

Soviet Life

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Commemorative Medals
For American Seamen

by Vladimir Molodkbin



Happy
New
Year!
to
You!

Soviet Life

December 1991, No. 12 (423)

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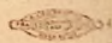


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EDITOR'S NOTES

You, surely, remember my latest column, where I told you that this magazine was on its deathbed. I'd love to quote Mark Twain now about the report of his death being an exaggeration—but, alas, this issue is our last. Even if the magazine does manage to rise from the ashes, it will lose the image that you've grown so accustomed to, dear readers.

Simply put—we are broke. Our country doesn't have enough currency even to import food and medicines for the nation in its plight, so how can the money bosses care about the press?

Our staff has long known how things might turn out. We could have switched to a commercial basis long ago and now be independent of government allocations—but the resistance or, rather, the Olympian indifference of our bureaucrats was too strong. Even now, they are dead set against all our attempts to save the magazine.

"We're in good company," we say to one another to console ourselves. PanAm, too, is bankrupt—and its bosses must have been old hands in the business. Wise tycoon Robert Maxwell also gives us ample food for thought. After his mysterious death, his empire turned out to be millions of dollars in debt!

Enough black humor, dear subscribers. Don't lose hope. Most likely, we'll rise again in a month or two with a facelift and a new name. Possibly, we will re-emerge as *New Russia*, with Russian and American ads swelling every issue. We will also carry more business and other practical information. But you can be sure that we'll remain loyal to our traditions, with stories about people in the street, illustrated reports, essays on art, literature, history, and, last but not least, articles on contacts between the Russian and the American people.

We shall spare no effort to do what you ask in your letters. I hope we'll improve our periodical.

Thanks for your kind words, which have encouraged us during hard times. Your interest has given us the strength to keep afloat. So I won't say good-by.

Till we meet again, dear readers.

Robert Tsfasman

PRIVATE BUSINESS IN THE USSR

By Anatoli Belov

The country's transition from a planned to a market economy demanded that conditions for and guarantees of entrepreneurship in the USSR be given legislative embodiment. And this has been done. The laws passed recently in the USSR and the sovereign republics lay the foundation for entrepreneurship. Soviet business has thus been legalized.

Private entrepreneurship is now coming to hold a special place in the development of a market economy. Legislation regulates this sphere of trade and industrial activity both nationwide and at the republican level. USSR legislation has proved more conservative, not fully freed from the fetters of the obsolete command-style system of administration, which limited freedom of private enterprise for Soviet citizens and foreigners.

For instance, the Law on Property in the USSR, dated March 6, 1990, a basic norm-setting act, failed to approve the notion of private property and continued the status quo, referring to the physical property of persons as "property of citizens of the USSR." The law did not permit Soviet citizens to launch joint ventures involving foreign juridical persons and nationals.

The Law on Enterprises in the USSR and the USSR government's Resolution on Measures on the Establishment and Development of Small Enterprises came into force at about the same time.

These legislative acts envisioned the possibility of founding "individual" and "family" enterprises based on citizens' property, including businesses in the form of small enterprises. Soviet citizens, however, were not allowed to launch joint ventures with participation by foreign juridical and physical persons. True, just a few months later, the USSR president's Decree on Foreign Investments in the USSR, dated October 26, 1990, did away with this injustice toward Soviet citizens.

That same decree stipulated that foreign investors (na-

tionals) had the right to found exclusively foreign-owned enterprises in the USSR.

The opportunity for Soviet citizens and foreigners to go in for private enterprise was cemented in the Law on the General Principles Governing Entrepreneurship by Citizens in the USSR, dated April 2, 1991. Private entrepreneurs have now been granted the right to engage, with state guarantees of protection, in any sanctioned type of economic activity in any lawful form, including various types of commercial mediation and operations involving securities.

Soviet citizens and citizens of foreign countries have thus been granted equal rights, and they may take up entrepreneurship in the USSR on an equal basis.

Those same rights of foreign investors and nationals were reaffirmed in the Fundamental Legislation on Foreign Investments in the USSR, dated July 5, 1991.

The above act, and also the Law of the USSR on the Basic Principles of Denationalization and Privatization of Enterprises, dated July 1, 1991, envisaged giving both Soviet citizens and foreigners the opportunity to participate in the denationalization and privatization of state, republican, and communal enterprises located on Soviet territory. The rights of foreigners are somewhat limited, however, and Soviet citizens are given preference.

The Russian Federation has passed laws analogous to those passed on a nationwide scale, similar in many respects and regulating questions of private business in the same manner.

At the same time, the federation's laws and regulations are more explicit and liberal. And they are more consonant with the conditions of a market economy as far as private business is concerned. For instance, the Russian Federation's Law on Property in the RSFSR, dated December 24, 1990, recognizes the right of private ownership along with the right of state and municipal property and property of public organizations. The objects of the right of ownership by a citizen may cover all sorts of property, such as houses—including country houses—money, shares, and other forms of property. The latter may also include enterprises, buildings, facilities, equipment and other means of production, and also plots of land. These objects of ownership are not listed in the USSR law.

Private entrepreneurship is regulated not only by Soviet national legislation but also by the international treaties concluded by the USSR with other states. The country is actively joining the market system, and private business in the USSR will occupy a worthy, civilized place in it.

A citizen may use property in his or her possession for private entrepreneurship and also use it as he or she sees fit—for example, sell it, lease it, and bequeath it—or perform other transactions that are not at variance with the law. For the time being, land is not subject to sale and purchase.

The above law shall also apply to the property of foreign nationals on the territory of the Russian Federation. It shall allow for the transfer of state and municipal property to citizens' private ownership according to established legal procedures.

Citizens of the USSR shall have the right to launch joint ventures with the participation of foreign juridical and physical persons.

Soviet citizens shall have the right of ownership of land, whereas, according to the Russian Federation's Law on Foreign Investments in the RSFSR, dated July 4, 1991, foreign investors shall have only the right of land use in keeping with the procedure envisaged in the Land Code of the RSFSR and other laws in effect in the Russian Federation.

Soviet and foreign entrepreneurs shall have the right, according to the federation's Law on Enterprises and Entrepreneurship in the RSFSR, dated December 25, 1990, to employ and to discharge workers in keeping with current labor legislation.

Under the above law, citizens may exercise their right to entrepreneurship either in the form of individual (family) private enterprises or through the establishment of or participation in other economic entities: for instance, full-, mixed-, and limited-liability companies;

joint-stock companies; or other organizational and juridical forms, including those of incorporated entrepreneurship (concerns, holding companies, and so on). The USSR and republican laws guarantee citizens in possession of property legal protection in courts of law by securing compensation for all losses sustained by them as a result of illegal actions by any persons, including the state and its bodies.

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The country is actively joining the market system, and private business in the USSR will occupy a worthy, civilized place in it.

A treaty among the independent republics on an economic community is bound to play a special role in this. A whole section of the treaty deals with entrepreneurship. ■

USSR-USA





RUSSIAN AMERICA TODAY

By Alexander Tropkin
Photographs by Alexander Lyskin
and Alexander Kurbatov

The events in Petropavlovsk-Kamchatsky marking the 250th anniversary of the founding of Russian America re-created the atmosphere of the period. The modern sailing frigate *Pallada* (above) sits in the harbor before embarking on its journey following the route (far left) taken by Vitus Bering's 1741 expedition. Left is an artist's rendition of the legendary sailing ships the *St. Peter* and the *St. Paul* making their way to the New World.





*Top to bottom:
Members of the
Marathon Winter
Swimming
Association, who
demonstrated their
abilities in the
frigid waters of the
Bering Strait off
the Alaskan coast.
Soviet historian
Dr. Alexander
Alexeyev, who has
penned several
books on Russian
America, and his
colleague and
friend American
Nikolai
Rokityansky (left),
curator of the Fort
Ross museum in
California, meeting
on the pier in San
Francisco.
Musicians
donning
guardsmen's
costumes of the
time of Peter the
Great play at the
sendoff in
Petropavlovsk-
Kamchatsky.*





Wooden dwellings and public buildings of Novoarkhangelsk, the Russian capital of Alaska, in the early nineteenth century. The engraving is by an unknown artist. The tricolor flag of the Russian-American Company carried a two-headed eagle with an orb and scepter.



In the June issue of SOVIET LIFE we wrote about the Russian America-250 expedition being planned to mark the 250th anniversary of the discovery of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands by Russian seafarers. The pioneers of the 1741 expedition were Vitus Bering and Alexei Chirikov. Today their achievement is as famous in Russia as it is in the United States, with dozens of articles having been written on the history of Russian settlements in the New World.

One of the highlights of the celebrations marking the anniversary centered on three Soviet vessels, including the sailing frigate the *Pallada*, which followed the eighteenth-century route across the Pacific to the Aleutians, Alaska, and the coast of California. Along the journey, the ship visited

eral cities and villages situated on former Russian territory, gave presents to their residents, established friendly and business contacts, and celebrated the anniversary together with the local population.

The ships set out in early July, with the hope of reaching the Alaskan coast by mid-month, around the same time as when the expedition commander Captain Vitus Bering moored his packet boat, the *St. Peter*, near "the strange island of a strange land." Later that rocky piece of land in the ocean was named Kayak Island.

The atmosphere was festive in Petropavlovsk-Kamchatsky this past summer as the expeditionary ships stood in the shipping lanes of the port, ready for their journey across the Pacific. The old city on the Kamchatka Peninsula had good reason for celebrating the anniversary. It was from here, in Avacha Bay in Petropavlovsk, that Vitus Bering set out on the second

Kamchatka expedition. The difficult voyage of 1741 ended in triumph, but not without tragedy: The strait dividing Eurasia and North America was discovered, but it cost Bering and half of his crew their lives.

Petropavlovsk-Kamchatsky was all decked out for the anniversary festivities, with the tricolor flags of the Russian-American Company (1799-1867) flying on the local houses. Many of the local young people wore baseball caps and T-shirts printed with the American flag to welcome their guests from abroad.

Guests from Alaska, who were invited to participate in the festivities, enjoyed the warm hospitality of Petropavlovsk residents. Bob Berents, of the Cordova chapter of the Bering-Chirikov-250 Committee, headed the Alaska group. He complained jokingly that the people of Petropavlovsk had showered the Americans with so many gifts that shipping the precious cargo home presented a serious problem. Berents proudly showed one of the gifts—a handmade replica of the famous sailing ship the *St. Peter*—and added: "This wonderful object will be a jewel of our city museum!"

The enthusiastic welcome given to the American guests could largely be explained by the fact that they were practically the first foreigners to visit Kamchatka. For decades, the peninsula was closed to outsiders. Today it opens its arms to visitors and tourists, displaying its unique volcanoes, hot springs, forest preserves, and azure bays.

Pyotr Premyak, chairman of the Kamchatka Regional Soviet of People's Deputies, has great plans for the peninsula's future. He dreams of restoring the Russian-American Company, which he believes will revive trade and business cooperation with America's West Coast.

"The future Russian-American Company will shoulder the bulk of Kamchatka's trade and business with Alaska and California. Joint fishing and fish-processing prospects are major lines for development. In addition, large natural gas and gold deposits have recently been found on Kamchatka. Americans have displayed an interest in these reserves, but not all Kamchatka residents approve of the

large-scale development of these resources, mostly for ecological reasons.

"I think the future company must concentrate on creating the infrastructure for tourism with the help of substantial American capital investments. There are good prospects for Soviet and American volcanologists and seis-

exchange first impressions and tales about other journeys and voyages.

On board the ship were businessmen and actors from Siberia, musicians from St. Petersburg, managers and artists from Vladivostok and Odessa, and historians, interpreters, and journalists from Moscow. I began

the Pacific far and wide and visited dozens of ports in Pacific countries, he had never been to America, and the thought of doing so made him somewhat nervous. Asked what he expected from the visit, he answered: "It's a great honor to follow Bering's route. I want to step on the land that was long

A souvenir photograph taken near Fort Ross. Facing page, clockwise from left: A family of Russian emigrants, owners of the Kalinka Restaurant in Seattle, Washington. An eighteenth-century engraving of Aleutian natives who inhabited the islands when the Russian explorers arrived. Bottles of champagne presented by Cordova fishermen to members of the expedition.



mologists too. We can also work jointly to solve common ecological problems, problems facing the Arctic regions and preserves. In short, America is turning from our No. 1 enemy into our No. 1 partner."

The research vessel the *Academician Shirshov* was the first to leave Petropavlovsk-Kamchatsky for the New World. The weather boded well for the journey as the members of the expedition and the crew, except those on duty and our tireless cooks, gathered on deck to get acquainted and to

getting to know the members of the expedition on the first day of the voyage. Let me introduce some of them, starting with the captain—our leader on board.

Captain Vilen Alper, fifty-nine, is an experienced veteran of the country's research fleet. Over the years his vessel has taken part in several risky operations. The *Academician Shirshov* has twice faced the mortal danger of Antarctic ice, but each time the captain and his crew have emerged victorious. Although Captain Alper has furrowed

ago discovered by Russians. I'm looking forward to meeting with the descendants of those early pioneers. I hope that Americans will return our friendship."

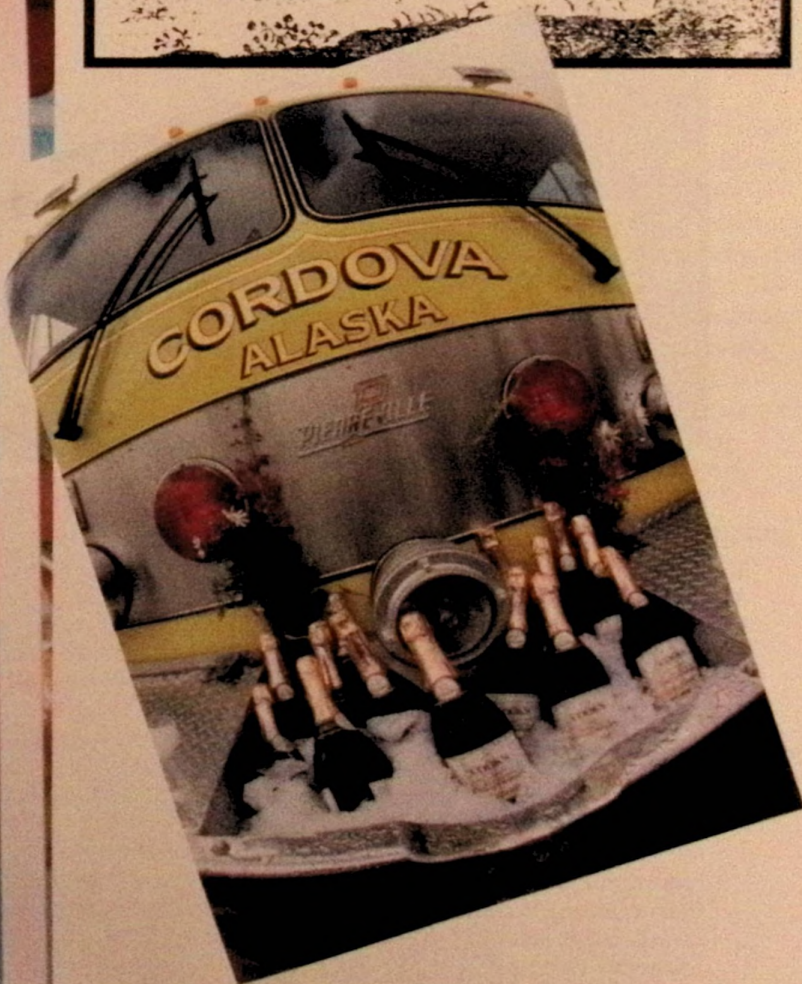
Siberian businessman Vladislav Grinevich roomed next door to me. He was representing the interests of Severovostokzoloto, the country's largest gold-mining association. Grinevich hails from Chukotka, where he works in the distant Ostrozhny Mine as chief engineer. He just recently developed an interest in business, and the mine

has profited greatly from his innovations: Gold nuggets are no longer remelted. Instead, they are fashioned into beautiful pieces of jewelry, which brings large profits to the mine. Grinevich's mine is not ready to trade with America yet, however.

"I'm looking to find business part-

ners in Alaska, people who will be interested in developing Chukotka's rare-earth metals, such as lanthanum and iridium. Demand for these metals on the world market is high, and we have rich deposits. We are also willing to share profits from the development of ceolites, a valuable raw material.

Ceolites make an excellent additive to the diet of domestic animals and poultry. They also increase crop yields, and they are ever more often being used in construction. The end product's delivery from Chukotka to Alaska wouldn't be a problem. The Bering Strait is the shortest route between our countries." 13



Another passenger was Vladimir Podgorodinsky, chief director of Rock Opera, St. Petersburg's musical theater. Though the theater is young and not yet very well known, connoisseurs assured me that Podgorodinsky had collected the best young voices of St. Petersburg in his troupe. Every day of the voyage, the theater rehearsed its

Rezanov dreamed of a free Russia. His love for a California girl was a godsend for his ordeal and suffering.

"Although our performance wasn't staged specially for American audiences, we hoped it would receive a hearty welcome."

The hopes of the chief director were later justified. In all the cities where

by waves several meters high. Though nature did its best to dissuade us, ship life went on as usual. Nothing short of total disaster could daunt our spirits.

Finally, the day arrived when we saw the outlines of the rocky Aleutian Islands on the horizon. Over the ship's radio came the announcement that we were approaching Unalaska Island.



performances, treating the passengers and crew to scenes from the rock opera *Jesus Christ Superstar* and to songs from the musical *Yunona and Avos*. The latter suited the occasion perfectly because one of the musical's main characters, diplomat Nikolai Rezanov, "discovered" California for Russia in 1806 and dreamed about broad trade contacts between Russia and America. Podgorodinsky interpreted the story and Rezanov's personality from a fresh angle.

