



**TWO**

**BETWEEN**

**MILLSTONES**

**BOOK 1**

SKETCHES OF EXILE, 1974-1978

**ALEKSANDR  
SOLZHENITSYN**

ADVANCE PRAISE  
*for*

## Between Two Millstones, Book 1

Sketches of Exile, 1974–1978

“The publication of *Between Two Millstones, Book 1* is most welcome and occurs at just the right moment, when relations between Russia and the West are in a sorry state. This volume introduces readers to the worldview of a formidable writer after his expulsion from the Soviet Union in 1974. A Russian patriot and an honest and unrelenting champion of the oppressed, Solzhenitsyn disappointed those pundits and public figures who expected him to lavish only praise on the West. His memoirs are continually absorbing and contain fascinating insights and observations, where his literary brilliance is on full display.”

—David L. Tubbs, The King’s College, New York City

“The popular image of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is that of a dour prophet, waging a war of words against international Communism—he won. However, Solzhenitsyn is primarily an author with an exceptional knack for making characters come alive off the printed page. In this personal memoir recounting the years after his expulsion from the Soviet Union, Solzhenitsyn himself emerges from behind the shadows of his public persona. Instead of the ‘slightly balmy nineteenth-century Russian mystic’ that President Jimmy Carter styled him, we see a thoughtful, witty, ironic, sensitive man struggling to learn the ways of new cultures, new friends, and new languages. He documents his search for a place to live where his family will thrive, safe from the threat posed by the KGB. He is always torn between the weight of fame (legions of people want to admire, damn, or at the least meet him) and the longing for the unencumbered existence of a writer. For readers interested in one of the pivotal figures in the demise of twentieth-century totalitarianism, this book is a treasure.”

—James F. Pontuso, Charles Patterson Professor of Government and Foreign Affairs, Hampden-Sydney College, author of *Assault on Ideology: Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn’s Political Thought*

“For those wishing to know more about the literary genius and political giant who was Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, this autobiographical account of his years of exile in the West is a wish come true. Up until now, we have only had Solzhenitsyn’s account of his years as a dissident in the Soviet Union, prior to his expulsion from his homeland. As for the years from 1974 to 1994, we have had to content ourselves with mere scraps and fragments. Now, at long last, we are being served the feast for which we have hungered.”

—Joseph Pearce, author of *Solzhenitsyn: A Soul in Exile*

“*Between Two Millstones* describes the years when Solzhenitsyn, banished but unbowed, defied Western decadence as eloquently as he had Soviet brutality.”

—Christopher Caldwell, *The Weekly Standard*

“Solzhenitsyn’s account of his early years of exile is informed by a refusal to be swept along by the swift-moving currents of modernity and an ever-increasing awareness of the West’s loss of a moral compass. It should be high on the reading list of every thinking American.”

—Lee Congdon, author of *Solzhenitsyn: The Historical-Spiritual Destinies of Russia and the West*

“Like the man himself, the translated memoir of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is an indispensable part of history. Solzhenitsyn’s words, now accessible to English readers for the first time, are a lasting testimony to his unbending moral courage, his persistence, and his persuasiveness—all of which helped bring down Communism.”

—Donald Rumsfeld, secretary of defense (1975–1977, 2001–2006)

“These ‘sketches of exile’ were written during the events described and are informed with the same energy and vivid powers of description that characterized Solzhenitsyn’s acclaimed memoir *The Oak and the Calf: Between Two Millstones* has appeared in Russian, French, German, Italian, and Romanian, but not in the country where Solzhenitsyn spent eighteen years of his Western exile. It is one of the great memoirs of our time and a distinguished work of art in its own right.”

—Daniel J. Mahoney, Augustine Chair in Distinguished Scholarship,  
Assumption College

“As a former political prisoner fresh out of the USSR, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn was consumed with the desire of making the West see the dangers of Communism. But an increasing number of Western commentators found his views too harsh in this respect, as well as ‘insufficiently liberal’ in general. Controversies concerning Solzhenitsyn began erupting with ever greater frequency, reaching a crescendo of sorts after the Harvard speech. In *Between Two Millstones*, Solzhenitsyn revisits these polemical battles with gusto and in fascinating detail.”

—Alexis Klimoff, emeritus, Vassar College

“Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn took to Vermont, and Vermonters took to him. I felt it a privilege to have met with him in his new Vermont setting, and I know that our state’s forested beauty reminded him of home. We are proud that he believed that his homeland, and the world, could learn from the local self-government that is embodied in Town Meeting Day in towns and hamlets across the Green Mountain State.”

—Senator Patrick Leahy (D-Vermont)

BETWEEN  
TWO  
MILLSTONES

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BOOK 1

## The Center for Ethics and Culture Solzhenitsyn Series

The Center for Ethics and Culture Solzhenitsyn Series showcases the contributions and continuing inspiration of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn (1918–2008), the Nobel Prize–winning novelist and historian. The series makes available works of Solzhenitsyn, including previously untranslated works, and aims to provide the leading platform for exploring the many facets of his enduring legacy. In his novels, essays, memoirs, and speeches, Solzhenitsyn revealed the devastating core of totalitarianism and warned against political, economic, and cultural dangers to the human spirit. In addition to publishing his work, this new series features thoughtful writers and commentators who draw inspiration from Solzhenitsyn's abiding care for Christianity and the West, and for the best of the Russian tradition. Through contributions in politics, literature, philosophy, and the arts, these writers follow Solzhenitsyn's trail in a world filled with new pitfalls and new possibilities for human freedom and human dignity.

*Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn*

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BETWEEN  
TWO  
MILLSTONES

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BOOK 1

*Sketches of Exile*  
1974–1978

*Translated from the Russian by*  
PETER CONSTANTINE

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

This is the first publication in English of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's memoirs of his years in the West, *Угодило зёрнышко промеж двух жерновов: Очерки изгнания* [*Ugodilo zjornyshko promezh dvukh zhernovov: Ocherki izgnaniya*]. They are being published here as two books: The present first book contains Part One. The forthcoming second book, under the title *Between Two Millstones, Book 2: Exile in America, 1978–1994*, contains Parts Two, Three, and Four.

The reader is reminded that the overall sequence of Solzhenitsyn's memoirs, as they appear in English, is therefore as follows:

*The Oak and the Calf: Sketches of Literary Life in the Soviet Union*  
*Invisible Allies* [=Fifth Supplement to *The Oak and the Calf*]  
*Between Two Millstones, Book 1: Sketches of Exile, 1974–1978*  
*Between Two Millstones, Book 2: Exile in America, 1978–1994*

The original Russian text of chapter 5, *Skvoz chad* (*Through the Fumes*), was published separately at YMCA-Press in 1979. Then the full text of the book appeared over seven installments in the journal *Novy Mir* (chap. 1: no. 9, 1998; chaps. 2–3: no. 11, 1998; chaps. 4–5: no. 2, 1999; chaps. 6–8: no. 9, 2000; chaps. 9–10: no. 12, 2000; chaps. 11–13, no. 4, 2001; and chaps. 14–16: no. 11, 2003). In preparation for eventual book publication, the author twice made revisions to his text, in 2004 and again in 2008. The first complete Russian edition in book form is scheduled to be released by Vremya in late 2018 or 2019 as volume 29 of their ongoing publication of a thirty-volume collected works of Solzhenitsyn. It is that final, definitive text that is presented here in English translation.

The author wrote *Between Two Millstones* in Vermont during four discrete periods:

Part One—Autumn 1978

Part Two—Spring 1982

Part Three—Spring 1987

Part Four—Spring 1994

The author's footnotes written during those periods are printed without dates, while his later footnotes are dated according to the year added.

Footnotes appearing at the bottom of a page are the author's. By contrast, notes that have been added to this English translation are not the author's, and appear as endnotes at the end of the book.

The text contains numbers in square brackets, for example, [17], which refer to the corresponding appendix at the end of the book. The appendices are part of the author's original text. Some notes to the appendices have been added for this edition, and those notes can be found at the end of the book in the Notes to the English Translation.

Russian names are not Westernized with the exception of certain well-known public figures or published authors, who may already be familiar to readers in such a form.

This English translation of *Between Two Millstones* was made possible in part by Drew Guff and the Solzhenitsyn Initiative at the Wilson Center's Kennan Institute. This support is gratefully acknowledged.

## FOREWORD

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn was a quintessentially Russian writer and thinker whose life and work nonetheless have universal significance. He spent twenty years of his life in Western exile, eighteen of them in the United States. Out of that experience, a new set of “sketches” emerged, ones that are as compelling as *The Oak and the Calf*; his earlier account of his underground struggle against what he did not hesitate to call the “Soviet Dragon.” Readers of that literary memoir thrilled to Solzhenitsyn’s capacity again and again to outmaneuver a totalitarian state and ideology that had killed millions, muzzled the soul, and subjugated the best traditions of Russia for over six grinding decades. Yet on 13 February 1974, Solzhenitsyn found himself forcibly exiled to the West as a result of the publication abroad of *The Gulag Archipelago*, a monumental work that would do more than any other to expose the violence and mendacity at the heart of the Soviet regime.

For a time, Solzhenitsyn was the most famous man in the world. Yet he found himself adrift in the West, hounded by journalists and reporters and trying to find his bearings in a completely new situation. This book describes all of this in fascinating detail. He could now speak freely, but he wanted to marshal his words, make sense of his new surroundings, and remain as much as possible “within the bounds of literature” rather than political activism. The Western press saw only prickliness and ingratitude and a failure to be frank with a Western public that had “the right to know.” Solzhenitsyn was indeed caught “between two millstones”: a totalitarian regime in the East that posed a grave and immediate threat to humanity, and the often frivolous forces of Western “freedom” that had lost a sense of dignity and high purpose. He had a new tension-ridden mission: to write with force, clarity, and artfulness about the Russian twentieth century while doing his best to warn the West about the pitfalls of a free society caught up in the cult of comfort and increasingly unwilling to defend itself against the march of evil. However much he wished to subordinate politics to literature, in the first few years of exile he felt compelled to speak to a sometimes uncomprehending

West. From his first base in Zurich, he traveled to the Scandinavian countries, France, England, and Spain, imploring his listeners to defend their best traditions and to find the civic courage necessary to defend freedom worthy of the name.

As these pages make abundantly clear, Solzhenitsyn was never anti-Western (as superficial critics repeatedly charged) but rather a tempered friend of the West who felt obliged to convey the Soviet tragedy to all who would listen so that historical catastrophes would not be unnecessarily repeated. His accounts of his travels and meetings are charming and instructive, and show the openness and curiosity of a man who previously only knew the rest of Europe through his reading (Dickens, for example, allowed him to make immediate sense of what he saw in England). He developed an affection with and proximity to the French that would continue to the end of his life. The French were the most open to the lessons of *The Gulag Archipelago* in no small part because French intellectuals had gone further in succumbing to the totalitarian temptation than their neighboring counterparts. That great book was received by the French as a liberating tonic, allowing the entire nation, or almost all of it, to see clearly for the first time in a generation or two. And Solzhenitsyn adored the sights and sounds, the old towns and churches, that covered the French landscape, and that gave it character, spiritual depth, and charm. He would travel to France again before returning to post-Communist Russia, delivering some of his most important messages there. In some ways it became a second home.

In June and July of 1975, Solzhenitsyn came to the United States for the first time, addressing meetings of the AFL-CIO in Washington and New York, respectively. On those occasions, he displayed great “passion and conviction,” “thrusting a spear into the jaws and ribs” of his “nemesis, the Soviet Dragon.” Yet he began to have doubts that his “warnings to the West” were succeeding in conveying the full truth about Communist totalitarianism (and Western complicity in its spread) to a West weighted by materialism and an excessive engrossment in everyday life. In his own word, he had become “disillusioned.” He no longer felt the same confidence he had expressed in his Nobel Lecture that literature (and even Solzhenitsyn’s public essays and addresses of that period were works of literary art) could convey the bitter experience of one people to another. He feared that the West would have to endure the “long path of errors and suffering” alone. Yet despite these forebodings, he continued to speak to the West, as

evidenced by his speeches and addresses in England and Spain in 1975 and 1976. Still torn between literature and politics, he also felt a duty of friendship to the Western world that he never confused with flattery or an unwillingness to share difficult truths.

This was the source of even more misunderstandings in the West in the years after 1974. Journalists in particular misconstrued almost everything Solzhenitsyn had to say. A caricature of Solzhenitsyn had developed, and clichés bearing little or no resemblance to anything he thought or wrote took the place of patient efforts to understand his thought. This failure of effort on the part of journalists (and some academic commentators) persists to this day, as even a cursory examination of writing about Solzhenitsyn attests. Solzhenitsyn did not become embittered. Rather, he strove to connect to those healthy elements in Western and American society that were still open to the old verities and to the truth about the human soul.

One of Aleksandr and Natalia Solzhenitsyn's great initiatives during the early years of their Western exile was to create the Russian Social Fund. Derived wholly from international royalties from *The Gulag Archipelago* (the book sold over thirty million copies around the world), the fund set up by the Solzhenitsyns aimed to provide resources for the families of prisoners and the persecuted in the USSR, to aid in the resuscitation of Russian publishing and culture, and to restore authentic Russia in any way they could. The fund was ably and courageously administered by the Jewish dissident Aleksandr Ginzburg, who was eventually jailed for his noble work. The Solzhenitsyns fought for his freedom and were deeply grateful for all his efforts. Today, the Solzhenitsyn Fund continues the work begun by the Russian Social Fund, supporting the Solzhenitsyn Literature Prize and recently providing support for the building of an impressive monument in the heart of Moscow to the victims of Communist repression. It was dedicated with the full support of the Solzhenitsyn family on 30 October 2017.

One of the most memorable sections of *Between Two Millstones* is Solzhenitsyn's beautifully crafted account of witnessing elections in the Swiss Catholic canton of Appenzell before his departure to the United States in 1976. He also spoke about this experience in 1990's *Rebuilding Russia*. The episode is important for understanding his political reflection and his ongoing support for "the democracy of small spaces." The citizens of tiny Appenzell practiced a sturdy form of republican self-government, one that Solzhenitsyn greatly admired. Their Landammann, the cantonal leader, spoke about

the rights and responsibilities that accompanied individual freedoms and the need to avoid both moral anarchy and the “inhumanity” of an “almighty state.” The citizens of Appenzell unanimously reelected their Landammann while proceeding to turn down his three most important legislative proposals! This exercise in citizen democracy impressed and moved Solzhenitsyn. This was in his view a conservative, dignified, and morally serious democracy that ought to provide lessons and inspiration for a free Russia. Solzhenitsyn astutely observed that the Helvetic Confederacy dates from 1291, that it owes nothing to the Enlightenment per se but rather arose out of the “ancient forms of communal life.” Perhaps an emerging Russian democracy could take its inspiration, although not its exact forms, from Russia’s medieval town assemblies or *veche*—and from the *zemustvo*, the self-governing provincial assemblies of the second half of the nineteenth century. He believed Russia could learn from the local self-government practiced in Switzerland (and New England) even as it renewed and modernized those elements of self-government found within its own traditions. Solzhenitsyn appreciated that self-government was learned in “small spaces” and could not be imposed from the top down without grave distortions of social and political life.

Solzhenitsyn, one must be reminded, did not freely *choose* a life in exile. This rather was his fate, one that he accepted with grace and some sadness, but never bitterness. But his family eventually settled down on a lovely property in Cavendish, Vermont, a property marked by five brooks, and a climate and atmosphere reminiscent of Russia. They made a gracious home for themselves. As Solzhenitsyn cut back on his frenetic pace of public addresses and speeches, he began to make considerable progress on *The Red Wheel*, his other masterwork, a massive literary-historical project that sought to come to terms with the causes, effects, and legacy of Red October. *The Gulag Archipelago* and *The Red Wheel* can be understood as the most impressive and significant literary diptych of the twentieth century, the first describing Communist totalitarianism and all its works, the second using the resources of art and historical exploration to explain Russia’s initial descent into the ideological abyss.

Solzhenitsyn writes of the dramatic importance of the two months he spent in 1976 examining the enormously rich document collections at the Hoover Institution in Palo Alto, California, bearing on the events in the Russia of 1917. For the first time, he discovered the full truth about the Febru-

ary revolution of 1917: rather than being a liberating outburst of freedom as he and so many other historians had supposed, he came to see nothing but “baseness, meanness, hypocrisy, plebeian uniformity, and suppression of people with other points of view” that took place. The first February revolution of 1917 destroyed any prospect for ordered liberty in Russia. The Provisional Government was worse than hapless and could not govern for two hours, not to mention two days. “There was not a single week in 1917 of which the nation could be proud.” February made October and Communist totalitarianism all but inevitable. Solzhenitsyn now felt compelled to rework the early parts of *The Red Wheel* to explain the stupidity and ideological rigidity of Russia’s liberals and socialists, the chronic inability of the tsar to act, and the valiant but unavailing efforts of the great Pyotr Stolypin, prime minister of Russia from 1906 to 1911, to defeat revolution through meaningful reform while building the pediments of a rule-of-law state.

Solzhenitsyn now understood that he would need to squeeze all this new material into the work and to shift focus from Red October to the initial disaster that was February 1917. All this would affect Solzhenitsyn’s later judgment about the proper path for Russia to follow as she descended from the icy cliffs of Communist totalitarianism. The chaos and lawlessness of 1917 must be avoided at all costs. The ideocratic state must go—but a regime of self-government must be built gradually and on sturdy moral foundations. Above all, the new Russia must be moral, “or not at all.” Needless to say, Russia after 1991 did not follow the principled but prudent path that Solzhenitsyn limned. Putin and Putinism did not come out of a vacuum. It was a response to the degenerate “pseudo-democracy” of the 1990s, a criminal kleptocracy that was falsely acclaimed as a “true democracy” and a “true market economy” by too many in the West.

In *Between Two Millstones*, we witness Solzhenitsyn’s troubled relations with so many members of the Third Wave of Soviet émigrés. Many had been privileged members of the Soviet elite, demi-educated intellectuals who hated Russia as much as they disdained Soviet tyranny. Solzhenitsyn now had a new mission: “to fight to the death against Communism” even as he defended the integrity of the true Russia, which he adamantly refused to identify with “eternal despotism.” The true Russia was not just the “prison of nations” but rather had immense cultural and spiritual resources upon which a proud and free nation could draw (while learning, as it must, from the civic



cultures of the Western world). Solzhenitsyn insisted that things “Russian” and “Soviet” be clearly demarcated and that an enslaved people not be confused with their oppressors. But he was beginning to fear that many Soviet émigrés, and far too many in the West, did not wish to see a rebirth of Russian national consciousness. For his humane and self-critical patriotism, Solzhenitsyn was attacked as a “totalitarian” and “theocrat” by the likes of Andrei Sinyavsky from the seat of his Parisian exile. Others played “the Persian card,” arguing that the author of *The Gulag Archipelago* was an aspiring “Russian Ayatollah” (this about a man who fought courageously for freedom and who respected all the world’s great religions).

And when Solzhenitsyn reminded Americans at Harvard in June 1978 that freedom demands voluntary self-limitation, that it requires civic courage and lucidity about the totalitarian threat, when he dared to criticize the superficiality and irresponsibility of the *free* press, he was once again denounced against all evidence as a “fanatic,” “a fierce dogmatic,” “a mind split apart.” Solzhenitsyn thought Americans welcomed criticism but soon discerned that intellectual elites only welcomed criticism that came from the Left. Yet he received many encouraging letters from the American heartland, from ordinary Americans who had not forgotten the indispensable moral foundations of democracy. So once again, Solzhenitsyn held on to a “glimmer of hope” that the truth could win out over the cultured despisers of the “rich reserves of mercy and sacrifice” that defined both Russia and the West at their very best.

Readers of *Between Two Millstones* will see Solzhenitsyn struggling against those who have botched the Western publications of his books and against massive KGB disinformation efforts to besmirch his name. One sees Solzhenitsyn’s unrelenting fidelity to truth, to defending it against lies great and small. Solzhenitsyn responds to the KGB’s lies by simply setting the record straight. The fight to the death against the Soviet Dragon proceeds apace even as Solzhenitsyn struggles with new and more perplexing adversaries in the West. He is saddened to discover that many enemies of Communism in the West also fear and even hate Russia, too. But he never gives up his hope to go home to help his beloved homeland come out from under the rubble of a soul-destroying ideological despotism. He poignantly notes that he and his young sons prayed for Russia’s deliverance and their eventual return to a free Russia. Solzhenitsyn told his boys that a rock that looked like a resting horse would one day come to life and fly them all back to their beloved

homeland. This hope sustained him. This friend and well-wisher to the West, this teller of sometimes bitter truths, never lost the desire to go home. The adventure will continue in Book 2 of *Between Two Millstones*, culminating in the historic collapse of European Communism a decade after the events described in the first book of this work. Then a new set of challenges begins, “another time, another burden.” These “sketches of exile” are a gift for Russians and Americans alike.

DANIEL J. MAHONEY  
*Augustine Chair in Distinguished Scholarship*  
*Assumption College*  
*Worcester, MA*  
*14 December 2017*

*To my wife Alya—  
the wing that saved me  
in life's whirlwind*

Thou distant land,  
Land unknown to me,  
Not of my own free will have I come to thee,  
Nor was it my brave steed that brought me here:  
What brought me here was misfortune.

—*Russian song*



P A R T  
O N E

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(1974 – 1978)



## CHAPTER 1

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# Untethered

In a whirlwind of just a few hours I was transported from Moscow's Lefortovo prison, and from the whole Great Soviet Prison itself, to Heinrich Böll's country house near Cologne, into a dense crowd of over a hundred reporters waiting for my thundering pronouncements. But to my own surprise I told them: "I said enough in the Soviet Union. I will be silent for now."

Wasn't that strange? All my life I suffered under the prohibition that barred us from speaking; finally I had broken free—should I not be holding forth, lobbing salvos at our tyrants?

It was strange. But from those very first hours—perhaps because of the astonishing openness here in the West—it was as if something inside me had clammed up.

No sooner had I arrived at Böll's house than I asked if a long-distance call to Moscow could be arranged. I was certain I wouldn't be put through, but I was! And it is Alya herself who answers the phone—she is at home! So I manage to assure her with my own voice that I am alive and that I have arrived at Böll's.

"But you? What about you?" I ask. (They surely will not have harmed the children, but who knew what might be going on in the apartment.)

Alya answers, her voice is clear, managing to signal through humdrum details that everyone is at home and that the KGB officers have left. Though she cannot say it outright, she adroitly manages to hint that the apartment has not been touched, *the door is to be fixed*. That means that they have not searched our apartment? I don't know what to think. I was certain that a search would have been made. All the secret papers and documents lying on the tables!—so they hadn't taken them?

Even before I arrived, Böll had already received calls from Betta (Liza Markstein) in Vienna and Dr. Fritz Heeb, the lawyer, in Zurich, saying that



they were coming to Germany. A call was also put through to Nikita Struve in Paris, who said he would come too. My Three Pillars of Support,<sup>1</sup> all together, how perfect! But I felt that it would all be too much to bear, and so asked Struve to come to Zurich a day later instead.

Suddenly the tension that had kept me going throughout that very long day<sup>2</sup> ebbed, and I shuffled to my room and collapsed on the bed. But I woke up in the middle of the night. Böll's house, which lay directly on the village street, was under siege: headlights were flashing from cars that were pulling up and parking; right by the house there was a buzzing crowd of reporters, and through the window, open in the warm European night, came snippets of German, French, and English. The reporters were huddling, waiting to seize their morning bounty of news, finally some statement from me. But what statement? I had already said everything that was important in Moscow.

I had after all won for myself an almost complete freedom of speech in the Soviet Union. A few days earlier I had publicly called the Soviet government and the KGB a pack of horned devils flitting through the early dawn before the matins bell rings; I had denounced the lawlessness that knew no bounds and the genocide of peoples—what else was there for me to add now? These were things that were straightforward enough, and in fact known to all. Or were they? As for the more complex issues, those were hardly for the press. I would have preferred not to make any more statements: in my last days in the Soviet Union I had done so out of necessity, to defend myself, but what need was there to do so here? Here everyone could speak their mind without running the slightest risk.

I was lying there awake, in the knowledge that I had been successfully freed, but I was also caught up in a tangle of branching thoughts: what was I to do now, and how was I to do it? But even the questions refused to rise out of the shadows, and so nothing could be decided.

Betta had arrived that night, and we'd had a warm reunion. I had been intent on not going out to face the crowd of reporters, since I saw little point in parading myself before them like a silent scarecrow, but Betta changed my mind. She convinced me that Heinrich and I should go outside, stroll across the meadow, and let the press take pictures of us, since the reporters could not leave empty-handed. So after breakfast Heinrich and I went outside and were greeted with such a flood of questions that there was no way to respond: surprisingly foolish questions, such as how I felt and if I'd slept well. I don't quite recall what I said, but I managed to utter a few words. Then Heinrich and I walked some hundred yards and back, a mad crush of pho-

tographers and journalists edging backward in front of us over the uneven ground, an older man falling painfully on his back. I felt bad for him, and for the others too—theirs was not a job to be envied.

Betta's next decision was that my one white KGB shirt would not see me through, and so, with the Deutschmarks that the KGB officers had slipped me on the plane, she went and bought me two shirts she found at the local village store. I didn't notice it right away, but the shirt I wore for the trip the following day had gray and white vertical stripes—like the stakes of a stockade—almost identical to the prison uniform of the Soviet camps.

Soon after, Dr. Heeb, my sound and even-keeled benefactor, arrived at Böll's house, a man of strong features and imposing and solid build. While Betta was with us I didn't have to resort to German, but no serious discussions were required anyway. Meanwhile, the crowd of reporters were badgering me to come outside and be photographed and asked questions.

Having rushed in from all the corners of Europe and from across the ocean—what kind of *statement* were they expecting from me? I simply couldn't understand. Was some inane comment all they needed for a headline? That I was feeling extremely tired, or, on the contrary, extremely lively? That I was absolutely delighted to be in the Free World? Or that I really liked the German autobahns? If I said any of this, their long journeys would have been justified. But, having just emerged from a great tumult, I was simply unable to humor them, even had I known how.

My silence turned out to be a great disappointment to them.

And so from the very outset the Western media and I were not to be friends, were not to understand one another.

Then Herr Dingens arrived from Bonn; as a representative of the German Foreign Ministry he had welcomed me on my arrival in the West the day before. We sat at the table in the bright living room, but Annemarie, Heinrich's wife, following a festive European tradition, also lit a few red candles. Herr Dingens had brought me a temporary German passport without which I could not exist, let alone travel. Officially, in the name of the government, he proposed that I could choose any place of residence I wished in Germany.

For a minute I hesitated. I had not made such plans. But I did like Germany, probably because as a child I had enjoyed studying German and learning German poems by heart, and in the long summer months had read books of German folklore, *The Song of the Nibelungs*, Schiller, and some Goethe.

And during the war? Not for a moment did I connect Hitler with traditional Germany. As for the heated weeks of battle, I had felt only the zeal of pin-pointing German batteries faster and with greater precision. It was zeal, not hatred; and I had only felt sympathy at the sight of German prisoners. Was I now to live in Germany? Perhaps that would be the right thing to do. But in the meantime I wanted above all to get to Zurich. That was something I could not even have imagined only two days ago, for my unfinished *November 1916*<sup>3</sup> was lacking in details concerning Lenin's life in Zurich—after all, imagining a place is one thing, but seeing it with one's own eyes is another, and now, tomorrow, I was to see it for myself!

I thanked Herr Dingens but turned the offer down, not with finality, but for the time being.

We had barely sat down with the Bölls and gathered our thoughts when we had word from outside that Dmitri Panin had come to see me with his wife (his second wife, with whom he had emigrated, and whom I didn't know). I was quite taken aback—I had thought he was in Paris! For him to suddenly drop everything and catch a plane, without so much as letting me know! Hadn't the emotional state I would be in and my being overwhelmed by demands crossed his mind?

But that was Dmitri Panin, my friend from the prison camp, a “Knight of the Holy Grail” and one of a kind.

Some five years earlier I had read his philosophical manuscript on how to understand and save humanity. I had asked him where one was to start, what he was proposing that we actually do *here and now*. But as always his main concern was that the edifice of his worldview be complete; putting his system into practice was of little concern to him, some lesser figure could see to that. (He had a hazy sense of reality and its possibilities. Back in 1961 Dmitri had strongly rebuked me for giving *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* to the magazine *Novy Mir* (*New World*), and thus laying open my underground activity; I ought to have remained in the underground.) As for saving our nation from Communism, that was simple enough. It was necessary to convince the West to come together and give the Soviet Union a *general ultimatum*: “Relinquish Communism or else we will destroy you!” As simple as that. And the Soviet leaders would undoubtedly capitulate. (I laughed at the idea.) The only flaw in his concept that he was prepared to admit was that the countries of the West were not in accord with one another and would not present a united front, like de Gaulle's reckless withdrawal from NATO. To unite the nations of the West, he argued, one had to go by way of the Pope (“a Cru-

sade!”). Two years earlier, Dmitri had decided, so be it, he would tackle the matter himself, hands-on. He would set out to convince the Pope! With this in view he had left the Soviet Union with his new wife, by way of her Israeli visa. The Pope even granted him an audience. But alas, the Pontiff refrained from such a simple and direct course of action. So Dmitri began to lay the groundwork himself, publishing *The Notebooks of Sologdin* (his name in my book *In the First Circle*), and traveled throughout Europe on a book tour with posters featuring a small snapshot of us, with my arm resting on his shoulder, that had been enlarged. His presentations were rousing and combative, calling on everyone to rise and unite against Communism without delay; but those foolish Europeans were sluggish in their response.

Some of this I already knew back in the USSR through smuggled letters and newspaper clippings, and the rest he told me now. He and I sat in the front parlor, while his wife, Issa, went to the living room to join the others at the table with the red candles. The plan Dmitri laid out before me was this: to immediately declare before the crowd of journalists outside our alliance and solidarity unto death against Communism. The allocation of responsibilities, which he would also later send me in writing, was that I would be the swift frigate with bright and colorful sails, while he would be the frigate’s cargo hold filled with an arsenal of ideas. Together we would be invincible! My God, how skewed all this was, not only in regard to my having just arrived in the West a few hours earlier and struggling to adapt to my new situation, but to his tenuous grasp of reality and life. How could one achieve anything the way he was proposing? We would end up a laughingstock. But Dmitri did not understand, all my arguments falling on barren ground. My refusal deeply wounded him and he left extremely upset, if not furious.

This was immediately followed by a new challenge: Janis Sapiets of the BBC Russian Service, known to his listeners as Ivan Ivanovich, had arrived, and was asking if I would see him. How could I not? He turned out to be an extremely kind and pleasant man, his voice so familiar to me for many years. He persuaded me to record an interview then and there; this would be important for Soviet listeners, which indeed it was. We did the recording (but I don’t remember what I said).<sup>4</sup>

Now that I had my passport in hand, I could have left and no longer been a burden on Heinrich. (But a burden I was to be, for the whole world had found out that I was at his house, and for the next month there was a flood of telegrams, letters, and books, his secretary struggling to keep records and send everything on to Zurich.) Betta and Heeb, of course, were thinking that we

catch a plane. But was I to see nothing of Germany? Might there not be a train we could take? There was—we could board a train in Cologne in the morning and reach Zurich before nightfall. That was ideal.

Early the following morning we took leave of the hospitable Bölls and drove off. A few dozen cars that were still lining the narrow village streets all turned to follow us. We soon reached the train station in Cologne without my having seen much through the window, and hurried to the platform, going up in an elevator of all things, getting there just two minutes before our train was to pull in.

But what two minutes! Right before me, in full view and in all its perfection, was that work of beauty, no, that miracle, the Cologne Cathedral! More than its intricate ornamentation, it was its spiritual depth that struck me, its towers and spires striving up to the heavens. I gasped, and stared with my mouth open, while the reporters, ever alert and already on the platform, took snapshots of me staring. And then the train pulled in and swallowed us up.

The day brightened and we could see out of the window far into the distance. The tracks ran right beside the Rhine, along its left bank, and we went through Koblenz and Mainz. But the Rhine seemed dirty and industrialized, no longer poetic, even near the Lorelei Rock which they pointed out to me. It must have been idyllic before it had been spoiled in this way. But the main beauty of the area, the centuries-old huddling houses and narrow streets, could not be seen from a passing train.

Back in Moscow, as soon as Alya or I would meet up with Betta, there ensued fiery exchanges of clandestine ideas—but now that I was free to discuss whatever I liked, I simply could not gather my thoughts. After a great upheaval passes, you feel it even more.

Word had already spread that I was on this train, and groups of curious onlookers came crowding to the carriage at the stations. They asked me to autograph the German edition of *Archipelago*, which I did, from the steps of the railcar, and then through the window. I was photographed, and always in that striped convict's shirt. Many of these snapshots were to be subsequently published in Germany.

Though it was only mid-February, it turned out to be a warm day. We reached Basel shortly after noon, our travel papers checked both on the German side and then on the Swiss. The border guards were already waiting for me, greeted me, and also asked for an autograph. Then we rode through the narrow and cozy Swiss valleys between the mountains.

The station in Zurich was teeming with people, and not just on our platform but on all the others, as well as in the concourse and all the way out onto the square. A whole police force would not have been able to contain the crowd. Without exaggeration, there was a serious danger of people being crushed. It was as if we were trapped in a clamp, and two huge Swiss men, editors from the Scherz Verlag, the publisher of *Archipelago* in German, who had been sent for our protection, courageously battled to open a way for us to inch forward. It really seemed as if we might not make it through the crowd in one piece. Inch by inch, little by little, we finally got to a waiting car into which I was shoved like a cork into a bottle, and I sat there for a long time, the car surrounded by a crowd of Swiss people all so friendly and—somewhat contrary to their nature, it seems—overcome with enthusiasm, while the others in our party were led through to our car. We set out slowly, the crowd waving, and more people lining the streets. From the first bridge we reached, the first houses and tramways, Zurich struck me as enchanting.

We drove over to Heeb's apartment. He lived somewhere on the outskirts of the city in one of the new high-rises. No sooner had we arrived than the reporters besieged the place. They insisted I come out and make a statement. I could not. Well, then just a pose or two for the camera. But above all, *posing* was beyond what I could muster, and I did not come out. (The press was becoming increasingly resentful.)

Then I was informed that the Stadtpräsident of Zurich, in other words the mayor of the city, Dr. Sigmund Widmer, had arrived at Heeb's apartment to greet me. A tall, intelligent-looking man with a pleasant but solemn face came into the living room. I stood up and walked toward him and he, with much effort and some inaccuracy, uttered a phrase of welcome—in Russian! I answered with two or three German phrases (brain cells carrying old memory, lighting up and linking into chains), and Dr. Widmer beamed. We sat down and conversed, Betta interpreting for us. His nervousness abated, and he proved to be an extremely pleasant person. He was most forthcoming and offered every possible assistance for my settling down. Might I want to rent an apartment? Needless to say I could stay at Heeb's for a day or two, but what then? Decisions had to be made.

But I could not come to any decision. In the meantime I was flooded with requests, invitations, proposals. I had not been there an hour when Senator Helms called from America, the interpreter on the phone inviting me to come right away to the United States, where I was being eagerly awaited. There followed another call from the States; it was Thomas Whitney, who

had translated *Archipelago* into English and whom until now I had known only by name. Another call: a woman's deep voice speaking Russian with a light accent, Valentina Holub, whose mother had fled from Vladivostok in 1920 with a Czech man who was with the retreating forces. Valentina and her Czech husband had left Prague, fleeing the Soviet occupation, and now were living in Zurich. "There are six thousand of us Czech émigrés here, and all of us worship you and will do anything for you. You can count on us!" She offered to help with any day-to-day matters, and that in Russian. I was very grateful to her; after all, we were in no uncertain terms guilty in what we had done to the Czechs in August 1968. They would be true allies. We arranged to meet.

And then what a telegram from Munich! "All transmitters of Radio Liberty are at your service. Director F. Ronalds." Who would have thought! To speak to the entire USSR, as much as one likes! It was indeed something that should be done. But couldn't one at least have a minute to catch one's breath?

Then I had a visitor—perhaps not that evening but the following one, though I will describe it here. From the lobby, where a police post had been set up (to prevent the apartment from being stormed), we were informed that the writer Anatoli Kuznetsov was asking to see me. None other than the Kuznetsov who had written *Babi Yar*, and surprised us all when he fled to the West in 1969 (under the pretext of researching Lenin's time in London—perhaps as I was going to do in Zurich now?); surprising us no less that he was now ashamed of his surname Kuznetsov (at the insistence of the Soviet authorities he had proffered charges against the publisher in the West who had brought out his novel without authorization), and so all his future novels (of which in the past five years there have not been any) were to be simply signed "Anatoli." He was conducted through to the apartment. But we had so little time to talk, just the briefest chat, almost on the go. He was a short man, agile, very sincere, with a touch of despair in his voice. Despair, needless to say, at things having turned out so badly for him, but also despair and fear that I might make the same mistakes he had. He warned me of what he likened to the bends, coming from a high to a low pressure zone where one ran the risk of bursting. It was vital at first not to make any statements at all, just to take in one's new surroundings. (How right he was!) And the poor fellow had come all the way from London just for ten minutes to warn me about something I already knew. I was completely aware of how careful one had to be not to throw oneself into the arms of the press, though I did not know how to take cover from their relentless siege.

So I do not go out to meet the reporters. It is already dark outside, perhaps time to go to bed. Heeb's wife gives me a sleeping pill, but still I cannot sleep. In the darkness I go out onto the balcony, to breathe in some air in the silence of the night. It is the back of the building, the fourth floor. Suddenly a powerful floodlight switches on, trained on me. I am caught! Photographed yet again. They will not let me breathe. I leave the balcony. More pills.

Nikita Struve, my third pillar of support, had also been caught up in the clamor at the Zurich train station. Zurich was proving to be the ideal place. My lawyer, Heeb, lived here, Betta could easily come from Vienna, Nikita from Paris. From Zurich it would be easier to work at straightening out the business that had been tangled up by all the clandestine operations, and also to prepare a rearguard defense of our "invisible allies,"<sup>5</sup> whom the KGB would be targeting.

For me Nikita Struve had been a faraway friend from beyond the Iron Curtain, and here he was now in the flesh! Not particularly tall, wearing glasses, unprepossessing in appearance and even more so in his clothes, which were serviceable enough—a trait to my taste. He had a quick, penetrating glance that did not aim to impress, but to notice and weigh things. Nikita Alekseevich and I understood each other with such ease, as if his whole life abroad did not separate us in the least. In spirit he had always lived in Russia, particularly in Russia's literary, philosophical, and theological production in exile. In 1963, his book *Christians in Contemporary Russia* had alerted the West about Khrushchev's persecution of the Church. He was also extremely erudite in Western culture. He had graduated from the Sorbonne, focusing initially on ancient languages, Arabic, and the philosophies of the ancient and Arab worlds before specializing in Russian language and literature. He was a sensitive man. I wondered that this did not get in the way of his work as a publisher who has to be quite severe at times. It was as if he was worried about coming across as too forceful, and so presented everything in the form of assumptions. I still had to get used to this so as not to miss important things in his offhand comments. What he feared even more was giving in to pathos, and at the slightest sign of doing so he would shrink back.

It had fallen to him after the *Archipelago* disaster<sup>6</sup> to prepare in utter secret the explosion onto the scene of the first volume, the main weapon in my battle with the KGB. Its publication came even earlier than I had hoped, before the Russian Christmas and even before the 1974 New Year. Despite the holiday period in the West, his publishing house, the Parisian YMCA-Press,<sup>7</sup> had been submerged by a flood of phone calls, orders, and inquiries.



He and I now had a great deal on our hands. First and foremost, we had to bring out the second volume of *Archipelago*, though its immediate publication no longer had the burning urgency it had had in Moscow. It was also time to begin the French translation of *The Oak and the Calf*<sup>8</sup> (the microfilm with the photographed manuscript had been smuggled out of the Soviet Union some time earlier). And there was so much more. . . . In fact I wanted to rush every possible publication.

I do not remember anything more—those first two or three days were like a wild merry-go-round. We went up into the mountains with Widmer and his wife Elisabeth (an extremely charming person), along with Betta and Struve, to take a look at the house that Widmer was offering me so I could work undisturbed. The only way we finally managed to escape the rush of press vehicles following us was that Widmer, in his capacity as mayor, had arranged a three-minute traffic ban behind us. I very much liked his cottage, which was at Sternenbergr on the ridge of one of the foothills. Here I could do some work!

I needed a large magnifying glass, probably in order to look at the microfilm that had been smuggled out. Betta and I went to the store where I chose a good magnifying glass, but the storekeeper categorically refused to take any money from me; we kept protesting, but I finally had to accept the gift, which was to become such a valued object. We visited Heeb's impressive law office on Zurich's main street, the Bahnhofstrasse, where his wife and his son Herbert, a pleasant and intelligent young man, were also working. There was also a young woman; and a great number of folders I had to go through, which I could barely take in, not to mention that I badly needed a pair of glasses, which I ordered next door.

Then it was time for the whole party to have lunch, and I surprised everyone (except Betta) by refusing to go to a restaurant. I found the sedate atmosphere of restaurants, the laborious and sluggish cult of dining, savoring—a waste of time and extremely exhausting. In all my fifty-five years of Soviet life I believe I was in a restaurant only two or three times, and then because I had to go. (Besides, I had always lived on the sidelines and was constantly short of money.) For me to appear in an elegant restaurant now that I was the center of attention filled me with shame. Heeb was clearly taken aback, but I asked if we couldn't just go to some worker's cafeteria where we could get a quick bite. Heeb and Betta conferred, and with some difficulty came up with a factory cafeteria some ways off from the center. The workers and

other personnel sitting closely packed recognized and greeted me. I somehow don't remember that there were any reporters there. But on the streets they followed us everywhere, brusquely shoving their long microphones in my face, recording every word I said to my party. We could not touch on anything secret or in fact anything else for fear that it would be transmitted live on the spot. I could not stand it. "You are worse than the KGB!" I exploded. My relations with the press grew worse and worse.

But what was most important for me was to see Lenin's house on Spiegelgasse. What a coincidence, what luck! Quite by chance I came upon the vein of gold I needed for my *November 1916*, in order to proceed with the Lenin chapters! I went there on my very first stroll with Betta, which, however, turned out to be a bad idea, something I had not thought through, as the newspapers then wrote that I had come to pay homage to Lenin! But I was looking forward to how much material on Lenin I could gather in Zurich.

It was on this stroll that Frank Crepeau from the Associated Press caught up with me on the street, a noble and kind man who, during the highpoint of my battle with the KGB, had helped me stand my ground. How could I now deny him an interview as a sign of my gratitude? It was a short interview [1],\* but despite its brevity I managed to talk about what was burning inside me: the fate of my archive, without which I could not move forward. At the time I did not know what good luck Alya had had with it, and came upon the naïve idea of threatening the Soviets that if they did not release my archive so I could write about history, I would be forced to go on the attack and write about the present. The crowd of reporters who were following us saw Crepeau approach me on the street and saw how delighted I was to see him, and a few hours later he had already interviewed me. One of the correspondents, perhaps out of envy or to justify his failure, announced that Crepeau had brought from Moscow a secret letter from my wife. (This was definitely not the case.) The next day we read this in all the newspapers. For Crepeau, however, this was a disaster: he would now be denied a Soviet visa, as such actions were prohibited to foreign correspondents! He was depressed. So what could I do but make another statement to the press, and went out in front of Heeb's apartment building and expressed my indignation at such misinformation. The journalist, in fact the press agency or the newspaper itself, ought to apologize.

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\* Bold number signifies the corresponding appendix at the end of this volume. (Editor's note.)

I was naïve in thinking that the reporter, his agency, or his newspaper might show any remorse. Their fly-by-night trade, as long as it lasts, is to outdo one another in snooping, conjecturing, and snatching at whatever they can. Every encounter I had with the media in my first days in the West filled me with bewilderment; I was taken aback. An ill-defined feeling of resistance to their cheap tricks arose within me: my book about the perishing of millions had just burst onto the scene, and they were nipping at some puny weeds. Of course it was also ungrateful on my part: was not the Western media, whatever its shortcomings, the force that had offered me a pedestal to the world, rescuing me from persecution? Then again, they did not do this on their own: I was the one who waged the battle. The KGB knew full well that if they threw me in chains even more of my writing would be printed, which would backfire on them. It was, however, through its penchant for sensationalism that the Western media saved me, and fueled by the same penchant it was now demanding I make statements, not realizing my stubbornness.

Did they think I was being silent because my family had not yet been allowed to leave the Soviet Union? But I was certain that the authorities would not dare prevent them from leaving. Or because they might not release my archive? I knew for certain that they would not relinquish even a scrap of paper, and that everything would depend on Alya's resourcefulness and the help of our well-wishing foreign friends. None of those things determined my silence: It was the writer's protective instinct, which had realized, even before my mind had, the danger of becoming a blatherer. I had been carried to the West on such a sweeping wave that I could now talk endlessly, repeating myself every which way, straying from the gift of writing. Political passion, of course, is embedded deep within me, and yet it comes *after* literature, it ranks lower. And if in our unfortunate land so many resourceful and active people had not perished, with physicists and mathematicians having to take up sociology and poets having to take up political oratory, I would have remained within the bounds of literature.

And here I clashed with the Western media in its frenzied rampage as it watched and stalked and photographed my every move. I had not bowed before the formidable Soviet Dragon—was I now to bow and scrape before these journalists in the West? Were they to ensnare me with glory? I did not need it! I had not clung to Khrushchev's orbit<sup>9</sup> even for a week, nor would I cling to theirs. All these methods disgusted me. "You are worse than the KGB!" My words instantly resounded throughout the world. So from my

first days in the West I did much to ruin my relationship with the press; a conflict that was to continue for many years had begun.

The second onslaught, so overwhelming that I had no time to gather my wits or think things through, was by mail. I still did not have a place of my own, and not having yet decided where I would live, was staying for a few days at Heeb's; but even there I was already receiving box after box of telegrams, letters from all over the world, and heavy books. (Back in Germany Böll was also inundated with mail addressed to me.) There were letters in all the world's languages, and it was futile to even glance through them all, let alone read and respond to them. As for all the boxes, the immediate issue was where to put them. Where was I going to live? It was vital to decide as soon as possible.

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I had long had a great fondness for Norway: a wintry northern land, long nights, stoves, wood throughout the home—even the tableware wooden, and (from Ibsen and Grieg) I saw a certain similarity with the Russian character and everyday Russian life. Furthermore recently, at the height of the Soviet actions against me, the Norwegians had sprung to my defense and invited me to come to Norway; there was even “a writing desk waiting.” Alya and I had decided that if we were to be deported, we would go to Norway. (I had then even asked Stig Fredrikson to be my secretary in anticipation of our living in Scandinavia.) Of course we would not go to Oslo but to some wilderness, and I imagined the sheer cliff of a fjord, with our house perched on its edge, and a view of the endlessly rolling steel-gray ocean.

So I had to go and take a look at Norway right away!

My trip so soon after my deportation sparked a lot of attention and surprise. (Alya in Moscow, hearing it on the radio, knew I had gone to look for a place.) At railway stations in Germany and, later, Sweden I was recognized through the train window by people on the platform; at some stations I was even greeted by delegations that had managed to gather. In Copenhagen I was welcomed and escorted through the city all day. On my arrival at the station I was offered a beer at the stationmaster's, and a small brass band played a welcoming march. Then I had a stroll through the streets with the president of the Danish Writers' Association, taking in the sights and climbing the famous Round Tower. Outside the royal palace I also saw the changing of the guard with their bearskin hats, about which I had heard in Butyrka

prison from Timofeev-Ressovsky. Finally we also entered the Parliament building, the hall empty as parliament was not in session. After that I was dragged to the Writers' Association for some local award ceremony. Everyone spoke in Danish, there was no translation, and I sat there, nodding affably and resting. After the ceremony one of the writers came up to me, very close, and dramatically and in pure Russian said to my face: "We hate you! People like you should be strangled!" The Red International had not hesitated to rear its head.

That evening Per Hegge, an old acquaintance from Moscow who was still at that time a reporter for the Norwegian newspaper *Aftenposten*, set out with me for Oslo on a "ferry," actually a large steamer with many hundreds of passengers, buffets, and all kinds of entertainments. Attempting to make my way through the noisy crowd was unbearable, so I retired to my cabin and lay there all night. In the morning, as the ship was already pulling into the harbor on its approach to Oslo, the captain called me to the bridge to see the navigation and admire the view. In the warm jacket Betta had bought me in Zurich I went out onto the ship's bow, the wind cold but the sunny air crystal clear, and saw down on the pier a crowd of people holding placards with "God bless you" on them. I realized only gradually that the placards were meant for me. It took us quite a while to dock; the crowd of passengers disembarked, and the well-wishers on the pier waited and then welcomed me warmly.

As Hegge and I went down the long main street he said to me: "Do you know who that was who just walked by and greeted us? The Minister of Foreign Affairs." The minister was heading to the ministry, not in a limousine or Black Volga like Soviet officials, but on foot. (I also remembered Timofeev-Ressovsky saying in Butyrka prison that the Norwegian king went about Oslo on foot and without a bodyguard.) Here too we went to the parliament, which was not in session, but where I was met by the parliamentary leaders. Now for the first time I explained the purpose of my trip, and the president of the Parliament, pointing to the Code of Law, promised that while there was a Norway its laws would guarantee my full protection.

But my main search was for a fjord, any fjord for an initial view, and Per Hegge and I, along with Victor Sparre, a Norwegian artist of great originality, drove past Norway's largest lake, Mjøsa, with its blue waters, big-boulder shores, and black wooded hills up above; we drove through the valleys of the Lågen River and Gudbrand Valley up into the mountains, harsh Norwegian mountains with their bare blackish rockface and dark purplish blue bases and the frozen heights of their blue-green waterfalls. At the house of the painter

Weidemann we had a taste of that Russo-Norwegian hospitality, using the informal “you,” as natural in Norwegian as it is in Russian, and a local man gave me his hunting knife as a sign of brotherhood. All the buildings—the houses as well as the churches—were made of logs, just like in Russia, some even covered with birchbark, only the doors were bound with ornamented iron. Small sheaves of oat and millet jutted from fences for little birds so they wouldn’t perish in the winter. We drove past wooden churches, buildings from the ninth century with pagan ornaments on their roofs (King Olaf II and his axe had baptized the people here in the beginning of the eleventh century), and by the entrance to the churchyards stood pillars with iron collars that could be clamped around the necks of sinners, who were exhibited for all to see. (So, much-accursed Russia was not the only land that adopted such measures!) There were huts in front of the churches where parishioners carrying arms would leave their weapons. The wintry severity and the candor of this country went straight to my heart. My inner voice wondered where else in the pampered West of our times I would find a place such as this. I could live in a setting like this one.

(On Norwegian TV, the first Western media whose invitation I could not decline, I said the following, which I have just found in some old notes: “Norwegians have kept some of that redeeming idealism of the soul that we find dwindling in the modern world, but which alone lends humanity hope for the future.” This might perhaps not be the case for all of Norway, but on that trip and in my meetings that is what I felt.)

And is this not what the Kon-Tiki raft<sup>10</sup> meant for Norway and our entire enfeebled civilization! Today’s prosperous world is moving ever further from natural human existence, growing stronger in intellect but increasingly infirm in body and soul. To figure out where Pacific Islanders migrated from one could sit comfortably among one’s papers and weigh different theories. Thor Heyerdahl, however, demonstrated courage of a scope we now no longer have, setting out on a primitive raft to prove the route the Islanders had taken. And he proved it! Now the Kon-Tiki was housed as a symbol of national pride in a special museum building, and I looked at it with awe. In its repository at the museum it seemed large, but in the ocean it would have been no more than a splinter.

So were the Norwegians in all of Europe the people closest to me in spirit?

I was immediately taken to see an estate near Oslo that was for sale. It was 170 hectares, I remember, with a dozen or so picturesque huts scattered around, built in the old style with ancient hearths. For whom, I wondered,

were all those huts built? In the mistress's house, the interior quite ornate, we were served fizzy drinks and told that the property was available for a trifling 10 million kroner. Needless to say I was not in the least tempted, which is perhaps a pity, because then I might have heard about my somewhat straitened circumstances from Heeb eight months earlier than I did.

In Oslo we also heard that one of the cinemas was playing a movie about Ivan Denisovich. Of course we went to see it. It was an Anglo-Norwegian production with Tom Courtenay playing Ivan Denisovich.<sup>11</sup> Both he and the director had made every effort that the film be as true as possible to the original. But the only thing they managed to bring across was the cold, the cold and, perhaps somewhat conventionally, a feeling of doom. As for the rest—daily life and even the atmosphere of the prison camps—the movie failed to capture it, was so far off the mark, a poor substitute. After the movie, journalists asked me what I thought. What could I do? I praised it. The participants had all clearly done their best, putting their heart and soul into it. But I came to realize that such a movie could only be made with our actors, who have experienced Soviet reality. Before me opened the impassable gulf of life experience and worldview after all the Soviet decades. (I had not yet seen Ford's disgraceful movie *The First Circle*<sup>12</sup> that was little more than a quick bid for popularity.) Will I live to see a real film version of my work?

The press was now chasing me through Norway too, so when we spent the night at Weidemann's (he was away), a police post was set up at the foot of the mountain to keep off my pursuers. But they did let through Stig Fredrikson, who had unexpectedly arrived from Moscow. What a joy to see him! He was somewhat downcast, for Alya had given him a note for me which he had concealed inside a transistor radio, but the men from the KGB had guessed there might be something hidden in there and had found the note, the contents of which he did not know. What was worse, he might now be barred from returning to Moscow, his accreditation revoked. (Fortunately that was not to be the case.)

But what was the news from home? He told me that there had not yet been a search, that nothing had been taken. The house was still under surveillance around the clock, but with the help of Stig and other friends from the press corps (now that is a true press, a press of a very different kind!) Alya had managed to send an important part of my archive to safety. It was as yet uncertain, however, whether a search might not still be made. But friends and family were holding up well, fearlessly visiting the apartment, and Alya was carrying on with commendable resolution, a true commander-in-chief.

For Alya I sent back with Stig all the details and impressions I had gathered, needless to say not in written form, but spoken.

Hegge and I drove out to the fjord at Åndalsnes, which turned out to be a winding bay with slightly slanting shores and mountains some distance off. There was no sign of a sheer cliff by the ocean where an exile might build his house. I had now been in the West for over a week, and my perception and understanding of things were beginning to change, but something was still necessary for them to ripen. And this low-lying coast into which the sea was cutting suddenly clarified what was maturing within me. While we are in the belly of the Soviet Dragon we suffer many privations, but there is one thing we never feel: the sharpness of its teeth pointing outward. But this Norwegian coast, which when I was in the Soviet Union I had imagined as being a series of inaccessible cliffs, suddenly revealed itself as a vulnerable and desirable Scandinavian coastline: no wonder Soviet submarines kept prowling these coasts, which, if war broke out, the Soviets would attack in the first few hours in order to threaten England. It was almost impossible to find a place to settle down that would be more red-hot than this chilly and craggy land.

I must say that I've never shared the misguided and widespread fear of nuclear war, like in the days of the Second World War when everyone was awaiting with trepidation a chemical warfare that never came. For the past twenty years I have been convinced that the Third World War will not be a nuclear one. Having, as yet, no reliable defense system against airborne missiles (though the Soviets are further along in developing one), the leaders of an affluent America, an America enjoying its affluence but losing the war in Vietnam to its own domestic audience, would never lead its nation to suicide in the form of a preemptive nuclear strike, even if the Soviets were to attack Europe. As for the Soviet Union, a preemptive nuclear strike is even less to its advantage; as it is, the Soviets are coloring the map of the world red, seizing two countries a year. They can attack easily enough by land, their tanks crossing the northern European plain, and send paratroopers, while they're at it, to seize the Norwegian coast, as Hitler also did not fail to do. (That is the reason the Soviet Union was happy to pledge it would not be the *first* to launch a nuclear attack, a pledge it will keep.)

Thus, setting foot on the shore of my first fjord, I understood that I could not live in Norway. The Dragon's jaws will not relinquish you twice.

In those Norwegian days I also gave thought to what language our children would have their schooling in. How many people in the world



understand Norwegian? If you bring out something in the Scandinavian press, the rest of the world barely notices, or doesn't notice at all.

I returned to Switzerland, again by train, through southern Sweden and then by ferry (though a different one this time, one that carries trains), then through Denmark and Germany so I could see more of Europe through the train window. (A Soviet ship had crossed the ferry's path—a symbolic sign—and seeing the Soviet flag up close I experienced such a peculiar feeling of estrangement from the USSR. From that same ferry, in the dusk of the early evening, I narrowed my eyes to see as much as I could of Hamlet's Elsinore.) Throughout the journey I kept running names of countries through my mind; there seemed to be still quite a few that were not under Communism, but it somehow seemed difficult to find a country in which to take refuge. One country was too far south, the other too unstable, another too foreign in spirit. There did seem to be one country in the world that might suit me, and that was Canada, which was said to resemble Russia. But as the weeks began to pass, and I was expecting my family, I could not delay making a choice.

But what a gift Zurich was for my Lenin chapters! So as I had no time to travel and choose, Switzerland would have to be my choice for the present.

Thus I stayed in that big city, a thing I did not like, a place I could not have imagined living in. Though it was vital to choose the right place quickly and definitely, in those first months in the West I simply could not get to it. Too much was piling up, waiting, weighing on me.

In the meantime Sigmund Widmer had jumped into action. No sooner was I back than he offered to rent for me a half-house in the university quarter, in the "professorial" part. I went to take a look. The houses in the area were all clustered together as they were everywhere else in Zurich, but there was a small yard behind the house with a lawn measuring some two thousand square feet, and the place was relatively quiet at the corner of Stapferstrasse. (If an "S" had not hooked itself onto "Tapferstrasse" the street's name would have meant "Brave Street," "Fearless Street.") One-half of a duplex was on offer and it consisted, from bottom to top, of a cellar that could serve as a pantry but also had a large low-ceilinged room in which the children could play in the winter; on the ground floor there was a living room and a dining room with a kitchen, and on the second floor three bedrooms (could they accommodate seven of us?), and then an attic with a slanted ceiling and two small rooms in which I could write; not to mention a small garret up a steep ladder.

The following day, before I could even express my gratitude and accept, the municipal council sent some leased furniture (I could later return it, or if I liked it purchase it). But before the furniture could even take up position on unsure legs in the various rooms of the house, heaps of telegrams, letters, packages, brochures, and books carted from Heeb's office began pouring directly onto the carpet of the largest and nicest of the rooms: people congratulating and welcoming me, people inviting me, others insisting I read something right away, still others insisting I do something, say something, or meet with them right away. I already knew from the explosion that came after *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* that, in the onslaught of public response, fervent enthusiasm came mixed with empty noise and cold calculation. (As for the hostile letters, the amazing thing was that here too they were anonymous, though one wonders what those who wrote them had to fear.) I knew that there was no activity more hopeless and empty than dismantling and sorting through this growing mountain of mail, which would promise in no uncertain terms to swallow up all my efforts for many months. If I began replying, the mountain would only double in size, and if I did not reply to anyone, there would be resentment.

Be sweet and you shall be devoured, be bitter and you shall be spat out.

I preferred the second option. (Furthermore, there were letters in every language—from the major ones all the way to Latvian and Hungarian; people seemed to think that no sooner had I set foot in the West I already had a fully staffed office at hand.)

Here the energetic Frau Holub came to my aid. She had two Czech students come by after class to sort through the letters. She also found me some dishes and utensils, and would bring me chicken and noodles, another time soup with boiled beef (the very last time I had had such a soup had been in 1928, toward the end of the New Economic Policy—after that not even in my dreams). Frau Holub showed me nearby stores where one could buy things quickly and easily. She was a true savior. And so I began running my household.

I could lock the house, but the gate to the yard had been removed and the gateway stood wide open. I assumed that people wouldn't immediately find out where I was now living. How wrong I was! The very first day some reporter or other tracked down my new abode, quietly photographed it from all angles, and sent the pictures to his newspaper with the announcement: Solzhenitsyn has moved into 45 Stapferstrasse. What do you know! Now anyone and everyone could drop by whenever they wanted. And that is exactly what happened.

People began wandering in through the open gate, people from Zurich and elsewhere, anyone who wanted to come by. (Among them were some individuals who seemed quite suspect and troubled in their behavior and speech.)

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During my trip to Norway there had been further developments. In the United States Senate, Senator Helms had put forward the proposition that I be granted honorary U.S. citizenship, which had before only been granted to Lafayette and Churchill. [2] By special courier he had sent me a letter with an invitation to come to the States. [3] With my house not yet fully furnished, all the wiring in the ceiling not yet hooked up, the floors covered with piles of letters and parcels, no housewares yet, I typed out a reply on the single tiny Russian typewriter that was to be found in all of Zurich, a reply [4] that was perhaps not politically prudent but that expressed my firm conviction against being roped in here in the West. To a politician, the reasoning behind my rejection might seem improbable, an invented excuse: refusing despite all the triumph and sensation to hurl myself into the thick of public attention, seeking instead to concentrate “with special diligence and attention on my principal literary work.” But that is exactly how I feel. If I stop writing now and let myself be trapped, freedom would lose all meaning for me.

Another invitation was fished out from the flood of letters, this one from George Meany of the American trade unions. [5] America, the consumer of everything new and sensational, was awaiting me with open arms. A trip at this point in time would be one great triumphal march, not to mention the honorary citizenship; but I had to come right away, while I was at my zenith, while things were on a roll, this was a moment that would not repeat itself, the American public lived for the moment (which in a sense could be said for the Western public as a whole). (The Soviets too were expecting that I would go, and mobilized a dozen writers and their entire Novosti press agency, unleashing a book against me in English, *The Last Circle*,<sup>13</sup> some hundred and fifty pages long, and in May the Soviet embassy in Washington distributed it throughout the city.\*)

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\* It has been twelve years since I have seen this book, and only now am I leafing through it. Just as during the weeks before my deportation from the Soviet Union I missed the whole newspaper campaign against me, not looking at any newspapers or what names signed the articles and how they smeared me in every way for decades to come. (Author's note, 1986.)

But I am a sedentary person by nature, not a nomad. I had just arrived here and there was so much to deal with. Was I now to drop everything, and leave again? And what would be awaiting me in America? More tumultuous gatherings, not to mention that in America I could no longer remain silent in the face of TV, newspapers, and the public, spinning out the same yarn over and over, turning into a blatherer.

Indeed, other worries preoccupied me.

The foremost was whether my archive would be saved. In it were my thoughts, views, reading notes, episodes from the Revolution taken from a variety of people's accounts, all gathered since my student days over a period of almost forty years, on small sheets of paper in lettering the size of poppy seeds (that way they were easier to hide). The archive also contained from more recent years my highly concentrated *Diary of a Novel*,<sup>14</sup> which had been the intimate interlocutor of my daily writing, and contained above all the actual manuscript of my unfinished *November 1916*, which had not yet been saved by being published the way *August 1914* had been. And there were individual chapters scattered across various Nodes.<sup>15</sup>

My second worry was the extremely disturbing question of whether I would manage to write in the West. There is a widely held view that many authors lose the ability to write outside their home country. Could this happen to me? (Some Western voices were already predicting my spiritual death in the West.)

And what about my rearguard—all the friends and “invisible allies” back in the Soviet Union. If I were now to go to America, I would be leaving them orphaned in the USSR without access to an address, a phone number, or a clandestine mail route, while here in Zurich at least, someone with connections could bring news, like Stig Fredrikson for instance. (As it happens, he was to arrive soon after.)

I had conducted myself as the struggle demanded until the very last moment in the Soviet Union. I had not slackened in the West either, but could not bring myself to submit to political calculation. If I was now truly in the free world, I wanted to be free: free of all the harassment from the press, free of all the invitations and public appearances. All my refusals were a literary self-defense mechanism, the same spontaneous and unconsidered mechanism (definitely a mistaken one from a pragmatic point of view) that, after *Ivan Denisovich* had been published, had kept me from going to the presidium of the Union of Writers to have myself assigned a Moscow apartment.<sup>16</sup> My self-defense was to do everything I could to prevent being drawn into

the maelstrom so that I could continue working steeped in silence, not allowing the flame of writing to expire, not letting myself be torn to pieces, but to remain myself. My international fame seemed to me boundless—but no longer all that necessary.

And so I typed out my next rejection. [6]

In a daze, I wandered through the empty duplex like a sleepwalker trying to discern which of the many things I had to do was most pressing and urgent. There was one duty that was singularly important. Before my deportation, Shafarevich and I had been planning to make a joint declaration in support of General Grigorenko, but there hadn't been time. I was to write the text, but it had to be sent to Moscow for Shafarevich's signature. So in a room that was still being finished I wrote my first work in the West.<sup>17</sup> I then sent the declaration by way of a clandestine mail route to Shafarevich in Moscow, where it was published.

At every turn there were domestic issues to be dealt with, but I could not entirely turn my back on all the mail and simply step over the many piles.

The things people wrote me! An old émigré by the name of Krivorotov sent me an "Open Letter," a lengthy article (subsequently published)<sup>18</sup> that denounced all my writings as lies: I was deceiving the Russian people for not revealing that all the misfortunes of Russia stemmed from the Jews, and that I had not shown that in *August 1914*, nor in the first volume of *Archipelago* that had been published. I needed to mend my ways before it was too late, otherwise I would be exposed without mercy. (Later there was outrage in the émigré press that I had had the effrontery not to reply to Krivorotov.) In other letters I was dressed down for being the darling of world Zionism, claiming that I had sold out to it. And Boris Solonevich (Ivan's brother), then still alive, distributed a pamphlet against me in émigré circles saying that I was an obvious KGB agent deliberately sent abroad to corrupt émigrés.

As for Dmitri Panin, he sent me from Paris severe sermons that it was high time I joined the true struggle against Communism. A group of implacable anti-Communists from a number of neighboring countries were about to meet in Lausanne. Panin was going to be there, and I had to go too and sign their manifesto. (God, what an example of how such a long period of isolated thought can send people veering off on a tangent!)

Then in quick succession there appeared representatives of the Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia and the Moscow Patriarchate.<sup>19</sup> From the Church Outside Russia came the priest of the nearby basement chapel, Father Aleksandr Kargon (a remarkable elderly man to whose church we would

later go to pray), together with Archbishop Anthony of Geneva (a most upright, principled, and worthy hierarch, as I was later to ascertain). With them was Grabbe the Younger, he too named Anthony, a shady archimandrite from a Jerusalem monastery; I took an instant disliking to him, as he was unpleasant and politicized. (A few years later he was to be accused of abusing his office.) Our conversation remained general: they were hoping for active help from me, and that I would join and support the Church Outside Russia. (Any other branch of the Church wasn't even worth mentioning.)

During those same days a priest from the Moscow Patriarchate comes to see me—the son of the late writer Rodionov. He too lives nearby and hopes I will agree to a meeting at his house with Metropolitan Anthony of Sourozh from London (an inspired and celebrated preacher, known to all of Russia through the BBC). I agree, and a few days later a secret meeting takes place. The Metropolitan is not in the best of health and somewhat older than I. A physician by profession, he had chosen the priesthood, initially in secret in the bosom of the Moscow Patriarchate; now he was serving as Metropolitan within the Patriarchate, and was to do so for a long time. He asks my advice on the general stance he should take concerning Soviet action against the Church. He is restrained and serious, with a spark in his eyes. What can I advise him? Only to take a hard stance: to inform the entire world, loudly and in no uncertain terms, about how the Church is being suppressed in the USSR! He recoils. But that would mean a break with the Patriarchate and the end of any influence he could wield from his current seat. (After all he is the exarch of the Moscow Patriarch in Western Europe.) But still fueled by my clashes and confrontations I cannot see his point: What sounder way was there to serve Russian Orthodoxy?

No, in the troubled and entangled state I am in, with so many decisions still to make, it is impossible for me to break free and think clearly. I am doing something wrong, neglecting something that is quite urgent; but I cannot figure out what.

I went to Father Aleksandr's church, and then went again, and my soul was truly touched. It was located in an ordinary house,<sup>20</sup> and one went down into the basement, which was a row of small windows on one side near the ceiling looking directly out onto the wheels of the traffic rumbling by. And in a basement that would fit a hundred, some ten people had come to pray—a plaintive little island of a Russia torn to shreds. The venerable priest, almost eighty years old, recited the prayers, his breath struggling in his chest, pronouncing in a gasp: "May Thy people be delivered from bitter

torment by godless authority!” Few are the churches I remember in Russia where people prayed as sincerely as they did in this basement that was so like a catacomb, all the more surprising in that one could hear outside, up above, the rumbling of the self-assured, alien city. But I had never in my life heard such words spoken. They could not have been uttered in the USSR.

Every few days I call Alya in Moscow. I always manage to get a connection, and we are not interrupted. But how much can we say? I can barely touch on any of the things I have written about above, while Alya, who has her hands full saving my archive—my archive!—clearly cannot say a word about it. All she says in a worn voice is: “Don’t urge me to come right away—there’s so much housekeeping to deal with.” (I understand: she has *other*, far more serious things to deal with. I did not realize at the time that they were harassing her, on top of everything else, with a full exit-visa procedure for the entire family, demanding every possible paper, certificate, and official stamp, as if she had applied to emigrate of her own free will. All this just to give her a hard time.) Furthermore, our youngest son, Stepan, caught pneumonia, and we have to wait for him to get well.

I am gradually settling in. I went with the Holubs to a large furniture store, where I bought more furniture in anticipation of my family’s arrival, including quite a few Norwegian pieces of blond wood, thus bringing at least a little bit of Norway into our home.

The Holubs—along with “as many Czechs as I require”—are ready to help me with whatever I need, taking care of me in every way, explaining everything and showing me around the city (even though the husband is unpleasant—clearly a bad person). I need a dentist who speaks Russian? Not a problem, they take me to one. A family doctor? They know an excellent one. There is a young Czech fellow who connects up the phone in all the rooms without my even needing to be there. Someone wants to make me a present of a chalet on Lake Lucerne—the Czechs take me there, but the trip turns out to be a waste of time. (The area on the mountain is magnificent, but the motive for the gift becomes clear only gradually: if I accept the chalet, the donor hopes that the government of the canton will build a road going all the way up to it, right past the donor’s house.)—“We do hope you will not refuse to meet some of our Czech compatriots, as many as we can fit into our apartment,” the Holubs said. I readily agreed. The gathering was arranged at their place and some forty recent Czech émigrés came, among them many fine people, and there was a warm and pleasant atmosphere of complete mutual understanding. (Trying to reach such a point with Western Europeans,

on the other hand, is like trudging seven miles up a mountain—through the underbrush.) What a joy when like-minded people can get together and talk in freedom unhindered.—“We do hope you will agree to visit our Czech art gallery!” the Holubs said. I went. She was a good artist, the people at the exhibit were warm and pleasant.—“You simply must grant us permission to translate your *Archipelago* into Czech. We’ll see to it that it gets to our people in Prague!” I did. (They translated it, badly and incompetently, dragging matters out for two years and blocking a quality Czech émigré publishing house from taking on the project.) They also insisted that I give my *Prussian Nights* to some poet by the name of Řezáč. But try as he might, I refused to meet with him.

Even those of us who have been branded by our experiences in the camps, careful a thousandfold and a hundredfold wary, we all have a weak spot somewhere. Still stressed and shaken by my deportation, troubled, unable to grasp the world that was coming down upon me—how was I not to make mistakes? Had the Holubs been Russians, I would have trodden carefully. I would have asked them when it was that they had emigrated; under what circumstances, and where from. But they were Czech! Brothers of ours whom we had deceived, whom we had trampled into the ground! A feeling of perpetual guilt had eclipsed my caution. (Two months later, beginning in the spring, I moved to Sternenbergr, to the house of the Widmers up in the mountains. There I felt out of the public eye and safe in the solitude of the night, though the Holubs knew the way there well enough. Later we were sent warnings directly from Czechoslovakia that the Holubs were secret agents: the husband had been an important Czech diplomat while his wife had worked some twenty years in the Czech secret service. We had in fact begun to notice peculiarities, such as their intense curiosity, and the inexplicable fact of their being so very well informed about everything. Finally, even the reticent Swiss police warned us in no uncertain terms not to trust them. But all that was still in the future. For the time being the Holubs were my main support, especially before my family arrived.)

I was well aware of the fact that every newcomer makes nothing but mistakes in an unfamiliar environment, but having a newfound editorial freedom I felt compelled to embrace it, so tormented was I by everything I had *not* said! With unnecessary haste I threw myself into one project after another. I made a recording of *Prussian Nights* (with the help of the Holubs, of course), and then (again with the help of the Holubs) began negotiations for the production of a film on my *The Tanks Know the Truth!* The Holubs



brought me the Czech émigré director Vojtěch Jasný, and we wasted a lot of time, all for nothing, despite having a screenplay that I had already worked on in Moscow, which I was intending to be one of my main strikes against the Soviets. To think that I was now here in the West, and simply couldn't get the project going!

The most important task at hand, however, was my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders*.<sup>21</sup> Its publication had already been put on hold in Paris in January, since my latest corrections had stayed behind on my desk<sup>22</sup> at Kozitsky Lane when I was arrested (though Alya had now managed to send these corrections to Nikita Struve). It was now important to cause a big stir with this letter as soon as possible! I did not realize that it was to be misunderstood and misinterpreted in the West, and that it would lead to my being spurned. I just intuitively felt that this was the right step, that what I said in the letter had to be said, and that the Soviet leaders must not be given the opportunity to claim that they had been *unaware* of this alternative path of development.

The ultimate goal of my *Letter* was to avoid a destructive revolutionary outcome (“bloody mass revolutions are always disastrous for the people in whose midst they occur,” is what I wrote). Some sort of compromise with the leaders had to be reached, because the problem did not lie with them but with the system—*it* was what had to be eliminated. And that was what I wrote to them. A “change in the present leadership (the whole pyramid) might provoke only a new destructive struggle, and would certainly lead to only a very dubious gain in the quality of the leadership.” (For I wondered why we would expect that a sudden replacement of those currently in charge would result in their being replaced by angels, or at least by honest, hard-working leaders who, if nothing else, cared about the little people. But after fifty years of the destruction and devastation of our people, only creeps, wheeler-dealers, and criminals will come floating to the surface.)

There was, of course, no solid position that one could take in such a dialogue, and in my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* there was a flaw in the argument: Communist ideology had justified itself as an excellent weapon for conquering the world, and a call to the Soviet leaders to renounce its ideology was not so much a realistic proposition as a desperate cry. All I did was to remind them how *utterly* wrong Marxism had been in its predictions: its economic theory is primitive, it does not take into account the role of intellect or organization in productivity. And not only is the “proletariat” in the West not impoverished, but we would be hard put to feed and clothe our people as effec-

tively as the West did theirs; and the European countries did not sustain themselves through their colonies, but have blossomed even more without them. Socialists can come to power without an armed uprising, since the development of industry does not lead to coup d'états: they are only the fate of underdeveloped countries; and socialist states are not on the wane—they wage war with no less zeal than do capitalist states. As for the Chinese threat, I magnified it to a greater degree than it warranted, but there was already a fear of it in the Soviet Union, so who could guess what was to come?

I could not craft the *Letter* in any stronger terms because in real life we lacked the strength to back up our words; but I weighed every turn in my argument with a view to penetrating through to the dark, dense consciousness of our unblessed leaders. “Let your party renounce its unattainable and irrelevant missions of world domination,” I wrote. “Let us find the strength, sense and courage to put our own house in order before we busy ourselves with the cares of the entire planet”; “the demands of *internal* growth are incomparably more important to us, as a people, than the need for any *external* expansion of our power,” “an expansion abroad which we must give up.” (Were they even capable of developing such an understanding?) “World history demonstrates that the peoples who created empires have always suffered spiritually as a result.” (But does the Soviet state so much as care about spiritual damage?) “The aims of a great empire and the moral health of the people are incompatible. We should not presume to invent international tasks and bear the cost of them so long as our people is in such moral disarray and we consider ourselves to be its sons.” (But what sort of “sons” are they? More like “Fathers” . . . )

And as I argued these points in a desperate attempt to penetrate their thick, unfeeling scales, I pointed out that we have enough on our hands striving to save *our own* people, to heal *our own* wounds. “Are you really so unsure of yourselves? You will still have absolute and impregnable power, a separate, strong, and exclusive party, the army, the police force, industry, transport, communications, mineral wealth, a monopoly on foreign trade, an artificial rate of exchange for the ruble—but let the people breathe, let them think and develop! If you belong to the people heart and soul, there can be nothing to hold you back!” But no, the Soviet leaders no longer belonged to the people *heart and soul*. I passionately wanted to convince them: if not the current leaders, then those who would come to replace them tomorrow.

My appeal to settle Russia's Northeast was no more than a spiritual respite before the distress and disruption that in my view are inevitably awaiting us. We are still “abundantly rich in untapped land,” I wrote, and “at this point *the*

*supreme asset* of all peoples is now *the earth*—territory for settlement, the biosphere, soil, natural resources, not to mention that we have driven our rural areas into utter decline. Not that my *aim* was to reduce our nation to the limits of the Russian SFSR alone and to compensate by developing the empty lands of northern European Russia and Siberia. But I foresaw that many of the Soviet republics, if not all, would inevitably fall away from us, and we could hardly keep them with us by force! There cannot be “any question of any peripheral nation being forcibly kept within the bounds of our country.” We need a program to make this process painless, it will be worse if our actions led to the loss of the North Caucasus or the southern Russian Black Sea regions.

I wrote about a good deal more, since such an appeal can only be written once in a lifetime: about the decline of education, the family, about back-breaking female physical labor, about how it was very much *to these leaders’ own disadvantage* to persecute religion: “to set useless good-for-nothings to hounding their most conscientious workers, innocent of all cheating and theft, and as a result to suffer from universal cheating and theft”; I did not ask for any special privileges for believers, but only that they “be treated fairly and not suppressed,” and that the leaders “allow competition on an equal and honorable basis—not for power, but for truth!—between all ideological and moral currents.” And I also wrote that what was most unbearable were “the ideological lies that are daily foisted upon us.” If their lying propagandists were truly convinced of their ideology, they should be free to agitate for Marxism-Leninism during nonworking hours, and not on public wages. And that “the present-day centralization of all forms of life of the mind is a monstrosity amounting to spiritual murder.” Without sixty to eighty cities serving as “important cultural centers . . . Russia does not exist as a country but is merely some sort of inarticulate rump” of the capital cities.

The reality of my life in the Soviet Union had made this *Letter* inevitable, and still, in all the years since, I have never for an instant regretted having sent it to the government, even in the days of the *Gulag Archipelago* disaster.<sup>23</sup> A transitional authoritarian period would be necessary to save the country. The collapse of Russia in 1917 was like a fiery image before my eyes,<sup>24</sup> the insane attempt at transforming our country to democracy in a single leap; instant chaos ensued. “Over the last half-century Russia’s preparedness for democracy, for a multi-party parliamentary system, could only have diminished.” It is clear that we can only be saved by a smooth, gradual descent from the icy cliffs of tyranny by way of an authoritarian system toward democracy. “It is not authoritarianism itself that is intolerable, but . . .

the arbitrariness and illegality.” “An authoritarian order does not necessarily mean that laws are unnecessary or that they exist only on paper, or that they should not reflect the notions and will of the population.” Is this so hard to understand? What madness that our radicals proposed that we jump straightaway from the cliffs into the valley. This thirst for “instant” democracy was the impulse of the big-city desk-dwellers, who had no notion whatsoever of real people’s lives.

It turns out that I sent my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* at the only possible moment. Had I hesitated for even a little while the opportunity would have been lost forever; I was to be expelled from the Soviet Union shortly thereafter. And even if at that moment I had foreseen (which I did not) how my *Letter* was to be interpreted in the West, I would still have sent it. My actions were determined by the fate of Russia, and the fate of Russia alone. It was a matter of finding a way to drag the cart out of the quagmire.

However, the autumn months of 1973 came and went, and needless to say the *Letter* was stuck in the doldrums of the Central Committee. (Were they even going to read it?) I was preparing for *The Gulag Archipelago* to explode on the scene, and as I very much doubted that I would survive that explosion, I wanted to publish my last project, the *Letter*, together with one final essay, “Live Not by Lies!”<sup>25</sup> My eyes were trained on our people and our government, while the West was only a faraway place where my works were being published; I did not feel the presence of the West in any significant way. I did not in any way sense that a sizable core of Western public opinion had begun to turn against me two years earlier in reaction to several publications: my “Lenten Letter to the Patriarch,”<sup>26</sup> on account of my steadfast focus on Orthodox Christianity; and my book *August 1914*, on account of my condemnation of the revolutionaries and liberals and my approval of military service (in the United States this coincided with the Vietnam War!). Not to mention that from a literary point of view some readers were irked at how closely I identified with what I was portraying. In the West nowadays, the colder and more aloof the author, and the more a literary work departs from reality, transfiguring it into a game with nebulous constructs, the higher a work is esteemed. Consequently, I had not only sinned against the laws of accepted artistic norms, but was now, with my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders*, transgressing against political decency, as well. The criticism of Aleksandr Ugrimov (*Invisible Allies*) helped me see my *Letter* from a Western perspective,<sup>27</sup> and even before my expulsion from the Soviet Union I edited some expressions that the West might find baffling: after all, this was not a

personal letter, but an agenda which, in remaining unanswered, was open to further development. But my corrections were minimal. Everything important remained and was not to be changed. But the instant I arrived in the West, not thinking, not realizing the consequences, I quickly rushed the *Letter* into publication in Russian, English, and French. On 3 March my *Letter* first appeared in London's *Sunday Times* (without my preface, which, without my knowledge, YMCA-Press had mislaid, and without which the letter was not fully comprehensible and did not have the context it needed).<sup>28</sup>

And now the Western perspective was: The people of the West had defended me as a democratic and socialist hero against the ferocious Soviet government. (I was also credited with Shulubin's views on "moral socialism,"<sup>29</sup> because they really and truly wanted to see me in that light.) They had saved me—but now it turned out that, far from being a socialist, I was proposing authoritarianism, not to mention that I was arguing for negotiations with that draconian government, and that for six months already. So not only were my views and those of the West incompatible, but perhaps I was the enemy of the West? Who was it that they had saved?

And now in the wake of all the recent enthusiasm came a flood of abuse from the Western press, an about-turn in just three weeks! If they had at least read the letter carefully! From the reviews and the invective, it quickly became clear that these newspapermen *had not taken the trouble to read the letter in its entirety*. It was the first time that I had encountered such a thing, but dishonesty of this kind quickly proved to be a steadfast characteristic of the press. The *New York Times*, which had refused to print my letter, was among the most violent critics. When Michael Scammell informed the *Times* that I had made some *editorial changes* to the letter, they turned to Nikita Struve, who trustingly sent them the changes, but instead of printing the letter they only printed the changes, trying to create a scandal. The newspaper now called me a reactionary and a nationalist.<sup>30</sup> Now I, in turn, was taken aback, and with good reason: in what sense could I be called a nationalist? I had suggested that the Soviets stop all aggression, withdraw their occupational forces from everywhere—where was the harm in this? I had written: "The aims of an empire and the moral health of the people are incompatible." But no, I was a nationalist!\*

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\* In 1984 Lech Wałęsa wrote in *Reader's Digest*:<sup>31</sup> "if the Polish [Communist] government is offered a sensible program, it will accept the demands of the people." Well, and what is the *Letter to the Leaders*? But what is allowed for Poles is not allowed for Russians. (Author's note, 1986.)

What hurt them most was that I was not a passionate admirer of the West, “not a democrat”! And yet I am much more of a democrat than the New York intellectual elite or our dissidents are: in my view, *democracy* means the genuine self-government of the people, from the bottom up, while these people see it as being the rule of the educated classes.

The confusion and hostility toward my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* that erupted in the United States was reflected in the second letter from Senator Helms, who also revealed his inner, suppressed American (Southern) pain. [7] In my response to him, I explained my position in greater detail. [8]

And then Sakharov loudly and hastily added his voice to the fray, fanning the mounting hostility against me in the United States even more.

The one thing I would have never expected was Andrei Sakharov’s sudden and hostile stance. First of all, he and I had never argued in public, not to mention that a few days earlier he had gone to visit my family in Moscow just as Alya was preparing to leave (everyone had sat together in the kitchen for many hours throughout the evening, singing songs, Sakharov joining in), nor had he given me so much as a hint through Alya that he was about to challenge me publicly. Not that he owed me a warning, but I, for my part, had communicated my critique of his views (in my “As Breathing and Consciousness Return,” 1969) personally, face to face, discreetly, and I have abstained from publishing it these four years,<sup>32</sup> not showing it to anyone. And in that criticism, after my detailed reading of his article, I had made a point of noting and supporting every convincing argument he had made, every good idea. So why couldn’t he have expressed his opinion personally, and sent it to me by way of Alya? If he was afraid of sending me a written text, then why not orally, and why not at least with a friendly word?

This was not to be. Two days after my family left the Soviet Union, Sakharov trumpeted his response out to the world as if he and I were in no way connected. And with what speed! It was the first time that a samizdat<sup>33</sup> article was distributed so fast—these articles usually reached the West by being handed from one person to another, but in this case Sakharov had put a call through from Moscow to New York, dictating the twenty pages over the telephone to his associate, Valeri Chalidze! This speed was almost hysterical, and very unlike Sakharov, which leads one to surmise that he must have been pressured, urged to strike as fast as possible! To me the only explanation is that there was outside influence. And the delighted KGB did not interrupt his long telephone call to the West, as they generally would have even for a trifle.

But what was even more painful was that Sakharov had been in such a hurry that he clearly had not read my *Letter* carefully; or perhaps he had only heard it being read on the radio, and reacted to what he remembered. In any case, he ascribed to my *Letter* things that were not in it, such as: “The endeavor to protect our country . . . against trade, against what is called ‘the exchange of people and ideas,’” “retarding scientific investigations, international scientific contacts,” and also retarding “new systems of agriculture.” “He proposes to bestow the liberated resources of the state” to “patriots inspired by national and religious ideas,” and thus “making possible for them high personal incomes from their labor.” And finally, “Solzhenitsyn’s dream of the possibility of getting along with the simplest kind of equipment, almost manual labor.”<sup>34</sup> In the name of God, Andrei Dmitrievich, there is *not a word* about any of this in my *Letter*! Where did you get all this from? Such unscientific carelessness is not like you!

I had not expected this.

But all things considered, I should have. The social movement in the USSR, gaining in energy and momentum as it was, could not continue expanding in disarray without clear lines becoming manifest. Several main directions inevitably had to emerge with significant distinctions. And as is foreseeable, these directions are going to be of very much the same kind as those that were lost during the collapse of the old Russia, at least the main sectors: socialist, liberal, and national. The socialists (the Medvedev brothers, bound to a group of old Bolsheviks and some influential individuals *at the top*) represented the most organized direction, and clearly had long felt the strain of their connection and imaginary commonality with the rest of the *Democratic Movement* (even if this movement did not condemn the Soviet regime). Thus the socialists were the first that hastened to break away and attack: in November 1973, when the mighty and thundering government offensive against Sakharov had barely subsided, Roy Medvedev attacked Sakharov, stabbing him, as it were, in the back. This had surprised many people at the time. But now, no sooner had the Soviet government’s reprisals against me ended, Sakharov, the leader of the liberal direction, attacked me, stabbing me, as it were, in the back.

Sakharov’s timing guaranteed that his attack would have worldwide resonance. The attack itself took place under unequal conditions, as, paradoxically enough, I could not reply openly and sharply from abroad where I was, while Sakharov was in the Soviet Union at the mercy of our enemy the KGB. What tied my hands was that I was free and he was not.

But what was it that had led to the tortured haste, the intensity, of his response to my *Letter*? I had not made any immediate demands on our “leaders.” I had attempted to speak to their consciences with a view to the future. The issue immediately at hand was that the Communist government was here and now dispersing, smothering, and whipping everyone. And yet, turning his back on all the imminent threats and worries, Sakharov sat down to write a lengthy polemical piece against my *Letter*.

Sakharov’s article in itself is for the most part (though not in its entirety) written in his characteristic staid, theoretical tone. In its views, the article reiterates almost without respite the views he had expressed in his essay “Reflections on Progress, Peaceful Coexistence, and Intellectual Freedom,”<sup>35</sup> despite the fact that six years had passed since that essay had appeared. And Sakharov in fact wrote in his response to my *Letter* that the public statements he had made in the past “mostly still seem to me correct.” He still espoused the same “rational approach to social and natural phenomena,” adding that to him “the very division of ideas into Western and Russian is incomprehensible.” (But here we are not talking physics or geometry: we are in the realm of the humanities, and how can we speak about social problems if we do not comprehend the difference? In the realm of the humanities, ideas are to a large extent determined *specifically* by the environment in which they emerge; they are determined by the tradition and mentality of a *specific* people.) And as we see throughout Sakharov’s article, he has a planetary vision that is unable to zero in on the life of a nation. “No important problem can be solved only on a national scale,” everything is to be solved by “scientific and democratic regulation” (at which point Sakharov lists the global problems of civilization, entirely omitting the spirit, culture, and the truly multifaceted aspects of human life).

