Greek army to

immediately retreat 200 kilometres from the Albanian frontier. . . The story about Metaxas declining Italy's ultimatum handed to him late at night by the Italian ambassador was but a play performed in order, as Kiryakidis writes, "to camouflage the actual intentions of the monarchic-fascist government which was forced to consider not only the feelings of the masses but also the anti-Italian attitude of that section of the bourgeoisie that had links with British capitalism."

However, the Greek troops did not obey the treacherous order to retreat and began to fight the Italian aggressors. G. Kiryakidis's monograph truthfully describes the tragic position in which Greece found itself at the time. On the one hand, there was the firm determination of the people, of all true patriots to repulse the enemy, to begin a national-liberation struggle and, on the other hand, the capitulatory behaviour of the government and the General Staff who did everything to nullify the efforts of their own troops. Greece proved to be the victim of a double betrayal—on the part of the Metaxas fascist government and "allied Britain" which supported that government and ignored the security guarantees it had given to Greece.

One reads with a heavy heart the description of the invasion of Greece by the fascist hordes sent by Hitler to make up for the military and diplomatic defeat of Italy in the Balkans and protect the right flank of his armies intended for an attack against the Soviet Union.

Considerable space in G. Kiryakidis' book is devoted to the history of the organization and activities of EAM, which was a coalition of all patriotic forces in the country, and to the military operations of ELAS. The monograph stresses that the strength of EAM-ELAS was, above all, due to the fact that the backbone of that organization consisted

of workers and their allies in the national-liberation movement—peasants. The progressive section of the intelligentsia also took an active part in the Resistance movement.

The book clearly shows why the Greek people could not enjoy the fruits of their great successes in the national-liberation war. The British Government's intrigues and plots against the National-Liberation Front and its army to make them obedient to their will or to destroy them, the erroneous actions of the leaders of the Communist Party of Greece and EAM-ELAS who overestimated the strength of the British imperialists and underrated that of the Greek people—all this, in the final analysis, led to the Varkiza agreement in February 1945, which actually recorded the capitulation of EAM-ELAS.

However, despite all these tragic circumstances and mistakes, the role of the National-Liberation Front was of paramount importance. "The Greek Resistance movement," writes G. Kiryakidis, "for the first time in the history of modern Greece genuinely united the people's forces. The powerful coalition of EAM had two million people in its ranks. . . In spite of serious mistakes, EAM, led by the Communist Party of Greece, lives and will always live in the hearts of the majority of the Greek people as an embodiment of the great feat of the liberation struggle.

"The Greek masses revere the memory of the EAM leaders because they were sincerely devoted to the cause of the revolution and their mistakes were due only to weakness in theory."

Georgios Kiryakidis's monograph has won the high appraisal of specialists and is considered to be an important contribution to the study of modern Greek history.

...If a peasant's son, who had tended sheep, had succeeded in becoming a scientist in Greece, it would have been considered quite extraordinary. In the Soviet Union, where there are no privileged classes and the people have every opportunity for education and knowledge, the fact that shepherds become scientists is regarded as an ordinary everyday occurrence.

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## TWO MEETINGS

The next day we met two more people who hold the M.Sc. degrees and are members of the Scientific and Engineering Society. The chairman of the Society Apostolos Karadzas, who spoke highly of them, had insisted that we meet them.

One is Assistant Professor Alexandra Kardasi, a modest woman of forty with beautiful grey eyes and classical features. She is a lecturer in statistics at the Institute of National Economy. Later we learnt that she had taken an active part in elaborating a long-term plan for the development of specialized engineering in Central Asia. She deals with this in her book issued by the publishing house of the Academy of Sciences of Uzbekistan. Now she is studying ways to make machine-building in Uzbekistan more efficient.

Alexandra Kardasi told us that she was born in Thessaloniki in 1926. Her father was a bricklayer and her mother a seamstress. When her father died thirteen-year-old Alexandra got a job at a knitwear factory where her elder sister worked. Alexandra's pay was 18 drachmas a day—the price of two loaves of bread. The family lived in the upper part of the town which was in sight of the sea. They were very crowded because they had to let two rooms to lodgers. Then the war broke out and the fascists invaded Greece. They came to Thessaloniki. The people had the misery of seeing German tanks and enemy soldiers in their towns. There was a shortage of bread, people were starving and dying in the streets. Her younger brother, who was a fitter, contracted tuberculosis. He had a natural talent for music. She still remembers him as he played wistful melodies on his flute. He never realized his dream of becoming a musician.

From childhood she had wanted an education. But the family could not afford to pay for her fees at secondary school or buy the textbooks. She only managed to finish primary school. She found herself envying the high-school girls from well-to-do families.

In her mind grew protest against social injustice and hatred for the nazi invaders. She began to take part in strikes and was drawn into working class struggle. In September, 1944, she joined the Communist Party. And soon the units of the National-Liberation Army (ELAS) entered Thessaloniki. The dark night of the fascist occupation ended. In 1945 she married, and a year later her daughter Penelope was born. But she was to be parted from her child. The day came when Alexandra kissed Penelope who had not yet learnt to walk and went into the mountains leaving the child with her grandmother. Alexandra did not know that she

was parting from her daughter for many years and would only see her again eleven years later.

And here is an account of Alexandra Kardasi's life in Tashkent after her arrival with other political emigrants.

"In the Soviet Union," she said, "I obtained a higher education. More than that, I have my Master's degree and am a teacher myself. I could not even dream of such things when I was working at the knitwear factory. Of course, all this did not come at once. I had to work and study, to overcome various difficulties. But the main thing is that I had a clear aim and that there existed all the possibilities for its realization. Everything depended on me, what efforts I was prepared to make and my determination.

"When I arrived in Tashkent, I went to work at a machine-building plant as a turner's apprentice. I was classified as fourth grade and began to operate a lathe in the tool shop. Then I went over to the textile complex. I finished a cotton-ginning secondary school and later on the Institute of Finance and Economics attached to the Academy of Sciences of Uzbekistan. (Now it is the Institute of National Economy where I work.) In 1961, I defended a thesis on 'Specialization of Central-Asian Machine-Building in Casting and Forking'. Five years later I became an assistant-professor."