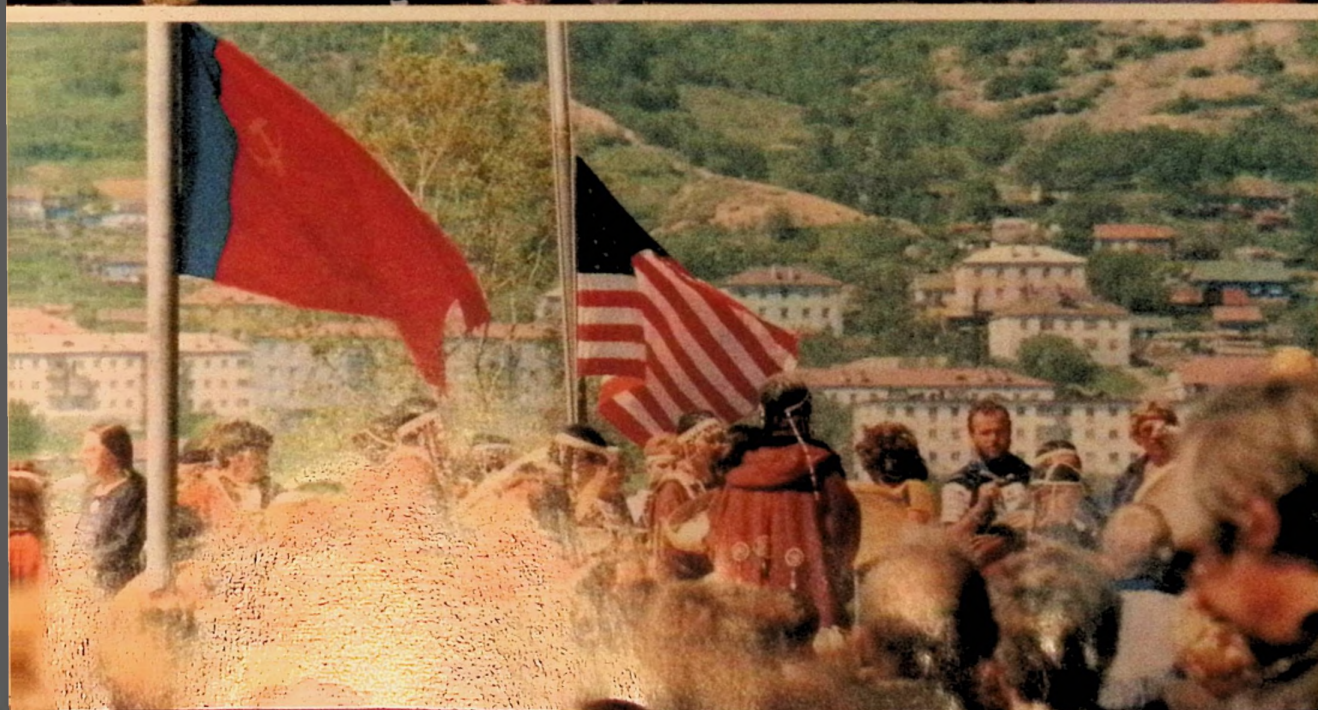
"I wasn't trying to stick to Rezanov's biography, although his main idea—that of uniting Russia and America—is clearly expressed in our performance. I wanted to emphasize the Russians' irrepressible striving for freedom.

performances were given, Americans gave the Russian theater a standing ovation, and many people in the audience had tears in their eyes.

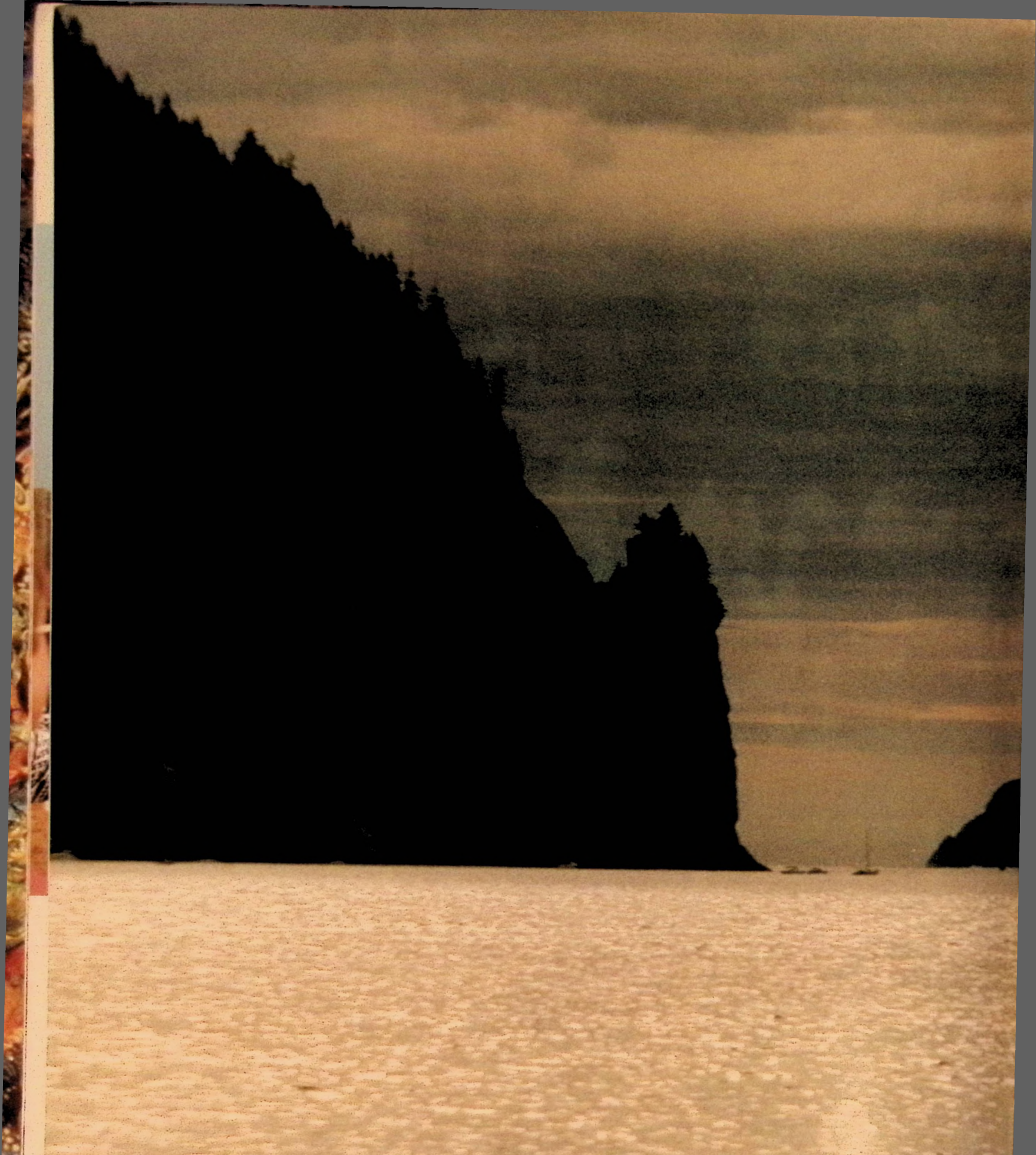
Only by plying the ocean can one really appreciate the courage and skill of the pioneers of Russian America who safely steered their ships through the treacherous northern straits. The wooden packets the *St. Peter* and the *St. Paul* were mere toys compared to the modern research ships by which we traveled the same route. When, however, our ships were caught in a storm in the middle of the ocean, we realized that even the best modern ship is a toy against nature on a rampage. We were tossed left and right and up and down, and our deck was washed

Everyone on board piled on deck so as not to miss out on this historic moment. We all viewed the place where Alexander Baranov, the first governor of Russian America, lost his ship and where many of our countrymen, founders of the settlement with the poetic name of Good Harmony, are buried.

Suddenly, Kayak Island appeared from under heavy storm clouds. According to legend, Bering's ship had cast anchor near the Kayak shore, and the captain and his trusty assistant—Georg Wilhelm Steller, a doctor and a natural scientist—stepped on the shore for the first time. We later found out that Steller is remembered and honored in Alaska as much as the great



Residents of Cordova turned out en masse for the festive welcoming of their guests from Russia. On Petropavlovsk-Kamchatsky, Bob Berents (center) a leader of the Cordova chapter of the Bering-Chirikov-250 Committee, accepts the Kamchedals' traditional greeting reserved for honored guests—a large fish pie. The celebrations on Petropavlovsk-Kamchatsky, the capital of Kamchatka, included a craft festival drawing artisans from neighboring regions and from abroad. Facing page: An unknown artist's engraving of the Russian fortress and fishermen's settlement on Kodiak Island in the early nineteenth century.





The port of Novoarkhangelsk (Sitka) on the coast of Alaska. The engraving was done by P. Tikmenov, 1863.



The Aleutian Islands as they were viewed by members of the Russian America-250 expedition. The islands were discovered by Vitus Bering and Alexei Chirikov in 1741. The expeditionary ship the Academician Shirshov anchored near Seattle, Washington, in view of the magnificent skyline of the American city.

Bering is because of his discovery—the Steller sea cow.

Our ship, the *Academician Shirshov*, also cast its anchor near Kayak, in the small fishing town of Cordova. Our first encounter with local people was an emotional affair. In spite of a cold rain, several hundred boys and girls were there to greet us as we stepped on shore. The youngsters presented us with bouquets of oxeye daisies, which are dear to the Russian soul.

The young people and their parents and teachers were rewarded by being the first people to examine our ship.

For the people of this little town in the foothills of snow-clad mountains, we were more than welcome guests. Our American hosts were perfectly aware of the democratic changes occurring in Russia and the hardships of the Russian people. We were not only treated to lavish and delicious meals but also given doggy bags to take with us when we left their homes.

There were encounters of a different kind too. Agnes Nihols, the elderly Aleut chieftain in the village of Iyak, told us the sad story of the Aleut village of Nuchek, which suffered a great deal during the Russian explorations at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The explorers from faraway Siberia brought with them not only tea and gunpowder, but also terrible diseases, to which many of the native inhabitants succumbed.

"My ancestors survived," Nihols smiled. "Our family is very large now. I have many brothers and sisters and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Do you know what my mother's name was? Maria Kalashnikov. Like my other Nuchek ancestors, she spoke and could read and write Russian very well. My grandson now studies in Leningrad, Russia. I am very proud of him."

A terrible shock—the members of our Russian-America expedition learned about the coup, the introduction of a state of emergency, and tanks in the streets of Moscow when we were in Seattle, Washington. We were very worried about our relatives and friends and thought a lot about what might happen next. American reporters tortured us with questions on the first day of the putsch: "Wouldn't it be better for you and your friends on the ship to

ask for political asylum in the U.S.?" they asked.

"I don't think so. All I can think about is Russia. If I could, I would return home right away." That's what many of us thought, and we said so. Our American hosts showed us sympathy and understanding. We were grateful.

On the ship there was talk about the possibility of discontinuing our expedition and returning home. We will never forget how hard those first days in Seattle were. The following week proved to be much happier, however. Crowds of Americans, young and old, white and black, able-bodied and disabled, kept coming to our ship to congratulate us on the victory of democrats and the failure of the putsch. A poster hanging in the mess hall read: "Freedom for You, Dear Friends!"

The day our ship fell under the shadow of the famous Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, California, was especially memorable. In the pink morning haze the sparkling skyline of the city looked like a mirage. The *Academician Shirshov* moored near the Bay Bridge. A couple of cars were parked on the pier. Next to one of them stood Nikolai Rokityansky, an American of Russian descent who had dedicated his life and career to the study of Russian America. I had met the gentleman for the first time in Moscow in the summer of 1990. He was in the USSR for the opening of a museum in the North Russian town of Totma, in a house that had belonged to Ivan Kuskov, the founder of Fort Ross in California. At that time Rokityansky said that he wanted to see all of us in California, including, in particular, Alexander Alexeyev, a fellow researcher of Russian America.

"I have waited for this moment for twenty-five years," said Alexeyev, freeing himself from Rokityansky's hug. "I look forward to our visit to Fort Ross and the former palace of the governor of San Francisco, where Nikolai Rezanov met his beloved Concita. I have written so much about these historic places in my books."

Of the kaleidoscope of meetings that we had in San Francisco, two stand out in my mind: One afternoon the ship's radio announced that the archbishop of San Francisco, was on board our

ship to hold a service for the saints of Russian America. A prayer service aboard a Soviet passenger liner is a rarity, and many members of the expedition wanted to attend it. Few of us knew, however, what it cost the archbishop to take this step. There are serious differences between the Russian Orthodox Church and the Russian Church in exile, to which the American Russian Church belongs. Not all priests have forgiven the Communists, whose power was coming to an end in Russia. That's why we were extremely grateful for the gesture of the Archbishop of San Francisco.

On the one hand, he brought prayers to the new people of a new country. On the other hand, the solemn occasion was an eye opener for the majority of my compatriots who had been unaware of the noble deeds of Russian missionaries—for example, Father Herman, who built the first Russian Orthodox church in America, and Father Veniaminov, an educator and author of a primer for Aleuts.

The next day Archbishop Antoni joined our group as we headed for Fort Ross, the wooden Russian fortress built on the ocean shore in the nineteenth century. In the small church there the priest held a service for the first Russians who came to California.

Nikolai Rokityansky later told me: "It has taken me many long years to put the fragments of Fort Ross together. All these years I have dreamed of the time when some of my compatriots would be able to come here. Today is one of the most memorable and happy days of my life."

The American historian had good reason to be happy. He was presented with unique historical documents of Russian America, which will be a valuable contribution to the collection of the Fort Ross museum and archives. The precious gift was presented by Alexander Alexeyev.

As the *Academician Shirshov* was leaving the port of San Francisco, it blasted its horn three times as if to say good-by. The numerous Americans who stood on the pier shouted farewells and waved to us. We shouted and waved back. Hundreds of invisible threads now connected the people on the pier with us, the people on the ship. Good-by, America! ■



Villen Alper,
captain of the
*Academician
Shirshov*
research
vessel.

MY DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

Only a few years ago I believed that Americans were haughty, conceited, and pragmatic to the bone. That's how they were portrayed by our media and how they seemed to me during chance meetings with them at Pacific ports in different countries. However, I got an entirely different impression of them when we visited Alaska and California this past summer. Americans may be businesslike, but it's a serious mistake to consider them haughty. I was surprised to see how open and honest they were with us and how sincere was their desire to help. They proved it many times during our expedition.

How can I ever forget what happened to me at Fort Ross, California, one day last August? The small church where services were being held was crowded and stuffy. Suddenly, my heart began to pound, and I fainted. When I regained consciousness, I was aboard a medevac helicopter. A team of American doctors were administering emergency aid. In only a few minutes we were at the hospital, and two hours later I felt fine. I will be forever grateful to these people for their quick response and high skills, which I am certain saved my life. In short, I discovered America is a country full of wonderful people.

Paradoxically, my American visit helped me to learn more about the history of my country, and I'm grateful to Americans for cherishing the memory of Russian America.

An example of that is the house of the Apostle of Alaska, St. Innocent, in Sitka, which has been carefully restored by the U.S. National Park Service for the historical landmarks.

near San Francisco, which have been fully restored by the state of California. It proves that Americans take a serious interest in their history.

Naturally, I was interested in the life of Russians and the Russian community in America. It's amazing that these people haven't lost their interest and love for their faraway homeland.

I remember the hospitable house of the Sheremetyevs, the descendants of a great Russian family, in San Francisco. Though our hosts have never been to Russia, they are willing to help it in word and in deed.

I am glad that the Russian-American Association will attend the tradi-



Architect Igor Kryukov,
president of the *Russian-
American Association.*

itional Russian festival in San Francisco next February. We are planning to bring the pride of our Russian music and ballet and several art and photo exhibitions with us. I think our program will provide a chance for Russian Americans to discover a new kind of Russia, which is still rich in talent and culture.

In the near future our association is scheduled to open a Russian-American center in Moscow to unite business people, writers, artists, historians, ethnographers, and ecologists in order to restore unofficial Russian-American contacts. The center will focus on setting up new joint business projects and ideas, map out the routes of joint humanitarian and ecological expeditions, and tourist cruises, and arrange cultural programs. We hope that our friends from Alaska and California will come to visit us too.

In my childhood I heard a lot about America from my father. He told me about the beautiful city of San Francisco and its residents. In my mind I pictured something fabulous and for a long time I was convinced that San Francisco was the most beautiful city in the world.



Svetlana Beletskaya,
hydrologist.

My father happened to be there during the war as a fifteen-year-old ship's boy on a cargo vessel that transported U.S. lend-lease goods to the Soviet Far Eastern ports for delivery to the front lines. In reality, San Francisco proved to be even more beautiful than I had imagined—its official-looking business district with sparkling glass and granite and its crowded and festive-looking Chinatown.

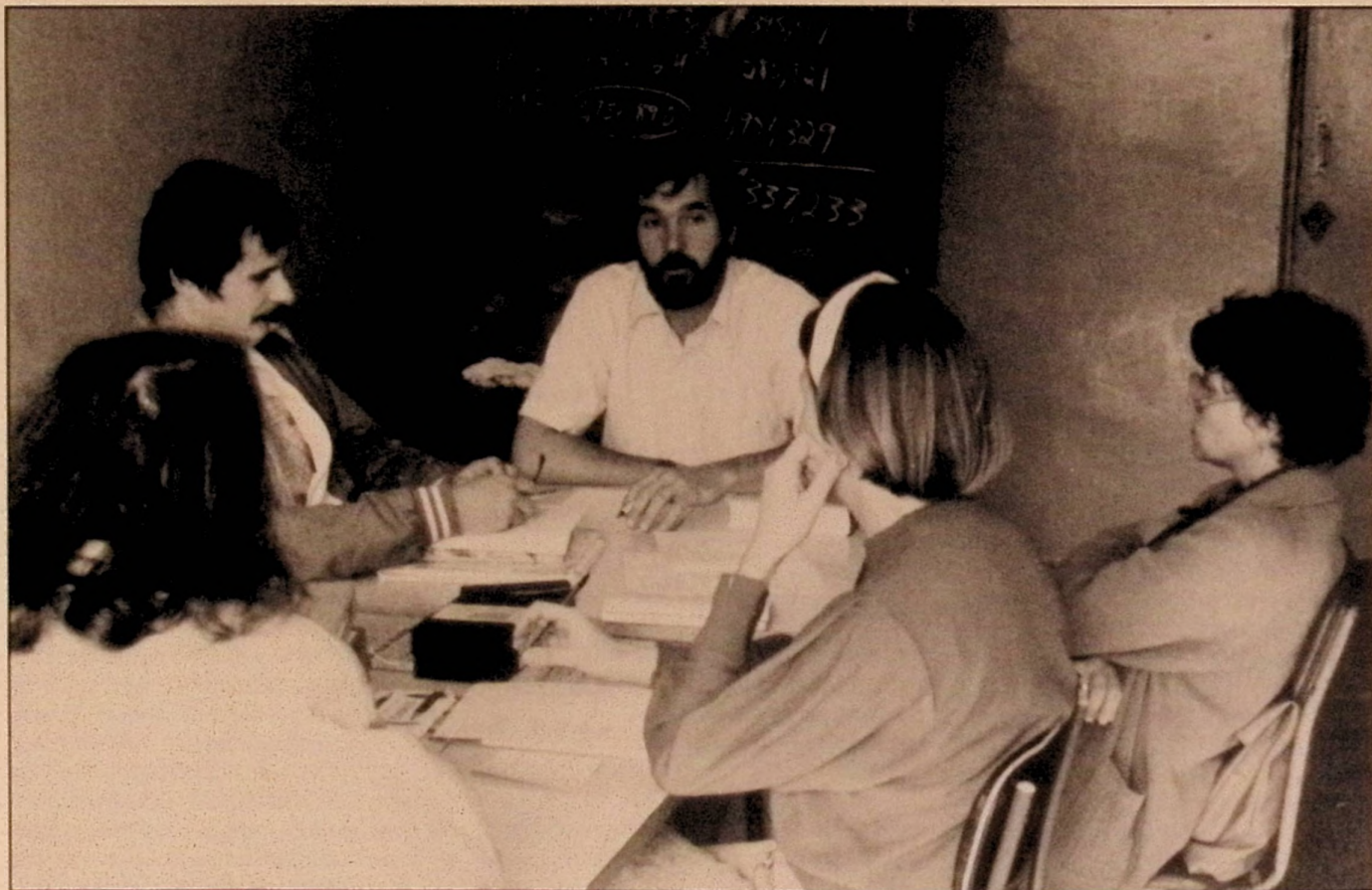
I found American women as hospitable as Soviet women. What surprised me most was their amazing peace of mind. The American women did everything with dignity, ease, and a smile. An American woman doesn't seem to panic when her child falls down and scrapes his leg, and she doesn't appear to lose heart if she fails to find her favorite delicacy in the refrigerator. She imparts her tranquillity and confidence to her children and to her husband.