But unlike his older essay, “Reflections on Progress,” Sakharov this time definitely and categorically condemns Marxism. Yet he argues that Solzhenitsyn “unduly overestimates the role of ideology.” According to Sakharov, the focus of the present leaders of the country is not on ideology but on “the preservation of their power and the basic characteristics of the system.” (What kind of system, if not Marxist-Leninist, and with what instrument, if not with ideology? And if their Ideology did not exist, why would they have been so afraid and have smothered their own economic reform of 1965, that of Kosygin, which would not have been a bad reform?) But what is strange is that although my *Letter* was directed specifically at the *leaders*, with a call to these *leaders* to abandon the Ideology, at no point did I so



much as hint that either Soviet *society* or the popular masses would want to cling to this ideology. Sakharov, with incomprehensible carelessness, passes over this, and *three times* in his article, with emphasis, kicking at an open door, argues: “What characterizes the present state of *society* [my italics—A. S.] is ideological indifference,” one “should not exaggerate the role of the ideological factor in the present-day life of Soviet *society*,” and “Solzhenitsyn, I believe, exaggerates the role of the ideological factor in contemporary Soviet *society*.” This is a peculiar argumentation that *sidesteps* the subject of the argument (perhaps also a result of Sakharov’s hasty reading of my *Letter?*). And yet this is the *crux* of Sakharov’s response. And the timeworn caveat “barracks socialism” rears its head, as if anyone had ever encountered any other kind of socialism, as if Marx had opened the way to a socialism “free of fetters”! And then this characteristic statement: “I do not share Solzhenitsyn’s view of the role of Marxism as a supposedly ‘Western’ and anti-religious ideology.” *Supposedly* anti-religious? And supposedly deceased, anyway? Ah, Andrei Dmitrievich, this ideology is very much alive—very much so!—and one can only wonder how much longer they will keep clinging to this idea, to barracks “equality,” barracks “justice,” simply so that they needn’t shoulder the burden of freedom.

Sakharov broaches the *Russian* issue, and by no means for the first time, with an array of clichés: “The servile, slavish spirit which existed in Russia for centuries, combined with a scorn for people of other countries, other races, and other beliefs.” (If such scorn existed, how would a state with a hundred nationalities have survived?) Sakharov would have done well to consult a few historians on this topic—Sergei Solovyov or Sergei Platonov, for instance. History shows us clearly that, from the eras of Ivan the Terrible all the way to Tsars Alexis and Fyodor III,<sup>36</sup> Russia has striven for knowledge and experts from the West, esteeming their skills (profusely honoring those who came). But the Hanseatic League, Livonia, and Poland, not to mention the direct interference of the Holy Roman See, blocked their path, for they all feared Russia’s growing power. Why would Peter the Great have needed to “break open the window” to Europe? Because it was boarded up *from the outside*.

Sakharov also expresses the opinion that “the appeal to patriotism is straight out of the arsenal of semiofficial propaganda.” And furthermore he asks: “Where is that healthy Russian pattern of development?” Indeed, if it had not existed, how would we have survived for a thousand years? Can Sakharov not see anything healthy in his own country? And he expressed particular amazement that I singled out the suffering and sacrifices of the

Russian and Ukrainian peoples under the Soviets. He does not see that they were victimized more than anyone else.

Sakharov was Russia's great miracle, and yet this great miracle found nothing more repulsive than the awakening of Russian self-awareness! But all things considered, this should not have surprised us either, as this too is mirrored in Russian history: Russian liberalism has always considered Russia's national moral development (quite erroneously) as a dire danger. And Russian liberalism was in fact related to the socialist wing (and even to the Communists who splintered from this wing) by way of the fathers of the Enlightenment.

And again Sakharov has the same naïve belief that it is the freedom of emigration that will lead to the democratization of the country; and that "only under democratic conditions can one develop a national character capable of intelligent existence." (Yes indeed! But only if one understands democracy as a stable, functioning self-government of the people, and not as multi-colored banners with electoral slogans along with the self-satisfied empty words of well-paid individuals ensconced in the parliament.) As Sakharov has it, the democratic path (needless to say following the Western model) is "the only possible one for any country." (There's *fitting the mold* for you in a nutshell.) And Sakharov, with great aplomb, dictates to our fatherland that "democratic reforms in the USSR . . . [must be] prompted by economic and political pressure from abroad." (Pressure from abroad! From American financiers? In whom are we to place our hopes?) And as for my central suggestion in my *Letter* concerning a *slow, gradual* transition to democracy through authoritarianism, Sakharov again sidesteps the argument: "But I don't see why this [the establishment of democracy] is not possible in our country." I am not contesting this *principle*—I am only pointing out how dangerous it is to make such a move in a single leap.

Of course, Sakharov's tone was not offensive, though toward the end of the article it changed abruptly. And he was the first to call my proposals "potentially dangerous": "Solzhenitsyn's mistakes may become dangerous." And if not my actual proposals, then certain "parallels with Solzhenitsyn's proposals . . . should put us on our guard." And if I am not directly dangerous myself, then inevitably some of my followers will prove dangerous—and it was this urgent *danger* that had driven him to write his response so urgently. Curbing his personal warmth toward me, he did not omit raising the alarm with the phrase, clearly not his: "The 'ideologues' were always milder than the practical politicians who came after them." A pregnant statement of a practical and political nature, but taken almost verbatim from Marx-Engels.

And *these* warnings by Sakharov arrived in the West at an ideal moment, at the beginning of the capitulatory détente, and were immediately embraced. It was in fact to be these warnings that the Western press adopted and kept repeating in each and every article, barely discussing my *Letter* itself. “A fascinating dialogue between two Russians!” the press announced, no doubt expecting that the discussion would continue.

I of course very much wanted to respond immediately. Just as Sakharov had been perplexed by my *Letter*, I too was perplexed by much of what was in his response. But a modest, circumspect, sparing answer that merely touched on the opponent’s most glaring errors would have fallen short. The questions all centered on core principles, and for a year in the Soviet Union, together with a group of like-minded individuals, I had been preparing a wide-ranging samizdat collection of articles that were to be titled *From Under the Rubble*. But my deportation interrupted this collaboration, and the collection was being postponed from one month to the next, so somehow it was necessary to bring *From Under the Rubble* to a close by exchanges across the Iron Curtain, which was not an easy task. I was not about to undercut this project, with its insights and carefully weighed formulations, by launching a hasty newspaper attack that would of course have been doomed to being superficial. Very unwillingly I turned away from a quick public response to Sakharov. (Which was to prove a mistake.)

And when *Time* then interviewed me on 3 May, and tried to coax a reply to Sakharov out of me, my response was muted, not taking the bait.<sup>37</sup> This was also to prove an error: In the West, the impression was to prevail that Sakharov had won a victory over me, defeating me, as the saying goes, “one to nil.” Six months later, at the end of 1974, with *From Under the Rubble* already having come out, my circumspect response to Sakharov in *Kontinent (Continent)*<sup>38</sup> was entirely overlooked: a Russian émigré journal of this kind of course cannot hold its ground against a leading American newspaper; indeed, against many Western newspapers. (For years to come I was to be asked why I never answered Sakharov’s criticism.)

But even if I had published my reply in the *New York Times*, what good would it have done? This was a period when the hopes for a détente were on the rise. As Sakharov was arguing, one *could* reach an agreement with Communism, one had to—after all, it was no longer Communism in the real sense. His article led one to believe that my calling Communism to account lacked foundation, was out of date, that I was not an objective witness of what was happening in the USSR. He portrayed the core argument of my *Letter* and my doubts about Progress<sup>39</sup> being absolutely and unconditionally

good as a yearning to restore the old times. From the very day Sakharov's article appeared, with constant references to it the West became fixated on the idea that Solzhenitsyn is antidemocratic and a retrograde.

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But I have got ahead of myself. My *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* was published on 3 March, and my family was still not in Zurich with me, Alya on the telephone insistently putting off their departure. (Were there difficulties? Issues with my archive? I could only guess.) All I had was a half-finished, half-empty three-story apartment, a gate with a broken lock that after a week had still not been fixed, and Zurich.

I liked Zurich very much. Such a powerful yet elegant city, particularly in the lower areas by the river and the lake. I was touched by the charm of its Gothic buildings and the great accumulation of man's craftsmanship in the streets (sometimes so winding and narrow). There were many streetcars making their way down from our university hill with its impressive university buildings to the districts by the river. (And I know from history that so many Russian revolutionaries studied here, receiving their diplomas during the short breathers between their quick and destructive trips back home.)

I did not need to force myself: I had already shifted entirely to my Lenin project. Wherever I wandered in Zurich, Lenin's shadow hung over me. I began meticulous research in the libraries on Zähringerplatz and at the Zentralstelle,<sup>40</sup> where he had spent the most time studying. (Switzerland's centuries of stability had kept these libraries very much intact.) A Czech émigré, Miroslav Tuček, was working at the Zentralstelle, and despite his staunch socialist convictions he went out of his way to help me. It was he who pointed me to the book by Willi Gautschi that had just been published in which all the information about Lenin's time in Zurich had been gathered, 300 pages in German.<sup>41</sup> The author sent me a copy, and I immediately immersed myself in it. Then, quite unexpectedly, I met Fritz Platten, Jr., the sober son of the fiery Platten who had orchestrated Lenin's return through Germany to Russia, supporting and protecting him all the way. The son was not out to defend his father, but was interested in objectively clarifying all the hidden circumstances behind Lenin's return. Our meetings were warm and amicable (and I was surprised how quickly my German was being resuscitated). I purposely took strolls to places that Lenin had frequented, the cafés where he had held meetings, such as the no-longer-extant Skittle Club,<sup>42</sup> and I passed more times than I can count in the Spiegelgasse where he had lodged, crossing the

Bellevueplatz to the lake. Other Zurich impressions struck me in passing, quite by chance, but I was to realize subsequently, with a delay of several months, that all this had to go directly into my Lenin chapters, things such as the vibrant pre-lenten carnival scenes, or Büchner's grave on Zürichberg and the wealthy lady riding her horse there.

Zürichberg is an oval wooded hill above Zurich, needless to say kept meticulously clean (and that for centuries), a place Lenin and Krupskaya often went to lie on the grass. The hill begins very near my house, and it is a two-hundred-meter walk to the cable car, a charming open gondola, a cable pulling it steeply upward while adjacently another gondola was descending. (This was such an interesting sight that I was resolved, the moment my family came, to bring little Yermolai here for him to see it. He was already four, very aware: this would surprise him! But life is strange. My family came and lived in Zurich for two years, and I simply could not find a single moment in all the running around to take the children there, and so somebody else took them instead, perhaps Frau Widmer, the wife of the Mayor of Zurich. We had become good friends with both of them. In terms of his spiritual qualities and political acumen, Sigmund Widmer stood well above the average Westerner of today, and Frau Elisabeth was warm, kindhearted, unassuming, and very attached to our children, taking them out on the lake, to the zoo, and many other places, her own children being almost of marriageable age.) Our apartment was exposed to the noise of the adjacent streets, especially the howling sirens of the ambulances; the hospital of the Canton was right around the corner. And yet, going up Zürichberg, past the last villas of the rich, there was the quiet of the woods with very few people out walking on a weekday; there I could breathe and think, literary projects and publications crystalizing in my mind. (I will not forget meeting an elderly Swiss man, also walking alone. It was shortly after my arrival. He was astonished to see me, came up to me and with both hands took me by the elbow, looked at me with emotion, and kept looking at me, tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he could not speak. One has to know the restrained, buttoned-up Swiss to understand how surprising it is that someone would suddenly come up to you, take you by the arm, and weep.)

Finally, the day of my family's arrival was fixed: March 29th. It was a sunny, warm day, and Heeb of course was with me. At the airport there was again a large crowd of journalists. Steps were rolled up to the plane, and I was allowed to come on board. I entered, as if into darkness, and bumped into Dimitri, who was laden with everyone's hand-baggage, then Alya handed me

little Yermolai and Ignat, who both stared at me, Yermolai recognizing me, but Ignat, who was just eighteen months old, simply resigning himself to his fate. I carried both of them like little bundles of wood, while Alya carried a basket with six-month-old Stepan. (A snapshot of that moment has become my favorite.) Behind Alya came her mother Katya, nervous about her grandchildren. They had brought a dozen or so suitcases, but this would not be the important cargo. Alya managed to whisper to me that everything *significant* was coming by another route. At Sheremetyevo airport KGB officers had kept their luggage for a long time, photographing all the papers that were in any case of marginal importance, and, as we found out later, demagnetizing all our audio tapes with the many interesting recordings we had gathered over the years.

We drove to Stapferstrasse with a cortege of reporters in tow, and when we got there photographers filled the street. As the lock on our gate had been fixed, some thirty photographers rushed through the open gate of our charming neighbors—a young couple, Gigi and Beate Staehelin (who were not at home)—and, roughly pushing and elbowing each other in an attempt to get closer to our fence, trampled all over the flowerbeds that had been tended with such care. And these were Europeans? (Had Russians gone on such a rampage, the world would have said: “What do you expect, they’re Russians!”) I shouted at them, trying to make them see reason; to no avail. Not one of them stepped back from the flowerbeds, and they were utterly destroyed. I was amazed at the extent of their harassment, and they were amazed at the extent of my arrogance. They insisted that my whole family come out and pose on the balcony. This was simply not possible as we had already put the children, who were exhausted, to bed; after all, countless photographs had already been taken at the airport. And so my conflict with the Western press kept growing—and it was to keep growing for a long time to come.

But then there was Roger Leddington, an Associated Press correspondent who had come over in the same plane from Moscow as my family. Alya had let me know right away that he had been among the most selfless saviors of my archive, carrying a significant amount on his person. How could I not give him at least a short interview? And yet his question was the question I kept being asked: Will I be visiting the United States? America is waiting.

In the meantime, two subcommittees of the U.S. House of Representatives had invited me to come and testify. I had sent them, instead, a detailed letter<sup>43</sup> stating that I did not believe that the *détente* could in any way be defined by obsequious silence; by a blind faith in oral promises made by

rulers who never keep them; by unilateral concessions; by retrospective reinterpretations of treaties; by armistices with nothing to guarantee them; by indifference to atrocities committed by the other side. Rather, my understanding of a true *détente* is “*unequivocal control* of all means of violence and war,” which would make “every stage of *détente practically irreversible*.”

Then there was Senator Mondale (the future vice president), who expressed the intention of coming to see me in Zurich—but I simply could not manage everything and so had to put him off.

And then came a letter from the well-known Senator Jackson that had been greatly delayed in arriving (as it had not been sent by mail, but in a quite complicated manner). [9] Here, too, there was an invitation, and this too I declined. [10]

In the meantime, there continued a piling up of many thousand letters from less famous individuals. I simply did not have the strength to read them all, let alone reply to them. And in the West people are accustomed to every institution and every individual responding to every letter: you can set up an office of appropriate size and have your secretaries reply for you, but reply you must. Many people in Switzerland were already offended. The Widmers advised me to reply through the Swiss Telegraphic Agency. This I did. [11]

The statement I made, however, lacked the answer to the question that Swiss journalists and everyone else here had been asking: why I chose Switzerland as my place of residence. It would have been somewhat awkward for me simply to say that I had chosen Switzerland quite by chance; and for me to announce that I had long been writing a book about Lenin in Zurich would have been premature. The only remaining argument was to point to the traditional sympathetic image of Switzerland in Russia, the amazing story told by Herzen in *My Past and Thoughts* about the power of a democracy in which townships were more powerful than the president.

The arrival of the children also raises a number of immediate issues. Dimitri has to be enrolled in school. There was, in fact, a school right next to us on Stapferstrasse, and the pupils, seeing from the windows how we were being besieged by the press, had already held a demonstration with placards: “Leave Solzhenitsyn alone!” I go there to register him. (There follows a stream of papers with guidelines and advice.) Dimitri turns out to be more advanced than the school expected, picking up the language quickly and finding the lessons easy enough, so that within two months he is advanced to the sixth grade. Due to his lively nature, however, he is quick to detect loopholes in school rules, and I am summoned to come in and see his teacher.

As for the little ones, they need Alya night and day: everything here is unfamiliar, the change so abrupt (with Yermolai whimpering, “Mama, am I a Moscovite or a Zurichite?”); the older children with their pillow fights covering the floor with down, the baby crying. Alya is anxious about their future: how will the children in an ocean of foreign languages not lose their Russian mother tongue? So she reads to them tirelessly every day, having brought with her a whole suitcase filled with children’s books. Thus with Alya giving herself so entirely to the children, can she have any strength left for the work we have, for replying to the world that is assailing us? And then what about setting up our household? She faces countless issues: it is an unfamiliar world with unfamiliar things and unfamiliar prices, and a language she does not know! Fortunately, help comes in the form of an elderly émigré living in Zurich, Ksenia Fris, who sets Alya right in all domestic matters, also finding for us in the heart of Switzerland (miracle of miracles!) a Russian babushka, all alone in the world, who speaks a most colorful Russian, and whom fate has sent here from Manchuria, when after 1949 our (Siberian) émigrés who had settled there had to flee the encroaching Chinese Reds. The stern “Granny Katya,” Ekaterina Pavlovna Bakhireva, finds warmth in her heart for our children, as if all her lonely life she had been predestined to wait for these little ones to nurture and teach them life’s basic skills. Would any of this have been possible with the far likelier scenario, a foreign nanny?

She lived far outside the city and came only until noon, but turned out to be a great help. The children spent the rest of the time with their mother and their grandmother. As for the shopping, little Dimitri came to the rescue, as he quickly got to know our neighborhood like the back of his hand. My wife and her mother had to shoulder all the household chores, and a great deal more too: Had we not ourselves gone through the proofs of the second volume of *Archipelago* right away (and a few months later those of *The Oak and the Calf*), the book would have come out riddled with typographical errors, as the Parisian YMCA-Press didn’t have the funds to employ a proofreader. Not only Katya, but little Dimitri helped a great deal: he would energetically read out passages from the original, indicating all the commas, while Alya entered the corrections in the proofs. With all this happening at once, how was one to cope?

Furthermore, the children not only needed looking after, but had to be watched with an eagle’s eye. It was just a year ago that the KGB had been sending us menacing letters, ostensibly from criminals, targeting us by threatening our children: not a joking matter; having a sense of humor was not one of the Chekist virtues enumerated by Dzerzhinsky. Yet when I had



stayed at Rostropovich's house in the special zone near Barvikha, outside Moscow, I would ski in the woods for hours, certain that no one would dare touch me, since everybody would know *they* would be responsible if anything happened to me. Here abroad, on the other hand, the police of two countries had already warned me that I was *on the hit list* of international terrorists, as I knew well enough; and these terrorists were trained and supplied by the Soviets. If one of my children were now to be abducted, the KGB could wash its hands of it and say: this didn't happen in our country, let them deal with it. As long as nothing happens, everyone says that all this is just paranoia and groundless fears. But when something does happen (don't they take hostages in the twentieth century?) then everyone is speechless. Whenever the children went into town, it was only in the company of Frau Widmer or the Bankouls, a Russian émigré family we had befriended, who lived near Zurich and whom we had had the good fortune to meet in Father Aleksandr Kargon's parish. The children's outings into town were to come later, but our small yard, where they always played and where we had set up a little playground with a slide, could be seen from all sides; and since the latticed fence was only chest-high, jumping over it was a mere trifle.

And people did jump over it on a number of occasions. A fanatical young man sat down on our steps and announced that he was staying put, that I was Jesus Christ, and that he and I would henceforth preach side by side. He sat there refusing to listen to reason for almost a day and a night until we called the police; he would not leave with them either, and finally they gently lifted him up ("human rights"!) and carried him away. We were also besieged by a number of thugs who looked very much like gangsters, and who had come carrying a poor deformed creature, an adult dwarf, the son of a very wealthy Latin American family: he wanted to meet with me so we could write a book together! One time we had forgotten to lock the outside gate and our front door, and all of a sudden a brazen Soviet woman burst into the house, shouting rebukes with undisguised hostility. Another woman—she too spoke Russian—kept insisting that we come to the gate, as she had a letter for us that she didn't want to drop into our letterbox; we came and got it: it was a handwritten letter from none other than the notorious KGB journalist Victor Louis. He is an *ordinary Soviet citizen*, has been admitted to a Zurich hospital and is reflecting on the meaning of life; believes the issues between us were now a thing of the past. So does that mean he shows remorse for having tricked my blind aunt, for having placed my head on the Soviet butcher's block? No, he does not. He writes instead about his own

past suffering in the Gulag, and insists that I retract my accusations that he had sold *Cancer Ward* in the West; he would in fact be quite prepared to meet with me once he was discharged from the hospital! And how many more people came and stood behind the chest-high fence (in that same open yard belonging to our neighbor Gigi), incessantly calling out to me. Among them were clearly many sincere people, but also some unmistakably suspect provocateurs, fake and bogus individuals with vague stories.

There were also visitors who had written to me in advance and whom I had then invited. One of them was the Cossack leader V. Glazkov (I did not realize right away that he was a separatist who believed that there should be a “Cossackia” independent of Russia). And also Wolfgang Kasack, the German philologist, who had been a prisoner of war in the Soviet Union and had since dedicated himself to Russian language and literature. Then the energetic Patricia Blake, one of America’s leading journalists who, to my horror, had three years earlier trumpeted to the world that she had heard a secret about a book called *The Gulag Archipelago* which was already being translated into English! Now she wanted to write my biography. There were also the American Slavists, and Countess Olsufieva from Rome, who had once been glowingly recommended to me at the Union of Soviet Writers, and had now arrived bearing reviews by professors in Italy to convince me that the Italian translation of *Archipelago*, which she had done in just three months, was of excellent quality. (It turned out to be quite bad.) Then there were a number of vain émigré couples who came by just so they could say that they had. But there were also the most wonderful old people, who brought important testimonies about the past: it was vital that I give them my undivided attention but I simply didn’t have the time.

Another visitor was Vasili Orekhov, the longtime editor (since the 1920s) of the White Guard magazine *Chasovoi* (*The Sentinel*—resolutely standing guard until the fall of the Bolsheviks). Writing to me beforehand, he made some peculiar allusions to a previous exchange of letters, which, however, had never taken place. I thought it might just be a matter of senility in his advancing years, but far from it. He turned out to be a man in his seventies with a sharp mind and an unbending spirit who had fought in the Civil War, a Captain in the Russian Imperial Army. And he showed me . . . two or three of *my* letters! It was definitely my handwriting, forged remarkably well and with my turns of phrase (culled from other real letters). The forgers had even taken pains to call upon God a number of times, spelling Him with a capital letter. But I had never written any of this correspondence! I marveled at the

work of the KGB; and they had been carrying on this correspondence since 1972. I had supposedly first of all asked Orekhov for some material pertaining to the First World War, which he had sent me. Where to? To Moscow, to a certain address, by certified mail with return receipt notification, which always arrived promptly with “my” signature on it. Astonishing! But the KGB had quite a number of tricks up their sleeve. After that, probably to keep things plausible, “I” supposedly proposed that we use a different address, suggesting that Orekhov write me by way of Prague, to a certain Professor Nesvadba who always promptly confirmed the receipt of the letters. By late 1973, when the full conspiracy against me was under way, the KGB sent Orekhov an invitation “from me,” proposing that we meet in Prague, no longer to discuss historical materials but ideas and tactics. Orekhov had believed everything without question, and would have gone to Prague had not some last-minute matter detained him, and that is when I was deported. Thus a trap that had been carefully laid for me did not fall shut: Orekhov would have been arrested, and they would have had proof of my involvement in a White Guard conspiracy. The KGB had clearly kept this plan as an alternative option. Were there even more plans?

*Time* happened to be interviewing me when I met Orekhov, and I provided them with all the details and a facsimile of “my” handwriting, catching the KGB at its forgery red-handed. [12] The lesson I learned was that it is important not to miss opportunities such as these; publishing the story was to serve in the future as a protective shield. Another lesson I learned was that the battle against the KGB had to go on as long as its pestilence continued to spread over the earth. One could not stand back and do nothing.

Another place I went to regularly in Zurich was Heeb’s imposing offices, which I visited once or twice a week. There I would find Frau Heeb, a fragile elderly lady, who along with a young secretary was diligently filing documents, while Heeb, with an invariable air of importance, sat at his large desk surrounded by hefty Swiss statute books. He would hand me a number of papers in all the major languages of Europe—in some of the minor ones too—and I would sit there laboring over them, though they invariably turned out to be inconsequential: pointless greetings, pointless invitations I would never accept, requests that I meet people, requests for appointments. Though I must say I was also relieved that there was nothing of consequence: that way I didn’t have to waste more time with all of this. (And of course there were books, books sent as gifts, so many of them; where was I to put them? They ended up in our garret.) And if I needed money Heeb sim-

ply wrote me a check, as he was the one who took care of everything. It never occurred to me that at some point I should sit down with him and ask him about the state of my *affairs*; what could there be after all to discuss?

Here is something: Heeb informs me that it is necessary for me to appear as a witness in court. Why is that? It turns out that the London publisher Flegon, who has already ruined my *First Circle* with his pirated Russian edition (he is a good friend of Victor Louis), has brought out a no-less-pirated edition of the first volume of *Archipelago*. He is being sued by YMCA-Press, and as I am now in the West I have to take part in the court case. God, how I balk at this with my entire soul, since the only thing I am yearning to do at this point is to begin writing again. But if it has to be, then so be it—when in Rome do as the Romans do. We head to the British consulate in Zurich. (One needs to have a number of experiences in the West to heighten one's aversion for the courts!) I go there as if in a fog. A functionary of some kind sits down to talk to me, needless to say in English, I having to switch my brain cells back from German; sheer torture. But on the other hand, if nobody is going to put a spoke in Flegon's wheel, it would be tantamount to acknowledging that I have no rights as an author of *The Gulag Archipelago*. I manage by hook or crook to make clear to the functionary my standpoint that I have not granted Flegon permission to publish and that I am protesting the publication. I then have to take an oath on the Bible, which I do. (If it were something worthwhile, worth swearing on a Bible for, but this?! That atheist Flegon, on the other hand, is only too happy to swear, in London.)

About two weeks pass—I receive a telegram from Flegon in London that on such and such a day he will appear to hand me a summons. I ignore it. But on the appointed day—a warm spring day—a lively little man in a black hat and a black cloak appears in the Stapferstrasse. In his demonstratively long and wide gown, the kind one imagines worn by English solicitors in the last century, he resembles a large bat. He sticks something onto the stone pillar of our gate, crosses to the other side of the street, and stands there. Dimitri runs outside to take a look and comes back to tell me that it is in English, in very large letters, summoning me to the British High Court of Justice, and that it has some kind of important-looking seal. Our first impulse was to have Dimitri tear it down and to forget about it. But for some reason an instinct urged me to leave it—to hell with it, let it stay there. Passersby stopped, looked at it, were taken aback, and walked on. And there it remained until dark. It turned out that during all those hours Flegon was standing watch with his camera at the ready to photograph us taking it

down, which would serve as proof that I had received the summons to the English court, and so would come under its jurisdiction. (I later learned that writs of this kind could not be sent by mail but had to be served in person. Be that as it may, the British press had already announced that the *publisher* of *The Gulag Archipelago* was suing *his author*, who one assumed was dishonest. A windfall for the KGB. They wanted to smear me with whatever mud was at hand.)

Alya and I simply did not have time to just sit down and think things through.

So on one of those wonderful April days I took her by cable car up the Zürichberg, where we sat on a bench in the woods with a view of Zurich far below, and there we began to catch our breath.

We were not necessarily trying to come up with a single idea or reach some practical decision, we just wanted to catch our breath. Furthermore, it was Russian Orthodox Holy Week; we had already attended services at the little basement church and were feeling cleansed.

We sat there for an hour—and reached a resolution. I had had the idea already some three years previously, and had based my last will and testament on it (which Heinrich Böll had witnessed): Four-fifths of all my royalties were to go to good works, leaving only a fifth to my family. And just this last January, at the height of my persecution in the Soviet Union, I had publicly declared that I would donate my royalties from *The Gulag Archipelago* to the aid of all prisoners. I do not consider the income from *Archipelago* mine: it belongs to Russia, and above all to political prisoners, our brothers. The time had come, we had to act! Help was needed not *at some future point*, but as soon as possible. The wives of political prisoners had to put together food parcels and travel to the camps to visit their husbands *now*; the children and elderly parents of political prisoners were getting short of food *now*. As it was, all the preparations had already been mapped out: the previous summer I had met with Alik Ginzburg in Tarusa and we had discussed the idea that if we could bring in my Nobel Prize money from abroad we could set up a financial assistance program in the USSR for political prisoners and their families, providing them with a way to survive. (Not to mention that in the Soviet Union persecution was growing beyond simple arrests: people's houses were being searched, people were being fired from their jobs, losing their salaries.) Alik was to take charge of the distribution, fired by his passion, his brilliant knack for clandestine activity, and his excellent talent for organization. We had even settled on the details. All that had remained was

to figure out *how* to transfer the money from the West. (We had only managed to do this for a few of our “invisible allies.”) But now that we were here in the West, surely we could find a way. Several local experts had advised that it would be best for us to set up a charitable Fund to which we could direct all the monies we intended to donate.

In the two hours that Alya and I sat on the bench in the freshness of the early spring, we reached a decision: The charity was to be called the “Russian Social Fund,” and I would grant it all my international royalties from *The Gulag Archipelago*, which would probably end up approximately as the four-fifths of my income that I had initially intended to donate, maybe more. First, the prisoners and the persecuted were to be helped, but also Russian culture and Russian publishing, and later perhaps even some work restoring Russia. Now we were going to jump into action and set up the Fund! With the help of Heeb, of course, as he had all the know-how. And then we would figure out *how* to send money to the Soviet Union.

And God was at our side—here we had met the Bankouls. Viktor Sergeevich was an extremely dynamic, levelheaded, warm, and reliable person, and he was the first in whom we confided our plan. He took a great role in it, gave us much excellent advice, and then became a board member of the Fund. Alya took on all the clandestine arrangements, strengthening the links between our “Invisible Allies”: this network had in no way become redundant—it was to prove most useful to us!

It also turned out that sometime around that week, almost by chance but with sudden clarity, Alya and I made another major life decision.

*Here* where all the paths of Europe crossed, with a constant stream of visitors, I would not find the peace I needed to work. In order to write I would have to keep leaving for the mountains without my family. Should we search Switzerland for a wilderness and all move there? Did Switzerland have a wilderness? (Some time later Alya went with the Bankouls up to the Jura plateau to see if they could find the right kind of place there. They couldn’t.) Should we move to another country? But which one?

It was strange: German Switzerland had welcomed me in such a wonderful way, and was proud that I had chosen to live there. The impeccable orderliness of this country seemed to correspond perfectly to my methodical, organized nature. I approved wholeheartedly of the country, everything here was exceptional. Besides, the German language I had studied in my school years but only rarely used, to read books, now suddenly gushed forth, and I was able to talk not only about everyday topics, but even about abstract

matters, though I would invariably find myself tiring after half an hour. My German was of great help to me in my Swiss years. Thus a freight we might be carrying deep within us for decades can suddenly prove extremely useful, as if it had been wisely chosen for a certain stage of life, all the labor undertaken in childhood proving not to have been in vain.

But my heart was not at peace. Zurich is an exceptionally beautiful city, but as I walked through its streets I felt a sadness within me. Not that this had anything to do with Zurich itself, it was rather my basic aversion to the excesses and carelessness of the West. And there was also the constant threat of the USSR hovering over our heads.

When Alya had arrived in Switzerland, it had taken her only a few short weeks to discern, as I had in Norway, how sharp the Soviet Dragon's teeth pointing outward to the West were. It was strange that while we lived in the Soviet Union we had never felt its might hovering over us the way we immediately did here. And then in a flash of clarity, in the attic of our Zurich apartment into which we were still settling in, I said, and my wife immediately agreed, that we would not be able to hold out here for very long. Should we not head across the ocean as so many waves of Russian emigrants had done before us? (But we continued settling into our vertical apartment that went from cellar to garret. Women have a harder time relocating again and again. Alya was later to draw back from my plan and vehemently resist it, not wanting to cross the ocean. Nothing was forcing us to leave Europe right now, so why undertake such a new, difficult move? But the future before us required that we do so.)

So we began our life in Zurich with the conviction that we would leave it behind, if only to move to the Jura.

And if we were not to live in Europe, where would we live?

By a process of elimination, only the United States or Canada remained. It would also be good to have the children learn English, the most international language in the world.

But we were still being kept here, detained by our task of protecting our rearguard back in the Soviet Union. This first year after my deportation, especially the first few months, was a particularly dangerous and decisive period for anyone who had in any way been associated with me in the past, especially for Ugrimov, who was still hiding my archives. Would all these people be persecuted, or left untouched? I did not have any actual power with which I could protect them, but then again I had not had any *actual* power all those years before either, yet the struggle had been successful. While the Soviet gov-

ernment still continued to fear me—and fear me it did!—I had to demonstrate in no uncertain terms that I would strongly and vociferously defend each and every one of the individuals who had helped me, that I would not allow them to be secretly done away with. We would open letters smuggled out of Moscow with great apprehension, but so far, week after week, all our people had remained unharmed, although Lyusha Chukovskaya had received some brazen phone calls from the KGB. Then I learned that Etkind was being persecuted. I had to support him, and wrote a statement in his defense, also bringing up the matter of Superfin’s plight again. Yet though we were surrounded by a sea of journalists and media people, we had no experience or know-how for the things we wanted published to be brought out quickly and effectively. I had not realized at the time how out-of-the-way Scandinavia was; from there it was difficult to spread any news to the West. As Per Hegge had just arrived, I gave him my article for his Oslo newspaper *Aftenposten*. So my thoughts that I should have broadcast through all the Western television stations went no further, my main message being that the détente must not gradually lead to another Munich Agreement.

But it was not just Scandinavia. Since in those first months I could not avoid the advances of some major television station or other, American of course, I granted CBS an interview.<sup>44</sup> They came to our house with a noisy, well-equipped crew of about ten, the only shortcoming being that they had not brought with them competent translators. I, too, was poorly prepared, not realizing who Walter Cronkite was, how left his leanings were, his questions bristling with hidden jabs, all about the Western media and my attitude toward it (which by now had become common knowledge), and also about the Russian émigré community. The Norwegian journalist Hegge translated Cronkite’s questions poorly into Russian, and David Floyd then rendered my answers into chaotic mistranslations, as neither of them were translators, far less professional simultaneous interpreters. Cronkite could not understand what I was saying.

I needlessly launched into an evaluation of the Third Wave of Russian emigration,<sup>45</sup> and whether leaving the Soviet Union was ethical toward those who remained, and whether heading to America was the right thing to do. And what about the emigrants who went to Israel? It was not my business to involve myself in these things, but we still saw all those who left the USSR as former compatriots, as *our* people, and the separation from our homeland was for us an open wound. We also believed, as Gogol once wrote: “There is now another kind of salvation: not fleeing one’s land by ship in order to save



one's pitiful earthly possessions, but saving one's soul by not leaving one's land, each one of us having to save himself within the heart of the state."<sup>46</sup> (And yet Gogol too lived for a number of years in Italy.)

In the meantime, our close friends Mstislav Rostropovich and Galina Vishnevskaya had to face forced emigration, and that on my account, since their artistic careers would never have crossed paths with the vile cuttlefish of dim-eyed Soviet politics had it not been for their courageous and generous step in offering shelter to me, a persecuted man. What humiliation, ridicule, and derision they had to endure in the clutches of the Soviet Ministry of Culture and its servile lackeys! Rostropovich and Vishnevskaya were not only prohibited from giving concerts abroad, but in the capitals, too, with Rostropovich forced to tour the distant provinces while Vishnevskaya was barred from her beloved Bolshoi Theater. Many of their former friends now turned away from them in a cowardly manner. After their years of illustrious success they were deeply hurt and insulted. They endured the humiliation for three years and perhaps would have endured it longer, but after I was exiled the actions against them became increasingly vindictive: instead of easing the persecution, cultural functionaries, their minds stunted by malice, barred them entirely from the grand citadel of Soviet art. Our friends were unable to bear this, and agreed to leave. They lost everything: the house in Zhukovka they had so lovingly renovated, with its concert hall that had never been used, and all its walks, where my *Red Wheel* had blossomed within me, and our sons Ignat and Stepan within Alya. All of it abandoned. The harsh east wind of exile was to carry the Rostropovich family of four to someplace in Europe, they themselves did not know where, their daughters Olga and Lena torn from their childhood. Yet for them the world here in the West was not entirely foreign. They had so many friends and acquaintances and over the years had garnered so many international accolades, a flood of offers showering down on them once they arrived. Their position was far more favorable than that of so many other émigrés; but the loss of their homeland, without the right to return, was crushing. It was in a bewildered, perplexed, and rudderless frame of mind that they came to see us in Zurich. They were smiling, but smiling bitterly. Rostropovich tried to make light of the matter, but we were sad. We sat around the table on the lawn in our yard until dusk in the midst of all the Swiss houses with their steep tiled roofs. Five years earlier, when they had put me up at Zhukovka, we could never have imagined that things would have taken such a turn.

That same summer Vladimir Maximov came to visit us twice. He had obtained his visa to emigrate in early February, almost at the time of my de-

portation, and had now been in Europe for a few months, nervously trying to figure out how to put his talents to work. He was barely known in the West, and did not speak any foreign language. The idea of beginning his exile by sitting quietly and writing his next novel in Russian was contrary to his fiery political temperament. Not that it would have afforded him any prospects. What he needed was a position and a means to survive, as his family had come with him. He was planning to publish a literary and political émigré magazine in Paris, pocket-sized so it could also easily be smuggled into the USSR. But another recent émigré had already been enthroned in Paris for a whole year already, Andrei Sinyavsky, who as a writer was less famous than Maximov, but known to the whole world on account of his trial. Sinyavsky had already established himself at the Sorbonne and had acquired a group of émigré admirers. Consequently, there were two candidates for the editorship, but no funds to launch the magazine. But Maximov, unlike Sinyavsky, was a sincere and ardent opponent of Communism, and had already looked into who could give him the money for such a magazine: Axel Springer, the wealthy rightist German publisher, who had the same sincere aversion to Communism. For Springer, however, to grant the magazine such a significant sum of money, Maximov needed an extremely sound recommendation, a written guarantee, and the only possibility he could see was to ask me. That was why he had come to visit me in Zurich.

I had met Maximov only once before, having sat next to him at the Sovremennik Theater. The rage within him against the Soviet bureaucracy and its literary lackeys (to which I could very much relate) had been unmistakable. In his novella in the *Taruskiye stranitsy* collection,<sup>47</sup> it was clear that Maximov had plumbed the depths of real life, had experienced the prison camps, and as a child had been an orphan living in the streets. In all the troubles of my final years in the USSR I had managed to read two parts of his *Seven Days of Creation* and found them quite sound; he was a writer entirely devoid of simulation and self-preening.

As for the magazine that he wanted to establish, that it would be resolutely opposed to Communism was beyond doubt. But would that be enough? How would the magazine position itself in relation to the different waves of Russian emigration? It was already noticeable that the Third Wave was distancing itself from the First and Second (nor was the Third Wave exhibiting any zeal against Communism). Maximov himself seemed coolly disposed toward the *Whites* of the First Wave of emigration of the 1920s, and had little knowledge or experience of the fate of the Russian prisoners of

war and the slave workers of the Third Reich. His muddled and turbulent past could hardly have forged in him an inner link with the historical and spiritual traditions of Russia. So my hope in him was, as my character Matryona would have said, a *sorry* one. He would probably not be able to sustain a clear *Russian* focus. I even said to him jokingly: “I neither expect nor insist that you defend ‘Holy Russia,’ but at least do not badmouth her!” And yet, as it turned out, I assumed Maximov’s filial feelings for Russia to be stronger than they actually were. In that first year of exile, new arrivals in the West that we were, we could not imagine how soon the rift between us would manifest itself.

But how could I not support such an openly anti-Bolshevik undertaking? I suggested to Maximov that he strengthen the magazine’s significance by bringing together all the intellectual forces of Eastern Europe, since what the Kremlin surely feared most was solidarity among the émigrés from the entire Eastern Bloc, the Continent, an idea that Maximov adopted and later implemented. It was in that spirit that I sent a welcoming statement to the first issue in an attempt to open this path for the newly born magazine. I had also suggested the magazine’s name, *Kontinent*, Sinyavsky having proposed that Maximov ape Kafka and call the magazine “The Trial.” I wrote the letter of support that Maximov asked me to write, and so he secured Springer’s support.

Maximov had not come alone but had brought his pleasant young wife. As dusk fell and evening came on we were sitting downstairs drinking tea the way we do in Russia, when we heard little Stepan crying upstairs. I left Alya with our guests and went up to see to him. He was then about nine months old. I picked him up, and he immediately calmed down. I held him for a while, and put him back in his cot, but he again began to cry. The moment I picked him up again, he calmed down. And so, suddenly, I came to like holding him in my arms, cuddling him the way mothers do. It was as if there were some invisible power or joy flowing from me to him, from him to me. And was I to go downstairs and sit there drinking tea? I slowly and softly paced up and down the room carrying my son, and then went out with him onto the balcony. A soft rain began to fall. In the next room the older children were calmly sleeping. And I held this treasure, my youngest son, and thought about the miracle of the continuation of life. (He was called Stepan, as I would have been called: My birth name was to have been Stepan, but my mother wanted me to be called Sanya, which was what everyone called my father who had just passed away.<sup>48</sup> Now I had repaid my debt.) And his growing up—would I live to see it? What would he become? To what extent

would this tiny little bundle be my continuation? That evening he and I formed a union of sorts.

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But when could I start working again! Back in my homeland, with all the turmoil, I had written until the very last day, and yet here, for two months now, I could not work? I was being deluged by all the correspondence, all the questions and invitations, all the visitors that came through the gate, all the shouts over the fence.

But the central issue remained: there was still no sign of my archive, though Alya assured me that it was to be shipped, and by the most reliable means!

The letters, mostly from abroad, were now being opened and sorted by Alix Fris, Ksenia Pavlovna's daughter, and Maria Aleksandrovna Bankoul. (We had rid ourselves of all assistance from the Czechs.) Even the physical volume of the correspondence was terrible; soon none of the rooms in our apartment could hold anymore. As for reading everything people were sending me, what human being would have the strength to tackle all that? From time to time I answered some of the more urgent letters.

People from the NTS (the National Labor Alliance of Russian Solidarists—long-standing and untiring anti-Bolsheviks) had come once, and then a second time; I could not refuse to see them. And then there was a second or third letter from representatives of Amnesty International requesting a meeting with me. This was understandable: I was, after all, known as one who fought against the camps and prisons, which was what they were doing too. But already in the Soviet Union I had come to realize from radio broadcasts from the West that they were looking for pennies only in the light beneath the street lamps where they could be seen (in other words in Western countries, illuminated by information); pennies that had rolled into a totalitarian dark corner they ignored.

And along with the letters came books and more books, we barely had time to unpack them, the packaging going into the trash, the books up the steep and narrow ladder into our garret. For the moment I passed over what people sent me in foreign languages, I simply did not have the time, but at the first opportunity I began sorting through the Russian books. I had heard of some of the titles, of some I hadn't, and there were entire sets of the émigré magazines *Beloye Delo* (*White Cause*), *Bely Arkhiv* (*White Archive*), and

*Pervopokhodnik (First-Campaigner)*.<sup>49</sup> In the Soviet Union I would never have got to see them! I did not manage to take it all in right away, to grasp it all, but here, without any effort on my part, through the wonderful goodwill and trust shown me by the Russians of that First Wave of emigration in the 1920s, all the books that I needed most came together, rare books, a priceless library on the Russian Revolution (eighty percent of what I would need for my *Red Wheel*, as I was later to realize). It was vital for me to thank those who had sent them. (And yet I did not manage to thank everyone; and some of them passed away.)

Then finally, finally, on 16 April, the third day of Russian Orthodox Easter (we could not have guessed in advance how it was to arrive, or what angel would bring it), an ordinary German car pulled up to our gate and a young German couple got out, asking permission to see me. Dr. Heeb's son happened to be at our place, having just brought us some mail, but the newcomer avoided introducing himself in his presence, showing me his identity card instead. Now finally, at long last, I can say his name: It was Peter Schönfeld from the German Foreign Ministry. He also introduced his wife Hildegard and their little daughter to Alya and me. Unobtrusively, he handed us two suitcases and a bag; that was it, barely forty pounds! Alya hurried into the next room to look over the contents. God in Heaven! It was the first and most important part of my *Red Wheel* archive, consisting of the unfinished manuscript (no other copy existing anywhere!) of *November 1916*, some forty envelopes with my most important materials, and the notebook containing my *Diary R-17*, which I had been keeping all those years about writing *The Red Wheel*. I was ready to throw my arms around Schönfeld and cover him with kisses! I felt it was the Miracle: my archive had been saved from the jaws of the Dragon, secretly snatched from under its claws and whisked away through half of Europe: and here it was now, on our table, our sofa! For me this was an exultation beyond compare, like a recovery from cancer!

The day had come where I could begin my work.

I could, but I couldn't: I was constantly being disturbed! The Italian Catholic Press Union awarded me its Golden Cliché Prize (which the Prague youth movement had also received for the Prague Spring of 1968), and I was expected to come to Italy to accept it. (Traveling? I simply did not have the strength. Yet if they were to come to Zurich, then . . . well, then I would have to prepare a speech.) In the meantime a heated dispute had erupted in the Russian émigré press concerning my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders*, and I was being urged from all sides to respond to the criticism. Then Widmer calls: the

Minister of Justice of Switzerland wants to see me. I will have to go, and Widmer will take me by car.

We set out on a pleasant, sunny day. Widmer and I talked incessantly in German, which, to my surprise, did not tire me. We were traveling from one of the cities Lenin had lived in to another of his cities, and I foresaw that victory would be mine: I would write those chapters, I definitely would! We drove past the road going up to Sörenberg, where Inessa Armand had retreated in the autumn of 1916, not wanting to see Lenin; if I am to describe the village, shouldn't we go up and take a look? (An American Slavist who had visited me told me he had discovered that during the weeks Lenin believed Inessa to be in Clarens, her name had appeared in a hotel register here in the valley, as had Zinoviev's name.)<sup>50</sup> But no, I will not be writing about Inessa.

We arrive in Bern. We meet with Minister Furgler, later President of Switzerland. (Switzerland has no permanent president, but one who is elected in rotation every year.) Furgler welcomes me ceremoniously and, after a short conversation, declares, again ceremoniously, that I am to be granted a *Niederlassungsbewilligung* (permanent-residence permit) without the usual trial period. I am quite embarrassed, for even Widmer does not know that Alya and I have decided to leave. (The Zurich police proceed to issue Swiss passports to my family.) Widmer and I still have time to take in some of the sights of Bern, climbing the hundreds of steps up to the cathedral tower to look down over the sea of tiled roofs of the huddled old quarter, and the Gothic stalagmites of the cathedral. (It was built in the fifteenth century before the Reformation. In the determination of the Swiss Reformation to emphasize that truth belongs to all, they pulled back the curtains of the altar and had the congregation sit up at the altar facing the nave.)

As for the Italian journalists, they informed me that they would be delighted to come to Zurich, that it would be no trouble whatsoever. They rented a banquet hall for the occasion at a nearby hotel. We went there on the appointed day and were quite taken aback: there were more than thirty of them, so energetic and lively, so engaged, their eyes fiery, their words passionate. We took our seats, and Alix Fris, who spoke Italian as if it were her mother tongue, translated for us. First one Italian made a speech, then a second, after which I was handed a little box. Now it was my turn to say something. I spoke phrase by phrase, stopping so Alix could translate.<sup>51</sup>

The speech I had prepared, however, was much too complicated. I was still trapped in the flight between two worlds, not having yet acquired points of reference or an understanding of intellectual expectations; but I was

already being besieged by the triumphant Western materialism that was eclipsing all spirituality. Consequently, I had prepared a speech for the Italian journalists that was like trying to push water uphill with a rake, a speech that far overshot the mark. While I sought to soar upward, I neglected to lay out the basic questions. The eyes of the poor journalists glazed over at these abstruse heights, and after the ceremony a young journalist came up to me and said almost tearfully: “There is nothing you have just said that I can transmit to my readers. Could you perhaps say something more clear?”

What was strange was that the speech I gave came up against a wall of deafness and a sea of silence, as if my words had been neither uttered nor heard. Four years later I was to gather these same thoughts under the same rubric in my commencement address at Harvard, where my words resounded throughout America and the entire world. In the Western world the place where something is spoken or printed has a very diverse effect: something that is printed or said in the most refined European countries, such as France or England, has difficulty reaching the United States, while anything said in America, for some reason, resonates throughout the whole world. It is what physicists call an anisotropic medium.

But in an attempt to carve out some time and space so I could finally resume my work again, I did not go to America that year, not even for my honorary citizenship.

My first months in the West I lived clumsily and unfocused, nervous and in a tangle, all that year making one mistake after another, both tactically and in my affairs. My only consolation was to keep leaving Zurich to write—or rather to try to write.

Sternenberg turned out not to be an ideal place for solitude. The Widmers’ house stood on a narrow ridge between two mountain cirques; huddled against one side of the house was a road (though not one with too much traffic), while on the other side, passing right under the windows, was a popular hiking trail. Every weekend and holiday (after the Soviet Union, Switzerland struck me as having a surprising number of holidays) the Swiss would go hiking along this trail in their woolen knee socks, hiking in pairs, in groups, in crowds, from elderly hikers to entire school classes. Not only did they distract me with their tramping and their voices, but they also kept peering through my windows. I had set up a table outside under a cherry tree so as not to work in the hot rooms of the house, but that place too was visible from the trail. Also, the house was in an alpine meadow, and several times during the summer I was assailed by the racket of mowing, hay rak-

ing, and baling. And yet the diligence and integrity of my worthy neighbors' toil strengthened the peace within my soul, and I was not put out by the bustle of their work, the pungent stench of the dung they spread over the meadows, the incessant ringing of cowbells, or even the noise of the tractor.

The view from so high up truly filled me with inspiration: Gazing at the scenery far below, particularly when one does so repeatedly—every day, every morning—somehow cleanses the soul and clarifies one's thoughts. The simple act of standing and looking is already labor for the soul and the mind. The task of evaluating one's past and tracing out the future becomes easier. I only had to raise my eyes from my sheet of paper and would see before me one of the amazingly beautiful cirques with its blend of steeply sloping meadows, its forested islets and slivers, its winding farming paths and its farm structures. Particularly astounding in this vertical landscape was the play of the strips of mist and severed rainbows. I only had to go to the back of the house to look out onto the second vast mountain cirque, a Swiss landscape stretching far into the distance with farms scattered over the slopes like birds' nests. Standing guard close by, right above the house, was an alluring and steep height on which the eye could feast. (I went hiking up there only three times that year, once with Father Alexander Schmemann, when we found a Swiss army bunker.) Some three miles away the highest peak in the area, the Hörnli, rose up from a chain of other mountains that were almost as high. There was a stretch of footpath above a third cirque nearby that was my favorite, my "captain's bridge." When there were no hikers to be feared, I would keep walking back and forth along that strip, the way I used to do as a prisoner, drinking in clarity and reason from the vista above, then from the vista below, from the cleft between the mountains down into the valley of the river Töss, where sometimes small train carriages glinted, and every evening the same unblinking lights of the village shone. The moon played its own special game above the three cirques, waxing and waning day by day, and shifting every hour across the sky. The evening of 1 August, the Swiss National Day, was an evening unlike any other, with a great fire blazing on the summit of Hörnli, here and there smaller fires burning, the mountains calling to one another with flickering lights, and in the valleys shots and firecrackers ringing out until midnight. My bed was also placed in the house so that my first glance in the morning through the open window was always on the distant mountains, their depth and height changing depending on the clarity of the air, but on the purest mornings I saw through half-opened eyes all the way to the snow-covered Alps.



Father Schmemmann spent almost three days with me there. It was the first time we had met, though in the USSR I had managed to listen to the magnificent broadcasts he did for Radio Liberty. We discussed a great many things when he visited me here: spiritual matters, the state of the Orthodox Church, its splitting into different factions, historical matters, and literature. (I remember his witty remark about the inner corrosion of the Silver Age of fin-de-siècle Russia and its approach to good and evil: “These are the two avenues—it matters not which one you choose.”) We hiked a good deal on the slopes. I remember us lying in a meadow above one of the cirques when he suggested the project of starting a Russian radio station together. (After working at Radio Liberty all this time, he felt that it had changed and lost direction.) I was definitely for it. A radio station would indeed be more effective than a magazine such as *Kontinent!* But who would give Russians tens of millions of dollars?

With every day at Sternenberk I grew healthier in body and spirit. I kept asking myself: how is it that *they* expelled me from the Soviet Union? They themselves had built me a Noah’s Ark to survive their deluge. (Their nerve must have given out after our September 1973 “encounter battle”<sup>52</sup> and my January counterattack, all this in full view of the West; the détente with the West being vital to them, they began to doubt their omnipotence.) So now, at the age of fifty-five, I kept looking at these three mountain cirques: I had already shouted out the truth about our post-revolutionary history—hadn’t I been successful, and far more so than I could have dreamt? A weak little blade of grass had pushed its way up from under slabs of concrete, and all the concrete force of violence and might could not crush it; all the poisonous miasmas of the persevering lies in the world could not stifle it. With God’s help, life has already been a success.

Had I now perhaps earned the right to dedicate myself purely to literature? And to Russian history?

And yet on my “captain’s bridge” I energetically thought through a number of plans: First of all our resolution to move to Canada, and then that of establishing a Russian University there. I had not yet come to know the Russian émigrés, but with a love that went back many years I had cherished them as the custodians of our best traditions, knowledge, and hope. For years I had imagined our emigration as a great human force that someday will pour over our motherland like a healing balm. Pacing my captain’s bridge, I jotted down notes about the university project, notes I have kept to this day, also concerning what departments the university would have: beside a rich offering in the humanities, imbued with Russian tradition, there

would also be departments specializing in the development of sustainable natural resources, land engineering, and national economic management drawing on Western experience. The program would be intense; as for summer break, a month would suffice, and there would be another month dedicated to working for the Russian diaspora. There would be scholarships, though with a view to supporting but a modest lifestyle. We would also establish a Russian primary and secondary school connected to the university, in which the curriculum would have neither a narrowly émigré perspective, nor a distorted Soviet one. I intended to use every means to imbue the pupils' future with strength, encouraging them to break free from Western satiation and turn toward the rigor of their motherland. Also, I wanted to use some of the monies from my Fund to support these projects.

However, I still had no concept of our emigration's present state of weakness, its dilution, and that after sixty years it *did not have* the necessary social fabric from which to recruit pupils, not to mention that nowadays nobody wants to follow a curriculum that is so exacting, or voluntarily submit to rigors. Only students from the current wave of emigration were numerous enough, but they had not fled their country just to return to it.

And all things considered, such a university was not financially realizable.

In Sternenberg I concentrated on writing—or, rather, on assuring myself that in exile I had not lost the ability to write. That summer I did not write all that much, just the Fourth Supplement to *The Oak and the Calf*, and the beginning of my *Invisible Allies*. (There were many interruptions, as I often traveled back to Zurich to Alya and to my family.)

I thought that now there would be no need to continue writing *The Oak and the Calf*, that my work on it was done. From a Soviet perspective, these “sketches of literary life” were perhaps complete now that their author was no longer homeless, no longer driven from one stranger to another to seek shelter, now that his manuscripts could lie unconcealed in various rooms of his house and no longer needed to be hastily hidden at every knock on the door, now that the beginning and the end of a manuscript could be brought together on the same desk and the completed work did not have to be buried somewhere. Would it be even fitting to continue? I thought that *Invisible Allies* should end with such a thought. But one never knows what lies ahead! Here I am, quite unexpectedly immersed in such “sketches” again, now from a Western perspective and heading in an entirely new direction.

But I did not manage to start working again on my *Red Wheel*, an indication that deep within me I was far more shaken than I had been aware.

Perplexed, I set out to write about memories from a very long time ago, spent far more time than usual on ephemeral publications, and wrote a letter to the Third Council of the Russian Orthodox Church Abroad.<sup>53</sup> Toward autumn I took up my Lenin project, but without making much headway. And yet the grandeur and wisdom of this mountain place (almost as if a high mountain altar . . .) were soon to put me back in form, and reassured me that I could write here in the West no worse than in Russia, as long as, distilled within me, I carried my Russian life experience.

On 27 June the heroic (and to me legendary, as I had not yet met him) Norwegian Nils Udgaard, a kind, intelligent, large-framed man who came with his wife Angelika, brought us the second part of my archive. (In autumn the third, last, and most extensive part was to arrive, brought by William Odom via the United States. And my “revolutionary” library was brought by Mario Corti.<sup>54</sup> So by October everything was organized and in place.)

The Udgaards came to visit us at Sternenberg, and it was only then that Alya and I found out how my *Red Wheel* had been saved and brought out of the Soviet Union, about which I was to remain silent even in *Invisible Allies* (sketch 13), at the request of those involved.

A letter of authorization that Alya had signed on 14 February 1974, stated: “I request that Mr. Nils Udgaard be regarded as my authorized representative in his dealings with the Ambassador of the Federal Republic of Germany to the USSR.”<sup>55</sup> The following morning, on 15 February, Udgaard sent the West German Ambassador, Ulrich Sahn, a letter in English, informing him that he had spoken to Solzhenitsyn’s wife, who was concerned about the safety of her husband’s archive and hoped that Ambassador Sahn might be able to have it brought out of the Soviet Union. As the West German government had apparently helped the Soviets deport Solzhenitsyn to Germany, it was morally obliged to help him. (The approximate size of the archive—about two suitcases—was also specified in the letter.)

This was brilliantly set up and argued. Ambassador Sahn, it seemed, was sympathetic to my cause. (In September 1973, through Rostropovich, he had secretly planned to set up a meeting in Moscow between Günter Grass and myself, but then, alarmed at the extent to which I was being persecuted, had advised Grass against coming, for which Grass then publicly attacked him: “Is our ambassador in Moscow at the service of the German or the Soviet government?” Sahn’s position permitted him no response.) He might have been sympathetic, but could he act alone? Word also had it that he was a personal friend of Willy Brandt. Udgaard had no doubt that Sahn had re-

quested help from the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs, or at least informed them.

Udgaard's wife, Angelika, had promptly driven to the German embassy and handed her husband's letter to the duty officer. (She was German, and Germany was like a second home to Udgaard, so in all probability they were known to the West German embassy.) Udgaard received an invitation to attend an embassy choir concert that was to be held that same evening at the home of the embassy counselor, who was third in rank in the embassy's hierarchy. Diplomatic savoir-faire! The counselor was in no way involved: he had merely received the directive to invite the Scandinavian journalist and to have him read a strange note from Ambassador Sahm that was neither addressed nor signed (and which was to be returned to the ambassador afterward). The note said:

1. Agreed.
2. Only two suitcases.
3. Only through the chief and his deputy.

"Do you understand this?" the counselor asked.

Udgaard nodded.

And so the archive of *The Red Wheel* and the Russian Revolution, all of whose events arose from that reckless and mutually destructive war with Germany, were saved by Germany!

After this unforgettable story, told to us at Sternenberg where the walls did not have ears, we returned to Zurich, where our walls at home might already have had ears.

So could I finally sit down and start writing? No I could not, it was not to be! The disturbance and disruption continued throughout the summer.

In June I am suddenly told over the phone that in Geneva the UN authorities have forbidden the sale of the French and English versions of *The Gulag Archipelago* in bookstores on their premises, as the book "insults one of the United Nations' member states." I could have intervened most vociferously, in such cases my hand immediately reaches for my pen, and a draft statement is ready within ten minutes: "To Dr. Kurt Waldheim, Secretary-General of the United Nations: Do you deem it prejudice to insult a government, but acceptable to insult an entire people? Far from rejecting this book, I would have expected the United Nations to place it before the Assembly for discussion. One rarely finds the annihilation of forty to forty-five million

people among the issues on the Assembly’s agenda.” But it is not for an author to defend his book. One must also learn to remain silent. It would blow over without my getting involved, and it did. The newspapers wrote about it, and through some compromise or other things were set right.

That summer I also receive a personal letter from Israel: “Help! The Russian edition of *Archipelago* is so expensive it is unaffordable!” How can that be? One of my conditions to all publishers has been that the selling price is to remain low so that the whole world can read the book! But transportation costs are high and there are the usual markups, booksellers’ profit, and before you know it the book is once again expensive. In the heat of the moment I send a letter to Israeli newspapers. [13] The booksellers in Israel flared up: according to their calculations they were in the right and wanted to take me to court (anti-Semitism!), but my status that first year kept them at bay.

And then in late summer we heard about the case of Svetlana Shramko from Ryazan, the news reaching us only due to her exceptional perseverance, as it is quite impossible to get any news out of a place like Ryazan, where everything is stifled. She was protesting against the poison spewing out from the artificial fiber plant, which in an invisible sweet plume was poisoning an entire stretch of the city, and me too when I lived there, engulfing the park near my apartment and seeping in through my window. I had not protested, but Svetlana Shramko, unknown and unprotected as she was, had dared speak up! How could I not come to her aid with my voice? I sent a letter to the *New York Times*. They dragged their feet for quite a while, publishing it only a month later.<sup>56</sup> And when it did come out, did it do any good? Did it at least somehow help Svetlana? What was to become of her? It would doubtless be quite a long time before we would hear anything of her, if we ever did.\*

And then Rostropovich, impulsive as always, brings me the Austrian Cardinal König. Why? As we are casually conversing, the cardinal informs me that in my fight against Communism I must at all costs ally myself with the Catholic Church. I catch my breath, I need a breather: there is only one of me!

And then after my interview with CBS, David Floyd, the struggling translator they had brought along who was a correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, began writing to me and coming by, saying that his life’s dream was to move to Switzerland and be my secretary. I declined. He then tried to persuade me to

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\* I was to find out in 1991, when I received a letter from her: she had been tormented and persecuted, but had survived. (Author’s note, 1993.)

meet with a Polish émigré by the name of Leopold Łabędź, who was seeking to set up an international tribunal to bring the Soviet leaders to trial.

Though I had now been in exile for only six months, it was clear to me that for all the moral right and allure of such a tribunal, it would be impossible to establish one since it would go against all the forces, winds, and flow of history. Unlike Nazism, no one would ever put Communism on trial, and therefore one could gather neither accusers nor judges. This was already clear to me, but I was weak enough to agree to a meeting. It was so difficult to get used to the full freedom of life and to learn the golden rule of all freedom: to strive to use it as little as possible.

I met with Leopold Łabędź (Floyd insisting on also attending the meeting); it led to nothing. I tried as best I could to convince Łabędź that the plan was not sufficiently developed, that this was not the time, that we would be unable to gather sufficient forces and would only discredit ourselves. But he was all fire and flame, and wanted to see me as one of the main organizers and mobilizers. I declined.

We went our separate ways. Then suddenly, a month and a half later, the West German magazine *Der Spiegel* announced: Exiled from his homeland, Solzhenitsyn is not satisfied with simply writing books but is seeking to engage in politics directly, for which he is organizing an International Tribunal *against his homeland* (!), the Soviet Union. Solzhenitsyn plans public show trials starting with Lenin and possibly going all the way to Brezhnev. Discussions are already underway. The Nobel laureate originally had the idea of filling the tribunal only with ardent opponents of the regime, but has given it up, doubtlessly under the beneficent influence of his wife *Natasha Dmitrievna*.<sup>57</sup>

I felt as if I had been stung by a wasp: What smut! This calls itself news media? How was one to live among such monsters, with never a word of truth!

Just as the magazine *Stern* had previously spat in my face,<sup>58</sup> so now did *Der Spiegel*, two birds of a feather. I feel upset, and I feel shamed: the tribunal is an utterly unrealizable venture, am I to occupy myself with such things now, when writing is the only thing I want to do? But I am losing both time and peace of mind. What I need is to clear my name and justify myself. I ask Heeb to send a letter of protest to *Der Spiegel* demanding a retraction. He sends them a few vague lines. Within a day, like a flash, Rudolf Augstein, the editor-in-chief, replies: “We are able to prove before a court that your client conducted discussions on this matter that cannot remain secret, and that are of global interest. We will not refute something that we consider to be true. A litigation about this matter would benefit neither your client nor his cause.

We see no reason for your client's anger, all the more so since he has already committed grave errors, some of which he could have easily avoided." I have no idea what he means by that, but his rudeness and threatening tone could not have been trumped even by Soviet bureaucrats: "We will not allow your client to dictate to us what is true and what is not true."

I simply cannot understand the source of all this accumulated hatred—what have I done to them? In what way did I cross them? If there must be a court case, then so be it! But what a terrible way to begin life in the West.

I sent Rudolf Augstein a sharp reply, bringing us to the brink of collision. [14]

And Augstein came to his senses (perhaps he confronted his informant, who then backed down). In the next issue of *Der Spiegel*, in clear retreat, he published my letter, both in the original Russian and a German translation so that everything was expressed in my words and in the strongest terms. (To save face he added that if I were to demand a retraction—what for at this point?—he would "take appropriate steps.") With my inability to conduct litigation and find time for it, I believe that this dispute ended quite well: it could have truly shaken my soul and stopped me entirely from working.

One could say I won this dispute by sheer inexperience: I did not yet understand how, having gained a newfound and unprecedented freedom, one might inextricably end up tangled in the courts. Soon after, I was informed that a publisher in Italy was about to bring out letters (in facsimile, too!) that I had sent from the Front during World War II to my first wife<sup>59</sup> (all the letters had remained in her possession)—this notwithstanding the fact that I am still alive. I rashly hired a lawyer and headed to the courts. But the Italian magistrate's court ruled that printing letters without the sender's permission was indeed allowed! The lawyers tried to lure me into taking the case further, but then I came to my senses. In my position it is far simpler to make a public statement and not to sue. [15] (Subsequently no publisher took on the project, or perhaps the KGB itself drew back: there was too much in my letters that spoke in my favor, and what the KGB sought was a one-sided effect.)

Of course all my fluctuations between the passion for quiet writing and the passion for political attacks are part of my temperament, otherwise I would not have fallen into such predicaments. But all things considered, I feel that I stood my ground in the West, not succumbing to the maelstrom of politics (though I must say it was more a matter of instinct, as I had not yet gauged how slight our physical strength and the amount of time we have are in the face of everything that is *still to be done*).

That summer the Fund I created was registered in Bern. Everything was arranged by Heeb, though I had still not had time to delve into his actions. Initially the registration went quickly and without a hitch under the name “Russian Social Fund.” But soon enough it became apparent that certain bureaucratic souls were in the grip of fear: isn’t a name such as that a challenge to the Soviet Union? Does it not perhaps suggest that the Soviet government is not in control of Russian social affairs? The name, I was informed, was inadmissible. We then suggested “Relief Fund for Political Prisoners.” Absolutely not! The word “political” was unacceptable to neutral Switzerland. There began a lengthy back-and-forth. We finally managed to convince them to at least accept “Russian Social Fund for Persecuted Persons and Their Families.” (The name neglected the cultural and creative objectives of the fund, but these did remain in the charter. Since we were abroad it might as well be called that, what could we do?)

With the beginning of autumn my work was moving on well at Sternenberg. A great joy! My worst fear had been that here abroad I might find myself no longer able to write.

But things were not going to be easy. In September 1974, Vladimir Maximov urgently tried to reach me in Zurich, and Alya passed the message on to me at Sternenberg where I was immersed in my work on a quiet autumn day, saying that Maximov was begging me to intercede on Sakharov’s behalf. According to Maximov, Zhores Medvedev in Stockholm had called Sakharov “practically a warmonger,” and had objected to his being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Maximov said that a statement from him would not have much effect whereas my voice would carry weight, and so on. As always in such hasty and feverish communications there is no hard evidence, no text, no transcript, not to mention where would one find them? Protest, help, speak out! As for the veracity of the matter—we fully guarantee that! (And yet, as I was to find out later, this whole thing was sparked by a Stockholm member of the anti-Communist NTS, who had quite probably skewed the facts.)

How painful it is to tear oneself away from one’s work! And yet who was to protect Sakharov? After all the previous problems he had endured from the Medvedev brothers, one could easily believe that all this was true. And there had been some machination in the actions of these brothers. Roy, one of the brothers, had remained in the Soviet Union as a semi-legal leader of a “Marxist opposition,” more skilled at attacking the enemies of the regime than was the regime itself; as for Zhores, he had only recently been a fervent oppositionist, had been persecuted (with all of us rushing to his defense),



when all of a sudden the authorities granted him permission to go abroad on a “scientific mission.” (Shortly after his scandalous departure for the West, Chalidze followed suit, with the same approval from the authorities.) Then, stripped of his Soviet passport, Zhores remained abroad, free to help his brother attract the attention of the West, particularly the publishing market, and bringing out in collaboration with him a magazine. Zhores was also free to mount initiatives in the West that served the Soviet government quite well. All in all, the Medvedev brothers are Communists by nature, in sincere loyalty to their Communist father who died at the hands of the NKVD, and were establishing an outpost of the socialist faction of Soviet dissidents in Europe in order to have a mouthpiece and to seek contacts with the appropriate Communist circles in the West.

Roy Medvedev I barely knew, having met him only twice, and briefly. In spite of his striking resemblance to his twin brother I did not find him particularly likeable, while Zhores, on the other hand, was quite amiable, and not at all as fanatic an ideologist; and even if there was a deep-rooted ideology in him, it was shrouded by a veil of liberalism. In the summer of 1964 I had read Zhores’s samizdat essays on genetics in the Soviet Union (the story of Lysenko’s rise and fall), and had been filled with admiration. A menacing article against him had appeared in the papers, at which point I had written a letter of support and had urged *Novy Mir* magazine to pluck up the courage to publish his essays. When I met him in person he made an extremely good impression on me; he immediately helped me reconnect with Timofeev-Ressovsky, my cellmate in the Butyrka prison; Zhores had helped him receive a genetics medal abroad. With subtle resourcefulness Zhores had managed to procure a new and rare drug from the West for the terminally ill daughter of some people I knew in Ryazan, an act that won me over. He also tried to help me move to Obninsk, and introduced me to Western correspondents, first to Per Hegge from Norway, then to the Americans Hedrick Smith and Robert Kaiser (an introduction that was, of course, useful to both sides). I already trusted Zhores to such an extent that I had given him my original ninety-six-chapter version of *In the First Circle* to microfilm, though with me present, it must be said. Yet I did not trust him entirely: when my archive was discovered by the authorities in 1965, I turned down his impassioned offer to hide some of it for me. I liked him even more after he was locked up in an insane asylum for no reason, at which time I spoke publicly in his defense.<sup>60</sup> He came to my defense too in an article in the *New York Times*

about my divorce proceedings that had been interfered with, stalled by the KGB.<sup>61</sup> Before my exile abroad, Zhores showed me the book he had just written, *Ten Years After Ivan Denisovich*, which he was planning to publish in Europe, and though the book was of no value, except to himself, I did not have the firmness to forbid its publication. (As for the Zilberberg matter: I allow that I probably said a harsh word or two about him, that I did not know him and could not vouch for what kind of person he might be. But Zhores had crudely portrayed Zilberberg in his book, implying that he had directed the authorities to my archive and thus earned himself a chance to leave the Soviet Union. Though I had never supposed that this might be the case, Zhores now faced a confrontation with Zilberberg, had to rework his text, and probably pushed Zilberberg to write his own nasty book.)<sup>62</sup> But Zhores was also quick to publish the photos of the two of us together as well as my letters to him, the invitation to the Nobel ceremony, not to mention a detailed plan on how to find our Moscow apartment. The casualness of the West had made him lose his head quite quickly.

Soon surprising statements that Zhores made began reaching us in Russia, and those directly over the Western Russian-language radio: I heard them with my own ears while at my summer dacha in Rozhdestvo-on-Istya. As his Soviet passport was being confiscated by the Soviet consular staff, he had said to a reporter in Russian who had asked him about the *regime* ruling the Soviet Union (I distinctly heard Zhores's voice): "We do not have a *regime*, but a government just like any other country, and it governs us through a constitution." I was stunned, stupefied. This was monstrous! What a development! Shortly thereafter, in the autumn of 1973, I managed to have a letter smuggled out of the Soviet Union to him in London, a most indignant letter. (In hindsight I ought not to have been so hard on him—I did not know at the time that he had a son who had remained in the USSR, in fact in a prison camp for criminals.)

When I arrived in the West, Zhores was among the first people who wanted to come visit me in Zurich, in fact during my very first days there. I declined. After that we did not resume our relationship. And now—according to Maximov—he was attacking Sakharov.

And so, hotheadedly, I threw myself into another mess: writing a newspaper response<sup>63</sup> to a statement by Zhores that I had neither heard nor read. The only reason I wrote this without hesitating was because I knew the direction in which Zhores had been moving all these months.

Floyd, the translator I have already mentioned, undertook to have my response placed in the *Times*. I am writing in Sternenberg, Alya sends the text by telephone to London—one day passes, a second, a third—something has gone wrong, more ferment, more phone calls, when suddenly my statement appears in the *Daily Telegraph* in a watered-down, distorted version. So it is not to appear in the *Times*? Why is that? It turns out that the *Times* is worried about certain points I made concerning Zhores Medvedev that are too direct and that might be challenged in court.

And I have to say that the *Times* was right to be concerned. Zhores replied by way of the Norwegian newspaper *Aftenposten*, and also directly to me, that neither a voice recording nor a stenographic record had been made of his speech in regard to Sakharov and the Nobel Prize. He asserted that he did not literally say what was being attributed to him, but that even in what was being attributed to him there was no mention of his having said anything about “Sakharov’s contribution to warmongering,” as I had written in my piece based on the wayward information I had received from Maximov. So in Western legal terms Zhores could easily have sued me; but as he was not entirely in the right, he clearly did not dare to. After all, he was also denying that he had said on the radio, “In the Soviet Union we do not have a regime, but a government just like any other country, and it governs us through a constitution,” though I had heard him say it with my very own ears!

It is with such aggravations that my first summer in the West went by. I managed to carve out for myself a week here and there to work in the mountains, without suspecting that in the meantime my lawyer Heeb was getting my affairs into an ever more hopeless tangle. It never occurred to me to monitor what he was doing, or to ask any questions.

In the meantime, the hopelessly inept pens of translators were ruining and distorting the English, Italian, and Spanish versions of my books, not to mention the Greek, Turkish, and other languages, but I simply did not have time to deal with *translations*. And yet what could be more important for a writer in my situation than the translations of his works?

Another surprise for me was the storm in Soviet educated circles caused by my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders*: I understood (but in a sense also did not understand) the depth of the split that was beginning to manifest itself in society back home. My *Letter* was vehemently and passionately attacked, which to me was proof that I had taken a more vital step than I had realized, that I had touched on something essential. There was even word about a col-

lection of critical articles being prepared for samizdat publication, though I don't know if it ever came out.

In the émigré press, too, an intense dispute triggered by my *Letter* was underway, with arguments for and against it. I was particularly surprised by the entry into the fray of Mihajlo Mihajlov, whom I had never considered a participant in Russian life, but saw rather as “our” persecuted faraway ally in Yugoslavia. But here the concept of “our” was much altered and frayed, and Mihajlov surprised me with his clear sympathy for Marxism (defending against me the purity of this ideology) and the Socialist-Revolutionary movement. He pronounced my *Letter* anti-Russian and anti-Christian (until then it had been accused of being *too* Russian and *too* Orthodox), and this came pouring out from Serbia onto the world stage in an almost implausible tone: “It is necessary, once and for all, to clarify for Solzhenitsyn and his readers that . . . it has not been granted Solzhenitsyn to grasp his own experience . . . consequently we must simply reiterate what for European legal thought has long been an axiom,” and the like. But what was even more amazing were the *methods* Mihajlov used in his attack. He kept substituting Vladimir Osipov in my place, and then (one of Lenin’s tricks) saddled me with all of Osipov’s ideas, along with “pro-Chinese factions, Italian neo-fascists, monarchist-émigrés.” “Solzhenitsyn repeats Lenin’s sin,” claiming the *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* consists of the same parts as *The Communist Manifesto*. And then, following Sakharov’s tune: “He will find followers who will say aloud what Solzhenitsyn has kept to himself.”

Ah, what horned devils can grow out of grand and valiant dissidents!

Then in early October the first issue of *Kontinent* came out, and I exploded when I saw Sinyavsky’s strutting, jaunty article in which he called Russia “You Bitch.”<sup>64</sup> I could see in it (and in no uncertain terms) the birth of a whole movement hostile toward Russia. It was imperative that I respond in time, not for our émigrés but for readers in Russia, for our connection was still strong. I have kept a draft of what I wrote for distribution in samizdat:

*A REPLY FOR SAMIZDAT.* As if I had had a premonition, I misspoke in my welcoming preface to the first issue of *Kontinent*, when I said: “Wishes often exceed what actually comes to pass.” The first issue has come out, and what do we read? “*Mother Russia, you bitch, for this, too, you shall pay.*” These words are in reaction to obstacles placed in the path of a mass exodus of Jews from the Soviet Union, and it would appear that the author, Abram Tertz, wholeheartedly supports this tone. He has finally broken his ten-year public silence

only to spout drivel of this kind! Even the lowest criminals—men who in their mindset are practically animals—revere their mothers. But not Abram Tertz. His entire strained, neurotic, barbed article is devoted to denouncing “them,” not “us,” a futile direction that has never in history yielded anything positive. Abram Tertz rightly insists that the Russian people must acknowledge its share of the blame (he writes, “the *entire* blame”) for what has happened in the past sixty years, but as far as he is concerned this law does not apply to him and his friends. This Third Wave of emigration, leaving Russia at a time of minimal personal risk (compared to that faced by the First and Second Waves), is made up of natives of Russia who, as former Komsomol leaders and Party activists (or in some cases their fathers, grandfathers), are very much implicated in the destruction and hatred that mark Soviet life. Consequently, it would be more fitting to give some thought to how *we* are to answer to Russia, and not how Russia is to answer to us, and not to hurl mud in her stoic face. I am ashamed that the idea of an Eastern European magazine is being used by the current flood of Soviet émigrés to vent a fury that, while they were still in the Soviet Union, they had been cautious enough to conceal. We must repent for Russia as we repent for “us”—otherwise we are no longer Russia.

I do not recall why, but I did not send this for samizdat publication in the Soviet Union. Probably because I was soon going to have to say something similar when *From Under the Rubble* came out.

And so the writing cohort of the Third Wave of emigration, right from the start, defined itself in no uncertain terms—and where better could they flock to than the newly founded *Kontinent*? In the next two to three years it was to become a prestigious forum for their ambitious grandstanding and posturing (and for bringing out whatever was impossible to print in the publications of the First Wave). That said, Maximov did rigorously foster *Kontinent*'s anti-Bolshevik stance.

That August I overcame my alarming inability to resume work on *The Red Wheel*: since my turbulent autumn of 1973, before my expulsion from the Soviet Union, with all the increasing turmoil I had not managed to work at full capacity. In Sternenberg, however, my thoughts and my state of mind had been gradually restored, and I once more took up my unfinished *November 1916*, now much enriched with all the Zurich details concerning Lenin. Everything was coming together wonderfully (I even had details about the Zurich socialists and all the Zurich weather reports for November 1916 and

March 1917, so there was no need to invent weather conditions). But then I ran into a new problem. In previous years, developing my *Red Wheel* as a series of Nodes, I had tried to forge ahead to the February Revolution, and decided to pass over the August 1915 Node, which was, however, a vital link. There was the catastrophic retreat of the Russian army, the creation of the vehement Progressive Bloc, its fierce attack on the government, the compromises in the reshuffle of ministers, and the tsar's agonizing decision to assume the Supreme Command, not to mention the Zimmerwald Conference. Now, as I went ahead with *November 1916*, my omission was very much coming to the fore, compelling me to interleave numerous retrospective elements, so much so that I had to ask myself the fundamental question of whether I should go back and write *August 1915*. But then I began to weigh how many other historical and fictional elements I would have to recast. No, that would lead to even worse fissures. So I stayed with my previous nodal scheme, and was now ready to determine with confidence Lenin's presence in *November 1916*. But the number of possible Lenin chapters grew into an avalanche. (Unfortunately, the little Stüssihof tavern where Lenin's Skittle Club used to meet no longer existed, and Alya and I looked for a similar place with the same kind of lanterns on wooden poles.)

Finally, in the autumn, after my time at Sternenbergl, I felt that my wife and I had earned the right to four days of traveling through Switzerland. Though Switzerland is small, to us it was large, as we had not yet been anywhere, my only trip having been the one I had taken with Widmer to see Furgler in Bern.

The part of our trip that went over the lowlands—again to Bern on the autobahn, and then on to Lausanne and Geneva—Alya and I traveled alone, while Widmer was to drive us across the mountains afterward. As we crossed into French Switzerland, a warmth touched our hearts: the sullen primness that we no longer even noticed in Zurich had fallen away. The cantons of Bern and Geneva are like two different countries—it is hard to believe that they belong to the same nation. Geneva somehow manages to soften the heart of the exile—I imagine it would not be too difficult to survive there for years. Though we were going on this trip our heads were still filled with the concerns we had left behind in Zurich, and the trip did not strike us as a pleasant reality, but more like some sort of dream. Strolling through the lakeside park in Lausanne we were somehow disengaged, as if we had yet to fully recover from our flight from Moscow, our thoughts and habits not keeping pace with our bodies. After all, for a whole eight months

now it had been as if we still were not living anywhere, as if we had not struck root; and yet we already had our sights set on crossing the ocean.

In Montreux, on the eastern shore of Lake Geneva, we stumbled almost by chance on the castle of the Prisoner of Chillon. They wouldn't let us in, the lattice gate having already been shut, but some German tourists who were still inside recognized me through the gate and began laughing and calling out, telling the guards that we belonged to their group. The castle stood on a small island; we saw interior stone courtyards, the chains with which the prisoner had been shackled to the wall—though they couldn't have been the same chains, nor the actual place the prisoner had been kept. But the sight gripped my Gulag prisoner's heart: how simple it was to build a prison that was a place from which there was no escape for some, and a pleasant stroll for others! As a child I had read all the books I owned many times over, as I did the poem by Zhukovsky.<sup>65</sup> Back then I had dreamt that the place was much darker and more menacing, with waves that were not those of a lake, and now suddenly and unexpectedly I found myself inside that dream, along with the comical episode of admission nearly denied. These repetitions and resurgences of life's cycles come when we least expect them, and how many more meetings and visits were to reward us this way in the future. (If only this could be in Russia!)

In Montreux we were hoping to meet with Nabokov, but there was a misunderstanding (he seemed to be expecting us on that day but had not sent a confirmation as we had agreed, though we also called Zurich to check), so we ended up just walking past his luxurious hotel. (How strange to live permanently in a hotel.)

I regretted not having met Nabokov, though I did not foresee us establishing a rapport. I have always considered him a writer of genius, a remarkable writer who was like no one else in the lineage of Russian literature; in other words, he was not like any of his predecessors. (But an initial reading of his books had not indicated the flood of imitators that were to follow him: in the second half of the twentieth century his style of writing was to be fully exploited. But at the time it was still not apparent what a stream of inane works would follow him.) Even back in the USSR I had lamented that he had not chosen the grand path of Russian history. Here we had a distinguished and free Russian writer in the West, a writer who had come to the West immediately after the Revolution, so why did he not take it upon himself (Bunin too!) to write about the ruin of Russia? What else could one have been gripped by in those years? How priceless the labor of Nabokov and

Bunin would have been for us, their descendants, who cannot reach back to those years! But both writers chose private and untimely paths instead, Nabokov even abandoning the Russian language. Tactically speaking, with literary success in mind, it was the right thing to do, for what could emigration offer him in the forty years that were to follow? He turned his back not so much on the emigration, as on Russia herself.

In 1972, while I was still in the USSR, I had a letter<sup>66</sup> smuggled out to the Swedish Academy, making use of my right as a Nobel laureate to propose Nabokov for the Nobel Prize for Literature. I had also sent Nabokov a copy, along with a letter. [16] I was aware that he was already getting on in years and that it was too late for him to change, but he had been born and raised at the center of such momentous events, and with an exceptional father who had been at the heart of those events! How could he be indifferent to them?

When I arrived in Switzerland, Nabokov had sent me a friendly letter, and wrote with sincerity: “How good it is that your children will go to a school that is not under the yoke.” But with my wound of exile still smarting, I found his words jarring. I also replied with sincerity: “What joy can there be in this, if most of the children who have remained must go to a school that is under the yoke?”

Had we met in Montreux our dialogue would in all likelihood have proceeded along those lines. The riverbed of our life deepens with passing years, while the possibility for us to change, to break into another stream, lessens. In his chosen path Nabokov had become ossified, but then I am becoming ossified too—oh to be able to break out into a different stream! But that is quite unlikely.

Next we drove through the Upper Rhone Valley; not far from Raron the Widmers had another house, where they were expecting us. In the cool and sunny evening this historic valley, with its layers from many centuries of civilization, both ancient and European, as if it had been inhabited from the time the earth began to turn, made an indelible impression on us, as did every stone by the side of the road, every shard, every tree stump—all witnesses to the flow of centuries—culture that is ineradicable, ancestors who have left their mark, land that is indestructible! (This, for example, is a place I would very much like to immerse myself in! But when?) We saw a small church perched high on a rock like a fortress, and by its wall, all alone was a solitary grave, bathed in the warm yellow light of the setting sun. Who lay there? Alya and I were deeply moved—what a gift: it was Rainer Maria Rilke! (Though he had died near Montreux.)



We stood in reverence in the long rays of the setting sun. So this was where destiny had led him. Rilke had chosen for himself this valley and this rock—one could understand why. The choice of one's grave—when one has a choice—can express so much.

The Widmers took us to meet a very amiable old pastor who had married them many years earlier. We spent the night in their austere stone house, age-old and unheatable, the masonry, arches, and corbels pointing to its being at least five centuries old.

It was Widmer who now drove us on through the mountains, with a steady hand on the wheel—my experience as a driver had reached its limit. In Switzerland it is not so easy to plot a route, as you cannot always drive straight to where you want to go. We now had to cross the Simplon Pass and it began to snow; we could not go on, cars were sliding, everyone had to wait. They brought in sand and poured it over the entire south slope, at which point we drove on. At a lower altitude the snow turned into heavy rain. We drove into Italy for a few hours, just to reach the southern part of Switzerland faster. (It had taken us a few days to get visas for those few hours, and then the Italian border guards detained us for a good half hour with no explanation, though it turned out they had all hurried off to get my books for me to sign.) By way of Domodossola we reached Lake Maggiore, where we were invited to an old Italian villa on its shore. (It was a gloomy, cloudy day, the rooms dimly lit and elaborately decorated, and the hostess and her daughters, a noble family and the last of their line, felt doomed to have their estate confiscated by a Communist government that everyone believed was imminent. The shadow of Communism looming, everything in eternal Italy seemed provisional.) That day we didn't see anything further of interest, just rain and mud, but the following morning the sun came out once more, Locarno and Lugano flashed by—we saw them but didn't see them—then Morcote with its sublime cemetery above the blue lake. Then we headed back north again, into the mountains. The St. Gotthard Pass being closed, our car was rolled onto a train, and at the northern exit of the tunnel we went up to see Count Suvorov's chilling Devil's Bridge, and this in cold and gloomy weather—unforgettable! Engraved on the rock in Russian, with large raised letters in the old script, was:

TO THE VALIANT BROTHERS-IN-ARMS OF GENERALISSIMO  
FIELD MARSHAL COUNT SUVOROV OF RYMHNIK  
PRINCE OF ITALY  
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES CROSSING THE ALPS IN THE YEAR 1799

These were true heroes! What can one say? One can only marvel at Suvorov:<sup>67</sup> the mountainous land into which he had been foolishly sent by the Habsburgs' capricious Court Council of War and Tsar Paul's negligence—sent into such terrain as this at the onset of winter and so far away from home, to fight and not to lose! (All those Russian lives that perished! Why was he sent here? That whole war had been pointless.)

We had only been four days away from home when the news came on the radio that the U.S. Senate had unanimously voted me an honorary citizen of the United States! The official document arrived later, and I replied with a letter.<sup>68</sup>

I myself did not see the point of this honor, but at the time it did seem important. At any rate, it could help my case and strongly irk the Soviets, of which Kissinger was well aware. The procedure required a confirmation from the House of Representatives. However, the State Department delayed the discussion in the House. (In the meantime a new Senate had been elected and now had to approve the previous Senate's vote; this happened, after some time, in the spring of 1975. But then Kissinger again applied the brakes, about which there is an extensive State Department document: my honorary citizenship would damage U.S. relations with the Soviet Union.)

My failure to receive an honorary citizenship in the United States followed the same pattern (and just as beneficially to me) as my failure back in the Soviet Union to receive the Lenin Prize: I do not fit in with either system, which is why at crucial moments opposing forces come to the fore.

Next, I was to appear on Swiss television. They came up with the idea of my reading a passage from *Archipelago* in German; there followed a few trivial questions, and just as they reached the *pièce de résistance*—why I had chosen Switzerland—the live broadcast drew to a close (to my relief, for what could I have said, when we had yet to make our choice, when we were still not actually living anywhere and were secretly resolved to leave?).

During these months I had to finish some important business still pending from back home: to publish the sadly unfinished essay by the late Irina Tomashevskaya on *And Quiet Flows the Don*, and to announce both in Moscow and in Europe our anthology *From Under the Rubble*, together with my fellow authors Shafarevich, Borisov, Barabanov, Agursky, Svetov (who was publishing under the pseudonym “Korsakov”), and Polivanov (who was publishing as “A. B.”).