"Excuse us for asking such a commonplace question but are you happy?" we asked her.

"I think one is happy who realizes one's dreams. Therefore, draw your own conclusions," she added laughing. Then thoughtfully she said: "But I became truly happy when mother brought my daughter here from Greece. She had been a baby when I left but when I saw her again she was a confident 12-year-old. Now she is a fourth-year stu-

dent at the Chemistry Faculty at Tashkent University. She has quite a good voice and sings in a choir. My husband is an economist, so we have allied professions."

"Does your mother live with you?"

"Yes, she is 71 now. She had worked ceaselessly all her life in Greece but here, in the Soviet Union, she gets a pension."

"And one more question. We have heard that you take an active part in public affairs. Is that so?"

"I like to be with people. Besides, my profession favours this. To my mind, life can only be lived to the full and be of value, when one is of use to people, to society. When I worked at the plant I participated in social work among women and now I lecture on political economy at the People's University. The Society for the Dissemination of Social, Political and Scientific Knowledge also gets me to read lectures. Most of these are on the economic reform. I lecture not only in Tashkent but also in other Uzbekistan cities."

She has a great many friends but we learnt that her closest is Karima Makhmudova, a lecturer at the department of political economy.

"We have a closely-knit collective in our department," said Alexandra. "They are real friends who come to one's assistance in times of need. I remember how concerned they were at the news of the fascist coup in Greece and that thousands of democrats had been cast into prisons, and concentration camps and were being tortured. Everyone came up to me, tried to cheer me up, expressed sympathy and support. This shows the internationalism, the solidarity of Soviet people. Here, we Greeks have always met this fraternal attitude towards us, this goodwill, and the wish to help."

The same day we visited the dental clinic attached to the Medical Institute where the well-known surgeon Georgios Ioannidis works. The clinic is in a large old park and since we had to wait until he was free, we went for a walk and then had a talk with Nadezhda Mazalova, acting head of the surgical department at the clinic. She told us the department has 30 surgeons—Uzbeks, Armenians, Russians, Tatars, Koreans, Jews... They perform operations on the temporo-mandibular joint, remove malignant tumours, do plastic surgery and many other conditions affecting the mouth.

"Georgios Ioannidis," said Nadezhda Mazalova, "is an excellent surgeon and educator. I have worked with him for 13 years now". They call him a magician, but magic, of course, has nothing to do with it. He possesses the shrewd intellect of a researcher, high professional skill and a faultless technique worked out to the last detail. During these 13 years Georgios Ioannidis has performed over 1,000 operations. Patients come to him not only from Central Asia but also from the Volga regions, Siberia and other places. He has a great future. He is now working on a thesis for his doctorate. But here he is himself..."

A man in a surgeon's coat and cap came in. He looked a little tired. We shook hands and then asked him to tell us about the operations he had performed that day.

"We have had two operations today," he said. "The first was on a little boy, who had a hare lip. He is only one year old. He will be all right. I have told his parents the operation was a success and they are delighted. After that I operated on seventeen-year-old Abdugani Baratov. His

temporo-mandibular joint was mal-functioning which affected the shape of his face and prevented him from biting correctly. It is a very serious and very painful condition as the patient cannot open his mouth and food must be inserted through a narrow fissure between the upper and lower jaws. Abdugani is an emaciated youth who is taciturn and unsociable. You will agree that if the operation is successful this means a new life for him. What did we do? We simply opened his mouth by four centimetres and then made an artificial joint using bone and cartilage taken from one of his ribs." "Where did you become a surgeon, in Greece or in the Soviet Union?" we asked.

"I was a medical student at the University of Thessaloniki but my studies were interrupted by the fascist invasion and the occupation. However, I got good practical experience in the Democratic Army caring for the wounded in dug-outs in a regimental hospital. In 1954 I graduated from the Tashkent Medical Institute and became a doctor. My wife, by the way, is also a medical worker—she is a midwife."

We noticed a book on the table at which Doctor Ioannidis was sitting. The title was "Malignant Tumours of the Upper Jaw" and the name of the author was G. Ioannidis.

"In this book," the doctor said, "I have summed up the records of operations performed on 200 patients. I have proposed a topographical-anatomical classification of malignant tumours of the upper jaw. The method of treating tumours I have described I worked out under the direction of the celebrated Russian surgeon Professor Mikhail Paradoksov."

"And what is your method?"

"Without going into details, I can say that it makes it possible to obtain good results and considerably decreases the number of relapses."

"We have been told that you are working on a doctor's thesis. How is that going?"

"Quite normally. My research adviser is Professor Mikhail Mukhin of the Kirov Medico-Military Academy in Leningrad. I went to Leningrad last May to seek his advice. He approved the subject of my research and its general methodology and gave me some valuable suggestions."

"And now the last question. Have you any children?"

"Yes, two: a son Petros who is a student at the Power Faculty of the Tashkent Polytechnical Institute and a daughter Eleni who is only five and a half."

We left the room and Georgios Ioannidis who had taken off his white coat and cap accompanied us to the gate. The rays of the Tashkent sun, generous even in autumn, gilded the tops of the trees in the park. The people we met—doctors, nurses and convalescent patients—greeted Ioannidis with respect. We could see that he was known and liked here by everyone.

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#### WE VISIT ANIKA AND MIKHALIS

We met Anika and her husband Mikhailis Kharalambidis at the Society of Greek Political Emigrants and they asked us to come to see them the following day. We accepted this invitation with pleasure.

...And here we are in Chilanzar, in a three-room apartment with a wide balcony cum verandah under which is a courtyard with densely grown trees offering shade in

the heat of the day. The pretty dark-eyed hostess treats us to Greek national dishes: soup "avgolemono," chicken with rice—"gyuvetch". There are olives on the table, grapes, apples and slightly astringent red wine.

Mikhailis and Anika are teachers. He works at the A. Ostrovsky Institute of Theatre and Art, and she lectures on political economy at Tashkent University. Anika is an assistant professor. She has her Master of Science degree.