I also noticed that young American women were very frank with me, although I was almost a stranger to them. After only a few minutes of talking with them, it seemed to me that I had known these cheerful women for years, and I, too, wanted to open my heart to them.

I hope to keep in touch with my wonderful new, American friends, and I hope they feel the same way about me.

AN EXCHANGE OF EXPERIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE

By Ada Baskina



Marketing," "management," "business people," "enterprise,"—these words, so familiar to the American ear, sounded strange in a luxury hotel outside Moscow, where a three-week Soviet-American symposium on management and business was held last August. Not that we had never heard these words; but until recently they were used as invectives.

Our centralized economy had no need for words like those. But times have changed, and our economy is turning toward market relations. With the appearance of the first business people and small- and

American professors and their Soviet counterparts in a study group discussing business practices.

medium-sized businesses, we discovered we know almost nothing about marketing and management, business law and business ethics, pricing and tax policy, and related topics. Though our higher educational institutions graduate thousands of specialists annually, they aren't equipped to be managers in the true sense of the word.

That's why we decided to look to the United States for help. The beginning was very chaotic. Some of the teachers taught courses without having had sufficient training. Some students were sent to American business schools, but, because conditions in this country are so different from those in Western countries, the effect was negligible. Not much of the knowledge that our students acquired in the United States could be applied at home.

Then some enterprising heads of higher educational institutions and the progressive leadership of the State Committee for Science and Higher Education of the Russian Federation decided to bring some order to the assistance they were getting. They approached two U.S. institutions known for their strong business programs—Eastern College and the Christian College Coalition—with a request for help in drafting a plan to train people interested in going into business. The plan went on to become the Coalition/Russian M.B.A. Project.

"What was your reaction when the Soviets first approached you?" I asked Dr. John Bernbaum, vice president of the Christian College Coalition.

"We didn't know what to think," he replied. "On the one hand, we were impressed by the changes in Eastern Europe and, above all, in the Soviet Union. On the other hand, we decided that it would be better to see for ourselves, so we sent a delegation of experts to the USSR. The experts reported back that though the whole situation was terrible, the students needed the most help."

Dr. Bernbaum told me that he saw for himself how desperate the situation was when a delegation of Soviet teachers came to Washington. They virtually besieged the coalition staff, asking them to start talks immediately on business-training programs in the USSR.

I talked to Van Weigel, a professor at Eastern College. "You want to know what made me agree to teach business and marketing under this joint program?" he asked me. "It was purely emotional. First, wonderful changes are taking place in your country, and I didn't want to look on from the outside; I wanted to help in whatever way I could. Second, I teach business ethics. I feel it is important to teach students—American and Soviet—the main ideas about morality and the modern market."

And so teachers from Soviet and American institutions of higher learning got down to work. The Soviet participants had a surprisingly wide range of experience and reasons for taking part.

Vladimir Kozlov, professor of marketing at the Russian Plekhanov Economics Academy, told me: "Twenty years ago, as a teacher at an economics institute, I used American and other Western textbooks to teach the fundamentals of marketing. As a result, I was expelled from the institute for teaching a bourgeois science."

Vladimir Kalgin, professor of economics and management at the Moscow Auto Institute, had his own story: "Our institute was the first in our country to adopt a two-tiered system of education. During the first four years, all students study together. They don't pay for their education, as in all other Soviet schools of higher learning. Upon graduation, students receive a Bachelor of Science degree, which is unusual for this country.

"The second stage, from which graduates receive a Master of Economics and Management degree, is individually paid education. The tuition fee is covered not by the students or their parents, but by enterprises that need specialists. A company may request that we train a manager, for instance. We can find teachers in the necessary fields, but we don't have textbooks or a grasp of the theory and practice of small businesses, marketing, or business ethics."

Soviet-American cooperation in this sphere is based on the existing American program adapted to Soviet conditions. The program was designed for a period of many years, with the final goal of creating a curriculum that could be taught at any Soviet institution of higher education. The American partners are represented by the Christian College Coalition. The supervisors of the program are the leaders of Eastern College. The Soviet side is represented by five schools from Moscow and other cities, headed by the Moscow Auto Institute.

The agreement was signed last July. The following month twelve American professors from nine Christian colleges met with their Soviet counterparts in Moscow. The studies began. They worked in groups, each on its own part of the program. American professors delivered lectures, but group discussions had the greatest success.

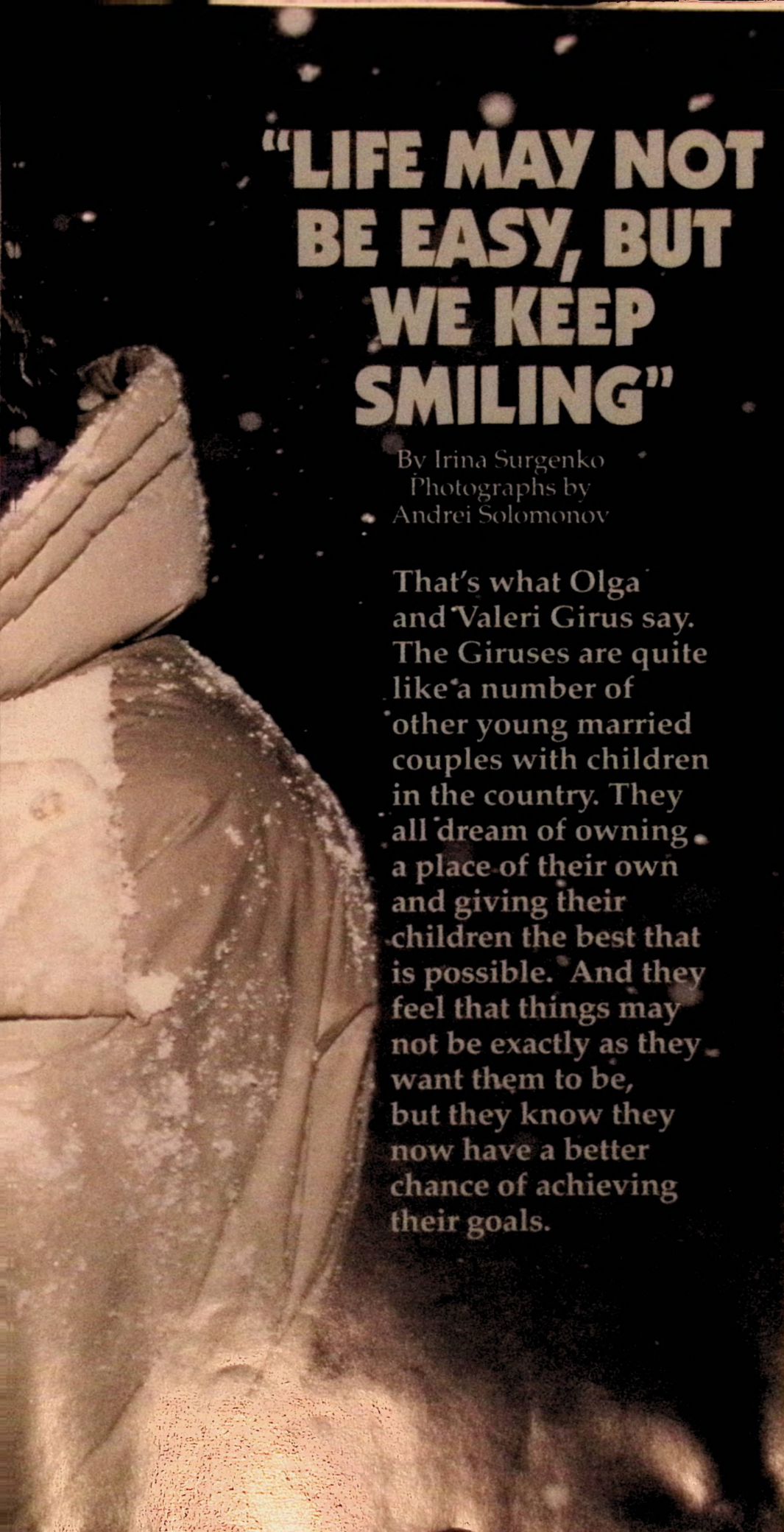
Said James Engel of Eastern College: "Of course there's a big difference between the Western and Eastern European countries. Our students cannot understand some concepts because they have nothing to relate them to. But that only spurs me on. I feel like a pioneer blazing a trail."

The seminar ended with its students approaching the goal of creating a sixty-hour curriculum covering twelve subjects to be introduced at five Russian schools next year and another twenty-seven in 1993.

Though the differences were great at times, both the Soviet and American participants in the seminars agree that the three-week consultations were invaluable. ■

people





"LIFE MAY NOT BE EASY, BUT WE KEEP SMILING"

By Irina Surgenko
Photographs by
Andrei Solomonov

That's what Olga and Valeri Girus say. The Giruses are quite like a number of other young married couples with children in the country. They all dream of owning a place of their own and giving their children the best that is possible. And they feel that things may not be exactly as they want them to be, but they know they now have a better chance of achieving their goals.

The last two weeks of December used to be a real headache for Olga Girus, twenty-four. Getting ready for the family's New Year's party, which always included the purchasing of gifts for relatives and friends, is a pleasant but time-consuming business.

"I've found the way out," said Olga. "I no longer leave everything until the last minute. Now I try to get as much done ahead of time as I can."

I met Olga and her husband, Valeri, at a New Year's bazaar, where we were picking out our New Year's trees. Later we climbed aboard the same bus to go home. As it turned out, the Giruses and I didn't live too far from each other, and they invited me to drop by.

Bringing in the New Year is celebrated in a big way in Russia. Unlike Western tradition, the New Year's holiday precedes the Russian Orthodox Christmas (observed on January 7) by a week. Our New Year's celebrations wouldn't be complete without a festively decorated tree, Grandfather Frost (our Santa Claus), the exchange of gifts, and a family dinner.

When I took the Giruses up on their invitation, their New Year's tree stood in all its grandeur in their house. A mischievous group of children, led by three-year-old Nastya, Olga and Valeri's daughter, seemed to be enjoying themselves. It was clear that Grandfather Frost had already been here.

"We're lucky our parents had tickets for the theater tonight," said Valeri. "Otherwise, we'd be pretty cramped for space."

"All young couples want a home of their own and the feeling of being the masters of their own fate. Sure, living on your own has its difficulties, but the sense of independence you get definitely makes it worth the trouble," Olga chimed in. Although the Giruses and the Korovkins (Olga's parents) manage to get along and to avoid any conflicts, the housing problem is, nevertheless, unsatisfactory.

"There's light at the end of the tunnel," said Valeri. "We've joined a house-building cooperative organized by my place of work, so we'll most likely be able to buy our own place. All we need is a down payment right now. We'll pay the rest of the cost in installments over a period of several years."





New Year's scenes: All of Moscow gets caught up in the holiday spirit. The parks hold parties, and families spend time together. Grandfather Frost is always a welcome guest.

"Can you imagine our joy? It was like a gift from Grandfather Frost," Olga said.

Like many other Soviet young marrieds, Valeri and Olga met in school. They were both enrolled at the Institute of Food Technology in Moscow at the same time. Valeri was studying the elements of wine making, and Olga was studying confectionery. For three years they barely noticed each other in the corridors.

Then one summer they both decided to make some extra money, and they joined a group of students heading off to work on a state farm near Moscow. Valeri and the other young men were to build a cow barn, while Olga and the other young women were to do the cooking. One day Valeri dropped by the kitchen to fix a broken appliance. There he met Olga. The rest is history.

Valeri is three years older than his wife. He comes from a family of wine makers who live in Stavropol, in the southern part of Russia. He admits that sometimes he gets homesick for his native town.

Valeri and Olga are so different and yet so harmonious at the same time. Not a man of many words, Valeri is self-controlled and quiet. He has had to work hard to overcome his natural shyness. Olga, on the contrary, is very impulsive and easy-going.

"For me, jumping into married life wasn't hard," confided Olga. "I've been doing household chores since childhood. I love to cook, knit, and do needlework. I get a lot of enjoyment out of cleaning and decorating the apartment. I just wish that we had a place of our own. But that's coming."

"The first year of marriage was very difficult," Valeri added. "My in-laws are wonderful people, but I was still an outsider, so it was a painful period of adjustment. I also felt somewhat inadequate because here I was, the head of the house, but I still couldn't provide my new bride with everything I wanted to. We were both students, and our money was very tight. I took some part-time jobs on weekends to improve our financial situation, but without the help of our parents we'd never have been able to survive."

Valeri and Olga's daughter, Nastya, was born in 1988. By law, student mothers can take a year's leave of absence

from their studies without losing any credit. But that's not how Olga wanted to do things. With Valeri helping her at home with the baby, she was able to graduate on schedule.

"Valeri really took to fatherhood. Right from the start, he took good care of our daughter, helping me with literally everything," said Olga.

After graduation Valeri got a job at a Moscow distillery, where he has been working as an engineer and a technician ever since. Olga decided to stay at home with the baby. Now that Nastya is already three, however, Olga has taken a part-time job in the confectionery department of a small business in Moscow. She works three days a week.

"I guess you could say I earn an average wage," confessed Valeri. "Only recently were our salaries at the distillery increased to 400 rubles to adjust for inflation. Olga works for an economically independent firm. She brings in another 250 rubles a month. Even so, with the skyrocketing increases in prices, we can afford only the most essential items. The governmental stipends that we qualify for do help, but ever so slightly. Of course, I'd never say we were living from hand to mouth—actually we're doing better than others—but we'd like to have so many things. There's the down payment on an apartment, new furniture, and, of course, a car. We'd also like to travel abroad, to provide our daughter with a good education.... The list goes on.

"Olga and I have decided to start our own business as soon as we can. At last the country is doing something to encourage private enterprise. Many of my coworkers dream of owning their own businesses too. Our national wine-making traditions are long and rich, and we want to revive them. I'm an optimist. I think that everything will be fine."

As working parents, Valeri and Olga are quite busy, but they both find time for health and physical fitness. Olga attends an aerobics class at a local health club three times a week, while Valeri's thing is weightlifting. The couple also go to a swimming pool year round.

Olga and Valeri Girus, like many other Soviet couples with children, say, "Life may not be easy right now, but we keep smiling." ■

Last New Year's at the Girus home. Top: Daughter Nastya sits with one of her young guests. Right: "So much fun—I'll never fall asleep, but my eyes are so heavy," Nastya seems to be saying to her new, stuffed pals.

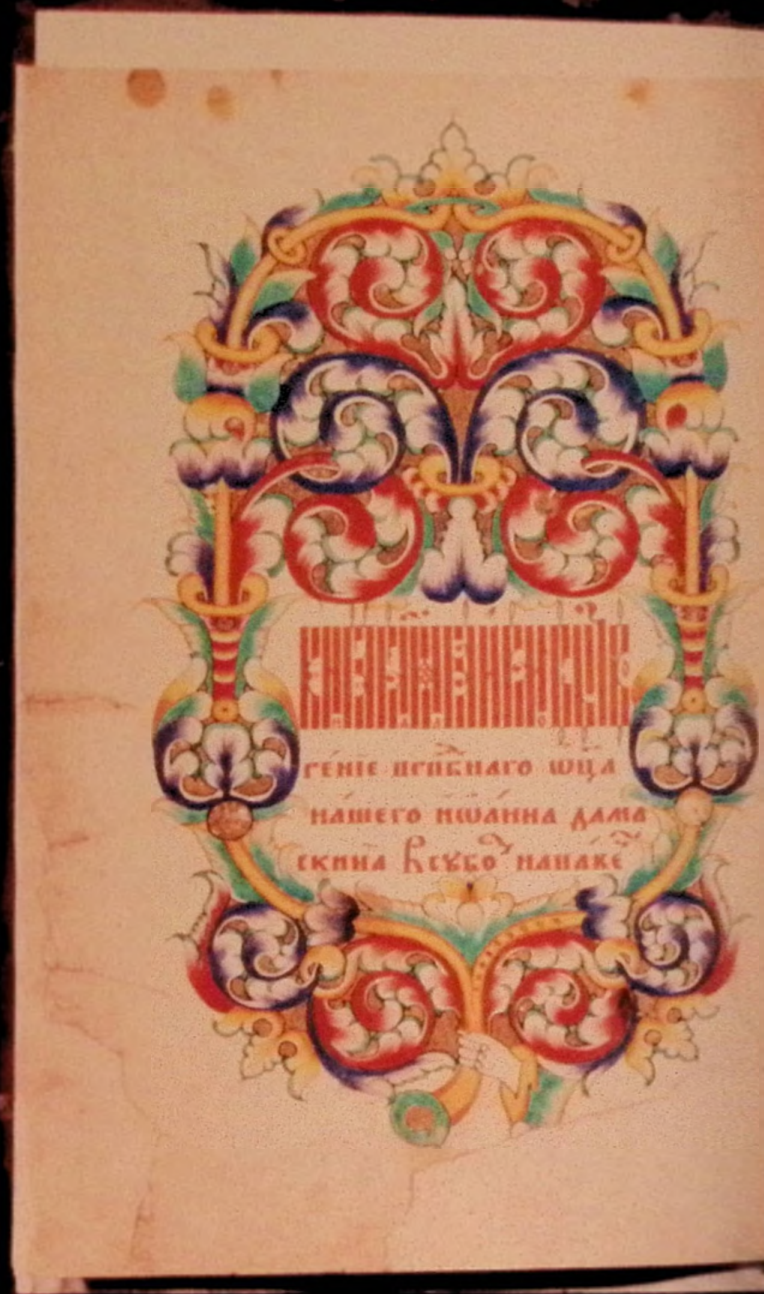




Ancient Russian books from fifteen private collections were displayed at a small book exhibit recently held in Moscow. The books have been preserved, hand-copied or printed by Old Believers who broke off contact with the official Russian Orthodox Church in the second half of the seventeenth century.