Had I not been deported from the Soviet Union that February, *From Under the Rubble* would have been ready and announced by March, or at the

very latest April. My deportation had greatly delayed the project, complicating communications and final agreements, dragging things out into autumn. We waited throughout all of October and half of November for a signal from our friends in Moscow letting us know the date their press conference was to be scheduled, so that we could arrange our own in Switzerland two days later. Finally Andrei Tyurin called us from Moscow as if on a personal matter, informing us through a prearranged phrase that they would be holding their press conference on 14 November. So I immediately began preparing ours for the 16th.

In those days the KGB still permitted us to put calls through to Moscow, and on the evening of the 14th I called Igor Shafarevich quite openly to find out how everything had gone. I made detailed notes of our conversation, and have just now refreshed my memory. The tenor of this press conference in Moscow concerning such a weighty event (the proclamation of an independent direction of Russian thought, putting its participants in acute danger) had been all too typical of the fuzzy comprehension of the newspaper crowd, who were only out for news and novelty. Four of our writers (those who had not used a pen name in the book) had spoken. The foreign correspondents present at the conference did not know Russian well enough to understand the theoretical positions being taken. (After all, who expects newsmen to show any interest in such things? It was our own mistake.) Consequently, the entire two hours had been spent in painfully expounding the basics, this to journalists who for years had been stationed in the Soviet Union and ought to have been quick on the uptake! Our authors talked to them about basic elements of Soviet life: destroyed villages, devastated nature, oppressed believers, the vast prison camps, and the absence of self-identity—but the only thing that preoccupied them was the current Jewish emigration, and not because educated people were leaving the country in droves, but whether this emigration could proceed smoothly and without government restrictions: after all, in view of Russian cultural decline, emigration was entirely justifiable, emigrants being better off elsewhere.

I was to make similar mistakes in my press conference in Zurich. To offer our friends in Moscow the strongest possible support, I wanted this conference announcing *From Under the Rubble* to be as large, loud, and international as possible. I also saw it as highly symbolic that our book would be proclaimed here in Zurich: a summary of conclusions, in which a group of Russian individuals would spell out the results of a sixty-year period of evil,

which Lenin had departed from this very city of Zurich to instigate. First, I tried to find a hall in the city with facilities for simultaneous multilingual translation, but I could not. So I decided to hold the press conference at home, keeping the door open between two adjoining rooms. We gave a lot of thought to the guest list. I wanted a larger number of people to attend, but we could not accommodate more than thirty. Alya had in fact cautioned me to keep my speech as short as possible, to limit myself to the fact of the book's appearance, the courage of those who had compiled it, and to focus on the most salient passages; but I could not restrain myself and abstain from discussing each essay in the book at great length, everything I said then being translated. My speech took an hour and the translation another, the correspondents falling into a stupor; only the tape recorders of the Russian language radio stations of the West kept running and preserved any of it.<sup>69</sup> After a break, we went on to the questions. Needless to say, there were essentially no questions about the issues the book dealt with, but, as in Moscow, everyone focused on politics. How was one to understand our book, was it leftist or rightist? It was only on such a level that they could assimilate it. Was the publication of this book part of the international détente? (What a question for Europe to ask Russia! Now I'd seen everything!)

The complex and tortuous development that Russia will have to undergo, as will so many peoples now under the yoke of Communism, can find no place in the linearity of modern Western perception. Perhaps in *From Under the Rubble* we exaggerated "the nation as a person"<sup>70</sup> in contrast to the universal character of Christianity, but that is what we felt as a group. Probably because we were in difficult straits, with the prospect of much suffering before us: the Russian nation is dying and proclaims her pain through our voices. I also overestimated the importance of the Russian émigré press. I had seen it as a power that would bring Russian forces abroad together, which would have been its one worthy role, but exactly the one it failed to carry out. Quite the opposite: all the different émigré groups became embittered in their division. Among the émigrés who came to our press conference were the leaders of the NTS and Vera Pirozhkova, the editor of *Golos Zaru-bezhya* (*Voice from Abroad*), who were expecting from us the promise of a looming revolution in the USSR, and refused to content themselves with a moral revolution of "Live Not by Lies!" As for Maximov, he sat there looking indifferent, and then said nothing at all in *Kontinent*, making clear that he was refraining from joining us.

But whether because of our audacious press conferences, the considerable international attention, or the wide publication of *From Under the Rubble* in the United States and France, the Soviet authorities did not undertake any repressive measures against the volume, and nobody who had published in it was directly persecuted, though it could hardly be said that the Soviets were open to promoting Russian national awareness in any way.

In the most hectic days when *From Under the Rubble* was about to come out, I suddenly received, from out of the blue, an invitation from Oxford offering me an honorary doctorate in literature. It was to be awarded at the end of the following June, but an immediate reply was expected. It was quite an honor: Oxford had awarded Chukovsky and Akhmatova one too, but I was so pressed for time. And I can't tell you where I will be in June next year, can I? Already across the ocean. No, it wouldn't work out. I thanked them, but declined.

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There was another unfinished matter from previous years—accepting the Nobel Prize. It was to be in December. At a wonderful old Zurich tailor's I had myself measured for a formal tailcoat, which I would in all probability wear only once in my life. So that Alya and I would see more of Europe, we traveled to Stockholm by train. Bunin describes his railway trip to Stockholm (but from France) as truly wonderful, but I could not find a good itinerary. In Hamburg, for some reason, our sleeping car was uncoupled in the morning, and we were forced to move with our luggage to another car or another train, which kept happening again and again. We ended up changing trains five times until we got to Sweden, and there the train went through a long dark night without our being able to see anything, and our fellow passenger in the compartment, the former West German consul in Chile, told us about the shamelessness and swindling of the “revolutionaries” there. “You ought to write a book about that!” I tell him. “Oh, I could never do that,” he replies. “I'd be torn to pieces here. West Germany is already well on its way to becoming a Communist country!”

To avoid being beleaguered by the press, we had arranged to arrive secretly and not at the main station in Stockholm (although the likeliest stake-out would have been at the airport). An hour away from Stockholm the Swedish writer Hans Björkegren, who was also my Swedish translator, and another translator by the name of Lars Erik Blomqvist joined us on the

train, and we all got off at a deserted platform one station before Stockholm, where we were greeted by Karl Ragnar Gierow, a small, thin man. This is how our long Nobel Prize correspondence drew to a close and where we finally met each other, without a single Western reporter, but also without a single Soviet agent. The platform was completely empty. From there we drove to Stockholm in a large car and reached the same Grand Hotel that in 1970 the frightened Nobel Committee asked me to avoid.<sup>71</sup> At the hotel, however, there were already photographers with clicking cameras standing sentry on the steps, thwarting our attempt to arrive completely unobserved. The hotel faced the Royal Palace across the water, and with the arrival of every Nobel laureate flags were raised in front of the hotel.

The idea of having days off was rare in Soviet life, and in my own life I do not recall there ever having been such a concept or such a situation, except on my fiftieth birthday. I never took Sundays off, nor holidays, or had a day without goals to fulfill. And now I had a few days of vacation before me, without any planned activities. (Then again, activities elbowed their way in, with visits and letters that had been forwarded. My hosts also insisted that I have an impromptu meeting with the Baptist preacher Billy Graham, who was exceptionally popular in America but entirely unknown to me. And Pavel Veselov, an émigré conducting a private investigation into the actions of the KGB in Sweden, came to see me, sharing his hypothesis about the fate of Erik Arvid Andersen about whom I had written in *Archipelago*.)<sup>72</sup> The next day was entirely free of appointments—but could one even call it a *day*? Even after the frozen banks of the Neva, a Stockholm winter day is surprising in its brevity: dawn breaks, and, before you know it, it's noon, and shortly thereafter darkness falls—by three in the afternoon, from what I could tell. In this twilight our friendly interpreters took us to Skansen, a wonderful open-air folk park within Stockholm's city limits: buildings from different parts of Sweden had been brought there, parts of a village, windmills and watermills (all in working order), a forge, a barnyard, poultry, horses, and antique carriages in which children could ride, and of course a zoo. In winter the blanket of snow does much to muffle the surroundings, but it made the traditional huts all the brighter and more welcoming with their glowing hearths, the rolling pins making flatbreads to be baked on the fire, traditional dishes cooked by candlelight, all the old crafts—weaving, knitting, embroidery, wickerwork, carving—the sale of folk toys and glass, the bustling rows of the market stalls, freshly grilled fish from the coals handed across the counter in the frosty darkness. Everyone was enjoying themselves, the children most of all.

This was probably the most striking impression from all of our days in Stockholm. Hours of unaccustomed festive merriment, and a mix of joy and envy, for we could also have had folk parks in Russia just as good as these if it wasn't for the curse of Bolshevism; our national identity blighted, and that probably forever. (After all, Semyonov-Tyan-Shansky had ventured in 1922 to turn Grand Duke Mikhail's estate at Strelna into a "Russian Skansen"; but such a venture did not fit in with those dark years. The newspaper *Izvestia* [News] had briefly touched on the matter at the time, but then dropped it. Things were going in a different direction.)

The following day we had time to wander for two hours through the old town on the islands and the little streets and alleys around the royal palace and Riddarholmen with its cold churches. All the monuments in Stockholm seem to be of the same figure, in a greenish copper, all standing upright, and all carrying a weapon (this used to be a warring nation). It is, though, as if Stockholm is not striving for beauty (its vast spaces of water hinder the creation of architectural ensembles across the water, like in St. Petersburg), but this is also what gives Stockholm its authenticity, as do its crooked town squares that are quite shapeless and untamed.

Then there was the lunch that the Swedish Academy traditionally holds for the laureate in literature: in this case there were three of us, this year's laureates being two wonderful elderly Swedes—Eyvind Johnson and Harry Martinson—I being the third after a four-year delay. The lunch was at a restaurant called "The Golden Anchor," which was situated in a simple old house with wood floors and rustic furnishings. Members of the Academy gathered here every Thursday for lunch to exchange literary opinions as they prepared for their decision. We had barely entered the restaurant when a robust, broad-shouldered, and youngish-looking academician shook my hand. It was only later I was told his name: Artur Lundkvist, the one Communist member on the committee (the one who all these years had objected to my receiving the award).

There were, I believe, ten members of the Academy. They were elderly for the most part, but not exclusively, and were quite pleasant, though my overall impression was that this was not the highest literary Areopagus in the world. Perhaps the calm flow of Swedish history in the twentieth century, and Sweden's solid prosperity, have prevented it from a true and timely understanding of the convulsions of our times. As far as Russia is concerned, except for Tolstoy, who rejected the Nobel Prize ("Some kerosene merchant by the name of Nobel is offering me a literary prize, what for?"), the Swedish

Academy overlooked, at a minimum, Chekhov, Blok, Akhmatova, Bulgakov, and Nabokov. And in their list of laureates of literature there are so many names now forgotten! But the Academy has only been awarding the prize in the twentieth century, when literature has been in decline almost everywhere. No one has yet created an objective international literary tribunal, nor does it seem that anyone ever will. One must be thankful for this fortuitous idea of the founder that has been realized and has endured.

Probably, in the seventy years of its existence, the Nobel Prize for Literature has not rendered any laureate such a dynamic service as it has rendered me, helping me like a resilient spring to overcome Soviet power.

My dream is that when Russia will be spiritually healed (but will that day come?) and if we have the material resources, we will establish our own literary awards, both Russian and international.<sup>73</sup> In matters of literature we have quite some experience, and as we are now aware of the true dimensions of life, we would not overlook the worthy writers, nor reward the hollow ones.

The day before the ceremony, the laureates were all brought together for an amusing rehearsal so that we could practice for the following evening how to come out onto the stage two by two before the king, and where we should sit. On 10 December, we came out as we had been shown, while the inexperienced young king, pleasant and somewhat round-faced—it was his first year in this role<sup>74</sup>—was sitting next to his relative, the elderly Danish princess Margrethe, who looked as if she had just stepped out of an Andersen tale. The problem of national flags above the laureates' chairs, which had been an issue the year Bunin received the prize, had been dealt with: the flags had been removed so that the Academy would not have to agonize over which flag to hang above me. For each award the king rose and stepped toward the laureate, presenting him with a folder containing the diploma and with a little box containing the medal, the king then shaking the laureate's hand. With each award, the audience applauded (particularly hard and long when my turn came), after which the orchestra began to play—for me a march from *Ruslan and Ludmila*, which was wonderful.

Lord God, may you send the next Russian laureate in the not-all-too-distant future, but may he be neither a Soviet puppet apparatchik nor some personage of nouveau-émigré perverted sensibility, and may his steps mark the true movement of Russian literature. According to the amusing prediction of Dmitri Likhachyov, literature will develop in such a way that there will be fewer and fewer great writers, but each future great writer will reach untold heights. Oh, to live to see the next one!



That day did, however, have its hours of light, a short stretch from dawn to dusk, but it was a crisp, cloudless day with a cold low sun and a breeze that was sharp and chilly. My Nobel lecture<sup>75</sup> had been published two years earlier, so there was no need to worry about that. Meanwhile my banquet remarks had been read out already in 1970, although in truncated form—but I could not avoid making a few additional remarks at the banquet today. I had written them the day before, but because of my scattered frame of mind, with all the impressions and distractions, the short phrases would not remain firmly in my memory. I did not want to read something from a piece of paper, which would have been quite shaming, but I also did not want to stray from what I was going to say. So I went for a walk nearby along the narrow peninsula of Skeppsholmen with its view of Kastellholmen, where old and new houses were sparsely scattered across a park-like setting. I kept walking along the avenue, back and forth, back and forth, the way I used to as a prisoner, dully learning what I was to say by rote. I kept looking at the red sun, which always seemed to be on the point of setting in the south, and all the while two policemen on duty stood tactfully aside, keeping an eye out for whoever might approach me. This was almost like the *special convoy* of the camps, accompanying and protecting a preferred prisoner.

At the City Hall we once again strode out ceremoniously, each laureate escorting a lady assigned to him in the program, and the instant after the king sat down, not a moment earlier nor a moment later, we took our seats, which were identified by place cards. (I was escorting a lady of the Nobel family who still spoke Russian, while Alya sat across from me, next to a prominent ambassador.) That year the Nobel banquet was held in the largest ceremonial chamber of the City Hall, and some twenty tables were already fully seated before we arrived. Somewhere close by sat my guests, Stig and Ingrid Fredrikson, loyal companions in our struggle, but they were lost in the mass of guests, though I very much wanted to draw attention to them and get up and go to their table. The lady at my side, however, explained that this would be a breach of etiquette and an unprecedented violation of the ceremony: while the king was seated no one among the guests would dare rise. I could barely hold myself back. And then came the moment when each laureate had to go to the podium to speak. All the laureates read out their remarks, whereas I managed to speak from memory—not bad. (The BBC and Radio Liberty would broadcast my voice to our people back home.)<sup>76</sup>

But in general, I had been naïve four years earlier when I had been awarded the Nobel Prize, aiming in the remarks I sent to have the guests at

the straitlaced banquet turn their minds to our prisoners who were on hunger strike.<sup>77</sup>

But above all, it would have been a terrible error if back then I had voluntarily left Russia for a single ceremonial day. I would have immediately found myself in exile, receiving here in Stockholm the news of the retraction of my citizenship: the axe would have fallen, and it would have been my own fault. (In 1970, Alya had realized this before I did.) And in what way would I then have distinguished myself from the Third Wave of emigration, rushing off to America and Europe in search of the easy life, away from Russian sorrows?

Then from the gallery of the hall a choir of students sang for me, with a heavy accent, the old Russian folksong “A Storm Is Sweeping through the Street.” Well, I thought, thank God that I did not choose that stormy street myself but, like every other prisoner, was forced to walk it by fate.

The following evening, 11 December, there was a dinner at the palace with the king, and Alya and I were given in charge to another elderly member of the Nobel family who knew Russian. The palace was dark and empty, and so huge that it seemed out of proportion for a small country like Sweden. Somewhere, in one of its wings, lived the young king, who was still unmarried; from the Grand Hotel across the water we could see that many of the palace’s windows were dark. When we arrived at the hall we were lined up in a semicircle, ladies and gentlemen alternating, with the self-assured socialist Prime Minister Olof Palme in front, the real man in charge, the king beginning his round of greetings with him. Next to me was a socialist lady by the name of Myrdal, who I believe was either a current or former minister, concentrating on economic matters; we spoke in German, the political discord between us scraping like a knife across a plate. The dining room was like a gallery corridor with a long table running the length of it, with impressive ancient walls and furniture, a master of ceremonies standing behind the chair of the old queen. But the dinner was tedious and somewhat meager, and I said to Alya jokingly that Palme must have cut the royal budget to zero. After dinner we were shown to the foyer, where coffee and drinks were ceremoniously served to us while we stood; and we had to remain standing for some forty minutes until the king left. Alya, unable to resist, inquired of the king, by way of the elderly gentleman in whose charge we were, if it was not difficult being a king in our times, and the king replied very simply and earnestly.

For the following day I had scheduled a press conference, but first I went to meet the unfortunate mother of Raoul Wallenberg, who had already

been in a Soviet prison for twenty-nine years, if he was not already dead.<sup>78</sup> (I had initially thought him to be my Arvid Andersen from *Archipelago*, pt. II, chap. 2, but this turned out not to be the case.) If this press conference was to serve any purpose at all, then it was only insofar as I could speak at length about Wallenberg and also mention Ogurtsov, who had just been locked up in a psychiatric hospital. I had called this press conference with the intention of paying my debt to the press for a whole year in the West, but again I miscalculated. More than half the media present were either Swedish journalists or Russian émigrés, all of whom brought with them their own questions. From the standpoint of the Western press, Stockholm was a remote corner where nothing of importance would be said and so nobody of importance was sent there. Not to mention that to me, as a writer, the format of the press conference or, indeed, of the interview, was entirely pointless and alien. Writers have their pens, and must express themselves on their own and in writing.

I still had not figured out how to handle the press.

On our way back we stopped for a day in Frankfurt to meet the people at *Posev* (*Sowing*) magazine and the leaders of the NTS.<sup>79</sup> My very first encounter with their organization had been through Evgeni Divnich in the Butyrka prison in 1946. He had greatly impressed me with his fiery (and Russian Orthodox) conviction, but I had no concept of the NTS back in those days, and in fact had not even caught the name. Then for years the Soviet authorities sought to put fear into us, presenting the NTS as truly monstrous (which leads one to think that the Soviet government was in fact somewhat afraid of it: it is the only organization against the Soviets in the world with a clear agenda of armed overthrow). Over the radio back in the 1950s, I had heard about the gripping case of the KGB agent Nikolai Kokhlov refusing to kill the NTS leader Georgi Okolovich (we now met Okolovich, an old man who had lost the tragic aura of those days). Vladimir Poremsky and also Roman Redlikh of the NTS had visited us in Zurich and sent us their program and charter, which I read. In my heart I was entirely sympathetic to the founders of this organization, the young generation of Russian émigrés of the 1920s and '30s in Europe, their natural impulse having been to rethink the past and the future, seeking their own paths that would lead to the liberation of Russia. But in reading their charter now it struck me as not being fully worked out, falling short in magnitude and scope. Their program used ideas of solidarity (and not class struggle!) as the main driving force behind the development of mankind. In this sense the NTS's agenda was non-national, without any mention of Russian history or its particular features, so that one could

just as well have substituted “Turkey” in lieu of “our country,” every claim being just as applicable (or inapplicable) to Turkey. For an entire day Alya and I had the opportunity to take a closer look at the members of the NTS. A conference had been arranged with their leadership presenting their theories, and, alas, our impression was confirmed: the NTS proved to be a somewhat wilted branch of the defeated, scattered, and chaotic Russian emigration. In the Revolution, the Russian sky had grown dark, and one could no longer see the eternal stars; the link to their inalterable path was lost, and only improvised dimensions remained. For the liberation of Russia, the newly formed NTS had not been able to come up with any tactic other than creating the same kind of centralized, conspiratorial party as the Bolsheviks had done, but under a very different label, one that was clean. One had to admit, though, that if anyone from the Russian emigration had managed to keep a vibrant exchange with any part of the Soviet populace, it was the NTS. I did not study their long history, but they did have their share of conflicts, ruptures, defections, and great difficulties during the Hitler era, and yet they had stood firm. They all lived austerely, dedicated to the struggle in the way of the revolutionary intelligentsia of the old days; yet the winds of the century did not fill their sails but instead tore at them, and from being a ship forging into battle, the NTS unwittingly allowed the Bolsheviks to turn them into a gruesome wreck with tattered black sails that alarmed our countrymen and made them turn away in fear. The NTS leaders talked most impressively about their subversive anti-Bolshevik activities and their network of agents in the Soviet Union—something we would perhaps have believed if we ourselves were not from there, and did not feel that this was more a case of autosuggestion and quite far from “subversive activity” of any kind. Their main thinkers did not strike one with their scope, they were simply the indispensable theorists essential to any party. The leadership was not without lively minds, but they lacked solid ground under their feet on which to build a foundation, and there was no link to the life of the people as it had evolved under the Bolsheviks; and yet how could such a thing be artificially re-created? Despite all their idealism and dynamism, how could they connect with and influence current, in other words Soviet, Russian life? The NTS people were all highly disciplined, centralized, and politicized, but somehow they could not breathe freely, could not connect with the simplicity of life. They were all Russian Orthodox, had built their own church, attended services—they had a wonderful choir—but this, too, was more of a mental image of a Russia of the past and of the future, but not of today. The once-young founders of the movement

had grown old, and then a section of the Second Wave of emigration had joined, and then a subsequent generation was raised within the movement; but they were like a tree branch that had been separated from its trunk. Such is the curse of life away from one's people. And yet there was so much more self-sacrifice in it than in the many thousands of young émigrés, who have given themselves up without resistance to the torrent of Western prosperity. For any other nation a diaspora may be power, but not for us. Is weakness in diaspora an innate quality of the Russians? Alas, it is hard to deny.

The NTS members looked with particular concern at the new arrivals from the USSR. They attempted to connect with them, to understand them, but were far from always being able to do so. Despite themselves, they were forced to face the question of what they could hope for.

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Our return to Zurich brought an unexpected surprise. While we were away, our lawyer Heeb had received a letter which he now gave me from the local *Fremdenpolizei*, the immigration police (Switzerland, despite its hospitality, has such a thing). Its chief, a Herr Zehntner, wrote that, according to newspaper reports, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn had given a press conference in Zurich on 16 November in which he had not only presented essays by a number of Soviet authors but expressed critical opinions about Communism in general, and more specifically in the way and manner in which Communism was being implemented in the Soviet Union. Solzhenitsyn's statements, at least in part, had political content. Consequently, according to the Swiss government's decision of 1948 concerning political speeches by foreigners, individuals who did not have Swiss citizenship are prohibited from speaking out on political issues, either in open or in closed meetings, unless they have been issued prior authorization. Such an authorization had not, however, been obtained for the said meeting. The police were requesting that Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's lawyer explain to him in detail the enclosed government decision, and in the future requiring Mr. Solzhenitsyn to seek authorization from the Zurich police at least *zehn*—ten—days in advance. ("Ten"—*Zehn*—was also the root of the name of the chief of police, Zehntner.)

Ten days! Unbelievable! I thought I had come to a free country! Is a government in a free country responsible for what private persons say? Why would the government need to take responsibility for people being silent? Even the KGB had not presented me with such directives: not to speak out

on political issues, or to request an authorization ten days in advance! So the long and short of it was that if I wished to have a political discussion in my house with friends (“a closed meeting”), I would have to notify the police ten days in advance?

It was as if I heard once more the bugle of battle, to which my natural reaction was to fire back an immediate response, and in public, with thunder and lightning: You hypocritical “helpers”! Offering me shelter—and now insisting that my silence would be more absolute than in the USSR?

And I would not have held back, I would probably have thundered rudely just like that! It is hard to break oneself of habits. How was I to continue living here with my mouth gagged?

We did, however, have Swiss friends by this point, the dear Widmers, and needless to say I would not have taken such a step without consulting with them first. They were not responsible for all things Swiss, not even for everything that happened in Zurich—despite Widmer being the mayor of the city—and we did not want to hurt them. They were of course horrified by my intention, and dissuaded me.

Furthermore, I did not want to give the Soviets the satisfaction of knowing that I was being gagged here.

And then, we had already decided that we would leave Switzerland—and now all the more irrevocably. Our current situation was temporary, transitional, a mere stop in Europe. We had not settled here, not put down roots; just barely holding on. The letter from the police was just one more push. No, my place was not here.

We had to move on.

But I did write an expressive reply to the police, informing them that at the press conference in question I had not only refrained from calling for a violent overthrow of the Soviet regime, but had warned in no uncertain terms against such action, whereas Lenin on the other hand, while he was living here in Zurich from 1916 to 1917, had openly called for the overthrow of all the governments of Europe, including that of Switzerland, without receiving the kind of warning from the Swiss police that had been sent to me. I also informed them that I might opt to publish this letter at some point.<sup>80</sup>

But I continued to test the ground: did I really have to refrain from speaking out in Switzerland? When in Moscow my old “friend” Demichev was ousted from his position as Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, I had written a piece for the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* about the new direction the USSR was taking.<sup>81</sup> But there were no repercussions.

The Swiss police did not contact me. It seems written opinions were allowed. (Two months later I also gave a talk at the University of Zurich to students from the Slavic department, though only on matters of Russian literature and language, nothing else.<sup>82</sup> This, too, passed without repercussions.) On the other hand, in those same months a Swiss trading company fired its interpreter in response to a complaint from a Soviet client. The client had said abusive things about my work, which led the interpreter to ask him, “But have you read Solzhenitsyn?” She was dismissed.

The oldest democracy in Europe, independent and free! I now understood the despair that had sent much of the Second Wave of emigration across the ocean to America: those who had experienced the Soviet paradise drew their conclusions in no uncertain terms. Layered in my memory were the streams of prisoners from 1945 and 1946 (they had been seized in Europe, sometimes simply plucked out of the crowd by the KGB, even in places such as the center of Brussels). I shared cells and prison transports with them, the people of the Second Emigration were my brothers. Perhaps there would be no Soviet attack on Europe, but I did not want to be tormented every day by the thought that my archives and manuscripts, lying unprotected at home, might be destroyed, leaving no way for me to write *The Red Wheel*.

Our departure from Europe now irreversible, I was all the more preoccupied by Russia. How could one hasten Russia’s liberation? Since my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* had fallen on deaf ears, I now resolved to reach out to the other end of the scale, to the Soviet Union’s young generation. I have kept a draft of what I had written, with the idea of my statement coinciding with the New Year:

The arrival of the year 1975 brings three-quarters of the twentieth century to completion. This century already bears the colors it merits: the red blood of those who have fallen, the black dungeons of those who have been martyred, and the yellow betrayal of the multitude. And yet a quarter century of this canvas is still waiting for the better colors of the spectrum that remain, and these colors are in our hearts and in our will. If we pour onto this last quarter what is best in us, the whole tone of the picture can still change, and it can still achieve a *meaning* that the past seventy-five years have not managed to give it. The twentieth century, one of the most shameful centuries of the world and of our nation, can still be saved! In Russia the very first year of this century was marked (and, as

we now see, symbolically so) by a powerful student movement. By today's standards, the persecution of those students was laughable, but the consequences of their movement were horrific. Everything they did was from the purity of their hearts, but they lacked any civic experience and ended up being engulfed by theories of revolution and violence. Today, on the other hand, our studentry has fallen into lethargy, with weakness and an old man's caution: better to live kneeling than die standing. In all the world, one will not find students more frightened and docile than those of our nation. Compared to our students the Arab, Ethiopian, and Thai students amaze one with their development and audacity. But with your current individual moderation you are digging for yourselves yet another mass grave of collective slavery for this final quarter of the century. You who are twenty years old today, will by the end of the century be nearing fifty: the best part of your lives will have been spent in voluntary slavery. Are you waiting for a miracle that will liberate you? No miracle will descend upon you! There will not be a miracle unless you strive to grasp it for yourselves. Who can change the conditions in our nation if not you? . . .

I never finished writing this statement.

A doubt had arisen. As one recently returned from battle, I might still have the right to address the students in this way, and yet, because of my safety in what is now almost a year in the West, haven't I lost this right to address people *there* from *here*?

Our departure from Europe is irreversible and already planned for the spring. Our destination is Canada, of course. Big, calm, and rich Canada in its slumber, still unaware of its power, as far north as Russia and so like it, and practically bordering on Russia through Alaska. Perhaps there we will feel at home.

But God! We only have a few months left here and still haven't seen anything of Europe! We haven't been to Paris once. We pack our bags in a flash and head there by train, just a six-hour journey, but how long it takes to get a visa! For us foreigners, who are not citizens with full rights, we need a visa for every step we take.

We will celebrate the New Year in Paris. Alya's approach to Paris is more casual than mine, and she takes in this unique and alluring city with all its quays and boulevards, its art galleries, Notre Dame, living legends. But I, with my tight schedule and everything I need to do, how can I take all that in? Here too I am on business, with a "revolutionary" agenda: my Paris is the



Paris of the Russian emigration, how our bitter post-revolutionary emigrants saw this city; not the entire range of émigrés, not those who had fled to save themselves, but those White émigrés who fought for a better fate for Russia, and retreated fighting. This, too, is part of my *Red Wheel*, it will all go into it: the Paris of the First Wave of emigration, how they survived here for half a century and more, and how they suffered and expired. I want to feel, to touch Russian Paris.

There was a funny incident on our arrival in Paris. The moment we stepped out of the Gare de l'Est on 27 December (not believing our dazed eyes that these gray houses and narrow streets were the Paris we had read so much about all our lives), the Struves, who had come to pick us up, handed us in the cab that day's Parisian newspaper: on the front page was a photograph of the four writers of the new "Paris Group" lined up in a row: Sinyavsky, Maximov, Nekrasov, and Galich. The interview with them was topsy-turvy. Nekrasov marveled at the abundance of fruit as the West's most striking feature, after the grueling slavery of the East, and Galich equated my tastes with those of Brezhnev, predicting that I would *never* come to a Paris I abhorred.

We stayed in the Latin Quarter, on the rue Jacob (next to the Éditions du Seuil publishing house), in the only secluded room in the hotel, up in the attic, reached by a steep staircase like the companionway on a ship, with a rope instead of a handrail. The room was very Parisian, and from the window we could see only roofs and stone wells in courtyards. I roamed all over Paris on foot, my legs still strong as I have been used to walking since my youth. My memory of Paris mingles with my second visit that same spring and with a third visit the following year, but I believe I saw and took in everything important, not to the extent that it is worth sharing it with the reader, but enough for myself. (My best day in Paris was my walk with Father Alexander Schmemmann, a connoisseur of the city and its history: he showed me the Paris of the Bourbons, of the French Revolution, the minor revolutions, the Paris of the Prussian War, of the First World War, the 1930s, the German Occupation, and then those "Russian" quarters, which drew my main interest.)

Throughout my Soviet youth I had longed to see and feel the Russian emigration; to me it was Russia's other path, the path not taken. As far as I was concerned, it was no less real, in spirit, than the Soviet path that had prevailed; the path not taken was to occupy a vital place in my books. I dreamed of how to reach this Russian emigration and get to know it. I had always seen it as the other scenario of my own life—what if, for example, my par-

ents had left Russia? And now I had come to Paris to find this emigration, but its main body—the soldiers, the thinkers, the storytellers—had not waited for me, but had gathered at their final resting place in the cemetery of Sainte-Geneviève-des-Bois. And so I made a belated acquaintance with them one damp but sunny morning, strolling along the tree-lined walks among the tombstones, reading the inscriptions of the regiments, the families, the individuals, the celebrities, and the unknown.

I had come too late.

There were, however, still a few people living in a nursing home near the cemetery, even Colonel Koltyshev, who had been very close to General Denikin in the Russian Civil War. And also, at a naval club (a villa run by some old sailors), I was introduced to two admirals and three colonels from that war. In other parts of Paris I visited elderly people who remembered *that* time, even some who had held high office, and went to the tiny apartment of some fastidious monarchists to view unique footage they had kept of the royal family. I also met with the son of Pyotr Stolypin, and Boris Bazhanov, Stalin's former private secretary, who had turned his back on a stellar Bolshevik career. (In an early edition of *Archipelago*, I had mentioned that he had been killed, and he had written to me in the best Mark Twain style: "Reports of my death have been exaggerated.") The porter at our hotel also suddenly spoke to us in Russian—he turned out not to be Jean but Ivan Fyodorovich—with the sad hint of a smile and faltering speech. On New Year's Eve the Struves and Father Schmemann took us to Montparnasse to celebrate the New Year at a famous "Russian" restaurant (the label being merely a touch of exoticism), Chez Dominique, its affluent clientele lacking any connection to Russia, and at midnight the elderly Russian waiter, a tall and imposing man, probably an ex-officer, put on a dunce's cap for the amusement of the audience and did his best to make everyone laugh, doing everything but crowing like a rooster. It tore at my heart, this attempt at a pleasant New Year's Eve. (One could imagine there having been fifty-five such celebrations since the Revolution, the New Year's wish always the same, that the Bolsheviks be toppled.)

It had been planned that for my part I would introduce myself to the Paris émigrés, and a gathering was arranged in a hall, but I ended up being struck down by a severe bout of flu. On that trip we returned home ill, and on the following visit we somehow did not manage to arrange anything again. Now, alas, it is too late.

But the pulse of present life did not stand still: some of our "invisible allies" came to visit us in our attic hotel room: there was Stepan Tatishchev;

and Anastasia Durova who had helped us so much, though I had not even been told her name until then, and who now gave an extremely lively account of the details of her clandestine work. Also the Etkinds, recent émigrés, came to see us, both still very much perplexed by life in Paris, especially Ekaterina Fyodorovna, who was quite disoriented, and we recalled as a kind of enchanted happiness the trouble of those days when the *Archipelago* manuscript, still secret, lived between us. (We could not imagine that our paths were soon doomed to part.) On another evening, Alya and I went on a stroll with Stepan Tatishchev through the dancing lights of the fair on the upper boulevards, discussing the details of our future secret ties with Russia.

Finally, I also went with Struve to the Russian printing house belonging to Leonid Lifar, where my *August 1914*, *Archipelago*, and everything else had been printed. Back in Moscow, I had imagined it to be a deeply clandestine printing press!<sup>83</sup> I had even gone so far as to warn Struve never to move alone around Paris with my manuscripts! My heart back then would have been torn to shreds had I known that Lifar's printing house was little more than an open structure in an open yard, where anyone at any time could freely saunter among all the unprotected galleys, including *Archipelago*. The KGB would certainly have known of Lifar's connection to YMCA-Press. How could it be that they had missed the preparation of *Archipelago*? How could it be that the KGB's eye and hand had not reached this far, which would have cost me my head? Lifar himself had survived the 1930s in the Soviet Union, which is why he had taken on *Archipelago* with all his heart.\*

The Russian YMCA-Press had had a glorious history within the Russian diaspora. In the decades when Communism's triumph in the USSR seemed limitless, with every glimmer of light extinguished and stamped out forever, YMCA-Press had conserved, carried on, and even strengthened that light, emanating from the religious renaissance at the beginning of the century, from *Vekhi*,<sup>84</sup> by bringing out in small editions our foremost thinkers who had managed to survive: a Russian distillation of philosophical, theological, and aesthetic thought. The very name YMCA, so strange to the Russian ear (and pronounced *IM-ka*), came to the publisher as a legacy from the American Protestant organization—the Young Men's Christian Association—that had supported it with modest funds, and then bequeathed it to its guardians.

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\* And, in accordance with his testament, he had a copy of the *Archipelago* that he had typeset placed in his grave. (Author's note, 1986.)

YMCA-Press began to operate in 1924, its first published book being Boris Zaitsev's *Life of St. Sergius of Radonezh*. It later published Fedotov's *Lives of Russian Saints*, as well as the works of Sergei Bulgakov, Semyon Frank, Berdyaev, Lossky, Shestov, Vysheslavtsev, Karsavin, Zenkovsky, Mochulsky. From the 1960s on, its books gradually began to make their way into the Soviet Union, opening up unknown worlds to our readers. And while we still lived in Moscow, my connection was not with the actual press, but with Nikita Struve. For me Struve *was* YMCA-Press. It was clear that he ran it and made all the decisions, and it was with him that we determined in secret all the details of publication. So when Betta brought the news to Moscow that there was a certain Morozov in Paris who was claiming to have the rights to my book, we were outraged. Was this yet another pirate? Was it another KGB agent? I even considered sending a public refutation. But when Western radio stations announced the publication of *Archipelago*, Ivan Morozov was mentioned as the managing director of the tiny YMCA-Press, of which few people in the West had until now ever heard. What a surprise! But where had he materialized from?

Then when Struve came to visit us in Zurich, he confirmed that Morozov was indeed the director of the press. I even received a letter from Morozov insisting that we meet as soon as possible, but it included some strange wording. Struve explained to me that throughout the months that *Archipelago* was being secretly typeset, Morozov had not known anything about the project. On the day the first volume of *Archipelago* came out Struve had been ill, the books suddenly arriving from the printer, and the media had interviewed Morozov, who informed them about YMCA-Press and his role as director.

But when we received a copy of the first volume in Moscow, we were unpleasantly surprised at the great number of typographical errors, though we of course attributed this to the conditions of secrecy under which the book had to be produced. (Because of this need for secrecy, nobody but Struve and his wife, whenever time permitted, worked on the proofs.) In our most difficult days in Moscow, we made a list of the typographical errors and sent these to YMCA by a clandestine mail route, and the corrections were entered promptly for the second printing. (The initial print run for the first volume of *Archipelago* had been 50,000 copies—unprecedented for this small press. Until then, YMCA had rarely brought out editions of over a thousand copies, publishing at most two or three titles a year. There was an epigram among émigrés: “What will YMCA bring out next? / Psalms or some religious text.”) So in Zurich, as I have already mentioned, despite our unsettled

life with our three small children, Alya spent many long nights going over the proofs. We still had not come to grips with émigré reality. We had emerged from our caves fighting (from the depths of those Soviet caves everything in the West had seemed so easy, so simple), and thought that all we had to do now was to hold out our manuscript, and it would be taken and a finished book handed back to us. Far from it! It turned out that the local Russian publisher first had to be helped onto its feet financially. Indeed, it was in this way that we came face to face with the inescapable poverty and abandonment of the First Wave of emigration.

Now that I was in Paris I could take a closer look at YMCA-Press, and was quite astounded by how it managed to keep itself together. Struve, a professor at the University of Paris, was both a volunteer and the custodian, the soul of the press, but he did not hold any official position, nor did he want to. Morozov held the salaried post of director, had an accountant at his side, and an overabundance of employees in the bookstore, to which he attached paramount importance. That year the press had *not a single* editor or permanent proofreader (the printing, of course, was invariably outsourced). Morozov, who came from a Russian peasant family from Estonia, was devoted to the cause, but did not show any gift for publishing. The press's direction was not always discernable, and within a series of publications on religious philosophy there appeared, strangely out of place, a number of hastily written, third-rate dissident reports, along with new titles from samizdat that were quite showy but without any life. (In the chaotic onrush of the new Wave of emigration, Struve himself could not always discern the context of a certain work and what its importance was within the framework of Soviet life.) It turned out that Morozov had even come to some sort of "gentlemen's agreement" with Flegon to "share Soviet authors." In Bulgakov's *Heart of a Dog*, Morozov found "indecent places," and in Ushakov's Soviet Russian dictionary he could not locate "strange words" that he had come upon in my *Cancer Ward*, words that could not possibly exist (he had never heard of Dahl's dictionary). At the end of the 1960s he had become mentally ill, tried to commit suicide, and spent six months in the hospital. Since then, he had been taking medication, was in a daze, and made quite a strange impression, having never fully recovered. When I met Morozov during my first visit to Paris I was quite surprised, and asked Struve about him and why he would want to keep on a figurehead like Morozov who was holding back the press. But Struve replied that he and Morozov had worked together as a team for many years, that Morozov had come to Paris from the Baltic region in the

late 1930s, a young enthusiast, and had done much to restore the Russian Student Christian Movement in France. He had devoted himself body and soul to the press—unselfishly, if clumsily—and, the circle of the émigré scene being so small, any rupture would be acutely felt.

*The Oak and the Calf*, the version of it that I had finished writing after my expulsion from the Soviet Union, was to come out next with YMCA-Press. There were many dangers to this project, both creative and personal (and in the West legal dangers too, as it turned out), in bringing out memoirs that are too fresh, the dangers including a loss of perspective and a loss of friends. Lidia Chukovskaya sent word from Moscow by clandestine mail, telling me that I had made a mistake, that one's memoirs could not just be published off the cuff but had to be given a chance to cool. Other friends in Moscow joked that I was leaving my future biographers "nothing but scorched earth." And yet from my point of view I had chosen the ideal moment. *The Oak and the Calf* could in no way be allowed to cool, as it was not a memoir but a report straight from the battlefield. This second volume of *Sketches* that I am now writing, on the other hand, can wait indefinitely.

As I anticipated spending a lot of time in Canada searching for a place to live, losing so many hours of work, I was in a hurry to finish writing my Lenin chapters here while my impressions of Zurich were still fresh. Along with the Lenin chapters to be included in *March 1917* there was now an abundance of material, more than the three chapters I had initially foreseen, and an independent image arose, too independent for these chapters to be merely absorbed into the Nodes of *The Red Wheel*. It would, after all, take years for *The Red Wheel* to appear in print.<sup>85</sup>

The Zurich apartment was as always too noisy and crowded, impossible as a place to work, so I again went to the mountains, back to Sternenbergl, once for two weeks, and then for another three. Like all the old Swiss peasant houses, this one too had a number of unheated rooms, everyone but the elderly sleeping in the cold with open windows on nights with light frost. At first it seemed to me bizarre to sleep in a freezing bedroom, but I became accustomed, indeed addicted to it, and it has become a habit probably for life, even when the temperature drops below zero Fahrenheit in Vermont. Breathing in so much fresh air all night, one does not even need to go out for a stroll during the day, and so can sit and work uninterrupted. This lonely, wintry work reminded me of my working on *Archipelago* in Estonia, and just as I used to take time on moonlit nights to go out and feel the world, also in Sternenbergl late at night, when there was a moon, I wandered along

the snowy mountain paths with my walking stick and could not get enough of the severity of the peaks and the sheer drops and rises of the deserted landscape under the moonlight. It is against the backdrop of this setting—in places bathed in moonlight, in places with the stark black shadows of the mountains and trees—that I remember toiling to the limits of my strength over Lenin and his restless dark spirit that was wandering somewhere through these mountains. In the room in which I was working I nailed a portrait of Lenin to the wooden wall in order to feel him continuously and more visibly; one of the most sinister portraits, in which he looks like the devil incarnate, a convicted villain, and where he is already terminally ill. (I wanted this portrait to be on the cover of all the international editions of my book. In the Russian edition, however, this portrait misfired: the old émigrés hated Lenin so bitterly that they would not allow such a book in their house.)

I worked, surrendering myself entirely, feeling I had reached the core of the epic. In those five weeks at Sternenberg my work dominated me so entirely that I lost all sense of the present, all interest, regardless of how much it might demand my attention or seek to draw me in. I even stopped listening to the news on the shortwave radio. Out of the great pile of materials I had gathered a new figure was now rising, one equaling Lenin in stature: the figure of Aleksandr Parvus, to whom I had not given thought before. He had a brilliantly simple scheme of breaking up Russia through a combination of revolutionary methods and national separatism, particularly Ukrainian, creating in German and Austrian prisoner-of-war camps privileged conditions for Ukrainians and igniting in them an irreconcilable attitude toward Russia. (And his plan was a success! Not even the British Empire had ever managed to do anything like it—they would not have dared fan revolutionary flames!) But I faced a formidable problem: how could I have Parvus and Lenin *meet* in 1916, engaging them in dialogue? They did have such a meeting, but it had been in 1915 in Bern, and I had decided against describing 1915. They were not to meet face to face in Zurich in 1916, they only exchanged letters. So out of necessity I turned my back on conventional realism and opted for a fantastical device, allowing their correspondence to flow into an actual dialogue by introducing a touch of devilry: the messenger not only brought Parvus's letter to Lenin, but in his briefcase brought a miniature Parvus. I did, however, limit the fantastical element to Parvus's emerging from the briefcase, expanding in size and then disappearing after his conversation with Lenin. Lenin's dialogue with Parvus and the clash of their ideas and plans are realistic, and in full accordance with historical fact.

So within five weeks I had finished all the chapters of *Lenin in Zurich*, almost ready to send to the publisher: the single chapter I had written in Moscow had now become ten. I felt as if I had taken a great mountain stronghold.

Back in Zurich, I wanted to thank and say farewell to Fritz Platten, Jr., Miroslav Tuček from the Zentralstelle, and Willi Gautschi, author of the detailed book on Lenin in Switzerland. I suggested we meet at one of the restaurants associated with Lenin, and we went to the White Swan. We sat down at a table—and suddenly, right there before us on the wall, I saw a portrait of Lenin! So he was compelled to witness our celebration of a triumph over him.

Thank you, dear Zurich, we'd managed to work wonderfully together.

That spring was also difficult in that the deceived countries of Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia were coming undone; and the Western world, more than ever before, was weak and in retreat. And now that my work was going well and I was striding with ever greater confidence along a clear path, I was tormented that I was not using my special status, my authority in the West, which at that time was still strong, in order to wake up the West and rouse it to save itself.

Our plan was that I would not return to Europe: in America I would find and buy a house with some land, and immediately begin work while I was still forging ahead. And you, dear Alya, would have to move the entire family once more. An onerous task? How could it not be! And the main difficulty of our move was that the entire drawn-out venture—from searching for land and its purchase, to the renovation of the house, as well as the trip across the ocean—had at every stage to be kept secret from the KGB: it was vital that they not find anything out beforehand. In tight-knit Zurich, where one's neighbor's house was at most fifty feet away, we never—not at home, and not in our yard—named names or discussed important issues. Dubious strangers could easily come up to our fence and beckon our children, or stalk us, and anyone could jump over the low fence. Even outside the Soviet Union the KGB was a present and effective force, far more capable of targeting people than Europeans realized; and Switzerland was teeming with them. The Soviets were already listening in on many transatlantic calls, which meant that while I was traveling I would not be able to talk about everything openly.

I now had only a month in Europe before my final departure, the month of April. But because of my constant work we had seen so little of Europe! And I would have to give a farewell speech. We decided I would do that in



Paris, where at the beginning of April the French edition of *The Oak and the Calf* was to come out.

This time Alya and I traveled to France by car so we could see something of the country. Neither of us knew the language, but part of the trip passed through Switzerland and Alsace, where German came to the rescue, and later we were to meet up with Nikita and Masha Struve. We managed to squeeze a lot into those few days. Throughout a drab morning we wandered through the centuries-old quarters of Basel. We then drove on narrow country roads along the Rhine, where we saw the bunkers of the Maginot Line, and spent the night right beside the Rhine, in Sand, in a hotel that had once been a farmhouse.

From our first hours in France we felt delivered from a kind of tedious obligation that had been fettering us in German-speaking Switzerland. We were amazed at the half-empty spaces, and in a dirty and abandoned woodland we suddenly came upon a pile of garbage (in Switzerland they would have put an end to that in a minute!). There was a carefree manner here one would not have expected in Europe, nor such sparsely populated areas, something we would not have believed possible back in the Soviet Union, where we imagined the whole of Europe to be a single human swarm. Strasbourg—elegant, sharp, light, diverse—where the French and the German spirit cross: what better place for the European Parliament? And the city of Nancy, captivating and whimsical with its palace square of the Dukes of Lorraine, the royal park, and the boulevard filled with lively booths (there was a fair on the day we visited). These two provincial cities were enough to make it clear that a true country is one that is not confined to its capital, and that there is much more to France than Paris. (In Russia, too, we had had so many independent cities! May that day come again!)

In my idea of France I had made the opposite error from the one I had made in my idea of Switzerland: I would have thought that everything in Switzerland would have been a perfect fit for me, but it was not, whereas France, which while I lived in the Soviet Union I had always imagined as going against my grain, as not being in accord with my character, more foreign than Scandinavia, Germany, or England, now struck me as gentle, tender, and natural. If I were to live in Europe there would not have been a better country for me: not because of the formidable cathedrals of Reims, Chartres, Soissons, or the palaces of Versailles and Fontainebleau, but because of the placid flow of life in the forgotten little towns, the soft and noble contours of the fields, the woodlands overgrown with mistletoe, the long gray garden

walls, and the simple French manner of using earth-gray stone in buildings. On a night of dense fog we stayed by the Oise River near Chantilly, and we could hear from close by the rattling of the barges. Sheltered in a peaceful embrace, my heart reposed exactly as if it were back home.

Eastern France seemed especially charming with its gentle undulations. (On our way back through that part of France it was impossible not to notice on one of the hills an immense cross that did not seem to have been made by human hand. We turned off the road and soon found ourselves at the grave of Charles de Gaulle—who'd have thought! The policemen standing guard recognized me, and, later, journalists contacted me in Zurich asking what the significance was of my visit to this grave.) I felt the greatest contrast at France's historical places, in the Verdun forts and the immense cemetery that filled my heart with sorrow: back home, so many had laid down their lives with nothing ever having been done to honor them. We also visited the cemetery of the Russian Expeditionary Force<sup>86</sup> near Mourmelon where we saw grave after grave after grave. (We met a former ensign from that Expeditionary Force, Vyacheslav Afanasyevich Vasilyev, now a deacon of the cemetery chapel. Vespers were held while we were there.) What unstatesmanlike madness, what boundless servility toward our allies led us to squander our Russian forces here when we sorely lacked them back in Russia? Why were our people sent here to die?

In the Forest of Compiègne, the irony of the French had abandoned them: they had preserved the setting of the German surrender of 1918 without the slightest hint that in 1940 the spectacle was to repeat itself, but in reverse.

I was very much aware that this was not just an acquaintance with France, but also a farewell. If last New Year's Eve the Éditions du Seuil<sup>87</sup> and I had contented ourselves with a crowded press cocktail in their basement, with a chaos of questions and answers, so that I did not have more than a minute or two to meet my translators, I now took the opportunity of meeting them in a calmer setting.

As unlucky as I was with so many translations of my books into so many languages (most of which I will not be able to check in my lifetime), I was more than lucky with my French translators. There were about seven or eight of them, all friends, and all students of Professor Pierre Pascal who had graduated around the same time. They were well enough informed about Soviet life and its realities, never passing over a minor point no matter how obscure it might be, and from what I was told, they were all stylists in their

mother tongue. The uniformity of their training resulted in the strong consistency of their translations. I could in no way hope to evaluate the French texts, but specialists, first and foremost Nikita Struve, praised them highly. And because this mass of pages covering so many blistering years did not have to pass through a single head alone but was distributed among several, my works appeared in quick succession, with nothing being missed, almost immediately after the Russian editions. Consequently, France became the only country where my books came out on time and had the greatest effect. France, indeed—even though I could not live there because of my language limitations.

The editorial directors of the Éditions du Seuil—the venerable Paul Flamand, and Claude Durand, who was in the flower of youth—now became the main guides for handling my public appearances in Paris. They suggested and then arranged a press conference<sup>88</sup> in connection with the release of the French translation of *The Oak and the Calf*, and I also took part in a challenging television program called *Apostrophes*,<sup>89</sup> in which five or six star journalists were brought together to debate. Paul Flamand had astutely forewarned me not to allow them to exploit me for their games of internal French politics, which each of them would certainly attempt to do, and that I should constantly keep in mind the global dimension of an artist, one who is witness between two worlds.

The press conference was no more successful than any of the others had been, the exchange with the journalists going in all directions and never reaching the heart of the matter. And then the day of the television program turned out to be quite exhausting: I was on my feet all day, rushing from one meeting to the next, walking through Paris, and, as the recording of the program was to begin late, I ended up waiting somewhere for hours with a splitting headache and arriving quite drained at the large television studio that looked much like a circus backdrop, with dozens of people rushing around, noise, chaos. In the midst of the commotion they seated seven of us at a table. The highly-strung socialist Jean Daniel from the *Nouvel Observateur* was seated across from the rightist Jean d’Ormesson, who seemed scattered and hardly fired up for a debate, the rest of the participants each attempting to further his own agenda. I sat there without enthusiasm, my head lowered, despairing at their squabbles, fed up with their ridiculous skirmishes, reluctantly fending off the socialist’s attacks and despairing that we would ever manage to break through to a real conversation. And yet subsequently the unanimous opinion was that my appearance on *Apostrophes* went remarkably well. My calmness and despairing irony were perceived as a worthy way of

representing Russia: forging ahead with full force does not always have the best result. My being introduced to France on *Apostrophes* went exceedingly well, so much so that the program was extended for twenty minutes beyond its scheduled time. It resulted in many letters and reactions in the press.

But it was already time to leave France. There were a few more sudden but obligatory things to do: We went to meet some major physicists and mathematicians to encourage them in their plans to stand up for Soviet dissidents. The stance I kept having to adopt—“Protect us, O free people of the West!”—was so pathetic and humiliating, and I had already had enough of it, but for the time being it was unavoidable. I do not know whether this meeting ultimately led to any results.

I have never had enough time in my life, and I didn't have enough time now before my departure across the ocean. How could we be so close to Italy and not go take a look? Alya, however, could not come along on this trip, as she had just been away with me twice, and it was hard for her mother to cope with the four grandchildren all alone. Viktor Bankoul, our new friend, had mapped out a trip on which he and I could dart through part of Italy and the south of France in four days. The son of Russian émigrés, Viktor had been born in Abyssinia; orphaned while he was at a French Catholic high school in Beirut, he continued on to the American University there. He was fluent in the five major European languages, and efficient as well as careful in everything he did (he always went around the car doors twice to check if they were locked). Viktor made me a gift of these rarest of days: days of pure rest without anything that had to be done, not even necessarily seeing or looking at anything in particular, and if my pen wrote anything, then only mechanically, steered by that eternal drive within me.

In the little town of Brescia, of which I think I'd never heard, there is a rotunda with a subterranean basilica from the first centuries of Christianity. (It is amazing how much more akin Roman architecture is to the Russian soul than Gothic architecture, with its oppressive coldness. That too is Christianity, I know, but it is so foreign, and now with loudspeakers stuck on the columns!) In the cramped and huddled city, with poisonous bluish fumes in its narrow streets and clouds of smoke emanating from the tunnel in the hill, we suddenly come upon the crumbling temple of Vespasian, leaves curling along the preserved walls, doves nesting in the spaces from which stones have fallen, and on the ancient Roman mosaic one is surprised to see a swastika, which already existed in those days. And then an excavated theater, excavated Roman courtyards.

I had to see Verona's Shakespeare sites! In the town there is a monument of the barbarous dropping of a bomb from an airplane in 1915—how much worse the world has seen since! As I suffer in the bluish smoke and roar of engines among the ancient monuments, I imagine another epitaph etched into the marble, one for myself: "Here, in 1975, a Soviet barbarian shot a free Italian motorcyclist." *Free* here means that they can ride up a one-way street against the traffic, ignore no-entry signs, and run red lights, not to mention that sometimes Italian red lights come with three green arrows: the red light of course meaning you must stop, but you can in fact drive to the right, or to the left, and, evidently straight ahead too. How we laughed! At a railway crossing, with the barriers already rising before the train had completely passed, we drove across the tracks only to see another train speeding toward us! It is also strange how grown men gather on the street to gossip like women, and how young men embrace one another as if they were girls. (I remember this also being the custom in Rostov-on-Don.) But also this: girls stopping and going to church for ten minutes before school!

Magical Venice! Whose imagination has it not excited? But the grand canals are clogged with traffic and filled with the fumes of vaporetos and water taxis, every corner packed with souvenir stalls. What distinguishes Venice today, it seems, are not the gondolas, nor the closed doors on the canals, but that the center of the town is inaccessible to vehicles. What a joy!—a city free of revving, smoking engines, with only people in the streets, on the sunny paved squares—even cats roam freely. But alas, there is no escaping the loudspeakers. As it is only the beginning of April it is not yet the tourist season, but the Piazza San Marco and the halls of the Doge's Palace are already crowded. God, what must it be like here in high season, and what a burdensome duty tourism has turned into!

Further along the Adriatic coast this duty has given rise to skyscrapers and mechanized spas ("the Beach of Nations"). It is perhaps at these seaside resorts that we sense more than anywhere else how small the earth has become for us, how many people there are, how there is not even enough beach sand for all of us as we come spewing out of the big cities.

Ravenna is best viewed early in the morning when no one is about, except for sweepers with their brooms and the cooing doves, and one can imagine how life was centuries ago. In the mausoleum of the Roman Empress Galla the light seeps pink and orange through the translucent panels of stone, and death is praised as the ascent to God. O Mankind, how long we have lived!

Italy's most important ancient monuments are covered with graffiti, painted hammers and sickles, slogans, and threats: "Police are Killers!" "Death to Fascist Christian Democrats!" "Chase Fascist Scum Out of Italy!" And among the ancient columns: "Long Live Proletarian Violence! Long Live Socialism!" (A dose of the real thing might have opened these people's eyes.) And then those strict if half-hearted signs: "All Bicycles Strictly Prohibited in the Cathedral." Dante's tomb in the form of a vault within a chapel. And a nearby rally: "Portugal will not be Europe's Chile!"

From the dreary coastal plain we see in the distance a steep mountain looming, almost manmade, and four castles on top with crenellated battlements. San Marino! The scene almost mythical—one cannot believe this was not built specifically for tourists—and then the treeless and barren Apennines parched by the sun, and on a hill a locked rural stone chapel, the Santuario Madonna del Soccorso. Just as with churches in the Caucasus there is no village nearby: those who wish to pray must make their way here and climb up the hill. The Apennines are poor in water and soil, but you will not find a single village with slogans painted on walls. Painting slogans is a city pastime.

In Florence we again see slogans everywhere, red flags hanging from windows, a "Leninist Committee," a red hammer and sickle painted on a church door (what next!). "Our Democracy Is Proletarian Violence," "For Starters, Let's Torch All Fascist Cells!" At a restaurant called the Old Spit we are served meat in Florentine style—an entire rib roast with white beans—but with the slogans and rallies all around, one would think that these are the final days before a revolution or the seizure of power, and that soon portions such as these will no longer be served here. I say farewell to Europe not only because I am leaving, but I fear we are all saying farewell to Europe as we knew and loved her these past centuries. Florence is so overwhelmed with refuse and stench that even early in the morning the city feels dirty and chaotic. (This had already started back when our poet Aleksandr Blok lived here: "Your cars are rattling with rust / Hideous your house and home / From all over Europe comes sallow dust / You betrayed yourself, you alone!") Among all the dirt and refuse, the exuberance of the magnificent sculptures in front of the Palazzo Vecchio seems sullied. A saving grace is the secluded square monastery courtyards, where people can walk about next to monks in black garments without having to go out into the frantic city. In the narrowness of Florence the churches have been built in excessive dimensions—and they are empty.

Only a little way further down the map lies Siena, not that far from Rome, but when will I get to see either city? Never. For I am short that one

extra day, which has been the case my entire driven life. Throughout the trip my soul is not free to enjoy all the beauty, I cannot even just get out and walk through a grove of pines beneath the umbrella of their dark green canopy. How many experiences I could have gathered here! Did I not need them? Would they not have nourished me? It feels as if I do not have the right even to a four-day trip, because I do not have the time, and also because it is *not in these places* that my duty lies, but *there, back home*, where everything is perishing under the rubble, and I too am crushed by those millstones.

We turn and head to Pisa, and climb up and down the steeply abrupt steps of the Leaning Tower, and then continue on to Rapallo, where the landscape begins to remind me of our Crimea. Over a devilish viaduct we bypass devilishly smog-covered Genoa, and I find the mountainous coastline more and more reminiscent of Crimea, only that the mountains here are lower and the resorts of better quality, although here too we see the box-like skyscrapers, and it's an open question where the sea is bluer. I constantly have an inkling of *déjà vu*: can I have seen all this before? Over a high rocky coastal road with passes and tunnels, we head to the Côte d'Azur.

Menton, Monte Carlo, Nice—who among the heroes of the blissful literature of the nobility has not been here! And who among the desperate Russian émigrés did not later beg here for charity? Alas, so many of our aging folks nursed their old northern wounds in poverty beneath the palm trees of the southern sun. Requiems were sung here at their funerals in the Russian church on the Avenue Nicolas II, a short street that today is the only one in the world that bears the name of the unfortunate sovereign.

One cannot imagine a more absurd evening for me than an evening spent at the casino in Monte Carlo. For three hours I prowl the halls like a tiger, jotting down notes and more notes: the face of the croupier, the faces and actions of the players, the rules of the game. There is no question why writers have always been so keen to come here: here the outer shell of the psyche is torn away and people cannot conceal the movement of their feelings, the characters of novels crowding into the author's notebook with every movement of his pencil. These notes will never be of any use to me, but I make them anyway. (And yet, O writer, never make such a declaration, but gather impressions on every occasion. How impossible to imagine that Monte Carlo might come in handy to me! And yet only three years later I did make use of what I had seen at Monte Carlo, since Bogrov had wandered around here taking his measure of life!)

Soon enough I was recognized at the casino, and before long I could expect pronouncements such as: “So this is where Solzhenitsyn spends his days!” The leftists would be delighted, as they were already berating me for having settled in Switzerland, the land of banks. And when I leave Switzerland, they will berate me for leaving.

We drive and drive, almost without stopping, even in places where I would have liked to stay longer. A medieval town, Saint-Paul-de-Vence, perfectly preserved (how strange to see my *Archipelago* and even *The Oak and the Calf* on display in a shop window here!), steep side streets cobbled with pebbles from the sea. The town of Grasse, where Bunin lived out his years. The rocky, unfertile hills of Provence are now, in April, already parched by the sun, but everywhere lavender is budding, it will soon flood these meadows with its purplish hue, and its fragrant essence is sold in lonely stalls along the road. Every place on earth has been accorded its gift: the capital of lavender is Digne.

Then the road along which Napoleon marched from Elba to the Paris he had lost; at the side of the road are the remnants of an old stone wall, some of it knocked down. Shouldn't they knock the whole thing down?—No, they have placed an ancient amphora in one of the niches, and the wall has acquired a new life as a monument—French finesse! Or, an old stone barn with an arched roof, its rafters and beams exposed; in the more dilapidated part of the barn are old jugs, peasant kitchenware, and a stone trough into which water trickles from a spring, while the better-preserved part has a modern glass front with a restaurant and an oven sharing the space, soft classical music, two demure waitresses, the menu written by hand in a student's notebook—French *savoir vivre*!

Now I have only a few fleeting days left in Zurich. But dearest Alya, why don't we take the children to Lake Lucerne! And so on a sunny day in late April we set out with little Yermolai and Ignat and drive to the lake, where we take a small steamer to the place on the shore where once a sacred oath had given rise to the Swiss Confederation. A sparkling day, the sparkling lake coiling around forested mountain ridges. A lengthy funicular ride takes us up to Rigi-hof where we can see snowy peaks all around. (My sons, unspoiled as they were, talked all year of “When we went on a trip with Papa . . .”)

But this was also not the last thing I did in Europe. For two months already there had been an invitation waiting for me from the Canton of Appenzell to attend the ceremony of their cantonal elections, and the editor-in-chief of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Fred Luchsinger, had urged that this was



something I absolutely must not miss, and now he drove Alya and me there. My departure for Canada was planned for Monday, and the elections being on Sunday, I could still make the ceremony. Appenzell is a small mountain canton in eastern Switzerland; in fact, there are two Appenzells—two half-cantons—a Catholic and a Protestant one, that had separated from one another. We had been invited to the Catholic one. On the way there, as we passed the people walking toward the town hall (in Appenzell one goes to elections on foot—not doing so is considered inappropriate), it was impossible not to notice that the men were all carrying swords, a sign of the right to vote, which women and the young do not have. People were arriving from all directions, also walking over the meadows (the law in Appenzell states that prior to Election Day you can walk over a meadow, but afterward the grass must be allowed to grow untrampled). Many of the young men and women were wearing an earring in one ear.

The Catholic Mass was drawing to a close, the church crowded to overflowing, and around the altar hung the ornate flags of the different communes of Appenzell. From the windows of the brightly painted chalets along the main street long banners with strange designs, symbols, and images of animals were draped. Those who were invited into the town hall first put down their arms there, and then placed their black cloaks over them. Then six standard-bearers in traditional uniform carried their banner to the head of the procession, accompanied by young pages, also in uniform. The officials and the guests of honor marched in procession, one slow step at a time, along the street lined by townspeople, while groups of onlookers were leaning out of all the windows. I was met by everyone with the greatest enthusiasm, as if I was their own countryman who was returning home famous, whereas I would have thought that in this distant canton they would never have even heard of me. (They welcomed me not only as a writer, but as a champion fighting against evil, which the chief magistrate of the canton, the Landammann, also said in his speech.)

A provisional wooden platform had been set up on the square for all the officials, a dozen or so, who lined up on it and stood there throughout the entire ceremony in their black cloaks, their heads bare. The town square was filled with a dense crowd of *stimmberchtigte Männer*—men with the right to vote—they too with swords at their sides, their heads bare, some gray, some reddish, some white; but they were all wearing everyday clothes. The women had gathered somewhere beyond the edges of the crowd or were standing on balconies and at windows. Young people were sitting as best

they could on the slanted roofs, while a photographer was picturesquely straddling a roof's gable. The chief magistrate of the canton, Landammann Raymond Broger, with grayish fuzz on his head, his face intelligent and energetic, gave a speech that filled me with wonder. If only Europe could lend its ears to its half-canton Appenzell! If only the rulers of the big nations could adopt such ideas!

For more than half a millennium, the Landammann said, our community has not significantly changed the forms by which it has governed itself. We are led by our conviction that there is no such thing as "general freedom," but only various individual freedoms, each associated with our obligations and self-restraint. On an almost daily basis, the violence of our times proves to us that the guaranteed freedom of person or state is impossible without discipline and honesty, and it is precisely on such grounds that our community has managed to perpetuate its incredible vitality through the centuries. Our community never gave itself over to the folly of total freedom, and never made a pact with inhumanity with the view of making the state almighty. There cannot be a rational functioning state without a dash of aristocratic and even monarchic elements. It goes without saying that in a democracy the ultimate judgment in all important issues falls to the people, but a people cannot be present on a daily basis to run the state. And the government must not rush to cater to the changeable popular vote just so that its rulers will be reelected, nor must it give misleading speeches to sway the voters, but must move against the current. In deed and in truth the government's task is to act the way a reasonable majority of the people would act if they knew everything in all its details, which is becoming increasingly impossible under the growing civic overload. It therefore remains for us to elect the best possible individuals to guide and govern us, and to give them all necessary confidence. Democracy without mettle, democracy that seeks to grant rights to each and every individual, degenerates into a democracy of servility. The soundness of a system of government does not depend on the perfection of the articles of a constitution, but on the ability of leaders to bear its burdens. We sell democracy short if we elect weak individuals to its government. It is in fact the democratic system, more than any other, that requires a strong hand able to steer the state along a clear course. The crises that society is currently facing were not triggered by the people, but by their governments.

This was no ordinary April, meanwhile, but the April of 1975, a dangerous moment for the West (though the West was barely aware of it), the United States having fled Indochina. Only ten days before the election at

Appenzell the naïve Western press had reported: “The people of Phnom Penh have welcomed the Khmer Rouge with joy.”

Therefore, on this April day it was a great surprise to hear on this sunny town square—in such a remote corner of the world, and yet at the very center of Europe—a warning of the extent to which the general danger had increased in the past year, to hear how horrifying America’s behavior was in abandoning its Indochinese allies, and how horrifying was the fate of the South Vietnamese people who were fleeing their Communist “liberators” in droves. In the face of this tragedy, the Landammann continued, we ask ourselves with great concern whether America will remain loyal to its alliance with Europe, a Europe unable to fend off Soviet aggression on its own but expecting American support as if it were guaranteed. Particularly throughout the Vietnam War, anti-Americanism has grown in Europe; consequently, we must assume that in the future America will not come to the defense of any state that does not strive to protect itself. Europe must prove without delay that it is prepared to make great sacrifices and come together in an effective way.

The Landammann then criticized Switzerland for considering exorbitant its military spending that was 1.7 percent of the national budget, after which he spoke about the economy and how Switzerland was no longer a fairytale country.

After this speech and more words of welcome to his guests, the Landammann took off the large metal chain he was wearing on his chest, a symbol of his power, and gave it to the man standing next to him on the platform along with some sort of baton, and quickly left the podium. That was that. He had served out his term.

Another official, however, stepped up to where he had just been standing, and proposed that Broger be reelected for another term as Landammann. The official called for a vote, and the entire crowd of men assembled on the town square raised their hands in a single motion. The vote was not counted, the result being clear enough: Broger had been reelected. (Here I had to suppress a chuckle: ha, democracy, *just like back home*.)

Broger returned to where he had been standing only moments before, and, raising his hand, repeated in a loud voice the oath read out by the speaker. He then put the chain on again and read out the oath for the assembled crowd to repeat, which the crowd did, the people swearing to the people!

The Landammann then began to proclaim the names of the members of his cabinet, at each name asking the crowd if there were any objections; there were none, though he seemed to be allowing only a second or two for

anyone to object. I kept chuckling to myself: again *just like back home*. But I was quickly disabused. The first important law that the Landammann tried to introduce was the raising of taxes: the canton, he said, was struggling to meet its financial commitments. A rumble went through the crowd, the men conferring with one another. A speaker came up to the platform and spoke against the proposed law for five minutes. Then the Minister of Finance attempted to argue for the law, but the crowd again rumbled, voicing that it did not want to hear him out but wanted to vote. The Landammann called for a raising of hands: All those in favor?—only a few hands were raised. All those opposed?—there was a forest of hands. Hands had shot up with such energy that it was as if the crowd was flapping its wings, the vote having the force of conviction that does not exist in secret ballots. (Not to mention that there were daggers and swords hanging from every man's belt, though this was indiscernible in the crowd.)

The Landammann was quite downcast, and using, from what I could tell, his right of office, argued against the result and demanded a second vote. The crowd listened to him respectfully, but then voted as crushingly as before: taxes were not to be raised!

It was the voice of the people. The issue had been decided conclusively—without newspaper articles, television commentators, or Senate committees; this in ten minutes and for the whole year ahead.

The government now put forward a second proposal: the raising of unemployment benefits. The crowd shouted: “They should go work!” From the platform: “They can't find work!” The crowd: “They should keep looking!” There was no debate. The vote was again a crushing “no.” The overwhelming majority was so unmistakable that there was no count of hands, the voters not even raising them long enough to be counted, though probably there never is a count, as the outcome is always clear enough to the eye.

There was then a third proposal put forward by the government: to admit as residents of the canton individuals, mainly Italians, who had lived in Appenzell for a number of years. There were about ten candidates. There was a separate vote for each one, and all of them, from what I could tell, were rejected as not sufficiently deserving, not accepted.

So no, this was definitely not the least bit *like back home*. Having unanimously reelected their beloved Landammann, entrusting him with the formation of the kind of government he wanted, they immediately rejected all his major proposals. And now he is to govern! I had never seen or heard of such a democracy, and was filled with respect (especially after Landammann

Broger's speech). This is the kind of democracy we could do with. (Were not perhaps our medieval town assemblies—the *veche*—very much like these?)

The Swiss Confederation, established in 1291, is in fact now the oldest democracy in the world. It did not spring from the ideas of the Enlightenment, but directly from the ancient forms of communal life. The rich, industrial, crowded cantons, however, have lost all this, conforming to Europe for many years now (and have adopted everything European from miniskirts to sexual *poses plastiques*). But in Appenzell, on the other hand, much has been kept as of old.

How great is the diversity of the Earth, and how many unknown, unseen possibilities it offers us! There is so much for us to think about for a Russia of the future—if we are only given the chance to think.

The following morning I flew to Canada. The airline ticket had been bought in advance, but under a false name (I came up with “Hirt,” or shepherd, inspired by the portrait of the wonderful old Swiss shepherd in Widmer's mayoral office). Better safe than sorry! I would have much preferred to go by ship; being hurtled across the ocean in a few hours is unnatural—your brain does not have the opportunity to regroup—what I wanted was for my own body to slowly make its way across that huge space. But in the West ocean liners are out of fashion, nobody uses them anymore for business trips (and ordinary sea mail now takes a month and a half, which is a good deal longer than in the days of sailing ships). The only steamers crossing the ocean are pleasure cruisers, which were all booked and which I find repellent anyway. The West in fact no longer has Europe-Canada shipping routes; they have been forced out of business by Polish and Soviet ships with cheap personnel and cheap service. For me to undertake an ocean crossing to Canada would have meant returning to Communist territory for a few days.

I flew to Canada in a mood both anxious and excited. On the one hand, I was leaving with the idea of never returning (taking with me many personal things and some of my manuscripts), of finding a home in the harsh Canadian wilds, withdrawing entirely, turning away from the world that was tearing at me, and doing nothing but write and write. I no longer wanted to go somewhere to a house in the country to get away for just a week, but wanted to stay in my own home without interruptions. I was already fifty-six years old, but the main thrust of my work on *The Red Wheel* still lay ahead of me. I had to be careful that my life, with its intensity and all its outward successes, did not suddenly find itself having failed in its main task.

On the other hand, these were the fiery days of Vietnam's capitulation, and neither America nor Europe seemed to realize how much the foundations of their future were shaken in those days. The Landammann of Appenzell had, to the extent that he could, spoken courageously and openly to the continent of Europe, but who would hear him? I had spent a frenzied year in Europe, unable to strike root anywhere, unable to settle down, always on the move—and what was it that I had actually said beyond publishing *Archipelago*? Of course, it was more than enough for those who could understand, but were there really that many people in Europe who dared understand? And when I had been in France—did I manage to say all that much? My true duty is to my work, and it is in no way an attempt to shield myself when I state that I am not a politician: I do not want to be dragged into never-ending political debates, into a series of issues that to me are redundant—what I want is to choose my issues and when I will discuss them. My temperament leads me not to remain aloof, to hide in the wilderness, but on the contrary to enter the densest crowd and shout with the loudest voice.

In the next few hours this contradiction was resolved as follows: flying across the ocean, permanently as I thought, I wrote during the seven-hour flight a first draft and then a fair copy of my article “The Third World War?”<sup>90</sup>

How could one fail to see? First Eastern Europe had been given to Communism on a silver platter, now East Asia, and no one was stopping Communism from advancing into the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America. Fearing a new great war, one can easily hand over the entire planet. How difficult it is, when living in prosperity, to be resolute and make sacrifices!

Aware as I was of the unreliability of the Canadian postal service that was forever on strike, I gave my letter containing the article to the Swiss steward for him to take back to Switzerland that same day.

And there already, beneath the wings, lay America.



## Predators and Dupes

In all our years of struggle in the Soviet Union, we definitely did not ignore or forget that the West existed! We felt its presence every single day, and our struggle set off great reverberations in the West, winning the support of public opinion there. But at the same time, we had no sense of how things really work in the Free World. We knew of course that its atmosphere, as it emerged from Western radio stations, was different, not like ours at all. Even our understanding of the foreign correspondents stationed in Moscow was limited: from what we could tell, these correspondents had to breathe the same chilly air that we did, and we would forget that for them Moscow was an extremely prestigious and advantageous posting that they could in fact easily lose. As for the foreigners who were drawn into our circle of secret accomplices (the close “invisible allies” in our struggle), we saw them as already being branded by the icy Russian wind and having the same unwavering persistence and the same unwavering fidelity to our cause that we did. (What is remarkable is that they indeed proved themselves to be dedicated, adopting our atmosphere of sacrifice without reward.)

But for a human being, simply *knowing* a thing is never enough. As soon as you begin to live it and experience it, you begin making one mistake after another.

It was a plethora of self-sacrifices with which our “invisible allies” brought my books and declarations to the eyes and ears of the world so that my works could appear in full force, unstoppable by the KGB and the Kremlin. But in real life these allies’ noble and legendary self-sacrifice could not escape being touched by the corrosion of greed. And that corrosion did affect our affairs, several times; but it came from a Western world set up according to a very different set of rules. It might also have reared its head in our oppressed



world, but surprisingly enough it did not. In our hopelessly rotten society, as it is often called, greed, betrayal, and defilement did not come among us.

While we fought unto death, suffering the weight of the Soviets' idol of stone, from the West a unanimous cry of approval came to me, and from that same West there stretched grasping hands, seeking to make a profit from my books and my name, not caring a fig for my books or our struggle.

Without taking these aspects into consideration, the picture would remain incomplete.

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“Eva” (Natalia Stolyarova) had been right when she maintained, and in fact was the first to point out to me, that the main problem was not in getting a manuscript out of the Soviet Union. I had imagined that that was the only difficulty, and that once a manuscript was in the free world, hands would reach out and magnanimously publish it, and the book would quickly fulfill its purpose. But as Eva pointed out, this was definitely not the case. Smuggling a manuscript out to the West has become simple enough these days: what was difficult, but vital, was to find honest hands in which the manuscript would land, individuals who would further the book without trampling on the author, without skewing him in their rush for sensation and profit.

So far we had only managed to send out a single manuscript—in October 1964, with Vadim Andreev—the manuscript lying quietly inert in Geneva. (The manuscript contained the shortened eighty-seven-chapter version of *First Circle*, with a plot that was politically softened, all my plays, and *The Trail*, the poem I had composed in the camp.)

In the spring of 1967, returning from my Hiding Place in Estonia,<sup>1</sup> I felt liberated by having completed *The Gulag Archipelago* and was preparing for the explosive aftermath of my letter to the Congress of Soviet Writers. (I was just beginning the first pages of *The Oak and the Calf*.) I now had to tackle the problem of deciding how I could ensure that my two novels, *First Circle* and *Cancer Ward*, would prevail. In the Soviet Union, after all, aside from bringing them out in samizdat, they would face an insurmountable wall.

*Cancer Ward* had in fact been out in samizdat since June 1966, but in those days the paths by which manuscripts made their way to the West seemed to be slower. Just as *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* did not manage to get through to the West within a year, *Cancer Ward*, too, was ap-

parently not going to fare any better. Ultimately, however, it would get there, and I decided to let it run its course without any involvement on my part, without any supervision or agreements. As for *First Circle*, which was far more dangerous, I myself would choose where it would be published in the West, choose its path, choose the *hands* that would nurture it, and the moment of its impact and reverberation, so that I would have time to prepare myself. There were various ways of going about this, and I wanted to figure out what might work best.

But my *First Circle* was starting to make the rounds in samizdat, so I had to be on guard.

All those years I had acted either within the confines of the Gulag or the USSR, and had been almost free of error in my actions and in sizing people up. But suddenly I had to confront another world that was unknown to me, and here I began making one mistake after another, a long chain of mistakes that even today, eleven years later, has not been untangled.

Of the two paths I chose for my two novels, one was worse than the other.

It must be said that I myself unwittingly ruined the first path, though without realizing it. In the spring of 1967 I received a telegram in Ryazan from two Slovak journalists requesting an interview. The unimpeded arrival of such a telegram was in itself suspicious, but then again the KGB was not without its slip-ups, and perhaps they had simply overlooked it. Since the interview in the autumn of 1966 with the Japanese journalist Komoto,<sup>2</sup> I had not given any further interviews. *Archipelago*, thank God, had been completed and was hidden away, and as I was being suffocated by a blanket of silence, why should I not speak out? Besides, these Slovak journalists were “Eastern Bloc democrats”—consequently, talking to them could hardly be seen as a crime. I agreed to be interviewed. One of the journalists, who identified himself as Rudolf Alčínský, was a svelte, mysterious fellow, who kept smiling pleasantly but remained silent; he was to play no apparent role in the interview, and I couldn’t figure out why he had come. As an extra pair of eyes? The older of the two was the bearlike Pavel Ličko, a correspondent of the Slovak *Pravda*, the intrepid newspaper of Dubček, who at that time had not yet achieved world fame. During the war Ličko had been commander of a partisan unit that fought the Germans. He was a most determined man, a representative, from what I could tell, of a still-browbeaten but rising Slovak intelligentsia. (He was to publish the interview in a heavy-handed and philistine manner, adding melodramatic commentary, something that was to teach me the importance of expressing ideas that mattered to me in my own articles

and statements, rather than relying on journalists.) Having completed the interview, Ličko asked me whether I could not give him *Cancer Ward* to be published in Czechoslovakia. “It would give our intelligentsia such a boost, we will try to have it brought out in Slovak!” “Why not in Czech too!” I countered. To begin with, I gave him the chapter “The Right to Treat” (the least prickly of all the chapters) to be published in his magazine and, without much thought, for good measure gave him Part One of *Cancer Ward* as well as my play *The Love-Girl and the Innocent*: after all, Czechoslovakia was an Eastern Bloc country, so it was not as if I were sending my work abroad to the West! I did not notice that I was going against my own resolution not to give my *Cancer Ward* to anybody. I had no idea at the time that a packet with a typewritten manuscript could be worth more than a packet full of large bills; after all, in our samizdat culture everything was done without an exchange of money, walking a fine line between enthusiasm and the Penal Code.

I was to pay the price for my error. It was only in Zurich in late 1974, during my negotiations with the British publishing house, Bodley Head, that I was to find out what had taken place. In November of 1967 (the year I had been interviewed by Ličko), Lord Nicholas Bethell, who distinguished himself from other British lords in that he knew Russian, had traveled to Bratislava, and on his return to London had *taken it upon himself* to propose *Cancer Ward* by Solzhenitsyn to Bodley Head, to be translated by himself and David Burg (also known as Alexander Dolberg), a Soviet citizen who sought asylum and stayed in the West. Bethell and the publisher came to the agreement that the translation was not to be paid for by the publisher, as is always the case, but would be covered by the author, and would consist of half the author’s earnings from the book. Why not? As far as the publisher was concerned, they would keep a larger share of the profit. Bethell did not furnish Bodley Head with any authorization from me, but promised that Ličko would take care of the matter; and the venerable British publishing house was happy enough to sign a contract with Ličko. (I subsequently asked Bodley Head in 1974 in Zurich, “How could you have believed there was authorization from me without any evidence?” to which they replied: “We would not have secured the novel otherwise.” What can one say to such an argument?)

There is no doubt that Ličko, in his meeting with Bethell in Bratislava, had proposed that Bethell have my book published in England. Did Bethell believe that I had given Ličko the necessary authorization? Let’s allow that there was no lack of evidence: Ličko had a typewritten manuscript of Part

One of the book (perhaps the author's actual manuscript, perhaps not); furthermore I had granted Ličko an interview in Ryazan, and then there were my two friendly letters to him after the interview about the chapter "The Right to Treat" that was finally published in the Slovak *Pravda* in a translation by Ličko and his wife. This was evidence of a kind, but hardly enough to assure Bethell that I had instructed Ličko to have *Cancer Ward* published in England. It seems quite clear that Bethell wanted to believe it, and it was probably not difficult for him to convince himself that *since* I had published a chapter through Ličko in Slovakia, I *must have* secretly instructed him to have the whole book published throughout the world.

Then, in December of 1967, Ličko came rushing back to Moscow. He wanted to obtain my consent to the English edition retroactively and was certain that this could be accomplished quite easily. But finding me was another matter altogether: after all, I did not live in Moscow, nobody knew where I was, and I was constantly working. Ličko met up with Boris Mozhaev, whom he knew, as he and his wife had translated Mozhaev into Slovak, and excitedly told him, and in an animated letter wrote to me quite frankly that he had met with a representative of Bodley Head and had promised to sell them *Cancer Ward*. All that he now needed was a final agreement from me, as some kind of addendum to an agreement already made with the publisher. (And, what was quite strange, he did not ask me for Part Two of *Cancer Ward*.)

Ličko's letter that Mozhaev brought to Solotcha, my refuge that winter, sent me reeling. Of course I refused to set out to Moscow to meet with Ličko the partisan, and in any case I have always turned my back on unnecessary distractions from my work, but I did answer him in writing, full of outrage and interdiction, that he was ruining my plans, and that he was not to set *Cancer Ward* in motion, that through his machinations he was heaping all the responsibility on me.

Mozhaev later told me that Ličko had exclaimed in surprise: "But all that money lost, so much money!" (I remember thinking that Ličko's Communist soul was already dipped in gold, such transformations occur easily enough. Or was all this perhaps a KGB ruse? Perhaps he had been sent to Ryazan not to interview me but to get hold of my manuscript so it could be said that *I myself* had sent the book to the West? How was it that Ličko could keep traveling to Moscow with such ease? And why had they not requested Part Two of *Cancer Ward*—thus having the entire book? Did they have it already? Perhaps all they needed was Part One so they could claim, sinking their claw into me: *he did it himself*; he sent his own book to the West.)

Ličko left Moscow, and I took for granted that he would respect my wishes. The year 1968 began, and with it the “Prague Spring”—a perfect moment, one would have thought, for my book to come out in Czechoslovakia. But far from it. Ličko the partisan continued his mad (or perhaps very clever) negotiations with the British, and in March 1968 again met with Lord Bethell in a Prague restaurant, and, in the presence of witnesses—an Englishman and Englishwoman—posed as my representative and signed a “contract” with Bodley Head concerning the sale of the entire *Cancer Ward*, both parts, and also my play *The Love-Girl and the Innocent* into the bargain! Either because they were in a rush or because they’d had one or two drinks too many, they neglected to extend the contract beyond English to all languages. His Lordship was already back in England when he realized his error, or when it was pointed out to him at the publishing house, and he wrote to Ličko requesting that the rights be extended. Ličko, by way of a simple supplementary note, generously “extended” them to world rights.

Be that as it may, it seems that Bodley Head was insisting on my own signature. So Ličko again came hurrying to Moscow and went straight to Boris Mozhaev, attempting to foist on him a contract (which he had, believe it or not, blithely brought over the border!) for me to sign. But Mozhaev astutely refused to touch the document and was forced to hurry all the way to my garden plot in Rozhdestvo-on-the-Istya, and in my early spring solitude brought me the news that apparently Ličko had *already* signed the contract on *my* behalf!

O, the underhandedness of it all! What a sham! A darkness came over me. Everything had been going so well with *Cancer Ward*; it had been making its own way, and I had not participated in any manner and could not be called to account, but now it would look as if I had sent it to the West myself—in fact not just sent it, but sold it! What was I to do with this nitwit Ličko, who had clearly lost his senses? You must stop this scoundrel, I said to Mozhaev. We must put an end to this! He and his money can go to hell! I have no intention of going all the way to Moscow to meet with him!

And so my plan to send *Cancer Ward* out to find its own place in the world came to nothing.

My trusted friend Mozhaev returned to Moscow, met with Ličko, and in the restroom of a restaurant near the Novodevichy convent, had him tear up the contract. “If you’re caught with it at the border, you’ll be arrested,” he told Ličko.

Some three weeks pass, when I suddenly receive a clipping from *Le Monde* in which I read that Mondadori and Bodley Head are in a public dispute over the copyright of *Cancer Ward*. The Mondadori involvement doesn't concern me, they have clearly taken the book from a samizdat edition, but Bodley Head is going to implicate me through Ličko! Because of that man's underhandedness I now have to send a special letter to *Le Monde*, *l'Unità*, and *Literaturnaya Gazeta* (*Literary Gazette*) to assert that *none* of the Western publishers have received an authorization from me to publish *Cancer Ward*, that I do not recognize as legal *any* publication without my permission, and that *nobody* has been granted publishing rights.

I made this statement with a firm and clear conscience, as this was the exact state of affairs. In early April, I was happy to see passages from *Cancer Ward* published in the *Times Literary Supplement* in London and broadcast by the BBC: the book was making its own way in the world! But fool that I was, I did not realize that the published excerpts were taken from the text that Ličko had sold in England, and that they were a prepublication announcement for the book.

My public statement printed in *Le Monde*, and then even in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, was clear, straightforward, and left no room for misunderstanding. It was after all a known fact that I would never make a statement under pressure from the authorities—so why would this statement of mine not be believed as well? The venerable British publishing house, however, disregarded my direct words as author and found a compliant lawyer who quickly, by early May, had managed to have its sinful act pardoned: one could ignore a statement made by an author behind the Iron Curtain, and publish. What was worse was that Bodley Head, in contradiction to my statement, *publicly avowed* that their publication was *authorized* (that is to say *approved*, at least, by the author). In short: Solzhenitsyn is lying, he himself gave us the authorization. With this they were providing the KGB an incontestable reason to indict me and for the Soviet press to hound me, and all this just for commercial gain, to snatch away the world rights to my book from their opponent, Mondadori. (Mondadori in Italy and Dial Press in the United States were also publishing *Cancer Ward* at that time from one of the samizdat manuscripts, but at least without making up shameful stories that I had granted them the rights, without clowns or a circus.)

The remorse that Ličko feigned in front of Mozhaev proved short-lived. Returning from Moscow to Czechoslovakia, he wrote Bethell that

Solzhenitsyn, of course, was unable to provide a written document (*It would have been seized at the border!*—though if that had been the case why had Ličko come to Moscow to bring me the contract?), but “Solzhenitsyn approves of all of Ličko’s endeavors,” Ličko being more conversant with European conditions, and even if Solzhenitsyn publicly disowns the Western publications before the Union of Soviet Writers, the West must disregard his words and go ahead and publish Part Two of *Cancer Ward* as well, and also *The Love-Girl and the Innocent*. These, Ličko said, were the author’s instructions. (Were Ličko’s actions to be explained by greed?—But as I was later to learn in Zurich, the contract did not entail any financial gain for him. Could one consider him my most loyal friend, one who busied himself more fervently than I about my books?—And yet during the Stalin era, Ličko had been the Press Secretary of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia.)