Speaking of her life she said:

"I was born in Western Macedonia, in the village of Vogatsiko. I spent my childhood and youth in the town of Kastoria where my parents moved soon after my birth. My father was a tinsmith and had a small workshop. During the fascist occupation, when I was at a girls' secondary school, I took part in the Resistance movement working as secretary of the underground youth organization in the town. After the liberation of Greece I entered the Law Faculty at the University of Thessaloniki but studied there only for two years. Then I went into the mountains, fought in the ranks of the Democratic Army first in Central and then in Western Macedonia."

"And where did you meet Mikhailis?" we asked.

"Where did we meet, Mikhailis?" she asked her husband, smiling. "In Melanfio..."

"Yes, in Melanfio," answered Mikhailis. "It was in 1944. A conference of youth of the regions liberated from the invaders was being held in Melanfio, not far from Kastoria, and Anika was taking part in the work of this conference. I also was at Melanfio at that time: the underground regional committee of the National-Liberation Front—EAM—had its headquarters there. That was where we met. I remember the sun was shining, everything was turning green—it was



early summer. You remember, Anika, the cherries we used to pick and eat."

"We got engaged in Melanfio," said Anika continuing her reminiscences, "but we did not get married till four years later, in 1948, when we were both fighting in the Democratic Army in the Gramos mountains... Mikhalis was an assistant commissar of a division."

They also told us about their life in the Soviet Union. Anika had graduated from Tashkent University and then completed a post-graduate course. She wrote a thesis on bourgeois political economy in present-day Greece for her M.Sc. degree. While still a student, she had published, in a volume of students' research papers, an article on Aristophanes she had written for the 2000th anniversary of his birth. She has published a number of other important articles in different journals. A member of the Science and Engineering Society, she gives lectures on political economy at the People's University of Greek Culture and takes an active part in scientific conferences. She is academic adviser to two postgraduate students and is collecting material for her Doctor's thesis.

Mikhalis spends his time training budding actors. He graduated from the Institute of the Theatre and Art in Tashkent, received a producer's diploma and now teaches acting at the Institute. Like his wife, he does community work and gives much help to the Greek People's Theatre. He has staged several plays: an idyll by D. Koromilas "The Shepherdess's Lover," a play by K. Golfinos "The Real Prometheus" devoted to the struggle of the Greek people for freedom and democracy, a tragedy by B. Katsanis "When the Atridae..." which is written on the motifs of the ancient Greek myth and has something in common with the situation in present-day Greece. Mikhalis has received honorary

diplomas for his work for amateur art.

Anika and Mikhalis have two children: a twelve-year-old daughter Lyana and a son Demosthenis who is three. Slim, brown-eyed Lyana is in the fifth form and at the same time studies at a music school. A gifted child, she has already won several competitions.

We also met Anika's mother—Eleni Kitsu, a quiet old lady with grey hair and sad eyes. She came from Greece in 1958 with her husband Pantelis Kitsos. Anika's father, who had courageously fought for the freedom of his homeland since the days of the Metaxas dictatorship and spent many years in prison and exile, died three months after he came to Tashkent.

In our host's flat and also in those of other Greek political emigrants we visited, we saw much that reminds one of Greece and testifies to the emigrants' love for their native land. In this flat were small plates with scenes from the "Iliad" and other Greek myths and a portrait of Mikis Theodorakis. On the bookshelves were volumes by Plutarch, Aristotle, Plato, Herodotus, Theocritus, Lucian and modern writers. And on the balcony in a big pot grew a specimen of the shrub *vasilikos* which to the Greek is inseparable from the image of his Motherland.

Time passed unnoticed as we talked. We spoke about battle episodes of the old days, the unshakable courage and endurance of the Greek democrats, the beauty of the country, the bright, bustling towns, the quiet charm of the little mountain villages, the tragedy of Greece which has been victim of a plot by internal reaction supported by imperialist forces, the solidarity of all honest people in the world with the fighting Greek people...

When we said good-bye to Anika and Mikhalis, we felt that we were leaving good friends.

## THE WORD AS A WEAPON

The literature and art section of the Tashkent newspaper "Neos Dromos" (The New Road) is under the direction of Antimos Khadziantimu, a lawyer, who is also a poet. Not he but his friends and comrades told us that he had begun to write verses when still a student at the University of Thessaloniki. In 1935 he published in Athens under the pen-name of Antos Filitas his first book of poems entitled "Sad Smiles," and two years later—another—"The Clouds." We also learnt that Antimos wrote the song of the EPON of Northern Greece. This patriotic song filled with a firm belief in victory was sung by thousands of young Resistance fighters who went fearlessly into battle, perhaps to death. And no one, not even Antimos' friends, knew then that he had written it.

While working on "Neos Dromos," Antimos Khadziantimu continues to write poetry which is published in newspapers and magazines. His new book of poems, which has been issued in the Russian and Ukrainian languages, embodies the thoughts and feelings of a poet who has devoted his life to the struggle for the freedom and happiness of his people.

The Resistance movement, which formed such an important stage in the history of Greece, found its bright and deep reflection in the creative art of another political emigrant—Mitsos Alexandropulos who has become a well-known writer in the USSR. Since 1966 Mitsos has lived in Moscow. When we got back to the capital, we had a long talk with this versatile and richly endowed man.

He lives in a big new building not far from the Byelorussian Railway Station. The door was opened to us by a

tall thin man who wore glasses and had silvery-grey temples. He led us to his study and invited us to be seated. On his desk was his type-writer with a half-typed page. Along the wall were bookcases with works by ancient and modern Greek writers, volumes of Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Chekhov and many books on the history of Russian art. Reproductions of Van Gogh, a record of chiming bells, for which the Russian land has long since been famed, a large latest-model television set...

During coffee, which Mitsos made himself, we talked about his latest work. The book does not exist yet, the first page has not even been written, but Mitsos nevertheless, has been collecting material for it for three years. Now this stage is over and the writer, as Tolstoy said, is faced with the strenuous and painful work of thinking out the construction of the plot, the novel architecture, the distinguishing features of the characters and their relationships, and with the task of fully comprehending the spirit of the epoch he is writing about. Alexandropulos is going to write a historical novel, the action of which takes place in the 16th century. The complexity of the task is quite obvious.