Today a desire to preserve the old Russian religion, customs, and lifestyle is common to all groups of Old Believers. Copies of Old Russian literary masterpieces printed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and even as recent as twenty years ago, in the 1970s, show a loyalty to the ancient traditions. Bedtime stories with morals, religious poems, historical works, and interpretations of the Bible and ecclesiastical laws are preserved, copied, and read to this day, especially among people who live in the countryside.

One collection at the recent book exhibit in Moscow consisted mostly of religious texts, which were written in the last quarter of the eighteenth century in the Russian North, by people living on the shores of the White Sea. For nearly 200 years the texts were passed down through a peasant family of Old Believers. Over the years members of the family made notes in the margins of the books, telling about the vicissitudes of the Northern weather, the price of bread, the harvests, and the hunting season; recording family births and deaths; and noting the construction of a wooden church, the time of the drifting of the ice, and many other important aspects of the peasant's world. This book of texts attracted the greatest attention at the exhibit.



CUSTODIANS OF MEMORY

By Irina Pozdeyeva



Above: An eighteenth-century prayer book. Left: A seventeenth-century Psalter.

Another collection included an alphabet primer, Psalter, and prayer book that had been used for centuries by all Russians—from peasants to crown princes—learning to read and to write and to follow the ABCs of righteous living. Today these books are still used by communities of Old Believers in the Urals, Siberia, Moscow, Canada, Australia, and the United States to teach Church Slavonic and the basics of the Orthodox faith. Since Psalters and prayer books play a major role in the church service, time and the ages have taken their toll on these books and it is the rare copy that has survived. Alphabet books were printed in large editions, but not a single original copy has been found.

Two copies of the first Russian edition of a grammar book by Meleti Smotritsky, the famous Russian linguist, were displayed among other textbooks. In 1648, 1,200 grammars were published in Moscow. For years they were not only the major Russian textbooks but also the basis of contact between the nations of Slavs.

The displays that were devoted to the second half of the sixteenth century—during the lifetime of the first Russian printer, Ivan Fyodorov— included not only the world-renowned editions printed by Fyodorov himself (three copies of the first printed Slavic Bible dating from 1580-1581), but also manuscript books created before and simultaneously with them.

Among them was a Psalter written in the 1580s or the 1590s. The manuscript copy of this rare and famous edition of the Psalter was issued by order of Ivan the Terrible on January 31, 1577.

A book of folk medicine dating to the eighteenth century and printed on quality Dutch paper includes 338 treatments for such human disorders as insomnia, the common cold, bleeding, headaches, toothaches, and snakebites. The

book also contains a list of forty-seven medicinal herbs, other remedies, and helpful hints on preventive medicine.

Visitors to the rare-book exhibit were especially attracted to the display devoted to Old Russian sheet music, which has been preserved by communities of Old Believers. The tradition of unison singing existed in ancient Rus until the second half of the seventeenth century. Composers noted the chorus melody with special signs over the instrumental score. From the form of these signs, the song manuscripts came to be called "hooked." By the early eighteenth century, the signs had been replaced with five-line notations and unison singing, and with polyphony in the Orthodox Church service.

A prominent feature of the exhibit were book illustrations ranging from seventeenth-century miniatures to late nineteenth-century drawings. An excellent example of an illustrated manuscript of the second half of the eighteenth century was a copy of *Passions*, a popular work of its day that described the last days of Jesus Christ. While the manuscript's fifty-two miniatures were drawn in the seventeenth-century traditions, with dynamic elongated figures, the fact that they depict emotions was highly unusual for the times.

For example, Jesus appears outraged in the scene that describes his driving the traders from the temple, tense in the miniature that describes the resurrection of Lazarus, and full of contempt in the scene of Judas's kiss.

The bindings of the Old Believers' books followed the ancient methods: manuscripts bound in wood covered in leather and inscribed in gold and silver.

Books of courtiers and of the poorest people were on display too, and each of the rarities has an interesting history—intriguing, colorful, and edifying. ■



Above: An Old Believer manuscript from the nineteenth century. Right: An engraving of Nestor, the first Russian historian. Below: Part of the exhibit of ancient Russian books.



BUSINESS BRIEFS

Microchips For the USSR

The U.S. InterTechnologies Corporation has started selling microchips to the Soviet Union and has initiated the sale of individual components here. The use of microchips in assembling computer units and circuits will greatly reduce production costs.

In late September InterTechnologies presented its new products in Moscow. Dmitri Rotow, the corporation's regional manager, hoped that with the use of his company's units, Soviet enterprises would immediately start producing electronic goods.

In the first week after the presentation, a Soviet enterprise bought the company's microchips for the price of 100,000 dollars.

Soviet Business People to Study in America

A hundred Moscow business people will soon be able to visit the United States for free. The opportunity is being offered by two charitable organizations—the Center for USA-USSR Initiative (CUUI) and the Foundation for Social Inventions of the USSR—which in the past have sponsored the Capital-to-Capital spacebridge television programs.

Sharon Tennison, chairwoman of CUUI, said that the visit of Moscow's business people is currently planned for September 1992. It is hoped that during the trip, the visiting business people will establish contacts with their counterparts on the East Coast of America.

Fords Sold in Moscow

Ford Taurus cars are now obtainable in Moscow for 1.6 to 2.0 million rubles (depending on whether the ve-

hicle is equipped with such items as an onboard computer, automatic transmission, air-conditioning, a seat-heating system, and other luxuries).

The cars are sold through Druzhny, a small business that is a partner of U.S. Transport Trading International. After the company sells its first 200 cars, it plans to open a service center here.

American Shares For Rubles

Russian business people have an unprecedented opportunity to become co-owners of General Motors and Boeing. According to Valeri Belokon, president of the Baltic Stock Exchange headquartered in Kaliningrad, the exchange will buy shares of the foreign companies through its centers, which will be opened in nearly all European capitals. The securities of these companies, bought for hard currency, will then be sold at auctions for hard currency and rubles.

Apple to Use Soviet Designs

Apple Computer Inc. and the Soviet-American joint venture Paragraf International have signed a licensing agreement for the use of technologies and software for computer scanning of manuscripts.

The financial aspects of the deal have not been reported, but observers believe it is quite considerable.

Soviet-American Business School

A Soviet-American business school has recently been set up in the ancient Russian town of Novgorod, in northwestern Russia. The two-year, American-style curriculum includes two months of practical training in the U.S. Graduates of the school will receive an

M.B.A. degree from Portland University, in Portland, Oregon.

"The number of applicants is more than we had expected," says school director Alexander Garenkov.

The Novgorod Business School is the second in this country to be opened with the help of the Soviet-U.S. Society of Business Training. The first school is situated in Khabarovsk, a major regional center of the Far East.

The Novgorod school will also organize seminars on such topics as how to start a business in a market economy. The seminars will be led by professors from Portland University.

California Business People Analyzing the Soviet Market

A delegation from the California Chamber of Commerce, representing leading business people from the state, visited Moscow for three days to learn about the situation in Russia and the progress in eliminating the centralized command system of management.

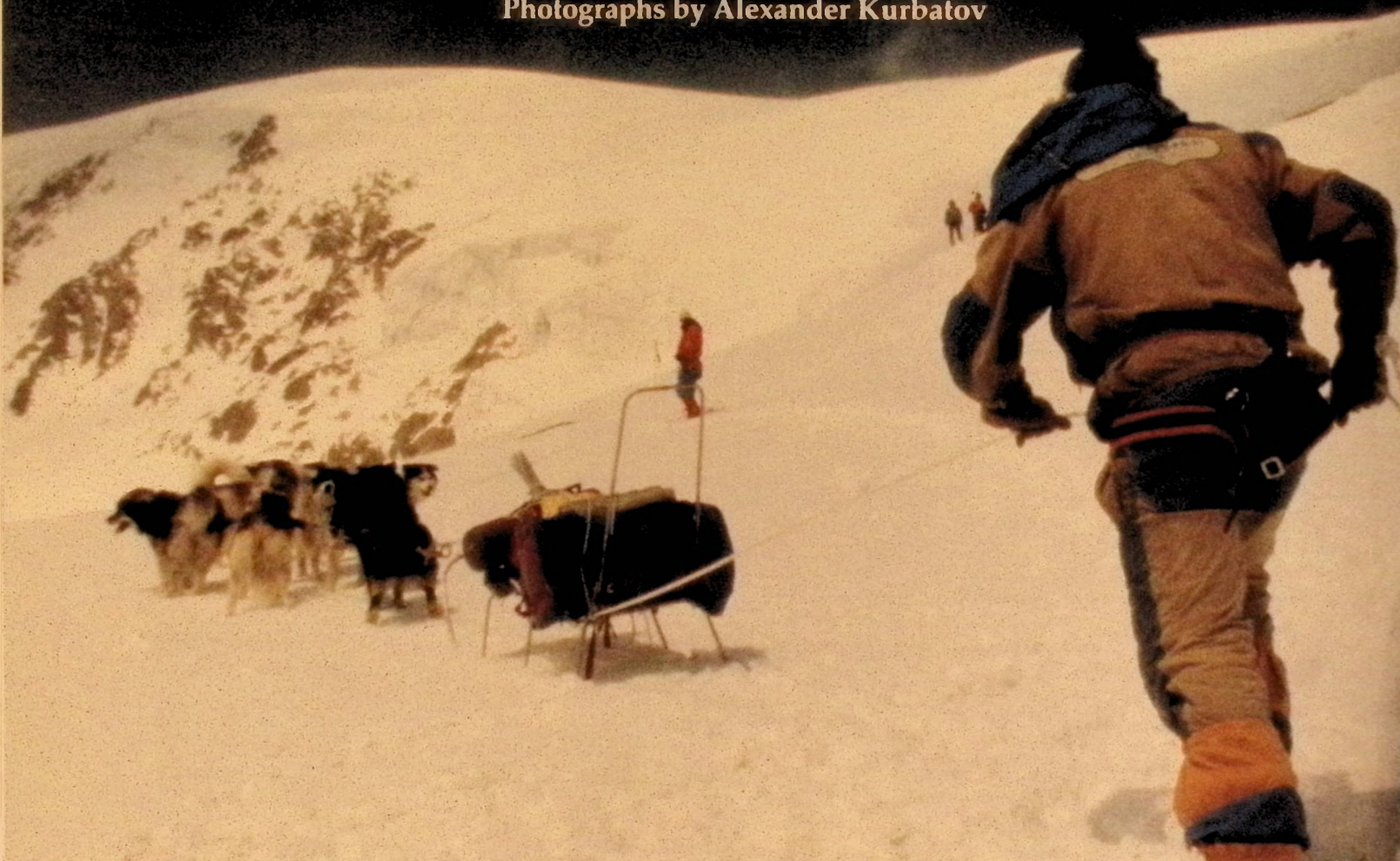
Academician Stanislav Shatalin, a leading radical Soviet economist, said at a meeting with the American business people that this country would need three to five years in order to get out of the current situation.

Shatalin believes that the new authorities will sell land to all who are willing to buy, including foreigners. He suggested that Americans should invest their money in Russia's vast and rich oil and gas industry and should not be discouraged by Moscow's bureaucrats. Shatalin said that Americans should visit provincial Russian towns, where people are not spoiled and where the more talented, energetic, and honest people, who are eager to deal with them, live. "The future belongs to the young theoreticians who have new and exciting ideas," said Shatalin.

exploration

INTO THE PAMIRS WITH DOGS

By Yuri Borisikhin
Photographs by Alexander Kurbatov



In August 1990 a team of mountain climbers and dogs began their historic ascent of the Pamir Mountains.



The climbers share a cup of hot tea to brace themselves against the cold. Above: A mountain peak glistens in the sun.

In 1982, prior to our 10,000-kilometer journey from Uelen, on the Chukchi Peninsula, to Murmansk, on the Kola Peninsula, we received sled dogs from Chukchi hunters. After our successful finish in Murmansk, however, we couldn't bear to part with our trusty pals and brought the dogs home with us to the city of Yekaterinburg in the Ural Mountains, where the dogs were given another job—pulling sleds of children in the city park.

Over the years, the dogs were bred, and the litters grew up to replace their parents. Several descendants of the original huskies, who had proved so reliable on our trek through the ice and snow along the Arctic shore, accompanied us on our ascent of Mount Elbrus in the Caucasus, demonstrating that dogs could handle all snow routes.

With that experience behind us, we decided to tackle an expedition to the country's highest peaks—the Pamir Mountains in Central Asia. Last summer, as we were finishing up our training exercises in preparation for our ascent, we received the tragic news that a group of more than forty mountain climbers had been killed in an avalanche in the Pamirs. That news changed the very purpose of our expedition. We immediately decided to join in the rescue work and, if possible, make an ascent with the dogs. Almost all members of the Advance National Expedition Association, which comprises over twenty mountain climbers, flew to the Pamirs. We had nine dogs with us.

From the very start it seemed that luck was against us: The 300 kilograms of frozen fish we had taken with us to feed the dogs defrosted and spoiled. Pavel Smolin, head of the expedition, took ill during the first days of the journey and was confined to bed in the base camp. The main group of climbers started the ascent with the dogs, but two of the dogs, Mishka and Taimyr, the lead dog, had to come back down because they would not take commands from anyone but their personal masters.

After four days, Smolin's health had improved sufficiently for him to rejoin the group.

Unlike rescue dogs, who rub their paws sore and have to be bandaged,

sled dogs do fine. The skin on their paws is so thick that they can easily walk on rocks and ice. They do not suffer in high altitudes either, which was apparent from their healthy appetites. They ate the fish with gusto, although its quality was dubious. Only Mishka and Taimyr refused it. We had to give them bread, although we worried that the other dogs would envy them and would try to take revenge. That's the law of the team. But we could not allow Mishka and Taimyr to go without food because they had work to do. We were planning our first adaptation ascent to an altitude of 5,300 meters.

Smolin wrote in his diary:

We were climbing the mountain without sleds. The dogs were running along. The surface of the glacier, which had tightened up at night, was prickly, and the dogs were advancing cautiously. However, their paws turned reddish-orange and were leaving traces on the ice. Surely they hadn't cut their paws! I stopped the sleds and examined them. No, it did not look like blood. Only on reaching the foot of a steep mountain did their paws regain their usual color. They had been colored by dust from the scree where we had stopped the last time.

It took us about four hours to reach the high-altitude plateau, "the frying pan," as it is called. The dogs behaved very well. They carefully avoided rifts by following snow bridges, sometimes stopping to sniff a spot that caught their interest. Near one large rift, the dogs dug out a silvery tent that had been left near an ice wall. Then one of the dogs, Bob, energetically began digging a hole higher up, away from the path. Tishka joined in the digging, but not for long because Bob drove him off. The whole while the other dogs continued to run in circles and sniff. By their excitement, we could tell that they had detected something interesting—of course, it had nothing to do with our reason for being in the Pamirs last July—but we decided to mark the spot and to tell another rescue team about it later. We climbed higher, convinced that the dogs were quite capable of doing rescue work.

Luck was still against us, and we

returned to base camp. High winds and snowstorms delayed our departure for several days.

At last, we could push on. Both men and dogs were doing fine. One unfortunate circumstance did darken our mood, however.

Smolin wrote in his diary:

At last, the day came when we left base camp to return victorious or... We did not want even to think about the other option. A helicopter took us to an altitude of 4,200 meters, from where we climbed still higher. The dogs were traveling light because we had left the sleds at an altitude of 5,300 meters. The ascent was surprisingly easy.

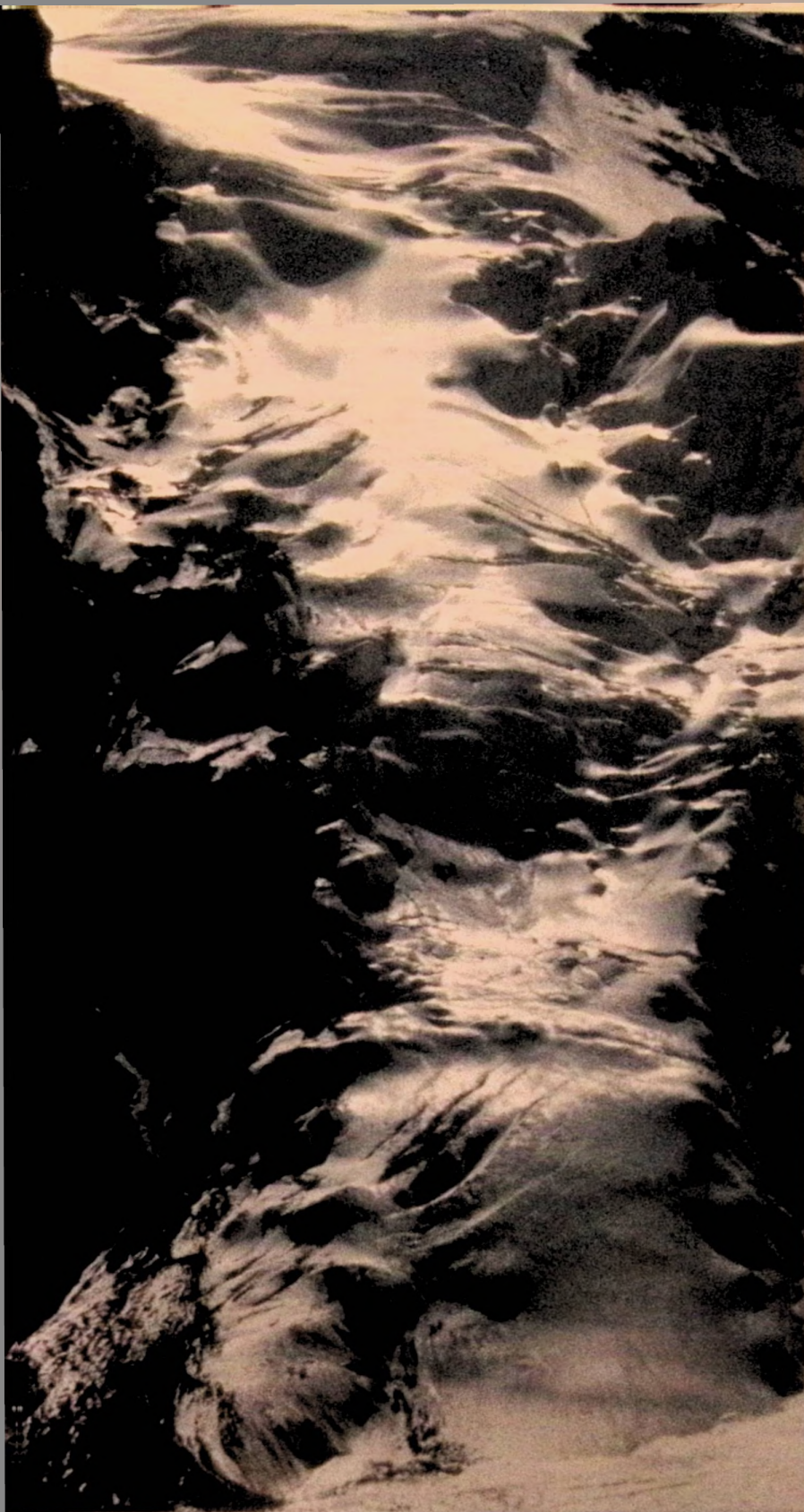
Taimyr, Pushkarik, Stary, Tishka, and Mishka ran alongside the sled. Bob was kept on a chain because he had started a serious fight.