The publisher and the arbitrating Lord Bethell were satisfied. Bethell and Burg completed the translation of both parts of *Cancer Ward* in a frenzied few months. (And to my surprise everyone said that the translation was quite good.)

In August of 1968, Ličko went to London and took an oath on the Bible (the tight-laced British considering such an act by a Communist as certain proof) that I had granted him the authority to sell my works. While he was at it, he also put my play up for sale, and it was bought.

If only they had gone ahead and published my book in a pirated edition! But no, they wanted to trump their competitors at the expense of the author’s safety in the Soviet Union.

Several years later Bethell came to Moscow, and he too tried to meet me through Mozhaev. At that point I didn’t know who he was; I’d never heard of him, and so I naturally refused. (He was later to say in England that it was this trip more than anything that convinced him that he was acting in the interests of the author.)

I only learned the details in Zurich late in 1974, and wrote an angry letter to Bethell, which he did not condescend to answer. But since my attention at that point was focused entirely on my Lenin chapters I did not have the energy to deal with the matter.

A small but very enterprising little group had gathered: Bethell was stitching together a legal cover for *Cancer Ward*, Bethell and Burg were translating the book, while Burg and Feifer undertook to write my biography, which they were counting on being quite a saleable commodity. Zilberberg befriended them and provided them with information (or, rather, rumors)

concerning my private life. Michael Scammell, close at their heels, was also planning a biography, and on his own initiative had published some excerpts from my prison camp poem, which he had lifted from a samizdat article by Teush. This coterie of hasty “biographers” was thirsting to advance themselves through my name. Feifer, turning up in Moscow, tried to hoodwink Veronika Turkina, telling her he had already gathered everything he needed for a Solzhenitsyn biography (though in fact he knew nothing substantial), all that was missing were a few small details—he absolutely *had* to meet with me, he told her. I refused, and warned him through Veronika that I would consider publication of a biography *at this point in time* as aiding the KGB in their actions against me. This, however, did not stop him, and he went ahead and wrote nonsense about my life,<sup>3</sup> obliging me to attack him publicly.

As for Bethell, years later he wrote a book about Britain’s treacherous delivery of Soviet citizens back to the USSR after World War II.<sup>4</sup> He had located a number of secret British documents and done valuable work. When I was in England in the spring of 1976, Bethell sent me the Hungarian director Robert Vas, who was looking for support against Lord Eden and his entourage who were attempting to block the broadcast of his film on this matter. I wrote the letter he required, and Bethell read it in the House of Lords. They managed to defend the broadcast.<sup>5</sup>

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In that same March of 1967, I myself took an irreversible step. The daughter of Vadim Andreev, Olga Carlisle, came to Moscow, and Eva convinced me that this was an ideal opportunity to place *First Circle* reliably in the West: no need to put it on microfilm, Olga could take the microfilm that her father was holding in Geneva—she’s so enterprising and, married as she is to an American writer, knows her way around the publishing scene. Everything was falling into place. The edition will be sound, and the translation will not be hasty because of market pressure.

Well, let us do it, then. We met at Eva’s. Olga was a petite woman with expressive, dark features, wary as those of a furtive little animal. How was I to know what to think—meeting a foreigner was such a rarity, not to mention that she came with Eva’s enthusiastic recommendation. Since walls have ears, we went outside, and I walked Olga to her hotel along nocturnal Domnikov Street.<sup>6</sup> Bathed in the electric light of the lampposts, but clearly not being followed by anyone, we walked up and down the street, discussing the



arrangements. She was very American, particularly in manner and style, her Russian mediocre; yet all the circumstances indicated that there would be no better way of bringing my book to the West, the central factor being my trust in the Andreev family, Vadim Leonidovich himself being such a fine man. Olga still had no inkling of the scope and success the book I was offering was to attain, and I was so caught up with safety and secrecy, given the suddenness of this opportunity for publication, that I was not worried about who would *translate* my book, and how—though I had understood this could be a problem since my early years. Olga did not know enough Russian and her husband had no Russian at all, but she assured me that her friends Thomas Whitney and Harrison Salisbury, who had lived in Moscow for a long time and knew Russian well, would help her; in fact, there would be four of them, with her husband Henry Carlisle editing the translation for style. Well, that sounded good enough. She named the publisher, Harper & Row, not that it mattered to me. With our exhausting struggle in the USSR, we had no opportunity to figure out or give much thought to the path a book would take in the West, as long as it proved an effective weapon against Communism.

Within a few days Olga seemed to have found out more about me, gathered her thoughts, and through Eva inquired whether I would not also give her *Cancer Ward*: I could put the text on microfilm and she would take it to the West. I refused, not because I did not trust her, but because I had already decided that *Cancer Ward* should find its own way in the world.

Six months later, in September, Olga Carlisle again came to the Soviet Union, and Eva brought us together in the apartment of “the Princess” (Natalia Vladimirovna Kind). As a cover for the meeting, a group of people had been invited. Olga was sitting ostentatiously in the middle of the room, her legs crossed, her foot on her knee in the American fashion, surprising us with the sight of her unusual white stockings with plaited arrows: nobody in the Soviet Union had seen their like. It was as if it was not her hands that were alive when she spoke but her legs, expressing herself not with facial expressions or hand gestures, but with her legs covered in white arrows. Olga and I went out onto the balcony and talked for about twenty minutes, all the while concerned that we might be overheard from the balcony above or below. It was on the eleventh floor, and a sea of the lights of Moscow’s southwest stretched before us, the glittering world of high-rises, indistinguishable whether Soviet or American, the two worlds coming together.

I was propelled by the wings of battle, and had expected that in the six months that had passed there would already have been significant results,

that we would practically have arrived at the eve of publication! But to my surprise, I was told that “things don’t work that fast.” In America? Where, if not there? As it happened, Olga had not dared sign a contract with the publishing house without having a full guarantee from me that *First Circle* was not going to suddenly appear somewhere of its own accord. But how could I give such a guarantee, since *First Circle* was already making the rounds in samizdat? I am giving the permission to publish to you alone, and to nobody else, that I promise, and I will acknowledge your publication and no other. But it’s a shame that you let half a year go by without doing anything.

In fact Olga had nothing new to tell me since March; the only thing evident now was that she had understood the significance of *First Circle* and *Cancer Ward*. I urged her all the more insistently to push ahead, time was of the essence! I could not understand why in these six months nobody had even done any *translating*. (Eva was to explain this to me as well: that was *not how things were done*, nobody in the West would start work without an advance, without a solid financial basis. How strange this was to our ears, accustomed as we were to the selfless and even desperate rattling of the samizdat typewriters. The question “How much? How much?” at every turn did not fit with our ways.)

For me, for us, *here*, it was impossible to imagine how incompatible our boundless, self-sacrificing straightforwardness was with the mistrustful, corrosive, litigious approach in the West. But as time passed and I faced this approach myself, I can well imagine the situation at the American publisher’s: Olga Carlisle brings a typescript of the novel and claims to have my verbal permission to publish it with Harper & Row; at the same time, she likely informs them that the text of the novel has been seized by the KGB and that there are signs that *First Circle* might be making the rounds in samizdat. The natural fear of the publishing house is that the manuscript will perhaps surface elsewhere too and be acquired by another Western publisher, who might move forward faster with the publication. So first of all a lawyer is needed, the wellspring of American life! And the circle of those in the know is expanding beyond Thomas Whitney and Harrison Salisbury, who are to work on the translation with the Carlises, and now includes two lawyers: one representing Harper & Row, and the Carlises need one too. A lawyer by the name of Curto comes into the mix. I did not meet him, but this is how Carlisle later described him in print: evokes images of Wall Street, a world of private foundations, investments; never worked on anything close to literature; “rounded, vigorous, pleasant-mannered,” steeped in the ethic of success; suspicious of

counterparties and clients, too; “everything about Tony was so new,” with a “shiny briefcase” and an oversized automobile.<sup>7</sup>

It is in such trusted, sympathetic, and gentle hands that the granddaughter of a Russian writer places the fate of another Russian writer, one who is between a rock and a hard place. It is not surprising if Curto, who is quite indifferent to the literary and political aspects of the matter, sees only that something of material value is lying untapped, and that a hefty profit can be made from it. He has no idea about the state of affairs in the Soviet Union, but confidently explains that it is necessary to strengthen the venture’s legal framework, as the publisher might be sued and the Carlises summoned, at which point they would need a legal defense. Without a formal contract in hand, the situation was contestable.

And so new difficulties arose. The Carlises absolutely needed a written authorization!

As I am writing this now, ten years after those meetings, Olga Carlisle’s book has come out, filled with justifications, distortions, and whimsical embellishments (about which I will write below), though her book does, to an extent, help one to see matters from the Carlises’ standpoint.

For Olga, this second meeting of ours was simply a confirmation of my authorization allowing her to proceed, as she was to take a serious commercial step. She reminded me of my ardent words: “Do not economize! No need to think about money! Spend whatever you have to so things move ahead! I want the book to go off like a bomb!” She was then to write that I would not listen to her reasoning, which I imagine is true: my impulse was to forge ahead and publish! For half a century our literature has been forced underground, no one could breathe! It was time we rose and stood up straight! What possible impediments could there be? I will never know what it was that she needed to explain to me that evening: That she was unnecessarily bringing a mercenary lawyer into the matter? That her husband should also have the title and pay of a literary agent for the placing of *First Circle*, as if no one was interested in the book and publishers had to be cajoled into considering it? Had she told me such things I would have been surprised indeed, I would not have understood any of it. What was on my mind was to have *First Circle* published as quickly as possible! That was the whole point of our meeting.

Three months pass; in December, Eva informs me that Olga is again coming to the USSR (they had spoken on the phone). What now? All these meetings, but nothing moving forward! This time, however, Olga was denied a visa. (After her last trip, together with Arthur Miller and his wife, she

had printed something of a dissident nature that was critical of the government, and they barred her from entering the Soviet Union. She now skews that to say she was barred from entering *because of me*.) She then confided our secret project to her childhood friend Stepan Tatishchev in Paris. (This was involving yet another individual without my permission, but it turned out not to be a problem; in fact quite the contrary, as Stepan would prove a great help.) Tatishchev came to Moscow instead of her. Again there was a meeting, again at great risk, again at the apartment of the “Princess.”

Stepan speaks good Russian and is straightforward, with a deep emotional bond to Russia. He and I step away to talk, and what do I hear? The Carlises have heard a disturbing rumor that this autumn in Italy someone has been proposing the sale of *First Circle* on my behalf. How often do I have to repeat the same thing? Twice already I confirmed that I was commissioning Olga, Olga alone, and nobody else! Here we depend on our word and on trust! Of course the KGB had a copy of *First Circle*, and it was already out in samizdat, which was precisely why we had to *rush* into print! No indeed, the Americans were simply wavering. They wanted a written authorization from me to close this deal. O, you thickheaded idiots! If such a paper were to be seized at the border, my head would roll before any edition of *First Circle* were to come out in print! What more could I say to convince those people? I never go back on my word! Nobody can stop me getting it into print! If rival publishers come forward and bring out an edition first, well, then I will openly acknowledge the Carlisle edition. But as long as there is no conflict and no necessity, don't ask me to do so. What about *my* safety?

The situation here was, in fact, quite similar to that of Bodley Head: both publishers were trying to get my signature. But *for me* there was a crucial difference. In the case of Bodley Head I had no intention of working with them, my aim being for *Cancer Ward* to make its own way in the world, while in the case of the Carlises I entrusted them with *First Circle* and was insistent and urging them on. But for both publishers the will of the writer, struggling within the Soviet grip, was of little interest. All they wanted was a guarantee of commercial success and an assurance that no one will bring the book out before they do, and that in the event of a court case they would have a legal document in their hands. Our uncomplicated minds were not tuned to understand them.

I had told Olga of the existence of *Archipelago* at our last meeting, and now, through an intermediary, she asks whether *Archipelago* cannot also be secured for their group and their chosen publisher. (God in Heaven, I simply

cannot grasp why *First Circle*, just *First Circle* alone, cannot satisfy a Western publisher!) Fine, I also throw *Archipelago* into the mix in the hope of bolstering my *First Circle*: Go ahead, strengthen your position vis-à-vis Harper & Row, and tell them that *there will be a second* major book, but whatever you do, *do not name* the book! And do not tell them what it's about.

In February 1968 Olga Carlisle indeed signed a contract with Harper & Row. That year I knew nothing about the matter, and did not think that there was a written contract, but a number of years later in Zurich I had the opportunity to read it. I was astounded! It was not a contract for the explosive book of a writer engaged in a battle unto death with a murderous regime, and that in full view of the entire world, but the dictatorial edict of a powerful publishing house to a timid fledgling author, already guilty before he's even put pen to paper. The contract saddled the author with a plethora of responsibilities for every conceivable liability, every conceivable litigation with other publishers concerning copyright, for any danger, any problem, guaranteeing that I was to compensate the publisher for anything that might happen as *First Circle* came out and was distributed. If anything went wrong it came back to me, to me alone. In the East Bloc I laid my head on the line for this book, but in the West I faced fines or a mountain of debt. The publishing house covered itself fully from a monetary side: a three-year freeze of all royalties, and after three years the right to stop payment at any given moment; the author was unilaterally obliged to pay for any court case, to pay for all kinds of things including negligible amounts for any changes to the original text. (I recently asked representatives of Harper & Row: How could you have drawn up such an oppressive contract? Their reply was: Why hark back to such details now? After all, it never came to a court case. With ingenuous frankness they informed me that they had had to make sure they would secure the novel, but they also had to insure themselves financially. Just like with Bodley Head!)

There was only one thing that nobody gave any thought to, and about which there was not a single line in the contract: the *quality of the translation*, in other words the publisher's responsibility to ensure the *quality* of the book. Olga Carlisle had readily signed, but Harper & Row's publisher, Cass Canfield, had only agreed to the contract providing that Carlisle not only reveal to him the *name* of the next book, but also what *Gulag Archipelago* was *about*, and that she *promise him world rights* (a matter she and I had not even touched on)! World rights for *Archipelago*! In 1968! When I was still being crushed beneath the rock of Soviet oppression, had yet to finish the book

and determine the right moment to step out into the world, an inescapable Golgotha still looming before me.

It was only now, after a year of back-and-forth with the contract, that the Carlises were prepared to spend any time on *First Circle* itself. Or rather, they had come upon an honest and selfless man, Thomas Whitney, giving him the book to translate in September 1967. Whitney was not worried about the contract, or about remuneration (he was well-to-do), but he was sincerely interested in furthering Russian books in America. To avoid revealing my connection to the Andreev family, he alone was named as the translator of *First Circle* (which reflected the reality well enough). By March 1968, he had done all he could, but he was not a professional translator, and the Carlises, not knowing Russian and without referring to the Russian original, set about *polishing* the text into the style of Henry Carlisle. Not having done anything from the spring of 1967 to the spring of 1968, they now had to rush and finish everything by the autumn of 1968. The text they *polished* was not sent back to Whitney but straight to the typesetter. The publisher then asked Whitney to edit the proofs just days before they went to press, and to his horror he saw many mistakes, but only had time to correct a few.

And what a translation it turned out to be! Soon enough, a copy of the Harper & Row edition reached us in the Soviet Union, and what else could I do, there was no avoiding it but to sit down and check through several chapters: “The Silent Bell,” “Spiridon,” “The Church of St. John the Baptist.”<sup>8</sup> I was very troubled. I asked some experts to check the text too. My God! This was supposed to be a translation? There was a loss of color, a flattening of the texture of dialogue. Adjectives and whole clauses were dropped, semantic significances ignored; there wasn’t the slightest feel for the rhythm of the original, which was broken by the reshuffling of phrases, a disregard of paragraphs, my paragraph breaks disappearing and new ones emerging! Many words, expressions, and nuances were missing: some of these, it appears, due to the difficulties of the text, but other omissions could only be put down to carelessness. There were many ludicrous absurdities; one prime example: in *First Circle* I wrote, “Agnia always felt for the hare that might be shot,” which ended up being translated as: “Agnia was always protected and placed behind the little house so that no one would trip over her.”<sup>9</sup> And there were startling places where entire phrases appeared that were not in my original.

It was distressing to discover all this. Let us say that *Ivan Denisovich* had been fought over by a number of competing publishers, and that *Cancer Ward* was making its own way in the world, but I had taken great pains to

place *First Circle* in *trustworthy* hands. What would the American public now be reading and understanding?

The British publisher Collins had declined the American translation on the basis of the first text samples they were sent. However, Collins's own team of translators (under a single pseudonym)<sup>10</sup> worked in such a mad rush that they could not deliver a consistent and satisfactory translation either. In Moscow we analyzed their translation and were driven to tears—it was not much better.

(Carlisle now keeps insisting that any such shortcomings in the English translation are not in *their* book, but in some “pirated” KGB version, but those are simply justifications: we are not blind, we saw *which* publication we were evaluating. It was not some third English edition of *First Circle*: there was no other edition except for the edition published by Harper & Row and the one by Collins!)

And then Carlisle, without asking me, had signed away the *world* rights for *First Circle* to Harper & Row, and consequently the book's distribution in all European languages. (Carlisle had not planned this, and so had not discussed it with me when she was in Moscow; in our discussions I had only had the American edition in mind. But she now signed for world rights anyway.) Some months later her parents, the Andreevs, arrived in Moscow and informed me, as a *fait accompli*, that the publication was to take place simultaneously in five countries. Well, that's not bad, I thought. The salvo would be all the more powerful, and I was delighted. However, if Carlisle was “dedicating her whole life” to my affairs, and yet was unable to ensure that even the American translation was of acceptable quality, how was she to oversee the rest of the translations? All Harper and the Carlises had done was to insist on a single timeframe for all the international publications to appear: the distribution was given to the international literary agent Erich Linder, who had only his percentages in view and was not focused on the quality of the translations. (And it had been that April of 1968, in my letter to *Le Monde* and *L'Unità*, that, fearing for the quality of my translations, I had publicly stated: “Besides money, there is literature.”)

Even sadder was the ruinous French translation. The publisher Robert Laffont admitted in no uncertain terms (in a letter to Paul Flamand, my worthy representative, but only since 1975) that he had received the American translation of *First Circle* before the Russian text, and had had the book translated from the English with a four-month deadline. This was evident enough when the book came out,<sup>11</sup> even without Laffont's admission. It was abom-

inably translated, the French translators having added quite a few of their own mistakes, misinterpretations, and slipups to all the errors in the American translation; I also have an analysis of this translation. (The French newspapers noted that even a verse of the *Internationale* was not rendered correctly in the French text, but had gone through a double, or rather triple, translation.)

In the German translation, on which two different translators had worked, I could see with my own eyes how all the absurdities and blunders of the American translation were repeated—in other words, this version, too, had been translated not from the original but from the American version.<sup>12</sup> (It is unclear why Carlisle, having taken on the world rights, had not provided the European publishers with the original Russian text in a timely manner.)

Thus Olga Carlisle exposed my *First Circle* to be trampled on, besmirched, and derided, maintaining all the while that she had done much to further my name. That the worth of *First Circle* was nevertheless perceived through all the distortion of these translations (in France it was even awarded the prize of best book of the year) clearly went back to its structure, which could not be ruined by any translation, and to its tightly wound plot. One can only wonder that the events and characters of the book nevertheless managed to emerge through the fog of these infernal translations.

How could we have imagined such things, caught as we were, back in the USSR, beneath the Soviet grinder? We risked our necks standing up to the all-powerful KGB, but at least we were certain of our trusted friends in the West, and of all free people in general, firmly clasping our hands in sympathy! The appearance of my *First Circle* in five countries simultaneously, so shortly after the uncoordinated appearance of *Cancer Ward*, seemed a formidable salvo! But it was painful that neither my language, nor often enough my meaning, nor my voice as author were recognizable.

In the spring of 1968, still unaware of any of this, we were just finishing *Archipelago*, and then on the eve of Pentecost in 1968 we managed to place the manuscript *in those same hands*, those of the Carlisles. Sending the manuscript out into the world during those solemn days of Pentecost seemed to us the glorious zenith of life: finally, finally *Archipelago* has followed *First Circle* to the West! Godspeed!

I asked the Carlisles to schedule the translation of *Archipelago* in utter secrecy within two years, paying the translation fees out of my royalties from *First Circle*, and consequently without having to turn to some publisher and so expose the project. (In the West's publishing world, with its advances and



scheduled payments, a translation undertaken without having secured a publisher would have been quite impossible without the royalties from *First Circle*. But the royalties were entirely under the Carlises' control, and they used them to pay themselves their "commission," to pay their lawyer, and to fund all their actions and inactions—but why was there no information about the progress of the translation?)

Then suddenly, in the spring of 1969, we were sent a page from *Time* (a magazine with a circulation of many millions), and in it we read quite openly the title *Gulag Archipelago*!<sup>13</sup>—The horror of it!—We read that the manuscript had supposedly come to the West without the author's knowledge, and that Western publishers were all eagerly trying to hunt it down! What a nightmare! Where did this information come from? One thing we knew for certain was that the *only* copy of the manuscript was the one we gave the Carlises—surely our noble friends would not have betrayed us in such a way?

Again that feeling of my head lying helplessly on the butcher's block; of being stripped naked; of being defiled.

Eva tried to make contact with the Carlises, and we sent them an anxious query: Where did all this come from? If it is from you, stop immediately, stop right away! The book must remain an absolute secret!

The Carlises' answer was just as outraged: We are not the ones who leaked this, it must have come from your side.

But we knew that we were not the ones who had leaked the information. Perhaps the all-powerful KGB? We were worried and unsettled for a very long time. (We only learned much later, once we were in the West, that Olga Carlisle had told her publisher about *Archipelago*; and who was to say that she didn't brag about it in front of friends? It might well have been from those friends, or perhaps from the publisher, that Patricia Blake found out about the book and wrote about it to display her journalistic prowess.)

In the meantime months were passing, and according to Eva the translation of *Archipelago* had still not begun. But how was this possible? A book about the suffering of millions of our people, a book we had toiled over, not allowing ourselves time to breathe or eat, not even taking time to so much as glance at the surrounding birch groves—and the translation of this book had not even begun! "You're not even letting them have their Florida beach time!" Eva scoffed. If their being on a beach had been the only problem! If a single year had been the only issue! The Carlises gave Whitney the first volume of *Archipelago*, and then the second. Through his commitment to our cause and his diligence, Whitney once more went to work without pay, completing a

rough draft of both volumes by June 1970, and then beginning the third. As Whitney himself maintains: the Carlises worked for some time on “polishing” the first volume, but then stopped (which was far preferable to the “gloss” they had applied). As had been the case with *First Circle*, one cannot but believe that their interest, when it came to *Archipelago*, was not the toil and labor on the text and not the future course of the book through the consciousness of the West, but the anticipation of the great moment of the sale of the book’s world rights to Harper & Row. But I had not authorized them to sell such rights.

Olga’s brother Sasha Andreev at some point came to Moscow; it was he who had brought the microfilm of *Archipelago* across the border in 1968.<sup>14</sup> We met with him in the kitchen of Nadezhda Yakovlevna Mandelshtam, whom he would naturally visit<sup>15</sup> (and so N. Y. Mandelshtam became one of our “invisible allies”), and he communicated to us his sister’s insistent request for copyright permission *in writing* (in fact, world copyright) for *Archipelago*! It was the same thing all over again: taking such a piece of paper across the border, confirming that I am *personally* releasing *Archipelago* to be published in the West! These two so different worlds could simply not understand one another! I of course refused. And so the Carlises lost interest in furthering *Archipelago*: why bother going to any trouble since they were not guaranteed the world copyright?

Meanwhile, throughout these years since 1968, the main source of my strength was that *Archipelago* had been sent out to the West and was now in trusted hands, with friends, and of course being translated (and surely, due to the inordinate amount of time the translation was taking, translated extremely well). What a salvo the book was going to be! It would strike our villains as soon as I gave the order!

From time to time the elder Andreevs would come to the Soviet Union (on holiday, as Soviet citizens), and either I or Alya would meet them secretly, on two occasions from what I remember, again at Nadezhda Yakovlevna Mandelshtam’s apartment. As the walls there had ears we did not speak, but for long stretches of time wrote to one another, half an hour here, half an hour there, making slow progress in our exchange of information. For a long time I could not understand, I was simply unable to grasp, what was happening with my books. The kind old couple, the Andreevs themselves, did not know for certain: Were my books being translated? Were they to be translated later? They themselves had questions: In what time frame were my other works to be launched (the other works on the original microfilm the Andreevs

had taken out to the West)? Also, what was to be done if I were to be assassinated? Shouldn't some kind of charity be set up in the West, for kindergartens and the like? (I refused, telling them that if anything of all the fees and expenses remained, we should use such funds for Russian needs.) But out of politeness we did not touch on the direct question of what was actually happening with my books, of how their daughter and son-in-law were coping with the translation. I told the Andreevs, as gently as I could, that I was far from satisfied with the translation of *First Circle*, at which Eva snapped that it was not for me to judge, while the Andreevs assured me that it “sounds flawless in English.” They did, however, convey my views to their daughter, and the Carlises were mortally offended. If they had been intending to do some work on *Gulag Archipelago*, they pretty much lost interest at this point (which was for the best). So we were never to see a single line of their work on *Archipelago*, even if for many years Olga Carlisle continued to insist that they “had done a great deal of work.”

Meanwhile, the time was approaching in which translations of *Archipelago* into other languages besides English had to be set in motion. But the only text outside the Soviet Union was in the hands of the Carlises. It was from them that copies would have to be obtained. In the summer of 1970, Betta traveled to Geneva to see Vadim Andreev, and with the utmost tact and discretion requested a copy of the text for a German translation. Vadim Leonidovich was extremely perturbed by this. It would inevitably lead to an exposure, would lead to everything falling apart: having remained a Soviet citizen, he had all the more to fear. All he would let Betta do was to look through the microfilm printouts without letting her take anything away with her. Betta left without insisting further; she would not approach Olga Carlisle, as even back then she found her intolerable. Betta now informed us that she had been refused the text. This was a refusal in no uncertain terms on Olga's part. Alya and I saw this refusal as monstrous. I, the author, am to be denied my own text, am not to be allowed to signal the start of the translations of my own book? In other words, the Carlises consider the world rights to *Archipelago* as theirs, even though I have not granted them such rights? (It was from that moment on that the Carlises also stopped “polishing” the Whitney translation—no point in going to any trouble! And the translation was to remain for a long time suspended at that initial stage.)

There was no way out: we were now forced to embark again on the arduous plight of microfilming *Archipelago* and seeking a way to send it out to the West once more. (Not to mention that my situation had markedly

deteriorated in the three years since we first sent out the manuscript. Our apartment was now being watched around the clock, as was every step that I and my family and friends took. At this point, a number of people were risking their freedom and their lives: we would now again have to get the three *Archipelago* volumes out of their remote hiding place (with Aleksandr Ugrimov) and have them photographed (by Valeri Kurdyumov), hiding the film rolls somewhere nearby and then transferring them through a chain of people to the French Embassy, where Anastasia Durova would find a way to get them to Paris, the couriers having to take heed not to miss Nikita Struve there.

So our first sending out of *Archipelago* on the eve of Pentecost, steeped as it had been in so much worry, commotion, and hope, had been in vain. All our previous risks had come to a dead end, had come to nothing. We had allied ourselves with the wrong people. It is so important not to err in one's choice of those one trusts. But making the right choice is what is most difficult.

The second sending out of *Archipelago* was to prove far more arduous than the first: we had to wait in uncertainty and suspense for three months—until May 1971—before we got the confirmation that it had successfully arrived in the West. But now we, for our part, did not inform the Andreevs or the Carlises, and began intently and in secret having the book translated into German, then into French and Swedish. We now, at least, had the freedom to choose the translators and move these projects along.

It was also in late 1969 that I got my own lawyer in the West, Dr. Heeb. The Carlises, hearing about this, were stung to the quick: there was now someone new who had my power of attorney, with whom the rights were to be shared? And then there was Betta, whose directness struck Olga Carlisle like a knife. By way of Eva, Olga communicated her acute displeasure, and informed us that they considered my step risky, that they did not trust my lawyer, and in any case that they did not want to work with him. They had insisted, and were insisting again, that they did not want to “share responsibility” with anyone. The elderly Andreevs, on their subsequent visit, expressed in uncharacteristically sharp terms their disapproval and distrust of Heeb, and even informed us of a rumor that Heeb was . . . a Communist? (That could not be! What dupes we would be!)

Thus relations became strained between our two forces operating in the West from 1970 to 1971. There were sparks and volleys from both sides. But all of a sudden, in early 1972, the Carlises unexpectedly announced that yes, of course, they did understand that a lawyer was needed to protect the entire

breadth of my interests; they even said some pleasant things about Heeb! (Only when it came to Betta they would not relent.)

We were pleased with this development, although we could not figure out what had brought it about. These were clearly good people and things had been wonderfully resolved.

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A lawyer in the West! What a novel idea! What audacity in the face of the Soviet authorities! We were delighted and quite proud of such an acquisition.

The clash of East and West, those two so different ways of life, is wonderfully depicted in the scenario of how we acquired this lawyer. (Why a lawyer and not a literary agent? Simply because we were still unaware of such a field.) Betta brought to Alya's apartment on Vasilyevsky Street a standard Swiss form in German that listed all the various activities covered by a full power of attorney; there were about fifty in the legal field alone, and it was hard to imagine that there might be anything that was not covered. All I had to do was put down the name of a lawyer, my signature, and the date. Betta and I began making headway down the formidable list. (A peasant circumspection anxiously warned me that one cannot cede one's trust so completely, that there were too many clauses. But then again I couldn't very well draft a new list either, besides which how was I to predict what kind of powers my future lawyer would need?) Suddenly there was a knock at the front door. Alya went to see who was there. It was a plumber—not the usual one from the building association, a man we knew, but someone entirely unknown to us. He said he needed to check the bathroom faucets. Really? The faucets? We had not complained about them or called anyone. But the front door was now open and we could not send him away. Alya let him in (we kept the door to our room tightly shut and remained quiet). The man went into the bathroom, fiddled with the faucets, did nothing, and left. This was all very suspicious. We assumed it was the KGB wanting to catch out a foreigner in our apartment. We had remained silent, but Betta's coat had been hanging in the hallway. Our meeting continued under a sense of siege, and danger for Betta once she left our apartment. We now no longer read the list on the Swiss form with such care, and it was clear that we could not postpone the matter until Betta's next trip in six months or a year; nothing could be changed on the list, I had to sign. Our minds were focused on the plumber, and not on what the conse-

quences of a broad power of attorney might be. And what particularly worried us was that it would be best for Betta not to take the document with her that day; this meant that we would have to keep it in our apartment and then hide it in something, a candy box for instance, for Betta to take across the border.

But who was this lawyer? He was Swiss, a Dr. Heeb; Betta knew him personally, he was an extremely decent and honest man. What more did we want? His being decent and honest was the most important thing, and his being from neutral Switzerland also spoke for him. There was no time to ask questions, no time to think. Fine! Let's do it! I signed, and that was that! I now had someone with a full power of attorney in the West to take care of all my affairs. What a find! What support I now had! No one could take advantage of me now!

We decided that all the important communications would be carried out clandestinely as before through Betta, while she would coordinate matters from Austria with Dr. Heeb either by telephone or in person.

And soon enough the first occasion for his stepping in to protect me arose. In December 1969, the German magazine *Die Zeit* began printing *Prussian Nights*, supplied to them by the ever-indefatigable magazine *Stern* with a request, *on my behalf*, to publish it as soon as possible! It apparently did not occur to *Die Zeit* that such a text must not be printed, that it was far too premature, and that this was yet another danger to which I was being exposed. They simply went ahead and believed *Stern*. But the instant Dr. Heeb spoke up, the publication was halted!

That any step, the simplest step, you take in the West can lead to a court case was a complete surprise to me, and extremely unpleasant: this tense atmosphere of civil suits was something we lacked altogether. Having now a lawyer who could be relied upon to protect my rights led me in 1971, without being overly concerned, to publish *August 1914* in Paris, a Russian edition with YMCA-Press. The translations were to be controlled by Dr. Heeb. (But I neglected to warn him in time about the Russian edition of *August 1914*, and he had trouble handling the sudden onslaught of international publishing houses that were urgently requesting the publishing rights, needless to say with the translations done in a mad rush.) One would think that having a lawyer would protect one from all evil, but three pirated editions appeared at once, in Russian, German, and English! And in all three instances there were court cases.

Our Russian edition of *August 1914* came out in June 1971<sup>16</sup> (until then we had managed to keep it from coming out in samizdat), and foreign

editions could not be translated and scheduled for publishing before 1972. But suddenly, in the autumn of 1971, the German publisher Langen Müller burst onto the scene with a finished German translation!<sup>17</sup> How about that! How could they have finished it so quickly? It was impossible to complete a translation of quality and publish a book that was 500 pages long within three months!

If, like in the old days, I had not had a lawyer, I could only have protested in the newspapers. But now having a lawyer, I was obliged to begin a court case: if I did not protest, it would have been as if I myself had given the go-ahead for the book. And so Heeb initiated a lawsuit in October 1971. (This was the last thing Alya and I needed, as I had just recovered from the KGB's poisoning me with ricin.)

Now, several years later, with all the facts in hand, the publishing history of *August 1914* in German emerges as follows: The KGB had made a copy of my text the instant I had completed the book, this in the autumn of 1970, apparently from one of my “initial readers” (I can only hope without the reader's knowledge). Once it became clear (in early December) that I was not going to Stockholm for the Nobel Prize, it was decided that the following provocation would be initiated: the publication of the book in the West would be arranged, and then I would be accused of the unauthorized publication of an “unpatriotic” novel. The publication of *August 1914* would not cause any harm to the Soviet Union, but it was thought that it would provide excellent grounds for intimidating and going after me, forcing me to renounce my work, and perhaps finding cause to put me on trial.

The KGB seems to have planned it that way. The fact that *August 1914*, in contrast to *First Circle* and *Cancer Ward*, had *not* appeared in samizdat, made it easier for me to be blamed for sending it to the West, if the book were to be published there. But a sound publishing house had to be chosen, and the manuscript had to be provided to them in an *aboveboard* manner: the publisher had to believe that the publication was to be at my behest, and yet neither I nor my lawyer were allowed to find out about any of this. What did not occur to the KGB was that I myself was going to have the book published, quite openly, and in my own name. They hurried their project along and I hurried mine, two tunnels burrowing secretly toward each other.

Around New Year's Day 1971, Madame Kálmán, the widow of the composer, visited Moscow from Germany. She met with Rostropovich and asked him about me, even insisting that she would be happy to take my next book out of the country. Rostropovich always spoke to everyone with the utmost

courtesy, and he may have let slip a vague half-promise of some kind, but of course he did not bring her to the village of Zhukovka to see me, just as he did not bring along a single foreigner in all my years there, and rightly so; nor did he mention Madame Kálmán's offer. Madame Kálmán, however, upon returning to Germany, told Herbert Fleissner, the publisher of Langen Müller, *about meeting me* in Zhukovka, that I was living under terrible conditions, surviving on potatoes and milk (not that bad by Soviet standards!), that I was terminally ill, that I looked a hundred years old, that I was waiting day by day to be arrested and sent into exile in Siberia, that I was utterly browbeaten, that I urgently wanted them to print *August 1914* and was not the least bit interested in royalties but was afraid to send the manuscript myself, that it was necessary to obtain the manuscript from my lawyer, Dr. Heeb, and that the publisher could only do this through Madame Kálmán, as Dr. Heeb would not furnish the manuscript to anyone else. (It is precisely this fantastic story that suggests that Madame Kálmán was not tricked into those actions.)

The cloak of mystery that Madame Kálmán unfurled led Herbert Fleissner to accept her generous offer of acting as an intermediary. On 18 January she went to Zurich, where she allegedly handed Dr. Heeb one half of a ticket from Rostropovich's Moscow concert, the ticket matching a second half that Heeb had, and in this manner she allegedly was handed the manuscript of *August 1914*! All this under the condition that everything would take place with the utmost secrecy! (This was nonsense, of course—she never met with Heeb.) Herbert Fleissner, credulous, was delighted to take the manuscript. He really believed that it had come from me.\*

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\* Herbert Fleissner, the head of the publishing house Langen Müller, recently confirmed the details of this farce to me, adding new details. Already in December 1970, Madame Kálmán had notified Langen Müller through her secretary and assistant, Frau Zander, that she would be traveling to Moscow at the beginning of January 1971, and through her close acquaintance with Mstislav Rostropovich was proposing to meet in utter secrecy with Solzhenitsyn, who otherwise did not receive visitors, at Rostropovich's dacha. Fleissner, his hopes sparked, asked Frau Zander to acquire Solzhenitsyn's permission for Langen Müller to bring out the German translation of his anticipated new book. And Madame Kálmán "went to meet with" Dr. Heeb not once but twice: Heeb, she maintained, had not immediately handed over the manuscript. (His supposed reticence heightened the verisimilitude of her story. It was to be feared that Heeb might give the manuscript to another publisher! Madame Kálmán was orchestrating an atmosphere of competition.)

When the Russian edition with my copyright suddenly came out with YMCA-Press, Fleissner openly requested from me permission for the Langen Müller edition (the author, after



In this way the KGB adroitly managed to use Heeb's existence to its advantage: had it not been for my lawyer, try as they might they would have been hard put to effect a plausible delivery of the manuscript to the publisher "from me."

It is now clear that when the Soviet magazines began receiving the submissions I sent them at the beginning of April 1971 to publish *August 1914*—and of course they turned to the KGB for permission—the KGB only laughed. Needless to say, they ordered the magazines not to respond to my submissions so that there would not be a single piece of paper that could serve as an alibi that I had intended to publish my novel in the USSR. And I, not receiving the magazines' answers, also laughed: So you won't answer? Fine, then I don't have to hold back on the Paris edition of the book.

YMCA-Press's sudden publication of *August 1914* in June 1971 caught the KGB completely by surprise. (How could their spy network be so weak? After all, Lifar's printing press had no security whatsoever, anyone could walk in.) That I had the effrontery to publish the book, and even announce my copyright! In fact, all the underhanded machinations of the KGB ought to have now been exposed; but the wheels had already been set in motion, and Langen Müller, drawn into the affair, did not at this stage want to give the project up. (Furthermore, one of the best translators from Russian, Alexander Kaempfe, was already working on the translation.)

But Heeb had granted the German publishing rights to Luchterhand Verlag (on the advice of Betta, who was familiar with them).

Between the two publishing houses court proceedings now began that were to continue for a very long time—a final ruling would not be made

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all, wasn't hiding anymore!). Fleissner sent these requests by registered airmail (such mail must surely get through!) with letters dated 13 July, 8 August, and 12 October 1971, as well as 23 March 1972. "Since none of the letters were returned," Fleissner informed me, "and none of them received a negative answer, we had every reason to assume, based on Madame Kálmán's story, that the author's silence was a sign of his consent for our translation." What further action could Fleissner, credulous as he was, now undertake? He immediately transferred a payment to the author by way of the Soviet International Book Agency, and the Soviet Trade Mission in Cologne promised to support the project, "which is why we had every reason to believe that the moneys would be transferred to the author." (Later, in January 1972, after the publisher had already lost so much time, the moneys sent via the International Book Agency were returned with a note saying that the agency did not have a contract with the author and that the manuscript had been sent to the West illegally.) (Author's note, 2003.)

until six years later, in 1977. Once I arrived in Europe, I was inclined to a reconciliation: the Langen Müller translation proved to be better than the collective translation of Luchterhand. Is one to put a halt to a good edition, destroy the entire print run? That would be barbaric! But all the Western side insisted that we should fight to the end and win (even if it means delivering my books to the scrapheap!). Back then I still had not grasped the world of the Western law courts that was so alien to me.

More about the court cases surrounding *August 1914*: Flegon was now again to appear like a bad penny. He photocopied the YMCA-Press edition that had already come out despite the clearly stated copyright, added some photographs that had no connection to the novel, and brazenly went ahead and published it.<sup>18</sup> As is customary in the West, YMCA-Press went ahead and sued him. This too dragged on for a number of years, but Flegon was not punished: he declared himself bankrupt, and our side ended up having to pay all the court costs.

But Flegon was a wily and first-class master of the court system, dedicated body and soul to litigation. He did not rest in the interim, but frantically began translating *August 1914* into English, offering to sell extracts to the *Observer*, and paperback rights to Penguin. And so a third court case was initiated in connection with *August 1914*: Flegon was sued by Bodley Head to stop these projects. He justified his actions with the lie that *August 1914* was already out in samizdat and consequently “did not belong to anyone.” (His apparent ongoing intention was to disrupt the copyright of my books.) But try as he might, he could not call to the witness box anyone who had read *August 1914* in samizdat, since it had not come out in samizdat before YMCA-Press had published it. And yet Flegon still continued to insist that according to Soviet law I had no right to grant power of attorney to Dr. Heeb, and that consequently the power of attorney was null and void. (Flegon would have had in Victor Louis a steadfast support, close as they were and linked in a number of activities. But Louis was such an odious figure, clearly a KGB man, that they concealed their connection. However, it was noted that in 1967 Louis had “sold” the memoirs of Svetlana Alliluyeva, Stalin’s daughter, to Flegon.) Justice Brightman, the British judge, disallowed Flegon’s English edition of *August 1914* (after which Flegon went ahead and started selling it outside Great Britain), but Brightman’s decision also furthered a broader important principle: that a work’s circulation in samizdat cannot be regarded as the work’s first edition, and hence the copyright does not belong to the Soviet Union. This created a British precedent that was in the future to protect the rights of samizdat authors, permitting them to be the owners of their books. (However, the

British court did not take the case all the way to the end: Even if Flegon, a master of the law courts, loses a case, he ends up paying nothing, declaring himself bankrupt, and a few years later this affords him the opportunity of claiming that, since the court did not order him to pay a fine and court costs, he was not guilty.)

From the first weeks of my granting Dr. Heeb power of attorney, paralleling my continued “clandestine” correspondence with him, I also boldly initiated an open correspondence through the Soviet postal service—inane, but respectable communications that the censor was welcome to read. (Heeb then sent my Russian letters to Betta, who translated them for him over the phone, and I could easily read the letters that he then sent back to me in German.) Occasionally I used this correspondence as a warning (to the KGB) on which issues I would on no account relent, or to let them know I was aware what intrigues they were spinning against me. As for the KGB, perhaps out of calculation or self-interest, they almost never interfered with this correspondence.

I asked Heeb to send me a photograph of himself, which he did. How sound he looked, a man in his middle years, and how much soundness exuded from his prominent forehead and broad shoulders. And with his hand pensively raising a pipe to his mouth, he made a very positive impression on me! Stig Fredrikson once went to visit him in Switzerland to bring him some microfilms from me and was extremely impressed by him. He liked Heeb, who struck him as a noteworthy and serious man.

On one occasion, instead of a letter from Heeb, I received a notice (sent to our address in Moscow, on Tverskaya Street) informing me that a valuable parcel from Dr. Heeb had arrived. But I was in Zhukovka, at Rostropovich’s dacha; Alya tried her best to retrieve the package without me, but no, only the person to whom the package was addressed could pick it up, and that with a passport. Setting out for Moscow at the drop of a hat was a terrible thing for me: there were always secret documents to consider, and whenever the place was to remain empty it was necessary for me to hide everything with great thoroughness. As I was working constantly I rarely traveled to Moscow, and whenever I was there my days were inevitably filled with distractions that kept me from work. But the matter of the parcel could not be put off: it was clearly something extremely important. And there had been no explanatory letter in advance from Heeb concerning this parcel. Finally I went to the Central Telegraph and Post Office, where I was given a box that was large, though light. I brought it home, Alya opened it: it was a little cart with

wooden wheels, a child's toy, a gift from Frau Heeb. What good-natured sweetness. . . . No, the two worlds would never understand one another.

I was so relieved and fortified by Heeb's very existence that I wrote to him by clandestine mail in the summer of 1971: "Over the past year and a half that you have taken charge of my rights, I feel a great moral relief, even peace. I know that you are staunchly protecting and shielding me from unpleasant incidents, and I thank you for your invaluable support. I consider your work flawless and worthy of admiration." I resolutely begged him not to cut back in any way on remuneration for his work: "this would be most painful to me." I wrote that I was worried that he would be "worn out by the enormity of the tasks at hand." All the while, in Europe people began to whisper, to suspect that behind this strange persona Dr. Heeb was a man with Communist ties who was perhaps deceiving Solzhenitsyn, a man whom the KGB might well have provided. (What did all this mean? Even the elder Andreevs were saying such things.) In September 1971 I wrote to him, in a letter<sup>19</sup> sent by way of regular Soviet mail: "I am ready to declare publicly and with all vigor that I appreciate your honesty and outstanding business qualities to the utmost, and could not wish for any better lawyer." The only thing about which I did not trust him, and which I would persistently ask Betta about, was whether he locked his office securely enough. Let him not keep my main manuscripts in his office or at his house, but in a bank vault.

Heeb's help was vital in many ways, especially on issues that at the time were burning. When, for instance, I was being called upon to avow publicly (against Soviet accusations) that I was not keeping Western royalties for myself but that they were intended for charitable use in Russia, and that I was only spending the monies that had come to me from the Nobel Prize, Heeb was the one who made the announcement. He was my defender. If it was necessary to condemn the irresponsible biographies of me that could be published in the West (such as the one by Feifer), or my private letters being published (by Reshetovskaya), then Heeb stepped in, with the world's leading newspapers eager to provide him a platform. Or if lies about me were being spread by the Soviet press, that I supposedly had three cars and two houses, Heeb staunchly refuted the nonsense. At times, the very existence of my lawyer put a brake on actions planned by the Central Committee or the KGB: Zhores Medvedev, for instance, suggests with good reason that in 1970 their provocative intention to publish my play *Feast of the Victors*<sup>20</sup> in the West was dropped for fear of my lawyer's counteractions—it would in any case have been evident that it was *not I* who had authorized the publication of the play.

In short, my encouragement opened for Dr. Heeb every possibility for action. And he acted. Yet while he gravely conducted an open correspondence with me, he never sent additional information through clandestine letters by way of Betta, in other words about what he was actually doing; he never informed me, asked for direction, or consulted with me about anything essential, which Alya and I took to mean that either there was nothing to consult about or that everything was crystal clear. This restraint on his part made the most awe-inspiring impression of trustworthiness. This clearly meant that he was conducting my affairs with confidence and professionalism, that he knew what he was doing.

Heeb did repeatedly insist that he wanted to come visit me in Moscow. I had to dissuade him every way I could, since such a visit would have been a big mistake: we would have been playing into the KGB's hands and would not have been able to talk anywhere without the walls listening. We would have been unable to talk things through.

As for the rumors that Heeb was a Communist, we gradually found out that indeed he had been a Communist until 1956, but after the Hungarian uprising was crushed he had in protest moved over to the Socialists. Well, well! Had I known that, I would have had some serious doubts about him. But the matter was easy to explain: Betta, who had recommended him, was someone who had more Soviet than Western experience, which was also why it was so easy for us to communicate and understand one another. Living the life of a university professor in Austria, she had little contact with legal circles, and, due to her background, all the people she knew were more likely than not to have Communist leanings, which was the reason for her recommendation of Heeb. She neglected to tell us, or did not consider important, a trifle such as his having been a Communist. Her choice, it is true, did prove to be less than perfect, but definitely not on account of Heeb's having been a former Communist. His Communism was not to play a detrimental role in the subsequent story. We even went so far as to console ourselves that a former Communist who has seen the light is a man of experience whom the Soviets could not hoodwink!

So how did Bodley Head subsequently manage to appropriate *August 1914*? I would like to explain this here (though I was only to learn the whole truth about this affair in the autumn of 1974, after I had been in Zurich for over half a year). It turned out that in the spring of 1970, Heeb had suggested a discussion with Bodley Head concerning their illegal publication of *Cancer Ward*. And, hat in hand, he himself had gone to London. Bodley Head re-

treated behind Lord Bethell, stating that he was the one who had “all the rights” to *Cancer Ward* and *The Love-Girl and the Innocent*. And so Heeb commenced negotiations with Bethell. . . . It was also at this time that Heeb received my letter from the Soviet Union asserting that Ličko had no power of attorney for an English edition and that the whole thing was a fraud, not to mention that there had already been my newspaper piece in which I stated that I had not granted anybody the rights to *Cancer Ward*. This put Heeb in a difficult position. Formally, he had the right to declare Bodley Head’s publication a pirated edition, but not only was the book already on the market, but its initial print run was by now almost sold out, the work having been read and the translation considered quite good. As for me in the Soviet Union, two years had already gone by and there had been no reprisals for the publication of *Cancer Ward*. Furthermore, Heeb’s meek nature led him to want to avoid scandal at all cost. Negotiations continued into autumn, and then I was awarded the Nobel Prize and it was assumed that I would be coming to the West before long (and would perhaps deal with the matter myself?). But a month before my expected arrival, Heeb, demonstrating authority, definitively signed a contract in which he was recognized as my undisputed representative, and in which he recognized the actions of Bethell and Bodley Head as *absolutely* legitimate (he even verbally thanked them on my behalf) and confirmed their unlimited rights to two of my works, thereby already starting to throw my future publishing affairs into confusion. It was under such friendly terms that he also gave Bodley Head my book *August 1914*. (According to the mores of Western publishing, the fact that *August 1914* was also now being published by Bodley Head was an indirect confirmation that I had authorized Bodley Head’s earlier publication of *Cancer Ward*.)

In the meantime Heeb, now an international celebrity with major newspapers writing about him and photographing him, exchanged his modest little office for a more opulent one. And it was there that in January 1972 the wily Olga Carlisle and her hard-nosed lawyer Curto descended upon him, clearly sizing him up before they so much as stepped into his office. They had come in order to *acknowledge* him as my representative, and were even prepared to transfer my royalties to him, provided that he was prepared to preapprove their estimated costs and earnings, and to allow them a further financial reserve in case of any penalties that I, as author, might have to pay. If Heeb did not approve these estimates, they would not recognize him or transfer a single dollar. The estimates they put before him were a sham, and entirely ridiculous. With the Carlisle family’s love for Russian literature, her

literary husband Henry Carlisle declared himself an “agent,” with a 15 percent commission of world sales. This just for carrying a microfilm of the novel to the publishing house? Then Olga took fees for “participating in the translation” of *First Circle* (translated by Thomas Whitney without an honorarium), for the “co-translation and editing” of *Gulag Archipelago*, for editorial oversight and the like. Then monies for trips, even to New York from their country house in Connecticut, for stenographers, telephone calls, telegraphs, mail, taxis, flights to Europe, hotels, and restaurant dinners. And then payment for their irreplaceable lawyer Mr. Curto! In the face of such pressure and such persuasive documentation, Dr. Heeb found the proposed deal *encouraging* (as he explained to me in Zurich in the autumn of 1974: \$148,000 were the costs and earnings of the Carlisles from the author’s royalties, \$50,000—also from the author’s royalties—were to remain as a reserve in case of litigation as a guarantee to the publisher, and \$155,000 to the author). Agreeing to all this, Heeb signed. I do not know if he even read the oppressive contract they had arranged with Harper & Row on my behalf. Carlisle and Curto left Heeb’s office jubilant, and it was from that moment on that the Carlisles suddenly became so positively disposed to Heeb, recognizing that we did, of course, need a lawyer.

Heeb also retroactively approved the contract with Harper & Row that had sold international motion-picture rights for the filming of *First Circle*. That hasty, superficial film by Aleksander Ford (1973)<sup>21</sup> proved to be very poor, and for years to come was to block any other, better, movie adaptation.

There was scheming and a hunger for profit all around, and it was impossible to imagine that these machinations were going on while back in the USSR we were so much under fire. While we were fighting our battles there, in the West we were being attacked from behind.

Heeb found himself caught between hammer and anvil. He was, and remained, an honest provincial lawyer, who up to this point had only handled everyday cases—and now he was suddenly immersed in the international world of literature! He did not venture out to set aright the terrible course that my publications had taken for so many years in the West, but strove first, poor fellow, to ensure that the publishers would at least recognize him (at which point the first funds would begin to flow, which would cover his costs). With this approach, the best path for him was, in effect, the path of capitulation, recognizing as legitimate all the illegal acts that had been committed before he had become my lawyer. (If he did not recognize these acts, what could he do? Launch further lawsuits? Impossible—with what means?)

Not once did he ask me about any of these measures that he was taking, nor did he ever consult with me first.

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In autumn of 1972, Olga Carlisle assured Betta (they met in person, a frosty meeting) that there now was a “rough draft” (after four years!) of the English translation of *Archipelago*. (The truth was that the Carlisles had for two years now held up Whitney at the beginning of the third volume, while they still had not finished ravaging the first volume with their “edits.”) Betta, for her part, told Olga Carlisle that I had now given the order for translations into other languages to be undertaken (though she did not ask Carlisle for the Russian text). The Carlisles were, as before, to keep only the American edition of *Archipelago*, but the agreement with Harper & Row on my behalf was to be concluded by Heeb.

Olga Carlisle, indignant, categorically refused such a division of roles. If this was how it was to be, they would cease all collaboration with us! The loss of international control over *Archipelago*? Was *Archipelago* not to belong to them entirely, throughout the whole world, as *First Circle* did? They had seized the golden goose and it had escaped! And what a blow to their vanity! That autumn the elder Andreevs again came to Moscow and informed us of their daughter’s extreme displeasure, especially considering how threatened they were that we, for our part, were planning to check the quality of the English translation of *Archipelago*, having had our fingers burned with *First Circle*. All the while, Harper & Row, having sumptuously feasted on *First Circle*, were insisting on financial conditions for *Archipelago* that very much favored them but were crushing for us. (And all this exchange of information with the Andreevs happened by way of writing on pieces of paper, the walls having ears, after which the papers were burned; and we kept looking out the windows to see if any agents were on the prowl. Decisions always had to be made under such oppressive conditions.) To maintain amicable relations, I relinquished to the Carlisles not only the U.S. rights, but the rights for all English-speaking countries, and the Andreevs left with that concession in hand. The Carlisles, however, were outraged. Nothing less than world rights was acceptable.

If they could not have the world rights, why should they continue? Would it not be better just to walk away? (Heeb having approved their previous “expenses,” they were fully covered.)



And Olga Carlisle did walk away. Nowhere more clear than here was her utter indifference to the Russian literary tradition to which she supposedly belonged not only by birth but in spirit, as she so often declared. In April 1973, as menacing clouds were gathering over my head, I received by clandestine mail, with a two-month delay, Olga Carlisle's letter from February, a letter brimming with insolence.<sup>22</sup> She informed me of their decision to "irrevocably relinquish" their "partnership role." With "shared responsibility," she wrote, they would "lose the power to achieve the quality of worldwide publication, such as was obtained in the case of [*First Circle*]" (when they had made a mockery of my novel with their translation). And furthermore, she claimed, "the risk of disclosure of all our past and present activities on your behalf would be unacceptably high." A risk to them? No, they were prepared to sacrifice themselves. But, she wrote, we will be a risk "both with respect to you and [to] other friends involved." Yet why would the Carlises be exposed as participants in a covert translation project, shielded as they would be by my lawyer from all external interactions involving this project? Would they not be running a far greater risk of exposure if they themselves were conducting the worldwide operation, having to see personally to all the necessary relations? Thus, the Carlises could not hide the fact that the only reason for this rupture was that they were not being given control of world rights for *Archipelago*. So, "with a sense of sadness," but also "pride in having played some part in making your work widely known" (it is they who made something of me), they were effecting a "complete disengagement" from this most valuable of books, *The Gulag Archipelago*. They could henceforth no longer participate in the translation (not that there were any discernable traces that they had in fact participated in the past five years), and that the translation itself, "in the state of a first draft," and all the rights to this translation were with Thomas Whitney, to whom we should address ourselves in future. "A first draft"—after five years?

The spring of 1973 was harsh for us. The KGB sent us a warning (through Maria Sinyavskaya-Rozanova, who was in intense negotiations with the KGB, arranging for her family's imminent departure to France), that if I do not leave the Soviet Union voluntarily I will be arrested and sent to die in the camps in Kolyma. Our burdens were unbearable and growing, there was a sense that the KGB would strike at any moment. And then to get this letter! How insulting, how shameful to read it, amidst the danger of our underground activities. Our hope of five years that *Archipelago* had been saved, was being translated, and would burst forth had now collapsed. Such puny

and feeble excuses, such small-minded petulance, and now they wanted us to be bound by legal chains to a translation that had not moved forward in five years!

If we had known how devoted and kind Whitney was, and the actual part he played in this project with the Carlises, we would not have been so dejected. With the Carlises gone, the project could now proceed without a hitch. But we were bound by law to an incomplete translation, without a single page having been furnished to us and without our having been promised anything; we were even forbidden from *starting* a new English translation.

My reply was impassioned. I could not imagine, I wrote, that after five years of their involvement with *Archipelago* they could remain indifferent to its spirit. *Archipelago* was not a literary commodity but a link in the chain of Russian history. However, I wrote, their letter neglects precisely this spirit. Publishers will only be able to make a minimal profit from *Archipelago*—such will be my terms—for *Archipelago* must not be sold at exorbitant Western prices. And once more I asked the Carlises to reconsider, and to continue with the translation. (I thought that perhaps Olga's parents the Andreevs would shame her into seeing reason.) If she would not reconsider, I wrote, I saw only one way forward (since no one would undertake to correct someone else's raw draft; I could not envision a work in such a chaotic state being salvageable). I offered to pay for the translation work that had been done up to that point, and, in the presence of Dr. Heeb, have the translation burned. We would set out on a new English translation (since all rights to the existing translation remained with Thomas Whitney . . .).

Nor did I ask them to return my Russian text, that first text sent out, which we had so fervently prayed for, but I asked them to burn that as well!

There was a terrible bitterness in my throat; a sense of failure of such cherished hopes.

The letter I sent Olga Carlisle by clandestine mail was quick to reach her, and she immediately sent me an angry reply: they had acted out of love for Russia, and then to be suspected of commercial interest after so much selflessness! If these were the good old days, she would have turned to her father to defend her name, and he would have *challenged me to a duel* for insulting his daughter's honor. Furthermore, it was she who had brought me "fame in the West" (and here I had thought it was *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* . . .) and helped me win the Nobel Prize (really!). Now she pointed to another reason for the break: that I was unhappy with their translation of *First Circle*. But this she had known about from her parents three

years earlier, though she now acted as if she had heard about it for the first time from Betta (all this simply to hide the real reason: the loss of the prospect of their gaining the world copyright).

I managed to warn Heeb just in time that under no circumstances should he travel to America to meet with the Carlises, as he had intended, that there was no reason for us to go to them hat in hand. He received my letter in time, but still stubbornly set out in June for New York with his wife (a weakness, perhaps, for travel and the trappings of the emissary?).

He compromised my position and achieved nothing positive. His meeting with the Carlises was meek and pointless. (Olga Carlisle now writes in her book that he did not ask her for the English translation of *Archipelago*—though why else would he have gone there? Heeb for his part maintained that the Carlises *refused* to give him a translation that was unfinished. As it turned out later, it was indeed unfinished.) Heeb also did not insist on meeting with Whitney (the Carlises never did bring them together). He returned to Europe empty-handed.

Toward the end of the summer of 1973, *Archipelago* was seized by the KGB, Voronyanskaya perished,<sup>23</sup> and I desperately lit the fuse that would set off the *Archipelago* explosion. But the only material ready to explode was what we ourselves had of late been setting in motion: the German and Swedish editions. The main edition, the Anglo-American one, which would have had a decisive effect on the entire course of world opinion, was not ready. Only now did the Carlises give Whitney his translation back (the only manuscript of his translation, it turns out, having been with them, and not with him), and he rushed to work. It was not until October 1973 that Curto came from the States, bringing Heeb just the first volume of *Archipelago* in a rough draft, which still had to be gone through.

So that was how we had placed the microfilm of *Archipelago* in *trustworthy hands*! It was as if a plague of locusts had descended to devour the fruits of the trusting friendship of older generations, the memorial to those martyred.

But suddenly the unexpected happened: I turned up in the West. The ever-enterprising Olga Carlisle was now clearly worried. While I was locked away behind the Iron Curtain, the agreement that she had signed with Heeb made her seem beyond reproach, but now? She did not sit and wait, but rushed to counter the looming danger by coming to Europe to seek a meeting with me.

In the first few weeks after my deportation from the Soviet Union I did not yet have a clear picture of everything that had taken place; there was so

much that I had yet to find out. My family was still in Moscow, and the fate of my archive was still up in the air and it was unclear whether it could be brought out of the Soviet Union. And then, on my second day in Zurich, there came a telegram from Washington. Olga Carlisle was sending me the warmest greetings, and praying for the safe arrival of my family; she knew that even in exile I would fulfill my mission; she was going to visit her parents in Geneva in March and was hoping to see me.

I do not remember when I saw this telegram in the pile of mail, or if it had even caught my attention, but there followed a letter from Geneva: I am already at my parents and very much want to meet with you. I can come to Zurich for a few hours, and would like to bring you an invitation to the annual convention of the American PEN Club. We are very worried about Natalia Ivanovna (Eva). I embrace you with all my heart, and my husband and my parents send you warmest greetings. There was also a letter from her father, pleading for me to receive his daughter.

As for me, had I forgotten how I had been burned, the whole rupture, their treacherous evasion, their holding back *Archipelago*, their clipping our wings? Yes, I had. A year had passed, a terrible, scorching year, other matters were preoccupying me, and I had forgotten the insult. In the whirlwind of my arrival in the West it escaped my mind, or I did not fully grasp that they had frozen *Archipelago* because of their not being granted the worldwide copyright. True, it did seem to me that had *Archipelago* burst onto the American scene in January 1974, with two million copies being printed (as was later to be the case), then the Bolsheviks would have thought twice about expelling me from the Soviet Union. Be that as it may, I still felt that I was the victor, so why call Olga Carlisle to account? We had all been secret, close collaborators, so surely everything could be resolved amicably. Perhaps they would now join together and get the translation of *Archipelago* moving forward? So I replied that she should come.

She came. A tentative, squirming smile on her face. For my part, I welcomed her openly. Bygones were bygones, and I was not about to call her to task for her letter of the previous year. I asked her to give me the editing that she and her husband had done of the second and third volumes of *Archipelago*, at which she hemmed and hawed, and finally, in quite a roundabout manner, said no, they would not give me their editing. (The question of course being whether any “editing” had ever been done.) I asked her whether she and her husband had been well enough remunerated for their work. (I had not yet had the chance to find out from Heeb, nor was he in the habit of

informing me of his own accord.) She replied hesitantly: “Yes . . . there was even a little surplus.” Fine, so then we were quits. (She, for her part, was seeking to determine my position with regard to her deal with Heeb, and whether I was intending to assail it—this was clearly the whole point of her having come to see me. For five weeks now I had been in direct communication with Heeb, and what Westerner could imagine that I had not yet inquired about the state of my financial affairs? But Heeb and I were not to broach the subject for yet another five months.) That was all there was to this meeting, a wasted hour spent drinking tea. I was in a kind of gray fog, unable to think further. But in her book she was later to depict this meeting in poisonous colors, writing about my supposed prophetic pontifications delivered in a commanding tone, portraying me as some crazed psychopath. This was a lesson to me and to everyone else, that one should never be drawn into unnecessary meetings with questionable people, affording them the opportunity to give false evidence. Just as I should never ever have met Olga Carlisle.

In the following months the Carlises, needless to say, did not work on the translation of *Archipelago* in any way.

In October of that year Alya and I were in Geneva and met with the elder Andreevs, for the first time without the KGB’s eyes on us, without having to communicate by silently writing on pieces of paper. We could now talk openly about everything without the walls listening, but, for some reason, we did not seem to have much to say. Theirs was a sad old age in semi-poverty, living on Vadim Leonidovich’s modest pension from the United Nations, where he had served. His position as a Soviet citizen kept him excluded from émigré circles, people not trusting him, and he was lonely. How almighty they had seemed to me ten years earlier in Eva’s little room, when my fate had depended on them and on whether they would take my microfilm out of the Soviet Union. How helpless and abandoned they now were! I could not talk to them about their daughter’s machinations—that would only have hurt them. Touchingly, Vadim had once begun setting *Archipelago* in type in Russian, had even purchased fonts, and had compiled a little dictionary of prison camp expressions. That evening the Andreevs, too, shied away from touching upon the painful subject. So we simply sat there without saying a word about the main issue at hand, about how it had come to pass that things had gone so awry between us and their daughter. I felt an aching pity for them. There followed a rainy Swiss November, and we sent

the Andreevs a check in remembrance of past times, and because we did not place too much hope in their daughter sharing any of the gains from all her dealings in New York.

I was to learn all the details soon afterward from Heeb, and at my meetings with Knowlton, the new head of Harper & Row (after everything that had occurred, I do not believe I could have continued working with that publishing house if the directorship had not changed), I expressed to him my surprise at the Carlises' doings, and proposed that Harper & Row extract from their lawyer Curto the "cash reserve" he was holding onto for some unknown reason, and of which he was now claiming half for himself simply for having had the money in his keep. Knowlton informed the Carlises about my displeasure, and they grew worried.

But Curto, the brilliant financial wizard, was not only not ashamed, but quite brazenly offered me his assistance in calculating United States taxes for the years during which I was still in the Soviet Union, requesting for his services first simply a fee and travel expenses to Zurich, then only travel expenses, and then nothing; he would do it all for free. It turned out that for some reason I also had to pay taxes for what the Carlises had spent, a calculation that I have never managed to fathom, and I paid in order to be done with them. As for the Carlises, all that now remained for me to do was to ignore them.

But when I traveled across the United States in 1975, the Carlises could no longer bear being ignored, as over the last few years they had doubtless been boasting about how close we were, and here I was in America and would not meet with them. The new director of Harper & Row already knew about my dissatisfaction, and this had clearly spread throughout their circle. Olga Carlisle now wrote that she was insisting on a meeting and an explanation. Her letters reached me in a roundabout fashion. Was I now, in the middle of such a turbulent political tour through the States, to meet with her in order to explain myself, chewing over the whole painful matter again and again? The cards had all been in their hands and they chose to play them the way they did. Enough was enough. I did not answer. Another winter came and went. In 1976, I again traveled to the United States, and no sooner had I left than Alya, who had remained in Zurich, received a letter from Vadim Andreev addressed to me. Three years earlier Olga had hurled at me the threat of sending her poor father to challenge me "to a duel" in defense of her honor, and now she had forced him to write a letter that clearly had been painful for him to write, something he had obviously done with great difficulty. He wrote that I was being unjust toward his daughter, that I was in the wrong, and that this hurt him. (Another lesson to be learned: In Geneva we had felt

sorry for him and said nothing, whereas one should always speak openly about things.) The letter had not been with us two days when the phone rang: Vadim Andreev had died, and his widow, for some reason, was asking us to return his letter immediately, as if it had never existed. Two hours later Olga, too, had called from New York with the same request. Alya sent the letter back.

Apparently, already in 1975, if not earlier, Olga Carlisle had been planning to justify and gorge her ambition with the reckless book she was to write. What had happened to all the worries she had so recently expressed about all our “friends involved in the project”? By exposing herself, Olga Carlisle also exposed the people who had put her in contact with me. For the KGB it was but a trifle to calculate who our mutual Moscow friends were: Eva, Aleksandr Ugrimov, and the “Princess.” Throw a noose around their necks and let them hang!

Let them hang, as long as the world finds out how the talented, sensitive, and noble Olga Carlisle, along with her husband, dedicated six (!) years of their lives to Solzhenitsyn to “moving a mountain” (in other words, getting a novel published that all the Western publishers were falling over each other to obtain), turning herself into a “computer,” “several years of work,” with practically “no remuneration,” and “taking so many risks” (what risks? where?), proclaiming, “I would go to jail before I would breathe a word” about him! (What jail could she be worried about in the West?) But what is more, she had sacrificed her entire life to Solzhenitsyn, having throughout those years “put aside all her own work.” She could now no longer become an artist, her “career as a journalist . . . permanently compromised.” As for Solzhenitsyn, he was showing nothing but ingratitude and would no longer speak to her. (Her pen was so nimble that her readers could not but be convinced that she had recklessly “risked her life” in taking *Archipelago* out of the Soviet Union in person, not to mention the sympathy that everyone then felt for all those sacrifices of hers that were only met with ingratitude!)<sup>24</sup>

All Olga Carlisle’s friends (Whitney too) tried to talk her out of publishing her book. In 1977 Eva came to the West, and she, too, tried to dissuade Carlisle from publishing, reminding her of the fate that Eva and all my other secret allies back in the Soviet Union would be facing. “Well, you are free not to go back to the Soviet Union!” Carlisle had snapped. Already by autumn of 1977 a vigorous newspaper campaign began throughout the United States advertising her book; Carlisle was trumpeting its publication in all directions, counting particularly on success among New York’s pseudo-intellectual circles that were hostile to me. (From these circles she picked up the notion that it would be quite effective to present me as an authoritarian pontificator, which is exactly how she described me.) During that spring of 1978, Olga Carlisle again did her utmost to meet with

me, even to come to Vermont, for more negotiations of some kind (or perhaps to have another meeting so she could conjure up a more “vivid description”?). Again I did not reply.

At last her book came out. At the top of the front cover, where the name of the author should be, was my name instead, in large font, so as to attract the reader, followed by a title that promised much: “*Solzhenitsyn and the Secret Circle*”!\* Because of all the delays, the British and American publication of the third volume of *Archipelago*, which Carlisle had so ruined, coincided with the publication of her book, so that reviewers, many of them lazy and undiscerning, presented the two books on an equal footing. (Carlisle, having spent five years damaging the creation of the American edition of *Archipelago*, now set about damaging the book anew as it came out.) And the essence of the reviews did not focus on the plight of the prisoners in *The Gulag Archipelago*, but on the *thoughts* and *sufferings* of this sensitive woman who had turned a minor Russian author of short stories into a titanic figure for the West, having wasted, as had her husband, seven years (it now was, indeed, seven years!) of their lives, only to be rewarded with such ingratitude. Carlisle’s book had what one calls “a good press” in the United States, but the reviewers still urged her to forgive the unbalanced, mad author of *Archipelago* his paranoia (that is what they called it, paranoia, which is allowed in the American press and is not considered an insult).

With carefully dosed poison, distilled and accumulating with every page, I was presented as ambitious and power-hungry, changing my mind abruptly at whim. (Dragged through Carlisle’s hall of mirrors, our struggle in the Soviet Union came across as “never-ending, ever-crumbling charades. Russian charades.”) Carlisle presented me as possessed, unbridled, fanatical, and suspicious, and she sketched out the features that were to be picked up by the Western press. She also fabricated meetings between us in Moscow that had never taken place, and the ones that did take place she filled with free invention, since there were no witnesses and the facts could not be checked: she copied things out of *The Oak and the Calf*, already known throughout the world, putting words in my mouth as if I had confided these things to her back then, before I had told anyone else. She reduced our meeting in Zurich to a caricature, as if she needed to hide what we had really discussed, again lifting information from *The Oak and the Calf* about things that at the time of our meeting I had not even known about, such as that “the KGB had burned [my] camp jacket” at Lefortovo prison, or that my wife was “packing my archives,” which was

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\* Working like never before, she also brought out a French edition, with my photograph across the entire book cover, come get your copy! (Author’s note, 1982.)



utter nonsense, as the archives had to be divided up and sent out secretly, something which Olga Carlisle didn't seem able to fathom. As for the story surrounding *Archipelago*, she recast it to her advantage. I had allegedly ordered that Heeb “was to have nothing to do with the publication” of *Archipelago*, which was utter nonsense: Heeb had a *full* power of attorney that covered everything. Then she maintained that she had suggested that everything having to do with *Archipelago* be transferred over to Heeb and that we had refused, and that “the edited version [by the Carlises] had not been requested.”<sup>25</sup> On the contrary, it was Olga Carlisle who simply would not give us the edited version, neither to Heeb when he came to New York nor later to me when I was in Zurich.

So what is the result? Has Olga Carlisle with all the “Russian charades” and “Italian Opera” managed to confuse and hide the ends? No she has not, they all stick out. It is clear for all to see:

- that *all* the translations of *First Circle* into foreign languages (late 1968) were bad (and have remained so to this day);
- that the only text of *Archipelago*, smuggled out of the Soviet Union in June 1968, had in September 1973 still not been prepared for publication in English by the Carlises;
- that because of Olga Carlisle's refusal to give me a copy of the Russian text of *Archipelago* for translation into other languages, a microfilm had to be taken out of the Soviet Union for a second time in 1971 under extreme danger so that we would at least be able to have translations into German and Swedish.

And when Olga Carlisle's book came out, it was inundated by the furor sparked by my Harvard speech, and Carlisle, playing the role of an expert on Russia, immediately rushed also to publicly attack my speech, that I supposedly intended it not for the West but for like-minded “nationalists” in Russia, some sort of faction she calls “Russity.”<sup>26</sup> What she said was reprinted in all the newspapers, even in *Le Monde Diplomatique*, where Carlisle the granddaughter of a Russian author was to write,<sup>27</sup> “The Russian masses have always been anti-Semitic,” and, for some reason, “in the event of a war they may see Solzhenitsyn as the new Lenin.”\*

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\* From 1989 on I became “legal” in the USSR, and though my books had not yet been published there, my name could now be mentioned. And who was the first to run out onto the Russian stage waving a banner that all secrets must be revealed? Indeed, it was Olga Carlisle yet again, getting there before my own books could come out. The entire book of hers (maybe in an edited-down version, I did not check) came out in successive issues of *Voprosy Literatury*

And then my mainstay, my Dr. Heeb! I was to get to know him ever better.

In the spring of 1973 I wrote him: “I very much hope that my letter kept you from undertaking an unnecessary trip [to New York, to Carlisle], which would weaken our position. . . . You invariably make the correct and most tactful decisions. I have great admiration for you.” I then expressed the hope, not for the first time, that he might consider the possibility of allowing himself a holiday this coming summer to relax a little (something he clearly had every intention of doing). I was now addressing him as “Dear Fri!”

This demonstrates the extent to which in those days I did not understand either the level or the scope of his activities. Nikita Struve, in our clandestine correspondence, did send some hints—though not very emphatically, as is his way—letting us know that, from what he could tell, “Larry” (the lawyer) struck him as being at sixes and sevens and not quite able to cope. Even Betta was to notice that Heeb was sluggish in his interactions with publishers and translators, that he was “a good lawyer, but not an organizer.” However, back in Moscow we still saw Heeb as an eagle, admiring the soundness of the photograph he had sent us.

And he *was* sound and honorable. But the issues associated with me were, alas, beyond his scope, and utterly outside the area of his prior practice.

The KGB seized *Archipelago* in August 1973, and in the whirlwind of disaster I wrote to Heeb (by clandestine mail): “I realize that I am introducing you to a sphere beyond your usual duties, but I would like to ask you to personally undertake everything connected with *Archipelago* over the next year and a half, and not to assign anything to an intermediary, since on this book depends the fate of hundreds of people, and perhaps even events of greater significance. We simply cannot entrust any aspects of this project to third parties caught up in the routine of publishing and sales. I ask you to keep the entire project in your hands and please do not hesitate to undertake any expenditure you deem necessary. . . . In the hard times that have begun, I will very much rely on your wisdom, decisiveness, merit, and endurance.” . . .

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(*Questions of Literature*), and she also came out with excerpts and interviews all over the place. They even printed the following in *Stolitsa* (1991, no. 27): “With the publication [of Carlisle’s book in the United States] came a court case, which resulted in a hefty sum.” This would make it seem that I took her to court on account of the book and got a sizeable sum from the poor woman, though it was she who sued me for *The Oak and the Calf*, claiming two million dollars. The judge, however, rejected her claim. This is how lies are served up to trusting readers, lies that take root for a long time. (Author’s note, 1993.)

I am very aware, I wrote him sympathetically, “of the great load with which I am encumbering you. I understand that when you took on the task of protecting my interests, you could not have imagined that so many functions and responsibilities would gather over time and claim your energy so persistently. But the exceptional situation leads me to ask and hope that you will find the strength to endure.” I had also supposed that Heeb had a “heartfelt investment in the cause.” “I approve of all your directives and decisions of which I am aware,” I continued, “and I am certain I would approve of whatever I am not aware. I am ever grateful to fate and to the intermediary who helped me secure not just anyone’s assistance, but your help specifically. Please do not hold back out of financial considerations. Before the storms come, I heartily embrace you! I always rely on you!”

In late December 1973 the thunderbolt of the Russian original of *Archipelago* struck. Heeb’s office in Zurich was bombarded from around the world with phone calls and letters, publishers and journalists knocking at his door, and it was precisely for those two Christmas weeks that he had planned a holiday in the south of Italian Switzerland. He did not cancel his holiday. In the Soviet Union great thunderclaps were resounding over my head, while Heeb was relaxing and in no hurry to return and prepare *Archipelago* for its launch into the world.

After that, he sat in state in his new office with the phones ringing and with masses of letters flooding in for me. At his enormous desk he made a particularly imposing impression: his poise, the pipe in his mouth, his slow and majestic movements—clearly a man who was extraordinarily well informed, extraordinarily knowledgeable. And we communicated in German, not without effort, and for hours he informed me of all the many kind though pointless congratulations and requests for meetings that had come in for me. But he made no effort to inform me about the state my affairs were in: for four years he had been silent, and now silent he remained.

I was unfamiliar with how things were done in the West and to what extent and at what juncture one could request an accounting. At one point I did ask, but Heeb did not seem prepared to answer, and my subsequent questions were quite superficial since, from the time of my deportation in February of 1974 to late in autumn of that year, I could not even remotely imagine all the things that were being done without my being consulted. During my first months in the West my understanding had not matured enough for me to be able to conceive that things might have gone awry despite my having a lawyer, who for five years had been acting here in the West on my behalf. So

thoroughly did I fail to realize how ill-suited Heeb was to handling publishing matters that I did not once ask him whether he even knew how to draw up a book contract. And he, maintaining his air of dignity, never admitted that he did not.

Thus several months went by peacefully and apparently most successfully, when I suddenly found out from a group of Czechs in Zurich, quite by chance, that there was a certain literary agent in Zurich by the name of Paul Fritz who was concluding all the contracts on my behalf. I could not believe what I was hearing, this was pure falsehood! Why would Dr. Fritz Heeb, right here in Zurich, where I myself was now living, hide such a thing from me? In fact for a number of months I felt it would be an effrontery for me even to ask him if this was true. It was only later that autumn (with Heeb constantly leaving for vacations in southern Switzerland) that some urgent question came up and I was referred to the other Fritz, from the Linder agency no less, which had run my *First Circle* into the ground back in 1968! Paul Fritz was happy to come by, and explained to me that Heeb had hired him in May (when I was already here in Zurich—and he hadn't said a word!), but that Heeb had firmly forbidden him to get in touch with me directly. Why ever not? Heeb had clearly not done this out of dishonesty, but so as not to ruffle his decorum. (Freeing myself of that Fritz and the contracts he had concluded was to cost quite a lot of money.)

It was not until the autumn of 1974 that it occurred to me to invite my main publishers in order to get to know them personally. They arrived and we sat down in Heeb's office, Heeb presiding grandly in his armchair, whereas I and the publishers, whom I was meeting for the first time, sat on chairs in a semicircle, with my friend Viktor Bankoul translating, as he knew all the languages. I was stunned by what I heard, and the publishers were stunned that I was hearing all this for the first time.

It was also quite clear from the tremor on Dr. Heeb's rectangular heavy-jowled face that he, too, was hearing about everything that had taken place for the first time. It was only then that the full extent of the chaos and confusion of my publishing affairs and the extent to which my hands were tied became clear to me. Before I had even taken my first steps in the free world I found myself legally bound, tied and shackled every which way, with no escape in sight. There were cracks and fissures everywhere, with concrete, not yet hardened, leaking out.

And, what was more, I had neither the time nor was I in a state of mind to handle any of this: I was trying to decipher Lenin in Zurich.

I invariably compared the people here in the West to the people back at home, and felt sad and puzzled by the Western world. Was it that people in the West were worse than people back in Russia? Of course not. But when the only demands on human nature are *legal* ones, the bar is much lower than the bar of nobleness and honor (those concepts having in any case almost vanished now), and so many loopholes open up for unscrupulousness and cunning. What the law compels us to do is far too little for humaneness: *a higher law* should be placed in our hearts, too. I simply could not get used to the cold wind of litigation in the West.

I wanted that autumn, in my fervor, to state publicly that the whole system of book publishing and bookselling in the West did not foster the development of a spiritual culture. In past centuries writers wrote for a small circle of connoisseurs who in turn guided artistic taste, and high literature was created. But today publishers have their eye on mass sales, which so often entails the most indiscriminate taste; publishers make gifts to booksellers to please them; authors, in turn, depend on the mercy of their publishing houses. It is sales that dictate the direction of literature. But great literature cannot appear in such circumstances; there is no point even in getting one's hopes up; it will not happen, despite unlimited "freedoms." Freedom alone is not yet independence, is not yet excellence.

But I refrained from speaking out. Surely not all publishers were like this. (And I was later to see that they indeed were not all of that kind. There were publishers who did keep to a moral compass.)

Our failure to comprehend each other manifested itself sharply in the history of the royalties for *Archipelago*, when, still in the Soviet Union, I ordered Heeb to give *Archipelago* to publishers for free, or for a minimal sum, in order to make the book cheaper and more accessible to the general reader in the West.<sup>28</sup> One thing I could not comprehend was that, according to Western notions, I was in this way lowering my book in the esteem of the readers: if the book was being sold cheaply, that meant that sales had been bad and the book was now available at a discount. Though Heeb knew nothing about publishing, he was at least aware that it was impossible, even shameful, to place a book with a publisher without an author's honorarium at all. And instead of the usual 15 percent that all publishers paid a known author (and at that moment they would have paid more), Heeb (to his credit) negotiated the condition that it would be 5 percent. But that was as far as it went. The books were then sold a little cheaper, but not to a noticeable extent. When I arrived in the West I was suddenly struck by the fact that I had, after all, assigned all

the income from *Gulag Archipelago* to go to my Russian Social Fund, mainly to aid prisoners in the Soviet camps. I now turned to the publishers with an appeal: I only asked 5 percent from you instead of 15 percent, so do the right thing, let the spirit of the book inspire you, and sacrifice 5 percent of the earnings from the book to the Fund in order to aid our prisoners. Some did make the sacrifice (either because of the spirit of the book, or perhaps not to lose my future books), but they complained no end about the difficulties. I would have done far better to have taken 15 percent from them right from the start, and they could have written it off their taxes, and that would have been that. For them to make a donation to a foreign foundation was not tax-deductible, and now the money had to be extracted from the publisher's capital. When I had set out on this initiative I had no idea about any of this. The director of the Swiss publishing house Scherz Verlag (the same towering man who on my arrival in Zurich at the train station had heroically defended me from being crushed by the crowd) had managed to secure from Heeb, on account of Scherz being in nearby Bern, a contract for all three volumes of *Archipelago* in advance; now, with nothing to lose, the publisher brazenly told me to my face that the millions of copies he had printed had involved unexpected expenses (supposedly they had to rent outside printing facilities), and consequently Scherz could not donate anything to the Fund.

The first volume of *Archipelago* was being sold everywhere at prices that were somewhat below average, but for the second volume the publishers raised the price, claiming inflation and a rise in the cost of paper, and then I, too, began to claim the usual author's percentage to go to my Fund. As for the third volume of *Archipelago*, it ended up not being read as much in the West, which was already tiring of all the *Russian horror*. The upshot of my grand scheme was that the Russian Social Fund lost several million dollars to Western publishers, and that was that.

How on earth could I have imagined such things when I was in the Soviet Union? Would it even have been possible, stifled as we were over there, to picture such a cynical world where a donation might not be tax-deductible and consequently not profitable! In Russia we were not used to measuring sacrifice with profit. How could we become part of such a world, how could we open our hearts to it?

In the USSR, that hard and unforgiving land, all my steps turned into a series of victories. Yet in the West, with its limitless freedom, everything I did (or did not do) ended up in a string of defeats. Did I ever *fail* to make a mistake here? (In my motherland I was carried on the wings of public support,

which was also the case at the beginning of my time abroad, but it would prove no match for the money men's morass of indifference.)

And yet, among the publishers whom I met during the autumn of 1974, I could not have but immediately spotted the clever, intellectual editors of the French publishing house (Catholic in origin) Éditions du Seuil ("Seuil" meaning "threshold"): the venerable Paul Flamand and the young, talented Claude Durand, whom Nikita Struve was soon to bring to Zurich. The highly revered Flamand, an intellectual with deep and broadly developed culture, as one often finds among the French, was a great connoisseur in everything having to do with publishing. Durand was tireless, nimble-minded (there was something even mathematical about him), quick-witted, and also a writer himself. Already at that first introductory meeting I felt a great openness toward them. They had seen my bewilderment, Nikita Struve being even more aware of it (as he had spoken with Alya), and Struve suggested that the Éditions du Seuil should take over the management of my publishing affairs. Flamand and Durand came to Zurich a second time and agreed for their house to take on the international protection of my author's rights, to decide with which publishers to place my works throughout the world, and to handle contracts. I asked Heeb to immediately provide copies of all the concluded contracts to Durand (those very contracts that not Heeb but the Linder agency had drawn up). Heeb initially claimed that this would be impossible, that it would entail a lengthy procedure; then a quarter of an hour later, offended, he brought out all the contracts. It was only from this point on, from December 1974, that my good angels Flamand and Durand gradually, year by year, cleaned up and put in order all my publishing affairs that over many years had gotten into such a tangle.

That Heeb could not grasp the scale of my affairs and barely managed to handle anything is not the issue; that wasn't his fault. But why did he choose to hide all that, why did he never admit the problem, but instead preserved his decorum before me? It is probably a rule among lawyers never to admit to weakness before their clients. (From a Russian point of view, how much kinder it would have been if he had simply owned up to everything right away.) However, during our meeting with all the publishers that November, he had realized what trouble he had caused, and at the New Year of 1975, his voice trembling, he informed me that he could see that he was no longer of any use to me, that he was not suited for the job, and that he was submitting his resignation. I felt sorry for him. It was we who had encum-

bered him with all those issues and problems beyond his experience and expertise, and he had never at any point been anything but honorable. Feeling sorry for him, I asked him to stay.

He continued to be my lawyer for all of 1975. But during my two years in Switzerland, Heeb, again without intending to, but with overconfidence and an incomplete knowledge of his own Swiss laws, ended up doing me far worse damage than he had before. But more about this later.





## CHAPTER 3

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# Another Year Adrift

Although nobody will contest that the world is a single entity, it has to be said that a new continent, when one first sets eyes on it, is a wondrous thing. What is one to expect? What I saw first was Montreal, and from the air it struck me as a terrible place, ugly beyond compare. My first impression was not reassuring. (And in the days that followed, as I wandered through the city, that impression seemed to be confirmed. The monstrous, green-metal Jacques Cartier Bridge, shuddering under its eight lanes of traffic: had I arrived by ship, I would have had to sail beneath it, right past a gigantic brewery despondently spewing smoke, with flags on its roof, embankments of concrete and industry stretching along the river, the view so inhumane that the ruins of what looks like an old prison or army barracks on the nearby island in the river is pleasing to the eye as the only thing that seems alive. Then deeper within the city is the black tower of the Canadian radio, and a ridiculously huddled group of skyscraper-boxes in the midst of wide open urban spaces, the city center a jumble of commercial buildings; elevated expressways stretching above the city here and there. Appalling. Montreal was trying to mimic the megacities of America, but fell short.)

I was met by an employee of the airport assigned to me, a Russian; it was important that I remain incognito right from the start, without news racing ahead that I was looking to buy a plot of land in Canada. We went past the general passenger exit, past the crowds and the immigration agents, and from what I could tell we slipped unnoticed into a house by the St. Peter and St. Paul Cathedral, where I had an introduction from Nikita Struve to Archbishop Sylvester of the Orthodox Church in America. I told him the purpose of my trip and asked him for advice and help. It was there that I spent the days leading up to Easter.

Unnoticed? If only that were so! Within two or three days a Montreal newspaper not only published the fact of my arrival in Canada, but even a picture that was clearly me, taken at the airport. But how could this possibly have happened? As it turned out, some students were behind this. A number of enterprising young people had recognized me from a distance and taken a snapshot with a telephoto lens, and over the next two days they had left no stone unturned. It was for money, after all! Making a quick dollar at the expense of my peace of mind. They had gone from one editor to another, trying to get them to take their material, but at first nobody would believe them. The whole thing was a terrible disappointment for me: before I had even set out on my secret search, I was discovered. A writer betrayed by students. What a world!

Now that my arrival had been revealed, a Ukrainian radio journalist also tracked me down, and I recorded an Easter address<sup>1</sup> to the Ukrainian community in Canada—a large community. I have always felt it my duty to bring Ukrainians and Russians together in friendship. There is much Ukrainian in me from my grandfather Shcherbak, who never spoke pure Russian, but his was such a warm way of speaking! Also, my maternal grandmother was half-Ukrainian, and I have known and taken in Ukrainian songs since I was a child. Furthermore, in 1938 I had gone with a group of fellow students on a cycling tour all around the Ukrainian countryside, and I was impressed and touched by the places I saw. These are memories I cherish.