Mitsos showed us two drawings in Indian ink. One of them depicts the hook-nosed profile of the Grand Duke Vasili III, father of Ivan the Terrible, and the other a portrait of Maxim the Greek. He had done both.

"The main character of the book," he said, "will be Maxim the Greek. He is a striking personality, a man with an unusual destiny. I was very much moved by the story of his life. Maxim the Greek, as, perhaps, you remember from history, was born in Greece. For many years he studied in Italy where he heard the fiery sermons of the indomitable Savonarola. He spent all his subsequent life in Russia. Maxim the Greek did very much as an enlightener.

He wrote about 150 works: sermons, philosophical and theological treatises and dissertations, translations, etc. He exerted a beneficial influence on the spiritual life of the Russian society of his age. As for my future book, I should like to exceed the bounds of a traditional historical novel by using modern representational means for picturing the remote past, without, of course, modernizing it. . ."

We were rather surprised that such a writer as Alexandropulos whose creative art was indissolubly tied with modern times, with the stormy and heroic 20th century should have chosen a purely historical subject. We told him so.

"This is not a withdrawal from reality," he answered, "it is merely a journey into the past which, it seems to me, can only enrich the artist. As to modern times, they have always been and always will remain the main source nourishing my work."

And this is really so. All the books he has written bear the imprint of the times, are filled with the spirit of the struggle against fascism and reaction, the struggle which the present generation has witnessed and in which it has participated. This refers, above all, to his well-known book "Nights and Dawns" and "The Mountains." Both novels were published in Athens by the Temelio Publishing House and issued in the Russian language in Moscow by the Molodaya Gvardiya Publishing House (The Young Guard). The books were highly praised by Greek critics who placed them among the most important on the Resistance movement. Both were warmly welcomed by Russian readers. And this is not surprising since it was almost the first encounter they had with an artistic interpretation of the struggle of the Greek patriots for the freedom and independence of their native land.

In his preface to the novel "The Mountains" the well-known Soviet writer Boris Polevoy has stressed that this work is written "with a strong hand, with the truth of all truths—the truth of life."

Mitsos showed us a tattered copy of "Nights and Dawns" and told us its story. One summer he was staying in the Livadia sanatorium in the Crimea. The librarian there, learning that he was the well-known writer Alexandropulos presented him with the book whose rather poor condition could only make the author feel glad as it testified to its popularity.

The subject of the Greek Resistance movement is dealt with in the collected stories "The Armed Years," "A Recent Story" and "The White Shore." It serves as a background against which modern times are depicted and it is indissolubly connected with them because it lives and will always live in the memory of the people. In 1963, one of the stories—"The Cloud"—was awarded first prize in a competition organized in Athens by the literary journal "Epiteorisi."

Mitsos Alexandropulos has developed as a writer in the Soviet Union. But his gift and creative bent had shown themselves, of course, in Greece. Mitsos was born in 1924 in the small provincial town of Amaliada. When he was a student at the Law Faculty of Athens University he took part in the Resistance movement and then fought in the ranks of the Democratic Army. Because of his persistence and singleness of purpose his friends dubbed him "Sviris" (Little Hammer). The future writer worked on the staff of the newspapers "Katimerina Nea" (Daily News) and "Pros Ti Niki" (Towards Victory) which were issued in the mountains.

Mitsos' journalistic experience stood him in good stead

when he arrived in the Soviet Union. He was able to take charge of the literary page of "Neos Dromos." Then for a few years he was engaged in translations from Russian into Greek. In 1954 he published his first book—a collection of stories "Soviet Meetings."

In 1956 he entered the Gorky Literary Institute in Moscow. Five years later he graduated with honours and wholly devoted himself to writing.

Mitsos Alexandropulos is a member of the Society of Greek Writers. However in present-day Greece all his books that have been published in the Greek language have been black-listed, banned and withdrawn from libraries.

We asked Mitsos what books he would write in the near future.

"The Progress Publishing House," he answered, "is preparing my book 'To the Stars' for press. It contains stories from my two last volumes 'A Recent Story' and 'The White Shore.' As to new works—my book of travel notes 'From Moscow to Moscow' will soon be published. It sets out my impressions of a voyage on the Volga by a motorship from Moscow to Astrakhan and back. In this book I have described the new appearance of the towns I saw during the voyage, and for the sake of comparison have made an excursion into the past. There is also another book of mine of a special nature. It is about 19th century Russian classical writers: Pushkin, Gogol, Belinsky, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy. This is my first book of literary criticism and is intended for Greek readers. In my opinion, the Greeks are not well enough acquainted with the great heritage of Russian literature, and their views are, in the main, based either on the works of pre-revolutionary Russian critics or on modern literary criticism in the West, neither of which deal objectively with the work of the great Russian realist writers.

This, above all, refers to such a big and complex artist and thinker as Dostoyevsky. This is what induced me to write the book. I base myself on Soviet literary studies of the legacy of the Russian classics and I would like Greek readers to have a more exact and deeper idea of this heritage. Besides I have tried to connect the work of the Russian writers with the problems of modern aesthetics and the tasks faced by modern writers."

"Whom among the Russian classics do you like best?" we asked Mitsos.

"Chekhov," he answered, "but Chekhov is a special subject."

"And of modern writers?"

"Gorky, Sholokhov, Fadeyev, Leonid Leonov, Paustovsky and some of the younger writers. I might add, by the way, since we are talking about Russian literature, that I was greatly impressed by the brilliant poem 'The Lay of the Host of Igor.' I have made the first translation into Greek of this outstanding monument of old Russian literature. It has been published in the magazines 'Pirsos' and 'Epoches.' The latter has also published my article on the poem."

"We see that you can draw and, judging by the books and reproductions in this room, you are fond of the fine arts. Who are your favourite artists?"

"Van Gogh, Andrei Rublev... Like many others, I admire old Russian painting, the talent and originality of the Russian icon-painters. I very much like graphic art... "Look," he said indicating some prints on the wall, "these are illustrations by the Greek artist Vaso Katraki of my story 'The Cloud.' Very interesting work—original and new in conception."