When we reached the frying pan, the dogs were attracted only to the place where we had unloaded the fish and to our old camp by the foot of the rock. They also showed a great interest in the new camp on the rock. I called the dogs to come. Suddenly, I heard Vladimir Rykshin shouting: "Pavel! Are all the dogs with you? I hear one barking down there!"

I looked over to where he was pointing and saw a dog's track ending at a black hole. One of the dogs must have fallen in. Which one? A count of the dogs showed that Sever was missing. We immediately formed a rescue party. Secured by a rope, Alexander Shvaba descended into the narrow rift, which gradually widened to one and a half to two meters. He stopped at a cornice about eight meters wide and called out the dog's name. There was no response. The rift was much deeper than we had thought, and we could do no more. Depressed by our loss, we climbed to our camp and began preparations for the next day's ascent to an altitude of 6,100 meters. I kept thinking about Sever. Why hadn't he sensed the rift? Perhaps because it was covered with fifty centimeters of soft, fresh snow...


Feeling miserable and with my head pounding, I climbed into a tent and took some medicine. By eight o'clock that evening I felt somewhat better.





Setting up camp amid snow and rifts. Insets, clockwise from far left: An innocent-looking snow drift poses the greatest danger for mountain climbers; a funeral bell and ice axes mark the spot where several previous climbers had lost their lives in pursuit of the summit; crosses, like this one erected in memory of the mountaineers who were buried in an avalanche in July 1990, dot the landscape of the Pamirs.





The 6,100-meter-high
peak beckons the
climbers and their
team of dogs.

Soviet Life

Dear Friend:

As you know, during the past few months our country has been struggling desperately to solve a daunting array of problems.

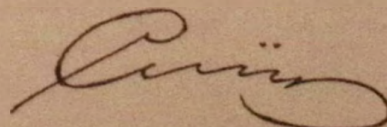
Meanwhile, funds have become more and more restricted, while the need for bare essentials to ensure the welfare of the people grows daily more urgent. Food, medicine, and fuel are already in short supply, and the outlook was dismal as fall gave way to winter.

Because of these distressing conditions, it has become necessary to suspend the publication of SOVIET LIFE. This issue will be the last you receive until conditions in our country stabilize and arrangements can be made to obtain the hard currency required for producing and distributing the magazine.

It is with a heavy heart and deep regret that I must send this notice. For more than thirty-five years, SOVIET LIFE has been part of a unique cultural exchange program with the United States, an agreement that has allowed the Russian-language magazine, AMERICA ILLUSTRATED, to be distributed in the Soviet Union by the U.S. government and SOVIET LIFE to be distributed in the United States. We hope that it will be possible to resume our part of this program in the future.

Thank you for your interest and your cooperation. We look forward to being able to serve you again.

Yours truly,



Gennadi Syomin
Managing Editor

Soviet Life

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SOVIET LIFE

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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BD designates items in the "Business Digest" column.
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P designates items in the "Panorama" column.
TC designates items in the "Things Cultural" column.





The dogs barked from time to time down under the rock and looked in the direction of the rift where Sever had disappeared. Perhaps they could sense him or could hear his barking. Just before dusk, I sent Mikhail Slobodokhikov and Victor Dolganov to feed the dogs. They returned saying that they had detected Sever's voice. Many of the expedition members were already bedding down when we formed another rescue party and returned to the rift. This time Victor Shadrin descended into the chasm. Tying a rope to my belt, I lay on the edge of the rift and coordinated the work. Shadrin descended to the cornice. He lit the rift with a flashlight and requested a rope. As soon as he had disappeared into the darkness, I heard him shout:

"Sever is here. I can see him!"

A few minutes later, Shadrin yelled: "I've got him. He seems to be okay!"

Though the weather worsened, and we had to wait several days more to go, the successful rescue of Sever had improved our spirits.

We began our record ascent on August 20, 1990.

Smolin wrote:

At last we get lucky. The weather is beautiful. The sky is clear, and the snow has virtually disappeared. The sleds, with thin titanium runners, glide easily over the stone. Suddenly I realize we are moving almost horizontally. We are at 6,400 meters! The summit, standing out against a background of a bluish-black sky only 700 meters above, appears a stone's throw away. But it will take seven hard hours to reach it. It's getting dark, and we're running out of time.

We left a sled near the path as a souvenir of our achievement. We had to be satisfied with being the first in our country to reach an altitude of 6,400 meters. But we were the first in the world to do so with sled dogs.

The descent was uneventful, except for a night at an altitude of 6,100 meters, when I suffered chest pains from exhaustion. Toward evening of the following day, we were again in base camp.

We had tested our endurance and demonstrated how much people in concert with animals can achieve. ■



The ascent of the Pamirs is difficult and risky. The men take a short rest in a camp at an altitude of 5,000 meters. Insets, from top to bottom: Needing special care and attention during higher-altitude climbs, the dogs are constantly monitored for health problems. Writer Yuri Botvinnik, who accompanied the group and wrote this article. Every stage of the climb is carefully analyzed.



WHEN PLANETS COLLIDE

Drawing by Boris Dolya

After analyzing a wealth of scattered facts left by long-ago scholars, some Siberian scientists believe that a collision of planets once destroyed a great terrestrial civilization.

The giant island Atlantis is said to have disappeared into the sea over the course of a day and a night. This occurred, according to legend, 10,000 to 11,000 years ago. The catastrophe was accompanied by a "shifting of the stars" and "the appearance in the sky of new suns, which then fell onto the Earth, bringing death and destruction."

Modern research has confirmed the tales of our ancestors. The Earth's crust has been found to contain a thick layer of ash, which covered the planet's surface during the same period—10,000 to 11,000 years ago. That period also saw a massive outbreak of volcanic activity and the birth of new mountains.

It has now been established that 11,542 years ago, a comet crashed through our solar system. Scientists hypothesize that it was about this time that Phaëthon, the now-defunct tenth planet whose orbit had been somewhere between Mars and Jupiter, was destroyed.

Taken together, these facts can help us trace a link between the destruction of Phaëthon and the terrestrial cataclysm that may well have led to the sinking of the legendary Atlantis. Most probably, the comet knocked Phaëthon from its orbit and hurled it toward Earth, where it was captured in our planet's gravitational field.

Many facts support this hypothesis. One is the existence of the famous Egyptian water clocks, which would have shown accurate time had they been

placed at the equator. Likewise, according to an ancient star map of China, the Chinese could once observe the skies of both hemispheres, which is again possible only at the equator. These two facts alone suggest that the equator has shifted. Frigid Yakutia, in the northeast of the USSR, was once situated in a near-equatorial zone. That is, incidentally, why the warmth-loving mammoths could have survived there. The extinction of these ancient animals may be connected with the shifting of the Earth's poles and the ensuing rapid changes in its climate. It is not insignificant that undigested food was found in the stomachs of many mammoths in the permafrost.

Recall the ancient Greek legend about Phaëthon, the son of the sun god Helios. Phaëthon asked his father to let him drive the chariot of the sun. Unable to control the chariot, Phaëthon came so close to the Earth that he caused fire to flare up on the planet. The people implored the gods for help. Gaea, goddess of Earth, asked Zeus, ruler of gods, to intervene. Zeus shot bolts of lightning at Phaëthon, who fell to Earth.

Historically speaking, the legend probably deals not with the planet Phaëthon, but with a large meteorite that entered the denser layers of the atmosphere at an angle to the Earth's orbit. The meteorite became so hot as it traveled through the Earth's atmosphere that, in passing over ancient Greece, Egypt, and India, it glowed almost as bright as the Sun.

But scientists hypothesize that it was indeed the collision of the planets that could have caused the shifting of the equator and the destruction of Atlantis. During that period there was a massive eruption of volcanic activity and an intense process of mountain formation. One may well imagine the darkness that enveloped the Earth. A multitude of "suns" suddenly flared above our planet—fragments of Phaëthon trapped by the Earth's gravity and burned in our atmosphere.

The force of the planet's impact was tremendous. It must have caused a fracture in the Earth's crust and created the so-called anomalous zones, which scientists have long been at a loss to explain.

It is entirely likely that the Bermuda Triangle, for instance, is nothing more than a deformation of the Earth's crust, which formed a kind of gigantic funnel that sucks in objects on the ocean's surface. Magma that entered the ocean depths may have produced warm currents, like the 2,000-kilometer-wide current near the continent of Antarctica. It is here, scientists believe, that the collision occurred.

Not long ago a round crater, 250 kilometers in diameter, was discovered near Antarctica. The Chinese scientists who explored the area found no foreign bodies. This suggests that Phaëthon, after striking the Earth and destroying its civilization, was not destroyed itself, but rebounded like a ball. It is unlikely that it had enough inertia to tear free of the Earth's gravity, and it turned into Earth's satellite—the Moon.

Apollonius of Rhodes, the chief keeper of the Alexandria library who lived in the third century B.C., reports that there was a period when there was no moon in the sky. This is also mentioned by the Greek mathematician and astronomer Anaxagoras (500-428 B.C.), who quotes ancient manuscripts. Legends of the South African bushmen say the same. Moreover, an ancient American legend states that before a great catastrophe, "the Sun was closer to Earth than now and its abundant warmth made clothes unnecessary...."

No doubt this hypothesis may seem fantastic to many. Nevertheless, it explains many unconnected and hitherto mysterious phenomena. ■



The festivities began in Murmansk. With the last days of summer so warm and sunny, it was hard to imagine that everything was taking place above the Arctic Circle. Two hundred twenty participants in the Northern convoys had traveled to Murmansk from all parts of the USSR, joining the 117 veterans who had come from Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.

For many of these people, it was their first visit to the Northern city since World War II, and they had a hard time recognizing it. The last time they had seen Murmansk, the city lay almost completely in ruins. The veterans strolled the streets, recalling days past. Later they placed wreaths at the soldiers' tombs in the Valley of Death and in the British Cemetery.

A large group of former sailors, among whose ranks were British veterans, traveled to Severomorsk, where they boarded the hospital ship the *Svir*. Later, the *Svir* joined the convoy of warships led by the destroyer *Gromky*, which was on its way to meet the British frigate the *London* in the Barents Sea.

The veteran seamen assembled on the reviewing stands situated on the upper deck. The men kept a steady gaze on the rocky banks of the Kola Gulf, the rising hills, and the deserted islands—places where the veterans had fought during the war and where they had lost their friends.

Sailing in column formation, the convoy of ships began its tactical exercises under the Dervish '91 program as soon as it left Kola Gulf. The exercises re-created the atmosphere of combat actions at sea and in the air during the war years.

The following day the *Gromky* met up with the *London* off the Norwegian Cape Nordcap, where a fleet of Soviet

REUNION AFTER FIFTY YEARS

By Yelena Titova





The Dervish '91 anniversary celebrations honoring the veterans of the Allied convoys during World War II, took place in Murmansk and Arkhangelsk last summer.



combat and merchant ships was assembled to take part in the activities commemorating the Allied caravan that had assembled there years ago.

The Allied convoy arrived in Arkhangelsk on August 31, exactly fifty years ago to the day that the first British vessels had arrived in 1941. The 1941 convoy, carrying a precious cargo of much-needed military equipment, ammunition, foodstuffs, vehicles, medicines, and hospital equipment, suffered heavy casualties and irreparable losses: Of the 813 vessels sent to the Soviet Northern ports, 58 were destroyed; of the 717 ships that set sail for the West, 27 did not reach the port of destination. In the course of these operations, about 3,000 seamen lost their lives, including almost 2,000 men on escort ships.

Thousands of Arkhangelsk's residents turned out on Red Pier for the services honoring the heroic deeds of the World War II convoys. And the port filled with fully decorated ships and yachts that had come to meet the anniversary convoy.

A pierful of friendly cheers and other warm greetings arose as the *Gromky*, the *Svir*, and the *London* sailed into port. The welcoming ceremony on the pier was followed by a procession to Mir Square, where an urn containing the remains of an unknown soldier was solemnly interred inside the monument to the fallen heroes. The British and Soviet veterans and residents of Arkhangelsk placed wreaths and flowers at the tomb, and a salute of nations was fired. On the same day in Solombal, on the bank of one of the districts of Arkhangelsk, a foundation stone was laid in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Allied convoys.

The veterans later said that one of the highlights of the anniversary celebrations was that it gave them a chance to get together and talk. They considered their meeting very important, seeing in it a symbol of peace, friendship, and mutual understanding. It was not for nothing that Bob Allan, head of the British-Russian Convoy Club, admitted: "I haven't been here for the past fifty years, and now I am overwhelmed with happiness because my dream has come true. I'm here in Arkhangelsk to see my old friends again, and that's the main thing." ■



COMMEMORATIVE MEDALS FOR VETERANS

Around 4,000 American sailors took part in the Allied convoys to the Northern ports of Russia during World War II, but contacts between the Soviet and American seamen were not fully developed. Relations between the British and Soviet sailors were more fruitful. A year before the anniversary, direct contacts were established with the British Northern Russia and Russian Convoy clubs, which unite more than 3,500 sailors. Working together, the sides solved organizational problems associated with the anniversary celebrations and decided to award medals (right) to the convoy participants.

One side of the medal shows the convoys' route along the northern coast of Europe from the Scottish port of Edinburgh past Medvezhy Island, where they were met by Soviet ships, which escorted them to the port of Murmansk. An inscription in Rus-



sian along the medal's edge reads: "The fiftieth anniversary of the 1941-1945 naval Convoys." On the other side is the fighting formation of battleships and an inscription in English: "Eternal Memory to Soldiers." Four thousand sailors and 900 airmen died during those dangerous operations.

The anniversary celebrations in Murmansk and Arkhangelsk were attended by a large delegation of British veterans, but for some reason there were only a few American guests, and only one who received his commemorative medal. The situation can be remedied though. American sailors who took part in the convoys can receive their anniversary medals simply by writing to Konstantin Lyubimov, who is responsible for correspondence with the veterans. His address is:

Apt. 212, Block 2
14 Stroginsky Boulevard
Moscow 123592, USSR

Over a period of three months I visited several American cities, large and small. I stayed in Wheaton, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, longer than in any other place. In Wheaton I made many friends and realized for the first time (it was my first visit to the United States) how mistaken were my conceptions about America. I realized that though our countries have some points of commonality, our two peoples are products of different cultures, and they have different values.

I had not planned to stay in Wheaton for a long time. What could be so interesting about a small city with a population of only 50,000? That was one of my first misconceptions to be dispelled. The bigger the city, the better the quality of life and the higher the level of culture and education, I thought. Was I surprised to learn that the average annual income of Wheaton residents is higher than for the United States as a whole! And four out of five Wheatoners have college educations—a higher percentage than many big American cities.

I always knew that America was a rich country. When I arrived in the United States, I realized that was only part of the story. Things were so different here. Perhaps that was my greatest discovery.

My discovery began in the bathroom of the first house in which I stayed. All the faucets worked differently. Before I learned how to operate them, I shivered in many ice-cold showers or became a master at jumping out to avoid getting scalded by hot water. I realized then that I was in for many surprises. I decided I had better take a closer look at everything.

An American family's house not only has more rooms than any apartment in Moscow, but the rooms are even used differently. No problem with a bedroom, dining room, or kitchen—I surely know what they are—but what exactly do you do in a living room? Also, we Russians seem to cram more furniture into our smaller apartments, while Americans prefer the spacious look and fill all kinds of cupboards with all sorts of things. While the bookshelf is the fixture of the Russian home—we really are a nation of readers—it is a rarity in the American.

I LOVE YOU, MY FRIENDS

*Our correspondent
Ada Baskina gives
her impressions of
America
and Americans.*

Though my American hosts were as attentive and caring as they could be, I sometimes felt hungry because our daily routines are quite different. Americans eat lightly in the morning, while we usually have a heavy breakfast. At noon Americans are ready for a solid meal of soup and a sandwich, meat with vegetables, and the like, while I couldn't eat because I wasn't hungry. By dinner time—between five and six o'clock—I was ravenous for a solid meal, while my hosts were still digesting their big lunches.

My ideas about American food, by the way, were also mistaken. Sure, I'd heard that American food was plentiful and healthy, but I had also heard that it was unimaginative and tasteless. Yet, after dining in American homes and restaurants, I found the American fare tasty and pleasing.

Another stereotype soon collapsed. Most of my Soviet friends who have never been to the States think that rational and pragmatic Americans have no interest in aesthetic values. How wrong they are! The things that surround Americans—department stores, restaurants, libraries, schools, and hospitals, not to mention museums and government buildings—are not only functional but also constructed in such

a way as to please the eye with their design and abundance of decorations, flowers, and light.

The Americans' harmonious, happy attitude toward life amazed me. If I were asked to name my ideal happy person, it would be Jane Cram, no contest. My first impression of her was rather strange. Most Americans I met put a great deal of emphasis on their appearance and like to dress well. Jane is the opposite, you could say. Most days you find her in well-worn jeans, a dark ski sweater, and an old woolen cap, pulled low. The only thing that betrays the gloomy effect of her outfit is her laughing eyes.

Only after I lived with Jane's family did I understand that it was all completely in line. She is a happy and beautiful person who doesn't pay any special attention to the external expression of her personality. But if the occasion calls for it—like the time Jane and her husband were invited out on the town—he dons his best suit and Jane her best dress, and they are transformed into an elegant couple.

Rosalinda and Charles Karolek are about twenty years older than the Crams, and they are just as happy. Rosie is an artist, which becomes obvious as soon as you enter her home. Carpets, wallpaper, draperies, and upholsteries are all in sync, and everything else is perfect to the last detail. She is full of life and never moody. Charles, a pilot, is braced, imposing, and healthy looking. The Karolek children, who are all grown up, no longer live at home—which is quite different from my country, where a shortage of housing has several generations having often to share a home.

Another couple, Sam and Naomi Mallory, are retired. They have had a long life together, but contrary to the saying that married couples grow to look alike, Sam and Naomi are like night and day. While Sam is a jolly, robust fellow, Naomi is tall, thin, and reserved. Sam is a talker; Naomi is a listener. As different as the Mallorys are, they share a common trait—unequaled kindness.

Many Americans told me that they are happy. When I learned more about them, I understood that that had nothing to do with good fortune; it was more a matter of psychological condi-

tioning. Though the people I met have had both good and bad things happen in their life—illnesses, business failures, problems with their children—their basically optimistic nature and their ability to find joy in what they have prove stronger than all the troubles and suffering that may come their way.

Though life can be difficult, Americans don't complain or dwell on their hardships. I discussed this American trait with several of my Russian friends. Many of them don't like it, saying they regard it as a sign of insincerity. I, however, do like it. "Fine"—the most common American answer to the question, "How are you?"—is not a word to hide one's problems from others, but more of a command to oneself.