It turned out that it was not only students who were giving me up in Canada, but also more established people. In my first few days there, one newspaper, and then a second and a third, reported my intention to buy land in Canada and settle down. How did they find out? It later emerged that Serge Schmemann, a journalist, having heard the news from his father, revealed it to the press. I was pursued throughout the outskirts of Montreal by television reporters, and had to resort to tricks to escape them. A private meeting I had with Prime Minister Trudeau was also reported in the papers.

In this world so strange to me I made mistakes at every turn. I had trouble with the language: having to switch so abruptly from German to English was difficult for me, my mind being elsewhere. My meeting with Trudeau was quite unnecessary, but I felt that as a controversial public figure I ought to alert the government about my intentions so as not to end up having the same problems I had had with the Swiss police, and also to ensure that the immigration authorities would be favorably disposed toward me. They were, but the whole thing could have been arranged without the prime minister,

our meeting turning into pointless publicity. (Our conversation and the topics we touched on gave a general impression of this country's insignificance, and I felt bad for Canada, so prosperous and so large in scale, but a timid giant pushed aside in the onrush of the daring and the ruthless.)

As for Ottawa, there are many green areas along the river and there are quiet streets with low-rise buildings (though they did add a number of skyscrapers), and in the center there is some Gothic architecture, British.

We energetically set out to find some land: for three days Father Alexander Schmemann drove me to various real-estate agents ("realtors" without whom neither house nor land can be bought). Archbishop Sylvester also suggested that I contact a young architect by the name of Alex Vinogradov. His parents were from the Second Wave of emigration (during and after World War II), and he himself as an infant had gone through the camps for displaced persons. He turned out to be a spiritually sound young man, calm and staid, with a pleasing and sonorous voice, and his wife, the wonderful Lisa Apraksina, was of aristocratic background and was third-generation Russian from the First Wave of emigration. Alex had grown up in an Anglo-Canadian world where he felt very much at home, but (thanks to his parents) he had remained surprisingly Russian, as if he had just left the motherland. He readily agreed to help me, and he and I drove all over Ontario. Alex would present himself as the buyer while I posed as a friend who was simply accompanying him. (It was very much like when Boris Mozhaev, back in the Soviet Union, had driven me all around Tambov, press ID in hand, interviewing people about the current state of collective farming, and I accompanied him, looking into everything having to do with the Tambov Rebellion of 1920–21.)<sup>2</sup> Alex and I viewed dozens of properties that were up for sale, and in some cases I even went so far as to give them some serious consideration, like with one property where there were some strange rock formations around a high lake. We would sometimes go so far as planning where we would build, and at times it would have been necessary to put in a road, which was clearly beyond what I would be able to cope with. I was looking for an isolated place, away from the main roads, a thing that was of first importance, but did the property also have the potential for being comfortable? Would there be towns and schools not too far away? I would have been happy enough living in the wilderness, but how could we raise the children there? This worried Alya a great deal.

After all the exhausting drives and viewing so many properties, it became increasingly clear that it would be exceedingly difficult to find something.

First of all, Canada turned out to be not the least bit like Russia: this is a wild, sparsely populated landmass exposed to the winds of its northern bays, there is a lot of granite through which one has to blast one's way in order to put in roads. As for the forests, one would have imagined them ancient, luxuriant, and thick-stemmed, but in Ontario (the only province I considered settling in) they were sparse, not much to look at, very reminiscent of the Karelian Isthmus: for many years all the thick tree trunks had been felled and dragged away from the forests with tractors, leaving only a number of ailing trees. If good, strong trees happen to be growing on a property, the buyer's attention is specifically drawn to the fact in the prospectus. (Later, from the train, I looked at Canada's prairies, but they were just a single vast flatland you couldn't even mistake for the Ukrainian steppes, which are picturesquely rural with little farms.) If only there had been at least a few decent cities! But Canada also seems to lag behind when it comes to cities, for these seem to be in the grip of intellectual indolence, and one ends up thinking back to Europe with affection. But when it comes to hefty, overfed, dimwitted hippies, Canada in no way lags behind the rest of the civilized world: they lie about in flowerbeds sunning themselves, and lounge on park benches in the middle of the workday, chatting, smoking, sleeping.

One could say that there is no such thing in the world as an indifferent place (or an indifferent season or time of year): for each person, some places are welcoming, others are hostile; some places affect a person in a good way, others are harmful. You must listen to your heart, it helps you intuit the right place to live. (Ever since I was a child, for example, I have dreaded Central Asia, and it was in Central Asia that I was to get cancer. I was drawn to the Enisei River and to Lake Baikal, but never to the Urals, nor would I ever have been able to live in a subtropical or tropical region). Yet Canada, despite being a northern land, was somehow immersed in a slumber of oblivion.

I had one more dream: to settle somewhere where there were Russians, so we could breathe in some Russian air, and the children could grow up in a Russian setting. But there were no such settlements in Ontario. I was introduced to someone connected to the *dukhobors*,<sup>3</sup> but they are in British Columbia, which is too far away. (In the end I did not go to them as they are quite removed from Russian reality, not to mention that they are letting themselves be courted by the Bolsheviks and are thinking about returning to the same country that was so unbearable to them in the time of the tsars.) Another hope I had had was the Old Believers<sup>4</sup> who had settled in the United States, but now I was starting to doubt the possibility.

For decades I have cherished the dream of escaping the noisy and constrained conditions, first of my prison years, then of my years living in the city, of the irksome radio loudspeakers on street corners. How was I to escape all this? With the experience I had gathered throughout my life, what did I now need as a writer? Quiet, solitude, nothing more. But in the Soviet Union it had been impossible for me to find such solitude, a place where I could build something, find wood for my stove, a place where I could keep body and soul together, and, even more importantly, do so without being strangled by the KGB out there in the wilderness.

But now, in 1975, having achieved boundless freedom, and having the funds necessary for such an enterprise, I could not find myself a suitable shelter. The only tempting properties we saw in Canada were along the St. Lawrence River, but they were not for sale, as those estates belonged to old families, the first settlers, white Anglo-Saxon Protestants. (The river itself has a wonderful strong current, as our best Siberian rivers do, the air near the riverbanks moist, almost as if one were by the ocean.)

After some two weeks, by mid-May, I had become tired of searching, and without Alya I could not come to a decision. I asked her to come to Canada as soon as possible, tearing her away from the children. At a shabby little hotel in Pembroke I waited for her arrival, sitting for days by the shrubs on a riverbank, breathing in the river air and trying to write.

Alex Vinogradov brought Alya straight from the Montreal airport. She arrived with an even firmer conviction that we must on no account leave Europe, and indeed one might ask what normal person would want to leave behind Europe's manifold beauty, its wealth of antiquities and culture? But we *had* already decided that we would not live there, that I could not work in peace, that there would be no getting away from people; and I would not have wanted to live anywhere in Europe except for France, but there the language was a problem for me. We went to see the properties that more or less had struck me as having some potential, but Alya definitively rejected them all, particularly the place on the rocky hill near the lake: wind-beaten trees, no roads, not a soul for miles.

What were we to do? Should we try our luck in Alaska? We couldn't discard it without at least taking a look.

Alya and I took the Trans-Canada Express from Ottawa to the Pacific Coast. "Express" is perhaps somewhat far-fetched, as the train lumbers on quite slowly, its cars rocking to and fro as the tracks are not in the best condition: it is only an "Express" in the sense that all the way from the Atlantic

to the Pacific one doesn't have to change trains. The railways in Canada are in a marked decline heightened by the pointless coexistence and competition between two fading systems with parallel routes: the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific Railway. (In some places their tracks are right next to each other, the trains empty.) There is one Express a day, the stations deserted (they are usually outside the towns to keep these free of railway tracks), people long since preferring to fly or go by bus. So much have railways been sidelined that most crossings don't even have barriers, drivers crossing the tracks without bothering to see if a train is coming, and the diesel locomotives (you would be hard put to find any electrification of rails on this continent) have to honk as loudly as a herd of bison at every crossing. Consequently, there are always drawn-out honks along the rails. Many stations do not even have a baggage room, and only rarely is there a telegraph office still up and running, though nobody needs it. On the other hand, all passengers, even those traveling alone, are met by a conductor and a black porter, who help them with their suitcases. The Express ends its journey at the Pacific Ocean, with sometimes no more than ten passengers getting off.

But the more the railroad declines, the more puffed up the personnel (all men) become at the main stations: they refuse access to the platforms to anyone who is not traveling, they keep stopping people, checking their tickets, unnecessarily making them go through some underground passages where there is some other listless employee whose only job is to point to the escalator that people must take. The approach to rails taken on the American continent—first laying tracks farther and farther into the interior and then losing all interest in them—was the greedy, childish manner of snatching an apple, biting into it, and throwing it away for another one. In the breakneck rush toward ever newer things, the best of what was old was cast aside. There is, however, quite a lot one can view with envy here that should be introduced back home: single compartments on the train, for instance, “roomettes,” in which a person is provided in a minimum amount of space with a bed, a little table, hot and cold water, electric outlets, a mirror, a toilet, and air-conditioning. If you bring enough provisions, you don't need to leave your roomette at all. Something else we should introduce back home are the observation lounges on the upper deck, with their glass roofs so that passengers can look out on both sides and at the sky, an uninterrupted panorama of landscapes (spoiled, of course, by the obligatory and constant “pop” music). (But these glass observation lounges must be repeatedly washed on the out-

side by a special device with rotary brushes through which the train has to pass in the larger stations.)

I have loved trains ever since I was a child, and I see their decline as a second loss after that of horses. It is painful. (And to think that in the nineteenth century some people thought of the railway as a terrible destruction of nature.)

We left the train at Prince Rupert and boarded an Alaskan steamer sailing under a brisk American flag, and for the first time we experienced an American customs inspection. (We were struck by the severity with which students' backpacks were being inspected: everything they had packed so carefully was taken apart and gone through. Were the officials looking for drugs?) Even the steamer, and then Alaska itself, which seemed so distant and unlike America, were markedly different from Canada and its somnolence. The atmosphere of America, after that of Canada, was quite revivifying, and we began to wonder if we should perhaps settle in America. We would not have come upon this idea so easily had we not had Canada to compare it to. I had always thought of the United States as a country that was too densely populated, too loud, and too much in the sway of politics, but we now began to feel its expanse and power.

Alya and I, who for a year now had been longing for Russia, could not have begun our acquaintance with the United States in a better way than through Alaska. Beside Russia itself, there is nowhere on earth that is as Russian, except for those places in which Russians have settled extensively. Juneau, the state capital, is an American city, but even there we were driven around and shown the sights by a Russian Orthodox priest. And the town of Sitka (Novo-Arkhangelsk, when Alaska was still Russian) struck us as very Russian, and we were also received there by the Russian Bishop Gregory Afonsky.

Bishop Gregory (who was named Georgi before taking monastic vows) was a hereditary clergyman: his father had also been a priest, as had his maternal grandfather and other members of his family. He grew up in Kiev in the early Soviet era, and at sixteen had been rounded up on the street by the Germans and sent off to a labor camp as an *Ostarbeiter*.<sup>5</sup> (The transport had been delayed when mothers who had heard that their children were being taken away, including Georgi's mother, had come running to catch one last glimpse of their children, trying to throw bundles of clothes to them.) In the labor camp, Georgi happened to read in a scrap of newspaper from Paris that his uncle Nikolai Afonsky, the choir director of the Orthodox Cathedral on the



rue Daru,<sup>6</sup> was giving a concert. He managed to contact him, and at the end of the war was able to get to him in Paris. Later, in New York, Gregory graduated from Saint Vladimir's Orthodox Theological Seminary. He had intended to marry before entering the priesthood,<sup>7</sup> but this was not to be, and he was ordained and soon thereafter became a bishop. (Later, when he came to visit us in Vermont and told us about his life and how he had sought a bride for himself, Alya asked him, "Your Grace, do you regret never having married?" And the Bishop, with his gentle smile, replied: "Oh no, my only regret is that I do not have any children.")

A hundred and fifty years ago, a parish priest from Irkutsk (by the end of his life he had become Innocent of Alaska) chose to move to Alaska to educate the Aleut people, who had already been baptized but had subsequently been neglected. He sailed out to all the islands, translated the Gospel, prayers, and hymns into six local languages, and today if you see an Aleut priest or an Alaskan Indian deacon, and you ask these local natives what they are, they answer: "Russian Orthodox." The museum of Sitka displays our ancient icons and triptychs, gospels, wooden and porcelain tableware, old Russian copper coins, a washboard, a rolling pin, mortars and pestles, trays, samovars, sugar tongs, and silver glass holders. Even more interesting than the museum is the Bishop's House dating from 1842, with its old-fashioned living room, its study, and its array of furniture: an antique rocking chair, wicker-back chairs, a harpsichord, a dresser, an *escritoire*, and cabinets. These things seem so familiar, either in one's mind's eye or through intuition, or from something one has read: as if we were in an old provincial town in Russia in the era of Lermontov. As for the samovar, it is the most prevalent fixture throughout Alaska, even in American homes.

Here, in the northwest of the American continent, one is amazed at Russian daring, perseverance, and pioneering exploration (which in the Soviet Union is used as a propaganda concept that one simply brushes aside). For Alaska did not border Russia with an accessible façade—one first had to cross the vast impassable tracts of Siberia. Nevertheless, Dezhnyov had already sailed around Chukotka in 1648, and Bering reached Alaska in 1741. Before the time of Catherine the Great the settlement of Novo-Arkhangelsk had already been established here on the island, and in 1784 the first school for Aleutians had opened in Kodiak. (Now there is a Russian Orthodox seminary there.) Aleksandr Baranov—a builder, merchant, educator, and pioneer—became something like a Russian governor of Alaska, and to this day the native population remembers him as a man who always kept his word, while the

Americans who came later did not. (The great-grandfather of the current deacon was present in 1867 in Sitka when the Russian flag was exchanged for the American one, and he said that the native people had wept, for the Russians had treated them well, while everyone was aware of the Americans' cruelty to Indians.) The Russians had penetrated far southward, all the way to California, and only came to a stop when they encountered the Spanish from Mexico; the Americans had been third to arrive there. A hundred years later it became clear from the original documents that Russia had not sold Alaskan land to America per se, but rather the sovereign rights to use the territories, which is the reason why even today America buys back lands from local residents. (What would the historical consequences have been had Alaska not been sold? What would happen to America if Bolshevik tanks were now in Alaska? The entire history of the world might have gone in a different direction.) After 1917, the power of the Russian church in Alaska was interrupted: there were only five priests left for a hundred and twenty parishes, but the Eskimos, Aleuts, and Indians kept Orthodoxy alive for thirty years until the arrival in Alaska of the American Orthodox Church.

Staying at Bishop Gregory's home was akin to returning to Russia, and he overwhelmed us with kindness and hospitality. We attended his church services, after which a crowd of Aleut children would gather around him (just as they might in our Russian North), clinging to him and calling out "Bisha-Grisha!" ("Bisha" for "Bishop," "Grisha" for "Gregory"). We walked to the Baranof Castle along a trail covered in wood chips, while huge eagles, ash white in color, the underside of their wings almost black, flew over the treetops, casting shadows like those of a plane. We were afraid that one of them might come swooping down, snatching Alya's fur hat and carrying it off.

It was very cold, even though it was May.

There are Americans who have moved to Alaska in order to live in what is still a peaceful solitude, raising their children away from modern decline.

But what about us? What about me? No, Alaska was too much of a national park steeped in the nineteenth century (though the supermarket was very much of the twentieth).

The Tlingit people welcomed me to their tribe and presented me with an honorary plaque: "One Who Is Listened To."

But I had been silent for too long. I was not aware at the time that my Canadian trip had offended the United States. For a whole year they had been sending me invitations, and I had just flown across the ocean, but not to them, and was now, quite oddly, entering their country by way of Alaska.

The world is an immense place and there are many paths to take, yet one's own path is singular, narrow, and harried. Time, which saturates everything, flows on majestically, yet one's own time is so brief, so insufficient.

Alya had to get back to the children, but we wanted to visit the Old Believers and take a closer look at how they live. In Alaska they had only one settlement, a fishing village, which was remote and difficult to reach, but they did have a large settlement in Oregon. However, from Alaska it is easier to fly to San Francisco first, where we wanted to take at least a quick look at the Hoover Institution with its Russian archives, which are formidable for archival holdings abroad.

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The main tower of the Hoover Institution rises tall and narrow above the outspread low-rise campus of Stanford University, sublimely planted with palm trees, many students riding their bicycles from one building to another to save time. The tower bells ring from high above with a plaintive, otherworldly sound.

We could not spend more than a week at the Hoover Institution. The associate director, Richard Staar (a colonel in the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve), insisted that we stay at his home, a spacious California house with a covered winter garden, but we declined, as we wanted to be independent, and stayed at a hotel on campus, a decision we were to bitterly regret on our very first night there (a Saturday). Right across from our window, some thirty yards away, was a sort of large makeshift stage, and quite suddenly, starting at about nine in the evening, a crowd of young people began to gather and—horror of horrors!—there was an explosion of wild music, a dense and reeling mass dancing on the stage. The roar of the loudspeakers was beyond belief, Alya and I having to yell into each other's ears, and we closed the window, which made the room unbearable as the heat was brutal and there was no air-conditioning. Students both white and black were dancing with the girls as if they were hard at work: concentrated, tireless, without looking up at anyone. And all the people crowding around the stage were holding large paper cups, cans, and bottles, which they then simply threw away where they were standing, a heap of refuse rising before our eyes, a shocking sight. The din continued hour after hour. It was sheer torture, how were we to sleep? But at about one in the morning everything suddenly came to a standstill. Silence descended as after an artillery barrage. Now we once again watched with amazement how the crowd instantly left

the stage, with a dozen or so students staying behind, who with the same concentration, speed, and efficiency gathered all the trash into large bags, swept the stage, and put all the tables and chairs on it. Within ten minutes not a soul was left in front of our windows, the lights shining on a clean pavement, crickets chirping in the warm night air.

During our days at the Hoover Institution we made friends with a most congenial couple. They were Russians from the Second Wave: Nicholas Pashin, Professor of Russian Language and Literature at Stanford (he was the brother of the writer Sergei Maksimov), and his wife Elena, who was originally from Kharkov and who happened to be working at the Hoover Institution and promised me all the help I might need in the future. (This was to prove a great help indeed!)

It turned out that among the employees of the Hoover Institution there were many Russian speakers, some from other Slavic countries. There was Professor Sworakowski, a Pole, who was extremely knowledgeable and active in acquiring library and archival materials (he immediately explained to me the layout of the archives, complaining that the Institution was too compliant with Soviet attempts to access the holdings), and there was also a friendly Serb by the name of Drachkovitch.

We were given a conference room with a massive table to work in, and the staff kept bringing materials I had located in the card catalogs: inventories, archival boxes, binders, folders with personal testimonies, books, old newspapers. We also met Anna Bourguina, who during the years of the Revolution had been married to Irakli Tsereteli and after his death had become the wife of the socialist Boris Nicolaevsky. Nicolaevsky had amassed an extensive and renowned archive, and after his death Anna Bourguina had become its custodian at the Hoover Institution. (She also gave me a detailed account of the March days of 1917 at the Tauride Palace in Saint Petersburg; she and four other girl students had been commissioned by the revolutionary palace commandant Colonel Peretz to keep an eye on the arrested tsarist ministers and to serve them tea.)

Alya and I worked a full week, four hands on deck, without respite, Alya focusing on the Nicolaevsky archive while I made my way through the card catalogs and inventories, mapping out a future work plan, but also digging through a number of memoirs and rare editions that I had never seen or heard of.

Even for San Francisco we had no more than two hours to spare, driving through without so much as leaving the car. A picturesque city built on hills.

A large Chinese district. From the heights, a majestic view of the bay with the long humming arc of the suspension bridge hovering above the Golden Gate.

In the city we visited heroic Ariadna Delianich, who had such vivid memories of World War II; she had been through postwar concentration camps—British ones. She was a large woman with a determined face, and she alone was now shouldering the burden of the newspaper *Russkaya Zhizn* (*Russian Life*) here on the West Coast; but the newspaper was on the wane, the Russian language dwindling, its readers departing for another world.

The Pashins also took us to the ocean south of the city, the shore gently curving. Waves were rolling in, smooth, immeasurably long, unbroken, over six feet high, the seascape unchanging. It was a beautiful beach, but though it lies at a latitude of 37° and it was May, the water was so icy that there was not a soul to be seen.

But the time had come to visit the Old Believers. From San Francisco we headed north by train to Salem, from what I remember, where we rented a car. Here Oregon is almost flat, but strangely dotted with a great number of small, narrow copses that divide the land into separate fields. On a sunny day, before we could even ask directions to the village we were looking for, we saw first in one field, then in another, the figures of unmistakably Russian women and girls hard at work, all wearing bright Russian peasant dresses, a sight our Soviet eyes were no longer used to. They were weeding strawberry fields (Oregon supplies the whole of the United States with strawberries). Throwing caution to the wind, we spoke to them in Russian right away, and they answered us in the purest Russian. Our hearts brimmed over with joy: suddenly here we were in Russia, and what a Russia! This was where we should settle!

The Old Believers we had come upon turned out to be from the Belaya Krinitsa denomination and were originally from Siberia, having migrated during the Revolution to Harbin, in China, which was why they were called “Harbinites.” After the rise of Mao they left for Brazil, where they worked their fingers to the bone on plantations, but kept sinking deeper into poverty. The entire community only managed to escape to the United States with the aid of Alexandra Lvovna Tolstaya.

We went to Kirill and Feodosya Kutsev’s house, where we also met their seven or eight children (with names like Job, Anisya, Domna) and the grandparents Pyotr Fyodorovich and Iskiteya Antipovna. Iskiteya’s brother, the priest Abram Antipovich, also came. They were all solidly built, as if from a single mold, Kirill sturdy as a hero from one of our old epics. They were cheerful and merry people, their names unmistakably matching the saints of

the calendar, and there was much hearty and cheery conversation. And yet the adults of the family could not sit at the same table with us! That divide that our ancestors had drawn some three centuries ago still had not healed. They seated us with the children, though they served us a veritable feast, the other adults sitting down after we had taken our meal. The children—that was the challenge! They were particularly preoccupied by the problem of raising their children here, and we talked about that a great deal. Notwithstanding the power of spiritual influence from within the Old Believer families, the children inevitably went to American public schools, and were assailed from all sides by every kind of permissiveness. How else were these children going to engage in American life one day? But at home the Old Believers strove to strengthen the children spiritually; they had no television, they read in Russian. A neighbor's wife, who had a limp, was teaching them how to read Old Church Slavonic. And the children's clothes were homespun and entirely Russian. Alya and I were given a gift of two brightly embroidered shirts. We took a group photograph.

Other neighbors from the village came over as well, among them Zhenya Kulikova, whose sad fate touched us. Every summer her husband had gone fishing off the coast of Alaska, venturing as far as the shores of Kamchatka, and one summer he and his boat had disappeared without a trace. It was unclear what the circumstances had been: had he drowned or been seized by the Soviets? (There were certain signs pointing to the latter possibility.) For five years this young, strong-willed woman, in the bloom of life, the mother of three children, had been neither a widow nor a married woman. If her husband was alive, it would have been an unforgivable sin to remarry, but how could she find out for sure if he had perished? She had written to an Oregon congressman, and the Americans had contacted the Soviets for information, but to no avail. She asked me if I might not venture to write to the Soviet regime. (Alya sent a note by clandestine mail through Aleksandr Ginzburg, checking with our prison-camp connections to see if the man was perhaps being held in one of the camps. But nobody had heard anything.) We were to keep in touch with Zhenya, exchanging letters.

It turned out that we were not even permitted to stay the night with the Old Believers, so how were we to consider settling here? But we were invited to stay at the nearby Benedictine monastery of Mount Angel near Woodburn. One of the monks there, Brother Ambrose, had declared himself a zealous Russian Orthodox, an Old Believer, and he always came to visit the community. He had set up a chapel for the Old Believers at the monastery, a

venture the monastery had not opposed. (The Old Believers were quite perplexed by this: might it not be some ruse to seize their souls? But for the time being they coexisted amicably with Mount Angel.) We spent two or three nights at the monastery.

It was the Feast of the Ascension. On the morning before, on 11 June, we went to the service at the church of the *bespopovtsy* (the “Nekrasov Cossacks” who had come here from Turkey, and the others call them “Turks”), but we were given a welcome that was quite cold, even hostile. They would not let us enter the chapel, but, as a great concession, permitted us to stand by the porch at the entrance.

So much for being among our own . . .

That same evening we went back to the village of the Belaya Krinita Old Believers for the vigil of the Ascension. Their church was filled, the men all wearing black peasant shirts, the women in bright and colorful smocks. The service was long and rigorous, but everyone was welcoming. We spent Ascension Day there, as well.

Only God knows how much time we are allotted on earth, and I felt this acutely in June of 1975. When I had been in prison camp at Ekibastuz, I once had had an extremely vivid dream: it was a cold bright day, the sky very high; a balcony door torn from its hinges stood ajar, and a clear voice told me distinctly that I would die on 13 June 1975. I awoke with a vivid memory of the dream, and wrote down the date in my notebook—I have kept the note to this day. Back then, a dream that predicted twenty-five more years of life was most encouraging, particularly in a prison camp! But who would have thought—the twenty-five years had now passed. The thirteenth was to fall on the Friday after the Ascension, and Alya and I thought it would make sense for me to remain at the monastery that day and not go anywhere at all.

While I was still at the Hoover Institution, a call had come through for me from the East Coast of the United States: Harvard University was inviting me—for 12 June—to receive an honorary doctorate. They had already contacted me in Zurich the year before, but I had refused and did not fly to America just for the occasion. So here they were again, and now, too, I did not want to change my itinerary just for that, flying all the way across the continent. And then the fateful 13 June of my dream was looming. So I refused. (They were offended, and for three years did not renew the invitation, the ceremony finally taking place in 1978.)

And then there was another call, this one from George Meany, who had heard about my odd entry into the United States by way of Alaska (as

though I had somehow entered through the back door). I had also turned down his invitation the year before, and now he was asking me to speak at an AFL-CIO<sup>8</sup> dinner in Washington and at their main meeting in New York, but since it would be at the end of June, I could fit it into my itinerary with my other tasks and research.

In this country people simply will not leave one in peace, it's a constant barrage! How were we to live here? America was cornering me before I had even managed to find a place where I could settle down and bring my family. Come to this symposium, to this convention, to that meeting! No, to that one! Come now, right away, now! On the other hand, when and where was I to speak out if not now, after America's defeat in Vietnam? What I had to say to them was going to be extremely unpopular, but it had to be said at this most timely moment. I accepted George Meany's invitation.

It was now urgent for Alya to return home to the children, but our plan was that she would try to come back to America for my public appearances. In Portland (here, too, a bunch of skyscrapers) I put her on a plane, and then I set out to Canada to return to the East Coast by train, to make perhaps one last attempt at finding a place where we could live.

At times we have only a vague vision of what the future holds, but sometimes this vision turns out to be spot-on. Sometimes this has happened to me too; though then one begins to act in that direction, so that the vision and the result get mixed up. In connection with the life I was planning in America, I had the vision (but also the desire and intention) that I would return to Russia, not by way of Europe (and not to Moscow, which had only vaguely shared in Russia's terrible years, not to mention that I was never a resident of Moscow), but by way of the Pacific Ocean and Vladivostok. I would also return not through the usual parade ground, but would do as I have done in the United States, and then travel a long, long time through Russia, stopping everywhere, getting to know people—*that* would mean *returning to Russia*. (If extraordinary circumstances do not force me in another direction, that is exactly what I will do.)

Thus the significance of the journey from Vancouver grew in importance. I bought a ticket quite easily at the station, placed my luggage in a locker, and, looking forward with pleasure to the long and comfortable train journey, I strolled for about two hours along a high walkway between the silver train cars of the Canadian Pacific and the harbor, from where ships leave, probably also to Vladivostok. Without its ocean bay, Vancouver would be like any other Canadian city, with a group of skyscrapers herded together at



its center, revolving billboards, a mass of single-story houses and multiethnic streets. But the bay changed everything, with the bluish mountains immersed in grey mists across the water. Leaden clouds roamed across the sky (and against that background a sparkling white airplane), ships were putting out to sea. It was as if I were strolling along the ridge of my own life: about to travel eastward to figure out if someday I would sail westward, to the very Far West—and then to our Russian Far East?

I spent the whole next day lying in my roomette without getting up, my eyes taking in the vista of the oncoming landscape, and for the whole day British Columbia was passing by. The incredible beauty of the Rocky Mountains, the rocks looming right above the tracks, which had to be protected with iron netting from rockslides, the tracks often having to pass through tunnels; sometimes the formations were so dense that the rails and the highway could not run next to each other but had to pass through their own tunnels at different levels; at other times the formations opened out into an immense basin of a mountain valley bathed in the sun, remains of snow on summits, and five minutes later there would be another valley with swirling low clouds. A hazy sparkling green river coming right up to the tracks, then falling away, then gathering into a raging torrent with white crests, or pouring out onto the broad floodplain of light stones and pebbles. There were forests here, real forests, strong, powerful, pristine; dense coniferous forests, but no birch trees. British Columbia would probably be a good place for us to settle down in. Though what would have been truly ideal would have been living by Lake Baikal, in one of the valleys. (The reason our search was so scattered here was because we were not in our own country; back home things would have gone much faster.) But there is a limit to how far a person can go against the grain. I was torn by the never-ending conflict within me: to write or to do battle?

So it was truly wonderful to lie in my roomette without having to disembark until Pembroke, in Ontario, where I was to meet with Alex Vinogradov to continue my search for a place to settle down. But I decided to make a stop in Winnipeg, Canada's Ukrainian center, to visit the Ukrainians there. They have something like a pan-Ukrainian parliament abroad, an international Congress of Free Ukrainians, which gathers together a number of different Ukrainian movements, and this under the auspices of two different Ukrainian churches, one Catholic and the other Orthodox of a kind (a self-styled branch with noncanonical election of bishops since 1918). The Russian émigrés, on the other hand, belonging to different churches, refuse to come to-

gether, their churches feuding, and consequently some two million émigrés (nobody knows the exact number) are scattered in small isolated cells doomed to dissolve into nothingness. So all that remains for Russia, all that will influence it, are the books of the intellectuals of the First Wave of the Russian emigration, the disputes of the years between the two World Wars, and the inane scribbles of the columnists and commentators of the Third Wave.

But how were the Ukrainian émigrés faring? There seemed to be far greater cohesion among them, but, strangely, this cohesion seemed somehow inert: they were not undertaking anything against the Soviet power, and would not even speak out against it categorically. Their only aspiration is to live, to live in the West, where one can have quite a good life, and wait until liberation will descend upon them from the Heavens, liberation from both the Communists and the Russians. And if you press them to fight, they are prepared to battle only against the *moskals*.<sup>9</sup> I met with Wasyl Kushnir, the president of the Ukrainian group, along with the senior ranks of the diocese, and we got together in the evening to talk with some twenty or so people from the local intelligentsia. I could sense their state of mind, and told them quite openly that, when the time came, many would step up to the plate when it was a matter of their claiming their share of freedom, but what were they prepared to do in order to win freedom? One of those present supported me indirectly, blaming his compatriots: how many people did Petliura have fighting at his side? Why, only thirty thousand men, the rest hid in their houses.

The Ukrainian question is among the most dangerous issues for our future. It could deal us a bloody blow at the very hour of liberation from the Communist yoke, and strategists on both sides are ill-prepared for this. I feel the burden of this issue on my shoulders, largely because of my heritage. I sincerely wish the Ukrainians happiness, and would like to work together with them, putting all enmity aside with a view to solving this bitter issue: I would like to bring reconciliation to this dangerous split. Furthermore, I was friends with people from western Ukraine in the Ekibastuz Special Camp where I witnessed their unrelenting spirit, and I respect the courage with which this manifested itself. I never sensed the slightest rift between us in our solidarity against the Soviet regime. I believe that in Ukraine there are still many of my comrades from the camps who will facilitate a future conversation. It will not be any easier to speak to the Russians. It is of little use to try to make the Ukrainians see that we all, in spirit and origin, hail from Kiev, nor do the Russians want to envision that a different people live along

the Dnieper River. The Bolsheviks have sown resentment and discord of all kinds: these killers inflamed and cut wounds deeper wherever they went, and when they leave we will be left in a state of decay. It will be extremely difficult to argue prudence. But I will put into it whatever voice and weight I have. Come what may, there is one thing of which I am certain: If, God forbid, there is a war between Russia and Ukraine, I will have nothing to do with it, nor will I permit my sons to join.

Alex Vinogradov and I spent some more time driving around Canada, but we simply could not find land that was suitable. My heart was no longer in it; I could not see myself living in this country. And I suggested to Alex that we should perhaps look for a place in the United States. What state was closest to where we were? Vermont?

Meanwhile, the time was approaching for me to go to Washington for my talk, for which I had to prepare. We crossed over to the United States near the Thousand Islands. Every time I cross the border from Canada to the United States I have the impression of entering an ordered, well-managed space. It was becoming clear that the United States was the right place for me to settle down; and it was not at all crowded, as I had imagined it to be, not in the least! Nature here is robust, and the forests have not been logged and are in excellent condition.

It was already Pentecost, the Feast of the Holy Trinity, and Alex and I attended the vespers service at the monastery in Jordanville.<sup>10</sup> I thought it might be a good idea to stay at the monastery and prepare my talks, but I had forgotten that this was the patronal festival, and there was a large gathering of pilgrims, with all the rooms occupied. The monastery is impressive: it had struck root so far away from the motherland, keeping the Russian spirit strong despite the corroding encroachment of foreign modernity. But look how far the Russian Church had to retreat, after having originally planned just a few years' retreat in the Balkans.<sup>11</sup> In addition to the Jordanville monastery there is a seminary, a printing press, and, of course, portraits of Nikolai II everywhere. On the portal of its cemetery church there is an inscription devoted to the royal family (whom they consider as the *first* martyrs of the Revolution, somehow completely passing over the thousands of people who had been shot *before* the royal family had been). And yet on the other side of the entrance there is the all-encompassing inscription: "In prayerful memory of the leaders and soldiers of the White Russian Army, the Russian Corps, the Russian Liberation Army and all who laid down their lives battling godless Communism, and who were tortured and killed in the times of upheaval.

Lord, Thou knowest their names.” Back in the Soviet Union we are not even permitted to utter these names without a curse on our tongues. But one day everything will come together, everything will be recognized.

The Russian pilgrims visiting the monastery had filled all the hotels within a twenty-mile radius, and Alex took me to Otsego Lake, north of Cooperstown; it was only later that I realized that this was where James Fenimore Cooper was from, whom I had been reading since childhood. Alex drove off in his car, leaving me stranded in some little motel.

I had with me some political notes I had made the year before and a shortwave radio that provided me with fresh news, all the reports firing me up. The United States was trying to whitewash and gloss over its agonizing defeat in Indochina; and it was also losing influence in India. (It was in those days that Indira Gandhi had proclaimed a dictatorship.) In Africa too Communism was seeping through, and had already successfully spread to Angola.

To me it was clear that Communism could not last forever. It was decaying from within, chronically ill, but on the outside seemed immensely powerful, marching forward with great strides! And it was marching forward because the hearts of the affluent people of the West were timid, timid due to that very prosperity. But with Communists, as with thugs, you must show unrelenting toughness. In the face of toughness they will relent, toughness they respect.

But who will demonstrate the necessary toughness? How decisive the next American president’s views must be, how unwavering his heart! How will such a president arise?

Silence and solitude: without them I cannot manage. It was a great task for me to turn away from my work and drag my soul into this fleeting and fast-flowing political battle, initially by forcing myself, and then at full speed. The most difficult thing is overcoming one’s inertia, changing direction; once one is in motion, heading in the direction one has chosen, much less effort is needed. So I spent the whole Feast of the Trinity, four days, working on my two speeches, and both now were beginning to crystalize: the first being basically about the Soviet Union as a state, the second about Communism as such.

Then a Russian émigré from the Senate staff, Victor Fediay, a wiry and energetic man from Poltava with a darkish complexion, drove me to Washington by car. It was a drive of many hours and as we were talking he gave me a taste of the seething and bilious tangles and intrigues of Washington’s inner circles, which turned out to be more sinister and heartless than I had

pictured. The country was not being run by responsive and humane men, but by cynical politicians. Whom among them could I hope to convince, to sway? And to what end?

We drove through the attractive and varying landscape of upstate New York, then along typical highways down to Washington, arriving toward evening. My two first impressions were of the massive Mormon temple (standing off to the side and not open to everyone), and the streets in the center of the capital where there are only black people, an odd-looking sight. (The whites are leaving for the suburbs, while the blacks settle in the center, Fediay explained.)

Meany had arranged for me to stay at the Hilton Hotel, in the so-called “presidential” suite on one of the top floors. It was an excessively large space, not a room but rather a succession of chambers, with security posted outside my door. So was this how major politicians lived? Leading the masses while aspiring to have as little contact with them as possible? So I had three more days in an air-conditioned cage to continue preparing my speeches. We had great difficulty finding a skilled simultaneous interpreter, as all the Russian interpreters in Washington were involved with Soviet and American diplomacy, and consequently barred from translating for me. Fortunately, a United Nations interpreter was found who only worked for them as a freelancer, the talented Harris Coulter, a man who was warmhearted in a very Russian way, and we had such great rapport that we could have gone on a year-long speaking tour together. My utter trust in him made it possible for me to rehearse with him the day before—that is, to more or less give the speech I was planning for the following day (I had not written it down), and to gauge the time and help him figure out how he might render difficult parts. However, he did not dare tackle the first speech on his own and brought in a colleague: a rather strange lady who was Russian, but not Soviet, and a very capable interpreter, even entering a kind of trance while she was working; but the instant she walked in, she informed me rather coldly that she did not share my political views and did not wish to be associated with them in any way, a declaration that was somewhat unusual for a Russian émigré, though evidently she could not afford to turn her back on Soviet interpreting assignments. She disappeared after I gave my first speech.<sup>12</sup>

As we had agreed, Alya arrived to support me in Washington before I was to appear, and immediately got me out of a difficult spot with some good advice. My speech was burning within me, thought for thought if not

word for word, and I felt it would be a shame to read it the way all those Soviet charlatans do, and quite a few in the West as well. But it was vital in speaking never to stray from my order of thought and never to miss an apt expression, and this sparked a tension within me that affected the whole tone of my speech, depriving it of its effortlessness, and hence its impact. I did not have a whole text at hand, but a number of points written out in what had already become a bundle of notebook pages. Alya's advice was to go up to the podium with my bundle of notes, hold them in my hand (without letting them interfere with my gestures), and look at them whenever I needed to. A simple enough idea, a simple method, but one has to come up with them. I did as Alya suggested and immediately a great weight fell from my shoulders, it was all so simple. This was a method with which I could conjure up a hundred speeches in advance. And, indeed, in my fired-up state, I was ready to give a hundred speeches, but held myself in check.

Some two thousand people attended, as well as a number of guests of honor (among them Patrick Moynihan, who was the United States Ambassador to the United Nations, Secretary of Defense Schlesinger, and the former Secretary of Defense, Melvin Laird). The event began with a banquet, as American etiquette prescribes, and we sat on the stage facing the audience, along with the AFL-CIO leadership and guests of honor, first of all gorging ourselves (a terrible custom!). I was somewhat thrown off when I was to begin my speech, with everyone at their tables, some still not having finished their dessert. There was an extremely touching moment during George Meany's introduction when two former prison camp inmates were invited onto the stage: Alexander Dolgun (whom I knew through Georgi Tenno in Moscow) and Simas Kudirka, the Lithuanian defector who had initially been returned to the Soviets by the Americans, but whose release the Americans had recently helped to obtain. We greeted one another in a brotherly embrace, planting firm kisses on each other's cheeks before this audience that was so ignorant of our ordeals that they had never been through, but that was prepared to hear our words, which gave us hope.

I was not in the least nervous—not that I had expected to be, judging by my previous speeches; yet I had never experienced anything like this before. I felt as if I were standing on international heights, my words resounding and lasting. Released from the task of having to remember what I had to say, I now found the necessary freedom for every utterance and movement. I caught the audience off guard with my sudden announcement: “Proletarians of all

countries, unite!” as if a Soviet agitator had somehow appeared in their midst, but it was the announcement of Soviet prison-camp inmates reaching out to American trade unions, perhaps the only ones in the world who in the bitter years of the late 1940s had not betrayed them, and who constantly reminded the world of the slave-labor camps in the Soviet Union, even publishing a map of those camps.

In giving this speech<sup>13</sup> there was also something else from which I was liberated, and that was from any doubt about the necessity, timeliness, direction, and impact of my salvos. I struck out at the Communist cannibals, and I did it with all the force within me; this force had been surging all my life, and now burst forth all the more passionately due to the demise of Vietnam. I believe that in all their fifty-eight years no one had lashed the Bolsheviks as harshly as I did with the two speeches I gave in Washington and New York. (I believe they regretted having expelled me from the Soviet Union instead of locking me up.)

Though I came to the United States a year after my initial invitation, with the attention on me no longer so heated, the timing was still good. It is true that many people were stunned by my sharp tone, and television stations did not carry my speech, even though up on the balcony the cameras were rolling without pause. An angry big-city newspaper called my speech foolish, but other commentators compared the two speeches I gave with Churchill’s Fulton speech (about Stalin’s “Iron Curtain”), and I must say, without undue modesty, that I agreed then with that assessment. A few years had to pass, as they now have, for me to leaf through these speeches and for me to be surprised at my confidence back then. As a result of the great change within me, I would *not* give such speeches today: I no longer see America as a close, faithful, and staunch ally in our quest for liberation as I had felt in those days. Definitely not!

If I had only known! If someone back then had made me aware of the shameful Public Law 86-90 of the United States Congress (of 1959), where the Russians were not named among the peoples oppressed by Communism, but where Russia itself—not Communism—was identified as the global oppressor (of China as well, and of Tibet, not to mention such nonexistent states as “Cossackia” and the “Idel-Ural”). And on the basis of this law Americans observe “Captive Nations Week” every July.<sup>14</sup> (And to think that we, deep in the Soviet heartland, naïvely sympathized with this commemoration! We had been grateful that we, the enslaved, had not been forgotten!) It would have been an ideal moment for me to strike out at the hypocrisy of this law!

But alas, I did not know about it then, and was not to know about it for several years to come.\*

Unfortunately, our compatriots in the Soviet Union were to hear little of the salvos I had fired with my two speeches: Kissinger for a long time prevented the Voice of America from broadcasting me, and the BBC and Radio Free Europe were also beginning to avoid me as an “authoritarian figure,” which was how I was being portrayed after my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders*.

Meany, in a sly move, had also invited the State Department, congressional leaders, and President Ford to the banquet. But needless to say none of those others came, and neither did Ford. Kissinger, the big honcho of détente, had warned him in no uncertain terms that he would run the risk of ruining relations with the USSR. On 26 June 1975, four days before my speech, the State Department sent a memo to the White House that said: “The Soviets would probably take White House participation in the affair (a banquet honoring Solzhenitsyn) as either a deliberate negative signal or a sign of administration weakness in the face of domestic anti-Soviet pressures. . . . Not only would a [Solzhenitsyn] meeting with the President offend the Soviets but it would raise some controversy about Solzhenitsyn’s views of the United States and its allies. . . . We recommend that the President not receive Solzhenitsyn.”<sup>16</sup>

Up to this point the president had not sent me an invitation to the White House, nor had I expressed any interest in going; the matter had not been discussed. But a devil-may-care journalist seemed to have picked up a scent that something was up, and began firing questions at the White House press secretary as to why the president had not extended an invitation to me. Somewhat at a loss, the press secretary furnished reasons that were not particularly convincing, and as a result the rumor grew that the White House had snubbed me, a rumor that was to deal a painful blow to Ford. (He was accused of “insulting Solzhenitsyn,” though I see no insult in the matter.)

We hardly got to see Washington at all, just a stroll with Rostropovich near the Lincoln Memorial, one of his concerts at the Kennedy Center, and a hurried hour visiting the Library of Congress. Alya seized the opportunity to visit a small but exquisite museum of Impressionist art. We also let ourselves be talked into seeing Makarova dance with the American Ballet

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\* To this day, the Congress of Russian Americans is striving to push for a revision of this law; I have been asked to help, but still nothing has come of it. (Author’s note, 1986.)<sup>15</sup>



Theater, a performance of two sections that had been hastily thrown together—Makarova’s hesitant classicism and the American company’s naturalistic and frenetic eroticism. We even went backstage to meet Makarova, feeling it our duty as compatriots, but that only led to awkwardness on both sides; we had nothing in common.

On America’s Independence Day we went to Williamsburg, Virginia, where three centuries of history and crafts had been re-created in a picturesque manner. There was also a parade in costumes of the eighteenth century, with old carriages and small cannons.

We were then taken to New York and put up at the Americana Hotel<sup>17</sup> on some unbelievably high floor, the only air in the room being pumped in by a machine, the view from the sealed windows hellish beyond belief. Deep down in the concrete canyons the streets teemed with cars as if with insects (a good third of them yellow—New York City cabs, it turned out), inhuman skyscrapers all around (sporting seventy-foot-high cigarette billboards), and from the roofs, those that were below us, came unrelenting clouds of vapor (the byproduct of the cooling systems). No sooner had we settled in than a mighty storm broke out over the city, worthy of *The Master and Margarita*,<sup>18</sup> and then a second storm. Even fearless Alya was alarmed, but I told her not to worry, that according to popular lore storms were a good sign. “God’s mercy embraces even such an inhuman monstrosity.” I cannot imagine an uglier city.

In the prison cell of the room, again with security posted outside, I remained under lock and key until the hour I was taken by elevator to a new audience, a new banquet, to give my next speech. Without fresh air and with this unchanging demonic view from the window, locked up like a prisoner, I did not envy the lot of the politician.

I gave my New York speech<sup>19</sup> on 9 July with the same passion and conviction with which I had given my Washington speech, thrusting a spear into the jaw and ribs of my nemesis, the Soviet Dragon, cutting through its flesh, piercing it to the quick, telling the Communists everything they had not been told. (The labor unions published the speeches in an edition of 11 million copies,<sup>20</sup> and it was at that point that the KGB began cooking up a malicious pseudo-biography of me penned by the Czech Tomáš Řezáč with the help of KGB officers from Rostov and elsewhere.)

The following day I accompanied Alya once more to her plane for Zurich. I still had to stay on for a few appearances into which I had been cornered. On Sunday I appeared on *Meet the Press*.<sup>21</sup> (In the half-hour we were on the air they managed to interrupt us with a bra commercial.) I was ex-

pecting a major confrontation with the journalists, but the discussion was rather dull. The four journalists sat self-importantly in a row, puffing up with an air of solemnity when their turn came to ask a question. They kept trying to make me contradict what I had said in my speeches. I got the impression that they saw me as an enemy. Only my old acquaintance Hedrick Smith did not go on the offensive, telling the audience of the weight I carried in the East Bloc and in Europe, and explaining under what circumstances he had met me in Moscow and Zurich.

The next day I was dragged off to another television interview, to present the anthology *From Under the Rubble*. (With the help of my name our anthology sold throughout the United States in far higher numbers than anyone had expected.) The interviewer turned out to be the American celebrity Barbara Walters, who arrived twenty minutes late. Under normal circumstances I would not have waited, but there was our anthology to consider. Once she arrived, she began showering me with questions about American politics and Kissinger. I brought the conversation back to the anthology, she brought it back to politics, and so we talked on for half an hour, though the segment was to be fifteen minutes long. I watched the program the following day, and they only broadcast the political part of what I had said. There was no discussion of the anthology. I immediately reached for my pen and wrote this Barbara a peremptory letter, telling her I am about to make a fundamental decision with regard to the American media, and will make it based on whether or not they air the fifteen-minute segment of our discussion on *From Under the Rubble*. A week later I looked again—they were broadcasting the segment.<sup>22</sup>

In the two weeks that had passed, the mainstream American press missed no opportunity of tearing my speeches apart. True, one article pointed out that “it is always to the advantage of the West to be reminded of the threat of Communism and its treachery,” and some other pieces were in fact quite sound, but for the most part things were being written such as: “Solzhenitsyn is summoning us to a crusade for the liberation of his countrymen.” (I had done nothing of the kind!) Drowned out was the protest of the *Washington Star* that I was not calling the West to a crusade, but only asking that it *stop aiding the oppressors*. The free American press is entirely deaf to whatever is not to its advantage, preferring to hear what it wants to hear. And the Voice of America, mindful that its boss was Kissinger, highlighted the hostile responses in its press summary for its Soviet listeners, even going so far as to dig up an editorial in the *Cleveland Press*<sup>23</sup> to distort for Russian ears the meaning and significance of my speeches.

While I was in New York I managed to spend two days at Columbia University, unfortunately not more, working in the Russian-language Bakhtmeteff Archive, reading some excellent émigré accounts. I met with the heads of Columbia's Russian Institute. (It turned out that we had no common ground whatsoever.) In Manhattan, on the border of Harlem, I also visited Roman Gul, recently widowed, who was the editor of the Russian quarterly the *Novy Zhurnal* (*New Review*)—he had actually taken part in the Ice March!<sup>24</sup> God, how sad it is to end one's life in exile and all alone in the concrete canyons of New York!

Meanwhile, I had received an invitation by telegram from twenty-five senators asking me to meet with them in a conference hall at the United States Congress. (Some of the politicians were put out that they had missed hearing me speak when I was in Washington.) This country was running me into the ground! I went back to Washington, this time by train, my favorite way of traveling, and on the train finished composing the speech I would give to the senators, a short one. My interpreter Harris Coulter and I decided that this time I would actually write out the speech, and that he would do the interpreting while also referring to the written version.

We were expected at the Congress on 15 July. The police halted all traffic at the intersection, and two senators who laid special claim to me—the Republican Jesse Helms (who had put me up for honorary citizenship) and the Democrat Henry Jackson (a passionate opponent of the USSR)—seized me the instant I emerged from the car. Jackson acted as if this was the greatest moment of his life, but his eyes remained blank, which sent a shudder through me: the world of politics! They led me along a kind of corridor where I was met with applause from above, and then on to a rotunda before an audience made up of some thirty senators, again as many congressmen, and whoever else had managed to get in. Coulter and I read out the speech alternately in small sections, with a smoothness as if the speech were being given only in English, while the two leading senators had squeezed themselves next to us on the podium, vying with each other to demonstrate how close we were.

Now, in 1978, I have reread that speech<sup>25</sup>—it still reads well, and had come easily to me back then. (Today I would not be able to say *this* to an American public. It was all about how the different peoples of the world can understand one another despite their different experiences, and how their experience can be transmitted verbally. When I had given my Nobel Prize speech, I had thought that this was possible, and still believed it when I spoke before the Senate, but already six months to a year later I had lost all hope.) In

my speech before the Senate, I roused my listeners to strive for the international consciousness of a *great* people (all the while knowing that today's politicians were far from being up to the task, and that the American electoral system, with its manic fanfare and powerful financial intervention, blocks the rise of anyone great and independent). After my speech the people formed a long line to shake my hand, as is the American custom. (Among these people was a Senator Longo from Italy, which was to have consequences. And when Rostropovich's two daughters, Olya and Lena, came up to me at the end and I hugged them, the press took a photograph and published it as me kissing female employees of the White House.)

After my speech we proceeded to Jackson's office (with Helms also keeping pace), and suddenly the phone rang and the White House was on the line. Responding to my speech with American celerity (I had given it but ten minutes before), the president's staff invited me to come to the White House right away, this minute! That would not do—going to the White House *at this point*, after the media debacle about how they had “snubbed” me! I thanked them for the kind invitation, but refused. Then Senator Helms was called to the telephone, and they pressed him as their fellow Republican to intervene. While still on the phone with them he begged me to reconsider, but I was not to be swayed. This is the real reason why there was no reception for me at the White House, but poor President Ford ended up shouldering the blame.

The Washington scene did not allow me a moment's rest, and in the hours following my talk at the Senate there was a further consequence of my speeches and actions: Lane Kirkland (Meany's deputy), at whose house I was staying, called his wife and told her that Vice President Nelson Rockefeller was coming to dinner that evening. And he came. Meany arrived, Coulter was called in to interpret, and then the vice president appeared. (In the meantime, his bodyguards had cordoned off the house.) I must say that, contrary to the hopes I had expressed in my Senate speech, the vice president struck me as surprisingly unprepossessing: one's first impression was his colorless appearance, but it became increasingly clear in the three hours he sat there that he was bored, a number of times turning to the job at hand, which was to try to convince me to meet privately with Kissinger! (The vice president acting as the secretary of state's errand boy!) That I had speared the Soviet Dragon was clear enough, but it turns out that I had also struck a nerve with Kissinger, for although he had kept the president from meeting me he was now hurrying to make peace, or somehow placate me and rope

me in. But I was not at all interested in a private, behind-the-scenes meeting with Kissinger. And by now I was resolved that it would be best never to meet with people who seem to have an opaque agenda, which could lead to their later giving the meeting a false interpretation. This has become my general principle. But moreover, it would have been unbearable for me to meet with the man chiefly responsible for the capitulation of Vietnam. However hard Rockefeller tried to persuade me, my answer remained an unequivocal no. (For the rest of the evening Kirkland, his wife, and Meany complained to the vice president that the government was betraying Israel, though that hardly seemed to be the case.)

I feel that in those days I did to an extent manage—though perhaps not fundamentally or lastingly—to brake if not halt the decline of the American consciousness. It was a time when that consciousness was beginning to show the first flickering signs of emerging from its absolute low point in Vietnam and starting to demonstrate some mettle.

In Washington I received a letter from Alya, who was already back in Zurich, and in it was my first-ever letter from little Yermolai, written in a child's hand. I felt a surge of emotion, as though my son was being born again. Through these lines I began to feel that he was becoming a personality.

I did not allow myself to be roped into any further commitments in Washington: as far as I was concerned I had completed all my obligations there, and anything more would have been superfluous, so I left Washington the following day. I made a few personal visits (at the Dobuzhinskys<sup>26</sup> I arranged a meeting with one of my father's comrades-in-arms from the First World War). But it was not that easy to escape the Washington hullabaloo: at the Tolstoy farm near New York City, I suddenly read in a newspaper that the White House had informed the press that the president would gladly receive me *if only* I were so disposed. It had finally occurred to them to throw the ball into my court! The rules of the game demanded that I immediately make the next move. The Helsinki Conference<sup>27</sup> was looming, so I linked that to our possible meeting: President Ford has already pointed out that there is no need for a "symbolic" meeting between the two of us, with which I fully agree. Of course, I myself would have sought a meeting with him if I could have dissuaded him from recognizing at the Helsinki Conference the slavery of Eastern Europe. But it's to no avail: he will go to Helsinki and he will sign. We called the *New York Times* from the Tolstoy farm and gave them my rejection and the reason for it.<sup>28</sup> (As late as August, the White House was writing in response to letters from voters that the president was still

hoping to arrange a meeting with me. The whole thing must have left a bitter aftertaste.)

I had lunch with Tolstoy's daughter Alexandra, and we marveled at the tortuous Russian paths of the twentieth century. To think that I was now here! What was more, I had intended to send *her* an anonymous parcel of my first microfilms, entrusting them to her keep. And I had already written about her in *Archipelago*; now I inscribed for her a copy of *August 1914*, as if I were giving back to Tolstoy a work that could not have come about without him. Sitting right there with us at the table was none other than the daughter of General Samsonov!<sup>29</sup> And she said that I had portrayed her father exactly as he was. That, to me, was high praise.

My business on this continent was coming to an end. Now, too, near West Point I met William Odom for the first time. He was one of my "invisible allies," and I was able to firmly shake the hand of the man who had transported half of my archive, half of my life, out of the Soviet Union. I also visited the Russian summer school at Norwich University in Vermont.

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But what about my new home? Where was it? I almost felt as if I had already moved to America—at this point I would have loved to withdraw to my own four walls. But alas, the realtors in Vermont had yet to show Alex Vinogradov any property of interest, a suitable home, or even just an empty plot of land, not to mention that for the time being Alex was unable to drive me around. So I had no place to work, and time was passing. There was to be no move to America right now; my plans had come to nothing, and so (with all my suitcases in tow) I returned to Europe. It became clear that we would be spending another year in Zurich.

Alex put me on a plane in Montreal, the shortened night went by, and I opened my heavy eyes on 1 August and read in the newspaper that was being handed out in the cabin about the triumphs of the Helsinki Conference. (I was thankful to Fred Luchsinger, who predicted in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* that history would ultimately prove me right, not Kissinger.) The Helsinki matter cast a dark shadow over my return to Europe, a return that was already reluctant, sullen, and forced. I stepped off the plane as if my feet were not my own, somehow lost, with an acute feeling that this was the *wrong* place to be living. I felt caged in! I was returning to Europe, but in a sense I was not—I simply felt out of place.

I had wasted so much time! For *three months* I had not so much as touched my work!

Nor was Alya at home. Returning from America, she had decided to take the four boys, our little brood, to France, to the Russian Orthodox summer camp arranged by the Russian Student Christian Movement at Grenoble. These summer camps, which are like Boy Scout camps—or camps for “young knights”—are carefully set up by Russian émigrés throughout the diaspora in an effort to give their children a Russian environment under the care of good teachers, immersing the children in Russian warmth, strengthening their Russian language and their faith. Our unrelenting predicament was how to raise our children abroad but as Russians. For the three younger ones, a whole year had passed in which everyone, except for us at home, was foreign, speaking a language they could not understand. But the children were amazed when they arrived at the camp: everyone could speak Russian! (Not always particularly well, but nevertheless Russian . . .) Alya did not have an easy time of it—the children in the camp were all older than ours—but the trip proved a success and the boys brought back many happy memories.

After three months of absence my mail had accumulated, and among the letters was an invitation from the Prince of Liechtenstein to visit him at his castle near Vaduz. This was the same Prince Franz Joseph II of Liechtenstein, now a man of advanced years, who in 1945 had fearlessly given shelter to a detachment of some six hundred Russian émigrés who were retreating from Germany with their families; while the Great Powers, in an act of cowardice, had delivered Russian soldiers and refugees to Stalin, the prince of this tiny patch of land refused to relinquish anyone! (Only about a hundred individuals voluntarily went over to become Soviet prisoners.)

Viktor Bankoul and I had already visited the castle once before, without an invitation, on our way to Italy the previous spring. We had gone there with the intention of conveying to the prince the gratitude of the Russian people. We had arrived early in the morning. The day had apparently not yet begun in the castle up on the hill, but, then again, what could one see from outside except for the stone edifice and its narrow windows. At the castle gates I wrote a note in German: “Your Highness, it is with much admiration and sympathy that I gaze upon this small country, which has found its modest and stable place in our bustling and chaotic world. We Russians will not forget that it had the courage to give shelter to Russian army soldiers in 1945 when the entire West, shortsighted and fainthearted, had betrayed them to their deaths.” We knocked at the gate, and the porter took us across the bridge over the

moat and along a cobbled path between stone walls to a small stone building. The secretary turned out to be a tall, white-haired, elderly man dressed in velvet. The prime minister had come hurrying over, he too in courtly attire, and I had given him the note. Less than a month later I happened to meet the prince and princess at the ceremony I attended in Appenzell, after which they had sent me an invitation, though I had already left for America for what I thought was to be for good. But now, having returned to Europe, and feeling particularly unsettled, unable to focus on my work, visiting Liechtenstein seemed a great prospect. So Viktor Bankoul and I drove out there once more.

Nowadays in Europe one can see a number of castles, though usually uninhabited. This castle, however, was inhabited by three generations of a large family, with private quarters, children with toys, crenels, narrow stone staircases; there was a museum of knightly weapons in the cellar and we were served lunch in the Knights' Hall, the servants in livery, the elderly prince with regal bearing. We were quite surprised to hear that the prince's daughter was in Washington working for some U.S. senator. Also at the table was the former prime minister, who had been in office in 1945<sup>30</sup> and had led the talks with General Holmston-Smyslovsky and had provided his troops with a safe haven. It turned out that the general himself was here in Vaduz. After visiting in the company of the princess the highest peak in the principality, where the family has a modern house to which I was invited to stay over the winter to work, we went to meet Smyslovsky. He turned out to be Boris Smyslovsky, the son of Aleksei Smyslovsky, one of the characters in my *August 1914*. I have long known his family's history—in Moscow I knew all his relatives—and there was an immediate warmth and mutual understanding between us.

These graceful, aged stones of Europe! How unlike those impersonal American roadside towns. So many streams of history converge here! Could I perhaps see myself settling down in Liechtenstein in the mountains? How hard it is to find one's ideal place, one's mooring!

I was yearning for a little peace and a return to my work, weary of being put through the grinder of politics. But where was I to work? The house at Sternenbergr was occupied that summer month, and in our house the attic was swelteringly hot, an impossible place, while all around, the city was full of noise, passersby peeking into our tiny backyard—how was I to work there? All this weighed upon me more and more.

And then there were all those letters, so many letters waiting to be answered, letters in all languages, already culled and sifted through by Alya with the help of Maria Aleksandrovna Bankoul. (She taught Russian literature at



the University of Zurich; like her husband, she was fluent in the major European languages.)

How could I immerse myself in my historical novel when a letter had been languishing in the pile for an entire month (it had been written three months earlier, but had been delivered in some unconventional manner). It was a copious letter filled with information, its opening words: “I turn to you as a compatriot, author, fighter, a human being, and a Christian! It is my duty to tell the truth and to prove that what I say is true, since all the witnesses are still forced to remain silent.” How could a chill not run down one’s spine? How could one not jump into action? (And this would not be the only cry for help; but how could I rush to everyone’s aid?)

This letter was about the tragic case of Lyuba Markish, a woman who was now disabled, having fallen victim to the frightful Soviet practice (of which news had already spread) in which they tested new chemical agents on unsuspecting people, such as chemistry students working as laboratory assistants. The tests on Lyuba Markish had taken place seven years earlier at the University of Moscow, and she had since emigrated and was now living in the States. But she was informing me about this too late; while I was in New York I could have spoken out about this crime. (Our Fund then provided her with a grant so that she could document her case in writing. She began this endeavor, but almost immediately the ubiquitous Soviet agents started terrorizing her as well as David Azbel,<sup>31</sup> a former Soviet chemical engineer who was championing her cause. Alya attempted through Maximov to arrange for Lyuba Markish to be included in the Sakharov Hearings<sup>32</sup> in Denmark, but to our amazement the organizers of the hearings, the circle around Sakharov, were not interested! Then Alya moved heaven and earth to have Lyuba speak before a Senate subcommittee.<sup>33</sup> But “in the interests of the United States,” the protocols of her testimony were not released.) How was one to muster the energy keep on fighting to proclaim the truth? There were so many similar cases of intolerable injustice, but where was one to find the time and strength to take them on?

On 25 August (Alya and the children had just returned from the summer camp) two high-ranking plainclothes officers came to see us. One was a slim, gray-haired, fine figure of a man whom I recognized from photographs taken at the airport when Alya and the children had arrived from Moscow. It turned out that he had also been present at the Zurich train station when I had first arrived from Germany. He now warned me that provocateurs had penetrated Czech émigré circles in Zurich, and that, according to local and

other European police sources, my name was on a hit list of international leftist terrorists. I was grateful for the warning, but not surprised. What else would one expect? I knew that the Soviets would not simply sit there quietly taking all my punches.

As for me, I was lost in this noisy city without a safe haven where I could work. But our guardian angel Elisabeth Widmer came to the rescue, finding me a shelter, the Holznacht Farm in the Basel countryside, a spacious three-story cottage with a dozen or so rooms that belonged to a large family, who promised to stay away for the three months I was to be there; and indeed, throughout that period nobody disturbed me. Unlike Sternenbergl, the area of the Holznacht Farm was a grassy slope entirely surrounded by woods and hills, almost like a natural courtyard. In order to see any distance one had to climb one of the hills, a broad mountain vista opening up all the way to where the Swiss, French, and German borders meet. But from the windows, the porch, and the veranda, the view was intimate and soothing. There were no passing cars here, nor tourists wandering by, and the farmer's house was some four hundred yards away. I was immersed in utter seclusion, but a seclusion that was extremely productive, the seclusion of the autumnal highlands. The window frames were carved in the old tradition and the furniture was antique; I brought firewood from the nearby woods, and in the evenings lit the tiled stove. The Basel FM dial offered plenty of classical music, and I kept pacing the veranda, which took fifteen strides to cross, and turned in for the night in the unheated bedroom upstairs, with the windows open. In this way I gradually managed to shut out everything, calm down, and return to my work.

It was a return, but it was not easy to get back to work with determination and focus. I began reading my *Diary R-17*,<sup>34</sup> the diary of my novel about the 1917 revolution, which had grown quite substantial. I found so many leads I had intended to follow but had dropped or not developed. There was no ready model for broaching a historical novel of such broad scope. Now my *August 1914*, which had already come out, also struck me as incomplete. The main thing missing was how the 1905 Revolution had cut a deep wound into Russia, but also how Russia had subsequently flourished under Stolypin and all the way until 1914. In this military Node of my novel I had barely touched on the revolutionaries—yet they were vital! Also apparent, and painfully so, was the stitching between *November 1916* and the unwritten *August 1915*. As for *November 1916*—alas, it was far from finished; in fact there was much I would have to rewrite; and seven years of work on it had already gone by. Did this mean I was incapable of completing my opus?

Was it an impossible task? But this work was my life! I was planning to begin right away with the third historical Node, *March 1917*, an even more difficult reality; with the pace of the Revolution in flux I would have to change the whole approach and dynamics of my writing.

While I kept treading water, mulling things over, I decided to focus on my characters, extending the lines of my plot to the sixth, seventh, or even the eighth historical Node. This I did. And so I gradually began to emerge from my crisis and was even rewarded with “avalanche days,” as I call them. (In the past, at Rostropovich’s house in Zhukovka, I had had many such days.) “Avalanche days” are particularly useful in moving forward on a work: for some unfathomable reason there are days when right from the start ideas begin pouring in, ideas and more ideas, deductions, all so promising, so domineering! You must seize them all before they slip away, you must write them down, faster and faster, the first, second, third idea, you are fired up, you cannot stay at your desk, you keep pacing and pacing, and thoughts, images, scenes keep coming and coming—if only I were able to capture at least some of them with rough jottings, to get a few ideas on paper.

And yet in the three months I was to stay in Holznacht, the outside world kept grabbing at me and inciting me. Whenever I went to the farmer’s house to call Alya in Zurich, she almost always told me about something worrisome that needed to be addressed, that had to be dealt with and taken care of.

For one thing, there was a wave of libel in the papers. This was a new kind of libel, one that was “friendly.” A Senator Longo from Italy (whose hand I had shaken in the Senate in front of a camera) published an extensive piece on a forty-minute one-on-one conversation I had allegedly had with him in which I supposedly talked to him at length about my views concerning Italian and world politics. Then the West German *National-Zeitung* published an extensive full-page “interview” with me, though without indicating the date of the interview or where it had taken place, or the name of the interviewer. It presented a broad range of questions and answers, and was in fact a straightforward paraphrasing of all the points I had made in my American speeches. But why did these crooks have to present them in the form of an invented interview? To boost the circulation of their paper? The Italian magazine *Cultura di Destra* also published an interview, indulging in the same form of “friendly fabrication.” This was piracy, a living person treated as if he were dead! So this was freedom of the press! These people from the Right were as dangerous as those from the Left, ready to skin one alive. I had no choice: I had to publish a refutation. [17]

In the meantime, the Left was not twiddling its thumbs. The venerable *Le Monde*, clearly perplexed that they had promoted me, printed the sensational news that I was heading to Chile for the second-anniversary celebration of the Pinochet regime.<sup>35</sup> It would have been interesting to know what their motive for this was. After all, a newspaper run by intellectuals, one imagines, ought to have known that, if it was a lie, it would be easy enough to refute. Being caught out would surely be shaming for them: but no! The main thing was to trumpet the news, whether true or false, so that every leftist would tear “Solzhenitsyn’s reactionary move” to pieces. Solzhenitsyn sends a refutation? Fair enough, we’ll print it in tiny type somewhere.<sup>36</sup> And those who do not read the refutation will doubtless remember the libelous news. (And remember it they did. I was to be reproached in print for many years for this invented “trip to visit Pinochet.”)

The truth is that hard-hitting speeches, like the ones I had given in America, are not without consequences. They evoke whirlwinds of sympathy or (even more often) of hatred, which flurry about for a long time, snatching at me, drawing me in. Alas, the pitfalls of getting anywhere near politics!

And then after my speeches the Austrian Writers’ Union wanted to hear me in Vienna and draw me into a debate at a symposium in defense of the ideals of socialism (the Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky was also intending to participate). Alya informed them that I could not come as I was now totally immersed in work, and also let slip that communications with me were difficult (meaning she could not call me at *Holznacht* as there was no phone). Suddenly the Austrian newspapers were featuring triumphant headlines such as: “Solzhenitsyn in deep depression, will see no one, not even his wife!” An American press agency then sent the scoop out worldwide. The result was that worried people from all over Europe began calling Alya: “He is in a depression? How terrible!” A red-letter day back at KGB headquarters in Moscow! I composed a reply that Alya sent to a newspaper that was positively disposed toward us, the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, which they printed, adding with a touch of irony: How strange—“a writer who doesn’t receive visitors, read letters, and now—foible of foibles!—even refuses to go to the PEN Congress in Vienna! . . . That an author needs quiet to be able to write might even be understood in PEN circles without garnishing this not-so-unusual act with devious speculations.”<sup>37</sup>

And then I was contacted by some Chinese officials who were in Switzerland and wanted to set up some sort of secret meeting. Their intentions were

clear as day! I would be quite a trophy for them, a hammer with which they could strike a blow at the Soviet leadership. No, thank you! I had no intention of being a pawn in their Marxist disputes. They could sort those out themselves. I informed them through an intermediary that I would not meet with them.

In the meantime *The Oak and the Calf* was about to come out in German. The notorious *Stern* magazine was lying in wait, on the lookout for the right moment, and, with the publication date drawing near, launched its attack. *Stern* had missed the opportunity of stopping the French edition with all that my book revealed about the magazine's underhanded actions in the Soviet Union against me, a number of months having already gone by; though perhaps *Stern* was not all that interested in focusing on France. But in Germany, *Stern's* home country, the magazine did not want to be publicly disgraced. Even if its editorial line aided the KGB, it was vital for *Stern* to be perceived as patriotic within Germany. It had already attacked the magazine *Quick* (and quite successfully) because of accusations of that kind, and people in West Germany were afraid of being sued. *Stern* had also attacked *Die Zeit* for publishing my sharp statements against their dealings, but the case did not make it to court as Countess Marion Dönhoff, *Die Zeit's* editor-in-chief, had taken the matter in hand and rebuffed *Stern* with great aplomb and fervor, pointing to the unequivocal underhandedness of *Stern's* actions against me in taking shots at me from undercover, against which there was no way I could have defended myself in the USSR. Countess Dönhoff also reminded her readers how *Stern* had conspired to have my *Prussian Nights* published to stir up trouble for me.<sup>38</sup> (But *generally* in the West there is a particularly barefaced audacity with which those accused of having links to the KGB use the legal system. This system allows such people to sidestep the law, since there is usually no written evidence, not to mention that they sometimes have powerful backing, money being no object and everything being taken care of.) The German publishing house Luchterhand had already typeset *The Oak and the Calf* and was preparing to bring it out when, on 2 September, *Stern's* lawyers filed in the Hamburg court to stop the publication. A notice was then sent to Luchterhand and to Éditions du Seuil in Paris, as well as to me in Zurich (though I was already at Holtznacht, hoping to work there in *peace and quiet*), informing us that we had until twelve noon on 5 September to reply. In order to avoid a penalty from the Hamburg regional court, we had to renounce our claim that the article published in *Stern* in 1971 (concerning my aunt and the Shcherbak family, which resulted in a vi-

cious Soviet attack on my background)<sup>39</sup> had been published through the efforts of the KGB. We also had to renounce our claim that the editor-in-chief of *Stern* was lying when he stated that his reporter had visited my aunt in Georgievsk (a city inaccessible to foreigners).

This notice (sent by regular mail, not express) reached Luchterhand only on 4 September, a copy arriving at Éditions du Seuil and Zurich even later, after I had left Zurich, but the ultimatum of 5 September remained etched in stone: we weren't even given the opportunity to think things through or confer with one another. An all-out attack! On 3 September, the swaggering editor of *Stern*, Henri Nannen, anticipating the notice, telephoned Luchterhand and made the same demand. It was early September, people were still on vacation, and Luchterhand's editor-in-chief was away; one of his coworkers, a man of weak nerves, was holding the fort. This coworker wavered, replying that although Luchterhand had no objections, it could not make any changes without permission from Éditions du Seuil, but he would get in touch with them immediately. Nannen coldly pointed out that he had already been successful in court countering charges of *Stern's* having connections with the KGB. The following day, on 4 September, the notice itself arrived at Luchterhand: There was less than a day to act. Luchterhand's lawyer knew the Hamburg law office that was suing, having dealt with them before, and sent them a reply by express mail and also calling them, confident that a delay could be arranged. Nothing doing! The head of the law office (Senft), who had signed the threatening notice, had just gone on vacation, and without him nobody could authorize a delay! So on 5 September, following the noon deadline, the Hamburg court, because of the urgency of the issue at hand, came to the following decision: The defendants are herewith prohibited from stating literally or by intimation, of claiming or implying, of diffusing or creating the impression, particularly in reference to the work *The Oak and the Calf* that . . . (in short, that the article which *Stern* had published concerning my aunt had come about through the efforts of the KGB, and that no reporter of *Stern* had ever met with my aunt). The defendants are herewith ordered to pay a deposit of 100,000 marks to cover the fees of the court case.

Luchterhand now begged the Éditions du Seuil, and Luchterhand's lawyer begged my lawyer Heeb, to convince me to remove all the contested text. Mitigating the text would be of no particular help, as even a mitigated version would still "create the impression or allow the impression to be created" that *Stern* did in fact collude with the KGB. As any intimation was prohibited, this would result in halting the book's distribution. According to German law, the

defendant bears the burden of proof, and Solzhenitsyn would not be able to furnish documents proving that *Stern* had colluded with the KGB.

Indeed, I would not be able to, and consequently *Stern* had an excellent chance of being declared blameless. And all this brouhaha came down upon me in the tranquility of Holznacht, where I had just begun reimmersing myself in *The Red Wheel*.

This was perhaps the first time, but I was to notice it in the future too: in legal clashes there is a physical sensation of tension in the upper chest, the tensing of muscles one feels in hand-to-hand combat, in this case a pointless tensing of the muscles, since this is a combat of souls. It is not a combat for which souls are suited: it is too low for them, and therefore a degrading encounter. (And then there is a long-term effect, an emptiness in the chest.) Legal battles are a profanation of the soul, an ulceration. As the world has entered a legal era, gradually replacing man's conscience with law, the spiritual level of the world has sunk.

The legal world! Nothing but chicanery! This is how the USSR can freely make its moves in the West, as neither KGB agents nor KGB bribery can ever be exposed with tangible proof. The Western court system is drowned in a litigious quagmire, choked by the letter of the law, the thread of its spirit lost, so often affording crooks and swindlers an advantage. Not to mention that a court case can drag on for months, even years, which works in these people's favor. Consequently, in the West one cannot speak out about these jackals freely and openly the way I used to speak out about the Communist threat hovering over me.

Fortunately, all these details and interminable German lawyers' letters did not manage to make their way to me at Holznacht (it is only now, three years later, that I am working my way through them), Alya was safeguarding my work to the extent she could, but the phone lines between Paris, Zurich, and Holznacht crackled with stress and anxiety. What an idiotic situation—and was I going to have to beat a retreat? How stupid and inane, to have to rein in what I say about the KGB now that I am here in the free West, while in the Soviet Union I could stand my ground and speak out against them. There I had carved out for myself far greater “freedom of speech”! So now, though I was seething with indignation, I had to sign a power of attorney for the lawyer of Éditions du Seuil for the court case, and had to stop my work and start leafing through the prickly pages of my *Oak and the Calf*. (This is what happens when you publish your memoirs too soon!) Where were those thrice-damned passages? How could I change them in time for the looming

German edition without changing the whole thing? To delay the entire book would be even more foolish.

Luckily, Claude Durand from the Éditions du Seuil, who manages all my literary affairs, was a man of cool-headedness, even audacity, with the dueling spirit of the Frenchmen of yore. He endeavored to pull us through all this with only minimal changes. The trick he proposed was simply to drop the name “*Stern*” in the places that were most dangerous, replacing it with an asterisk and a footnote that words referring to a certain West German magazine are currently the subject of litigation, and that the author has removed these words for the time being so as not to delay publication of the book.

That is what we did, and we did it in a hurry (the missing words were in the chapter “Nobeliana,” in the interview with the Americans),<sup>40</sup> and all things considered it ended up not to work to *Stern*’s advantage, in fact quite the opposite: even if the magazine was reduced to no more than an asterisk, many in Germany remembered its “exposé” of my aunt in Georgievsk. Thus, the interview with the Americans also remained in place, where it came out that the magazine enjoyed special advantages in the USSR, and that the Soviet Writers’ Union had called it “a source which we have every reason to believe,” followed immediately by a foreboding empty space, so that it was easy enough to guess the name of the magazine. The result was that these passages ended up being far more emphatic than if we had not excluded anything. Durand had managed to fool *Stern*! And *Stern*’s reputation as a mere tabloid remained uncontested and stuck.

Rarely does such a situation pass by so easily, not without God’s help. Once the matter was behind us, I never did look into the details. Apparently, Durand, had stood his ground, and *Stern* for some reason had wavered. In any case, the most difficult thing for me would have been to abandon Holznacht and enter the fray. But the whole thing somehow passed quietly and painlessly.

And yet, thinking back, it is amazing how easy it is to force us into retreat.

Needless to say, in the meantime the powers that be in the USSR continued on their path, people still disappearing, still being terrorized. Even the editor of the samizdat *Veche* (*Assembly*), Vladimir Osipov, was hit hard, try as he might to show loyalty to the Soviet government, whose name he always wrote in capital letters, always striving to see in this government a foundation for Russian national hopes, even going so far as to lead the polemics directed against me as a traitor to these hopes. They went after *him* of all people, and not after the leftist dissidents or the Jewish opposition movement that had



its own samizdat magazine, and Osipov was given an eight-year sentence as a repeat offender. During his trial I could not idly stand by, and made a public statement (from Holznacht, calling Alya in Zurich from the farmer's house and dictating my statement to her over the phone).<sup>41</sup>

And then Igor Shafarevich was targeted for taking part in the Sakharov Human Rights Committee, and for having published his piece in our anthology *From Under the Rubble*. He was no longer permitted to lecture at the University, despite being a scientist of world renown! I wrote a statement to the press<sup>42</sup> and sent personal letters to the foremost mathematicians.

It was during these days that, in Oslo, Sakharov won the Nobel Peace Prize—I had already nominated him for it in 1973<sup>43</sup>—and journalists from all over the world called us in Zurich asking what my opinion was at this very moment. The press was no longer interested in everything I had *already* said about the matter, which was typical of the media in the West, nor were they interested in what was to happen in twelve hours' time: the only thing that interested them was the present moment. Alya published my response.<sup>44</sup>

I was happy for Sakharov, and glad that his position in the USSR would be reinforced and that his defense of the persecuted would count for more. But I was also aware that he would continue to perceive the obstacles to emigration as the signal aspect of Soviet persecution. I never ceased to lament that this great son of our people, having always paid such a high price to assuage his conscience, would not take to heart the great task of our people's national rebirth.

It was also in that year that Sakharov published his pamphlet *My Country and the World*,<sup>45</sup> where he was still caught up in all the same ideas he had laid out in his "Reflections,"<sup>46</sup> which he had published seven years earlier. But his argument in *My Country and the World* was weaker, with an arbitrary lowering of his former high-mindedness, and of the general and particular points. This would have been an excellent opportunity for him to speak out on all the issues he and I had discussed, but this he declined to do: "Today I see no reason to continue the discussion," he wrote (though I think he would have been hard put to find arguments), "Solzhenitsyn was later to explain and clarify his position." He wrote this as if *I* had been the one who had changed my position—though it would seem he was the one retreating. He initiated a debate that resounded worldwide, but then refused to continue. Well, let God be the judge. And yet a few lines further down he went on to insist: "You cannot call upon our people, our youth, to sacrifice." In other words, not even my appeal to "Live Not by Lies." And who can one call upon

to see sense, if one cannot call upon the leaders? If one cannot call upon anyone in our country to do anything, what is left for us to do? To sit and wait for the West to come to the rescue?

And that same September none other than Stolypin's son asked me to speak out in support of a small group of determined émigrés who, under the name of "The Conference of Peoples Enslaved by Communism," were convening in Strasbourg at the same time as the European Parliament with the aim of drawing attention to themselves. It was a group I could not turn down, my own view being that all the peoples of Eastern Europe should make peace among themselves and turn against Communism. So I wrote a statement that was as outspoken as possible.<sup>47</sup>

That was how my quiet days of seclusion at Holznacht passed, with me constantly hurrying the four hundred yards to the phone, either to hear what was happening or to deliver my statements. The news was invariably aggravating, except for the fact that Alex Vinogradov had, without my needing to be there, bought a large plot of land in Vermont with a house on it, and for a good price. So our move was settled. (He bought the place in his name with a power of attorney. For me to fly across the ocean to take a look at the property, as Alex had asked me to do, was more than I could manage: it was simply impossible for me to put my work aside. He asked if Alya could come, but Alya was the axis of our lives and could not leave even for a moment. Consequently, the place that was to be our abode for many years to come was purchased sight unseen! Fortunately, Alex's choice was spot on.)

Every time Alya came to visit me at Holznacht she spoke a lot about our sons. After summer camp, they had quickly progressed to having more than just children's books read to them. They listened wide-eyed to Pushkin's fairytales. Then came days of rain, and Alya found Yermolai and Ignat sitting among piles of boxes and toys on an opened sofa bed. "What are you doing?"—"We're off to join papa! We will defend papa!"—"Defend him from whom?"—"From the enemy! This is food for him, a typewriter so he can write, here are some boots . . ." They were playing out my departure . . .

Thinking of the children was soothing and somehow a support for me. At night, when I cannot sleep and try to repel tormenting thoughts, I think about my sons, and all is well.

I sent my statement to Strasbourg, but I was already of two minds, and my voice was frayed. Whose arrogance was harder to bear, that of the East or that of the West? Who was I striving more fervently to reach? Was it the Communist "gangrene, spreading throughout humanity"? I had already

poured my ire over the Communists that past summer, but who would speak the bitter truths about the world of commerce and litigation? Not even their own sons would tell them these bitter truths, let alone strangers who are newcomers to the West.

That autumn the news on the radio was particularly harsh. I listened every day, both to the Voice of America and the BBC, and what I heard fired me up to intervene, to speak out! Everything I was hearing from America confirmed that nothing had changed and that they were continuing to kowtow to the Communists, handing over key positions throughout the world. Following Schlesinger's resignation (his noble appearance and firm handshake remained etched in my mind) and Kissinger's new triumph in his career, I could not resist making a very political move that I ought not to have made: I wrote an article for the *New York Times* (1 December 1975).<sup>48</sup> My temperament had led me to it; it was a big mistake, too direct a statement on American affairs, its tone too sharp.

I quickly concluded that my speeches were having no effect whatsoever in America, and this sparked in me the urge to give more speeches, this time in Europe. Especially painful to me that autumn were the interminable lamentations of the European public over a number of Spanish terrorist-murderers who had been sentenced, the painfully touching goodbyes of their families, and the hypocritical behavior of all the European governments—especially the British government. Using threats, these governments set out to protect rights and freedom where it was least dangerous to do so, while they continued kowtowing to the Soviet Union.

I was especially sorry for Spain! My heart had been with Spain since my university years when we were eager to take part in its Civil War—on the Republican side, of course—and we easily made Huesca, Teruel, and Guadalajara<sup>49</sup> our own—these places were closer to our hearts than our own Russian towns, forgetting in our youthful folly all the blood that was shed so close to home, in Rostov, in Novochoerkassk. Over the years—by then I was in prison—I had come to a different understanding of the strife in Spain; I saw that Franco had made a heroic and colossal attempt to save his country from disintegration. With this understanding there also came amazement: there had been destruction all around, but with firm tactics Franco had managed to have Spain sidestep the Second World War without involving itself, and for twenty, thirty, thirty-five years, had kept Spain Christian against all history's laws of decline! But then in the thirty-seventh year of his rule he died, dying to a chorus of nasty jeers from European socialists, radicals, and liberals.

Spain quickly became destabilized, and every Tom, Dick, and Harry in Europe joined in the fray. The meanest of all were the British Labour Party. I was particularly sorry for the young Spanish king,<sup>50</sup> who was placed on an uncertain throne, his uncertain hands on the wheel, clearly still not sure on what points he should concede, and on what points stand firm.

As I paced the long veranda at Holznacht (a great way to calm one's agitation—I decided to have the same kind of narrow and long veranda built in Vermont), I came to understand that I would be unable to simply immerse myself in *The Red Wheel*; it wouldn't work. Regardless of how loudly a *Le Monde* or all the leftist papers would jeer, I had to go to Spain and openly support the forces that were still keeping her together—not to mention that they were right next to a broken Portugal.

I also felt that I had to go to England. I was leaving Europe, this time truly forever (after the United States, I would one day go straight back to Russia). I could not quench the thirst to go to England and speak out at length about the new, as well as the old.

It must be said that I had ceased to believe, had despaired of the possibility of convincing people with my voice, of transmitting my experiences in words. My Nobel Lecture I had still put together with the belief that this would be possible, thinking that even without naming names everything would be understood. I now doubted that literature could help bring across the experience of another. It seems that each nation (and each person) is destined to walk the long path of errors and suffering, from beginning to end. But for my own benefit, to assuage my temperament, I could not turn my back on speaking in England and Spain.

In the West, I disregarded all worries about tactics, ignoring the fact that some people might not like certain things I said (I could not imagine the droves in which my opponents would spring into action). I simply wanted to express myself freely!

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I returned home from Holznacht only at the end of November. (Three-year-old Ignat had stood for over two hours at the window so he could be first to tell his brothers of my arrival. I sat down at the dinner table, and Ignat came and sat beside me, watching in silence as I ate.) It was as if the winter of that year was entirely lost to me: I had no peace, no place to call my own. Nor was I able to undertake any serious work. What was also becoming very clear

was that the handful of old people, witnesses of the Revolution, were now dying off, and this was the last opportunity to call upon them to put their memories to paper. I wrote an appeal to them.<sup>51</sup> But what return address was I to give? Not Zurich, as we were about to leave. We decided (though it did sound strange) to ask them to send what they wrote to the émigré newspaper of whatever part of the world they were living in, and that the newspaper would then forward it to us.

Radio Liberty had sent me batches of their 2:30 a.m. broadcasts about the 1917 Revolution, which I greatly valued, transcripts that back in the USSR I had tried with so much subterfuge and difficulty to get hold of<sup>52</sup> with the help of Betta. Now I had all the transcripts piled up on my shelves within arm's reach, and didn't even have time to sit down and go through them, pulled as I was in all directions, always having to rush off somewhere.

Needless to say, the KGB provocations were continuing. I received word that a letter from some Czech journalist living in Geneva had been published in the Prague samizdat, in which he supposedly informed a friend in Stockholm that he had allegedly met with me, and that I was warning the Czechs that Dubček was nothing more than an ambitious careerist and an incompetent politician, who was untrustworthy and had to be isolated!

But there does come a point where one ceases to take in all the forgeries, stings, and harassments. Not to mention that I was gathering momentum for my final whirlwind trip through Europe. I was so energized that I was even planning to speak in Italy. But with all the preparations, arrangements, and freeing ourselves from everything we needed to free ourselves from, I simply did not have enough time; our schedule was extremely tight, and the archives that I had not yet sorted through had grown considerably. We decided not to go to Italy.

Regardless of the precise route, the path lay through France. France was at the center of everything, the place where my books had first come out. And for the New Year of 1976, Nikita Struve persuaded me to give an interview to the magazine *Le Point* while I was still in Zurich, which I did.<sup>53</sup>

Wanting to take a look at England, and not have England take a look at me through its reporters and photographers, I prepared my trip there without publicity and with only the help of Janis Sapiets from the BBC, whom I had known since the first day of my expulsion from the Soviet Union. He was a Latvian émigré (his mother a Russian from Novgorod), a Protestant pastor, his Russian impeccable, and he was also particularly sympathetic to the problems of Russia. (He was one of the few who understood that Com-

munism and Russia were not one and the same thing.) Sapiets had found Alya and me a place to stay in England, a safe haven, arranged an interview with the famous television broadcaster Michael Charlton, and gradually set up further activities and events. What I really wanted to do as well was to go on a car trip to Scotland, having always respected and cherished the very sound of that country's name. But again, there were not enough days at hand, and so it was not to be.

Nikita Struve helped us change trains in Paris (we traveled by rail, of course). We crossed the English Channel on a hovercraft, a rapid modern monster, mythical and growling as it creeps ashore, its sides collapsing. We had hoped that we would not have had to get off the train all the way from Paris to London; but that was not to be, neither on the way there nor the way back, as there were no longer any railway ferries. So we kept having to change conveyances with all our luggage.