During our lively conversation Mitsos's wife, a pretty

blue-eyed woman, came home. They were married in 1959. Sonya (this is what Mitsos called his wife) graduated from the department of classical philology of the Philological Faculty of Moscow University. She has a profound knowledge of old and modern Greek. Sonya Ilyinskaya is a critic and translator of both poetry and prose. Among the authors whose works she translates are Yannis Ritsos, Nikiforos Vrettakos, Tasos Livaditis, Rita Bumi-Papa, Konstantinos Kavafis, Angelos Terzakis, Dido Sotiriu and other Greek poets and writers.

Mitsos and Sonya, it was easy to see, were a happy pair with shared intellectual interests. They have a four-year-old daughter Olya. We saw her photograph on the wall. She had an impish, smiling face.

We would add that though Mitsos Alexandropulos does not enjoy very good health, he is no recluse. He belongs to the Anti-Dictatorship Committee of Greeks residing in the USSR and often speaks at meetings of solidarity with the Greek people. As in his youth, he is in the very thick of life, in the forefront of the struggle for Greece's freedom.

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#### YANNIS TSELEPIDIS AND HIS COMPANY

Art occupies an important place in the life of the Greek political emigrants. This was re-affirmed for us when we visited their club.

...The afternoon we entered the auditorium it was em-

pty and almost in darkness. But in the spotlight on the stage was a tall well-built man singing "The Buchenwald Alarm Bell" by Vano Muradeli. The singer, who had a rich bass, sang in Russian with a slight accent; a young man in a red pullover accompanied him on an accordion. When the song ended, we made the acquaintance of the performers. Antonis Pirgantis, the singer, now greying at the temples, told us that he had graduated a few years before from the Tashkent Conservatoire and was now a teacher at the conservatoire's opera studio. With his students he had sung in "The Tsar's Bride" by Rimsky-Korsakov, "Iolanta" by Tchaikovsky and other operas. He was a soloist with the amateur Greek Folk Song and Dance Company which has won wide popularity.

We met Antonis Pergantis at the time he was rehearsing a song for a concert the Company would soon put on. When he arrived in Tashkent, he told us, he had gone to work at a plant as a fitter. While working he had finished an evening machine-building secondary school. Fond of singing he had joined a choir organized by Vasilis Maidasis, a teacher at the Conservatoire. This had predetermined his future destiny. Soon he entered the preparatory department of the Conservatoire.

Pirgantis's accompanist, 20-year-old Panayotis Mikhailidis is only just starting out in life, but so far everything is going well; always interested in music he is studying at the Khamza Music School.

At the club we also met the Company's artistic director, Yannis Tselepidis, a handsome man of thirty with thick black eye-brows that meet at the bridge of his nose. We asked him to tell us about the Company.

"The Company," he said, "was set up in 1956. It now has 18 members—singers, dancers and musicians. Our or-

chestra is made up of buzukas, an electric contrabass, an electric guitar and a set of percussion instruments. Our musicians, in the main, are amateur artists—students from higher and specialized secondary schools. But there are some professionals like Antonis Pirgantis. Our repertory mainly consists of songs by Greek composers and, above all, by Mikis Theodorakis. We perform his songs 'Mirtia', 'A Mother Weeping at the Grave of Her Slain Son,' 'Margarita-Margarito,' 'Oh, Cliffs, Cliffs!' and, of course, 'Sirtaki'... Not so long ago we rehearsed Theodorakis' oratorio 'The Greeks' consisting of eight songs. But our repertory also includes quite a number of pieces by Soviet and foreign composers. We also perform Greek, Russian, Uzbek, Cuban, Gipsy and other national dances. We put on our shows at our club, at enterprises, institutes, schools, holiday homes here in Tashkent and in other towns. We have played in Moscow, and our concerts are often transmitted over radio and television."

"Ours is the only Greek company in the Soviet Union," continued Yannis Tselepidis. "Our chief aim is to popularize Greek songs, to instil a love of Greek art in our young people brought up far from their home. A line of a popular Soviet song goes: 'The song helps us build and live!' To us it is a living link with our native land, it is like an alarm bell that awakens us, it inspires us to continue the struggle. To us the song is inseparable from modern Greece, from her best sons and daughters who are defending freedom and democracy, who are fighting reaction and fascism. At the beginning of the concert, we tell the audience about our homeland, about Manolis Glezos, Yannis Ritsos, Mikis Theodorakis and other patriots and democrats. At our concerts you can feel the audience's enthusiasm and genuine emotion when they hear the Greek freedom songs."

Yannis Tselepidis, one of the company's main soloists, with his sincerity and mastery of performance always wins all hearts. Several of his songs are available on records.

Yannis began singing in a Young Pioneer choir. Then he finished a music school, went on to the Conservatoire and on graduation became a professional artist. His brother Lakis, a singer too, also graduated from the Tashkent Conservatoire. Now a soloist with the Moscow Philharmonic Society he frequently tours the country. His younger brother Pavlos graduated from the Odessa Shipbuilding Institute and now works at the port of Odessa. The three brothers were brought up in a worker's family: their father Vasilis works as a forwarder at a building project. Their mother Safiya was at the textile complex but is now on pension.

We learnt that besides the Greek Song and Dance Company there are two choirs at the club—one for children and one for adults. Both are directed by Tanasis Rakedzis, who graduated from the Khamza Music School. There is also a dance group directed by Fanis Petsinis and, finally, the Greek People's Theatre...

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## PLAYS AND ACTORS

On the first floor of the club is a very large room smelling of greasepaint and cluttered with props. The only furniture is a table near the window and a leather sofa.

We meet the director Kostas Golfinos, a versatile man who is the People's Theatre producer, actor, playwright, poet and prose-writer. He loves the theatre and cannot conceive of life without it. We find a middle-aged man with deeply-lined face and a prominent nose sitting at the table fingering a string of amber beads. With him is the assistant producer and actress Evgeniya Tsorbadzi, who graduated from the Theatrical Institute in Tashkent. She is Greek, and plays in classical tragedies. With her hair piled high on her head she certainly looks the part. Introducing her, Golfinos said that she played Clytemnestra in the anti-monarchic play by V. Katsanis "When the Atridae. . ."