I was in the United States to attend a symposium on "Women in Leadership." I listened to many reports and held dozens of interviews, but it was only when I became closer acquainted with American businesswomen that I came to understand some of the problems and difficulties they face.

I feel two social causes engender the bulk of the businesswoman's problems: her inadequate involvement in social life (until recently) and tough competition in her chosen sphere of endeavor. Both circumstances require businesswomen to organize their time efficiently and to continuously upgrade their skills so as not to waste either time or energy on their jobs. I didn't come across a single lax or apathetic businesswoman in America.

Gwen Henry, mayor of Wheaton, told me that she works fifty-five hours a week, which comes to eleven hours a day. "That's a lot," I said, but what she forgot to say was that she was talking about the ten-plus hours a day she puts in as the manager of a company. She fulfills her mayoral duties in her free time and without financial compensation. In addition, she is active in her church and the local women's Rotary Club. Then there are her home chores.

In the morning, half awake, I'd hear her car racing off. Before dinner, around five or six in the evening, I'd see her in the kitchen. After dinner, she'd be off and running again.

I don't think it would be fair if I didn't mention Chet Henry, who is not just a husband but a capable friend and

partner to his wife. Gwen and Chet have been married for some thirty years, and, as Gwen confided, Chet has never let her down, neither when she, one of eleven children of a Kansas farmer, was studying at the university, nor later in Oklahoma, where they started their family.

When their youngest of four children, Peter, turned ten, Gwen went to work and soon became a highly respected financial specialist. Was it difficult to combine work with home chores? Sure, but Chet has always been there to help around the house and with the children.

Gwen Henry is very energetic, but Ann Wollenseck, who manages the municipality of Wheaton, is even more so. She can do dozens of things at the same time. I am deeply indebted to Ann for helping me gather information for future articles.

While dispelling my previously held stereotypes of the American way of life, I caught myself creating new ones. Take American businesswomen. Could they all be like Gwen and Ann?

One thing that struck me in Wheaton was the scale of work that is performed by volunteers. I'm ashamed to say that in my country charities and charitable activities are in the infancy stage. I was eager to learn why Americans are so willing to help the elderly, disabled, and homeless. That became clearer to me when I made friends with the family of Ivan Fahs.

Professor Fahs teaches sociology at Wheaton College, and he is involved in doing research on the plight of the homeless. His articles on the subject have appeared in several journals and popular magazines. To many people, that activity would be enough, especially if the person has recently undergone heart surgery. But not to Professor Fahs. A true Christian, he considers it immoral not to help people in trouble.

"Ada, let me ask you," he said, "today is Wednesday—Homeless People's Day at our church. Our whole family is going there. Why don't you join us and talk to these people?"

This proved more difficult than I had thought. True, some of the homeless are mentally unstable, others are alcoholics, and still others are drug addicts. But the people who really touched my heart were the healthy and

perfectly normal people who had fallen on bad circumstances. I felt more like crying than smiling.

While I tried to compose myself, Ivan, his wife, and his mother talked freely to everybody as though they were honored guests. The conversations were friendly and intimate. It was the Fahses' attitude rather than the words they spoke that mattered.

I decided to try my hand at talking with a disabled old man. I could tell he had had a few drinks and was rather aggressive.

"He's much better now," Ivan said encouragingly. "You should've seen him when he was brought here right after his operation. He needed professional medical help—for example, changing the dressings on his wounds. My mother, Elsie, took care of that. He cursed her up one side and down the other—never a word of thanks. He was angry at the whole world. That went on for several days. Once, when he was already getting better, Elsie changed his bandage and was about to leave when he called out after her: 'Hey, you, come here!' As usual, she didn't take offense or grow indignant, but approached him quietly. 'Come closer! Closer! Closer!' It seemed to her that he might want to hit her, but she still leaned down to him. The old man rose on his elbows and gave her a gentle kiss."

I could go on and on about the volunteers in Wheaton, but I think that story of the old man says it all. I will be forever grateful to the Fahses for the opportunity they gave me to share in their experience. ■

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Moreover, this work is historically accurate. Illustrated edition to be issued over a four- to six-year period.

A History of Naval Tradition, by V. Dygalo. Adults and children alike who are interested in the navy will read this book with pleasure. It relates the origins of naval traditions, rituals, and terminology. Illustrated edition to be issued in the second half of 1992.

Associative Graphics of Artist V. Gordeyev, based on the poetry of the famous Boris Pasternak. The poetry of Boris Pasternak created visual associations in the mind of avant garde-artist Gordeyev. He fixed these images in his miniatures. Each of these miniatures is presented with the poetic text (in Russian, English, German, and French), producing a complete and impressive artistic image.

Marinist Publishers does not ignore children. In 1992 it will publish *Magical Tales* by the Countess de Segur, a colorful book for young children titled *The Lonely Penguin*, and a comic book based on Nekrasov's famous story "The Adventures of Captain Vrungel." In addition, over the next year Marinist Publishers will issue four series of coloring books on the history of ships.

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General Director of Marinist Publishers
Lev Sergeyevich Vlasov



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Your October 1991 issue of SOVIET LIFE is a remarkable example...not only of openness but also of historical open-mindedness and fairness. You have chosen as your feature the story of Königsberg/Kaliningrad, that Baltic Sea city with a long German and a historically brief Soviet past. Few of us

historians in the so-called Western part of the world would have thought it possible just a few years ago that a Soviet publication would describe aspects of that city dealing with its German past.

Armin E. Mruck
Towson, Maryland

Joan A. Riedmiller, marketing/public relations for the City of St. Petersburg, enclosed this photograph with her letter.

She wrote: "In celebration of the name change—from Leningrad back to St. Petersburg—our City of St. Petersburg City Council recently provided an opportunity for council members and residents to officially express their best wishes to the citizens of St. Petersburg, Russia. A banner of friendship was signed by hundreds of St. Petersburg, Florida, residents and then hand-delivered to the Russian city in October by a local businessman."



Annette Lindemann, media relations manager of Marine World Africa USA, sent us the photograph below showing cadets from the Soviet ship *Pallada*, during its recent stopover in San Francisco, California, as part of the Russian America-250 celebrations. "The elephant tug of war was the highlight of the afternoon," she wrote. "Despite a valiant effort from the young men, Taj, a 9,500-pound female Asian elephant, easily won the contest. Taj's trainer, Sever Johnson, is pictured on the right."



Ever since I started receiving your magazine, I have read it with much interest. Back in the 1960s a friend went to the Soviet Union and I asked her what she thought of the empire. She simply said that the people there were wonderful, but the government was terrible, which is a good way to sum up the Soviet Union under Russian communism.

In the past the Soviet Union appeared to be such a mysterious place that only showed to foreigners what the state wanted them to see and no more. Of course, the changes that have taken place in the Soviet Union in the past few years are amazing and mind-boggling to say the least. Your articles answer many of the questions that many people have about these amazing changes taking place.

Virginia Borkenhagen
Washington, D.C.

SVERDLOV'S ONE-MAN SHOW

By Lyudmila Ptitsyna
Photographs by Alexei Sverdlov

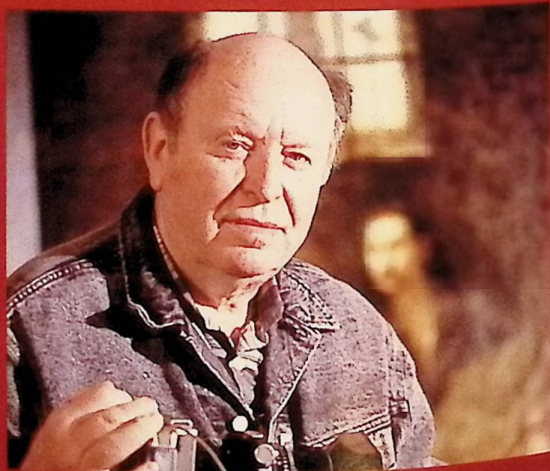
Open any major Soviet book devoted to fine art, and the chances are you'll come across a photograph of Alexei Sverdlov's work. His photographs, paintings, sculptures, and other exhibits featured among the illustrations.

Applied photography has been Sverdlov's specialty for the past twenty years, while working at the Novosti Press Agency. Surely, SOVIET LIFE readers are familiar with his name (we have published his photographs quite often).

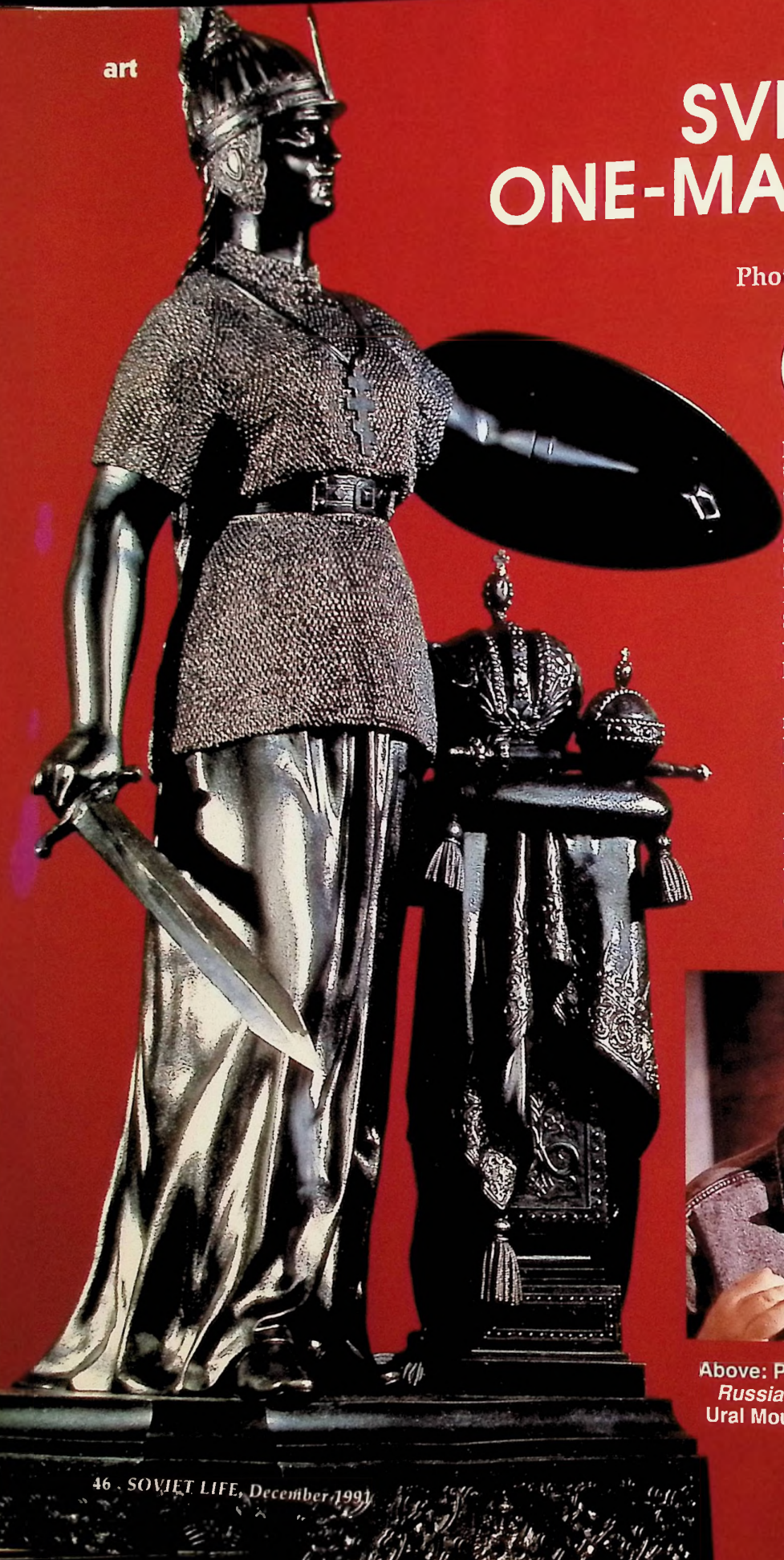
Sverdlov's chosen genre may not be one of the most glamorous, but he is recognized as one of the best in a highly specialized field.

Through his work he seeks to bring the masterpieces of art to life on the printed page by conveying the original impulse of the artist. Lighting the subject is vital to this process.

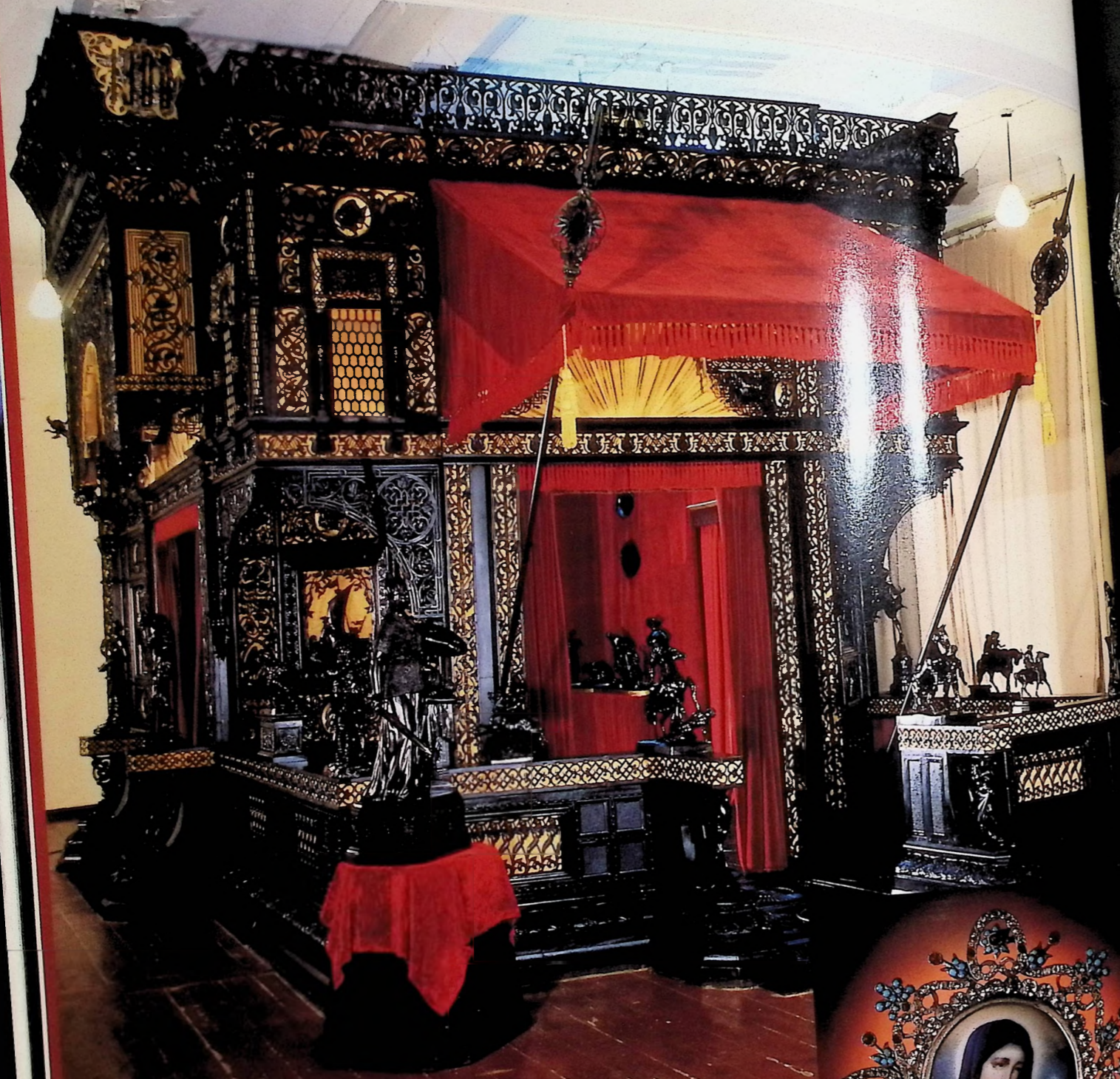
"Every picture requires its own



Above: Photographer Alexei Sverdlov. Left: *Russia*, a cast-iron sculpture made in the Ural Mountains. It was first exhibited at the Paris World Exhibition in 1896 (Yekaterinburg Art Gallery).



Taking Down from the Cross, an eighteenth-century wooden sculpture (Perm Art Gallery).



The Pavilion, cast-iron castings made in the Urals (Yekaterinburg Art Gallery). St. Maria, an eighteenth-century Rostov enamel (Rostov Kremlin Museum).



the crowning glory—

Far left: Emperor's crown. Gold, silver, diamonds, and pearls. Eighteenth century. Height with cross: 27.5 centimeters (Moscow Kremlin Diamond Fund). A brooch fashioned as a bouquet of flowers. Gold, silver, diamonds, and emeralds. Eighteenth century (Moscow Kremlin Diamond Fund).



A seventeenth-century goblet made in Central Asia (the Hermitage, St. Petersburg). Above: The Gonzag Cameo, sardonyx, third century B.C. (the Hermitage, St. Petersburg).

particular lighting," Sverdlov explains. "That provides a moment of 'resurrection' that I aim to catch."

His work is especially impressive when it comes to capturing the natural qualities of physical materials. Sverdlov's reputation has grown through his series of images of semiprecious stones, such as agate, where the mineral's quartzlike qualities shine forth. The collections of his work on emeralds and jaspers were highly rated also.

Sverdlov's appreciation of the natural beauty of physical materials was probably awakened when he worked as a turner, before he took up his current profession.

A veteran of the Soviet Air Force, Sverdlov was badly wounded in World War II. Still robust and full of energy, the cameraman is constantly on the lookout for new and exciting subjects to photograph.

A SIGN OF NEW COOPERATION

Photograph by Jim Brozek

Milwaukee—U.S. Senator Herb Kohl called the Soviet contribution of a World War II T-34 tank to the Wisconsin Military History Museum a sign of new cooperation between the United States and the Soviet Union.

At a Port of Milwaukee ceremony recently, Kohl joined Robert Costa, founder and president of the museum, and representatives from the U.S. and Soviet military in officially accepting the gift.

In April 1990, Costa wrote Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev asking for the contribution of some military hardware to the museum that was being planned. At that time Costa also requested assistance from Senator Kohl's office for procuring the equipment. On August 15, 1990, Costa was notified by the Soviet embassy that his request had been approved and that the tank would be delivered in late 1991. The tank arrived in the Port of Milwaukee on the Soviet ship the *Alexander Starostenko* not long ago. The tank is the first such gift from the Sovi-

ets to any museum or organization in the United States.

"During a period when the world is looking for real peace, it is gratifying that the Soviet government has responded to the request of one American, representing a Wisconsin museum, by making such a major contribution as this historic military machine," Kohl said.