Thank God we Russians have read Dickens well! From the very first British faces that we saw in the customs office, on the bus, at the little train station at Dover, on the train to London, or at Charing Cross where Sapiets met us, we marveled at the unmistakable and distinct physiognomies! One feels one knows them all from Dickens: even the most unexpected face makes one think back for a moment: yes, yes, I have encountered you before! And judging by their look, we had no trouble guessing what kind of witticism each of them might come out with. The dark and neglected little train station at Dover, the conductor on the train, the man checking tickets when you leave the station—they were all so familiar! And through the windows of the car we saw in quick succession all the places that Sapiets named for us, Trafalgar Square, Buckingham Palace, our heads dizzy from driving on the left.

We went into hiding at Windsor. But even there, at the hotel (the window looked out onto the Thames, with ducks and swans paddling in the water, and on the opposite bank of the river lay Eton's boathouses), we again felt that we "knew" all the employees, the old furniture in the room that was so crooked and endearing, the unwieldy closet, the chest of drawers and the mirror that was well out of anybody's reach. Everywhere we went it was not quite warm, not quite clean, the taps only spouting either cold or hot water, often enough there being no hot water at all, and we still hadn't been to any of the cold unheated manor houses (one had the impression that there is never enough coal or firewood in England), as if the British had quite deliberately settled down in such discomfort in this damp country. And yet that is what makes one feel a special sympathy toward them; it is as if they are far

more vulnerable and good-natured at home than when they act before the world and on history's stage.

In two minds, I strolled through Windsor and walked along the Thames, preparing something new: a speech I would give on the radio, in addition to the television interview. Without revealing our identity anywhere, or if we did then very discreetly, we went to see the library at Eton (the pupils were on holiday), the Albert Memorial Chapel with its worthy farewell inscription (from the Apostle Paul): "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. . . ." <sup>54</sup> I too hope that I might have the right to speak these words at the end of my life. We also visited Windsor Castle, those wings to which the public had access; we went to Oxford, to meet with my esteemed translator Harry Willetts, and to Cambridge to see the daughter of Aleksandr Guchkov.

Harry Willetts (he could not bear writing letters, so we were hardly acquainted) made an extremely charming impression on me: he was so warm-hearted, even Russian, from having diligently studied all things Russian for so many years, and his wife being from Russia. He is a rare translator, not only on account of his talent, but because of his selfless approach to the task of translation: he does not see translation as a source of income, but shares the responsibility of co-authorship; he cannot bear to send out a translation that is not in the best possible shape, and with the anguish of an author he will set about to seek out every last word. For this reason his work is slow, dragging on unbearably long, and publishers are annoyed. But what translations he produces!

And so we wandered through England with me in two minds, because I was taken aback to realize that the England I was now encountering turned out to be one I recognized, and perhaps always loved. This made me want to soften the harsh accusations and indictments I was intending to pronounce, but I was still repelled by the cruel, pompous Great Britain on history's stage. To *that* Great Britain I had to tell the unadulterated truth, in terms perhaps never told it before, but the *other* Great Britain probably needed to hear these truths as well.

On our first Sunday in England, on 22 February, we went to an estate in the country, where I had my television interview with Michael Charlton from the BBC, an interview that was to resound through England and even the United States. <sup>55</sup> It was to be broadcast the following Sunday, which meant that we could continue to remain in quiet concealment in Windsor, where I was preparing my radio speech, and we then traveled to London just as quietly. There in a single day I gave my speech on the radio <sup>56</sup> (which was also to

have a great effect) and met with the directors of the BBC's Eastern European Department where I strove in vain to make them see what they were doing wrong.<sup>57</sup> (But it was futile to try to convey to them the feeling of helplessness and enervation that their commentator Anatol Goldberg triggered in listeners under the Soviet yoke, with his droning words of reassurance that the most hopeless negotiations were certain to end well; after all, the Soviet representatives had clean handkerchiefs, surely that was a good sign! Always that same, ubiquitous Goldberg with his commentaries on books, films, and art exhibitions, all dripping with honey.) Alya and I also went to Parliament, where we sat in the gallery. (I remember the opposition's theatrical outbursts of surprise and indignation, the feigned laughter, and all the slouching, impudently somnolent Labour backbenchers with their disregard for the institution, and the imperious Speaker of the House, who was not seated on his Woolsack though still wearing his wig.) The following day I was interviewed for a television program about *Lenin in Zurich* (by Robert Robinson, a crisp, clever interviewer who asked pertinent questions).<sup>58</sup>

I had spoken my fill, I had no more appointments. Alya and I had two days left to rush around London, visiting galleries and theaters (there was an unforgettable *Henry V* with Alan Howard and the Royal Shakespeare Company, followed by John Osborne's new hit *Watch It Come Down* at the Old Vic, a performance so tedious that we could have hanged ourselves). For all the other outings and meetings we undertook we kept a low profile, and completed everything on our itinerary undisturbed. It was only after we left that the newspapers announced that I had been in England, and my television interview with Charlton was broadcast. (Two months later, this interview resulted in the USSR State Committee for Television and Radio Broadcasting withdrawing its invitation to Charles Curran, the BBC's Director General, to visit Moscow: the broadcasting of an interview with Solzhenitsyn, they announced, indicated that the BBC was continuing Cold War tactics.)

On 29 February, Saint Cassian Day, we sailed away from the gloomy cliffs of Dover with the feeling that our visit had been a success, and the subsequent reactions from England confirmed our impression. The interviews were rebroadcast, and the text of my radio speech required an additional print run of the BBC's magazine the *Listener*, something that had not happened before. England had encountered all my insolent statements with invariable politeness, and did not even show any anger when I stated with irony that, current events being what they are, Uganda was rising to be of greater importance than Great Britain. The British accepted my words and



listened—but would any good come out of it? The incorrigible vice of the world, to which any concept of the hierarchy of ideas is alien, lies in that no one person’s voice, no one person’s strength, can be remembered or acted upon. Everything passes by, shimmering and flickering, into a new diversity. A kaleidoscope.

I was in great form at that point and felt charged up. After my many appearances in England, I started out my first day in Paris full of vigor. Knowing that my departure for America was imminent and that I had to bid farewell to Europe, I accepted any and every request from the media: Japanese television,<sup>59</sup> the *International Herald Tribune* with the *New York Times*,<sup>60</sup> *France-Soir*.<sup>61</sup>

I was under the impression at the time that I was touching on matters that were quite diverse, each time saying something new. Recently, however, after my speech at Harvard, I happened to listen to the tapes of those interviews and was astonished to hear myself repeating *the same thing!* In all those years and all those countries, to all those journalists, I doggedly kept repeating the same thing in every which way, in every key. Speaking and speaking! Utter freedom! What I had said a month earlier already forgotten! It is political journalism that spurs this merry-go-round on! (And yet Napoleon did say: “The most powerful weapon, after guns, is repetition.”)

A television appearance was arranged for me in Paris. The idea behind it was quite good: the audience was to watch the film version of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, after which I was to take phone calls from all over France. This was an unfamiliar format for me, involving a great deal of responsibility, so I prepared myself extensively and was quite nervous. And yet the organizers managed to make a real mess of everything, pairing me with a superficial and inane commentator. (I had thought I would be looking straight into the camera and be left to my own devices.) He kept asking insipid, meandering questions that were of no interest, while the telephones were ringing off the hook with burning issues. He put me off my stride, and then I was rushed when it came to the telephone calls, as there was hardly any time left. I was quite dissatisfied with this presentation. But the response from the press was almost entirely favorable. *Le Monde* restrained its ire,<sup>62</sup> while the Soviet embassy sent a formal protest to the French government.<sup>63</sup> Despite all the media being in full gallop, I managed to unburden my soul in a literary interview with Struve.<sup>64</sup>

And so farewell, Paris! Alya hurried home to the children, and I again had to leave incognito (for my Spanish trip, my loyal and resourceful friend

Viktor Bankoul came to pick me up by car), the idea being to go as far as possible without being recognized, not leaving a trail. There was still quite a ways to drive through France, and as I had appeared a lot in the media, it was going to be difficult to remain unrecognized.

No matter how much I had already seen of France, there was always something new to delight my eyes: so many layers of centuries, kings, generals, so many chateaus, Amboise, Cheverny, Chambord; the counts of Anjou, forefathers of the Plantagenets. I saw the private chamber of Henry II, the ornate trunk of Henry IV, the birth and death place of Charles VIII. Was it to be the fate of all of these chateaus (some of which had resisted confiscation during the French Revolution, putting up a defense, gathering up all those who were faithful) to be reduced to the inventory of the Communists, whom so many French keep expecting to come to power?

It was a very special feeling entering not these grand chateaus, but the humble abode of a great man, the home of Leonardo da Vinci at Amboise in which he spent the last two years of his life, invited to retire there by Francis I. Walking along the little alleys, standing on the mossy bridge over the creek, I tried vainly to connect with Leonardo's thoughts, dispositions, and fears, all that in life made this man—unequaled by any—equal to all. With the generations and the passing of centuries, how many of us feel sympathy for such truly lonely individuals, how ready we are to reach back and defend them through the corridors of time. But they get no such help in their own bitter years, and their contemporaries choose to persecute them with hatred and slander.

One hears so much about the marvelous inventions of Leonardo, but the entire scope of his genius only becomes apparent when one beholds all the reconstructions of his models. Almost an automobile. Almost a tank (with manual traction). Wings for a man. A helicopter. An airplane without an engine. A parachute. A stone thrower. A triple-barrel cannon. Almost an anti-aircraft gun. A pedometer. Bearings. A chuck key. A printing press. A hydraulic turbine. A hygrometer. An anemometer. An air conditioner for the house to keep out the heat! All this in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries!

In the other rooms, the *Mona Lisa*, his self-portrait with the flowing beard, delightful village girls, and boys. And from his writings: "In youth, chastity—in old age, knowledge"; "Lack of foresight leads to grief."

From Biarritz to San Sebastián we got caught in a storm: road signs were shaking, television antennas falling down, traffic signs ripped out and carried away by the wind, electrical wires downed, towering waters whipped up

along the quays, gusts of wind hitting our car, foam flying toward us like large insects, at the base of the lighthouse exploding surges of white spray. All of this, with the black sky, suited my mood as we drove into Spain, picturing the land nearing its final hour. In San Sebastián, crowds had gathered on account of the flooding; there was a traffic ban, police everywhere, as if conflict had once more broken out in the Basque country, the Basque terrorists again making trouble. Driving into Spain, I felt more moved than I had expected: the “beloved war” of our youth bound us to this country to the point of rousing in us a feeling of responsibility, despite our own position having been entirely reversed over the many years that had since passed. I had not come to see, but to help as much as I could, as if it were my native country.

I was inundated with impressions and observations that might perhaps be readily available in books, but were new to me. The most marked impression was that of poverty of the kind one would not expect in Europe, and then of the infertile reddish Castilian earth. At times there was something of the Caucasus about this terrain—on the barren mountain there were tiled roofs like those of Caucasian mountain huts. There were pack donkeys. Even in Burgos there were dirty fields of rubble where dark muddy children played. This center of Catholicism had been a refuge for Franco during the most terrible days of the war. The day we were there, a Saturday, there were only a few people in church, almost all of them older. Brash girls were smoking in cafeterias, youths bawling songs in the streets—they had not experienced the Spanish Civil War, its memory was of no interest to them! A large bookstall in the street was doing a brisk trade, mainly in detective fiction.

There were hardly any villages on the barren soil, and barely any farmsteads. But on arriving at Valladolid we saw seven-story buildings in canyon-like streets. On Sunday morning a group of disenchanted modern youth wearing black-and-white scarves were on the march, carrying placards and brazenly blowing trumpets—God knows what they were demonstrating for. And in the church there were quite a lot of children, and people praying on the stone floor and eagerly dropping money onto the collection plates. In the vestibule there were a lot of paupers, as used to be the case in Russia. (One of the many features that bring Spain and Russia strangely closer is that paupers are given alms.) And on the wall of the cathedral: “*José Antonio—¡Presente!*” Political firepower amassing.<sup>65</sup> Then, reverently, we enter the house of Cervantes. Here too I felt such closeness, through our common imprisonment and slavery.

And then right away Salamanca, built of warm golden stone—and on a sunny day. (Unlike the British, the Spaniards are all out in the streets on Sundays—this, too, a Russian trait—and eating sunflower seeds, no less!) Near the Church of the Vera Cruz was an inscription: “In memory of those fallen for God and Spain!”<sup>66</sup> And on the wall of the old cathedral, once more (we were clearly in Franco territory): “*José Antonio—¡Presente!*” and beneath it ten myrtle wreaths. “The Legacy of Franco: King, Peace, and Democracy!” Then medieval Ávila—beyond compare—how much can fit inside the walls of a city!

Then once more arid lands all the way to the mountain pass. Billboards jutting out painfully all over the bare landscape, something prevalent throughout Spain: advertisements for car tires with a raised hand and a gaping mouth, as if Spain itself were crying out, having lost all hope, and nobody in the world can hear its cry. Beyond the pass, almond trees blossoming in tender purple, cypresses, round, thick-branched olive trees, vineyards, and people riding about on donkeys, carrying large flasks in their baskets and large bales (just like Sancho Panza), their speech raucous and hoarse.

The Alcázar of Toledo, an epic legend of the Spanish Civil War! Colonel Moscardó sacrificing his son, a Homeric moment. (The Reds had put a phone call through to the Colonel in the fortress, informing him that they would kill his son if he did not capitulate. “Put my son on the phone,” the Colonel had replied, and then said to the boy, “Long live Spain, my son!”) During the seventy days of the defense of the Alcázar, Moscardó’s men had less than two pints of water per person per day, and a ration of less than half a pound of bread, this for the defenders as well as for the women giving birth in the dark cellars; attack after attack, siege, all-out artillery shelling, demolished towers, flattened ramparts, tunnels dug, detonations, walls leveled, flamethrowers, plans to flood the fortress—the heroes of the Alcázar withstood all these Republican onslaughts (saving the lives of five hundred women and children). “They turned the Alcázar into a symbol of freedom for the fatherland.” Even in our Soviet “Republican” youth this fortress was an object of admiration. And now one can walk through its corridors (everything rebuilt), through the damp, dark cellars, past the altar to the Virgin Mary. Lord in Heaven! In Russia too the officers and cadets of the Vladimir Military School had fought the Bolsheviks, and the Novochoerkassk cadets had freed Rostov, and all for naught. Be that as it may, we make our own history, no one else is to blame.

European tourists love Spain, but Spain makes no attempt to show off to tourists the way Italy does. Right next to Spain's famous monuments we see heaps of rubble, smashed bricks, poverty. All construction is done by hand, without cranes. Battered village walls. Ploughing is done with slow-treading mules, and mules also pull the large-wheeled carts. Of all the countries in Europe, Spain is the one least under the sway of consumerism. We even saw groups of peasants sitting by the roadside, unhurriedly eating their lunch, just like in Russia! There might be no similarity in appearance between Russia and Spain, but there are unexpected similarities of character: courage, openness, disorganization, hospitality, extremes of godliness and ungodliness. Our Russian writers, through some strange predilection, have written much about Spain, though many of them had never been there, unaware that the Guadalquivir River that "murmurs and rushes"<sup>67</sup> is (now) nothing more than a stagnant little stream, a stench sometimes rising from it even in Córdoba; dead and rotting fish.

Andalusia is a whole other country. A luxuriant profusion of palm trees, myrtle bushes; small-town inner courtyards with orange trees, flowers, and birds in cages twittering to one another above the heads of passersby, the streets so narrow that one can barely stick out one's elbows. The dirt and vitality of the old quarter of Seville across the river. Old Málaga is being demolished to build skyscraper boxes for tourists. All the avenues and quays are defiled by herds of cars. Along the roads agaves and cactuses grow, dusty like weeds; light, willowy eucalyptuses; amphoras with wine advertisements. From one town to the other there are old mosques, castles, and palaces, the most striking of all in Córdoba and Granada—the height and refinement of the old Islamic world, hardly to be found anywhere today. The melody of the walls and the eroticism of the ambience. Gilded murals on the ceilings, weightless carved arches. A forest of columns of porphyry, jasper, and marble in the Córdoba mosque that was once shared peacefully with the Christians. Rarely do we ever feel, as in these Arab antiquities, how ephemeral and doomed we all are.

For eight days we drove through Spain entirely unnoticed, nobody taking an interest in us, few people having even heard my name. (What was amazing was that it was soldiers who sometimes did recognize me.) Translations that were abhorrently slipshod, even laughable, were to bar my influence in the Spanish world for many years. But an appearance on Spanish television had been arranged for the end of our trip, and all my days of looking at Spain were a preparation for it. Everything I saw only strengthened

my keen sympathy for this country. During these days of our trip it became clear that I had to explain to the people of Spain in the most concise possible terms, drawing from history of course, what it meant to have been subjugated by an ideology as we in the Soviet Union had been, and give the Spanish to understand what a terrible fate they escaped in 1939. The heartless earthly faith of socialism disdains first and foremost its own country. No matter how much Spanish blood was spilled in the Civil War, Spain would have had to sacrifice twenty times more if the Reds had won. What they had had for the last thirty-seven years was not a dictatorship: I, with my experiences from the Soviet Union, could tell them the true meaning of dictatorship, the true meaning of Communism and the persecution of religion. I was a most useful witness for the people of Spain. I would say, about the terrorism that was now gripping Spain, that these terrorists were not heroes but killers (and how dearly Russia's intelligentsia had paid for their admiration of terror). A new mirage was being conjured up in Spain, promising right away, tomorrow, a "full-fledged democracy." The intelligentsia of Spain had to be swayed to exercise a little more foresight and to wonder whether they would be able, the day after tomorrow, to defend their fledgling democracy against their own terrorists and Soviet tanks.

On 19 March we were at our hotel in Madrid with our interpreter Gabriel Amiama (who had been one of the Spanish children "saved" by the USSR and had experienced Communism firsthand). At the hotel we were visited by the head of one of the local TV and radio stations, José Íñigo, entrepreneurial, lively, short in stature, thin, extremely sure of himself, agile as a bullfighter. He saw no problem with the logistics of my broadcast, no problem with the simultaneous translation (though they had never done one before), and told me in a quite devil-may-care manner that I could turn up at the studio fifteen minutes or so before the broadcast. I couldn't quite grasp what kind of program it was to be, but was given to understand that I was to speak live into the microphone to all of Spain for—would twenty minutes do? That would be fine. Or even half an hour? That would be fine too, or longer if I wanted. As there didn't seem to be any technicalities to deal with, I asked him about leisure activities, and if, for example, it might be possible for us to go to a bullfight. (One couldn't very well visit Spain without going to one.) During our drive through Spain we had not come upon any, as it was still too early in the spring. But it turned out that on that very day the bullfighting season was commencing, though the bullfighters were young and these initial fights were not of the first order. We said we would be

delighted to attend, and the mercurial Señor Íñigo hurried off, only to reappear and whisk us away. Everywhere we went he was recognized and greeted; the police saluted, he seemed to be the darling of Spain.

The bullfight did not captivate or convince me. It was little more than a *slaughtering* of bulls, just as we, who had never been to a bullfight, had always imagined it to be. The *banderilleros* putting themselves in danger with their short barbed spears did make an impression, but the rough, hulking picadors who, without much danger to themselves, stab the bull with their long lances, were no more than butchers. And as for the bull that had been raised in freedom in the meadows: suddenly and for the first time in its life it is confronted with hostility all around, a horde of yelling people, men appearing before it, stabbing and goading it, and then hiding behind barriers. First the bull runs through the arena, to the bullfighter, its final enemy, its mouth foaming, its power waning, it has lost blood. One bull fought with desperation, another was clearly hoping to be spared. People who are not Spanish are most likely to side with the bull; but without doubt the bullfighter does put himself in the way of danger, a brave and agile warrior.

If the bullfighter kills a bull with style, the bull's ear or tail is cut off and the bullfighter presents the trophy to the lady of his heart or to an honored guest. They whispered to me that the bullfighter Garbancito was intending to present me with an ear (they knew I was in the audience). I was quite perplexed, and without waiting quickly left.

The following morning, we were driven through Madrid's university town (etched so firmly in our memories since 1937, though now there is no trace left of all the trenches), then to the Escorial and the Valley of the Fallen, where many victims of the Civil War are buried beneath a single solemn shrine, without distinction as to which side they had fought on, regular Masses still being held above the dead. (On the day we visited there was a special Mass, it having been five months since the day General Franco had died. The large church was full.)

This equality of both sides, the equality of the fallen before God, made a profound impression on me. This is the result of the Christian side having won the war! Back home, Satan's side had won, and for sixty years had been trampling and spitting on the other side, nobody uttering so much as a syllable about equality of the dead, at least. I was also to touch on this in my television broadcast.

This took place late in the evening, toward midnight. We arrived earlier than Íñigo had suggested, but my appearance was delayed for another forty

minutes, though that ended up being of no help, as it turned out that no preparations had been made for the simultaneous translation. They hastily set about putting down a wire going from me to the interpreter sitting in a small booth, with people constantly tripping over it, breaking the connection. There were moments when Amiama, my interpreter, could not hear a word I was saying, at which point he put his memory to work, thinking back to our conversations at the hotel, filling in the gaps as best he could, though perhaps with something quite different from what I was actually saying. This too was Spain! I expected Íñigo to ask me a few questions, but he only introduced me, asked me a thing or two, fell silent, and stepped aside. I waited in vain for him to lead the discussion to its main point, but I was left alone (in a huge hall with the audience) under dimmed lights before the rolling cameras, alone with Spain itself, and for some forty minutes I spoke from the heart.<sup>68</sup> But the program, broadcast late on a Saturday night, was geared to very lighthearted entertainment, and my appearance in no way fitted in with it, but, on the other hand, all of Spain's regular people watched. (While the intelligentsia, and all the liberals and socialists, missed it; I was later told that they all called each other up to turn on their sets and tune in and were furious at what they heard me say. This man dares lecture us, us socialists? Us Spaniards?) I stepped away from the microphone, the show continuing on to other segments, and came upon a little artiste, who was scantily clad and about to go on; she kissed me with gratitude—it turned out she was Russian.

When you are fired up, your strength knows no bounds. It was past midnight, but right there in one of the adjacent rooms I gave a press conference, my voice hoarse. Reporters had gathered, they had heard me speak, and then crowded around me. We talked. (I also spoke about Nabokov.)<sup>69</sup>

On Sunday morning Viktor Bankoul and I left the hotel quite early (it had been booked under his name, not mine). We picked up the Lamsdorffs, father and son, and drove to Zaragoza and then on to Barcelona. Vladimir, the son, was my best Spanish translator; the father, Grigori, had fought in the Spanish Civil War (he had had great trouble making his way to Spain from Paris, where he was a Russian émigré, to join the Franco faction, which proved far more difficult than it would have been joining the Republican faction). He had fought in these parts, in Aragón, and promised to tell me about it and show me all the places along the way. We had just passed Guadalajara, the famous gorge where the Italians had fled, when in the middle of Grigori's absorbing tale a police car suddenly overtook us, signaling for us to pull over. What did they want? We hadn't done anything wrong, had we?



We pulled over. A sergeant jumped out of the police car, but came over not to the driver's side, as happens with a traffic violation, but to the passenger's side. He asked whether Solzhenitsyn was in the car, but then saw me sitting in the back seat and recognized me from my television appearance the previous evening. He stood at attention and reported in an official tone that His Majesty King Juan Carlos was requesting my immediate presence at the palace.

Lamsdorff translated, and we sat there in silence for a resounding minute. We were now well into our trip, going full speed ahead and immersed in the Civil War, and now to be summoned by the king some forty years later—to thank me? Or ask me something, an opinion, some advice? (They had probably called all the hotels the night before, but I was nowhere to be found since I wasn't registered anywhere! The police must have tracked me down by our Swiss license plates.) It was a resounding minute, and it seemed long. Neither the police sergeant nor our Russian-Spanish friends had the slightest doubt that we would turn back. But to me, to break our energetic push forward was not only a rupture of our planned itinerary, where every single hour was accounted for, but also a rupture of my intent. The king was not part of that plan, and I had said everything yesterday that I had wanted to say. The people of Spain had seen and heard me, and the leftist educated classes were seething with anger. Was I now to go and present myself to the king? It would indeed be an honor, but such a meeting after my speech yesterday could only hurt this new king in the eyes of those pseudo-intellectual factions. And what could I advise him, except what I had said the night before, that Spain's decline had to be stopped in every way possible. The king would surely have come to this conclusion himself. My meeting him would only be playing into the leftists' hands: I would no longer be an independent witness from the East, but a creature of the king whose legitimacy they contested.

I knew what I had to do. I opened my notebook and began to write in Russian, slowly, dictating aloud as I wrote, and young Lamsdorff immediately wrote in his notebook in Spanish, he, too, repeating the words out loud, while the sergeant standing at attention listened in bewilderment.

I am extremely honored by Your Majesty's invitation. . . . I made my decision to come to your country in the autumn of last year, as Spain was being hounded. I hope that my speech yesterday will help the stalwart people of Spain to resist the onslaught of irresponsible forces. . . . A meeting with Your Majesty, however, would at this point weaken the effect on the

public of yesterday's broadcast. . . . I wish you courage in the face of the onslaught of leftist forces in Spain and Europe, and hope that they will not hamper the smooth course of your reforms. May God protect Spain!

The sergeant, with an air of disapproval, took the piece of paper, unable to comprehend that anyone could refuse an invitation from the king. He asked us to wait and went off to transmit my message over his radio. My companions were also surprised. I myself was not quite sure if I had made the right decision. If I had met the king in person, I could have conveyed directly and more clearly some of our experiences in Russia, and our warnings. But there would have been such ill will and such a hullabaloo from the leftists, who without doubt would twist everything.

We sat in silence.

Some fifteen minutes later the sergeant ceremoniously returned.

"His Majesty wishes you a good journey! You will not be disturbed again."

We drove on; the entire day through Aragon, which was even drier and more barren than Castile, and to think how relentlessly people had fought over this bare land. Along the way we had lunch in a village tavern, all simple folk sitting at the table on a Sunday. They recognized and welcomed me, telling me that they agreed with everything I had said on television, as did the waitress Rosa-Laura, a perfect Madonna. By evening we were already in Catalonia. The following morning in Barcelona we only went to see Columbus's ship (particularly apt in my case, just before my departure for America), and we left Spain to a chorus of abuse and anger from the socialist and liberal newspapers.

Back again in France. Perpignan. The vintners were on strike and had covered all the road signs with black paint—what an excellent manifestation of freedom! On one of the signs, however (a red "Do Not Enter" sign with the white strip in the middle) were inscribed the words: "*Parti Communiste = Goulag.*" By this point we were already in Arles.

So many Roman antiquities! And here, too, was the palace of the Avignon Papacy, nine papal portraits, a touch of cruelty and coldness. And all around the palace a tangle of tourists and begging hippies. In Orange we saw the well-preserved Roman theater, with its partially conserved mysterious stage, thirty-six steep stone rows of seats for the audience, and a seventy-foot wall. Alas, in France there is more than one can ever hope to see.

I embraced and bade farewell to Viktor Bankoul, my faithful companion and warmhearted friend.

In Zurich we dealt with the final paperwork for the entire family's move to the United States (we were all surprised that we had to provide fingerprints). The plan was for me to travel ahead and finally take a look at the property in Vermont that Alex Vinogradov had bought and give him the go-ahead for construction, and to go to the Hoover Institution to do some research. The family was to follow when the place was finally habitable.

But we had been living in Zurich for two years already, that is quite some time. We were already weighed down with an entire household, furniture and furnishings, an entire archive of correspondence, a library, and we had to figure out what to pack and what to leave behind, moving our entire lives elsewhere—and again everything was to fall on Alya's shoulders.

I did some final preparations, and on 2 April departed once more in secret, hoping that last year's misfire with my having to come back to Europe would not repeat itself. I say goodbye to Alya for several months, and to Europe for a very long time; Europe so inexhaustible, so deep-rooted, so multifaceted, so beloved, and fallen into such weakness!

In New York Alex Vinogradov picked me up and we immediately headed for Vermont, to the newly purchased property. Both he and I were worried: had it been a good choice? It had been quite a foolhardy thing to do, buying sight unseen a property where one was to live for a long time, perhaps to the end of one's life. But with all the scouting for property that Alex and I had done together the previous year, he knew exactly what I was looking for and had made an excellent choice. It was in a remote place, entirely hidden from the road, with wild and robust woods, two ponds with brooks flowing through them, and a house, which, however, was small and only a summer house and so would have to be rebuilt and insulated; there were also two small cabins. The only issue was that the area was too hilly, lacking fields and flatlands. But then again, if a certain Russian element was missing it wasn't the end of the world. We counted five brooks on the property, and decided to call our place Five Brooks. (The name that had been given to it in English was Twinbrook.) Alex, despite being a young architect, was considering becoming a priest and had entered Saint Vladimir's Seminary. He had much studying to do and many obligations to fulfill, even without which the refurbishment of the property would take a long time to complete.

As for me, this was the perfect moment to go to the Hoover Institution and settle in there at the library to do some work.

As always no friend of air travel, clinging to the idea of train journeys that are so familiar and close to my heart, I now decided to travel to California by train, as the days I would be spending at the window looking out onto this unknown country would be vital to adjust and arrange my thoughts. Alas, the journey proved to be a more difficult undertaking than in Canada, as here there was no direct transcontinental train service, but two interlinked connections: the first leg being from Boston to Chicago, and the second from Chicago to San Francisco; between these legs of the journey there was a two-hour stopover in Chicago to change trains. But the trip proved significantly more difficult. The days in which we swore at the delays in Russian trains and admired Western accuracy are a thing of the past. At the station where I got on, the train from Boston was already half an hour late. The roomette was the same as in Canada, but dirtier and with another slight twist: the air-conditioning wasn't working. In our old trains back in Russia there had never been such a thing as air-conditioning, though we could of course simply open the window. But here, in a sealed roomette without ventilation, it was like an airless mousetrap. The window covered in dirt, the train plodded its way through the industrial zones of Erie and Cleveland, already more than two hours late and getting later. The entire journey was becoming a game of nerves. What was I to do? Was I to wait around in Chicago a whole day and night for the next connection? The station agents in Chicago were neither surprised nor in any way troubled, and couldn't see what all the fuss was about. (Trains were late on a daily basis, but there were no plans in the works to change any schedules.) I was forced to capitulate, blundering my way to the airport, an hour away from the station, and there, with my weak English, making inquiries about possible flight routes in the hope of not getting the absolute worst route zigzagging my way to California with stopovers along the way.

In Palo Alto I went to stay with Elena Pashina. Her husband Nicholas had just died in February, such a rare and cultivated man, the finest example of the Second Wave of emigration (the wave closest to us, as it was familiar with life in the Soviet Union while also being Russian at heart). He had done so much and with such fervor to help me in my research during my previous visit; and so our lives in exile come to an end, though each of us cherishes a glimmer of hope that one day we will return. Elena, whose soul has remained faithfully Russian, helped me in her wonderful, subdued way, as had been her husband's wish, bringing home for me from the Hoover Library anything I needed, from books to entire binders of newspapers. This made it

possible for me to remain incognito for the first three of my eight weeks there, as the Hoover would have immediately dragged me to banquets, speeches, and meetings.

I now began an enthralling two-month foray into materials concerning the February Revolution of 1917. My eyes were opened as to what had really taken place.

In the Soviet Union I would never have been allowed such a deep and wide-ranging search into the events of that February!

It turns out it was a blessing that I had not yet set out on my *March 1917*. I would have been far off the mark.

## At Five Brooks

For forty years I had been preparing to write about the Revolution in Russia—1976 being forty years from my initial conception of the book—but it was only now, at the Hoover Institution, that I encountered such an unexpected volume and scope of material that I could leaf through and drink in. It was only now that I became truly familiar with it and, as I did, it caused a shift in my thinking that I did not expect.

I remember Professor Kobozev frequently and insistently asking my views of, and my precise stance toward, the February Revolution: whether it was useful for Russia, whether it had been inevitable, and whether it had unavoidably led to the October Revolution. I always brushed him off: first, because I was focusing on the October Revolution, the decisive turning point, so I had little use for the February Revolution, a mere conduit. Second, the inevitability and usefulness of the February Revolution are common knowledge. Third, if the artist could formulate everything in advance, there would be no need to write a novel: things only reveal themselves in the course of writing.

And things were indeed beginning to reveal themselves of their *own* accord, and after such a long time! Encountering the materials from the Hoover Institution, I was overwhelmed by these tangible fragments of history from the days of the February Revolution and the period leading up to it: truly held opinions and opinions invented for public consumption, slogans, lies, newspaper campaigns hastily thrown together with their foregone conclusions, events in the capital completely disconnected from the rest of the country, not to mention the pettiness, blindness, and doomed helplessness of the leaders of the Revolution. I was buried under mounds of information that were piling up like rubble over my head, and clawing my way out with both insight and despair.

Without this towering, growing heap of living material from those years, how could I have ever imagined that it *went like this*?

I was shaken. It was not that I had been an ardent supporter of the February Revolution or an admirer of its ideas; and yet for forty years I had clung to the universally accepted view that Russia in February 1917 had achieved the freedom that generations had striven for, and that all of Russia rejoiced and nurtured this freedom, but, alas, alas, only for eight months, as the Bolshevik fiends drowned that freedom in blood, steering the nation to ruin.

Now, to my astonishment and emerging disgust, I discovered the baseness, meanness, hypocrisy, plebeian uniformity, and suppression of people with other points of view that marked the very first and “greatest” days of this supposedly light-bringing Revolution, and in what putrid newspaper slops it was all bathed, day in and day out. The fact that Russia was inescapably lost was blatantly evident from *the very first days of March*. The Provisional Government proved even more petty than the Bolsheviks were to portray it, not to mention that they whitewashed the fact that the Provisional Government never had any power, and at every step had to turn for approval to the Executive Committee of the Petrograd *Soviet*,<sup>1</sup> which was a narrow, closed committee hiding behind the many thousands of noisy members of the larger *Soviet*, a committee not taking responsibility for anything and propelling everything to ruin. In those days there shone forth neither heroes nor great deeds. From the very first days everything began to sink into the quicksand of anarchy, with an amplitude that grew ever more deadly, while the most educated people, who up to that point were so bitterly opposed to arbitrary rule, now turned cowardly and fell silent or lied. And then for a period of eight months everything fell deeper and deeper into decay and death. There was not a single week in 1917 of which the nation could be proud. It was absolutely inevitable that the Bolsheviks would come to power, that it would tumble into the hands of such people.

How, how could I not have seen all this for forty years? To think that I had succumbed to the beguiling pink clouds of those February mists! How had I not seen that the die was cast not in October but in February? It was a quagmire: in a Soviet setting it was very difficult to see the true course and meaning of 1917, especially because one could not believe the Bolsheviks’ invective against the February revolutionaries. Needless to say, the Bolsheviks must be lying. . . .

If my life had been occupied with nothing but writing my book, this discovery, though made only now during my two months at the Hoover In-

stitution, would not have discouraged me; I would have said: it is what it is, now made clear by looking through this firsthand material. Or if the phenomenon of our February Revolution had been unrelated to similar Western revolutions, trends, and worldview. But, even if February was a ludicrous failure, a thousand times worse than what had happened in the West, yet it had *the same* nature as the revolutions in Europe and was reminiscent of the ones in France of 1830 and 1848. And if in today's Soviet Union there is a reemergence of non-socialist movements striving for freedom, they espouse the same ideology as the February Revolution and think of it in a positive light, even dreaming of repeating that revolution in the future. And in all my years of harsh battle against the Bolshevik regime, my eye not resting on anyone or anything besides the hated enemy, it was the supporters of the February Revolution, both in the Soviet Union and the West, whose unanimity had given me such wide support and whose wave had carried me. This was natural: we were allies since I *recognized* the February Revolution behind us and envisioned something similar for the future.

But now I discovered that this path in Russia's past was, to put it mildly, unsuccessful, indeed repellent, carrying within it in 1917 the seeds of anarchy that were to rot the entire body of Russia. And I was to ally myself with *that*? (All along the facts had been oozing from all the cracks but I had simply not recognized them. It was the February Revolution that led me to understand.)

Was it that I had acted out of heightened political passion, or had I been carried along in an inertia spawned in the Soviet Union when, during the past two years in the West, I had sent telegrams of support or protest, had given speeches and interviews furiously assailing again and again the Soviet Dragon, or helped found the magazine *Kontinent*, rallying together the forces of Eastern Europe? But finding myself in a Europe that was threatened but catatonic, how could I sit quietly by without rousing it, shaking it, goading it into an awakening?

However, in my fiery battle against the Communist regime, I had somehow wandered from my path, I had strayed. That seemed to be the case.

Conversely, in my last bitter outpourings about the West, was not a stream of new realizations coming to the fore—singly, intuitively—an understanding that I was now gaining through the materials I had come upon concerning the February Revolution? That, too, seemed to be the case.

But then again, how far does one go with all this talking? Did I have any other choice but to charge right from the beginning into a brutal battle with the regime that was smothering us? Having gained a voice, did I have any



other choice but to make them pay for all that they had done to Russia? What else was I to do? Was I to embrace the official line after *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* had come out? Adopt a propensity toward lying? Was I in the meantime to settle down quietly in the Soviet archives to uncover the layers of history, and over many years write in silence? Having emerged from the underground with *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, was I then to return to it once more? Not that they would have let me do so after I had revealed myself.

But what did “right from the beginning” mean? My “beginning” was not *Ivan Denisovich*: it was the prisons themselves, and the camps, it was the fate of Russian prisoners of war. How could I *not* have launched my battle from that beginning? Or not completed it with *The Gulag Archipelago*? I was driven by the force of my feelings.

So it was impossible for me *not to begin*, it was impossible not to burn with the fire of *Archipelago*; and having begun, it was impossible in my battle not to accept as allies the Soviet pseudo-intellectuals and then the Western ones as well, and stray from the profound path of Russia—at first without realizing it, and then in full realization—and even wasting time and effort straying from my personal interest as chronicler of the Revolution.

It was a tangled knot, with no other possible beginning or ending, and no other true path. And yet I found myself on the wrong path.

But the past was now impossible to untangle, impossible to change. What was left for me to do was, through the yawning abomination of February, at least to try to find an improvement for the future, at least to try to find the right path.

And there is always only one right path: to tackle the main job. That job will lead you to the right path of its own accord. Tackling the job meant seeking out, for myself and for the reader, how, through our past, we can conceive of our future.

But what a positive coincidence: though unconnected, this turn in my general understanding came about at the same time as the great decision of my life to move into the American wilderness, a decision reached through free deliberation, not spurred by sudden necessity, a rare thing in my life. Furthermore, this move would also loosen my connection to the bustling environment of city life and lessen occasions for giving public speeches (particularly polemical ones), things I could not escape in tightly knit Europe. I had said as much as I could: my duty was done, let come what may. My move to America now gave me the opportunity not to act, but to observe. I could immerse my-

self in work, which meant cutting back on my public activity, no longer dispersing my energy in constant telegrams, speeches, and interviews. Keep away from the smithy and avoid all the smoke. I would accustom myself to not taking a stance on current events. (Alya did not believe this, arguing that America was sure to swallow me up and wear me out with public functions.) The march of Time, the long trail of history, would not leave me free to compete with the modern era. I was going to retire from this era, it could flow on as it willed; I had already labored on its behalf more than one man can in a lifetime. As it was, I could not change its overall course; let the Events themselves teach it. Let me, instead, be the bridge that would carry the memory of the Russian past into the Russian future.

And yet—and yet—it is not so easy to disappear from the outside world. Even at the Hoover Institution, as soon as I revealed my presence by frequenting their tower, they roped me in, insisting that I speak out! One time, it was at a Hoover reception; I agreed. In my speech I would focus on what was preoccupying me at the time: why Western scholars largely misunderstand Russia, what put them off course, wherein lay the systematic errors in their judgments about Russia. (As an example I mentioned Richard Pipes's book<sup>2</sup> about old Russia, and thus made myself a passionate and powerful long-term enemy.) I showed how they consciously and unconsciously distorted Russian history, not seeing within it significant traces of an energetic public initiative, and how they kept confusing the concepts of "Russian" and "Soviet."<sup>3</sup> Another time I was awarded the distinguished American Friendship Medal, which again called for a speech.<sup>4</sup> Here I was still to some extent groping through the dark on the matter of the West's distortion of freedom as I had instinctively sensed it in my first few days in the West, and which I had spoken about when I was awarded the "Golden Cliché"<sup>5</sup> (a topic I was soon to expand upon in my Harvard speech). The two speeches I gave were to be milestones on my new path—yet I would have preferred to not speak at all. (In the Russian émigré colony in San Francisco there was justified resentment: why did I not give a speech for them? But there was only one of me. I am always faced by the dilemma of either working or "paying attention to people.")

But it was also necessary for me to step back on my own account: too many public appearances would soon cease to persuade. The tempo and magnitude of my actions had already become boundless, and it was vital for me now to return to a normal state. I was confident that I had safely withstood the test of fame, about which Akhmatova and Tvardovsky had warned

me, and I felt that now, of my own accord and with ease, I would turn my back on this fame. What a liberation of the soul when people stop writing and talking about you, stop probing every step you take, and you can live in a normal human skin; changing a path that is illustrious though inevitably short for one that is silent and profound. This will also lead to a longer life, be a victory over the arrow of time. To be engaged every day in one's own language, a writer's delight! Nor did I merely want to know Russian history of the twentieth century, the decades of which I was forced to experience. Indeed, my elders, the last witnesses of the Revolution, were sending me their reminiscences, and I had to collect and read them and quickly send back answers. I also had to keep up with the literature that was being produced back home, as I am after all not a politician, but a writer. And I now had sons ranging in age from three to six and had to find time for them, like all normal people do.

In this sense, our move to Vermont promised to be the first step in my life toward reasonableness, toward slowing down, toward a simple norm.

However, even before I turned my back on public attention in the West, it was to turn its back on me. When the French magazine *Le Point* announced in its New Year's edition of 1976, against a rising wind of hostility toward me, that I was "Man of the Year" for 1975, it was a brazen challenge on their part: they put my face on the cover of the magazine with two dozen paintbrushes that were painting tar over my face—I had not taken the picture seriously at the time.

But I myself, from my very first steps in the West, had done everything to turn the Western public and press away from me, revealing myself to be an enemy of socialism, publishing my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* ("a betrayal of democracy!"), and growling at the media. Anti-Communism still carried some momentum, so support for me did not crumble right away. (Indeed, one might ask if a broad anti-Communism even exists in Western society?—It does not.) But also in those months, when that inner change came upon me, even in soporific Canada, which always lagged behind, a leading television commentator lectured me that I presumed to judge the experience of the world from the viewpoint of my own *limited* Soviet and prison-camp experience. Indeed, how true! Life and death, imprisonment and hunger, the cultivation of the soul despite the captivity of the body: how very limited that is compared to the bright world of political parties, yesterday's numbers on the stock exchange, amusements without end, and exotic foreign travel!

In the dynamic United States, things moved at a sharper clip. The former California Governor Ronald Reagan, President Ford's rival in the up-

coming nomination for the Republican Party, proposed in the spring of 1976 (by way of the Hoover Institution) that he and I should meet. I declined on the grounds of my general decision to abstain from politics, but also because I considered it tactless for a foreigner to influence the presidential election campaign. Nevertheless, at the Republican National Convention that summer, the Reagan faction insisted on stating in the convention's platform that Solzhenitsyn is a "great beacon of human courage and morality," and that the Republican Party's foreign policy will keep his warnings "ever in mind."<sup>6</sup> President Ford, fearing a loss of influence within the party, relented and agreed to these theses (as it was, he had been castigated all year for not having received me in the White House). Kissinger fumed and raged. Two days later Winston Lord, a senior Kissinger aide at the State Department, said I was "just about a fascist" at a seminar for young diplomats, and warned that I was a threat to peace. The statement was leaked, appeared in the papers and on the floor of the Senate (Solzhenitsyn "has been a key target of the détentists, both in the Kremlin and on the State Department's seventh floor"), causing a greater uproar on account of the fiery electoral campaign that was underway, though the words that Winston Lord spoke in his halls of ivy were soon to become customary in the American press. The entourage of another candidate, Carter, styled me as "a slightly balmy nineteenth-century Russian mystic."<sup>7</sup>

Though I was about to settle in this country, such attacks went by me without touching me; they could not affect the essence of the life I had now embarked upon. The KGB attack that was to come, however, had a harsher effect on me. The KGB was not about to forget me, regardless of how distant my refuge. My publication in *Time* magazine in 1974, which showed how the KGB had forged an entire nonexistent correspondence between myself and Vasili Orekhov, proved not to have fazed them, nor were they about to dismiss their excellent graphological department and master forgers. It is true that rumors had already reached us from Moscow that some kind of "bomb" was about to be launched against me. The KGB, thinking me settled in Switzerland, decided to mount its next forgery initiative there. And so a Swiss journalist by the name of Peter Holenstein wrote to me in Zurich that he had received a document of great interest and was sending me a copy before venturing to publish it, as he, out of professional conscientiousness, wanted my opinion on it first. (In our subsequent correspondence, he told me that he had been furnished with an entire collection of such forgeries, in part "by a high East German functionary." Holenstein

had been offered a considerable sum of money to publish this material under his name, defaming me, but refused. He had immediately had “serious doubts about the authenticity of the document,” and so had sent it to me. Some “East German professor” was to repeat the offer a number of times, but Holenstein refused.)

Alya express-mailed the document to me in California. Well, of course: it’s my enemies looking to pounce upon anything I reveal about myself. They were fuming that they had not made the most out of a lead I had given them in *Archipelago* about how they tried to recruit me as an informant.<sup>8</sup> They would not have had all that far to look—I myself had pointed the way. And so the KGB concocted a written “denunciation” that I had supposedly penned, and not on a minor matter but concerning the preparations for the uprising in the Ekibastuz prison camp of January 1952. But how could the Soviet government itself publish, by way of rebuke, a denunciation allegedly made in its service? That wouldn’t do. So the document was slipped to the Swiss correspondent with the following tale: some Ministry of Internal Affairs official had been going through old prison-camp archives (for what reason is unclear, as he had not been charged with the task) when he spotted among the thousands of denunciations one that was from twenty-two years ago with the code name “Vetrov,” a code name he did not know. He had then supposedly taken the denunciation out of the folder (in other words, a crime against his office?) and handed the file not to his superior but to some unspecified individuals who have ready access to foreigners.

My penmanship had been imitated quite well, mimicking my handwriting from my prison-camp years. (My ex-wife, Natalia Reshetovskaya, had kept my letters from the war front and the prison camps. In 1974, after my expulsion from the Soviet Union, she had married Konstantin Semyonov, a high-ranking official in the Novosti press agency; consequently, my letters were all at the disposal of the agency, and already in the spring of 1974 it had struck a deal in the West with a glossy Italian magazine in which my ex-wife published my letters as “The Love Letters of Solzhenitsyn.” An American publisher who was well disposed toward me had sent me a copy of the whole thing. Imagine seeing one’s headlong youthful ardor laid out in the world bazaar!) The handwriting was well forged, though in the most conspicuous place, the signature, there was a graphological lapse (correcting an idiosyncrasy in my lettering that I have had since my schooldays). There were also some noticeable distortions in the language and, even more importantly, in the subject matter: my supposed denunciation was of certain Ukrainian

individuals with whom I had supposedly met on that day as well as on the day before (another goal of the KGB was to spark enmity between Russians and Ukrainians abroad). But our group of prisoners and the Ukrainians had been sent into separate zones two weeks before the date of the KGB's forgery (20 January), on Christmas Eve, 6 January 1952, a work-free Sunday.<sup>9</sup> We were divided by a high, thick wall, previously built. Needless to say, the KGB officers involved in the forgeries could not be expected to remember this detail twenty years later. (I did write about this in *Gulag Archipelago*—in part V, chapter 11—which they overlooked in their sloppiness.)<sup>10</sup> And what sort of resolution do we see on the paper? What measures did the authorities supposedly take in reaction to the information that there was to be an uprising in two days? Instead of a lightning-quick preemptive strike, with arrests, the information was supposedly sent all the way to Moscow, to the Directorate of the Gulags at the Soviet Ministry of the Interior! Halfway across the Soviet Union! It was amazing how many professional errors the forgers had made!

However, I kept these observations to myself, in reserve as it were, expecting a public confrontation ahead (not spelling everything out at this point would help me catch out the KGB later), and within hours I sent Xerox copies of the forgeries to all the news agencies in California that might be interested, along with a statement. [18] Both were published together in the *Los Angeles Times*.

And I waited for the KGB to start insisting on the authenticity of the forgeries and to start sending out new ones.

But they remained silent, not daring to dispute anything. Instead of setting off a bomb, they managed a mere firecracker. (All the same, a year later they again published the supposed denunciation in some socialist magazine in Hamburg, but there, too, the bomb did not go off.)

So it wasn't so easy to abstract oneself from politics.

I spent two months in the library and archives of the Hoover Institution, though I would have happily stayed another six. But circumstances were calling me to Vermont, to my house that was being built, and I felt that I had furnished myself with enough material. Émigrés living in California had also given me gifts of books. I particularly remember a wonderful old man in Burlingame, outside San Francisco, Nikolai Pavlovich (I believe) Rybalko, a widower who lived with his sister. In the small house—old furniture, silence and encroaching death, the end of a lineage, and though Rybalko was frail, he still retained the aspect and stature of a Don Quixote, not entirely gray; and I remember him opening his arms by the light of the table lamps and

proposing that I take from his shelves any books, all of them if I wanted. It is from him that I have a bound copy of *Iskry (Sparks)* the illustrated supplement to the *Russkoye Slovo (Russian Word)* newspaper,<sup>11</sup> all its issues spanning the years of World War I. Back in Moscow I had only managed to find a few isolated issues, with photographs so vital for the description of the people who were to be characters in my books and whose faces I had never seen. Now I had everything in one place. I was amazed: such a heavy volume, heftier than a large church Bible, and they had brought it with them from Russia! This was another remarkable gift of memory from the First Wave of émigrés: I had to write and write!

I permitted myself only a single excursion in California, driving out to the Valley of the Moon with Elena Pashina to Jack London's cottage. Not that he was necessarily such a great classic, but my entire Soviet generation had been brought up on his works: in 1929 and 1930 his stories—perhaps on account of his socialist ideals—had come out in forty-eight booklets in the *Vsemirny Sledopyt (Worldwide Ranger)* series, a great favorite with the children of the time. And so the complete collection of London's books had figured in my childhood among the few authors whose works I possessed, and as I had reread all my books a number of times in succession, so too with his books. The emotional ties one forms as a child are kept forever. As an adult I had not even looked at his work again, but it was with much emotion that I now entered his deserted cottage (which is not preserved by the government), as if I myself had lived there as a child.

In my two months at the Hoover Institution I had already accumulated several boxes of materials, books, and letters. The plan was to return to the East Coast in a Chevrolet Suburban, which was to be our first car in America, so we could experience and feel the continent beneath our wheels. As I was completing my work, Alya flew in and we drove off together.

Were one to be traveling in the Soviet Union, one could not have come up with a vehicle more ideal than this Chevrolet: it could have driven over any road with its ride height, and at night four people could sleep in the back. The problem in the Soviet Union is that there is no place to spend the night and the roads are bad, but you can always pull off at any point and drive into the woods. In the United States that is simply not done. You can't just pull off the highway, nor is one allowed to stop and pull over to the side, not to mention that all the land along the highways is private property. You cannot sleep in your car, and if you put up a tent, the owners of the property show up before you know it and order you to leave. The only place to spend

the night is in one of the drab and monotonous motels. To see the interesting places of this continent we would have had to choose a long and circuitous route that went far beyond the 3,000 miles we were going; so we saw only the western desert, Yellowstone Park, and the Grand Canyon with the top of its rim in the sunset (a primeval sight! God creating and building worlds), and Ohio's powerful natural beauty. But driving along the highway it is impossible to get a broader and more detailed impression. Some of the major cities, instead of bypasses, had elevated expressways cut right through them. We drove day and night, taking turns at the wheel while one of us would sleep in the back (Alya had only just obtained her driver's license, but she drove very well, despite the fortress-like trucks that tore past through the night and the highway construction that went on for dozens of miles with flashing lights and closed lanes). I don't know how we came out of this alive, but we made it from Colorado to the Hudson River in under a day and a half. (In Kansas we were given a speeding ticket, and local journalists pounced on the transcripts of our trial *in absentia* and all the American newspapers, even *Time* magazine, printed that Natalia Solzhenitsyn had been going well over the speed limit.)<sup>12</sup>

We arrived at Five Brooks and I showed Alya our property and the construction work. She still had to make sure that it would be possible to move here with small children (as if it were not too late for that at this point), and then she had to fly back to Zurich to prepare the move in a way that the family's departure would not be sniffed out by the press and our whereabouts trumpeted through all the newspapers. But first we had to finish building.

Now, of all times, an invitation was forwarded to me from Europe from the Knesset to come all the way to Israel! But it was impossible for me to think of leaving my new refuge in Vermont; it would have upset the cornerstone of my life and thrown off my work, which was beginning to move forward again. So I declined the invitation. [19] (I gave the letter to Alex Vinogradov to mail, but he put a domestic stamp on it by mistake so that my reply did not fly to Israel but went by boat mail, taking two months to get there, by which time they were furious.)

I now had to attend to the technicalities of my official entry into the United States as a resident, and not as a tourist. For this I was supposed to return to Zurich and from there fly back to America once again, but the American consul in Zurich was kind enough to send all the necessary documents in a sealed envelope to the consul in Montreal so I didn't have to go all the way to Zurich, but only had to make a short trip to Canada by car. I had to



pick up the documents in Montreal, cross the border back into America at the appointed place—Massena—and register for a green card, which would permit me to reside in the United States and which one could after five years exchange for U.S. citizenship. (Would we survive that long—and if we did, would we do it?)

From this short trip to Canada and back I was once more struck by how much more organized and stronger the United States was, how much more robust.

I also made a detour to Buffalo where I met Captain V. F. Klementiev, a remarkable old man who, while I had still been in Moscow, had sent me by clandestine mail through Struve his vivid wartime reminiscences. He was shorter than average but with very broad shoulders, a Hercules of a man in his day. There was graying stubble on his cheeks, though his hair had not turned gray. His eyes, his acumen, and his memory were of uneclipsed clarity, though his voice had the soft hoarseness of advancing years. He told me his life story, and I persuaded him to write down his account. Klementiev was of peasant stock and had reached the rank of captain in the Imperial Army. After the October Revolution he had gone to Novocherkassk, but General Alekseev's headquarters did not assign him to the Volunteer Army, but sent him to Savinkov in Moscow, where he became a member of his Union for the Defense of Motherland and Freedom. He then spent two years in the Taganka and Butyrka prisons under the constant threat of execution, but survived and went to Poland, where he again collaborated with Savinkov. For many years, Klementiev worked as a manual laborer in America, and now, sixty years after the Revolution, impoverished and infirm, the Russian officer's indomitable spirit burned within him, and he lived for Russia alone.

When from time to time I am in a despondent mood, all I need do is remember one of these old White Russians: That is how we must stand up in the face of time! They are an example to us all!

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I settled in at Five Brooks on a stormy night, the eve of the United States Bicentennial, the country entering its third century while I was entering an unknown period, my life in Vermont. Listening to the radio the following day, I heard them praise themselves in truly effusive and excessive terms. It was yet a new surprise.

In the meantime I had to live here hidden in a small cottage some distance from the building site, away from all the hammering, and also so that the workers would not realize who the actual owner was, having only dealt with Alex Vinogradov. In Russia we imagine the Americans to be champions of work, so I was expecting fantastic speed and meticulous construction. But in the evenings, leaving my cottage by the pond at the lower end of my property where the streams meet, and heading up the steep hill to see how work was progressing, I was amazed at how slowly it was going.

The house we had bought—a wooden summer house, only large enough for a small family—had to be expanded, and we even built a separate brick house, with a large basement, that was to have a number of rooms where all my archives could be stored securely and indefinitely. I also had several long tables set up there for my overflowing work (where I could lay the manuscripts out so I could better parse, sort, and compose, arranging my pages according to themes, events, and characters, and then into chapters—along with all the excerpts I had collected over the years and the hundreds, even thousands of notes I had made). There would also have to be space for my library, which was still growing. Unfortunately, Alex Vinogradov was in no position to negotiate a fixed fee with the contractor for the construction work, so we had to pay by the hour, a disaster. Not to mention that it was this summer of all summers that Alex, a novice at the seminary, had been commissioned by Father Alexander Schmemmann to build a dormitory there. Consequently, Alex was torn between the two tasks. He could not effectively oversee the quality and timeliness of the construction of our new home, and word quickly spread among the workers that the new owners could easily be fooled. The contractor from nearby Springfield cared neither about the quality nor the timeliness of the work, bringing in up to fifteen workers a day, a good deal more than were needed to handle the construction, and everyone was paid by the hour, paid more in a single hour than a Soviet worker could make in a week. I ruefully thought of the old Russian groups of artisans, where a worker would be ashamed to be outdone by another! . . . But these free workers behaved like the lowest of our enslaved camp inmates: they came late, never began work right away, lounged about, and kept taking coffee breaks (which labor-camp inmates of course could not do), and then, whenever these builders did shoddy work, we had to pay by the hour all over again to have it fixed. (Not to mention that if a worker made a mess somewhere he would never pick up after himself. Cleaning up was beneath the dignity of his trade.) In the meantime, the foreman was at the mercy of the ever-present

bureaucracy: all the building plans had to be submitted for approval to Town Hall, and all summer Alex refused to have so much as a pit dug for the new building before the plans were approved. And so we began building the brick house for my work and archives only in September—and in September the early frosts hit, which resulted in the builders having to set up heaters and lay out insulating blankets over the foundations so the concrete did not freeze. The result was that the construction ended up being very expensive, three or four times more than it would have cost us to buy two houses that were in good shape—but then again, where would we have found ones that suited our needs?

But regardless of the amount of money I ended up squandering due to my inexperience and lack of involvement, the spacious house that was to be the result of all this rewarded me with many years of productive work. Even that summer in the cottage by the pond I wrote my entire Stolypin-Bogrov cycle.<sup>13</sup> Some things are priceless.

The little cottage at the bottom of the hill was a simple structure with walls made of boards and a wide window looking out onto the pond. The pond was a mere dozen steps away, and I would begin my mornings with a dive into the water. A small stone dam across the brook formed the pond, around which was a dense growth of tall poplars and birches, and young maple trees, while the steep slope up our hill was entirely covered in pines and firs. The pond was like an enclosed oval, the outside world invisible, as if it did not exist; and you only see a scrap of oval sky above you, so limited that a thundercloud can approach unexpectedly, without your seeing it gather and draw near, and at night you can see only a small part of the constellations. You commune with nothing but trees, the sky, the birds (there was a large bird with powerful wings that had had been hiding there, and mornings and evenings it circled the area menacingly), nothing but the jumping trout, the raccoons, and the porcupines (there were also small snakes). The only vista was the sky's varying hues, the clouds, though here and there was a small cluster of mighty trees. Four birch trees were huddled together like a gazebo, and among them I placed a table, its legs made of birch as well, and sat there for entire days. For a month and a half, until my family arrived, nobody ever came down there except for Alex and his assistant.

I could breathe! I could write!

And I did write, immersing myself entirely in the beginning of the Russian twentieth century. I would not have become a hermit if the task had

not summoned me, had not drawn me to it. For me this was the most natural life, eliminating all hindrances, or disregarding them and working.

That summer I had brought with me the first stack of personal accounts that elderly Russians had sent me by way of the San Francisco newspaper *Russkaya Zhizn* (*Russian Life*). An even larger stack had come to me from New York's *Novoye Russkoye Slovo* (*New Russian Word*), and more personal accounts were arriving—all I had to do now was read them! Not to mention that more packages were coming over the ocean from Paris's *Russkaya Mysl* (*Russian Thought*).

It was as if all these elderly people, contemporaries of the Revolution, were handing Alya and me the baton of their struggle; and the personal account of every person impressed me as if I had met that person in *those* years.

But what a quandary! When it came to personal accounts concerning the Russian Civil War, I had neither time to read them nor time to reply. Since my shattering discoveries at the Hoover Institution, my thoughts kept retreating ever further into the depths of history, with new vistas and new plans for *The Red Wheel* opening up. With my false understanding all these years of the February Revolution, I had had no intention of focusing, for instance, on the person of the tsar, nor on the decade or two leading up to the Revolution. But now that the true meaning of that February had become clear, I could not avoid delving back into the decades that led to it. Concerning Nikolai II, I had at least intended to write something, though not more than a light character sketch. Yet now more had to be done: the gigantic figure of Stolypin came striding into the narrative. (He had long been etched on my heart because of his murder, but until now I had only planned to include him as an addendum to my chapter on Guchkov.) Stolypin was before my eyes, burning in my mind, and the narrative dictated that his murderer Bogrov should appear in his wake, with at least one chapter dedicated to him. But what would the result be? Wouldn't the plot then fan out with all those fiery strands of Russian revolutionary terror, and that over a time-period of thirty years? This was another new and completely unexpected area of study.

How many unknown terrains I had turned my back on, had neglected! How much unexplored and unsifted material! Where would I find the time to tackle it all?

And how was I to squeeze all this additional material, all this prehistory, into *The Red Wheel*? It could only be placed into *August 1914*. But would its framework hold up, crackling from the intrusion of all this new material?

I still did not know how I would deal with this, but I had to hurry, I had to write, my pen was on fire!

Immersing myself so deeply in the February Revolution and in our secluded life in Vermont, there were quite a few incidents that passed me by, including a number of attacks on me. In Paris in the spring of 1976 Souvarine published a venomous article against me and in defense of Lenin. It wasn't until two years later that I heard about it—I have only just found out—and now it is probably too late to respond.<sup>14</sup> Once you start engaging with these people there's no escape.

I also missed Dmitri Panin's pamphlet arguing with me. Removed as he has always been from any practical action, his thoughts had gone well beyond the bounds of reality, and after his unequivocal failure to secure the Pope as an ally he now declared my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* to be an act of pitiful compromise. Why bother *engaging* these leaders in a conversation when they ought to be burned to a crisp by your ire! In his view I was falling short in my opposition to Communism. My letter was tantamount to an act of conciliation with the *soviets*. (Under the Bolsheviks the *soviets*, or “councils,” were of course merely a show, but at the time it had been the only concept through which one could express the need for self-government by the people.) Panin was demanding a revolution (but by whose hands, with whose blood?). I recoiled from this idea, and that had been the main impulse, and a correct one, for my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders*.

Our two houses stood near one another—the old one to live in and the new one for work—and we had linked them with a twenty-yard passageway that went from one basement to the other, which would make coming and going between the two houses easier in bad weather and at night. This way we would not have to shovel out our yard as much during the long snowy winters, and we could have our water coming from a single well and our heating pipes from a single boiler. What worried us, however, was that, under American law, Town Hall was obliged to show all the building plans to pretty much anybody who might ask, this being an “open society.” And the number of newspapers that then fell all over each other to write *ad infinitum* about the passageway we had built as if it were a tunnel leading to a bunker!

But what kind of protection did we have in Vermont? It was a remote and deserted terrain where any stranger would be immediately noticed. Our chain-link fence only kept out annoying passersby, and perhaps the press and the chainsaw-like snarling of the snowmobiles that people here ride around on all winter: without boundaries your property is not yours. Like almost

every other household in the area, we gradually bought a shotgun, a hunting rifle, and a pair of pistols. But even if we were to see a stranger on our property, would we shoot? What if the stranger's intentions were good?

After all: unless the Lord protect the town, no guard will keep it safe and sound.<sup>15</sup>

Whoever has not been in constant battle with the KGB might find our taking such precautions in the free West strange, even insane. But anyone who has had serious dealings with the KGB knows that it is no laughing matter. Every Russian family in the West remembers the abductions of Generals Kutepov and Miller,<sup>16</sup> and the assassinations of a number of defectors. We have become used to evaluating any situation, any danger in terms of these polar opposites: us versus the KGB. In the West the KGB acts freely (nor does it have a watchdog, as the CIA does, in the Western press).

So as our family left Switzerland, it not only had to dodge the besieging reporters who followed its every step, but also to trick the KGB and to keep it from becoming aware of our departure in advance, and thus be able to cast a net after us. The duplex in which we lived in Zurich (our kind but talkative neighbor living in the other half) was in close proximity to five other houses, all of which had a full view of our premises. We now had to bring all our belongings, books, and boxes overseas and slip away in broad daylight with four children and a dozen suitcases so that nobody would see it as a departure. Our trusted neighbors Gigi and Beata Staehelin knew about our plan, and agreed to keep taking in our mail for us for a long time afterward, so that our departure would remain unnoticed. Sigmund Widmer was also aware of our departure, but as a friend, not in his capacity as Mayor of Zurich.

Our able, warm, and wonderful friend Viktor Bankoul arranged everything, and in a quite remarkable way. Almost all our furniture was to be left in Zurich (though my indestructible Saint Petersburg desk did cross the ocean, having survived the flames of the Civil War and the Leningrad Blockade, and was now moving with me for the fifth time); just the books and papers amounted to a hundred and twenty heavy boxes. How was Alya to remove these without arousing the suspicions of our neighbors or the passersby on the quiet street in front of our house? A moving company—friends of Bankoul—sent us a van: not one with their logo that everyone in Zurich would have recognized, but a van from a local furniture store, along with handymen in nondescript blue uniforms (all friends of Bankoul) who quickly took our things out to the van the way furniture is sometimes taken away to be fixed or exchanged. The van did not arouse anyone's suspicion.

All that now remained for the morning of the departure, and not too early at that, was for the six members of the family to leave with a dozen heavy bags (containing all my manuscripts, which were not to be shipped separately). But how was this to be managed? On the last evening, another friend of Viktor's pulled up to our back entrance in a van from a local florist—this, too, not an uncommon sight in Zurich—and quietly removed the bags and delivered them to the Bankouls. They then came over on the morning of the departure in their car and picked up our three small children, as they sometimes did when taking them on an outing. Fifteen minutes later Alya and her mother, carrying only small hand luggage, got into our neighbor Gigi's car and left for the airport.\*

And so my family was forced to leave without goodbyes, without telling anyone, and we were simply happy that we had managed to hoodwink the KGB. We did not ask ourselves what all this would look like in Switzerland when the news came out; for us there were only two opposing poles: the KGB and us. But there was also Switzerland to consider, and this would have its consequences.

My family's entry to the United States on 30 July was also to go by quite unnoticed. (It's remarkable and quite commendable that not a single person at the INS<sup>17</sup> leaked any information.) And so everyone had finally arrived at Five Brooks, settling down in a small guest house next to the construction site, supposedly as Vinogradov's relatives. (Three-year-old Stepan had overheard talk about "going to America" and then "here we are in America," and so began calling that first shelter, the wing of that guest house, "America.") I, in the meantime, continued working in the cottage by the pond shielded by signs saying "private," and so another forty days of construction went by. It was on 7 September that Alex Vinogradov completed the chain-link fence surrounding our property and put in a front gate, which was also made of chain-link, and then on 8 September the entire world press exploded with the news so vital to them and their readers that the Solzhenitsyns had moved to America!

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\* All this may strike the reader as a pointless charade, but in the summer of 1990 the KGB defector Major-General Oleg Kalugin was to tell the editors of *Novy Mir* that Kryuchkov (he actually named him) had arranged for me to be murdered in Switzerland and would have been personally in charge of it, but that the plan had fallen through "on account of the sudden disappearance of the target," in other words our undetected move to America. (Author's note, 1990.)

We will never understand what makes the press relish pursuing people's every move in this way. The newspapers printed maps with arrows: here is where they are, here, here, right here! Tittle-tattling little muckrakers, have you nothing more important to occupy yourselves with? (Our moving had been exposed by Zurich's municipal office, something we had not foreseen: the office had been sent a notification that I was vacating my premises, and, needless to say, officials there were quick to share the information with the press.)

The suddenness of our move caught everyone's attention: it is unacceptable for people of fame not to inform the world of what they are doing, not to advertise their next move but to go ahead and do what they want unannounced. Over a hundred press vehicles now converged on the tiny town of Cavendish, from Boston, from New York, quizzing the townspeople to get information, journalists crowding in front of our gate, scurrying along our fence—they even arranged for a helicopter to fly over our property and take pictures. Not to mention that we were left without a crutch, since fourteen-year-old Dimitri, who was quite outgoing and fluent in English, had left for boarding school in Massachusetts the day before. To make things worse, our light chain-link fence had a single strand of barbed wire on top where the fence ran along the side of the road, to hook the pants of snoopers trying to climb over. This single strand of barbed wire the media now magnified into a “barbed-wire fence surrounding the entire property,” and that it was as if I were walling myself up in a new prison, a “self-imposed gulag.” I did intend to sequester myself, not in a prison but in a tranquil refuge, the kind necessary for creativity in this mad, whirling world. But the press also picked up details from the locals about us having a pond, setting off the legend about my “swimming pool,” which immediately turned our supposed life within a prison into a “bourgeois lifestyle” in which the Solzhenitsyn family now intended to indulge. Ah, wretches, they were writing not about us but about themselves, revealing what mattered to them. We have been expelled from our country, our hearts are constricted, my wife's eyes are never dry of tears, only work can save us—and this is our so-called “bourgeois lifestyle.”

One would think that a democratic society proclaims its respect for each and everybody's rights, each and everybody's personal tastes, even whims. Why, then, is there such irate intolerance when a person wants to be left alone?

And then, as the journalists gathered by our automatic gate (that could be opened and closed by pressing a button, a fairly common device in the United States), their fevered fantasy dreamed up that we had an electronic



alarm and a comprehensive security system along the entire length of our fence, with high-voltage wiring. This of course only added fuel to the idea that I was creating a “self-imposed gulag.” This was repeated over and over in the press throughout the world, and the notion that we had “comprehensive electronic protection” was to stick; try as we might, we could not divest ourselves of it. It was a shame, but, as we realized, it also turned out to be to our advantage: what we were unable to build ourselves, the media built for us. It was the only time that the newspapers did not play into the KGB’s hands but into ours. We did not refute the information, and so for years to come the idea that we were unreachable persisted. (And to think that in the woods where we lived the spring torrents every year knocked the fence down in many places, which we didn’t fix. People could easily enough have simply stepped over it.)

In those first weeks, Russian-speaking strangers would also turn up. They stuck a note on our “inaccessible” gate: “*You bearded dog, for how much did you sell Russia to the Yids your fence won’t save your neck from the noose.*”

Stalin’s daughter was also quick to join the fray. Immersed in the American way of life, and raising her daughter as an American, she was shielded from Soviet agents by a formidable guard. She had heard all the rumors about my “electric barbed-wire fence,” and in an interview made the solemn pronouncement: “How very Russian!” (An old Russian way of life? or something newer, sparked by her papa’s KGB?) And both the Voice of America and the *Novoye Russkoye Slovo* newspaper carried her weighty decree: “How very *Russian!*”

In the meantime, in Switzerland the socialist newspaper *Tages-Anzeiger* came out with a headline that filled almost half a page: “Solzhenitsyn family flees Zurich.”<sup>18</sup> Other newspapers published maps: “In Deepest Vermont, at the Back of Beyond.”<sup>19</sup> Switzerland was very offended on account of the extraordinary secrecy of our departure (it had been quite rude, which hadn’t occurred to us), but also just because we had left. In their great prosperity, the Swiss felt that they had sheltered and protected an endangered exile; they had been good hosts, but the exile did not appreciate their hospitality and left, ungratefully and in secret. But other problems preoccupied us then, and by the time the news exploded in the media we missed the opportunity of writing at least a belated farewell. It must be said that the ordinary Swiss people had always been good to me, and the fact that the Swiss police had forbidden me to make any political statements<sup>20</sup> was not known to the people; and it was also

hard to explain that we were escaping not only the bustle of the city but also our KGB pursuers. The ill will that had arisen against me was used to great effect by the Swiss tabloids and the leftist press. (The two often go arm in arm, as was the case in Russia before the Revolution: the *Stock Exchange Gazette*, *Morning Russia*, *Moscow Leaflet*, a whole long line of them.)

The American public, friendly and childishly hankering for the sensational, of course immediately deluged us with an avalanche of letters, telegrams, invitations, and congratulations, wishing us well with much kindness, but it was an avalanche that would have killed a novice. I, however, had experienced such a deluge at least twice before in my life, and was no novice. Even once the deluge subsided, the flow continued: invitations to speak, to greet someone, requests to write forewords; directives as to what topics I ought to speak on, whom I should defend with all due haste; requests from Slavists for additional information about this or that place in this or that book of mine; people inquiring whether I knew this or that relative of theirs in the Archipelago; requests from cancer patients concerning information on cures, where to get and how to use the Issyk-Kul root and birch mushrooms. (I always replied to cancer patients immediately.)

There was also the threat of complications arising from another quarter, the locals. Putting up a fence around one's land, even a fence that was see-through, was an unusual and provocative action. What's more, it cut off one of the paths used by snowmobiles, which people enjoyed riding through the forests and mountains. Governor Snelling, whom I went to meet, gave me the good advice to attend the annual town meeting and talk to the locals. The meeting took place in February, at the end of our first winter in Vermont, and I went, sat with the others, and then talked. [20] Immediately, the tension in the town eased, and a staunch neighborliness was established.

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On my trip to the state capital, I inquired about the possibility of establishing a nonprofit publishing house. As soon as Viktor Bankoul and I took leave of the officials, the media descended on them, and they were obliged to respond to all their questions, and the following day the sensational news spread throughout the world that in moving to Vermont I was setting up my own publishing house. (And soon enough I began to receive book proposals, even actual manuscripts.)

It was in fact with our move that the idea of establishing our own publishing house crystallized. The plan was for it to be a subsidiary of the Russian Social Fund,<sup>21</sup> and that it would publish books that were needed in Russia and would be sent there free of charge. The first such series was already on the horizon: a long-planned series of research in newest Russian history (under the Russian initials I. N. R. I.). So much of our historical memory was being lost, so many documents intentionally destroyed. But wasn't there at least something, anything, that could still be snatched from oblivion? I was confident that we would bring together a strong group of writers, old and young. But I saw immediately that we could not accomplish the task on our own: settled as we now were in Cavendish, we could at best do the editing (and even that was not certain) and perhaps the typesetting too, but how were we to gather a workforce? Where would the production department be? And what about the distribution? Who would see to all the correspondence, the mailing, the shipping? As always when it came to things Russian, there was a shortage of manpower. It was said that there were over a million Russian immigrants in the United States alone, though no one had actually done a count, but even with half a million Russians, and a good young generation, one couldn't find anyone to do the job.

Though the idea of my own publishing house had been sparked by the move to a new continent, it was also fueled by the plans I was envisioning. I continued to regard YMCA-Press in Paris as a disorganized, badly run enterprise, its booklist containing titles of varying quality and trends—one never knew what to expect next. Having lost all hope of doing sound work with such a chaotic publishing house, I entered negotiations, through the YMCA editor Nikita Struve himself, with the French publisher Éditions du Seuil, for them to bring out my collected works in Russian. When it seemed that Struve might after all take over the direction of YMCA-Press so that it could be run in an effective and straightforward manner, I promised I would support him. Finally, at the end of 1977, Morozov's close friend Boris Yulievich Fize, a member of the Russian Student Christian Movement and YMCA-Press executive committee chairman, suggested that Morozov step down as director of the press, a suggestion to which Father Alexander Schmemmann also lent his support. Following a drawn-out debate in the movement, Alya, who was in Paris in the spring of 1978, confirmed in my name that I too was in support of Morozov stepping down. Morozov agreed to leave, on condition that YMCA-Press, despite being a small publishing enterprise, pay him over the next six

years and more a full salary until he reached retirement age, and that he would retain the rank of “literary advisor.”\*

Yet it was not Struve who was to replace Morozov, as Struve was still reticent about taking on the directorship of the press. (“My fragmentation is weighing me down,” Struve had said. He had set out along a number of creative paths, but had not followed them through.) The post was to go to Vladimir Alloi, a man from the Third Wave of emigration who had vigorously lobbied for the position. I was never to meet Alloi. But seen from a distance, the fast-paced years of his tenure at YMCA-Press seemed marked by an air of excited feverishness, the main goal being speed.

Now that I had finally settled down in one place, Alya and I decided to bring out my twenty-volume collected works. Up to this point, in our rushed underground struggle, we would hardly have had the opportunity to edit and proofread the texts that had gone through so many hands in samizdat; nor had we had the opportunity to keep a faithful record, even for ourselves, of the differences between my original texts and the Soviet publications of them. Not to mention that foreign editions of Russian texts are inevitably filled with errors and typos: when would we have found the time to sit down and correct them all? This was now our first opportunity. Another issue was that people kept sending me additional material for *Gulag Archipelago* from outside the Soviet Union, much of which I wanted to add; but, needless to say, I had to bring the project to a close at some point, otherwise there would be no end to it. As for my plays and screenplays, they had

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\* Morozov also retained his teaching position at the Theological Institute, so that the loss of the directorship of YMCA-Press did not mean the end of his professional life; but apparently his long-term illness led him in November of that year to commit suicide. This caused prolonged strife and much dissension at the Russian Student Christian Movement (RSCM), Struve being hounded (with a view to restricting his editorial powers), not to mention that there was a denial of Morozov’s mental illness, despite its having been common knowledge. The Russian Student Christian Movement even put a stop to the upcoming edition of *Vestnik (Messenger)* with Morozov’s obituary. In short, Morozov’s was one of those painful and bitter emigrant stories when a person has lost the connection to his homeland, has lost all prospects, and work has lost all meaning. I received an indignant letter from a group of members of the RSCM, though they did not understand that Morozov had not been directing YMCA-Press, but rather was running it into the ground. Yet I deeply regret having intervened in the internal reshuffle at the press with my threat that I would no longer publish with them as long as Morozov was at the helm. (Author’s note, 1979.)

never appeared in print, and it was necessary to publish them in an authorized edition. The profound quiet of Five Brooks now gave Alya and me the opportunity to slow down and finally focus.

But if the typing out of the drafts was to be done somewhere far away, the work would constantly be delayed, with the proofs having to be mailed back and forth. Therefore it was vital to do the typing and editing here in our home, and it goes without saying that Alya—who else?—was to take charge of that, especially since each page would call for her editorial intervention. And now that the old linotype machines were no longer in use, there were new electronic machines to contend with: more new and uncharted terrain. We began sending out feelers, comparing different systems. Michael Roshak, of Carpatho-Russian origin, a deacon at St. Vladimir's Orthodox Theological Seminary in New York, proved to be of great help, as he was involved with the seminary's publications and so had some knowledge of the different systems. After Michael Roshak, it was Andrew Tregubov, a student at the seminary who had recently come from Moscow, who took charge of arranging for the right machine, and we invited him and his wife Galina to come live with us in Vermont. Tregubov had good technical aptitude and arranged for the purchase of an IBM Composer that combined a mechanical and electronic processing system with memory. The purchase was a drawn-out affair, but the twentieth century definitely came to our rescue, as I do not know how we would have managed without this machine. We did the entire layout of my works at home, by ourselves, and, as luck would have it, both Tregubovs were also artists.

Alya was quick to learn the art of typing and layout in all its details, and fast became a virtuoso in the craft, preparing the final typed manuscripts of my collected works one volume after another.

For my *Red Wheel* I had once boldly invented new genres, as well as special fonts and signs for these genres and their layout. I had not given thought to the problem that a publisher might be unable to carry all this off and convey everything without distortion to future readers. This task now fell to my wife, my companion, dedicated as she was to my works with all her heart. Now, in our first collection that we prepared in Vermont, Alya fully and elegantly implemented everything to the letter.<sup>22</sup>

And with this our plans expanded: why not type out ourselves the volumes we were planning for a Russian memoir series, producing well-edited manuscripts, and only send to YMCA-Press in Paris for publication whatever was ready in its final form?

This parallel project of creating an All-Russian Memoir Library tormented me from the start. The precious personal accounts of witnesses of the Revolution came pouring in: but members of the Second Wave of emigration, as they were younger, could write even more. They could write about the first twenty-five years of life under the Soviets, the vicissitudes of World War II, and about life as refugees, their deportation from the West, and postwar life in Europe. From Cavendish I wrote an appeal to these potential memoirists. But there was a stumbling block: what address were we to give? If we were to furnish our own address, how could we check for explosive devices? The Bolsheviks might well send us a bomb (the way they had sent one to Solonevich in Bulgaria, the bomb exploding when his wife opened the package).<sup>23</sup> For more than six months we tried to think of a way to handle this, until Irina Ilovaiskaya, who by then had moved in with us, managed to come to an arrangement with Boston's postal inspector I. M. Peterson (who kindly took on the task on his own initiative), that his office would accept all the mail, check for letter bombs, open everything, and then send it on to us. It was only at this point, in the autumn of 1977, that the project became feasible, and I put a notice in the newspapers.<sup>24</sup> Such are the real conditions on this planet given the existence of the KGB. And that was how, for some two years, all the mail in connection with our All-Russian Memoir Library was to come to us; later, once the main flow subsided, we rerouted the mail directly to Cavendish.

It was initially Andrew Tregubov\* who gathered together the manuscripts of the Memoir Library, arranged all the storage and filing, and took care of all the correspondence with the authors. But, to our great surprise, the people from the Second Emigration hardly sent us any manuscripts at all! That's how badly Bolsheviks had frightened them: into a lifelong silence. Almost all of these people had been cowed in the years after the war by the SMERSH<sup>25</sup> manhunts, and by the Anglo-American policy of sending Russian refugees back to Stalin. This Second Emigration can not and will not ever believe, to their dying day, that they are safe, even if they are living across the ocean. It was, once again, the First Emigration that sent us manuscripts.

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\* He soon graduated from the seminary, became Father Andrew, and was given a parish some twenty miles from us in the Autocephalous Orthodox Church in America. For many years he was the priest of our family church, our children in many ways growing up under its roof. His wife Galina also did our word processing before they moved out of our house with the birth of their first child. (Author's note, 1993.)

The summer and autumn months of 1976, while hammers were banging on our hill and tractors growling, I remained steeped in work in my solitude by the pond. I had become acutely aware of a weakness in the fabric of *The Red Wheel*. Its scope until 1914 was not substantial enough. I was constantly uncovering new material that simply could not be excluded from my retrospective: not just the activities of Stolypin, his assassination, the wave of terrorism, and the bloody veil of the years 1905 and 1906, but also the entire reign of Tsar Nikolai II, particularly notable for the *first* half of his reign, which had not been frayed by banal disputes. The tsar, having come to the throne of a powerful state, managed within his *first* eleven years to let Russia drop into the abyss. (Stolypin having come to the rescue in 1906, the tsar again, in the course of the *next* eleven years, managed to drop the nation into the abyss once more.) I also could not exclude the philosophy of the revolutionaries themselves, and to go deeper and deeper until I got to the Narodnaya Volya (People's Will) terrorist group and the tragic farce of a trial of Vera Zasulich. All this had somehow to be skillfully compressed and entered into the text—but where? It could only go into *August 1914*. And so I decided to bring out a new two-volume edition. But how painful it was to impose these additions on a text that had already been completed. My entire system of historical Nodes was shaken to the core. With my book bearing the title “August 1914,” under what premise could I then squeeze all those things in? But I could not very well begin my historical Nodes from as far back as 1878! So as a last resort I came up with the idea of a retrospective section I would call “From Previous Nodes” that stretched back from September 1911 to 1899, the longest extension being the persona of Nikolai II, the chapter on him growing colossally.

But now I came to realize that in my whirlwind of gathering materials at the Hoover Institution, I had by far not collected everything I needed. And then winter came early to Vermont, at the beginning of November, and the construction was still not completed. I was still living in the summer cottage: this was in fact an ideal moment to escape into a library once more. The émigrés Alexis Rannit, an Estonian poet and professor at Yale, and his wife Tatiana offered me a secluded sojourn at Yale University over the Thanksgiving break. Upon arriving at my room for visiting professors I found that my hosts (despite their advancing years) had brought over for me heavy volumes of transcripts of the State Duma,<sup>26</sup> copies of *Krasny Arkhiv* (*Red Archive*), and People's Will publications from 1905, and in a fiery rapture I spent a week

at Yale in seclusion, never coming out, taking no hot meals. And so I filled in all the gaps I had located. All I now had to do was write and write!

That autumn, the cottage at the pond being cold, I also went to New York, to Columbia University, where I worked some more in the Bakhmeteff Archive. But I did walk through midtown late one evening—what a strange city! Thank God I didn't have to live there. I wanted to get back home to Cavendish as quickly as I could.

It was only toward New Year, in biting cold with ice and snow, that the hammering of the roofers on the building with my study and archive came to an end. It was in the same house that Alex Vinogradov built with much love a chapel for us. (The icons on the Royal Doors of our iconostasis were later painted by Nikita Struve's wife Maria, an inspired icon painter and the daughter of the renowned priest Father Aleksandr Elchaninov. Archbishop Gregory came from Alaska to consecrate our little chapel to Saint Sergius of Radonezh, and brought with him from Alaska the antimimension for its altar.)

Now I had the office of my dreams, spacious, with a high ceiling and bright windows (there were even windows in the roof, and no attic beneath them). I dragged four desks into this cold space, doing it, symbolically, on 31 December, and on 1 January 1977 I began to work.

With amusement I recalled the proverb "A man's home is his castle." I had never lived like this before, nor had I ever dreamed I would! Under a grand canopy of *this* kind one could write an epic!

I came to the decision that henceforth I would dedicate myself to work, and nothing else. This would be the first real year of work in my life!

But it was to be a year beset by distractions and frustration. And yet it was still to be a very successful year, one with a record number of pages written, and also the year in which I developed a new technique for *March 1917*. I had finally reached the Revolution! From my early years I had been aware that I had both the interest and temperament to describe that revolution, and I was passionate and ready for the task. But it did not yield itself easily to me—it was too different from what I was used to doing. I was overwhelmed by the avalanche of events of February and March 1917, but that period had also rewarded me with many finds. My entering into the February Revolution threw wild cards at me: contradictions were suddenly arising among the different sources, and you have to figure out which one is true!

As for the documents, they were clutching at me and demanding to be revealed. Historical documents are a delight, one could quote, and quote



most liberally, but no: doing so would cause the narrative to collapse and hinder the information from being used to best effect. If you have a credible report in hand, a protocol or a record of an important exchange of telegrams, it is better to ascertain *what prompted* the individuals to produce these documents. What were the hidden circumstances, what were their calculations? Who sent the telegram—what was he feeling? And what did the recipient think and feel? Particularly at the moment when the telegraph tape was uncoiling between his fingers and he quickly set out to reply. (It was in this way too that I felt the transcripts of many conferences come to life.) This method was far richer—both psychologically and reflecting the flux of political events—and it provided the best arena for the development of the historical characters. I was also driven to uncover the unexpected consequences of distortions when, through irresponsible journalism or word of mouth, facts were altered, or the meaning of a document, or even its *date*.

And this brought with it the prospect of an entirely new sequencing within the narrative, one that went hour by hour, and consequently with chapters that were much shorter and more fast-paced; even the movement of events in hourly increments, at times minute by minute. The coverage of places and social groupings also now had to be far broader than I had initially planned. I had also never before delved into historical materials as methodically and exhaustively as I was now doing. I had always been in a hurry, and had always been missing needed material.

Now I spent all my waking hours working without any distractions: nothing but the February Revolution. It now seemed strange to recall that it was not too long ago—two years ago, a year ago—that I had been trying to rally Eastern Europe into a liberation movement, to rouse Western Europe and America to defend themselves! Now I wanted nothing to happen in my life, no external events, nothing to be entered into my personal calendar—a sign of a happy life! If I were to work like this for three or four years, I would have a result in hand. I wanted to work until the entire experience of my lived life would be exhausted and I felt the need to get up and go in order to renew my perspective.

But where would I go? . . . Only to Russia. A Russia of the future, or one that was partially so, or at least a Russia that was slightly more favorable. Only then would I once more be able to write short stories—and then about the present. It would only be then, in a renewed Russia, that I would want once more to act and throw myself into public life, to try to influence matters so that Russia would not return to the disastrous path of February 1917. A

new thrust of life, and I would finally have Russian readers, with no need for translation. This would be a rebirth, a new youth despite my gray beard. (And though my mind cannot conceive how this might come about, my premonition leads me to believe with conviction that a return to Russia will happen in my lifetime.)

What use to me had been those positions on which I had taken such a strong stand here in the West, with people seeming to listen to me? All this was without real benefit, and my soul had not embraced it. I came more and more to see that the political West, the West of the media, and, of course, the Western business world, were not our allies—or were too dangerous to have as allies in restoring Russia.

This new direction of mine was already beginning to shimmer through and beginning to be noticed in the West. Looking back, it is amazing that the unanimous support that had sustained me in my battle against the Soviet Dragon—the support of the Western press and Western society, and even from within the Soviet Union—that incredible and unjustified groundswell that lifted me, had been triggered by a mutual lack of understanding. I, in fact, suited the all-powerful opinion of the Western political and intellectual elite as little as I did the Soviet rulers, or indeed the Soviet pseudo-intellectuals.