Kostas Golfinos told us the contents of his new sketch personifying the players in this miniature. Then we looked through a copy of "The Theatre in 1966" he had just received from Greece, drank some very strong coffee brewed in the Turkish manner and ate some "damskiye palchiki" (ladies' fingers) grapes Evgeniya Tsorbadzi gave us.

"What are you working on now?" we asked Golfinos.

"I am going to stage two plays. One of them is 'Good night, Margarita!' by Gerasimos Stavru (after the story of the same name by Dimitris Khadzis). This play, devoted to the Resistance movement, had a successful run at an Athens theatre not long before the coup of 21st April, 1967. After the junta seized power, the play was banned along with the tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. . . Stavru's play which is based on real facts is about a well-to-do Greek family. They are not interested in politics and live in the small town of Yannina during the fascist occupation. How the main character, a woman, goes over from vague protest to conscious activity and meets her death for the sake of her country's freedom is subtly told.

"The second play we intend to stage is of a quite dif-

ferent genre. It is Melas's satire 'Papa is learning' which castigates the hypocrisy and falsehood of bourgeois society.

"Our theatre," continued Kostas Golfinos, "was set up in 1961. But a Greek company existed in Tashkent long before that. It was directed by Antonis Yannisis, one of the best Athenian actors. It staged many plays: 'Peace' by Aristophanes, works by the modern Greek authors—D. Psattas, G. Ksenopoulos, D. Bogris, G. Kunelakis—as well as Russian classics, and works by Soviet and foreign playwrights—altogether about 40 plays. I have staged quite a number of them and played in some of them myself."

"And were you connected with the theatre in Greece?"

"The theatre has been my passion all my life. But, strange to say, I studied law. When the war began, I was doing third year at Athens University. I broke off my studies to join the Resistance movement. I was in charge of a front-line theatre. We played in the open air in the day-time and at night by moon light. I wrote and staged one-act plays on episodes of life at the front. We played without any make-up, costumes or scenery. None the less our audiences enjoyed the performances. Later on all the actors of the front-line theatre were trained in the USSR. Among them are Dina Gerasopulu whom I remember as a slender brown-eyed girl with short auburn hair, Katina Zorbala, a blue-eyed blonde with a thick plait (she had a wonderful voice), Sotiris Belevantis, a former car-driver, now an actor and film director with "Uzbekfilm," Fimios Durmusoglu, a former factory worker of Thessaloniki, who also became a film director and has already made eight documentary films, and many others. . ."

"And how many actors are there in the People's Theatre?"

"Forty. They are students, workers, builders, teachers.

Take, for example, Yannis Peikos. He is 27, works as a house-painter at a construction project and at the same time is doing a correspondence course at the producers' faculty at the Theatre and Art Institute. He is a fine actor in heroic parts. His wife Despina also plays at the theatre. Then there is Laokratiya Papadopulu. She is a student at the Medical Institute. A born actress she plays leading parts.

"In recent years we have staged quite a number of plays: 'When the Atridae...' by V. Katsanis, which I have already told you about, 'The Fox and the Grapes' by Yu. Figeruido, 'The Kidnapping of Smaralda' by G. Kambanelis—a satirical play exposing the power of money in an antagonistic society, 'The Shepherdess's Lover' by D. Koromilas—a rural idyll written on Greek folk-lore motifs, 'The Real Prometheus' whose author is your humble servant..."

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### THE YOUNGER GENERATION

At the present time more than 3,500 Greek children whose parents are political emigrants attend Tashkent schools. They have never been to Greece, but they speak Greek and know a lot about the present and past of the country. Greek teachers trained in the Soviet Union teach them Greek and the literature, geography and history of the country. The problem of teaching and educating the younger generation arose as long ago as 1953 when the first groups

of Greek children who lived in other socialist countries came to the USSR. Children born in the Soviet Union were also growing up. The problem was solved in the only correct and reasonable way. It was decided that, in addition to the general subjects, the Greek children should be given a comprehensive knowledge about Greece beginning with the Greek language, which they would start to study in the first form. At the beginning a number of problems had to be solved: there were no textbooks and not enough teachers. But in 1953 the first primer and a Greek language text-book were issued and somewhat later geography and history books. In 1955, 15 political emigrants, mainly former primary school teachers, graduated from the Teachers' Training College. Later on they were joined by other political emigrants who chose to become teachers.

Besides the special subjects on Greece that are included in the school syllabus, schools regularly hold olympiads and competitions in Greek, in the history and geography of the country. The children are eager to join amateur art circles and perform Greek folk songs and dances at school concerts. Exhibitions devoted to Greece are mounted. The libraries of schools attended by Greek children have a considerable number of books in the Greek language. The central club has over 5,000 volumes, and each of the six district branches of the Society have clubs with libraries. The children are welcome to borrow books from any of these. Each has a "children's corner" and hobby groups for painting, needlework, photography, philately, aircraft modelling and music. The clubs also have special rooms where the children can do their homework under the supervision of an experienced teacher. Talks are often given about Greece, ancient art, history and national-liberation struggle. All branches have playing fields with facilities for volley-ball, bas-



ketball, and ping-pong. Some have football pitches as well where the young train and play matches.

Political emigrants' children spend their summer holidays in Young Pioneer camps and those requiring medical treatment go to children's sanatoriums. One of these—the "Chimgan"—is only 35 kilometres from Tashkent at the foot of the mountain Chimgan. This 3,100 metre-high mountain reminds of the Greek Olympus. The sanatorium was built in 1956. Its gaily-painted buildings stand out against the green background of trees and shrubs; beds of bright flowers add to its attractiveness. Children stay in this sanatorium for 4 or 5 months. While regaining their health they continue their studies at a secondary school in the sanatorium grounds. Hundreds of political emigrants' children received medical treatment or holidayed at the sanatorium "Chimgan" and the nearby Young Pioneer camp. Many of those who got high marks at school have been to the famous international children's camp "Artek" on the south coast of the Crimea.

The Greek children along with Soviet boys and girls go in for amateur art concerts, sports competitions, festivals and weeks of friendship. Many senior schoolchildren belong to the Organization of Greek Youth set up in 1966 whose ranks number 2,000 young men and girls from 14 to 25 years of age.