Kohl noted that the timing of the ceremony was fitting since this event, coupled with both countries' work in arranging the Madrid Middle East peace conference, was another sign that the United States and the Soviet Union are willing to work cooperatively.

"I would like to thank the Soviet government for making this gift possible and for the cooperation it has shown in trying to find meaningful peace in the troubled parts of our world," Kohl said. He added that the gift of a World War II tank at this time is especially meaningful because World War II was the last time in history when the United States and the Soviet

Union worked together as allies to ensure world peace.

Costa said that the gift was a major accomplishment for the museum and that the Soviet tank will greatly increase the interest of museum-goers.

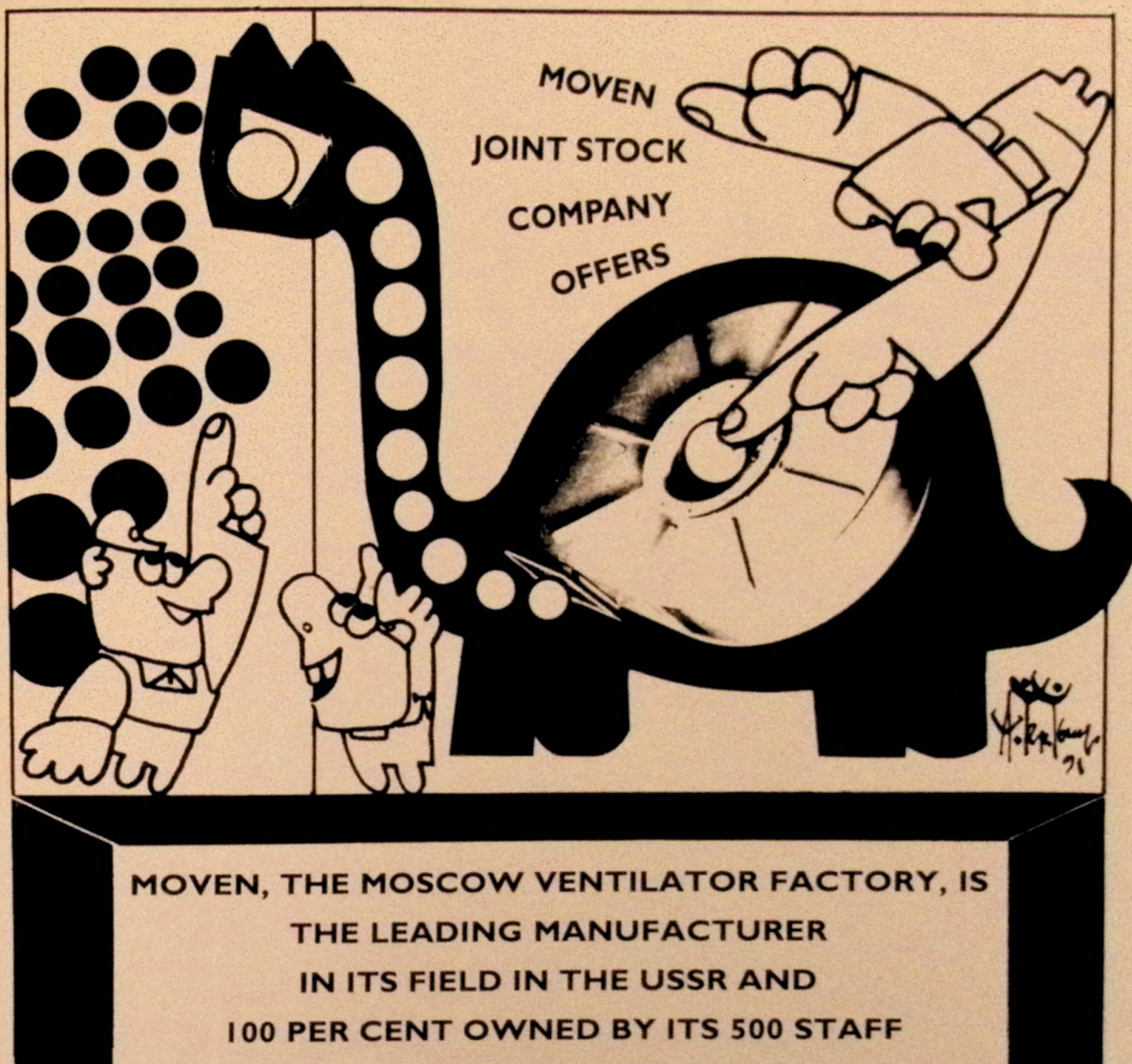
"This gift is a dream come true for historians and for people interested in military history. It will be one of the major displays in our new facility," Costa said.

"The Wisconsin Military History Museum is under planning and will be constructed in Egg Harbor," Costa said. He also noted that the tank would leave Milwaukee for a local ceremony in Egg Harbor, and then it would be shipped to the U.S. Army's Patton Museum of Cavalry and Armor at Fort Knox, Kentucky, for display until construction of the museum facility is complete.

Costa and Kohl were joined at the ceremony by Soviet Military Attaché Major General Nikolai Zlenko and Colonel Joseph Gesker, the deputy commander, U.S. Army Center for Military History, Washington, D.C. ■

Robert Costa, founder and president of the Wisconsin Military History Museum, with the Soviet Army T-34 tank.





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festival of ice

Photographs by Vladimir Fedorenko
and Sergei Subbotin

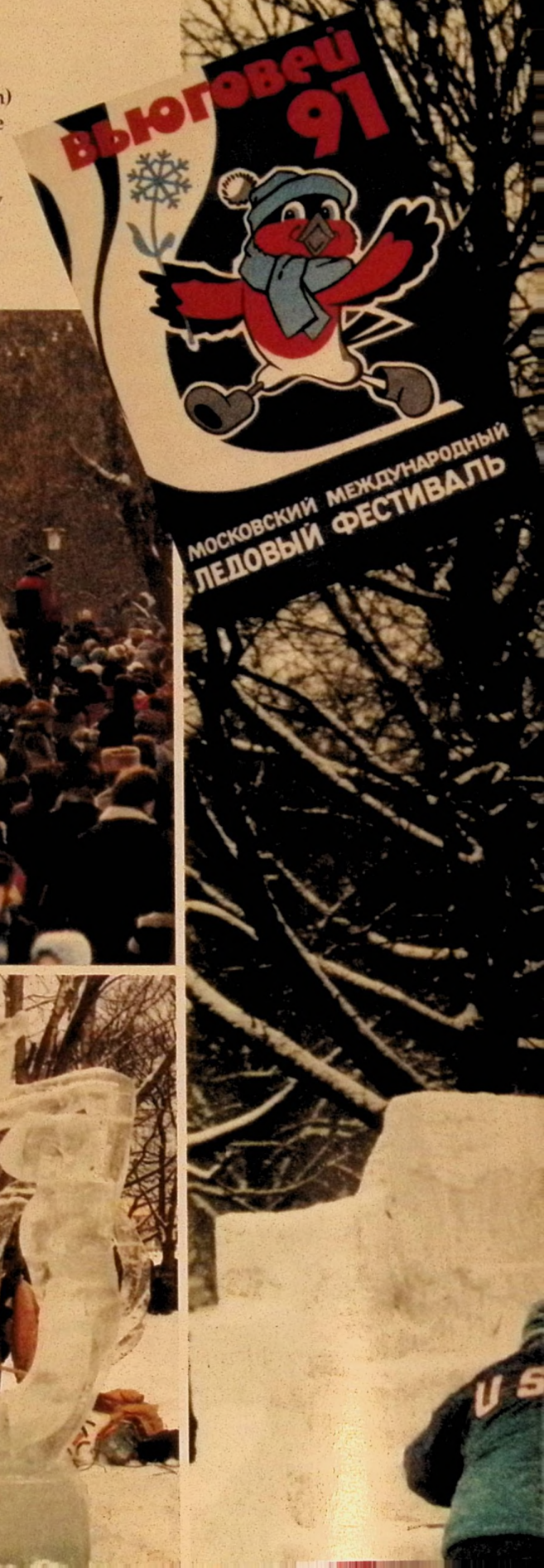
The festival
drew artists
from all over.
Dance (bottom)
by the Chinese
took second
place. *Crystal
City* (right)
by the Americans
was the first
prize winner.



The sun, the snow, and the extreme cold—all required elements of an ice sculpture competition—appeared as if on cue for Moscow's first international ice festival, making this event an enormous success.

Predicting which sculpture would be the most popular was easy. Not an entry in the contest, the sculpture was impressive: an exact replica of the ice palace built 250 years ago by order of the willful Russian Empress Anna. Contemporaries called her palace "a wonder." The modern replica was created according to the original plans—"8 sagues long, 2.5 sagues wide, and 3 sagues high together with the roof."

Just like the original, six ice cannons with ice wheels and mounts stood in front of the structure, and two ice dol-





phins, with special pumps implanted in their jaws to enable them to spew fire at night, guarded the gates.

Near the magnificent palace was a replica of the famous twelfth-century Church of the Intercession on the Nerl. The original structure still stands near the old city of Vladimir.

The event drew contestants from France, Great Britain, the United States, Sweden, Finland, Holland, Switzerland, China, and different parts of the USSR, all competing under the same conditions: five days to create a sculpture out of 1.5-meter-high rectangular slabs of the finest quality ice.

First prize went to the American team for their composition *Crystal City*. Second prize went to the Chinese for their elegant and graceful *Dance*. Third prize was won by the Estonians. ■

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REALITY IS MY DUTY

By Anatoli Shunavikin

"Bella Akhmadulina is, above all, inside history, inside the irreversible historical current connecting each of us with the past and future."

—Poet Pavel Antokolsky (1896-1978)

Poet Bella Akhmadulina lives in Moscow, "amid large paintings and under high ceilings," as one of her fellow poets described her apartment on Vorovsky Street near New Arbat. Since my last visit to her place a few years ago, nothing has changed much. Akhmadulina retains the same sad and shrewd look and the same impetuous voice. She and I spoke about poetry, about its relevancy, about its future.

Q: Many people say that poetry has lost its appeal, poets have ceded their vanguard position, and readers have taken to reading magazines. What do you think?

A: I don't believe interest in poetry has disappeared; it's just that our audience has become more refined. You don't have to attend a rally in order to hear poetry. But I, too, have recited at Luzhniki Stadium before thousands of people—it was a tribute to the times. The genuine poet inevitably has yielded to change but not to restructuring, that is, perestroika.

You and I first met five years ago. I think I've changed for the better since



then, although that's certainly for others to judge.

Q: Writers used to complain about themes that were taboo. Now all the bans have been lifted. Hasn't this caused an amount of confusion?

A: I've always written what I've wanted to. I never considered any themes taboo. Unlike nowadays, when most of my work is being published, nearly all of my poems were rejected back then, but that never really upset me. I'm happy now that many good things are being published, and readers are gaining access to good literature. This should have an effect on people's lives, on their spiritual values. I want literature and life to change for the better.

To answer your question, I don't feel any confusion. Since I've never bowed to the times, I don't feel any difference. Literature isn't like the weather, changing with the wind. It develops according to eternal laws and truths, with eternal themes. Genuine writers should be loyal to their responsibility. They should never compromise their integrity for profit, never bow to the times.

Q: Apart from poems, you've also written lyrics and prose. Can we count on any more surprises?

A: You say "lyrics," meaning songs, I guess, but I've never specifically set out to write a song. I don't know how to do it. Songs appear only because composers take my poems and set them

to music. That's their right; I can't stop them, and I don't want to.

As for different genres, sometimes my imagination runs riot, and I'll offer to write a skit for a circus performer, for example. Initially, I think I can do

just comes on its own. Once one of my friends, who is also a poet, and I were strolling along the beach. He told me that whenever he looks at the waves, he is inspired to write a poem. I've always admired his work, but that's not how I go about it. I need solitude and a change in environment. Ten days in some remote corner, away from the hustle and bustle, and I usually find the apt words. After that, everything seems to flow smoothly. I can write day and night, without a break, as long as the feelings in my heart do not fade.

Q: Can you describe how a poem is conceived? What acts as an impetus?

A: I think it is important for us writers to grasp the connection between ourselves and the world, between ourselves and nature, and to express it. We are indebted to nature, in tune with its call. To me, it sounds something like this: "Reality is your duty!" because I don't believe that a sense of duty lies inherently within the poet, but it comes from outside the self.

You feel obligated to all living things. They depend on you to correctly express their feelings. They all seek your help and

assistance, not only as a poet but also as a human being.

Many of my poems were born of struggle. When I was writing "Fever," I shook so much that I scared my family. My state, which itself transformed into an illness, gave rise to a poem.

Q: What would you put that—thoughts

SOMETHING ELSE

By Bella Akhmadulina

*What has come over me? For a whole year
I've been unable to write poetry.
This burden that upon my lips I bear—
this muteness—weighs upon me heavily.*

*But—there's a ready stanza!—you will say;
four lines in it, complete with rhythm and
rhymes.*

*That's not the point! I've long since learned the
way
one strings up words to make poetic lines.*

*It's habit—just a sort of knack of mine!
That's not the point. How was it then, by God?
What was it that emerged then? Not a line,
but something else. Just what, I clean forgot.*

*That something else—why, did it ever fear
when, bold, it broke through as a playful voice,
itself as laughter on my lips appeared
or came in sobs—whatever was its choice?...*

Translated by Dorian Rottenberg

it, but more often I fail. I consider prose writing proof of one's maturity, and most writers come to prose sooner or later. Sometimes I feel a great urge to write prose because certain thoughts and feelings can be expressed only in prose. But I seem to lack something.

As for poetry, I don't compose it; it

or feelings—in the process of creation?

A: Ideally, thoughts and feelings should coincide. If you start with thoughts, you are certain to make an error. Thoughts should be the result. I always get off on the wrong track when I let my thoughts lead me. That's what happened with my poem about a literary critic. I knew how and why I should write it. It became a kind of mental assignment. As a result, the thoughts didn't comply with the form, and the poem had no harmony.

Q: Are you always conscious of being a poet?

A: I try never to think of myself as a poet. I'm a human being. But I do notice—by the extent of my suffering, by the sharpness of my perception—that I belong to this troubled profession. The anxiety I feel whenever I see a clean piece of paper is proof of my involvement in literature. I fear and admire it; I seek and resist it.

Q: You've been to the United States and visited its famous universities. What's their attitude toward our literature in general?

A: Wonderful. Americans have a great interest in our literature. Students majoring in linguistics are well read and study Russian writers in-depth. Judging by the fact that my poetry recitals drew full houses, I'd say that Americans want to know more about us and follow the development of our literature avidly.

Q: Are you still in contact with representatives of Russian émigré literature?

A: Sure. I often see Vasily Aksyonov, Vladimir Voinovich, and others. They are my friends, and you just don't renounce your friends. The fact that many people are abroad now isn't their fault.

Q: Your poems were published in literary journals before, though seldom. As for your books, they were published only rarely. Has the situation changed?

A: Prior to 1985, few publishers would even look at my collections, never mind one of my poems.

Nowadays, my poems are readily published in magazines and journals. Three of my collections are also now in print. So I'd say things have certainly changed.

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Artist Eli Belyutin

By Nina Rusova

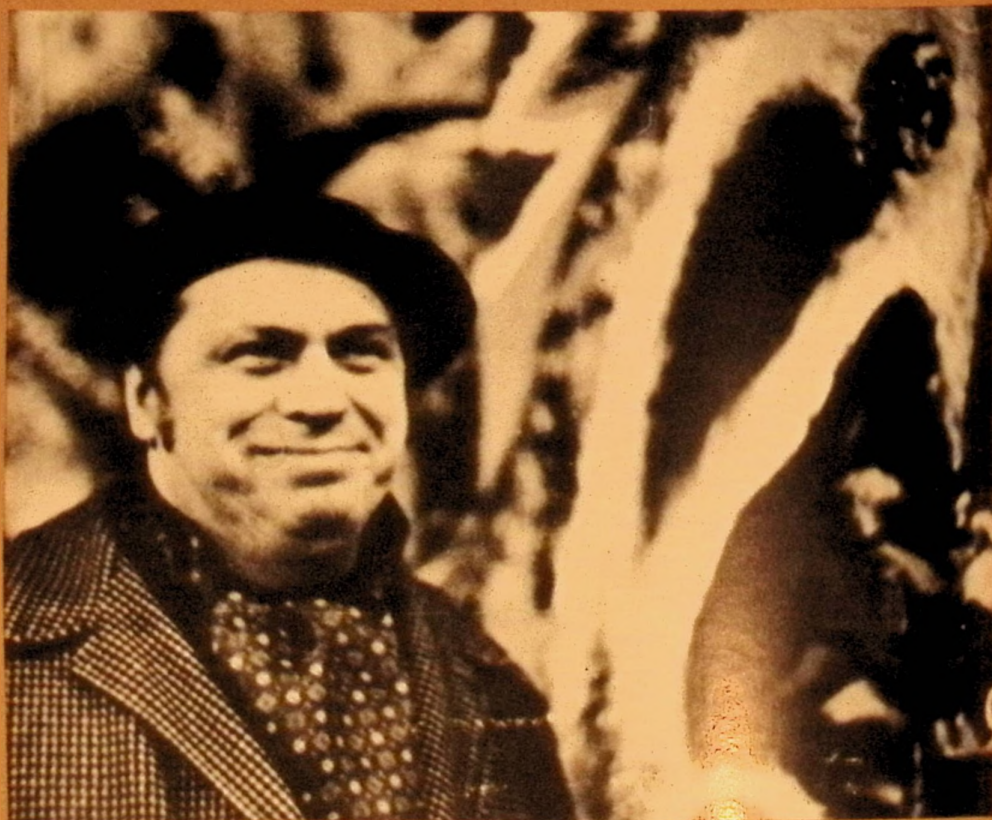
This man combines the features of a High Renaissance master in a way almost inconceivable in the twentieth century," Professor Franco Miele, a prominent Italian art critic, has said about Eli Belyutin.

A brilliant artist, Belyutin invariably follows the fundamental principle of painting: What counts is not so much the subject, the refined composition and form, as color in the endless range of shades of its influence on the human mind and eye. He is a sculptor who has proposed an original system in which color participates on a par with form, a theoretician who has elaborated a theory of universal contact, which gives people of today new insight into the most effective means of overcoming the inner discomfort to which humanity is now doomed on the threshold of the third millennium. And, last but not least, he is a man who has managed to convey his unwavering belief in freedom and the creative impulse to each of his students during the decades of Russia's hardships.

The Belyutinites (followers of his school) are not a mere symbol of the opposition between the human right to spiritual freedom and all forms of authoritarian regimes. The Belyutinites are the symbol of the affirmation of people's indestructible ability to create and to remain human beings. In this sense their art is international and therefore common to all humankind.