Another vital element to consider was the ambiguous and questionable strategy of attacking the Soviet regime not from within, but from the outside. Who was I going to ally myself with? With those who were opponents of a strong Russia, opponents of our national rebirth? And *against whom* was I stating my case? Clearly, only against the Soviet government. But if the government had its tentacles wrapped around both the neck and body of my country, where was I to draw the line? You cannot cut down the body of your motherland along with the tentacles. In my American speeches of 1975, for example, I had made an appeal to the West not to furnish the Soviet Union with electronic technology and sophisticated equipment, but I did not call for there to be no shipments of grain. I had said nothing of the kind, but people somehow concluded that I had, or others had made such statements; and it became ingrained in public opinion that it was I who had said such a thing. And then when the artistic director of the Moscow Art Theater, Oleg Efremov—a man I valued—came to New York with the playwright Mikhail Roshchin, and they spoke to Veronika Shtein, the question they put to her was: “Why is Aleksandr Isaevich calling for war and advocating that Russia not be given grain? Are our people to starve?” My God, calling for war is exactly what I did *not* do, but the press in the United States

had twisted my words, and for my words to reach my compatriots in *such* a form, what was the world coming to! And I certainly had not said a single word about *grain*! I could shout this from the rooftops, but who would listen? The question remained of what statements to make in my speeches, what to call for.

I live only for the future of Russia. But what if, with my vocal damning of the entire regime of the country, I am in fact not helping Russia but merely cutting myself off from the motherland forever? If only there were a solution! . . .

Everything, absolutely everything, came together in a way that made it better for me to remain silent for a long time, not to speak out in public. A positive outcome of some kind would hopefully emerge of its own accord.

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Even if you overcome the harassment of the Western media, the Soviet talons will still claw at you. How can you make a truce with the Devil?—he will hardly abide by his word anyway.

Though I myself fell silent, our Russian Social Fund continued its work on Soviet territory, sending the Soviet government into a rage: never before in its sixty years of existence had aid for individuals persecuted in the USSR been arranged through the West, and in such a way that the people who were persecuted were not afraid to accept this aid. (It was not coming from “the imperialists!”) They accepted it because it was known to everyone that I was one of them, that I had been a prisoner in the camps, and that it was honest money, *Archipelago* money. The secret paths through which we (Alya and those who helped her) managed to send money across the Iron Curtain surprised many and infuriated the Soviet government. At first, when the Soviets were snatching up only 35 percent of all money transfers, we sent sizable sums by official means. (Aleksandr Ginzburg found us almost a dozen people who were not afraid to receive these funds and then pass them on to others.) Another successful method was that individuals emigrating to the West would leave rubles for the Fund in the Soviet Union, and in the West the Fund would then pay them in dollars at a real exchange rate: one dollar for three rubles, then for four rubles. But after the Bolsheviks began robbing all money transfers at 65 percent of the amount being sent, there was no longer any point in our sending money through official channels. We then came up with another secret way of getting money into the Soviet Union. Though the Soviets maintained an inflated official exchange rate that was significantly

higher than the dollar, they themselves offered foreigners a more favorable rate while at the same time punishing Soviet citizens for any attempt to change money: only the state was allowed to hold hard currency. Consequently, Soviet citizens who were traveling to the West were always seeking to change their rubles there as much as they could. And our benevolent and invaluable friend Viktor Bankoul, a Swiss citizen and future board member of our Fund, began putting our system of reverse exchange into practice, first with the aid of his friend Sergei Nersesovich Krikorian, a Russian Armenian living in Geneva, and then setting up a system on his own in Zurich. He began buying Soviet rubles with Swiss francs, but only tattered and used ruble notes. As people had largely brought with them crisp new notes, this slowed things down; after all, we could not be sending freshly minted banknotes with consecutive serial numbers to the USSR. (We called all this “Operation Y.”) What we had to do next was to bring this money across the border in a suitcase to Struve in Paris, which Maria Aleksandrovna Bankoul always undertook to do. Struve knew all our secret agents working in the Soviet Union—he himself at times helped place his former Russian students with the French diplomatic service in Moscow. These heroic helpers are all named in my *Invisible Allies*. Thus packs of used Soviet banknotes of many different denominations, and amounting to many thousands of rubles, were secretly brought to Moscow, and intermediaries conveyed them to Aleksandr Ginzburg, who was administrator of the Fund until his arrest in early 1977. (This role of “intermediary” link—usually carried out by Eva, and later also by Boris Mikhailov—was extremely dangerous: Soviet citizens caught *in flagrante* receiving an enormous amount of money from a foreigner before they had a chance to distribute it could count on severe sentences; and Mikhailov had five children!)

Bringing the money into the Soviet Union was a difficult undertaking, but there were also many complications and dangers awaiting the administrators on the ground. Receiving immense and unforeseeable amounts of money, they had to apportion it immediately and store it, either in safe houses where no searches were expected, or in bankbooks that would not arouse suspicion. Moving the stacks of money to places where they could be stored, and then to places where they could be distributed, was always perilous for everyone involved; and as lists were dangerous and could not be kept, it was a great challenge to remember with hardly any notes at hand the large number of names and surnames, addresses, family members, children’s ages, their needs—not to mention the prisoners themselves, the length of their sentences, their condition, their place of incarceration—and then to distribute

the aid in accordance with all this. What's more, our helpers not only encountered tears of gratitude but also had to fend off angry attacks, complaints, and suspicions (all of which the KGB incited through their agents among current and former prisoners). Someday, the individuals who selflessly distributed aid will themselves tell these stories in all their details and even publish reports, if they manage to record and save the information.

A person with exceptional organizational skills was needed to create and set up this system, a person with both intellect and heart. Aleksandr Ginzburg was this person: the two prison camp internments he had already lived through strengthened and concentrated his eternal devotion to the prisoners of the Gulag, and he had a phenomenal recollection of the details of their fates. The difficult first three years of the Fund called for extraordinary and audacious action! Were the Soviet authorities going to let all this pass? Ginzburg found himself under heavy surveillance, facing injunctions and grueling persecution by KGB officers, and yet he managed from his ill-fated and wretched place of exile in Tarusa to establish an independent aid network stretching over the entire Soviet Union, a network that helped hundreds of prisoners and their families every year with the money that *Gulag Archipelago* generated. In addition to branches in European Russia, Ginzburg was quick to set up divisions in the Ukraine (where the Fund was to be particularly active), Lithuania, Siberia, and among the Baptists.<sup>27</sup>

It is quite likely that the stunned Soviets would have continued to tolerate this activity had Ginzburg not made a big mistake: in addition to running the Fund, he joined the Moscow Helsinki Watch Group. It was clear right from the start that, whatever the Soviets might have tolerated up to this point, they were not about to permit a group to “monitor” the Soviet government's implementation of its foreign policy agreements.<sup>28</sup> Running the charitable Fund should have compelled him to avoid political struggle, let alone sign any declarations other than those connected with the Fund.

In February 1977, just after giving an important press conference concerning the work of the Fund, Ginzburg was arrested.

How was I to remain silent? How was I to adhere to my self-imposed truce? Could one even do so in the face of such an all-engulfing monster?

I immediately made a statement about his arrest, though not in the trite form of “This is unacceptable. It is an outrage, and I protest most strongly,” but fired a sharp attack against the Soviet government.<sup>29</sup>

I then had to follow suit with a letter of encouragement to those who would take over the Fund after Ginzburg, in response to a letter they had sent me. I wrote to them in as conciliatory a tone as I could, emphasizing

that the Fund's work had to be first and foremost in everyone's mind, calming the waters so that they themselves would not end up being arrested. I sent the letter by a clandestine mail route, and it ended up being published first in samizdat, only later appearing in the West.<sup>30</sup>

Alya started a long, vociferous, and desperate campaign in defense of Ginzburg and the Fund. As for me, during this year of promised "silence," I also sent a telegram<sup>31</sup> to the Sakharov Hearings in Rome. I also could not avoid sending a telegram<sup>32</sup> to the Coalition for a Democratic Majority of the United States Senate, and then when the Soviets deprived Rostropovich and his wife Galina Vishnevskaya of their citizenship—on my account, needless to say—how could I remain silent?<sup>33</sup>

What possible truce could there be with the Bolsheviks?

Despite all this, the year passed without any major appearances on my part, and, as was to be expected, my silence did not go unnoticed or uncondemned among those of the Third Emigration and in so-called intellectual circles of the West. When formerly I had kept making appearances they complained: "How driven he is! He's clearly falling victim to his ambitions!" Now that I had withdrawn from the scene, their tongues were again wagging: "He thinks he's something special, he sees himself as superhuman!" For years I had passionately intervened in politics, at which they sneered: "How unseemly for a writer! He clearly has nothing left to write about!" Yet when I tried to distance myself from politics and focus only on writing, their verdict was: "He's turned his back on all his principles and has abandoned his allies to their fate." And no sooner did Stalin's daughter, for whatever reason, interrupt her everyday silence of many years to send a telegram to the Shah of Persia, asking that he refrain from returning a Soviet pilot who had defected across the border into Iran, the Russian emigration was quick to grumble, a New York newspaper even writing, "Alliluyeva spoke, why is Solzhenitsyn silent?"

The campaign for Ginzburg needed a gathering of forces of the kind we thought we did not have, and it called for untiring ingenuity; we were in a foreign land where we knew no one, where we had no connections. All this my wife took upon herself, and she had soon rounded up a great many dedicated sympathizers and helpers. I could never have mustered up such strength and drive; the front I was facing, speaking both geographically and historically, was too great. But Alya's credo was that we must on no account allow the arrest of the administrator of the Fund to pass uncontested, that this would mean the end of all the others too, not to mention of the Fund itself. The Soviets had to be made to see that we were ready to fight to the last. Then we came up with the winning idea: we would ask the prominent Washington

lawyer Edward Bennett Williams to “defend” Ginzburg (something that would doubtless throw the Soviet authorities into confusion). I wrote him a letter [21] with this most unusual request, and Mr. Williams took on the case out of moral conviction, refusing a fee. Our Xerox machine made hundreds upon hundreds of copies of samizdat materials that had been sent to us clandestinely, materials concerning the Fund, Ginzburg, the progress of the investigation against him, and the Soviets’ targeting any actions of aid to prisoners; all this was sent from our home to senators and congressmen and to a number of American organizations, especially Christian ones.

We sent so many letters—in English, French, German, and Italian! We made so many phone calls! Irina Alekseevna Ilovaiskaya took on this task, and this might be an opportune moment to say a few things about her. She belonged to the younger émigré generation, her parents being First Wave refugees after the Revolution, and she had been educated in the Russian school in Belgrade before the Second World War. We had already met her early in 1976 in Zurich, before we left for America, and at that point she had agreed to come to America to help us in all our endeavors as our secretary, assistant, and interpreter. She was the widow of an Italian diplomat and, leaving her apartment in Rome and her two grown children, she came to live with us at Five Brooks in the autumn of 1976. She also had to take on the task of being our “press secretary,” responding to the unrelenting barrage of media requests, and conducting all our business with the various branches and levels of administration in the U.S., as well as handling all our correspondence with the West (she was fluent in seven languages). And out of heartfelt conviction she even managed to find the time to add her own lessons to those Alya and I were giving our boys (who were 4, 5, and 7, and so in many cases had to be taught separately); she was very attached to them and they to her. Her own passionate interest was in spreading the Christian message.\*

As our battle for Aleksandr Ginzburg continued, we were advised to create a defense committee, as is the way in the United States. Here Ludmilla Thorne’s help was to prove indispensable—she had grown up in America,

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\* After living with us in Vermont for two and a half years, Irina Ilovaiskaya moved to Paris in the spring of 1979 to become the editor-in-chief of the newspaper *Russkaya Mysl* after the retirement of Zinaida Shakhovskaya. Russian Orthodox by birth and upbringing, she had later found her calling in Catholicism. In the mid-1980s she set up a Christian radio station named *Blagovest* (ringing churchbells) that broadcast in Russian from Europe to the USSR, and in the mid-1990s she initiated a Christian radio channel in Moscow. (Author’s note, 1997.)

her parents being of the Second Emigration—and together with the indomitable Patricia Barnes she managed to set up the “Aleksandr Ginzburg Defense Committee,” drawing in major American figures such as the writers Arthur Miller, Kurt Vonnegut, Edward Albee, and Saul Bellow, well-known senators and congressmen, and many important public figures—altogether forty-nine individuals. Ludmilla became the secretary of the Committee, its relentless driving force. In February 1978, on the first anniversary of Ginzburg’s arrest, the Committee called a press conference in New York, taking out a large ad in the *Washington Post* with a picture of Ginzburg. Any day now his trial was expected to begin. In support of the campaign, Alya first went to New York and Washington, and then to Paris and London, giving interviews and meeting with influential people, among them Margaret Thatcher. The campaign miraculously took on great momentum. (The Soviet authorities had taken stock of my wife well before all this: back in October of 1976, by special decree, she too had been deprived of Soviet citizenship.) On the anniversary of Ginzburg’s arrest I also gave an interview to the ABC television network, but it went nowhere, it never aired. And immediately after my Harvard speech, where there was a great number of journalists asking me questions on the campus, I made a statement specifically and only about Ginzburg.<sup>34</sup> A progressive Harvard co-ed turned up with a placard: “Don’t support the Fascists!”—that is how these people see it. . . . But the members of the Ginzburg Committee, demonstrating in front of the Soviet mission to the UN in New York, held placards of a very different kind. In July, on the day before the court case in Kaluga, photographs of Vonnegut, Miller, Albee, and other celebrities carrying placards in support of Ginzburg made their way through the entire United States.\*

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But in our family this brought on extreme fatigue for Alya: the children’s education could not be interrupted (as the Russian saying goes, “it’s

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\* Following a seventeen-month pretrial detention, Ginzburg was sentenced to eight years of hard labor (this was already his third term in the prison camps). But in the spring of 1979, only two years into his term, he was suddenly released! Such a victory was beyond what we could have hoped for—but we pulled him out!—it was incredible. It is said that the State Department, in selecting candidates to be exchanged for captured Soviet spies, had taken the scope of our campaign into account. (Author’s note, 1982.)



easy to snap twigs, but hard to raise sprigs”), and we had decided for the first year not to put them in an American school—before they were to plunge into the ocean of English, they had to be able to read Russian well. Then the next volume in my collected works was waiting: it was Alya who had to do the editing and typing; and there was also the editing of the historical personal accounts that were being sent in by the old émigrés, and timely responses had to be sent back to them, letters encouraging them to write more, letters with editorial queries—indeed, some of the elderly memoirists had already died without having received any response from us. All this came at great personal cost. Not to mention that our archives had still not been unpacked since we had moved from Zurich, nor had our ongoing correspondence been put in order, so that at times it was hard to locate letters to look over or answer.

And during these months trouble was brewing for the Russian-language Bakhmeteff Archive at Columbia; its curator, Lev Magerovsky, sent me a harrowing letter, begging me to intercede.

The history of the archive is as follows: Beginning in the 1920s, the Russian emigration had gathered a substantial archive of personal accounts and documents in Prague; since all of Russia’s cultured classes had fled the country, this was a great piece of living Russia, a treasure trove of history. But in 1945 the Soviets occupied Prague, swallowed up the archive, and took it to Moscow. From that time on, all traces of it disappeared: it is probably being kept somewhere as a limited-access or special-reserve archive, or an archive to which all access is denied. One can only hope that the Bolsheviks have not destroyed it and will not get around to doing so, and that the archive will be saved for history in the distant, if not the near, future.\* But the Russian emigration, which to a large extent had crossed the Atlantic during World War II, mustered the energy to start collecting a new archive in New York, a second collection, and, most importantly, to find people, narratives, and facts for new personal accounts, demonstrating the émigré community’s depth and vitality. The guardian and soul of this archive was Professor Lev Florianovich Magerovsky, one of the former staff members of the Prague archive; the other main organizers were Boris Bakhmeteff, the last

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\* The archive has survived! (Though how completely it has been preserved remains to be seen.) Today, anyone managing to secure permission (all our archives in Russia are of limited access) can read the materials in it. (Author’s note, 1996.)

ambassador of Russia to the USA, appointed by the 1917 Provisional Government, and the American Philip E. Mosely, a friend of Russia. After the Bolshevik Revolution, Bakhmeteff remained in the USA and had recourse to Russian moneys abroad (the “Bakhmeteff Fund”), which meant that the archive was not without means; but where was it to be housed, and what was to be its status? At that time, General Eisenhower was president of Columbia University—the year before he became president of the United States—and he offered the archives a sanctuary at the university. No written agreement or contract was drawn up (what could Bakhmeteff have been thinking!)—it was a gentleman’s agreement. That was how things had started in 1951. The Bakhmeteff Archive was given a windowless, though ventilated, room, and in this confined but serviceable space Magerovsky kept gathering, over a quarter of a century, more and more written personal historical accounts, covering a wide arc from the beginnings of the revolutionary movement to the White movement above all. He found prospective authors, persuaded them to write their accounts while they were still alive and to entrust him with their manuscripts; he personally guaranteed utter secrecy in some cases, and in others an immediate return of all materials on demand. He struggled on alone, without a staff, receiving a small fee from the Bakhmeteff Fund and helped only by his son, who had graduated from Columbia. In short, he had no support, no means, and no place for the materials to be processed, catalogued, or annotated. Magerovsky, a gaunt and elegant old man, kept everything in his head, and could locate with ease materials among the warren of shelves stacked with boxes each containing a number of files; he was also authorized to deny access to any individual suspected of having a Communist agenda. Despite its modest parameters, the archive was at the service of the Russian emigration and honest scholars. That was the state in which I found it in the summer of 1975.

Since then, however, a terrible situation had arisen, one entirely in the spirit of American law: Eisenhower, Bakhmeteff, and Mosely had died a long time ago, there was no written contract with Columbia University, and as for there having been a gentleman’s agreement, Columbia didn’t know the meaning of the word! Here only legally watertight contracts are recognized. In May 1977, the dedicated and knowledgeable Magerovsky was suddenly removed from the archive by order of Columbia University—physically removed without the right to reenter. The archive was moved to another space, transferred in its entirety to the university library. Astonishing! The university bureaucrats simply seized all the materials, appropriating our Russian spiritual heritage without so much as calling together the representatives of the emigration, ignoring the instructions of the deceased contributors, the rights of those still alive, ignoring the folders marked “secret” or “return on demand.”

To whom could Magerovsky turn for help? To Roman Gul, to Andrei Sedykh (the editor of *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*), and to me. As he had taken me in 1976 to meet the college dean and director of the Russian Institute at Columbia, who at the time had showered me with attentions, I now sent them the necessary letter. It was met by these gentlemen at Columbia with a cool refusal. And that was that.

This was a Russian matter that lay very close to my heart, but where would I find the strength to fight this? A horse only moves as fast as it can gallop.

Less than six months after Ginzburg's arrest, the Russian Social Fund received a second blow from an unexpected quarter, from Switzerland. Resentment on account of our secret departure was still simmering, and when my *Lenin in Zurich* appeared in French and German editions the leftist press began fanning the flames, attributing to me both Lenin's contempt for Switzerland and his statements (which I had quoted verbatim from his texts), such as that Switzerland was "a republic of lackeys."<sup>35</sup> There was a great hue and cry: "A republic of lackeys' is the insult Solzhenitsyn is leveling at Switzerland after his hasty departure from this country that showed him such great hospitality!" Alas, the Widmers had advised me to publish a "farewell letter" to Switzerland, but I had failed to do so. Now I had to send a rebuttal to the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*. [22] I do not know how effective it was. Lenin they tolerated, forgiving all his subversive actions, but I was not to be forgiven for the simple act of writing.

And then suddenly another ideal pretext for a public outcry surfaced. The money that *Gulag Archipelago* had been generating all these years throughout the world was going directly into the account of the Russian Social Fund, not into mine. But an inaccuracy in how the royalties from the United States were being classified had slipped by unnoticed: Harper & Row was transferring my royalties into the account of the Russian Social Fund correctly, but on the accompanying transaction form the secretary or bookkeeper had written "For Solzhenitsyn" (instead of "For the Russian Social Fund"). Now, a year later, the American tax authorities, through a routine exchange of information, had informed the Swiss authorities of the sum that "Solzhenitsyn" had been paid. (*Archipelago*, which I had entirely surrendered to the Fund, was bringing in four times more royalties than all of my other books together.) The tax authorities in Zurich gasped, outraged at the extent to which this Solzhenitsyn fellow had underreported his income! In Switzerland, government leaders have no impact on the tax authorities—by design:

the purity of democracy. It is precisely for this reason that junior officials can act quite independently. When the erroneous statement arrived from the United States, the head of the tax department in Zurich happened to be on vacation, and the official substituting for him, Isaak Meier, eagerly and officiously took on the case. Standard procedure dictated that the tax office send out an inquiry first as to why certain taxes were not paid, giving the individual an opportunity to respond, and then only in the case of an unsatisfactory response would they take further action; but this bureaucrat brought forward charges against me without sending notice, without questioning me on the matter.

I was immediately treated like some common criminal: first my Swiss account was frozen, and then a fantastical figure in back taxes was announced, which through a fine was further augmented to almost 4 million Swiss francs! When I read this figure and the notification I received in a deliberately bad photocopy with illegible scrawls as signatures, I had a momentary flashback to the Soviet Union, when fifteen- and twenty-five-year sentences were so shocking they seemed funny—though neither those announcements, nor this one, were anything to laugh at.

It was now that my former Swiss lawyer Heeb's failings truly manifested themselves, his inexperience and ineptitude when it came to matters of a wider scope. Soon after I had first arrived in Switzerland I had established the Russian Social Fund, which was quickly approved by the Swiss authorities, and I had granted it all the current and future royalties from *Archipelago*. On my instructions Heeb informed all my publishers of this, and year after year the royalties flowed directly into the Fund, bypassing me entirely. It had not, however, occurred to Heeb to inform me that for such a transfer of my royalties I would also have to sign a separate affidavit of irreversible donation. A single page was all that was needed, and then no minor bookkeeping error could have caused us all this damage. This was explained to me later, but at the time I had no idea what was going on and felt only dismay: how could all this have come about? Back in Moscow I had already announced that I would donate all the proceeds from *Archipelago* to aid prisoners in Russia, which was exactly what I had done, the Russian Social Fund's bank account being in no way connected to mine, and the moneys being sent directly to that account, not through me at all. The Fund was fully operational, furnishing aid to hundreds of families. What was there to doubt in this matter, what further proof did they need? But no, as I had not signed an affidavit of donation back in 1974, all the moneys generated by *Gulag Archipelago* that

had been sent to the Fund were considered to be my personal income and subject to taxation.

It was July 1977. I was feeling smothered, bewildered: how were we to live in the West? The millstone of the KGB had never tired of crushing me, I was used to that, but now a second millstone, the millstone of the West, was descending upon me to grind me all over again (and not for the first time). How were we to live here? In every business, financial, and organizational matter in the West, I always find myself blundering, backed into a corner, pulling the short straw, everything in utter confusion, so that there are moments when I simply despair: it is as if I had lost all reason, no longer knew how to act, invariably misstepped! As sharp-eyed as my actions had been in the East, so blind were they in the West. How was I to find my way through this tangle of rules and laws? (Would not a Westerner suddenly dropped into the Soviet Union be just as helpless?)

I kept some notes from the heat of those days, notes I had written in the midst of all the turmoil. The vividness of that state of mind has faded by now, it would be impossible to re-create, but here is what I had written in my notes:

“How humiliating and crushing is my realization that over these last years I’ve been nothing but a weakling, an ass, despite all my skill at countering the evils of Soviet society. What confidence I once had with my few kopecks and rubles! Not hundreds of thousands! Things were so different, everything fit into one little wallet. Among the ordeals that life has sent me there now comes another, the ordeal of the Western financial system. And I must admit that I am struggling in the face of it: it has been sent down upon me for some reason, but I’m having a hard time bearing up. I wouldn’t care one whit if I could free my mind and soul so I could work. What is degrading is that I’m drowning in a puddle, not in stormy seas (then again, that’s how it always works). I was strong and at times even cheerful in the camps and in prison; cancer didn’t break me, I suffered painful family tribulations, endured years of fear that my clandestine work would fail, but I always lived easily in poverty, got used to it, was adapted only to privation, and now feel perturbed in the face of poverty-free affluence where no one appreciates anything, where everyone thoughtlessly squanders and allows everything to spoil. But on the other hand affluence, and my being freed for many years from having to earn a living to support a large family, have given me the opportunity to move away from the accursed cities into quiet and clean surroundings, freeing up space and time for my main task. Where am I now to

find four million francs? I ask myself how my poor grandfather could survive, and what he felt in his final twelve years of life after the Revolution, when he was not only robbed of what he had worked for with sweat and blood, but also of all that mattered in his life.”<sup>36</sup>

So this was another lesson that life was sending me. (You had to appreciate the rules: you can get a far greater tax deduction from commercial activities than from creative ones. In the States I was advised to declare that my current work was geared not toward writing future books, but toward boosting the sales of books I had already written: this would be significantly more advantageous from a taxation perspective. This I refused to do. Also, writing off “salaries paid to my children”—in other words, encouraging the children not to help their parents selflessly, but for money.) While I was trying to tackle life’s big problems, the Swiss bureaucrats were pursuing me as if I were a petty thief.

But more was to come. One of the employees of the Swiss tax office made a copy of the document with the amounts leveled against me and offered it to the Zurich socialist newspaper *Tages-Anzeiger*, which was delighted to print the sensational news of what a thief Solzhenitsyn was!<sup>37</sup> There could have been no better windfall for the leftist European press (they fell all over themselves to reprint the news)—all this to the great delight of the KGB! This was the first major volley against me that the KGB itself had not unleashed, but it supported these exploits with zeal, pushing all the buttons it had in the West. Then a new fracas hit the Swiss press (readers were once again reminded of the “republic of lackeys” and my “flight”), but this time the entire German-speaking press got involved, as did the Scandinavian, French, and Italian press. It was now clear “why Solzhenitsyn had supported the Spanish fascists,” and that *Archipelago* was not to be believed, and that Solzhenitsyn was not a moral authority. In Switzerland, the Fund itself was called into question: why was all the aid going exclusively to persecuted Soviets? Why was nothing being donated to, say, needy Swiss artists or actors? Obtuse minds were raging, unable to believe that there might be such a thing as solidarity among Gulag prisoners, or selfless help and aid being sent to compatriots from afar.

This whole uproar in the West also reached the ears of radio listeners in the USSR—apparently by way of the Deutsche Welle—our poor people perceiving the Russian Social Fund as having been suppressed in the West, clearly by the long arm of the KGB! But within the Soviet Union how else could this matter have been understood? Who back there could ever imagine Western jurisprudence being so grim and heartless? And the persecuted and

hounded victims we had helped, fighting as they were for survival, still rushed to make statements in our defense that the Fund was continuing to operate, and that in the previous year alone it had helped 707 families.

The picture would not be complete without adding that the Swiss investigations and all the mayhem in the West surrounding our Fund was in full tilt on the anniversary of Ginzburg's arrest: it had already been a year since the KGB had been investigating the Fund in the USSR, rounding up false witnesses against it.

How well the millstones of East and West were grinding together!

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The stormy phase of this cruel turmoil went on for six months, and the whole affair looks likely to be laboriously drawn out for at least another year and a half. This was also my first year of working on *March 1917*, and I was on an intense search for its form, which would determine the entire fate of the book: at first I thought it would be in two volumes, then in three; then in four! The entire opus was to grow to a great height, with its entire weight on my shoulders (and, in fact, on Alya's too!).

Or rather, it was I who was growing with this opus, *March 1917* absorbing my entire attention and the exertion of my soul.

In covering the broad event-filled expanses that *March 1917* called for, a series of uniform narrative chapters would tire the reader. It was impossible to write only in the old authorial narrative method—the patterns of the text had to be varied, with twists and surprises.

For a long time I tried to comprehend the potential of each style that would strike root in *The Red Wheel*, and how to implement them. The solutions arose day by day as I was working, as I was searching.

The cinematographic format I had initially embraced for the first uprisings of the masses in February 1917 proved too voluminous, and I had weighed the possibility of discarding this method altogether. But then I came upon scenes I wanted only to be represented cinematographically, with every action made visible: the storming of the Astoria Hotel, the piercing of the imperial emblems, the murder of Admiral Nepenin.<sup>38</sup>

Hardest of all was the development of the chapters that were made up of fragments, with their boundless wealth of real incidents, with their ability to form a chain within a plot without singling out a particular character. From these I learned a new conciseness.

The chapters centering on newspaper reports were going to be even more revelatory, not merely in the indispensability of the up-to-the-minute information of the era that they offered, but also in the atmosphere of the times that they conveyed, the ways in which people understood or were confounded by events; and how this differed by sociopolitical grouping: the intelligentsia, petit bourgeois, peasantry, bourgeoisie, socialists, and Bolsheviks. What was so astonishing was how many people could not see what was coming upon them, not even a day ahead; it was enough to drive one to despair. In the chapters within a chronological framework, I combined separate episodes into a chain, meticulously intertwining them by affinity, development, and contrast, creating not a chaos but a self-sufficient narrative, a melody flowing between the scraps of newspaper.

Furthermore, after the painful and sullyng impression from reading newspaper after newspaper of the revolutionary days, I had a sudden epiphany: I would gather some of the lies they were propagating into small separate chapters that would focus on the new official “folklore” of the February Revolution, turning them into spontaneous poetry: “The Mythology of February,” “February’s Figures of Speech.”<sup>39</sup> (These became indelibly bright little chapters.) I would also present the distortions of the newspapers side by side with the chapters describing the events in the way they actually occurred.

But there was also the monumental task of cutting a path through all the contradictory testimonies of people who had witnessed the historical incidents (particularly when it came to dates and times). In some of the most difficult cases, my research into these incidents (coupled with the readers’ own inferences) became chapters of their own.

In its full scope, *The Red Wheel* encompasses all of Russia—Russia in flux. And to write in briefer, more general, terms would not have been a presentation of the Revolution itself, but rather just a summary of it.

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Meanwhile, what of that Swiss scandal?

It is a well-known fact in the West that, at the slightest complication in life, lawyers are called in. There was no question of course of commissioning Heeb: it was he who had dragged me into this mire in the first place. On the advice of the Widmers I now appointed a new lawyer, the clever and energetic Erich Gayler. (He and Widmer had served together in the Swiss Army.) If only I had known earlier that there were such keen lawyers in Zurich—he



was not at all like Heeb! I appointed Gayler because I needed legal representation and had no intention of traveling to Switzerland myself. I did not think that he would have too much work gathering the evidence; after all, it was an open-and-shut case. How wrong I was! The talons of Swiss bureaucracy had dug deep, and this mess had already dragged on for over a year with still no verdict rendered. Heeb had been so lax in the initial setup of the Fund that now, in order to avoid similar troubles in the future, we had to make the act of donation as of the current date, and not only of the royalties of *Gulag Archipelago*, but of the actual book itself: donating the author's copyright. In other words, I had no choice but for myself, the writer, to relinquish the right to control the fate of my own work and its future publication: I would henceforth have no say whatsoever in any further editions of *Archipelago*. All decisions would now fall to the Russian Social Fund! But this was a solution only for the future, in America or wherever else I might live. Meanwhile, Switzerland was far from satisfied: for them I was a "tax delinquent," and the evidence that it was the Fund, and not I, who was the recipient of all the royalties—and that donating all the moneys generated by *Archipelago* had been my intention from the beginning—this evidence ended up requiring such an intricate and fine-tuned approach that Zurich's foremost law professor, Dr. Meier-Hayoz, had to be brought in.

The evidence we submitted had to reach back to the time before my expulsion from the Soviet Union. And although in Moscow in 1974 I had already, without any future Swiss taxation issues in mind, publicly committed all the royalties from *Archipelago* to Soviet political prisoners, this was not enough; nor were all my subsequent public statements to the effect considered as evidence. At a moment when I had been battling unto death with the KGB, when every document I sent out from the Soviet Union could lead to my beheading, I was expected to have been able to forestall any future legal complications! That was how the millstones of East and West came together to grind me down! Now our clandestine correspondence, sent out of the Soviet Union in fragments, with minuscule lettering and filled with coded expressions, was expected to manifest my legal intention. I contacted Betta in Austria, and she made copies of all our correspondence and sent it to us in the States, where we went through everything, trying to find something that might be sufficiently convincing. We were now forced to attempt to patiently explain to these Swiss tax inspectors who lived in a land of prosperity what our situation in the Soviet Union had been, how dangerous it would have been to write anything down, let alone keep copies of correspondence,

and how on the night of my arrest my wife had had to burn any letters that had not yet been sent.

Partly because our lawyer Erich Gayler had made some progress with our evidence (Betta, still shielding her name from the public, was to be called to give a deposition), and partly because the press had gone too far, the Zurich financial authorities in February 1978 sent out a communiqué acknowledging that there had been no malicious intent on my part, and that it had been merely an error, the extent of which was still being clarified.<sup>40</sup> (That this was all the result of a mess-up by Heeb, a Swiss lawyer, the establishment found itself unable to acknowledge. So they covered his blunder to the end, and even the sound *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* deleted any lines hinting at what Heeb had done. Gayler indicated that it was possible to hold Heeb legally responsible, which would free me of any charges. But to launch a lawsuit of this kind was not our way, the Russian way. After all, Heeb's error had been merely one of negligence.)

For a whole year this Swiss scandal has coiled around my heart like a snake, and is still lingering. I was, thank God, saved from resentment toward the whole of Switzerland by a few decent and sober voices, proving once again that no country should be judged indiscriminately. The well-known journalist Ulrich Kägi wrote, "Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Later he set up a press conference in Zurich centered around our Fund.) And several newspapers responded positively. Professor Huldrych Koelbing wrote in the *Basler Zeitung*, "Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has done incomparably more for freedom than any of us have." The physician Heinz Karrer wrote to my lawyer Gayler: "Through these measures, Zurich and all of Switzerland are turning into a laughingstock. I am becoming ashamed to be Swiss." Professor Meier-Hayoz, with great generosity and out of respect for *Archipelago*, categorically refused to accept a fee for his extensive work and fine expertise.\*

An investigation was also launched into the theft of information from the tax office, which dragged on, in unhurried Swiss rhythm, for six months. The *Tages-Anzeiger* was ordered to name its source in the tax department, but with noble outrage the newspaper countered that revealing such information

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\* The case threatened to drag on for a second full year, but Gayler pushed for a ruling, and within nineteen months the case was closed, with a full acknowledgment of my innocence. (Author's note, 1982.)

would be an infringement of the inviolable freedom of the press, a freedom that stands above any court of law!<sup>41</sup>

But no matter how angry one might be, one has to bow one's head in gratitude to the Swiss, for nowhere else in the world would we have been able to set up a charitable fund with such ease and start a stream of money flowing to my homeland. No, Switzerland was a blessing. Our interim stop there was, if anything, justified by our having established the Russian Social Fund. The Fund is already working for Russia, and is going to do a great deal more.

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I have noticed how over the years abroad I have gotten used to a lack of support from all sides, to being attacked and cornered. If not until my expulsion from the Soviet Union, then at least until the appearance of *August 1914* in 1971, I could freely claim that, other than the Soviet government, I seemed to have no enemies, not a single personal enemy, and that I was surrounded by friends. I was surprised that everyone else seemed to have enemies and people who were jealous of them, while I never experienced anything like that. But in reality I was being carried by a wave of public support, and if an enemy were to surface (whom my forthright statements of truth would have placed in the uncomfortable position of a minion of the Soviet authorities), that enemy would have had to hold himself in check.

From the moment my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* came out, any restraints that the public had imposed on itself for rebuking me or leveling accusations against me fell away, and suddenly more and more indignant voices were raised. Some out of conviction that I had *betrayed democracy*: how could I demand anything but an *immediate* transition to democracy? (I had written that a *transitional period* of authoritarian rule was necessary in order to keep everyday life from imploding, but these people shut their ears to my reasoning and labeled me as “authoritarian”!) Others could now give vent to their ill will that had been building up all this time, and it was surprising to think that only recently they had presented themselves as my supporters. (And of course Soviet agents of influence entered the fray, eager not to miss out on dealing a blow to a man who had been knocked down but was still alive.) The great number of hostile reviews of my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* also triggered volumes of criticism (which I did not read) of *From Under the Rubble*, newspaper articles and attacks by Third Wave émigrés, not to mention hostile rumors and malicious backbiting, at the center of which was, it must be said,

the indomitable Andrei Sinyavsky. It was as if he had lost all ability to speak to anybody about anything without maneuvering the topic to that reprehensible Solzhenitsyn: I had turned into his mania, his mocking snigger reaching us from all corners. (The things the Sinyavskys called me! “Totalitarian,” “theocrat,” “leader of the Russian fascists”—and only last year Sinyavsky claimed that my expulsion from the Soviet Union had been a charade co-scripted with the KGB, and that Ginzburg wanted to abandon the Russian Social Fund and emigrate but I was “forcing him to stay and sit himself in jail.”)

The so-called intellectual circles of the West had also decided to march into battle against me, and took their lead from the journalists of the Third Emigration. And so no matter where one looked, my opponents were jumping into action, while my friends were far away or silent.

As for the extreme-nationalist flank of the emigration, it brought out in *Niva (Crop Field)*<sup>42</sup> a doctored photograph of “Solzhenitsyn standing before Stalin’s coffin” (from a photograph of me at Tvardovsky’s coffin), and wrote beneath the picture, in all seriousness: “What about it? If Solzhenitsyn was admitted before Stalin’s coffin in 1953, he was clearly a Soviet agent even back then!” The Polish émigré writer Józef Mackiewicz started a rumor that the Soviet authorities had allowed me to move my archives out of the country (while it was, of course, impossible for me at that time to reveal how the archives had been smuggled out, and by whom!). This, according to Mackiewicz, proved my Soviet connections, and that all my criticism of the West was aimed at weakening it and playing into the hands of the Bolsheviks. And it was just at that point that Olga Carlisle burst onto the scene with her poisonous book against me.

To cross the sea and come halfway around the world only to garner more of the same scorn!

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Around 1975 Roy Medvedev came up with the idea of bringing out a samizdat magazine called *Dvadsaty Vek (Twentieth Century)*, but after the very first issue he was summoned to the Central Committee and the publication was disallowed. A great pity! But his brother Zhores began publishing the magazine in London with the assurance that it was being widely distributed in samizdat in the Soviet Union as well—which no one from Moscow, however, was able to confirm to us.

Then suddenly, in the second issue,<sup>43</sup> presented as “published in London, 1977,” there was an article by Vladimir Lakshin, a close associate of the Medvedev brothers, attacking me: an extremely lengthy article of the kind Lakshin is in the habit of writing. Seventy pages long. “An outstanding essay,” the editor’s introduction noted, “by one of the foremost literary critics of Russian literature, a brilliant essayist and literary historian.” High praise indeed—though, given the ravages of today’s literary terrain, Lakshin has certainly been conspicuous enough as a critic. Over the years he has increasingly slipped into mediocrity, and after he left the *Novy Mir* magazine little distinguishes him from a typical opportunist who manages to cull favor with the authorities.

But the audacity of it! Lakshin, until now a paragon of loyalty to the state, venturing to publish so brazenly in the West?!\*

I did not expect to find anything sympathetic toward my book in Lakshin’s article—nor did I—but I did read the article with some benefit to myself, and even with some inner satisfaction. One gains a certain clear-sightedness after emerging from the thick of battle: I could now see where I had gone wrong, where I had reproached someone erroneously or had misunderstood something.

Lakshin was clearly right when he called me to task for having judged the inner workings of *Novy Mir*’s editorial office based on impressions that were too cursory and rushed. I allow that I probably had not entirely fathomed the relations between the “first” and “second” floors. I am glad he corrected me; doubtless, with time, other individuals connected with the magazine will have more to say on this matter. And of course Lakshin was right that I had not noted more of the good qualities attributable to Tvardovsky: in my hand-to-hand combat with the authorities I had not had the leisure for calm observation. It was true that at times I had given free rein to impa-

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\* When Boris Sachs, the former executive secretary of *Novy Mir*, emigrated to the West, he described to me, in a letter dated 30 July 1984, the facts surrounding Lakshin’s publication “in Lakshin’s own words.” Soon after *The Oak and the Calf* had come out, Lakshin had been summoned twice by Verchenko, the Secretary of the Writers’ Union, who lent him a copy for a significant amount of time with the directive that Lakshin write a public response to be published in the West: “We have the means to publish this not only in the Communist press,” Verchenko had said, “but also in the bourgeois press in Europe.” Sachs also wrote that Tvardovsky’s widow Valentina had come to an agreement with the Central Committee, and that they had sent the article she had written attacking *The Oak and the Calf* to *L’Unità* in Italy. (Author’s note, 1986.)

tient, even unfair appraisals. Thus, in the vehemence and distress of the situation, I was quite wrong in reproaching Tvardovsky for not having hidden the only surviving typescript of *First Circle* in his office after the KGB raids: it would have been imprudent for him, following the mistakes I had made, to expose his magazine to danger by sheltering a novel that had already been seized by the authorities. Nor could the magazine have “stiffened the dose of daring”<sup>44</sup> in its publications other than when it fooled the censors (which it did), not to mention that editorial decisions did not lie entirely in their hands. I also retract my suggestion that Tvardovsky, during the days the magazine was under mortal attack, ought to have gathered the entire editorial office together. He knew better than I how to act. As they were being disbanded, what kind of stiffened dose of daring could I have demanded from the leadership of *Novy Mir*? What could they have done? After all, they were not an independent editorial office, but government officials. Their making a statement in the samizdat press, it seemed to me, would have been the only desirable and effective thing. But neither Tvardovsky nor the other members of the editorial office had the wherewithal or state of mind to do so; it was quite impossible. Sure, it would have added poignancy to their fall—but no statement would have changed the situation. And when Aleksandr Ovcharenko was imposed on the editorial office by the authorities—a man who had damned Tvardovsky as a “kulak poet”—how could Tvardovsky stay on at *Novy Mir*? That much I also agreed with at the time. (And there was something that Lakshin did not call me to account on, but of which I am now quite aware, and ready to admit my error: in *The Oak and the Calf* I had reproached Tvardovsky for his *Le Monde* interview in Paris in the autumn of 1965, in which he had not given the slightest hint of the danger I was in, and had explained away my disastrous silence as modesty on my part. I was expecting too much from him. I myself, a year later in my interview with the Japanese journalist Komoto,<sup>45</sup> had also gone to pains not to lay my head on the butcher’s block. How cowed we all were—it is something one must not forget!)

But then it gets worse, as Lakshin makes insidious substitutions in almost every sentence. He writes, for example, that Solzhenitsyn “craved Tvardovsky’s confidentiality.”<sup>46</sup> (Why such words? We had an easygoing style of communication and mutual goodwill.) Or: he expects that “everyone must repent except himself.” (Who has repented publicly more than I have?) Then there is the downright-absurd allegation that I would have “as willingly be published by Kosolapov” (who replaced Tvardovsky in the *Novy Mir* editorial offices) as I had been by Tvardovsky. I could not have even contemplated such a thing, if only because I had long since left the track of published Soviet author entirely, and I was not seeking to get back onto it. Indeed, if the entire leadership of *Novy Mir* submitted to their fate and failed to rebel at the disbandment,

why did they expect and demand rebellion from their rank and file? (Were they to “leave”? Where would they find work?) And the same for the authors. (Were they to “take their manuscripts back”? Back to where?) No, the fairer thing would be to admit that they all acted exactly as their prison-like Soviet conditions bound them to act, and that they could not have done otherwise. Lakshin himself took the literary bureaucratic post he was offered, a post that feeds him and gives him sufficiently strong status to speak out, finally, against that branded “outcast and enemy of the people” Solzhenitsyn. Besides, now in Western eyes Lakshin can appear to be a brave maverick.

He needed to weave his text together in such a way as to ring true with readers in the free world on the one hand, and not cross the boundaries of loyalty to the Soviet Union and the Communist Party on the other. Some of what he writes can be attributed to this balancing act, as when he says that “Solzhenitsyn is doomed to be hopelessly prone to error in his judgment of broader political perspectives, because his criteria derive only from himself and his immediate circumstances.” And this after *Archipelago*! In fact, he cannot call out *Archipelago* by name—nor can he shut it out entirely; it is the elephant in the room. So he gives it an assessment worthy of a true Party man: “Exaggerations bred of hatred. Until history finds much more objective chroniclers, Solzhenitsyn’s biased judgment will stand.” Alas, alas, it will. (Then again, Roy Medvedev’s group is probably busy rewriting History, so it won’t be long now.)

But in this article Lakshin shows his true convictions, and the level of his thinking—and it is quite disheartening. The critic poses a strange question to the author: what is your aim? For example, what was the aim of *Archipelago*? Turns out, restoring the memory of the nation, repairing the most drastic lapses of that memory—that is not an aim of literature. Instead, the critic demands of me “a positive alternative to socialism.” *Novy Mir*, he says, was “a modest embryo of democratic socialism. . . . We believed in socialism as a noble ideal of justice.” Perhaps my “Repentance and Self-Limitation”<sup>47</sup> will do? No, he says, that work made him laugh. . . . Yet he has so thoroughly lost an ear for irony, that he tries proving the “misapprehension” of my subtitle to *The Oak and the Calf*: “sketches of literary life.” And he finds *Vekhi* to be “profoundly retrograde” (though “brilliant in its way”). But here is the worst part: “Any great idea can be distorted in its historical application. . . . Is this the fault of man’s ‘original sin,’ of his genetic immaturity as a species [then shouldn’t Marx have paused to think for a second?!—A. S.], a lack of receptivity in his moral consciousness. . . . or is it due to the rotten, polluted soil of antecedent social influences and traditions?” There we have it: blame it on Mother Russia! “Might it not be that all the woes and failures of our country have arisen precisely because we have interpreted socialism in an archaic, monarchical fashion?. . .” And hence Communism comes out clean. It’s the monarchists who are at fault!

These utterances, being the main line of Lakshin's thinking, amply show how impossible it was for us to see eye to eye. (Also, he avoids responding to any of my multiple pages about him in *The Oak and the Calf*. If he had no rebuttal, perhaps my judgments about him were accurate enough.)

And yet it still gets worse. Lakshin systematically misquotes *The Oak and the Calf*, either by omitting key phrases or interpreting the text in bad faith. Here are a few examples, with cursive denoting the words Lakshin leaves out.\*

On Tvardovsky: "how unsteady, and how helplessly limp at times, were the hands that managed *Novy Mir*," and here the phrase breaks off, leaving out: "*how very big and how receptive the heart*" (*Oak* 78; Lakshin 20). Twice he cites this quote and cuts it short both times—surely not an innocent mistake. Another example: "*It was some time before I learned my lesson and realized that Novy Mir, friendly though it be,* must be handled with the defensive cunning necessary in all dealings with authority" (*Oak* 67; Lakshin 54–55). And then this: "*Of all those at the table, none was less demonstrative than I, none wore a look so nearly grim. I had chosen to play this part in the expectation that any moment now they would begin pitching into me*" (*Oak* 24; Lakshin 55)—there goes Lakshin cutting off whatever is inconvenient. When describing my furious speech at the Institute of Oriental Studies, where I publicly assailed the KGB and the hall was intoxicated with the air of freedom, I wrote: "*This was perhaps the first time, the very first time in my life, that I felt myself, saw myself, making history*" (*Oak* 145). Lakshin then turns this around as Solzhenitsyn "ceaselessly admiring himself in his self-created literary mirror" (Lakshin 52)—after all, the phrase "saw myself making history" looks pompous indeed if you cut out the preceding phrase; and thus Lakshin achieves his desired effect. Then there is the passage where I describe the "battle" at the Secretariat in overtly humorous style, how I managed to get a word in edgewise against forty hostiles and, so as to scare the daylights out of the secretaries of the Writers' Union, "in the voice of one intoning truths for the ears of history, I hurled at them" my statement (*Oak* 182). Lakshin repeats that phrase out of context, without describing the situation, and sums up: "Who else has ever written about himself like that in his literary memoirs?" (Lakshin 53). I write that I am "always readier, more willing to believe, the worst," meaning bad circumstances, or a bad outcome, but Lakshin

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\* In 1994 this article by Lakshin was published in his book *Berega kultury (The Shores of Culture)* (Moscow: Miros). For readers' convenience the page references are to this newest edition.<sup>48</sup> However, the difficulty arises that, in this new edition, Lakshin's original 1977 text has been changed. A large paragraph inimical to Anna Berzer has been removed—Lakshin had said that "her ambitions were huge," "she felt no compunction at playing a double game," etc. Also removed was part of his excessive bad-mouthing of me. (Author's note, 1996.)



distorts it as if I said I find it easy to believe that people are rotten (*Oak* 45, Lakshin 59). Or this: Solzhenitsyn “asked me to arrange for him a meeting with Tvardovsky or to fix up something else that he needed” (Lakshin 57), but he hides what the “something else” was, even though he well knows: it was to ask Tvardovsky to visit me to read *Archipelago*. And it was Lakshin who robbed him of that opportunity; Tvardovsky died without reading the book. I write (*Oak* 285) that cancer can be a consequence of resentment and depression; but Lakshin turns it around (Lakshin 83) as if I said “a consequence of Tvardovsky’s cowardice.” And the smiling Tvardovsky’s ironic statement, “Well, emancipate me from Marxism-Leninism” was by no means a “piteous appeal,” as Lakshin would have it, but a controlled sally by a wise soul (*Oak* 256, Lakshin 42).

For the entire length of his article, Lakshin feigns accuracy; he cites *The Oak and the Calf* by page. But when the need arises to skew the text a little more strongly, in those particular places he “accidentally” forgets to cite the page. And so when I write (*Oak* 268), “We had talked like bosom friends—and all the time I had a knife in my boot,” that is exactly the limit of what Lakshin quotes, making much ado about it: “And that was the way—with a knife in his boot—that the author of *Ivan Denisovich* talked to his literary godfather. . . . He played a false double role without necessity” (Lakshin 56). And what reader—even if some Moscow readers could get their hands on a rare samizdat copy for less than a full day—what reader would have time to go and check the context? How would they learn that the “knife in my boot” was in fact my devastating critique aimed at the Secretariat of the Writers’ Union, which I could not possibly have shown to Tvardovsky, as he would urge me to dodge that fight?

So that is Lakshin’s idea of honest debate. He has even less difficulty, then, in making judgments when no quotes are necessary, as when he says that Solzhenitsyn “skillfully stage-managed his entrance” next to Tvardovsky’s coffin at his burial. Skillfully indeed: I just showed up at the Central Writers’ Club. The security hounds could easily have stopped me—I was not, after all, a member of the Writers’ Union.

Once you start falsifying, there is no going back. Thus, when Lakshin wishes to malign my “American speeches” he easily finds himself repeating the dirtiest slanders of Soviet propaganda, alleging that I called on Americans that “there should be no trade, no sale of grain, no détente, if necessary at the risk of war” and “isn’t Solzhenitsyn fighting against the millions of people who inhabit his own country?” In all this, he offers no citations, of course, since he is at this point telling bald-faced lies.

“Not a job for a gentleman,” Lakshin likes to say, adopting Tvardovsky’s erstwhile phrase about any dishonorable deed. (And what about misquoting? Is that “a job for a gentleman”?) Yet, having written four dozen pages, our critic realizes he won’t be able to finish off this Solzhenitsyn fellow on the merits, and so proceeds, rather, with a blatant hatchet job: “naïve, ridiculous self-aggrandizement . . . absurd degree of blind self-

assurance . . . pompous and ridiculous . . . I shall restrain myself from holding him up to ridicule . . . he has absorbed the poison of Stalinism . . . sterility of his passionate hatred and arrogance . . . his spleen, his intolerance, and his vanity have reached such proportions . . . insatiable pride . . . fanatical intolerance [toward Communism in *Archipelago*] . . . making the most of the uncertain, flickering limelight of popularity . . . ridiculous folly or raving arrogance . . . sees himself as a man-God . . . told lies for years on end . . . the evil demon of destruction . . . wolfish isolation . . . prison-camp virus . . . a camp wolf.” And even more subtly: “genius of evil . . . a mighty scoundrel . . . a marauder.”

It seems unlikely that this opus will become the jewel of a Lakshin anthology.

Today I sometimes think back to how confident I was only five years ago about the undisputed superiority of samizdat publications as opposed to official Soviet literature: even the samizdat *Khronika Tekushchikh Sobyti* (Chronicle of Current Events) seemed to me more significant in what it achieved than the state-controlled *Novy Mir*. But here in the West, “in total freedom,” there are already half a dozen magazines in Russian that are *free* from any oppression, and one would think that there would be nothing keeping them from rising to a level of excellence: nobody is repressing them, so why are they not rising? But not a single one of these pretentious magazines can come close to the cultural and aesthetic level of *Novy Mir* in its day, despite its having been assailed and fettered by censorship. None of these magazines have achieved the calm, dignified, and deep discourse that *Novy Mir* managed despite its having been shackled within such rigid confines. And much of the national and popular spirit of Russia managed to prevail in *Novy Mir*, something one does not find in magazines of the Third Emigration that, at best, distance themselves categorically from the vital problems of Russia. In my final Soviet years, fueled by my fiery battle against the regime, I overestimated both the samizdat and the dissident movement: I tended to consider these the central current of social thought and action, but it turned out to be an insignificant rivulet that was in no way connected with the core of life in the country. With their connections to the West, the dissidents disseminated information from their own circles rather than anything having to do with the people as a whole. In those years, with our offensive against the Soviet powers—saying we have no enemies except the Communist regime!—we all seemed to be part of a single stream with a homogeneous historical consciousness. But I overestimated my own proximity to this “democratic movement,” part of the reason being a legacy of the prerevolutionary

ideology of “liberation,” from which in those days I had still not managed to free myself. Furthermore, these dissidents were brave, self-sacrificing individuals without self-serving or hidden agendas. I truly admired them, particularly, of course, the 1968 protest in Red Square against the occupation of Czechoslovakia.<sup>49</sup>

But in truth we had sprung from different roots, expressed different aspirations, and had nothing in common but the time and place of action. The line of my struggle had started a good deal earlier than theirs, and my dogged battle against the Bolsheviks was to continue into the future, toward greater clashes, greater demands than their flimsy slogans such as “Respect your own constitution!” (One has to admit, however, that even though some of these dissidents did not want to see Communism fall apart, they did a fine job undermining its authority.)

The difference between us was to become crystal-clear both to us and to them, beginning with the publication of *From Under the Rubble* and Sinavsky’s referring to Russia as “bitch” in *Kontinent*.<sup>50</sup> They held up as their marching banner the Twentieth Congress<sup>51</sup> of the Party, but remained unresponsive to the plight of the Russian countryside, and especially to the renewed persecution of Orthodox Christianity. With the passing of a few short years the dissidents were to run out of steam and, with the opportunity of emigration opening up, the dissident movement—having never grappled with the issues of the Russian people as a whole—simply frittered away. The temptation of emigration shook the movement to its core and finished it off. One of its ideologues, Chalidze, announced as he was emigrating that he was “simply tired” of championing human rights. (Later, across the ocean, he mustered up the strength to champion them worldwide.) Another ideologue, Amalrik, proposed the theory that “emigration is a tactical move in the struggle to bring change to one’s country,” “political emigration has always preceded a revolution.” They even came up with: “Patriotism in these times means leaving.” All that many dissidents needed was the threat of prison or being deprived of privileged positions of employment (no one was denying them the right to manual labor) for them to rush off into “exile.” Others left without being threatened in any way. And in the West they were all lauded as *exiles*.

From the very first letters that had come pouring into my Zurich home, the letters of the current Third Emigration somehow immediately distinguished themselves by their shortness of breath, unlike the hardy, drawn-out stamina evident in the First and Second Emigrations. In Moscow I had felt no ill will toward those who were leaving, quite the opposite: out of hatred for

the Communist regime I, like many others, considered the escapes of Anatoli Kuznetsov and Arkadi Belinkov as almost heroic. (However, even back then we found Belinkov's advice over the radio from the West tactless—suggesting that all the members of the Writers' Union should throw away their membership cards. And Nikita Struve had written to me when I was still in Moscow how astonished he had been when he met Belinkov, who had maintained that Russia was so much a nation of slaves that even Pushkin was against freedom. "The new émigrés have no heart for Russia," Struve wrote in distress.) Consequently, when I arrived in the West, on reading these first letters I immediately sensed, "No, I'm not one of you! Absolutely not. No, I'm sorry, I'm not an émigré, and definitely not of the *Third Wave*!" So I separated the letters that the Third Emigration had sent me from all the letters of the First and Second Emigrations, and put them in a separate folder. And though I instinctively kept my distance, I did not yet foresee their fierce onslaughts, which were soon to begin. I was quite shaken when in March 1974 I read an article in *Vestnik* signed "X. Y." (I found out later that it was Boris Shragin), proposing that this Orthodox Christian magazine turn its back on Orthodoxy, "which has lost the trust of the intelligentsia."<sup>52</sup> I immediately sent a reply,<sup>53</sup> as I felt that here lay the root of the current emigration's haughty estrangement.

I had great respect for the First Emigration—not the entire First Emigration, of course, but the Whites, those who had not run away, who had not fled to save themselves but had fought for a better life in Russia and fought even as they retreated. And I felt very much at ease and in step with the Second Emigration, my generation, the brothers and sisters of my prison mates, individuals who had suffered Soviet torture, and who by chance had broken free after just a quarter-century of slavery, long before the death of the Soviet regime, and then were left destitute to tread the bitter paths of exile. But much as I respected the First and Second Emigrations, I was indifferent to the bulk of the émigrés of the Third Wave, who were not escaping from death or from prison sentences but striving for a life that was more attractive and comfortable (though most of them left behind them privileged and well-provisioned cities, advanced education, and good positions). One could say that they took advantage of every person's natural right to leave a place in which they do not want to live, but not all Soviets, not all by far, had the opportunity of making such a choice. So be it. One can perhaps only reproach them for having used the name of the State of Israel in order to leave the Soviet Union but then emigrating elsewhere. I had occasion to speak a few things about them.<sup>54</sup> Among them were of course individuals who had been interned

in prison camps and psychiatric hospitals, but they were few in number and known to all. Moreover, there were among them a number of individuals who had belonged to the Soviet elite and had actively served in the government apparatus of lies (and this apparatus had a broad scope: Soviet newspapers, popular songs, and the film industry). These individuals had worked closely with this apparatus. How could one define this emigration? . . . the *pen-wielding* emigration. But their main trait was that, now in the West, free and unencumbered, they immediately did an about-face and began damning and sermonizing the unfortunate and useless country they had abandoned, continuing their attempt to control Russian life from here in the West.

As for the West, it did not receive the Third Wave of emigration with the same disdain it had shown the émigrés of the first two waves: the exiles who arrived in earlier years had been perceived as a problematic group of reactionaries who for some reason were unwilling to share in the lofty ideals of socialism. They were received coldly and grudgingly in the West, educated people ending up working as manual laborers, cab drivers, and waiters, or at best setting themselves up in meager little businesses. The current wave of emigration, on the other hand, is welcomed with open arms, offered financial support, and heaped with praise: “They sacrificed their lives in a quest for human dignity.” Their departure (seen from within the Soviet Union as an escape to save themselves) was perceived in the West as “a manifestation of Russian dignity.” These people—often with a dubious liberal-arts education (saturated with Bolshevik ideology)—were welcomed with reverence and offered posts as university professors, were given great prominence in the Western media, were extensively financed by philanthropic foundations, and elbowed their way with ease into the émigré press and the Russian-language radio stations, forcing out the older generation. To date, the tension and hostility between the Third Emigration and its predecessors has worsened irretrievably.

Here one has to step back and take stock: are these kinds of clashes and animosity inevitable in exile? Did such burning resentment and recrimination exist within the First Emigration, which had been a confused mass ranging from the great princes, bishops, and generals to the crowd of Constitutional Democrat intellectuals, Kerensky, Burtsev, and the Socialist Revolutionary terrorists? These people, finding themselves thrown together in exile so soon after a crushing defeat for which they were partly responsible, would have had more reason for clashes and conflict. (But they always kept a decent tone in their discussions, while the pen-wielding Third Emigration, on the other hand, is always quick to become as strident as hucksters.) As for our differ-

ences today: at least they do not spring from our recriminations over the errors committed, but in arguments concerning the Russian future.\*

One individual who stood apart was the implacable Vladimir Bukovsky: he had fought tooth and nail and was deported from the Soviet Union (in exchange for a Chilean Communist leader). In my eyes, he was a true national hero: his focus was not his “right to emigrate” but the core issues of life in our nation. He was a fearless, selfless, intelligent young man—such fighters will one day make up the future Russian political cadres, and he might well end up being prime minister someday, provided he survives! There were moments when it seemed that the Soviets would torture him to death, but suddenly here he was in Switzerland! We immediately made contact with him. Later, on his way to the United States, he wrote that he absolutely wanted to meet with us and I invited him to come to Vermont, where he stayed with us for a day and a half. An honorable man indeed, unrelenting and truly courageous in his fight, with a strong political acumen, and such resourcefulness in his speeches! He has great empathy and is willing to help individuals who are in trouble and have been backed into a corner. I did not, however, perceive in him a sense of the full depth of Russia’s pain, of our fall, our impoverishment, a thirst for the healing of our people.

Meanwhile, in the Third Emigration he is among the best, the most intelligent.

This being the case, in whom can we place our hopes? In what future generations can we hope for the saving hands? When will Russia at last give birth to those hands and give them strength? What kind of leaders will we find after the Communists?

All the deadlines of history keep being pushed back, too slow for me and my constant, impatient forging ahead.

Here in the West I could have fallen deep into despair had I not had my work. Mountains of work, for years to come. You have to perform your duty first—and only then make your demands of History.

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\* And so I thought. But certain individuals from the Third Emigration have said with great frankness, and now have even written, that their struggle to prevail in the publications of Europe and the United States, and on the radio waves of the world, had nothing to do with propagating their ideas, but was about securing well-paid positions, of which there were few. It was for these that they fought, parading certain ideas before the “movers and shakers” and blackening their opponents. (Author’s note, 1982.)

In the meantime, our sons were growing. During the warmer half of the year, from April to October, I lived in the cottage by the pond, and early in the morning the boys would make their way in single file down the steep path through the majestic sanctuary of the woods to pray with me. We knelt on a bed of pine needles by the bushes, and they repeated after me short prayers and our own special prayer that I had composed: “Grant us, O Lord, to live in health and strength, our minds bright, until the day when you will open our path home to Russia, to labor and to sacrifice ourselves so that she may recover and flourish.” A few steps behind us was a rock that looked very much like a horse, its legs tucked under, a winged horse that had been turned to stone. I told the children, and they believed me, that the horse breathes lightly at night and that when Russia will rise again the spell shall be broken, the winged horse will breathe in deep and carry us on its back through the air, across the North, all the way to Russia . . . (At bedtime the boys would ask me: You’ll go to the horse tonight, won’t you, to check if it’s breathing?)

Several times a day one of the boys would come running down the steep path bringing a number of pages his mother had typed out in an initial draft along with her editorial suggestions. Then a little while later another son would come to take back the result.

I now began giving the two older boys lessons in mathematics. (I took a look at the newest Soviet textbooks but couldn’t warm up to them; they were off the mark, no sensitivity whatsoever to how children perceive things. So I taught my sons using the same books with which I had studied: Alya had brought them from Russia.) We also had a blackboard nailed to the wall of the cottage, chalk, notebooks, and tests, everything that was necessary. I would never have thought I’d ever teach mathematics again, though this was definitely going to be the last time. What a wonderful experience, how exquisite our traditional arithmetic problems are in developing the logic of the questions. And then follows Kiselyov’s crystalline geometry primer.

Immediately after the lesson we would go swimming. The pond is in some places shallow, in other places very deep, and I taught the boys swimming at my side. Water flowing from the mountain is very cold. The older boys would eagerly shout, “Papa, can we swim to the waterfall, can we?” The small dam was some twenty yards away.

Further up the creek there was a real waterfall that was some fifty feet high, the boys in single file making their way to it and staring at it in awe. It

was impressive, even for grown-ups. Two or three years later the older boys, beginning with Yermolai, would start sawing and splitting firewood with me.

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The second year in Vermont looked as if it would be one of solitude, with nothing but work. And I worked as if in a trance, yet still, look how many pages have accumulated describing problems and interference from outside. In the winter of 1978 an invitation to give a commencement speech at Harvard suddenly arrived. Of course I could have declined, as I had done in 1975, and with hundreds of other invitations. But Harvard is a place of significance, and my speech would be heard throughout America. I had not given a speech in two years, and my temperament was pushing me once again to speak out. So I accepted the invitation.

When I began to prepare my speech in the spring, I found that, beyond my aversion to eternal repetition, I could not and did not want to return to previous directions or hit previous notes. For many years in the USSR, and for four years now in the West, I kept slashing and hacking away at Communism, but in these last years I had also seen much in the West that was alarmingly dangerous, and *here* I preferred to talk about that. Giving expression to the new observations that had accumulated within me, I built my speech around Western matters, about the weaknesses of the West.

Unlike with my other speeches, I wrote this speech out, and Irina Ilovaikaya translated it into English. Knowing the West very well, she was extremely worried and upset, and tried to persuade me to soften my ideas and words. I refused. After the speech had been translated and printed out, in tears she told Alya: “He will not be forgiven for this!”

My speech was announced in advance, and what was mainly expected of me (they later wrote) was the gratitude of the exile to the great Atlantic fortress of Liberty, singing praises to its might and its virtues, which were lacking in the USSR. And needless to say, they expected an anti-Communist speech. The evening before, during the formal gala dinner, I had the honor to sit with the president of Botswana, Sir Seretse Khama, his black skin almost purple in hue, his face betraying fatigue, and also with the former president of Israel, Ephraim Katzir (Katchalsky), who very much called to mind a good-natured Ukrainian peasant, but one keeping his plans to himself. And the nervously restless Richard Pipes—a man of great influence at Harvard, and who almost singlehandedly runs the studies of Russia here in America—came over to



meet me and find out if it was true that my speech was to center on Cambodia. (That would indeed have been an issue well worth talking about.)

The following day people took their seats under the open sky in Harvard Yard, the graduates according to their fields, then the guests, and a large crowd of people standing—some twenty thousand in all, I was told. The president of Harvard congratulated the graduating students, after which honorary doctorates were given to the president of Botswana, to Katzir, to the Danish anthropologist Erik Erikson (who had a remarkable countenance), and to me—and, to my surprise, the crowd rose to its feet and gave me a standing ovation; clearly the myth surrounding me had yet to be dismantled here. Then Harvard graduates marched across the yard (at their head an old man, who had been of the class of 1893), as did we, the honored guests, students calling out greetings to us, and then everyone again took their seats. When the moment came for me to speak, it began to rain heavily. We on the podium were protected by a canopy, but everyone else in the crowd was exposed to the rain, and as I was speaking I was amazed that some people opened umbrellas, others didn't, but that everyone remained sitting in the rain, nobody hurrying away! And my speech, along with the translation, took an hour, twice as long as it normally would have, loudspeakers broadcasting it to all the corners of Harvard Yard.

I was also amazed at how often and how vigorously people applauded, something I had not expected, especially when I was talking about the importance of leaving behind materialism. This heartened me. At times they whistled, which is also, it turns out, a sign of approval, but there was another sound too, a drawn-out “ssss,” the way we call for silence in Russian, and that, on the contrary, was a sign of disapproval. (Later, I was to learn that on that same campus at an earlier time there had resounded the sharpest protests against the Vietnam War.)

After my speech the university asked me for the text, and it was immediately printed, with some two thousand copies handed out, and there began a bacchanalian dissemination of arbitrary excerpts and quotes from it throughout the U.S. and around the world. The university received over five thousand requests from twelve countries. (Here again: things that I had said elsewhere that had fallen on deaf ears, now, coming from America, were listened to by the entire world, as if for the first time!) The tireless TV stations, which had recorded my entire speech, broadcast it that very evening along with a discussion. Of all this, Alya and I that night only managed to catch that the Voice of America was broadcasting the whole speech, in my voice, to the Soviet Union.

The following day and a half was like an excursion into the past. In the evening, Harper & Row threw a dinner for us in Harvard's dining hall, and the aged Cass Canfield hobbled over to take a look at me: he had been the one who had once behaved so capriciously over *First Circle*, and had ultimately prevailed, with conditions that were humiliating and disenfranchising for me. One should not nurse old grudges, but seeing him was unpleasant. The next day we went to the Connecticut home of my translator, Thomas Whitney—his friend Harrison Salisbury was there too—both of whom had ended up taking my side in the Carlisle affair.<sup>55</sup> That evening, our host had gathered together a few choice guests, Arthur Miller and his circle, New York's elite.

On the following day we returned home, at which point there began—for a good two months!—an unending rush of agitated newspaper responses to my speech, and then also a flood of letters from Americans. Irina Ilovaiskaya read the letters and made summaries, while I myself read many of the articles. And I must say I was quite taken aback by the connection (or rather the *lack* thereof) between the criticism and the actual content of my speech.

I had given it the title “A World Split Apart,”<sup>56</sup> and it was with this idea that I had opened the speech, that mankind is separated into original and distinct worlds, distinct independent cultures that are often far removed from one another and frequently unfamiliar with one another (I had then listed some of them).\* One has to renounce the arrogant blindness of evaluating these different worlds merely according to the degree of their development toward the Western model. Such a benchmark is the result of a misunderstanding of the essence of those different worlds. Also, one has to stand back and look soberly at one's own system.

Western society in principle is based on a *legal* level that is far lower than the true moral yardstick, and besides, this legal way of thinking has a tendency to ossify. In principle, moral imperatives are not adhered to in politics, and often not in public life either. The notion of *freedom* has been diverted to unbridled passion, in other words, in the direction of the forces of evil (so that nobody's “freedom” would be limited!). A sense of responsibility before God and society has fallen away. “Human rights” have been so exalted that the rights of society are being oppressed and destroyed. And above all, the press, not elected by anyone, acts high-handedly and has amassed more

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\* I had come to this idea on my own. It was only in 1984 that I read Spengler, and in 1986 Danilevsky, whose masterful botanical work, which he had applied by analogy to mankind, had been undermined by his Pan-Slavic obsession, as if without this ideology Russia could not claim to have a civilization of its own. (Author's note, 1986.)

power than the legislative, executive, or judicial power. And in this *free* press itself it is not true freedom of opinion that dominates, but the dictates of the political fashion of the moment, which lead to a surprising uniformity of opinion. (It was on this point that I had irritated them most.) The whole social system does not contribute to advancing outstanding individuals to the highest echelons. The reigning ideology, that prosperity and the accumulation of material riches are to be valued above all else, is leading to a weakening of character in the West, and also to a massive decline in courage and the will to defend itself, as was clearly seen in the Vietnam War, not to mention a perplexity in the face of terror. But the roots of this social condition spring from the Enlightenment, from rationalist humanism, from the notion that man is the center of all that exists, and that there is no Higher Power above him. And these roots of irreligious humanism are common to the current Western world and to Communism, and that is what has led the Western intelligentsia to such strong and dogged sympathy for Communism.

At the end of my speech I had pointed to the fact that the moral poverty of the twentieth century comes from too much having been invested in sociopolitical changes, with the loss of the Whole and the High. We, all of us, have no other salvation but to look once more at the scale of moral values and rise to a new height of vision. “No one on earth has any other way left but—upward,” were the concluding words of my speech.

*Not once* throughout the entire speech did I use the word *détente* (they expected me more than anything to condemn it once again), nor did I make appeals for Communism to be overcome, and only in the background, as an aside, did I mention that “the next war . . . may well bury Western civilization forever.”

And what did the *crème de la crème* of the educated classes and the press hear in this speech, and how did they respond?

What surprised me was not that the newspapers attacked me from every angle (after all, I had taken a sharp cut at the press), but the fact that they had *completely* missed everything important (a remarkable skill of the media). They had invented things that simply did not exist in my speech, and had kept striking out at me on positions they expected me to hold, but which I had not taken. The newspapers went into a frenzy as if my speech had focused on *détente* or war. (Had they prepared their responses in advance, anticipating that my speech would be like the ones I had given in Washington and New York three years earlier?) “Sets aside all other values in the crusade against Communism. . . . Autocrat. . . . A throwback to the

Tsarist times. . . . His ill-considered political analysis.”<sup>57</sup> (The media is so blinkered it cannot even see beyond politics.)

In the first days the press spouted scalding invective: “He has flung his gauntlet at the West. . . . Fanatic. . . . Orthodox mystic. . . . Fierce dogmatic. . . . Political romantic. . . . Conservative radical. . . . Reactionary speech. . . . Obsession. . . . Has lost his balance. . . . Has missed the point. . . . Sounded like the wanderings of a mind split apart”<sup>58</sup> (a pun on the title of my speech, “A World Split Apart”).

And then they came to the “consequences”: “If you don’t like it here, why don’t you leave?” (This came up in several newspapers, and more than once.) “Why, if life in the United States is so deplorable and venal, should he have chosen to live here? . . . Mr. Solzhenitsyn, don’t let the doorknob hit you in the rear on the way out. . . . As you don’t like anything else here, it’s not unkind of us to point out that you don’t have to stay here. . . . Love it or leave it. . . . Would somebody please send [him] an airline schedule for overseas flights, east-bound.” They were particularly irritated that, when I said “our country” in my speech, I was referring to the Soviet Union and not to America. “If there is one thing I cannot abide, it is the guest who . . . lectures you on your faults. After getting out of Russia one step ahead of the KGB, Solzhenitsyn turns around and condemns us, his hosts, as having too much freedom”—(I admit that’s quite ironic)—while enjoyably “living in peace and freedom. . . . It was America who saved his homeland from Hitler’s horde.”<sup>59</sup> (Though one might argue about who saved whom.)

Before my Harvard speech, I naïvely believed that I had found myself in a society where one can say what one thinks, without having to flatter that society. It turns out that democracy expects to be flattered. When I called out “live not by lies!” in the Soviet Union, that was fair enough, but when I called out “live not by lies!” in the United States, I was told to go take a hike.

I was furthermore reproached, and in no uncertain terms, that I was criticizing the same Western press that had saved me in my battles in the Soviet Union. That did seem like ungratefulness on my part. But I had marched into battle prepared to die, without expecting to be saved. I had written in *The Oak and the Calf* that “Western sympathy began to grow warmer and warmer until it reached an undreamed-of temperature.”<sup>60</sup> But now they regret having helped me. Had the Bolsheviks exiled me to Siberia in 1974, the West would have been happy to look the other way, especially after reading my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders*. Kissinger and Pope Paul VI had come to the conclusion as far back as 1973 that I should not be defended.

Almost at the same time that I was speaking at Harvard, President Carter was giving a speech at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, fervently praising America. “In contrast to Carter, who spoke of the American way of life in almost evangelical terms,” Solzhenitsyn was full of criticism, lamented *Newsweek*. A few days later the First Lady, speaking at the National Press Club, almost overstepped the bounds of propriety, stating specifically in answer to me that there was no spiritual decline in America but that there was prosperity on all fronts. Now a great wave of justification of the United States swept throughout the press: “He does not grasp the American spirit. . . . We are irresponsible, he tells us. We put our freedom first, before our responsibility,” precisely “because we are a free people.”<sup>61</sup>

The major newspapers did not print the actual speech, despite there being no copyright restrictions, but only passages convenient for their censure. “He arrived complete with preconceptions about American decadence and cowardice. . . . Has no particular use for freedom, and little for democracy. . . . Does not comprehend that there is strength, great strength, in our weakness, [even in] naïveness and non-monolithic government, [which] may be incomprehensible to a traditional Russian.” And through many articles there echoed: he is too Russian, he is incorrigibly Russian, his experience is limited to things Russian, he does not understand. “A voice from Russia’s past . . . a nineteenth-century Slavophile. . . . He despises our press. . . . The unspoken expectation was that after three years in our midst, he would have to say we are superior. [Could he] at least have given one cheer for the extension of freedom to a whole society? . . . Didn’t we publish his books? Wouldn’t that be reason enough for gratitude? . . . Most Americans will cringe at the thesis . . . that ‘people have the right not to know’”—(I had spoken about “the forfeited right of people *not to know*, not to have their divine souls stuffed with gossip, nonsense, vain talk”—*A. S.*)—or that “commercial interest tends to ‘suffocate’ spiritual life. . . . His conclusions made Oswald Spengler’s ‘Decline of the West’ sound recklessly optimistic. . . . The giant does not love us. . . . [He points] obliquely and indeterminately to a regeneration of ‘spiritual life.’ . . . [The speech only] indicates the weakness of Harvard’s ability to get an honest American [to address the graduates]. Thank God for being an American.”<sup>62</sup>

Harrison Salisbury, who had initially defended me on television, saying that a rural philosopher was perfectly capable of seeing the big picture from his retreat, now also expressed surprise: “Can Solzhenitsyn, in a sense, be the opposition government for the Soviet Union and also the United States? That’s an enormous burden to be put on anyone’s shoulders.”<sup>63</sup>

But even in the initial unified chorus of condemnation there were also appraisals of my speech (more vocal with every passing day) that did not focus on its political elements, but kept comparing it, dozens of times, to Biblical prophecy, and me to the old American Puritans. “Poured out doomsday warnings. . . . Renewed a tradition of apocalyptic prophecy. . . . Struck responsive chords in many American breasts. . . . It’s been a long time since we heard a Puritan like this. Increase Mather was president of Harvard once, and he would have looked like a moral weakling compared to Solzhenitsyn. . . . He comes right out of that great New England tradition of preachers. This was a very appropriate place for him to make this presentation because it’s the sort of thing which New England has been hearing now for something over three hundred years. . . . It is a critique drawn from a more ancient, more austere and pessimistic spiritual tradition than the Enlightenment. . . . He surpassed the experience of his audience. No one was ready to take in such ideas. . . . He shook the country with a magnitude-9 earthquake, a bitter truth.”<sup>64</sup>

Soon evaluations of the initial newspaper reactions to my speech began to appear: “An avalanche of critical misunderstanding. . . . Touched a raw nerve [with the press]. . . . An intellect of great force and appetite, Solzhenitsyn stirred up a hornet’s nest. . . . Seldom has so much earnest controversy arisen from a single speech by a private citizen, and seldom has the preponderance of response so widely missed the mark. . . . A band of journalists who are making a concentrated effort to discredit Solzhenitsyn. . . . He attacked the media for self-assurance, hypocrisy and deceit and they will never forgive him for it. . . . Liberals usually blush at the word ‘evil’ [but Solzhenitsyn] has looked at one of hell’s faces.”<sup>65</sup>

As more readers’ reactions (albeit watered down and cut by the editors) and articles of thoughtful journalists made their way into the newspapers, and the press in the heartland began to enter the discussion, the tone of voice in the assessments of my speech became significantly more varied: “Solzhenitsyn’s Harvard cry [was] gloomy, yes, and brooding. . . . The easy thing to do in the face of such words is to remain snoozy and lingeringly self-righteous. But those words could be the truth—just as those who spoke them could be prophets (albeit without honor) in their own land, and in their adopted land as well. . . . What he said was unadulterated truth and the truth can hurt at times. . . . There is no greater gift an exiled stranger could bring us. . . . If he did not love what we were and what we could be, he would not bother to warn us of what we are. . . . We need some Solzhenitsyns of our own. . . . One could have wished for some more evident note of gratitude for his adopted land . . .

but that may have been a further mark of his courage, offering America the salt it needed rather than the sugar it craved. . . . [His words] were welcome relief. . . . We should thank him for being man enough to stand before our young people and point to a better way, a way of law that honors right. . . . We had better heed the wisdom of Solzhenitsyn. . . . Thrilled by the power of his convictions. . . . The beauty of the speech [was that] it was very thought-provoking and very religious at the same time. . . . This man is trying to repay the kindness shown him in the most sincere and meaningful way by devoting his most valuable possession: Thought. . . . Art and artists have one duty above all others. That is to perceive, and to put forth perceptions without compromise. . . . If we are enthralled by his frankness in one point on the globe (USSR), we should respect it in another (USA). . . . [He wrote] his ‘Letter to the Soviet Leaders’ and [now] a comparable ‘Letter to the Western Leaders.’ . . . They were the right words, at the right time, and they were delivered to a most appropriate audience. . . . His speech was superb . . . what was ‘bilious’ was the media recap. . . . Which one of the writers in the White House speech stable wrote those mincing words for Rosalynn? They are insipid. . . . His speech will provide food for thought for Americans. . . . The media ‘analyses’ distorted his speech and exhibited exactly what Solzhenitsyn had attacked: the technique by which media manage to install ‘the petrified armor around people’s minds.’ . . . We must hear more from him. . . . The life of the spirit is in danger everywhere in the modern world. . . . Reconsider the Harvard address—not primarily as an attack, but as a plea to the entire human family.”<sup>66</sup>

Finally, a graduate of Harvard, Wanda Urbanska, who had heard my speech, also managed to get her opinion into a newspaper: the address “ruffled many assumptions about ourselves and the world that Harvard has so carefully groomed.” Why, she asks, does one newspaper columnist presume to speak on graduates’ behalf? She concludes: Solzhenitsyn “challenged us; he bothered us; and he will stay with us.”<sup>67</sup>

Now one could also begin to read many responses that were markedly distinguished from the arrogant stance of the America of New York and Washington: “We know in our hearts he is right. . . . We are worse than he says we are if we do not face up to our faults and try to do something to correct them. . . . Solzhenitsyn is right, too awfully right. . . . The very weakness with which he justly charges us precludes our adequately responding to such tough stuff. . . . Solzhenitsyn’s conclusions are painfully close to the mark. . . . We fight for money [and are] ignorant of the real values in life. . . . The West is

spiritually sick and suffers from a profound loss of will. . . . We have merely substituted the authority of the special-interest group for the authority of dictatorial government, [instead of] sacrificing self-interest. . . . We write 'In God We Trust' on our currency; we should either prove it or take the words off. . . . The United States is no moral Prometheus. . . . Solzhenitsyn called upon the United States to stop our worship of commercial interests [and to] redeem our moral poverty. . . . We are a spiritually sick, morally shallow society. . . . You [the newspaper] do not understand Solzhenitsyn because he goes to the root of the problem. . . . Like it or not, Solzhenitsyn is right. . . . There is not a country in its right mind that would accept our crime and our drugs, pornography, sex as the focus of conversation, the catering to our children. We resemble Sodom and Gomorrah. . . . Freedom can, by itself, produce chaos. . . . A society that allows technology to develop in a moral and ethical vacuum [is like a] hapless patient whose vegetative existence is maintained by a respirator and artificial kidney. . . . Brilliant and courageous Harvard speech cut like a two-edge sword right through America's flab. . . . The American people will sustain Solzhenitsyn on this count. . . . The *Washington Post* may smile at the Russian accent of Mr. Solzhenitsyn's words, but it cannot detract from their universal meaning. . . . Let us be grateful before it's too late. . . . His speech ought to be burned into America's heart. But instead of being read, it was killed. . . . Shallow journalistic style of the *Free Press* proves Solzhenitsyn's point. . . . Newsmen are the last of the robber barons of capitalism. . . . Newspapers such as this one dividing us as a people and a nation. . . . Can the press maintain diversity when ultimate control rests in the hands of a small group of corporate executives?"<sup>68</sup>

Gradually another America began unfolding before my eyes, one that was small-town and robust, the heartland, the America I had envisioned as I was writing my speech, and to which my speech was addressed. I now felt a glimmer of hope that I could connect with this America, warn it of what we had experienced, and perhaps even lead it to change direction. But how many years would that take, and how much strength?

And how was I to conduct such a battle, calling for a fight to the death against Communism, yet without in any way targeting Russia? And this in a situation where wily polemicists of the Third Emigration were not only clouding the realities of Russia with their lies, but, in an unexpected turn, were spreading the credo that the true Russia, as opposed to the Soviet Union, is a far greater danger to the West than the current benign Communist



regime, which must be supported, though kept in check by maintaining adroit negotiations.

In the wake of the Harvard invitation there also came one from the Military Academy at West Point: The Adjutant General offered to gather together the entire student body, over five thousand students, and I could lecture on any subject I chose. It would be an ideal platform from which to steer America in a new direction! West Point is a tribune of American presidents, and there would be a strong and sympathetic crowd, not like the brooding Harvard audience. What listeners could it be more important to convince? A severe and decisive place: these very students were going to be the military leaders on the battlefields of the Third World War and the administrators of the regions near the front. If not in them, then in whom did American hatred need to be deflected from Russia? Who, if not they, should be the first to be told of the betrayals of the First and Second World Wars, the first to whom the difference between the USSR and Russia should be explained? It would have been an ideal blow against the Communists. I was very much inclined to go to West Point, but Alya rightly dissuaded me: how would such a speech be perceived back home in Russia? If after speeches I had given at *trade-union* conventions I had been falsely accused of insisting that Russia be brought to her knees by starvation, then a speech at the *military* academy would be taken as my fraternizing with the “American imperialists.” The end result would have been the exact opposite of what I intended. So I was forced to decline the invitation.

The Harvard speech unleashed echoes that kept resounding far longer than I could have foreseen.\*

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\* Year after year my speech gave rise to further responses. “Rarely in modern times has one man’s voice provoked the Western world to an experience of profound soul-searching. . . . [His speeches at Harvard and before the trade unions] stirred the reflective conscience of the Western world more profoundly than even the eloquent discourses of Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. . . . The continuing comments on the Harvard speech testify to the power of his words and to the fundamental character of his challenge to our basic values.” New evaluations have come in: “His overall analysis of Western ideas cannot be easily dismissed.” . . . From the Enlightenment came “a rather shallow optimism about human nature.” . . . Solzhenitsyn’s address “turns out to be much more complex and difficult to understand than is generally realized.” . . . “The most important religious document of our time.” . . . “He has raised the discussion to a pluralistic plane” by “avoiding the symbols of Russian Orthodoxy.” . . . “The differences between Solzhenitsyn and most of his critics are subtler and deeper than most of the critics seem to realize.” Much of my critique has been accepted, even if my terminology comes

The flood of invitations did not subside, and I could have rushed from conferences to congresses to universities and television studios, giving one speech after another. I would have surely gone under in the rush. Not to mention that one political activity inevitably brings on ten, if not a hundred, more. If I had come to the United States in the spring of 1974, when people were insisting adamantly that I come—when I would certainly have been granted honorary citizenship—what a burden that would have been for me now that I was living here! It would have been difficult to decline all the invitations, I would have had to talk, debate, respond. The greater the honor, the greater the trouble. This way I can live freely, detached, without being obliged to become one with this country.

Then there was the matter of the language. To resurrect and develop my English would have taken time, time that I was loath to spare when there were still tens of thousands of pages connected to the history of the Revolution languishing unread, when so many accounts written down by the aged witnesses of those years were still waiting—not to mention that I also needed time to write. It made no sense to take time away from my Russian work, and anyway the texts of my talks would have had to be thought out and honed in Russian.

In the end, even the landscape, the landscape here in Vermont, the woods, and even the changes in the weather, the play of sun, sky, and clouds: here I cannot take them in with the same intensity and specificity as in Russia. It all seems to me as if it were in another language, as if something stands between us.

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in for corrections. It is true that “Solzhenitsyn’s opposition [is not] opposition to the West. . . . He is asking: is there a way *up* from modernity?” Of course, Richard Pipes continues to insist that my critique is “chaotic,” “virulent,” and entirely “in the Russian intellectual tradition,” even copied from Pobedonostsev (whom I have never read). Meanwhile, the Gulag is a consequence of “the Slavophile idea.” On the other hand, “Americans are more charitable and more given to good works” than Russians. But others no longer find my ideas to be “exclusively Russian,” and even ascribe them to the traditions of the best Western minds, finding my antecedents in the writings of Swift and Burke. The speech is “*a reading of the West through Western eyes*,” in fact “any basic library of Western thought will contain its ideas.” Little do they know, and I myself am in no hurry to admit, that I haven’t read *any* of them: when in my life would I have had the time? No, I was guided solely by intuition and life experience. One critic mentions it: “Solzhenitsyn belongs with [those] whose intuition brought them to conclusions that the crowd found uncomfortable.”<sup>69</sup> (Author’s note, 1982.)

How right the old proverb is: Away from home in a country far away, even the springtime sun is gray.

When I return home to Russia one day, I am certain that everything will fall back into place; it is for that moment that I live and write.

While we were still in Zurich, an elderly Russian woman gave me a large color reproduction of a painting by Polenov: A small, winding, Russian river, an abandoned empty boat without oars moored to a footbridge, the opposite riverbank covered in a wild tangle of grass with a sandy mound; and beyond it, barely visible, the thatched roof of a peasant's hut—no sign of anyone, not a living soul. I felt sadness, grief, and a sweet attachment to my homeland. This picture is now hanging on the wall above my desk. I never tire of gazing at it.

And now in Vermont another Russian émigré sent me from Sweden, in a frame along with a certificate of authenticity, a large sketch by Levitan for his "Path," which showed a neglected path, slightly wider than a trail, leading through a wooden gate out into the meadows beneath a gloomy sky. Here again no one to be seen. This too was Russia!

And then someone sent me a postcard of woodlands on a sunny morning, with an invisible creek running beneath a high wooden culvert that had a single handrail, and one could feel it calling out: Come across to us, come over, come into the meadows! Here too, there was not a single figure to be seen, but perhaps one will encounter someone as one walks on? How many of these wonderful places there are in Russia—places to which I have never been and will never go! A sweet melancholy. (I also put this postcard in front of me on the desk.)

## Through the Fumes

One would have imagined that I could now work undisturbed in Vermont on my historical Nodes.

But that was not to be. There could be no truce with the Soviets: I fell silent, but they continued unhindered. My American speeches of 1975 had clearly enraged them. They realized that, as they had not killed me when they had had the opportunity, they would have to step up their smear campaign.