We very much enjoyed our visit to a Tashkent school attended by Greek children.

School No. 129 in the Chilanzar district. We are in a large, airy class-room flooded with sunlight during a history lesson for eighth-form pupils. The desks are light and modern with plastic tops. Bowls of flowers on the window sills add colour. On the walls are portraits of heroes of the 1821 Revolution—Kolokotronis, Rigas Velenstinlis. There is a

large map of Greece and a lovingly arranged display stand: views of Athens and other towns, and ancient theatre in Delphi, landscapes... Obviously every care is taken to see that the children learn as much as possible about Greece, and their long and difficult struggle for freedom and independence.

We could see that the seeds were falling on fertile ground. The pupils were all attention as they listened to the teacher Akhileas Bozovitis tell them about the heroic events of 1821 and could answer thoroughly every question he asked. It was like being at a history lesson at a school in Greece.

After the lesson we talked to the children. Here are some notes we made.

Tamara Kendra: "My father works as a house-painter and mother—at a clothing factory. My brother Lefteris is in the seventh form. I get fives for Greek. I read books in Greek and the newspaper 'Necs Dromos'. I take part with other girls in amateur art activities: I dance the kalamatianos and other dances. I also sing in a choir: we sing Greek folk songs and songs by Soviet and foreign composers. What do I want to be? A doctor, of course!"

Ekaterina Tsambiri: "Both father and mother work at a construction project. They build apartment houses. I love Greece and, of course, the Soviet Union. I have two homelands. I correspond with my grandmother, aunts and cousins: they live in Greece. Father has told me a lot about Greece and his native village. He was born in the village of Vito near Kozani. It is a fine place: there are mountains there, a river and a forest. Like Tamara, I want to be a doctor..."

Stavros Vasiliu: "My father's name is Alekos. He is a

bricklayer. Mother looks after the house. We have a tape-recorder. We often listen to Greek music and songs by Mikis Theodorakis. Father and mother were born in the village of Krioneri, in the Ipiros region. Krioneri means in Russian 'cold water.' Father tells me how people live there, how the peasants make lime and charcoal and sell them. I very much like to listen to him when he tells how he fought for the freedom of Greece. I have not yet decided what I shall be."

Anna Karacheli: "My father is Greek, he is a team-leader at a construction project, and mother is Russian, she is a technologist. I am in the sixth form at a music school. I learn to play the violin. I play pieces by Tchaikovsky, Gli-er and other composers. We have a piano at home. I can also play it—for example, 'Sirtaki' by Theodorakis. I get fours for Greek. The teacher says that my pronunciation is not quite right... What do I want to be? An engineer. I'm sure about that."

The younger generation have a bright and interesting lives acquiring knowledge and preparing to enter the wider world of grown-ups. They face the future with confidence.

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#### TRADITIONS NOT FORGOTTEN

The political emigrants like to keep up their national customs. All the families prepare such Greek dishes as yu-varlakia, pitta, gyuvetch and olives, serve small cups of

strong coffee with a glass of cold water, and make jam from unripe walnuts, many of them have a map of Greece on display in their homes, thousands subscribe to the newspaper "Neos Dromos" and the magazines "Neos Kosmos" and "Pirsos" (before the fascist coup in Greece many families also subscribed to "Avgi," "Demokratiki Allagi" and other left-wing publications); and finally, every family has gramophone records of Greek music and folk songs. But the political emigrants' love for their native country is also shown in more significant ways: they have their People's University of Greek Culture, they hold very popular festivals, they have their Folk Song and Dance Company and the Greek People's Theatre.

We were told about a traditional Greek wedding when 200 guests assembled at a restaurant to celebrate the happiest day in the life of engineer Georgios Pigasiotis and student Glikeriya Prapa. Greek national dishes were served and music was supplied by a clarion and other instruments including a drum. The feasting, singing, dancing and toasting the happy couple lasted till midnight.

Since 1951 the emigrants have had their own daily newspaper, the "Neos Dromos." We called at the editorial office and had a talk with the editor-in-chief Petros Melas. He told us that every issue has news-items and stories about the work of the emigrants at enterprises, construction projects and scientific institutions as well as notes and articles dealing with the vital needs and interests of the emigrants. There are regular articles on the situation in Greece and the mounting solidarity with the Greek people. The newspaper has a literary page devoted to stories, poems and essays written by men of letters and journalists as well as by factory and office workers. It organizes competitions for the best story, poem, drawing and photograph. At least half of

every issue is devoted to the life of the political emigrants, the situation in Greece and world comments on the events there.

Greece remains infinitely dear to the political emigrants although during the long years in the Soviet Union they have grown to like the life and customs there and have made sincere and true friends. But a man's Motherland is where he was born. It exerts the same attraction as his home port does to the sailor. Odysseus as he wandered pined for Ithaca. The image of the Motherland has always lived in the hearts of the political emigrants. It is impossible to forget the snow-white summits of the Pindus, the orange groves of Sparta, the soft azure of the Aegean Sea, the bottomless blue of the sky, the grey cliffs, the blossoming almond trees...

For many years the Greek authorities stubbornly prevented political emigrants living in the Soviet Union and other socialist countries from returning to Greece. Quite a number of appeals and letters have been addressed to the United Nations Organization, the International Red Cross and other organizations asking them to help solve this problem.

Greek pupils at a Tashkent school in October, 1966, wrote a letter to the pupils of a high school in the town of Larisa which runs as follows:

"Our dear friends, our dear brothers,

We are writing to you because we consider you to be our brothers and friends despite the fact that we are separated from you by a distance of some thousands of kilometres. We do not know one another as we were born and have grown up in Central Asia, in the capital of Soviet Uzbekistan—Tashkent where we now go to school.

Nearly all of us have parents who are natives of the

Larisa region. Our thoughts and hearts are indissolubly tied to our homeland Greece about which we know only from books, films and stories told by our parents and teachers.

Here in the Soviet Union we have everything we need—everything except our homeland. Therefore we, like our parents, dream of returning to our beloved Greece. We want to see its blue sky, its mountains, islands, our wonderful people and you, our brothers. We want to find our grandfathers and grandmothers, to see and embrace them. We do not want them to die before they have seen their grandchildren.