For almost a quarter of a century Belyutin kept up an active correspondence with Jean Cassous, a French

writer who inspired the Resistance Movement, was a personal friend of Picasso and Matisse, and founded and served as director of the National Museum of Modern Art in France. Belyutin is the only Russian artist whose work is represented in the museum's collection. Cassous thought these works were an embodiment of the deep sense of genuinely Russian art with its leap into the unknown, but always for the sake of people. Just a few days before his





death in 1987, "Black Jean," as he was called in France, gave his last testament, as it were, to Belyutin and the Belyutinites, asking them to continue following their chosen path. Cassous felt that their art was not of a petty material nature, but expressed all the good things that the world had begun to doubt: "Your colors are like smiles, tears of love and compassion—they are pure and genuine. I'm with you with all my heart, my dear friends."

Even today we do not dare to express the full truth. Russia was doomed to 1917, to development

Clockwise from above:
Family, Convergence.
 1986. **Granny and Grandson.**
 1964. **Resistance.**
 1988. **Facing page: Artist Ell Belyutin.**
Top: Woman with Child.
 1967. **All paintings are oil on canvas.**



of its nineteenth-century culture with its utopian dreams of an ideal society of universal equality, affluence, and love. The first years after the October Revolution destroyed all illusions. The noblest dreams turned to violence, injustice, and hatred. Many people of culture fled from the ruins of hopes cherished for centuries.

Those who did not have the strength to reconcile themselves with the disaster and, in spite of everything, looked to the possibility of future revival, were compelled, like

the early Christians, to go underground and continue working, officially unrecognized and persecuted. An art market ceased to exist for them. The meaning of their life was to pass on the dying traditions to younger hands. The undisguised striving toward the utopian ideals expressed by Kazimir Malevich and Vladimir Tatlin gave vent to the expressionist inspiration of Aristarkh Lentulov and Pavel Kuznetsov, who were Belyutin's direct teachers.

Belyutin's first abstract composi-

tion, in many ways unexpected, was born on the day Russia entered the war against fascism. Belyutin called his picture *June 22, 1941: Ocher planes give the feeling of earth, and black gaping cracks symbolize future graves, ready to be filled with the remains of people and their hopes.*

As a sixteen-year-old, Belyutin volunteered to go to war. He was wounded in the head, ending his dream of becoming a musician. In his father's family (people from the environs of Venice, Italy) only two pro-



*Left: The Meaning of Life. 1970.
Above: Victoria. 1981. Right:
Runaway Module. 1988.*



fessions had been known since the fourteenth century—musicians and artists. The only possible choice now was to be a painter.

For all its unthinkable cruelty, the war had given the Russian people a chance for regeneration, a chance to rid themselves of totalitarianism. On the front line a man could not be a faceless creature; struggle against death called forth individuality. This process had caused the Soviet regime to do all it could for ideological regimentation against which Belyutin

rebels. At the height of the repression in culture, he created the embryo of a future mighty movement by uniting six young artists who said an emphatic No to the barracks system.

Belyutin became a target for persecution while he was still studying at the arts institute. If the innovator-artists of the older generation did not cause any special irritation among the ideological bosses—they were doomed to natural extinction as it was—Belyutin's growing popularity showed the rebellious sentiments among the younger generation.

Olga Carlyle, granddaughter of Russian writer Leonid Andreyev, left a literary portrait of Belyutin of the early 1960s: A big, happy, noisy, and amiable man, he attracted people and had numerous followers.

He did not change much over the next thirty years in character or even in outward appearance—he was just as mobile, emotional, and young-looking. He himself said, it is inherent for man to struggle, to act, to affirm himself, rather than to lead a dull and uneventful life. Belyutin gave his followers the opportunity to work in his Moscow studio and to occupy his entire country house in the village of Abramtsevo near Moscow.

Recognition came to Belyutin in all countries where the value of human individuality has never been in doubt. His works were specially noted at the Paris and Rome biennials and at the Polish and Hungarian academies of art, where Belyutin was the only Russian artist among West European masters.

Belyutin received the title of honorary member of the Italian Academy of Modern Art and won medals at a number of personal exhibits in Italian towns and the Grand Gold Medal "for creative achievements and international cultural activity" (the last for his drawing *Motherhood*, which is now in the Munich Pinakothek). This is a subject that the artist was particularly fond of in the 1960s and 1970s. Soviet newspapers mentioned the name of the picture that received the grand prize, but not the name of the artist.

Even more painful was the persecution of the artist by the USSR Artists Union, since art materials and

studios were distributed only according to lists compiled by the union. Naturally, Belyutin and his followers were not included on these lists. Only people on the lists were permitted to take part in exhibitions.

The ban imposed on Belyutin existed for almost thirty years. In December 1962, Khrushchev raised a ruckus over a large avant-garde exhibition (the first in Soviet years), which Belyutin organized in the Manezh exhibition hall in Moscow. In December 1990, following government apologies in the press, a giant exhibi-

Recognition came to Belyutin in all countries where the value of human individuality has never been in doubt. His works were specially noted at the Paris and Rome biennials and at the Polish and Hungarian academies of art, where Belyutin was the only Russian artist among West European masters.

tion of the work of Belyutin and his followers opened in the Manezh. Concerts of avant-garde music by young composers and performers who failed to find recognition in their country were held there daily.

Did that mean a complete lifting of the ban? No. According to Andrei Anikev, an official of the USSR Ministry of Culture who was in charge of foreign and national exhibitions, two avant-garde movements existed and continued to exist in the country; an official one, which the state supported, and an unofficial one, not supported by the same administration. The Belyutinites belonged to the unofficial group.

Only the enthusiasm of Mrs. Linda Weintraub, director of the Institute of Arts of Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York, made it possible to surmount the countless

barriers raised by the USSR Ministry of Culture and to show part of the Manezh exhibition in the United States in 1991. Another part of that exhibition will be shown to Americans too. It will open in Boston, Massachusetts, in early 1992.

For the first time Belyutin and his students had a chance to visit another country and come into contact with international viewers. The reception accorded the Belyutinites in the United States and the comments of artists and art critics were extremely favorable. "Belyutin's work may reawaken our ability to feel, breathe, and think in a primal manner. Belyutin is a champion of the individual," wrote Mrs. Weintraub in the exhibition catalogue.

At the same time, this art is endowed with an acute feeling of contemporaneity, being on the brink of the most daring artistic quests. Liam Nelson, president of the Artists Association, describes this feeling as follows: "It is interesting that Belyutin, by continuing a tradition started in the 1950s, now seems to relate to something that has resurfaced in current Western art. The younger Russian artists are more influenced by the conceptual art of the 1970s, which means that younger Russian artists today seem old-fashioned to us, while the older ones seem more modern."

Life has always been hard for people. They have always been at the mercy of conflicts with the world around them, inner confusion, and contradictory desires. Throughout all of the turbulent creation, which at first glance may seem quite unpredictable in its development, Belyutin searches for the possibility not so much of transporting the viewers but of drawing them into the creative process.

And, surprising as it might seem, the American art critics were the ones to unravel Belyutin's mystery. Jim Reed wrote the following in May 1991: "Art, he teaches, restores balance to life's disorders. It achieves harmony. It is the one potent response to adversity. It can even 'compensate' for what has been denied in the individual life. Excessive claims? Visitor from another era?" ■

First Lady of Women's Open

profile

By Vladimir Keshishev
Photographs by
Victor Chernov

Sunday, September 29, was the last day of the International Women's Tennis Tournament of the Kraft General Foods series, which had a \$100,000 purse. In the finals was Wimbledon doubles champion Larissa Savchenko, twenty-five, from the Soviet Union. She won a close match (3:6, 6:3, 6:4) over Germany's Barbara Rattner, taking the tournament's main prize (\$18,000) and a mink coat, which was presented as a special prize offered by Soyuzpushynina of the USSR.

Savchenko is known as a doubles player. That is why her victory in the singles match came as a surprise to many.

"We lived in Lvov when I was a child," said Savchenko. "One day when I was eight and in the second grade, some people from the sports school came to our physical education class and asked who wanted to learn to play tennis. I raised my hand. I must say, I certainly learned a lot from my first coach, Galina Lyaskalo."

I remembered a conversation in which world-famous tennis player Olga Morozova, who headed the country's national women's team, said: "I am firmly convinced that a woman coach works with her young pupils much more ably than a man. At first all our top players were trained by women. Only women can give the seven- or eight-year-olds the maternal attention they need."

This applies to leading Soviet tennis players Andrei Chesnokov (whose coach was Tatyana Naumko), Andrei

Larissa Savchenko in action
on the tennis court

Chepkasov (coached by Natalya Rogova), Savchenko, and others.

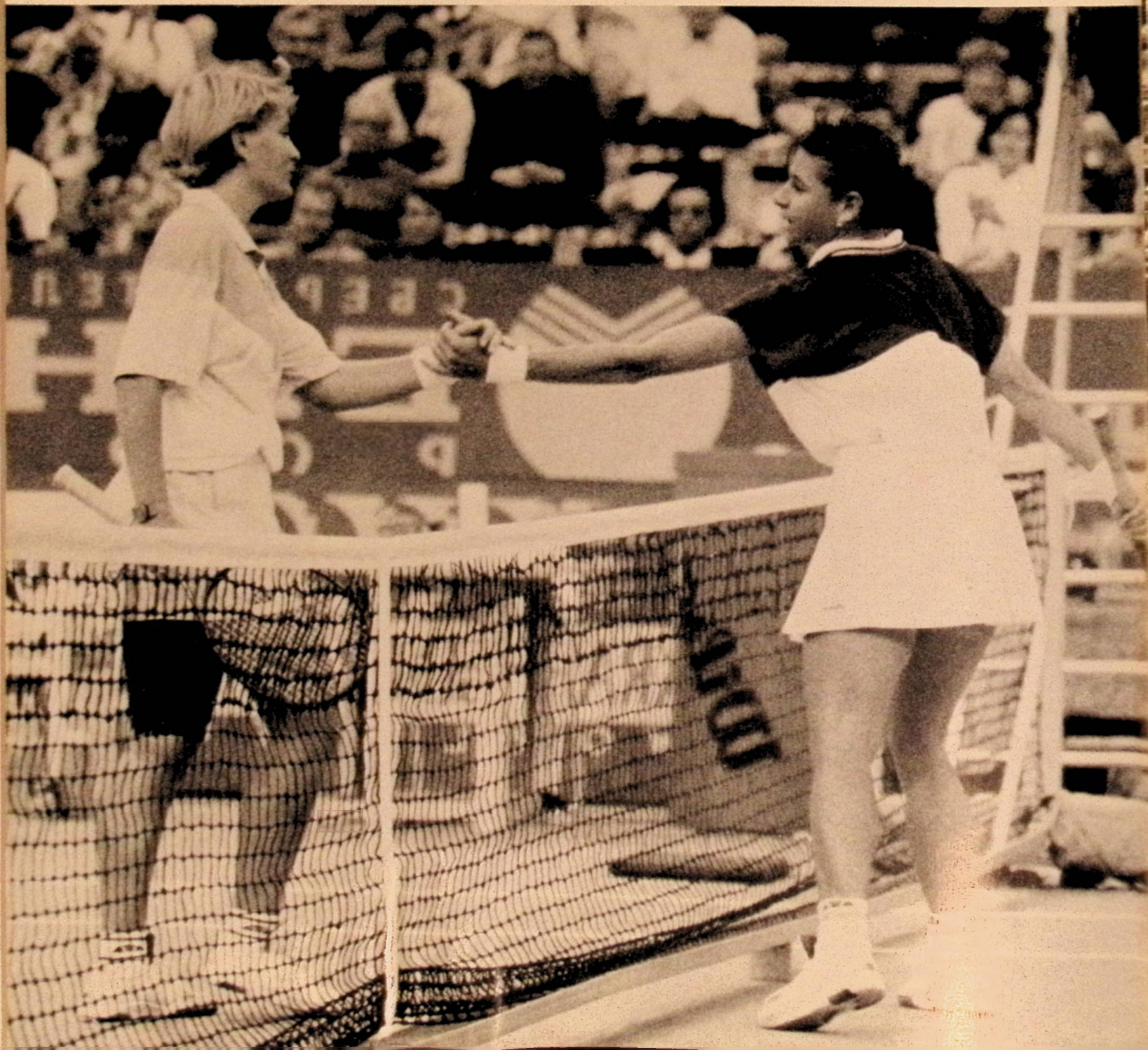
Shamil Tarpishchev, Savchenko's current coach, who now heads the USSR Tennis Federation, had for a long time trained the Soviet national team (both men and women).

"Larissa Savchenko is a born doubles player," said Tarpishchev. "I noticed her when, as a twelve-year-old, she was sent to the national team's practice

camp because she was a promising tennis player. You could already see that she had quick reflexes, that she saw the court well and had a fine sense of the ball, and that she would become a good doubles player. As further developments have shown, she hasn't let me down."

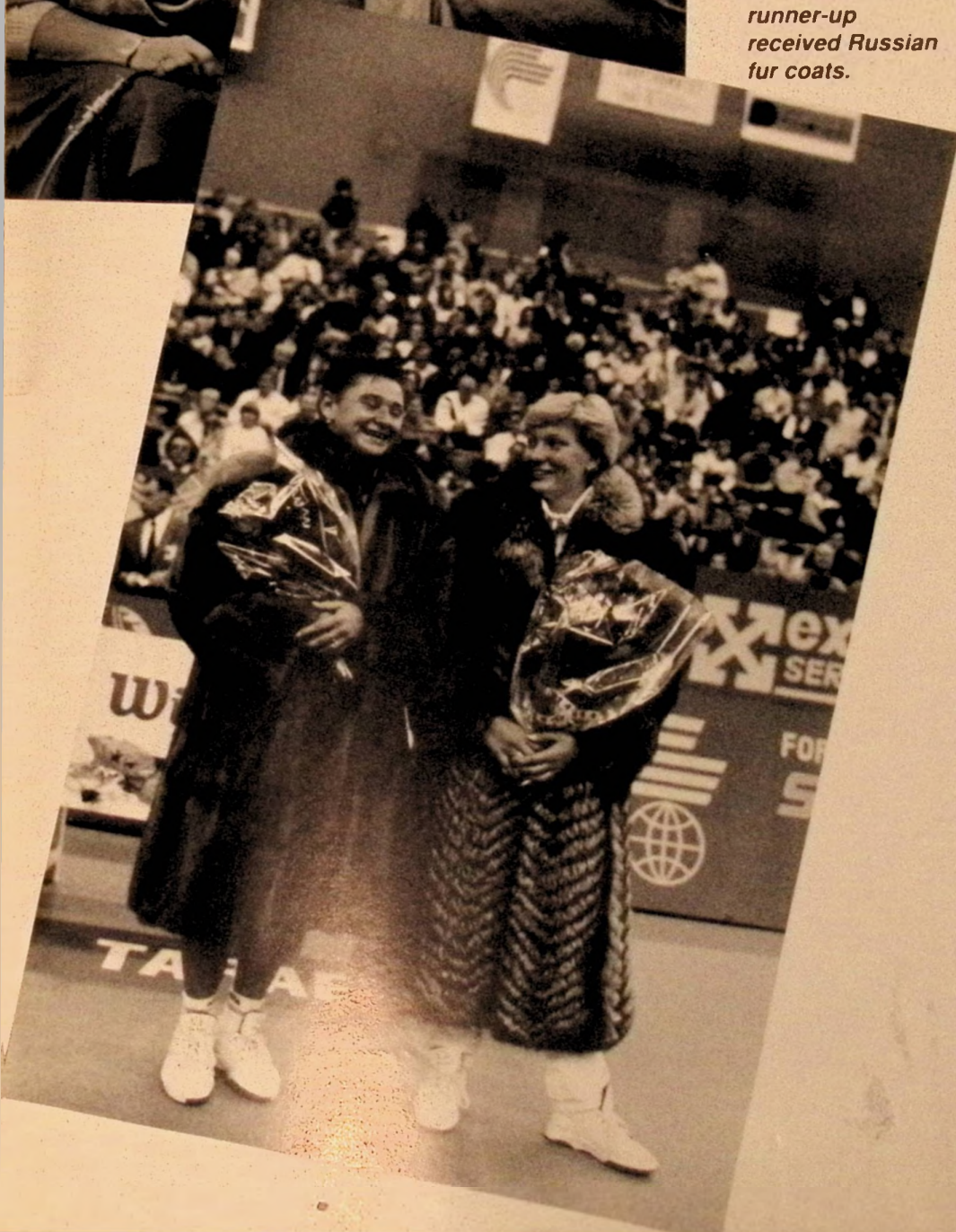
Savchenko won singles matches at international tournaments in 1984 in Chicago, Illinois, and in Caserta, Italy.

Then she had a period when she was not very consistent in singles. At Wimbledon in 1989 she lost in the first round to Donna Faber, of the United States. Later, at the U.S. Open, after winning over American Pam Shriver and other strong rivals, she lost in the fourth round to Helena Sukova, of Czechoslovakia, winning the first set but then quickly losing the others. Her 1990 season was still more uneven.





Savchenko shakes hands with Barbara Rattner of Germany after the finals (facing page). Left: Savchenko talks with TV commentator Anna Dmitrieva, a former tennis star. Below: Both winner and runner-up received Russian fur coats.



Tarpishchev explained that Savchenko excels in doubles, where the player needs constantly to alternate between excitement and inhibition. She has trouble in singles because the tactics are more tiring to the nervous system. In doubles the nervous system is not subjected to such continuous stress, and between shots the player has a brief respite.

"At the end of last year," said Tarpishchev, "Savchenko asked me to coach her, and we decided to emphasize the strong points of her technique. Savchenko is good at the net, so we changed her tactics: After her serve—which she has improved, especially her first serve—she plays net. She has increased the pace of her singles game."

One result of these changes was the doubles victory she won with Natalya Zvereva at Wimbledon this year. This was a long-awaited success for Soviet tennis. Before that, Soviet teams had won at major tournaments in Paris, Chicago, Indianapolis, and so forth, but this was the first success at Wimbledon. Having won in the semi-finals over the strong team of Martina Navratilova and Pam Shriver, the Soviet tennis players won in three sets in the finals over Jana Novotna and Mary Jo Fernandez. Where Zvereva puts her opponent in a difficult position with her strong service and spin, Savchenko specializes in placing the ball in the court.

But let's go back to the St. Petersburg tournament. It used to be held in Moscow, where it was known as the Virginia Slims. Altogether, thirty-two tennis players from fifteen countries took part in the women's singles. Savchenko, who ranked eighty-second in the world on the eve of the tournament, won her early matches fairly easily. In the finals, against Barbara Rattner of Germany, Savchenko lost the first set 3:6. With the score in the second set 3:3, Savchenko was behind, on her serve, 0-40. She remembered what Jimmy Connors once said: You have to fight for every ball and seize the slightest chance for victory. Savchenko managed not only to come back from a triple break point, but also to win the next three games, evening the score. This match was the highlight of the tournament. ■



Eli Belyutin. *Quarrel*. 1988. Oil on canvas