With fraternal patriotic greetings, Katina Kiriakidu (village Trilofos, Lamia region), Kaliopi Kontoyanni (village Surpi, Volos region), Zoi Karatoliu (village Ganos, Larisa region), Dimitra Siliguni (village Mikrohori, Larisa region), Areti Mpatzola and Georgios Mpatzolas (village Rapsani, Larisa region), Marina Laina and Georgios Lainas (village Pirgetos, Larisa region).

Pupils of the 5th, 8th and 9th classes."

All the appeals and letters brought out as the main point the fact that political emigrants in the Soviet Union have received every opportunity to live comfortably, to live a life full of spiritual interest, have been given an education and the possibility of becoming highly trained specialists. Nevertheless they want to go home and this is quite natural. Thousands of people are living apart from their relatives. Wives are separated from their husbands and parents from their children. The older political emigrants demand that they should be allowed to spend their remaining days in their native land. Thousands of young men and girls who have been educated in the Soviet Union want to see their homeland. At the same time all of them—workers,

engineers, doctors, agronomists, teachers and scientists—feel that they could contribute to the development of the national economy and culture of the country were they able to return.

The overwhelming majority of Greeks favour the repatriation of their brothers and sisters, and a considerable number of political and social figures have spoken in support of this. Nevertheless succeeding Greek governments have refused to accede to this legitimate demand. By depriving thousands of political emigrants of Greek citizenship and preventing their repatriation, they have grossly violated the laws of their country and different international agreements including the Universal Declaration of Human Rights adopted by UNO in 1948. The rulers of Greece put forward, as a condition of the political emigrants' return, the humiliating and unacceptable demand, that they should sign a statement giving up their political views and undertaking to take no part in the political life of the country.

Since the junta of the "black colonels" seized power and introduced a fascist military dictatorship, the question of repatriation has, naturally, been removed from the agenda for the time.

Now, when the democratic rights of the people won in hard struggle are trampled underfoot and anti-fascists and democrats are cruelly persecuted, the minds of the political emigrants know no rest. They follow the events in Greece with anxiety and a heavy heart. Among those who are languishing in concentration camps on the islands of Yioura and Leros, who are tortured in the prisons of the asfalia are relatives, friends and acquaintances of the political emigrants, their companions in the struggle. But the position is not hopeless: resistance to the dictatorship is growing. The Patriotic Front formed soon after the military clique had

carried out their coup with the support of the USA and NATO is now functioning in underground conditions.

With the Soviet people the Greek political emigrants are actively participating in the movement of solidarity with the democrats and patriots of Greece which is growing and spreading all over the world. Protest meetings and demonstrations against fascist reaction in Greece are continually being held; the junta's crimes are laid bare before the world through the press, radio and television; statements and appeals are issued demanding that political prisoners be freed and democratic liberties restored in Greece. These statements and appeals call on all democratic political and social organizations throughout the world to unite and take effective measures to achieve the international isolation of the illegal junta regime, which represents a dangerous seat of fascism in Europe, and to help the Greek people in their struggle for liberation.

Together with the Soviet people and honest people everywhere the Greek political emigrants firmly believe that the principles of freedom and democracy will triumph in the ancient and beautiful land of Greece and the long night will soon end.

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#### MAY THEIR DREAM COME TRUE!

One day after our return to Moscow we were looking through an old file of the Greek newspaper "Apogevmatini" when we came across an item about Greek political emig-

rants in the USSR. It ran as follows: "The Soviet authorities are taking cruel repressive actions against Greek political emigrants in Tashkent. The emigrants are arrested at night, thrown into prison and subjected to torture. Many are exiled to Siberia. Severe measures are also taken against members of their families. They are evicted from their apartments and dismissed from their jobs. The women and children wander the streets begging for alms, but no passer-by dares help them as the Soviet police would punish their severely for this..."

In this connection we recalled other inventions such as, for example, a report that the Greeks in Tashkent live almost behind wire fences and that they are not allowed to move beyond the bounds of the city...

We could only laugh at the revelations of the newspaper "Apogevmatini." How inconsistent capitalist propaganda is. It goes from one extreme to another. First it states that the Greek political emigrants undergo training in special military schools for an attack on Greece aimed at a forcible overthrow of the existing state system. Then it begins to talk about cruel persecution in the Soviet Union of the same political emigrants. It was not necessary to go to Uzbekistan to refute such statements. Their slanderous and absurd character is clear to any sane person. We did not go to Tashkent, of course, to prove that the apologists of reaction were, to put it mildly, mistaken.

We simply wanted to see how the people who have been long parted from their native land live. How they live, work and take their leisure is told in this little book which tries to sum up our impressions and all we saw during our fortnight's stay in Uzbekistan. The photographs tell the same story. They show that the Greek emigrants live like Soviet citizens, and enjoy equally the rights to work, educa-

tion and social security guaranteed by the Constitution. These rights are granted to them by the Soviet socialist system which ensures for all the Soviet peoples freedom and political, national and social equality.

The Greek political emigrants are people with a complex and difficult destiny. They have had to experience much, their path has been difficult. But they are fighters for the freedom of Greece, and never looked for another road. They chose it when they were young and have devoted their lives to it. They have never repented having chosen this path of struggle which their grandfathers and great-grandfathers before them had followed.

As a hurricane tears leaves from a mighty oak and carries them far away, so the storm of history tore these people away from their Motherland and scattered them all over the Earth. Those who are building a new world gave them a helping hand and instilled into them courage and confidence in the future.

But while a man lives, he hopes and dreams. These Greek patriots, and they have always been and continue to be patriots, dream of returning to their native land and taking part in reviving a free and independent Greece that will take the path of democracy and progress. The Soviet people, who have a high regard for the industry, talent, endurance and courage of the Greeks and have given them a cordial welcome, wish from the bottom of their hearts that this dream will come true.

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О. ДОБРОВОЛЬСКИЙ, К. СЕРАФИДИС

Это дети твои, Эллада!

*на английском языке*

Цена 28 коп.

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