Until now the Soviet agencies had sold my first wife's book<sup>1</sup> in many languages all over the world (though not in the USSR). But the book had been hastily thrown together and hardly achieved the effect they were after. Now they scraped together another book, an official Soviet publication:<sup>2</sup> in other words, they had decided for the first time to move against me openly in the Soviet Union by means of a book. It would have been a long time before I had the opportunity to see this book or counter its accusations, but Řezáč,<sup>3</sup> its official author, could not resist immediately mailing me a copy with a triumphant inscription. Anger flared up in me the instant I picked it up. I had to respond immediately! I had to respond, if only because this book was to be read by my compatriots!

With the publication of *The Gulag Archipelago*, I had expected that the Soviets would fire off a barrage of responses refuting the facts in it. But to my amazement, in the five years after its publication there were no refutations other than some scant polemic pamphlets distributed free of charge in Western capitals by the Soviet information agency Novosti. Brezhnev's Stalin-inspired propaganda machine, with its million well-fed, well-conditioned, and well-trained operatives, had ground to a halt in the face of *Archipelago*: they could neither correct nor challenge any of its facts. This propaganda machine had thousands of pens at its disposal, and more time had passed than had taken me, a single writer, to finish the book. But no word came from their side.

Because there was nothing they could say.

They located my former friend and co-defendant Vitkevich, and several interviews with him appeared, first in an American newspaper, then for some reason on Finnish radio, and then elsewhere as well. Vitkevich, now a conscientious, rehabilitated Communist Party member, dutifully said everything that was expected of him by the party leaders: “It wasn’t really that bad in the camps. . . . Solzhenitsyn’s book distorts everything, presents everything in a false light.”

And now in the 215 pages of the Řezáč book we learn that the KGB’s Lubyanka prison is a good, just, even sympathetic institution, and its interrogators “respectable people, sophisticated individuals.” “Would it even be possible to conceal torturing thousands upon thousands of people, or the disappearance of tens of thousands?” he asks, and his conclusion: “It’s impossible. No current or future national security service could ever manage to silence everyone.”

Alas, the Bolsheviks have always stated in all truth that for them nothing is impossible.

The average prison camp, we learn from Řezáč, “has almost no restrictive security. The camp administration is extremely permissive, the inmates are not subjected to restrictive orders.” And he goes so far as to claim: “the prisoners there live in utter bliss.” “Prisoners being transported to the camps, as well as those detained in transit camps, are fed quite well.” “Soviet prison camps are in no way death camps,” and the labor brigades were at times even served sandwiches with black caviar (p. 125)!

But apart from this shining example of socialist realism, the “collective” of writers that had penned that book (I presume it was the KGB department at the Lubyanka<sup>4</sup> “assigned” to me) had finally geared up to take on *Archipelago* head-on. After all, the entire department had for five years been poring over the three *Archipelago* volumes—needless to say, they would have been expected to come up with something. And here it is.

In *Archipelago* I write: “Punishment battalions . . . cemented the foundation of the Stalingrad victory.”<sup>5</sup> And their response: “Perhaps Red Army Captain Solzhenitsyn is unaware that punishment battalions were only lightly armed, and they definitely had no machine guns.” (Here they were showing their hand: admitting that all those soldiers had been sent into battle as cannon fodder.) Perhaps Solzhenitsyn is unaware that at Stalingrad there were powerful tank battalions and Chuikov’s army?

All one needs is to be able to read. In June and July of 1942, our southern front was rolling back again as precipitously as it had in 1941. And after the fall of Rostov, punishment battalions were set up by Stalin's order No. 227 (of 27 July), and were rapidly being filled with deserters. The all-out fear of ending up in one of these punishment battalions was enough to ensure that soldiers would overcome any front-line panic. That was how these punishment battalions came to *cement the foundations* of victory.

In their book we also read: "In 1918 there was no such thing as the NKVD secret police [as Solzhenitsyn states]. The NKVD was not created until 10 July 1934, and so there could have been no such thing as an *NKVD Vestnik* [*NKVD Bulletin*] in 1918. That is *vintage Solzhenitsyn*—he has made it all up."

And that, then, is vintage KGB ghostwriters' collective. O the shame of it! For them not even to know the history of their own Agency, in whose bosom they were nurtured! The NKVD had been in existence, spritely and fit, since November 1917, with Commissar Grigori Petrovsky at its head. (And if you take a closer look at your library catalogues, you will find copies of the *NKVD Vestnik*, too.) But Felix Dzerzhinsky was not happy with this division of power, and so absorbed the NKVD into the Cheka and, as of 16 March 1919, also assumed the duties of Chairman of the NKVD, which he was soon enough to subsume entirely. In fact I wrote about all this in *Archipelago* (pt. III, chap. 1)—all they had to do was read it.

Another of their criticisms was that in *Archipelago* I was retelling incidents of people being tortured to death based on secondhand accounts—in other words, why didn't those who were tortured to death write their own accounts? Well, there is Alexander Dolgun, who, after his years in the Gulag, almost with one foot in the grave, published his memoirs in America. And other books by those who narrowly escaped death are now also appearing.

So this was all that the Soviet authorities had managed to scrape together in five years as a rebuttal to *Archipelago*.

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What they were doing, however, was taking another, simpler route: that of attacking the author of *Archipelago*. If he could be smeared with slime, then *Archipelago* itself would rust into oblivion.

But they had already launched every possible accusation against me: my social origin, my national origin, that I had supposedly been taken

prisoner, that I had delivered my entire battery to the enemy, that I had served in the German police force, that I had served in the Gestapo—and, as a last resort, they were unable to think up anything more disgraceful than . . . my supposed collaboration *with them!* Aiding them who were seen by all and sundry as scoundrels! (They had by now come to the realization that, in people’s eyes, collaboration with their regime was considered detestable.)

On the other hand, in opposing an artist, this venomous apparatus inevitably has the advantage (as, indeed, all unscrupulous enemies do): an artist is by nature frank, frank in the extreme.

In *Archipelago*, and elsewhere too, I did not spare myself, and any repentance that touched my soul ended up on the page. Even when it came to the lot of the army officer, which in everyday life is seen as nothing out of the ordinary (and my own experience did not stand out in any way); nor when it came to the hypothetical possibilities of what they *might* have made of me and others like me in our youth. Nor did I hesitate when it came to presenting the facts of how I was recruited as an informer in the camp and given a code name, though I was never to use this name or file a single report. I would have considered it dishonorable to remain silent about this—in fact it was interesting to write about, bearing in mind the great number of such recruitments, and not just in the prison camps. Of such recruitments perhaps two-thirds end up not being followed up, but they play a role of hypnotic enthrallment for the masses. My goal in the entire book, as in all my books, was to show what a human being could be turned into—to show that the line between good and evil is constantly shifting within the human heart. On 2 February 1974, amid all the chaos and din ahead of my expulsion from the USSR, I said this publicly:<sup>6</sup>

The Central Committee, the KGB, and the editorial staffs of our newspapers . . . are not intelligent enough to realize that in this book I have told the reader immediate truths about myself that are much worse than all the bad things their time-servers can fabricate. That is the point of my book: it is a call to repentance, not a pamphlet.

The Central Committee and the KGB not only lacked, are lacking, and will continue to lack that level of understanding (what would they need it for?), but they also lacked even the simple insight of how they might corner me without showing their hand (as had happened with my so-called “corre-

spondence” with Orekhov,<sup>7</sup> or their blatant forgery of a “denunciation” I had supposedly been behind in 1952).<sup>8</sup>

It turned out that these setbacks did not discourage the KGB. I now see that its “collective” of propaganda officials and writers had not been nodding on the job, but were busy preparing my definitive annihilation once and for all, and this quite methodically: exchanging the real Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn for another, exchanging everyone from his ancestors to his descendants, the way one might exchange all the pieces of a mosaic, replacing them down to the last stone. They recast my mosaic, creating the image of a chimerical dead snake by laying out its scales, and they did so with relentless zeal. They exchanged my grandfather, my father, my uncles, they exchanged my mother, and then changed the days of my childhood, my adolescence, and my adulthood, replacing all the circumstances, all the motives behind my actions and the details of my behavior, so that I ended up being not I, my life un-lived. And needless to say, they changed the meaning and essence of my books—after all, it was because of my books that they had set out on this entire escapade; I, as such, was of no interest to them.

And so finally all their work manifested itself in the form of this book (on the cover it bore, as if stamped on a forehead, two yellow brand marks). Řezáč was put forward as the author (his being a foreigner was ideal), and it was published by Moscow’s Progress Publishing. It had been brought out with remarkable speed (ten days from the date the book was put into production to its printing). The print run was not divulged, perhaps it was left open, as was the book’s ultimate market: should they hazard making it available to Soviet readers, running the risk of implanting the accursed Solzhenitsyn name in their minds? They decided to distribute it for the time being through one of the KGB’s special units in the capital, among a public that was already tainted, already knew my name. But what about the West? Should copies of the book be off-loaded only on émigrés, and for free? Or should they run the risk of having it translated? But what if Solzhenitsyn were to take the publishers to court?

I could have assured them that I would not take the matter to court. There is no need to weigh on the scales of justice what is right against what is evil. And who would sue the Soviet Dragon, anyway? (After all, it was the same Dragon that had sent us to the camps without trial.) There are people who could bear witness to my life—hundreds of people, because my life had really taken place, even if all the little stones of the mosaic were being switched—people who had managed to remain hidden, who had not been



caught, or who had been caught but had not succumbed under pressure. But all these witnesses are trapped beneath a firmly screwed-on Soviet lid. I cannot draw them out and leave them to be crushed.

But when the time comes for them to speak without fear, will any of them still be among the living?

The particular success of slander, when it is being wrought by a totalitarian state, is that while in an open society all slander can be countered by objections, denials, conflicting recollections, the publication of documents, and the existence of archives and letters, in the Communist vault nothing of the kind is possible. There is nowhere one can object, and the slightest motion in favor of those who are slandered threatens the defender with ruin.

I am not the first. Every single enemy of Bolshevism has been slandered by this venomous power, even during its earliest days, and later anyone convicted in the Soviet Union who was in any way known was then slandered—from Palchinsky, Shlyapnikov, and Professor Pletnyov, to Ogurtsov and Ginzburg in our times. For many of these slandered individuals we have striven and are still striving to clear their names.

Ought I to have challenged my slanderers then and there? Throughout those years I had not challenged any of those who had been writing against me, and had concentrated instead on my own work. The same Novosti press agency also brought out two slanderous volumes about me in a number of languages, distributed free of charge, to which I also did not respond. But imagine the millions of our countrymen now in the Soviet Union who do not have access to *The Gulag Archipelago* or *The Oak and the Calf*, but only to the books attacking me from Moscow's Progress Publishers. And with my death so much more would be unrecoverable and all the more dirt would stick—such is the nature of dirt. After all, my slanderer is the most powerful force in the world today.

In a battle, you never know where the enemy will confront you. Eleven years ago, at Rozhdestvo-on-the-Istya, I had set out to write my sketches of a contemporary literary struggle, *The Oak and the Calf*. I would never have imagined then that eleven years later, living on another continent, I would be forced to bring to the pages of this book my distant childhood and past life that had been completely recast by my enemies.

You feel as if you are wading through a scorched and reeking wasteland, fires still smoldering, wading on and on, the stench seeping deeper and deeper into your clothing, your skin, your hair, and you look the other way, you pay

no attention, ignoring it all as if it were just a minor nuisance. But at some point you suddenly realize that you absolutely have to begin washing and scrubbing it off, otherwise it will eat into you, stick to you until you die, and even beyond your death, stick to your sons, your grandsons.

The proverb does say: Truth sticks like resin, lies run off like water. So I could hope that all the slander would trickle away, that nothing would remain. But there is another proverb that might be cited—including about that whole Progress Publishers enterprise—that there is no smoke without fire. And in the end, how many years must one spend in the KGB’s loving clutches before one realizes for sure that they have their own chemical formula for producing smoke without fire.

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So who is this fellow Řezáč? He is Czech, and in a sense even a dissident: In 1967 he was present at the Czechoslovak Writers’ Congress and was part of its rebellious faction, and in 1968 he had gone into exile with a group of Czechs seeking freedom. (Was he already working for the KGB, or was that yet to come?) For seven years he joined in with the other dissidents, railing against the Soviet occupation of his country. But then suddenly, in 1975, he disappeared one night from Switzerland, only to reappear the following day on Czech radio, denouncing the émigrés, their leaders, and all aspects of their lives. That is, a *Turncoat*. For a discerning reader that is enough to paint a clear picture of the man.

He starts out in his book expressing “deep gratitude to the Union of Soviet Writers, the Union of Soviet Journalists, the Novosti press agency, Intourist, Sovtourist, and to all the Soviet citizens who extended exceptional hospitality” to him and “graciously welcomed” him, a foreigner, without fear, and who willingly let him interview them before a stenographer or into a tape recorder. One must not accuse Turncoat of being an ingrate for having passed over the KGB in his acknowledgments: as it is, the KGB is firmly entrenched in all the above institutions, and anyway, a number of retired KGB agents did talk to him directly, even “in dereliction of their duty,” as did a number of “representatives of the Soviet justice system.”\*

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\* From Boris Ivanov, a KGB major stationed in Rostov at the time, we now know that Řezáč had come to Rostov accompanied by the head of Moscow’s KGB special task force assigned

However, this turncoat of a liar has clearly written his book not as an insightful, objective biographer, but (as this yellow-branded Progress book claims on the very first page): Řezáč “belonged to Solzhenitsyn’s close circle of friends, and in fact worked with him. He got to know the writer quite well,” and also claims that he filled a number of notebooks titled *Conversations with Solzhenitsyn* (there is a footnote referencing them), from which he drew copious “quotations.”

Try as you might to accustom yourself to the unscrupulous ways of the Chekists,<sup>10</sup> you never will. Who would think of inventing an acquaintance with someone when there never *was* one? How is one to believe that this liar never exchanged a single word with me, when throughout his book he keeps presenting us as deep in conversation. He has us “sitting next to one another at table,” has me roughly grabbing him “by the lapel,” has himself offering to sell me a refrigerator. Or, “in one of our meetings, Solzhenitsyn told me”; or, “in the early days of our acquaintance I was simply captivated.” And all this, when said author never even met me! We never shook hands and never set eyes on one another, let alone being close associates or friends. Who knows if he so much as even caught a glimpse of me in a crowd! (One might in fact assume that Řezáč deceived his masters back in the Soviet Union, sending them false reports from Zurich confirming that the task was done, that he had met me.)

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to my case and Václav Šílea, a major of Czech State Security. (See *Sovershenno Sekretno* [*Top Secret*], 1992, no. 4; *The Oak and the Calf*, Appendix 46.)<sup>9</sup> In Rostov, Řezáč was shown “materials selected by the directors of the special operations unit, each time presented in a tendentious matter. The general scenario here was representative of the standard procedure we were under strict orders to follow. The result was a book by Řezáč.”

A handwritten note from Boris Ivanov would reach me after his demise (but too late to find its place in *The Oak and the Calf*.) In this note Boris Ivanov listed the individuals from the group involved in the plot to assassinate me in 1971. The leader of this group, who had come from Moscow, was Vyacheslav Sergeevich Rogachyov, posing as a Novosti correspondent—in other words he had a Novosti ID and business cards. The assassin was “Lieutenant-Colonel Gostev, his first name I believe was Viktor,” Boris Ivanov wrote. “After the operation, he was posted by counterintelligence to Bulgaria.” There, having failed to assassinate me, Gostev worked on improving the “Bulgarian umbrella” with which Georgi Markov was later to be assassinated in London! In Bulgaria Gostev “was working among Soviet citizens and foreigners at Slatni Pjasazi (Golden Sands); his residence was in Varna.” And then there was “Rogachyov’s assistant, Vladimir Gusev.” (Author’s note, 1994.)

But it is true that he did his utmost to meet me. Frau Holub<sup>11</sup> had kept pleading on his behalf: He's a wonderful Czech poet, it's his dream to translate *Prussian Nights* into Czech; his Russian is not that strong, but we'll prepare a word-for-word draft for him.—Fine, let him try doing a translation.—But he has to meet you and get to know you, he truly regrets that he missed the meeting we arranged.—I cannot meet him right now, I'm working. And then after a while she would start up again: He has already started working on the translation; but he has to meet you.—Now's a bad time. I kept refusing to meet him, and so never set eyes on him. Her petitions grew ever more frequent, and suddenly a distraught Frau Holub announced: He's disappeared! His wife is in despair! They're dredging Lake Zurich looking for the body! A day later the entire Czech émigré colony was in an uproar: He had appeared on Radio Prague! (No wonder he had been in such a hurry to meet me.)

A poet and puzzlemaster has no trouble inventing things. My appearance? He could use photographs, there are enough of them. Things I supposedly said to him? He could lift them from my books. More often than not, barely changing a thing, he would weave in passages from *The Oak and the Calf* or from my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders*, or would paraphrase things *From Under the Rubble*. Not to mention that whenever I travel it is easy enough for someone to follow my trail in the press, and thus to write: "In America Solzhenitsyn visited institutions subject to the C.I.A. in various ways." (Indeed: the Senate, the Library of Congress, the trade unions, Columbia University, Novo-Diveevo Monastery, and the Tolstoy Farm.) But what about when I was in Zurich, in all the intimate conversations we supposedly had? Don't think poorly of him for it, but here Turncoat could not invent a thing: nothing about my family, not a single room in my house, no piece of furniture, not a scrap of anything, just typical cloak-and-dagger nonsense: drawn curtains in the car and two Czech bodyguards (I had neither curtains nor bodyguards), and that I set out "every morning to a country cottage," its location "a closely kept secret even from his wife." (Except that photographs of us at the cottage had been published in the magazines, and also in the Fourth Supplement to the *Oak and the Calf*, that had come out in 1975, with "Sternenberg" at the end of the text.)

So the one thing my "close associate in Zurich" dares not write about is: me in Zurich.

But about the rest of my life he produces an avalanche of information, though—apologies—all out of order: "I do not want to write the biography

of a human being as low as A. Solzhenitsyn, and so, avoiding the general literary norm, I opted not to follow a strict chronological order.”

Oh yes, of course. It’s so much easier this way. The axis of time is a rod one cannot simply swallow: you cannot bend it, or bite off pieces, or make it disappear; you are forever bound by its exact dates, exact places. One would have had to describe incidents quite counterproductive to the mission—such as this Solzhenitsyn requesting a transfer from military transport to the front lines, or lying in a cancer ward dying, exiled and alone.

And so Turncoat opts for poetic chaos, taking certain incidents and scattering bits and pieces of them throughout the book so that they come across like a series of similar incidents: for who would go to the trouble of gathering them up again and comparing them. And then he repeats the same incantations in different parts of the book, repeating them over and over for emphasis. The whole structure of Turncoat’s book is based on the lack of any system or chronology. To simplify the task for the reader, let’s highlight the main things he managed to uncover:

1. Solzhenitsyn’s grandfather was a terrible tyrant, feared by all and sundry, who mysteriously disappeared.
2. Solzhenitsyn’s father was a White Guard officer executed by the Reds.
3. Solzhenitsyn’s uncle was a bandit.
4. Solzhenitsyn has been an epileptic since childhood.
5. Since his childhood he has been an anti-Semite.
6. Since his childhood he has been pathologically ambitious.
7. A coward. “The greatest coward known to man.”
8. A thief.
9. A libertine.
10. He entered prison on purpose: he cleverly arranged for his own arrest at the end of the war.
11. He tried to have friends and acquaintances imprisoned (but the KGB in its kindness and wisdom touched nobody).
12. He hypocritically sought solitude on the pretext of writing.
13. With cunning trickery he manipulated the right-honorable KGB into seizing his literary archive.
14. By a deceitful ruse he evaded traveling to receive the Nobel Prize.
15. In an artful maneuver he had the KGB detect his hidden *Gulag Archipelago* manuscript, thus forcing it to expel him from the Soviet Union.

16. “There are clear signs of mental illness in everything that Solzhenitsyn says and writes. All this is of interest only to psychiatrists.” (This last diagnosis would have come in very handy, but only *before* my expulsion.)

All this is by far not everything that his “research” has turned up, but these are the main points.

Now to the method of evidence. It calls to mind the prerevolutionary comic play, *Vampuka*,<sup>12</sup> in which there was an endless procession of proud warriors, though there were in fact only half a dozen: but they would march majestically across the stage and then scurry back behind the stage set, ducking down but visible to the audience, to rejoin the back of the marching warriors.

And that is what Turncoat did as well. Gathering together all the witnesses to Solzhenitsyn’s life would have been a herculean task—who has such stamina, all those superfluous names! It is hard enough to track everyone down, and would they then even say what was expected of them? Would they even be prepared to talk to someone like Řezáč? So to be on the safe side, why not handpick half a dozen witnesses? But reliable ones, who would say what was required of them. Among the many peculiarities of the outlandishly malicious Solzhenitsyn, Turncoat would have us believe that he had discovered the following: throughout my life the only people in my circle were my old schoolmates, in particular Kirill Simonyan, Nikolai Vitkevich, Aleksandr Kagan, and my first wife, Natalia Reshetovskaya. Beyond this group Solzhenitsyn had no other classmates or professors, no one served with him in the same unit, dozens of officers and soldiers—none knew him. Nor did cellmates, or other prisoners in the camps; nor did other exiles know him, or fellow schoolteachers or pupils, nor any acquaintances from the literary circles (except maybe Lev Kopelev, who has been venting his rage so vehemently against Solzhenitsyn throughout Moscow that it would be a shame not to include him). But that handful of my old classmates he had gathered would be kept marching throughout his entire book. They had been vetted; it was clear in advance that they would play along, would cooperate (Vitkevich toeing the Party line, Simonyan having published his own polemic against me, Reshetovskaya having written her book, with Turncoat thanking her for granting him permission to construct a new tale on its foundation).

But to defame a person only from the time he is born to the time he dies is not enough, either. Ever since Marxist ideology has taken complete hold of

our country, the technique of defamation has invariably begun with the victim's parents and ancestors. Turncoat was to follow this paradigm too. My mother's side of the family did not quite serve his purpose, since the Solzhenitsyn name does not come into play, so Turncoat did not go for my maternal grandfather, Zakhar Fyodorovich Shcherbak, who was, in fact, quite a rich man but one who started out as a shepherd in Taurida province, then grew rich on cheaply leased lands on the steppes of the northern Caucasus. In Kuban province he was known far and wide as a good and generous man, and for twelve years after the Revolution his former workers had looked after him. His entire property—five thousand acres of land and twenty thousand sheep—gets attributed to my grandfather on my father's side, Semyon Efimovich Solzhenitsyn, an ordinary peasant from the village of Sablinskoye, where wealth of such magnitude was unheard of. The author also attributed fifty laborers to my paternal grandfather (though he hadn't had a single laborer, but tended his farm with his four sons): "He was a major landowner, who could afford whatever he wanted." (And what was it that he wanted? To send his youngest son to school and then on to university—perpetuating the obscurantist myth that in Russia only the children of the rich could study, though many thousands had managed to get an education despite not having a kopeck to their name, mostly on state scholarships.) What further lies could one add?—the fact that this was my paternal grandfather could make for a formidable stain. Yet what lies could be told of an old peasant who had never left his village? What the KGB team of ghostwriters came up with was: "After the October Revolution he went into hiding for a long time and then disappeared without a trace."

Defaming the dead this way! My grandfather Semyon Solzhenitsyn had lived in his house all his life, and it was in that house that he died early in 1919. Turncoat never went to the village of Sablinskoye (the road there is very rough); he made no attempt to research further. In less than a year, the Solzhenitsyn family had been visited by four deaths (trouble never coming singly, but in bunches); first there was my father's demise on 15 June 1918, after which the swift scythe of death cut down another son, Vasili, a daughter, Anastasia, and then their old father.

Turncoat did not even look closely enough at the Solzhenitsyn family to find out the names of my father's brothers, let alone his sisters, nor how many there were. But about one of the brothers he wrote, "Unfortunately, I did not manage to ascertain that brother's date of birth, nor even his name," and went on: "but he was a bandit. He would go onto the highways to rob

travelers. His fate is unknown.” Though he then added, “All this, however, is unconfirmed speculation.”

One might ask Turncoat what place such unconfirmed speculation can have in a supposedly serious book? It does him no favors. The two remaining Solzhenitsyn brothers, Konstantin and Ilya, continued their peasant existence in Sablinskoye until the arrival of the bandit-collectivizers. In 1929 the elder brother, Konstantin, was swallowed up by the Gulag, and his adult children were dispossessed, while the younger brother and his family were exiled to Arkhangelsk oblast during that same flood of dispossessions.

But the poisoned pen had struck, and quite effectively: Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn was the scion of a band of robbers! And this amounted to “another deep scar: Solzhenitsyn cannot be proud of his family as other sons and daughters can be. . . . He has every reason to dread his provenance.”

But to think that an uncle who was a bandit was what I would need to hide, not my wealthy grandfather, nor my father who was an officer! Mindless drivel that can only be believed by those unaware that actual bandits were revered members of the Bolshevik Party before the Revolution (with their so-called “expropriations”) and successful agents of the Cheka after it—how many of the early Bolsheviks had flooded into the Cheka! Bandits are the unruly heroes of Soviet literature in the era of its heyday. Criminals have always remained “socially close” to the Soviet State.

But a black stain is not a true stain if it does not originate from the father. The father is the most important element. What kind of lies could be hatched about him? My father’s chronology was to prove a major hurdle for Turncoat, but by modifying it slightly he could at least take a quick swipe: If my father did not die six months before I was born, but three months after my birth (without, of course, any actual dates being given), along with the assurance that “it is a known fact,” he could bring my father’s death forward to the middle of the Russian Civil War, to March of 1919. Such a date for his death could point to one thing alone: that my father had to have been a diehard member of the White Guard and had been cut down by the Red sword.

But the team of KGB ghostwriters would not have managed to hit the mark so effectively had not my old classmate Kirill Simonyan hurried to their aid. First in a polemic pamphlet, then in many *friendly* conversations with Turncoat, he confided that: “Taisia Zakharovna [my mom—A.S.] had revealed to him alone [to Kirill Simonyan] that Isai Semyonovich Solzhenitsyn had been sentenced to death during the Civil War.”



How far they went: my father did not even get to die an honorable death on the battlefield, but was executed. And his wife supposedly never told a soul in the whole wide world about this, not even her own son, but did confide it to some youngster, a stranger, so that he could let future generations know.

. . . Ah, Kirill, Kirill! The poison of your twisted tongue, defaming my deceased mother, my deceased father. And for what? Simply because you can rest assured that you will never cross their paths? . . .

I am overcome with emotion as I travel back fifty years in time to that era at the end of Lenin's New Economic Policy, to Stalin's First Five-Year Plan, an era that only those who have breathed the effluvia of its cruel air truly know. That defector to the KGB also claims: "Hanging over the desk of young Solzhenitsyn was the portrait of his father, an imperial officer, whom the boy worshipped." Had such a portrait hung there in those days, then, with the very first visitor to set foot in our apartment, the premises would have been ransacked, searched, and my mother likely arrested. Imperial or non-imperial, the word "officer" alone sparked a chilling blaze of hatred. The word could not be uttered in public; that would have been tantamount to a counter-revolutionary act. It had not been too long ago that officers had been slaughtered by the tens of thousands, with no questions asked, herded onto barges that were then sunk. The only photographs of my father that my mom had kept were of him as a student (and even when it came to those, she had been interrogated about the school uniform he was wearing). As for the three medals with which he had been decorated in World War I, we had buried those in the ground back at home. After all, Russia had fallen into oblivion. What am I saying here!—even so much as uttering the word "Russia" without the adjectives "old," "tsarist," "damned" was considered a counter-revolutionary act. It wasn't until 1934 that the word "Russia" was given back to us.<sup>13</sup>

I was a boy who knew how to keep secrets. When I was four, I had already seen the Cheka in their peaked budenovka caps marching up to the altar during church service. When I was six, I already knew without a doubt that my grandfather and our entire family were being persecuted, moving from one place to the next, every night expecting searches and arrests. When I was nine, I walked to school, knowing that when I got there I might face interrogation and harassment. When I was ten or eleven, guffawing Young Pioneers tore off the cross I was wearing around my neck. When I was twelve,

I was harangued at assembly meetings for not having joined the Young Pioneers. Before my eyes, the men of the Cheka came to our rickety little hut, a hundred square feet, and led my grandfather Zakhar Shcherbak away to his death. I knew how to keep a secret. And I knew about my dad's buried medals. So my mom would have had no reason to hide from me exactly how my father died, and this supposedly until I was twenty-three and went off to war! Nor to reveal it to my classmate.

But one of the most telling things about all these lies was neither Turncoat's eagerness to grab at whatever he could, nor Simonyan's sleight-of-hand, but the boundless arrogance of the *victors*, the *occupiers*, the arrogance of the secret police: they had crossed the length and breadth of Russia with fire and sword, sealing all public archives, destroying all private ones, so that not a single piece of paper that was not to their liking would remain anywhere on Russian soil. Solzhenitsyn himself has been repeatedly pestered and hounded—he of all people will surely have no documents left. But through the efforts of my late Aunt Marusya I did manage to save some. Would you gentlemen of the KGB or the Central Committee like to see my father's birth certificate from the Stavropol Ecclesiastical Office (get down there on the double! rub out that notice, tear out that sheet!). For it attests to the peasant rank of Isaaki Solzhenitsyn, and the same for his father Semyon Efimovich and his mother Pelageia Pankratievna. Might you also like to see a perfectly ordinary death certificate notarized by the clergy of the Cathedral of the Ascension of the city of Georgievsk in the Vladikavkaz diocese, Terek province, confirming my father's death from an accidental wound on the 15th of June, 1918, and his burial on the 16th of June in the city cemetery? As you well know, gentlemen, your revolutionary tribunals did not send for priests, deacons, or psalm readers for those they executed in front of open ditches.

After his unfortunate, senseless hunting accident, my dad lay dying for seven days in the city hospital in Georgievsk before he died because of the doctor's negligence and inability to cope with a spreading infection of the blood from the lead shot and wadding lodged in his chest. And he was buried in the center of town (we also managed to keep for a long time the photograph of his coffin being carried out of the church), and I remember well where his grave lay in relation to the church, and how we kept visiting the grave until I was twelve, when tractors leveled the area for a new stadium. And when I came back to Georgievsk in 1956, after my internment in the camps, there were still both close and distant relatives alive, who again

spoke to me about my father's wretched accident, which is when they gave me the certificates I mentioned above.

The story of my father does not fill me with pride, rather with puzzlement. I strove to picture him back in those years: he was a student with pronounced leftist leanings, like all students back then, despite which he volunteered to go to war and was given a St. George Cross for dragging away munition boxes that had caught fire. And then he was chairman of the soldiers' committee of his battery<sup>14</sup> and was to remain at the front until February 1918, after Lenin and Trotsky had already betrayed that front and the last soldiers remaining there, and had given away a quarter of Russia. As I strove to picture my father, I struggled to understand his state of mind as he returned to the North Caucasus. Where did his sympathies lie when it came to the struggle that was just beginning? Would he have taken up arms and, if so, against whom exactly? For how long would it have been his fate to live? How can something like that ever be gauged? I am aware of how naïve and distorted our understanding of things can be: I myself was to lend my young sympathies to monstrous Leninism—though from my perspective today, of course, I would have been proud if my father had fought against these usurpers, whether with the Whites, or better still in the peasant movement that for four years had managed to assail the Comintern empire<sup>15</sup> throughout the land, stopping world revolution from being ignited in Budapest, Warsaw, and Berlin. If the Reds had killed my father in that struggle, his heroism would have beckoned me. But no: he died of a hunting accident, even before the fronts of the Civil War were defined.

Turncoat's shameless pen was again to set its sights on my late mother: "Returning on a short leave from his military battery after an appeal from his dying mother, he [Solzhenitsyn] preferred to spend the night with his lover. His mother died without seeing her son again."

There was never such an appeal from my mother, you liar! (Nor would "appeal of dying mother" have been grounds for a soldier to be granted leave from a Soviet war front.) I did not even know about her death at Georgievsk on 18 January 1944, since I only received my aunt's letter about it with great delay. There is one thing of which I am profoundly guilty before my mother: that I did not name her as my dependent (officers were allowed to indicate only one dependent, not two), but rather my pampered young wife, Natasha Reshetovskaya, leaving my mom only with money transfers. Consequently, my wife was granted the protection of the military commissar during her

Kazakhstan evacuation, while my ailing mother in Georgievsk was not, and so my mom was not classed as the mother of an officer but as a regular civilian. My two aunts did not have the means to have her body transported, nor to have a grave dug in the rock-hard frozen earth, and so she was placed in the fresh grave of her brother, who had died two weeks earlier; supposedly several soldiers who died in the Red Army hospital at the time were put in there, too.

As for the “short leave,” that was two months later, in March 1944, and I *spent the night* not with a lover, but in fact in an extremely strange place: in the exclusive government sanatorium in Barvikha. How did such a peculiar thing come about? Read on a few pages.

And then finally the narrative shifts from my parents to me, to my childhood, to an old scar I got back in those years. At first, I think, the idea of using my scar was conceived by the KGB experts when they convened in their bureaus to evaluate my photographs: after all, the scar was right there on my forehead for all to see, ideal not only for surveillance purposes or to identify me, but potentially also of use in a scheme to implicate me in something criminal. Such a scar can, with a little skill, be made the center point of the entire life of a criminal, if used to good effect. And so, all parties assenting, it became the ideal overture to Simonyan’s pamphlet and Reshetovskaya’s book, and now also the deeply researched treatise of Turncoat, which, by the way, simply repeats half, if not more, of what Reshetovskaya wrote. Reshetovskaya was to provide the building blocks for all the calumny that was to follow.

It would never have crossed my mind to respond to a book written by a woman I have wronged. But as she has now involved herself in a complex scheme of such serious nature, I cannot remain silent. Her book interprets her task as “living witness” in a very idiosyncratic way, a large part of it focusing on events she did not witness. She takes it upon herself to describe my cell in the Lubyanka, to describe life both in the *sharashka* research laboratories for prisoners and in the labor camps; she identifies a certain cook in the field kitchen as the prototype of my Ivan Denisovich (which is not the case). She describes the three years of my life in exile<sup>16</sup> as if she had been part of it and not abandoned me there to my fate, beset as I was by cancer and unrelenting solitude. She even takes it upon herself to expound on the details of my illness, writing that in December of 1953, when my life was in the balance, my “condition was quite good.” On the other hand, she altogether bypasses the last six years after 1964 of our tortured life together that led up to our divorce. The book ends before all that.

It is hard to believe that a person who had been close to me could have written such a book. She touches upon my mother's death with such coldness and distance, as if she had nothing to do with my mother's fate. She never alludes to any aspect of my inner life, not my passion for seeking historical truths, nor my love for Russia. All this has been replaced by a single supposed motive of mine, "being at the top!" (Having been favored by Khrushchev, the easiest thing for me would have been to remain "at the top" and turn into one of those state-sponsored hacks.) She quotes from my books in bad faith, trying every trick to turn the quotations against me.

Had she written this and worse about me alone, I would have looked the other way. But she took the next step into the darkness: she did not stop at the mass graves of our people, from which no gasp will ever rise again, and publicly called *The Gulag Archipelago* mere camp folklore, unknown people's stories that I had embellished and strung together at random. (In those same years when I was collecting testimonies she had turned her back on my work, wanting to have nothing to do with it; she did not know any of the camp inmates I interviewed and was not present when a single story was recounted.)

With all the more ease, then, she portrays the touching care with which the KGB protects the honor of the innocent.\*

So where did my scar come from? What a chilling riddle! It turns out that Natasha Reshetovskaya, married as she was to Solzhenitsyn, that dark and mysterious figure, for twenty-five years—with a break for another marriage—and living together for fifteen of them, never dared ask her husband (out of tact, indecision?) how he came to have that scar. (Of course, she knew from our very first conversations as students. Whether she was writing this on her own, or someone else was guiding her pen, they could have given some thought to *what* they were writing. What kind of marriage was this, if the wife was ashamed to ask her husband about the scar on his forehead?)

So according to their story, the riddle about my scar kept tormenting Natasha, and what she then writes in her book is that many years later, after we were divorced, she worked up the courage to ask Kirill Simonyan, a common friend from our young years. And, needless to say, Kirill knew the answer. Not to mention that he is also a doctor, and not just a surgeon but also

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\* A series of official documents have now been published concerning N. A. Reshetovskaya's book and the part that the KGB played, for example [23]. (Author's note, 1995.)

a universal professor of medicine, knows all of it inside and out, and especially versed in psychology, pathopsychology, Freudian psychoanalysis, you name it. So he was easily able to furnish Řezáč with an explanation for the vexing riddle: Solzhenitsyn had been very sensitive as a child; he could not bear anyone receiving a higher grade than he did (which anyway had never happened), at which point he would become white as chalk and be on the verge of fainting; but for some reason our schoolteacher Mr. Bershadsky started scolding him, which led Solzhenitsyn to faint and bang his forehead on the desk.

What an ideal starting point for a man's boundless ambition that is to last throughout his lifetime! That's what the mere scar of a child can provide.

That's what such a scar can provide—but only if all the administrative tentacles of the KGB work in seamless harmony: but, alas, that was not to be. Three years after Reshetovskaya's book was published, Dr. Kirill Simonyan's own opus was to appear (perhaps by way of another propaganda department, not the KGB but the Central Committee). And now that same Dr. Simonyan told a very different tale about that same scar: "In a quarrel with Aleksandr Kagan, young Solzhenitsyn called him a 'Yid,' to which Kagan responded with a blow. Solzhenitsyn fell and cut his forehead on a door handle." (Take note! Cue the nascent fascist monarchist.)

It seems, however, that they were quick to realize their error, and, since the Communist salesmen had already sold Reshetovskaya's book worldwide, Simonyan's title was now released only within the confines of remote Denmark.<sup>17</sup>

This was negligence on the job, perhaps someone was even punished for it.

But let us say in defense of Kirill Simonyan that he cannot be held responsible: he knew nothing about this incident firsthand, since it had occurred on 9 September 1930 in class 5A, at the very beginning of the school year, and Kirill had just transferred from another school and was not in 5A, but in 5B. He had been a timid little boy, not part of anything that was going on. So he could have as easily furnished the KGB or the Central Committee with a third and even a fourth version of the incident. But the question remained, which version would be the most useful? What had to be done was to bring two incongruent renderings together—and who better to do this than Simonyan himself?

And so Dr. Simonyan, the diagnostician and scholar, now easily provided Turncoat with a professorial solution to the riddle: First Solzhenitsyn went pale, his pride wounded ("it was frightening to behold"), after which Solzhenitsyn yelled out his anti-Semitic comment, at which point Kagan pushed him,

and he banged his forehead against the desk. (Had Kagan pushed me, would he not have done so facing me, with me banging the back of my head?)

But then Turncoat had the opportunity of going to Rostov-on-Don and finding, with the help of the KGB, the second participant in that incident, Kagan. Based on that interview, he concluded that all the facts were decidedly correct! He even obtained a few new gems from his interview: a few days before the incident, the four steadfast young friends—Kagan, Solzhenitsyn, Simonyan, and Vitkevich—had cut their fingers with an old scalpel, had mixed their blood, and sworn brotherhood. And now, because of Solzhenitsyn's anti-Semitism, the aforementioned schoolmaster Mr. Bershinsky expels Kagan permanently from the Malevich School. (Such a school had never existed: Turncoat probably erroneously concluded that the school had been named after the painter Malevich, but this Malevich was its former principal, by then dismissed as politically unreliable; our school had been named after that dog Zinoviev, but was renamed when he fell out of favor.)

Ivan Ivanych van der Vliet  
 Was married to Vorontsov's cousin,  
 Now which of them, you say, was killed  
 Among Sleptsov's heroic dozen?<sup>18</sup>

But how inconvenient: we four boys could not have sworn such a brotherhood—not that year, and not the next—since during those years Vitkevich was at school in Dagestan, while Simonyan had never taken part in any of our schoolboy games.

Truth is, there was a glorious dozen,  
 But no Sleptsov, and no one's cousin:

Our passion, together with many neighborhood boys, was to play robbers down in the storage cellars beneath various courtyards in Rostov, armed as we were with wooden swords. Kagan was among those boys, and he had even come up with the idea that we should steal a boat on the Don River and escape to America.

It was on 9 September that Kagan brought a Finnish knife to school without its sheath (that's how Turncoat came up with the idea of the "old scalpel"), and Kagan and I, just the two of us, began playing with it recklessly, snatching it away from one another. It was there—by accident—that Kagan

jabbed the blade into the base of my finger (I guess he caught a nerve). The pain was excruciating—I had never experienced anything like it—and suddenly my ears started ringing, my eyes went dim, and the world floated away. (That was when I went “terribly pale,” as per the accusation.) I was later to learn that I should have lain down on my stomach; but I limped away to splash cold water on my face, and came to lying face down in a pool of blood, unaware of where I was or what had happened. And what had happened was that I had keeled over like a stick, banging my forehead on the sharp edge of a doorstep. Can one even injure oneself that severely on a desk? Not only was I bleeding profusely, but there was a dent on my forehead that was to remain forever. Without telling the teachers, Kagan, terrified, took me with the help of the others to the sink and washed the wound with running water, after which they walked me all the way to the medical center across town, where, without any disinfectant, my wound was sewn up with a few coarse stitches (free Soviet health care). Within a day it was infected; I ran a temperature of 104 and was sick for forty days.

And what about my “anti-Semitic taunt” and Bershadsky’s exhortations? (Turncoat narrates the scene as if Bershadsky had questioned me while the blood was still pouring from my forehead.) That incident was to take place eighteen months later, and the slur had been shouted by another boy, Valeri Nikolsky, at yet another boy, Dmitri Shtitelman. They fought and swore at each other and shouted—Shtitelman, too, calling Nikolsky names: a “Russky pig.” I kept my distance without passing judgment; as the saying goes, everyone has the right to voice their opinion, and *that* was what was then pointed to as my anti-Semitism and I was dragged off to the school assembly, where a particularly eloquent boy, Mikhail Luxembourg, the son of a prominent lawyer, made the case against me (he was later to become a major specialist on the French Communist Party). As for Kagan, he had nothing at all to do with any of this. Aleksandr Solomonovich Bershadsky did in fact speak to me, and in his capacity as vice-principal (not class leader, as Turncoat writes) tried to alleviate the situation as best he could.

And what about Kagan being expelled for having pushed me onto the desk? His expulsion was to come *two years later*, in September 1932, but it was three of us who were expelled (by Mr. Bershadsky), namely Kagan, Matvei Ghen, and myself. We were expelled for repeatedly skipping our math double periods in order to play soccer. I also got hold of the class ledger, in which a dozen or so of our absences had been recorded, and dropped it behind the old cabinet. (Doggedly intent on denying me any human traits,



Turncoat continues his venomous lies, now maintaining that I did not go off to play soccer, but stayed in class.) As I think back to our soccer games, we actually played in the precincts of the locked-up Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan that had not yet been entirely demolished; we played in the yard by one of the side entrances, our ball at times hitting the trellised windows or the tombstones of the priests' graves—and all this only two years after I would go with my mother to the last cathedral in our town that had not yet been shut down. Such disparity could blithely coexist in the flighty heart of a young boy—Out! Corner! Penalty! A wind of desolation was engulfing Mother Russia from which she seemed unlikely ever to emerge. Mr. Bershadsky ominously informed us of our expulsion. (It was right at that time that the very first governmental decree was passed granting schools the right to expel pupils. Expulsions had not been permitted in previous years—but Turncoat had again not checked his facts.) Kagan, Ghen, and I were mortified and did not tell anyone at home, and for three days we came to school and sat outside on the gravel until the girls gathered together to launch a petition that we be taken back “on the vouching of the class.” Bershadsky allowed himself to be persuaded.

The record search? A useless trove.  
 Just one small point was made complete:  
 Turns out that it was Vorontsov  
 Who married the cousin of van der Vliet.

And for all this, Turncoat writes, I was to take “revenge” on Kagan thirty years later, giving his surname (which is about as rare as “Smith”) to an informer in *First Circle*.

But the nearer Turncoat draws to the literary pursuits of that thrice-damned Solzhenitsyn, the clearer Solzhenitsyn's motives come to the fore: the source of his counterfeit inspiration (burning ambition) and the principle of his choice of themes (“whatever is most fashionable at a given moment”), as well as the mentors of his first literary endeavors. And the mentors, we find out, are first of all Kirill Simonyan, then Vitkevich and Kagan, even though Kagan was already at another school and we were all to head to different universities (none of which matters, as it's needed to create that *Vampuka* procession of soldiers). And for many years Solzhenitsyn and his friends would meet exclusively on the muddy steps of the iron stairs in Simonyan's crowded courtyard, and it is only there and only to these friends

that Solzhenitsyn brought his works for evaluation, and it is only there that he received the sound though severe advice that might have saved him from his disastrous literary proclivities. And it was in that courtyard, over the first chapters describing the Samsonov catastrophe<sup>19</sup> (which means that we were already nineteen or twenty years old, away at university, but somehow still lounging about in that same courtyard and on those same stairs), “that each of his friends, quite independently from one another, told Solzhenitsyn, without mincing words: ‘Listen, Sanya, you’re wasting your time. The whole thing is a big mess, it’s beyond the scope of your talent.’”

And that was the very moment in which the writer-traitor Solzhenitsyn was born. (First he was to betray his friends, then his country, then all mankind!) “His friends’ criticism mortally wounded Solzhenitsyn, and he resolved to seek revenge.” This was to become a leading impetus for the rest of his life. “From the instant Kirill uttered his final verdict on Solzhenitsyn’s literary abilities, Solzhenitsyn began harboring for him an impotent rage and an almost animalistic fear. Yes, fear! He began to fear Kirill Simonyan’s penetrating eye. . . . How was Solzhenitsyn to hide from the sagacious gaze of Kirill Simonyan’s burning eyes and dark southern countenance? These eyes would always remind him of his own insignificance. . . . Faced with the sharp irony and powerful mind of this famous surgeon and highly intelligent man, Solzhenitsyn felt an insurmountable fear. . . . To this day, no doubt, Solzhenitsyn would gladly sacrifice half his Nobel Prize for a positive evaluation from a man as well-versed in literature as Simonyan. But even in his mature years Professor Simonyan’s opinion remains unchanged: Solzhenitsyn is no artist and never will be one. . . . As an artist, he has nothing to say,” which is why he has raked together “that dungheap that is *The Gulag Archipelago*.”

In fact, Turncoat was increasingly to turn over all elucidations about my character to Professor Simonyan, whom he presents to the reader in glowing colors: “The dreamy depth of his dark eyes has over the years become a repository of much wisdom. He is Armenian, but, contrary to all the jokes about Armenian wiliness, the professor is a straightforward man, entirely forthright, a man who always prevails. What he brings to the table is not merely his scientific career, but first and foremost himself as a human being. Unlike Solzhenitsyn, he is a man of worth.”

And so step by step, in a series of cordial meetings that begin in the autumn of 1975 (when the directive was issued for the book to be written), Professor Simonyan lays out before crafty Turncoat all the main incidents in Solzhenitsyn’s life, as well as Solzhenitsyn’s personal traits. “According to the

authoritative opinion of Professor Simonyan, pallor and the ability to faint at will are acquired reflexes that Solzhenitsyn has learned to conjure up without the slightest effort. . . . ‘My evaluation of Solzhenitsyn is from the standpoint of a medical professional. His fate has been predetermined by his genetic code. Solzhenitsyn is endowed with an inferiority complex that manifests itself in aggression, which in turn generates megalomania and ambition.’” (Let’s not take the professor to task for the incomplete originality of his trite Freudian phrases, but the conclusion about my mental illness—see point 16 above—also goes back to him. One can only say that it is a mercy that Simonyan is not one of the *specialists* at the Serbsky Psychiatric Institute.)

Next it’s time to learn how I comported myself during the war. Here, too, Professor Simonyan is the most qualified individual to provide an explanation, since: “Dr. Simonyan’s profession as a surgeon naturally led him to be drafted into a medical battalion, an occupation that was far from being safe, particularly during the first period of the war. Indeed there were times when Dr. Simonyan, instead of providing medical aid to the wounded, had to put down his scalpel and reach for a machine gun to repel the enemy.”

Well, the picture he paints as of the year 1941 is correct enough, but, alas, with one small caveat: Neither during the first period of the war, nor during the second, nor the third, was Kirill Simonyan at the front. During all of 1941 he was still studying at the Rostov Medical Institute, and after graduating he headed to Central Asia on some medical mission and remained there throughout 1942 and part of 1943. It was only later in 1943 that he ended up working at some hospital, where (he tells Turncoat) he and Lidia Ezherets received rash and reckless letters from me. But what kind of a war-front hospital might this have been, in which a civilian such as Lidia, a Moscow graduate student in literature, could come and go as she pleased? . . . Well . . . it was in fact the famed Barvikha Sanatorium for the Soviet elite, just outside Moscow, where Lidia’s father, Dr. Ezherets, was the chief physician at the time. He had plucked Simonyan, his prospective son-in-law, out of his evacuation in Central Asia, and Simonyan would work at that sanatorium until the autumn of 1944, when he was eventually sent to the front. Hence Simonyan’s experience in evaluating military matters was relatively limited.

Well then, Turncoat will take it upon himself. Someone explained to him the responsibilities listed by the military statutes, and he presented my service in the following manner: “The Artillery Reconnaissance Division was in the Reserve of the High Command. Consequently, the authority to de-

cree how and where this division was to be deployed lay solely within the jurisdiction of the General Staff of the Red Army and the Supreme Commander-in-Chief.” (Look how close to Stalin’s personal sphere Solzhenitsyn was supposedly serving at the time!) “Its work was strictly classified. Were the enemy to find out . . . ” (there follows a list of horrors) . . . “At the front line’s slightest fluctuation, the commander of the sound-ranging battery<sup>20</sup> *must* retreat: it is imperative not to risk the loss of this extremely expensive technology.”

I do not know what the expression might be in Czech, but in Russian we say: “Like a catfish exploring a Bible.” The catfish will understand as much as Řezáč does. First of all, all artillery above the divisional was in the reserve of the High Command, not just our artillery reconnaissance division. Such artillery units were distributed in great numbers along all the war fronts, and they were at the service of armies and army corps. The same was true of our reconnaissance division: its sound-ranging batteries reported to the heavy-artillery regiment and shared its victories, its setbacks, the shelling, the bombardment, the crossing of minefields, the river crossings—and it was always the first at bridgeheads, moving forward rapidly without cannons to weigh it down. Of course, our battery was not positioned as far forward as the infantry. But neither did we ever receive such an idiotic directive as to retreat at the slightest fluctuation of the front line. We stayed put, with only the wounded being taken away. Our SChZM-36 technology, the acoustic-station model that had been issued in 1936, was well known to the Germans, as they had commandeered a great number of them in 1941—but there was no need for them to either copy our technology or use it, as their own technology was just as good. And the army didn’t have only one sound-ranging battery, as Řezáč claims, nor did this one battery report directly to Stalin: there were more than one hundred fifty such batteries, one for every ten kilometers of the front, and, had the Germans seized any of our acoustic stations, they would have been none the wiser about our strategy.

So this is the expertise and level of knowledge upon which this entire KGB-sponsored publication is based.

But impetuous Turncoat already had all the materials at hand to reach his conclusions: at the end of 1942 Solzhenitsyn became the commander of a sound-ranging battery (p. 61), in 1943 Solzhenitsyn “still felt as if he were a mere cadet” (p. 62), in 1943 “Solzhenitsyn found it more advantageous for himself to be a conscientious and loyal officer of the Red Army. His life was never in any immediate danger. . . . Throughout 1943–44 Solzhenitsyn

enjoyed being in the army (p. 65). . . . Far from ever being in immediate danger, he had at his beck and call four [!] eager adjutants” (and this in a battery of just sixty men!). “Solzhenitsyn comported himself like the true grandson of a rich landowner.” And even: “He never took part in a battle” (p. 72). (Well, there’s that business about some medals?—but that’s another kettle of fish.)

God, how sad! What little memory they have! How impenetrable and impervious their bovine foreheads are! When the calumnies claiming that I had surrendered to the Germans and the Gestapo were first circulated, the general secretary of the Komsomol, that literary expert, brought this up at the Lenin Prize Committee session,<sup>21</sup> but Tvardovsky rose to his full impressive height and in his deep voice read the following lines from my rehabilitation certificate (issued by the Supreme Court of the USSR, No. 4n - 083/57 of 6 February 1957):

From combat protocols it is clear that Solzhenitsyn, from 1942 until the day of his arrest, that is, until February 1945, was stationed on various fronts of World War II, bravely fighting for his Homeland, displaying personal heroism on a number of occasions as leader of the men of the unit he commanded. Solzhenitsyn’s unit distinguished itself as the best in the division in terms of discipline and warfare.

This had been heard, but then obviously forgotten! And the calumny started all over again, now from a different angle. (Another option for the Soviets, of course, would have been to dismiss their own Supreme Court.)

As for our Turncoat, does he not perhaps show his hand a little too clearly in the chronology he presents? What does that chronology show? In 1944 Solzhenitsyn likes being in the army, faces no danger whatever, and is not involved in a single battle. Then comes the offensive on East Prussia, and “during one of the counterattacks his battery is surrounded.”

One might be interested in knowing when exactly this took place.

“Does it really matter?” Mr. Řezáč might parry.

But I will be happy to help: it took place on the night of 26 to 27 January 1945, between the villages of Adlig Schwenkitten and Dittrichsdorf.<sup>22</sup>

But where did that charlatan get his information about this incident, and even the name of the village, Adlig Schwenkitten? I will tell you: from *The Gulag Archipelago* (pt. I, chap. 6), where I describe the incident in detail.<sup>23</sup>

(Only I had not mentioned Dittrichsdorf, which is why Turncoat does not bring it up either.)

And then we read: “Captain Solzhenitsyn abandons his men and all the expensive equipment, and flees. He is seized by panic and animal fear. He must not perish, not him! . . . Solzhenitsyn flees to safety. He risks being shot for desertion, but he is lucky: Ilya Solomin, a sergeant who is valiant and true, manages to evacuate the men and the equipment, and Solzhenitsyn is not called to account.”

Whoa now . . . wouldn't this incident have led to a number of men being dragged before the firing squad? If the battery commander flees, there are still two officers on hand (and sometimes a third, the sound technician), not to mention a sergeant-major. Where were they? Had they all fled, too, for Sergeant Solomin to have to take charge of the entire battery?

And where did Turncoat get all this information? One can only conjecture that it was some kind of vision, a spiritual revelation that had come to him on that night in 1945 when he was a ten-year-old boy in Prague. I wonder how Freud or Dr. Simonyan might explain this?

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That night was unforgettable. I still see it so clearly before me. Many times I have tried to describe it: initially back in the camps in trochaic tetrameter as a continuation of *Prussian Nights*; I had already written several stanzas, but did not save them and now can no longer remember them. And then in exile I again began writing, this time in prose, but other subjects were more pressing, and I never got to it.<sup>24</sup> All the special feelings sparked by East Prussia went into *August 1914*, and that night in 1945 remained only etched in my memory.

The mild cloudy evening in which we set up our sound-ranging station turned into a bright moonlit night. Dittrichsdorf had been abandoned by its inhabitants, and by our troops too; in the village there was a palatial manor house, the like of which we had not seen in our entire Prussian campaign. The winter moon lit its columns and wide staircase, dimly illuminating the halls inside, until we lit candles and turned on our rechargeable lamps. Needless to say, it was in this manor house that we set up our headquarters, and we wandered in amazement through the halls. In the two weeks of the campaign the men had already had their fill of Prussian abundance, so there was no real looting; no one was much in the mood, as there was an eeriness in

the air. In our devil-may-care sweep to the Baltic Sea we had severed the German line that had then swerved away and disappeared, and now there was an empty silence. (Our 68th artillery brigade, in the heedlessness of our frenzied offensive, found itself in a kind of vacuum on that night of 26–27 January; we had no information about our situation, nor did we have infantry cover, and had ended up right where the surrounded German troops in Prussia would attempt to break through.) So our infantry was nowhere to be found, and no one knew the location of our enemy's front line, which betrayed itself by neither light nor sound. And yet I had been ordered to set up our sound-ranging station precisely along this line by 2300 hours—facing east for the first time in the war! Until then our stations had always faced westward. We laid out the cables in their usual fan shape, though it was unclear where we should place the advance post. Directly to the east of us was a frozen snow-covered lake. Lieutenant Ovsyannikov, the commander of our line-laying platoon, set out with a machine-gunner to see what was happening on the opposite shore, where there was an isolated house. Although the moon continued to shine, it was at times covered by passing clouds (shimmering beautifully on the columns of the mansion), but there was not enough light to see into the distance, and the two men gradually disappeared.

In the meantime, we found in the cellars of our unexpected palace an immense (by Soviet standards) stock of food, mainly homemade preserves of every kind; heating up a jar in water and then pulling off the rubber seal, cutlets that sizzled as if they had just been fried would come pouring out onto plates. We heated up the jars, opened them, wandered through the strange halls as if moonstruck, men in gray overcoats sitting at inlaid tables devouring exotic dishes—for who knew what would happen from one hour to the next? (These impressions also made their way into *Feast of the Victors*, although there I described another night at division headquarters, where a great mirror was actually used as a dining table.)

Ovsyannikov and the machine-gunner did not return for a long time. They reemerged initially as a speck, then as a strange elongated form, and as they came closer they appeared in the form of a group we could not make out. It transpired that Ovsyannikov had brought with him four French prisoners of war whom he had just freed; even in the dim moonlight we could tell that the bluish color of their uniforms was different. They were walking slowly, in a huddled group, because they were carrying on their shoulders our soldier, Shmakov, who had been killed. He had been a hardy soldier who had suffered a concussion at the battle at Orel, but had not been wounded

since, only to find death now at an isolated Prussian house. Germans were there; they fired back and then fled, but the Frenchmen, who still could not believe that they had been freed, said that the whole area was full of Germans. These were the first Frenchmen any of us had ever seen, one of them standing out through his aristocratic bearing and manner of speech. And how did these Frenchmen perceive this night? A spectral and moonlit liberation from captivity, only perhaps to be shot dead on the spot? The moon and the shadows of the clouds kept shimmering across the columns, until the moon (fortunately) was once again completely covered. We placed our dead soldier in the back of our truck.

Their funerary procession marching over the frozen moonlit lake was just the beginning of that night's events. A large German platoon silently attacked the left flank of our sound-ranging station, smashing Ermolaev's and Yanchenko's heads with shovels. Ovsyannikov tried to come to their rescue but was repelled by a whole column of Germans, and we saw flaring jagged flecks of soundless conflagrations to our right, to our left, a pincer; and all in silence, the same uncommon calm all around, nobody heading for Dittrichsdorf. Then Sergeant Major Kornev came galloping up on horseback from the rear, the Germans attempting to intercept him silently on the road through the forest, but he managed to break through. As long as we had the line that our gunners had extended from Adlig Schwenkitten, two kilometers back, I continued to report everything by telephone, but neither the headquarters of the artillery division nor those of the reconnaissance division paid any heed: how can there be an attack without artillery fire or the roar of engines? He's imagining things. But that is precisely how the surrounded Germans planned to break out that night and flee to Germany through that narrow gap: without artillery fire, the large infantry units first. Soon my phone line back to our artillery division fell silent. It became clear that we would not be able to conduct any sound reconnaissance, and I, no longer able to communicate with headquarters, took charge of our battery's retreat myself.

Two roads, about a kilometer apart, led from our position to Adlig Schwenkitten, one to our north and the other to our south, both passing through the forest. From what we could tell, the road to our north was the more dangerous, which was also where our sergeant major had been intercepted. I loaded the sound-ranging station and all our most valuable equipment onto a large sledge, to which we harnessed German draft horses, and had the other lieutenant, Botnev, head off with it down the southern road. (That is where Solomin was.) Once they reached Adlig, they were to send a



messenger letting us know that the equipment had been brought to safety. In the meantime, we rolled up all the cables and loaded them onto two trucks.

For a long time we had no news of our sledge, but finally a messenger came through over the northern road: the sledge had reached Adlig, though it had fallen apart along the way and had had to be virtually rebuilt. Our two artillery batteries stationed in Adlig with their eight 152-mm howitzers were on high alert. All was ready, and now we set out, covering all our flanks, heading along the northern forest road where the snow was not so deep, though our trucks still kept getting stuck, with the men gathering into large groups to free them, the way we used to do in the marshes of the northwestern front: this kept delaying us. Ovsyannikov was leading the convoy of trucks, while I and two soldiers were covering the rear, following some three hundred paces behind; we had to walk very slowly and keep stopping, as if we were out going for a stroll on a mild evening within a glistening white blanket of field and sky; yet at any moment the enemy could have attacked from any side, riddling us with bullets. That is the sensation which has remained forever etched in my mind—the feeling of existing on this earth, but not being bound to it, our light bodies lent to us only for a time; it was a luminous walk through spectral places to which chance had brought us, and from which we could be whisked away at any moment.

But we made it to Adlig without incident, except that at the last clearing before the settlement one of our one-and-a-half-tonners, carrying the field kitchen, got stuck and could not be pulled out. We abandoned it and headed on to Adlig. I spoke to the sound-ranging headquarters on the telephone, but they still would not allow me to pull out of Dittrichsdorf. Yet we could not remain in Adlig either, exposed convoy that we were, so I sent all our reconnaissance equipment, the trucks, and almost all the men westward for another one and a half kilometers to division headquarters across the Passarge River, while I stayed back with three men to try and free the one-and-a-half-tonner. I asked for a tractor from the artillerymen, but they refused, as battle readiness demanded that all tractors remain with the cannons. At that moment a call came through from their feisty division commander, Major Boyev, who was manning the observation post: “I’m surrounded!”—and the line was interrupted. (He was killed there.) Now there was even less chance of getting a tractor, but suddenly the commissar of our division, Pashkin, appeared. He had come to ascertain why I had ordered a retreat, but immediately understood the situation and ordered a tractor under his responsibility, and in sight of our artillery we headed some four hundred meters

forward to the accursed truck. No sooner had we reached it, and the driver was turning the tractor around for us to hitch the truck onto it, when suddenly out of the white mist, we could not see from where, a hail of bullets came pelting over the surface of the tractor's cab. The driver sped off at full throttle back toward the artillery line, leaving the rest of us behind, and before we could gather our wits we heard loud hurrahs from the clearing to our left, near the southern road where the Germans, we now realized, had gathered; dozens of them in camouflage jumping up out of the snow, hurling grenades at our artillery line before they could fire. (We lost seven cannons, their barrels blown to smithereens; only one was saved, and that by our tractor, the only one left that was operational.) The road to Adlig was now closed, and our small group went running across the virgin snow, scampering down steep slopes, across pits and over fences, and all the while the Germans kept firing at us from above; but for some reason only with tracer bullets—they must have run out of ammunition, and the fact that we could see the fiery red lines all the way from where they were shooting made our escape easier. (The commissar's fur jacket was restricting him and he threw it off, his orderly Saliev picking it up and lugging it the whole way.) We kept falling as we made our circuitous way over the two kilometers of pathless fields (in my bag I had my copy of "Resolution No. 1"),<sup>25</sup> but here too I had the same sensation as before: that my body was borrowed, temporary, not vital, and my senses were heightened, not as they might be in fear, but that unusual heightening when you surmount danger and various scenes of your life race and race through your mind. But we made it safely across the Passarge River.

In the following days, I and several other officers of the 68th Brigade were recommended for the Order of the Red Banner for rescuing our battery and equipment. The others soon received theirs, but I was crossed off the list when the edict for my arrest had come in from Moscow.

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But let us return to Mr. Řezáč's little piece of pulp fiction. So according to him, Solzhenitsyn was happy enough being in the army in 1944, where he supposedly faced no danger whatever. But now, on 27 January 1945, "the fact that he had been surrounded by the enemy was an eye-opener. He came to the startling realization that he might die, that he might be killed!" Such an earth-shattering idea would of course never have crossed the mind of a soldier in time of war. "Solzhenitsyn could not allow such a thing to happen.

Never! Not now that it was clear to one and all that the war was drawing to a close, that it would last at most for another few weeks. Nobody wants to die at such a time. . . . But Solzhenitsyn, a virtuoso schemer, came up with a truly diabolical plan, the most sordid plan anyone has ever hatched, a plan to save his life.”

And what was this plan? *Bringing about his own arrest!* “For Solzhenitsyn this was the best way out,” Simonyan explained to Turncoat. Instead of putting his life on the line in those final terrible weeks of war, he chose placing his head in the jaws of State Security as a way out! And when did Solzhenitsyn concoct this satanic plan? Probably that very same day, on 27 January—or at least no later than the 29th, since on 30 January the plan was already implemented. In faraway Moscow, the Deputy Prosecutor General of the Russian Soviet Federative Socialist Republic, Major-General Vavilov, obediently kowtowed to Solzhenitsyn’s scheme and had his arrest put through.

How many bureaucrats worked in that KGB propaganda department ghostwriting that book, not to mention all the editors and proofreaders who would have line-edited it before it was sent out to be printed? Some were clearly so lazy, others so blind with hatred, that they did not notice the absurdity of the proposed time sequence: that it was all supposedly conceived and set up by way of Moscow in a matter of three days!

But *how* was it, exactly, that Solzhenitsyn managed to pull off this trick? Simple enough: he began writing letters in which he openly expressed his hatred of Stalin and the Soviet regime, so that the censor would read it and come after him. “True, he knew that for anti-Soviet propaganda of that kind one could expect to be dragged before the tribunal and put before a firing squad.” But even a firing squad is salvation from possible death on the front!

So how could this whole operation have been pulled off in three days? Would it not have been simpler just to head over to the nearest SMERSH bureau and declare himself an enemy? Perhaps this hadn’t occurred to Solzhenitsyn. Well . . . maybe . . . perhaps . . . Though elsewhere in his book Turncoat has it that Solzhenitsyn began writing these suicidal letters much earlier (which then contradicts my supposed epiphany when the Germans surrounded my battery at Adlig): perhaps in 1944, or even as early as 1943, that is, during a time when Solzhenitsyn “liked being in the army and faced no danger whatever,” and the possibility of dying had not yet occurred to him.

And Dr. Simonyan suggests as much to Turncoat. Simonyan had read *Archipelago*, and it had become crystal-clear to him what made this madman Solzhenitsyn tick, this traitor, this pathological coward, this nephew of a

reckless bandit. He was led by the enviable example of Aleksandr Ulyanov and his comrades, who by an imprudent letter had managed to get themselves hanged.<sup>26</sup>

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Kirill! . . .

Kirochka!<sup>27</sup> . . . what have you done?! How could you have gone over to *them*? What could have driven you to keep on dictating all this to that assiduous KGB man? Kagan was another matter altogether—he wasn't really part of our group, and I was never to see him again after the seventh grade. It's unclear what he might or might not have said, but even according to Turncoat he didn't say half the things you did.

You and I had been such friends, Kirochka! Back in those hostile years, Rostov-on-Don was like foreign soil to me. How dear it had been to encounter a warm, gentle, sympathetic soul like yours. And my mom loved you so dearly—as yours loved me, from what I could tell. I remember her always lying in bed with terrible swellings. You and she lived with a fearful secret, your father, a wealthy merchant, having fled the long arm of the GPU<sup>28</sup> and having been forced to abandon you, crossing the Persian border on foot. That vile Turncoat can lie all he wants—that all this posed no danger for you, that it hardly mattered—but you know well enough (as anyone who knows life in the Soviet Union does) that for a good forty years you had to hide this with clenched teeth. (And when I was interrogated about you in the Lubyanka, this secret of yours I kept safest of all, never breathing a word.)

Your yard on Dmitrievskaya Street was a terrible place—tawdry, with iron stairwells and iron galleries along every floor. But where did that flight of fancy spring from, that we would gather on those stairs to read our novels and poems? Not once did we do such a thing. We read them in a beautiful city park nearby, or more often in Lidia Ezherets's roomy apartment, the only nice place any of us frequented, and all three of us were so passionate about literature, literature and nothing else, and your dream of writing was more fiery than ours, more steadfast. Meanwhile, what was special about the room you lived in? (You had no apartment—your mom, your sister, and you lived in a single room.) What left an indelible impression were the spiritualist séances that you taught me and Vitkevich, and set up for us. It was on two nights, or maybe three, when your mom happened to be out, and you had your little

sister wait outside; you explained to us that it was imperative that the fanlight be open, that we must sit quietly, and believe with all our might—leaving the lights on was not a problem, otherwise how could we read the messages from beyond that the letters in the circle would show? We had placed our fingers lightly on an upturned saucer. Initially Vitkevich was the most suspicious among us, wary that the others might be moving it, but the saucer’s actions surpassed the imagination of any of us: some of the spirits of foreigners we invoked could not handle the Russian alphabet (it hadn’t occurred to us to prepare a Latin one as well), and some of the Russian spirits misspelled words (and we later guessed that they had been illiterate in life too); General Suvorov moved the saucer with galloping speed, while Zinoviev’s saucer crept plaintively over the table as he vindicated himself: “I was friends with Lenin,” and one of the spirits, when asked whether there would be war, confidently replied “1940,” and at “Who will win?” the arrow of the saucer pointed confidently at the letter “C” three times, and “P” once: “СССР”!<sup>29</sup>

Even if those séances had not been successful, you and I would never have made fun of anything mystical, and it was to me that you revealed your frightful dreams, recurring dreams in which from time to time a strange and powerful figure sat before you in the same posture, facing you (his hands, a hoary yellow, always poised on the same armrest, his face always in shadow, you never saw it). This figure initiated you into the world of poetry, invariably informing you that you would have a brilliant future as a poet, sometimes even deigning to reveal lines of your future works to you, and you in your dream trembled with delight and joy at their beauty; but when you woke up you could not remember them, except perhaps for a fragment or two that you would quickly write down, as happens in quirky fairy tales:

Alas, how much stronger than poison is love,  
Within it are the torments of below and above.

Then there was the literary magazine we published at school with Iosif Reznikov (I wonder you didn’t unleash Turncoat on him). You, Lidia, and I worked on a *Three Madmen’s Novel*, each of us in turn writing a chapter without first mapping out the fate of the characters, so that each writer had to figure out how to move the plot forward. Young as we were, we had already written quite a lot, filling notebook after notebook, and finally we began sending our works to literary luminaries, though these luminaries often did not reply; and do you remember what a harsh blow it was when

Leonid Timofeev sent a damning response about both my poems and yours? (And yet you believed that his harsh words were on account of his expecting great things from you.) Nevertheless, we still timidly made our way over to our local poet Kats hoping he would print our work, while Levin from the magazine *Molot* (*Hammer*) was very encouraging. And you enticed me to attend meetings at a literary circle in the home of one of the medical workers, where some gruff Party member from *Molot* molded our tastes, and yet we, members of that circle, felt as if the muses were fluttering about in that tiny blue room. The same passion eventually led us to travel to Moscow to take the examinations for a correspondence course at the Literary Faculty of the Moscow Institute of Philosophy, Literature, and History. And it was there, around classroom desks in the student dorms, that we two, together with Vitkevich, celebrated the Stalin Scholarship I had been awarded.

But even earlier, in the years before all this, was there a single school production (of Chekhov, Rostand, Lavrenyov) in which we didn't take part? We'd sign up for amateur theatricals no matter how far away they were, performing in some Karl Marx auditorium or other, putting on plays like Kataev's *Squaring the Circle*. And in our literature classes at school, were there ever play readings in which we weren't reading roles? And whenever there were discounted tickets to be had, did we ever miss a single play at our regional drama theater or at the luxurious auditorium at the PSAST (which, if I remember well, stands for Pan-Soviet Association of Soviet and Trade Workers)?<sup>30</sup> And on top of all this you also played the piano, untiringly, and I can still see you with a roll of sheet music from the music library on Nikolaevsky Lane.<sup>31</sup> (You used to make girlish grimaces as you played, a handkerchief always tucked in your sleeve, and we called you "Kirilla," not mockingly but tenderly, as we felt protective of you.) It was you who introduced me to the world of music, and for that I will be forever grateful. Only a few operas were ever performed in Rostov, and they were expensive, but in the summer there were free symphony concerts every evening in the park. It was you who instilled in me an interest in music and explained everything to me—how much music we heard there! And in the evenings before the concert, while it was still light, we would sit on a bench with our books, sometimes outside a nearby restaurant, from which cheap music would come wafting over—which for some reason was gallingly soul-stirring—as would the aromas of the food we could never have; we were always hungry, distracting ourselves from the hunger by reading, except when it was a book like Hamsun's *Hunger*. You, I, and Vitkevich had once stood in line for an

entire night to buy bicycles, a miracle back then! We learned to ride them together, though you didn't join us on our excursions. Do you remember how you bought Chichibabin's organic-chemistry textbook and then kept putting our teacher on the spot? But when it came to mathematics and physics, you would always copy my answers. Then those English-language courses, to become translators from English—it was again you who got me interested. Though we were now at different universities, we would meet up at Ivan Vasilievich Kotlyarov's Latin club—we didn't want to miss out on Latin. At auditions for theatrical school, Zavadsky suspected that I might have a weak voice, and challenged me: "Imagine that your friend is over there, walking away into the distance. Call out to him with all your might." And without thinking, without pondering, I shouted: "Kiri-i-i-ll!" (And my voice faltered.)

And when your mom died, the day after her funeral—your dread day—we went with you so you would not be alone at home (someone was looking after your sister), and from morning till sunset we roamed the steppe beyond the Temernik River. It was a wonderful south-Russian April day; the sun was out, but it was not yet hot. There are three or four such days in spring in Rostov before the great heat arrives. The grass was mainly from the previous year, whipping at our legs, but the first green blades had begun to sprout, and the sky was blue and filled with larks. We wandered, wandered all day over the pathless steppe, talking about everything, our souls as one, our thoughts with your mother, and by evening you had once more taken heart and seemed ready to resume life.

And when it came to matters of politics you were far cleverer than Vitkevich or I was; the contagion of world revolution had not seized you, and if you were swayed by Marxism, its brittle scales fell away soon enough. You were the only one among us who had a clear picture of 1937 and its reign of terror, and you tried to make me understand, though you couldn't get it through to me. Then the war began, and I came to say goodbye to you at the post office's medical facility where you worked. I was burning to fight for Leninism before it was too late, to save it before it collapsed, but you were spot-on: you told me that the discontent of the people was hanging over us like a storm cloud, and that the mountain people of the North Caucasus were impatient to rebel. And how right you were!

You and I then parted for two and a half years; then, in March 1944, I came on foot all the way from Odintsovo to the palatial premises of the Barvikha sanatorium. The guards let me through, and you and Lidia came rushing out to welcome me, and put me, a frayed senior lieutenant, in an ac-

tual three-room suite, which had been occupied before me by Marshal Rokossovsky, the commander of my entire front. At the dinner table, I had to take great care that my every other word not be an expletive, as was the way of the soldiers at the front; and then our twenty-four hours of ceaseless conversation, you and I, in which we agreed on all things and everything. *The Mustachioed One*<sup>32</sup> had long ago ceased to be a figure of respect to any of us. And then there were all our effervescent postwar literary plans! It was another one of those days from the heights of our friendship.

Then we parted, and then . . . I dare remember all this now, because . . . because you are no longer walking the earth under *their* power. And in this world you and I will never meet again.

I did not write these last pages just now, when that vile KGB book reached me; I wrote them five months ago, in April, as your sixtieth birthday was drawing near. I was thinking of you at that time, and then a letter reached me that struck me like a thunderbolt: *you had died*, Kirochka. Not figuratively: you had died last winter before you reached your sixtieth (not living to see the first printing of that KGB book, a book you must have been awaiting eagerly?).

It was in those days that I wrote all this. Your death shocked me: our sojourn in this world is so short and precarious.

I wrote steeped in sadness, I wrote whatever I remembered about you—needless to say, I could not fit all of it into these pages. I knew you had published a polemic pamphlet against me. I had not read it: after all, what harsh words could have been in something you would have written? (Though it turned out that it contained the most evil and far-fetched slander, and this written by you, claiming that I had deliberately seen to it that I would be imprisoned!?) I culled many images from deep inside my memories, so many images, and I wrote down: well, I have lost someone dear to me, someone with whom I have been connected in so many ways. And we did not have the opportunity to make peace. And I feel so sorry for him!

And now instead of embracing you I am clasping in my hands this pestilential yellow-branded book, and now I understand what is in that pamphlet of yours which I had not read, and I want to ask you a question. I ask this not for myself, since I forgive you, a man branded by a solitary bachelor's life full of misfortune and disorder. I ask you for my mom: she loved you so much, why did you slander her like this after she died?

But perhaps where you are now you have already had a chance to explain this to her yourself.



And you can surely see what I am writing and feeling, so I need not have written any of this.

But what have you done, Kirill? After all, it was not me you immersed in these slanderous fabrications, but the calamitous truth of what has happened to our country, which for six decades the enemies of mankind have slashed and burned and trampled and drowned, and now, as we struggle to raise it from the depths, you go and help besmirch it again. (Or, rather, helped.) For the sake of the gift of Russian history, being recovered from oblivion, I am compelled by you and those horned devils, compelled against my will, to laboriously and interminably resurrect every particle of a life that I once considered my own.

It is true, Kirochka, that your letters, and especially those of the girls,<sup>33</sup> were in no way as plainspoken as mine and Vitkevich's were: he and I had thrown all caution to the winds. Not that we ever wrote "Stalin" or "Lenin" directly, but we referred to them in all our letters as "the Ringleader" and "Vovka." We never discussed military issues—today Vitkevich is recasting the story to meet Soviet expectations—but back in 1941 he himself had suggested to me the idea that was to prove so dire to us, that the military censorship checked letters looking only for discussions of military plans, and that nobody would hinder us from philosophizing in general terms; we could discuss regular topics to our heart's content. I accepted this idea without thinking further. It was to be our ruin. (Later, when I was imprisoned, many people were surprised that we could have been so foolish and rash in our letters. I myself was amazed, but only in hindsight.) And then in the winter of 1944 the following happened: a lieutenant from my battery, Fyodor Botnev, received a letter from one of the women working for the censor's office in which she said that she had taken one of his photographs out of a letter he had sent, had kept the photograph, and wanted very much to correspond with him and meet him. Botnev asked me for some time off, went to the censor's office, and when he came back said that there were a dozen or so girls there, all extremely bored, all talking incessantly about love and bridegrooms, and that they did their best not to check letters, preferring to inspect postcards and short notes so that they would meet their quotas. This convinced me once and for all that the censor was not particularly worth worrying about, and when Vitkevich and I then met up in a dugout on New Year's Day 1944, we drew up our "Resolution No. 1," our *tasks* being, among other things: "To determine the moment of transition to action and the striking of a decisive blow to the postwar reactionary ideological superstructure. The

fulfillment of these tasks is impossible without coordinated action.” To safeguard our “Resolution,” both Vitkevich and I resolved to keep our copies in our field bags at all times. And so we had them on us when we were arrested.

Consequently, the investigation turned out to be entirely straightforward: photocopies of all the letters from over the years were lying on KGB desks, all ready, all too clear. Vitkevich’s and my fate had been documented and sealed well before our arrest. Vitkevich, if one is to believe Turncoat, was quite surprised: he had never told a soul about “Resolution No. 1”! Well, neither had I—the authorities had simply found the documents in our field bags. Then Turncoat takes pains to make out that Vitkevich was to receive a harsher sentence than I was. Vitkevich was given ten years in the camps, the standard sentence that the tribunal’s guidelines specified, yet by the same guidelines he was not sentenced for “coordinated action against the Soviet State” as I was, and so did not end up in a Gulag Special Camp, nor was he subsequently exiled, but rather received productivity credits and was released before completing nine years of his sentence. As for me, my conviction for that “coordinated action against the Soviet state” meant eight years followed by exile for life. Had Stalin’s reign not come to an end, I would not have been released after eleven years, but would have been there to this day.

But your letters too, Kirochka, looked strange and ambiguous on the investigator’s desk, calling for explanation. When I wrote to you: “After the war we will go to Moscow and set to work vigorously,” your reply was: “No, Polar Bear,<sup>34</sup> we’d do better to keep to ourselves and set to work within our circle.” My investigator insisted that I explain your words: if *that* was what we wrote in our letters, then it was anybody’s guess what happened when we met and talked in person.

And then my seized *War Diaries* were hanging over my head; in them I had recorded stories from the front, as well as openly expressing everyone’s views, and it was vital that I guard and protect those of my battery mates.

I came to realize after a year or two in the prison camps, after having heard so many stories, that the best thing would have been for me to send the investigators to the devil. What they seized was theirs; what they could not figure out, too bad for them. But based on everything I had lived through and experienced up to the time of my arrest, I was convinced that the single most dangerous thing for a person was his social origin. In the first ten to fifteen years of Soviet power, social origin *in itself* was enough to destroy a person, to destroy whole masses. (To this day, direct orders concerning this have not been excised from the documents of Lenin and others.)

Our social origin was what three among us had to fear most: I on account of my wealthy grandfather, you on account of your rich father (who was still alive and living abroad—just think how that sounded in those days!), and Natasha on account of her father, a Cossack officer who had gone away with the Whites. If my explanations were left wanting they might initiate a wider investigation, and then there was every danger that they would come across *those* secrets. And so I decided to lead them along a false trail (perhaps wrongly, but, I'm still convinced today, not foolishly), and offer them explanations that were as plausible as possible: Yes, I admit that all of us, to some extent, felt a little dissatisfied. (This was then translated into the language of the Ministry of State Security by the interrogator—who was his own stenographer—as “vile anti-Soviet allegations.”) —*What* was the reason for your dissatisfaction? *What* had led to it?—The reason was that tuition was introduced in institutions of higher education in 1940, and that our scholarships were low.—That was all I said. I concealed all the fiery political conversations we had had, recasting them as mere petit-bourgeois griping, as rumblings in the stomach. All the dangerous letters—yours, I mean, not Vitkevich's and mine—I presented within a petit-bourgeois context, anything to avoid them looking into your social origin and upbringing. I did not reveal anything significant to which the investigators could cling.

What can I say? I did not do too badly, whichever way you look at it: after all, none of you were arrested, or even *brought in for questioning a single time!* There were no innocent individuals arrested in our case, which cannot be said of millions of cases in the Gulag. And in such harsh times. (After three years, Reshetovskaya even managed to pass a security check.) When I later heard about this, I was overjoyed: I had outwitted Captain Ezevov! (Now a respectable pensioner, as Turncoat informs us.)

They did not lay a hand on you, Kirill, they did not so much as touch you. (Would this have been the case if my investigation had even lightly grazed by any of the things you had actually said about the tortures in 1937, or about the mountain people of the Caucasus? Many were being arrested for much less than that.) For seven years nobody touched you. And then in 1952 you got yourself entangled in something altogether different, in Moscow. (I do not know what it was, though perhaps one day it will become known.) In April 1952, in the prison camp at Ekibastuz, an investigator placed before me a document from one of the Moscow district branches of State Security (I think it was the Shcherbakovsky district, but I am not certain), stating that I was to be interrogated in connection with an investigation that had been ini-

tiated against Kirill Simonyan as to what I might know concerning his anti-Soviet sentiments, and whether I was prepared to confirm the testimony I had given in 1945. But I, by then a diehard camp inmate, sent them to the devil. I told them that any testimony from 1945 was a coerced lie, and that, in all the years I knew you, you had been a model Soviet patriot.

And here begins that whole rigmarole about a notebook of “fifty-two numbered pages of inimitably small handwriting,” allegedly my handwriting, and allegedly presented to you then by State Security. I don’t know what was cooked up by them and what was added by you. But wonder of wonders!—after fifty-two pages, apparently filled with dense minuscule handwriting and the most damning accusations against you, as you write, the investigator, outraged by the vile denunciation leveled against you, politely sent you on your way. And in what year was this?—in Stalin’s final year, 1952! (Perhaps that is also where they came up with the notebook’s supposed fifty-two pages?)

Kirochka! Of course you could not have known that in those months at the camps in Ekibastuz the ground was burning beneath our feet, that thousands of inmates were being transported, that we had just had a rebellion, that none of us would have been up to writing a notebook of “fifty-two numbered pages,” and that I, furthermore, during those very months, had had an operation to remove a cancerous tumor. Let’s suppose that you could not have guessed that State Security does not provide notebooks of any kind for detainees to write denunciations, and that every phrase must be written down and recast by the interrogator himself. Let’s suppose further that you could not have imagined that there is such a thing as forged handwriting. But one thing you knew perfectly well was that a scrap of paper was enough to get one arrested—so were you not surprised that they didn’t take you away, with fifty-two pages of denunciation at hand? And had there in fact been, say, fifty pages, would they have gone to the trouble of reading more than two or three? Perhaps they just pointed to a stack of papers across the room when you were being interrogated, or waved it under your nose? These methods are well enough known.

But Kirill! Didn’t your heart, your soul, give you the slightest hint that such a denunciation from your old school friend could never have happened? A loftiness of soul shields us from false people whose true character can be seen by looking into their eyes, just as it protects us from those Chekist frauds with their defiling hands that surely must have been so apparent, just as they are so brazenly apparent throughout Turncoat’s page-turner.

In 1952 your fate, it seems, was truly hanging in the balance. And State Security, having obtained nothing from me (I cannot imagine they would

have shown you my actual interrogation record) were obviously out to bluff you. And you went right ahead and took the poisonous bait, its hook lodged in your heart till the day you died.

Clearly you did not have enough loftiness of soul, just as you didn't have enough of it later to resist the charm of that chameleon Turncoat.

And when I returned in 1956, after the camps, after exile, after cancer, I heard from Lidia that you bore a grudge against me, that as I was drowning I got you wet, while you were standing firmly on the shore (for I thought your grudge had to do with 1945). Now I too got angry: I had indeed been drowning then, I had indeed been close to death.

At that moment the fault was mine: perhaps all would have become clear face to face. But we did not meet.

A year and a half later you had your fortieth birthday, and my heart was softened, and Natasha and I sent you a warm telegram. (From *Ryazan*, Kirochka, not from some obscure city or other, as you and Turncoat spin your tale. By the way, was it you or he who came up with the idea to mix up the stock clerk of our camp at Kaluga Gate, the Muscovite Bershader,<sup>35</sup> with Ber-shadsky, our good schoolmaster?) You did not reply then.

The years flowed by, our hearts warmed further, and it was in the spring of 1968, I believe, that you suddenly sent me a conciliatory letter, saying that we had to meet and make peace. I immediately answered with joy. In a quick exchange of letters we settled on the day and hour when I would come to your place in Serebryanye Prudy. I came. I rang the bell, but there was no answer, nobody came to the door. All right. I went back outside and sat on a bench by the front entrance so as to be sure not to miss you. An hour went by, but you did not appear. I went back up, rang the bell once more—nobody came. I went downstairs again and sat there for another half hour—still nobody came. I wrote a note suggesting you come to see me at Rozhdestvo—any day, just come—and I put down all the details on how to get there. Again I went to the door and rang, but still there was no answer. I raised the flap of the mail slot in the door, pushed my note through, and just as I was about to let the flap fall shut again, right there by the door, I saw a pajama leg. You were standing there, hiding. I lowered the flap without calling out to you. If it was easier this way for you . . .

So that was that. We did not have the opportunity to explain to one another, to reconcile, to reminisce . . .

Then you invented things like my fainting out of pride, and then wrote that polemic pamphlet against me. And then you began your conversa-

tions, all those many conversations with Turncoat, and waited for your advance copy.

God grant that the earth will rest lightly upon you. No one would envy so difficult a life as yours.\*

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\* In the winter of 1990–91, twelve years after I wrote these words, I received, still in Vermont, some letters from D. A. Chernyakhovsky, a Moscow psychiatrist I did not know. He wrote that, “according to the wishes of Kirill Semyonovich Simonyan,” whom he knew as a colleague, he had informed a number of people of what Simonyan had confided to him in the autumn of 1977 before he died, and that he was now informing me.<sup>36</sup>

Chernyakhovsky wrote: “Kirill Semyonovich said he wanted to entrust me with some ‘shameful facts about his life. . . . Consider this the confession of a man who is soon to die,’ he had said, ‘a man who would like his repentance to eventually reach a friend whom he had betrayed. . . . Tell him everything I am about to tell you, with all the details, all the tears that you can see, and all the heartache that you can surmise.’ During this conversation, K. S. took valium drops a number of times. ‘Once I am dead, do not keep what I will tell you a secret. It won’t be long now. . . .’ He spoke with great emotion about this friendship [with me—A. S.], saying it had greatly influenced his life. . . . He claimed that his own literary abilities had probably been greater than those of Solzhenitsyn. Considering himself as an individual with unrealized literary talent, he had felt that this was a great injustice, a feeling that was to ‘play a catastrophic role.’ There was another thing, too. Since childhood, K. S. had begun to manifest certain psychobiological peculiarities associated with his sexual orientation. Already a doctor, this led to issues that were to threaten his career. [That was probably what happened in 1952—A. S.] When some ‘gentlemen’ appeared on Simonyan’s doorstep [this, now, was probably 1975–76—A. S.], he at first felt an icy chill run down his spine, but was quick to realize with great relief that, even though they were in a position to instantly ruin his life, turning the doctor and scientist into a ‘piece of garbage shunned by all,’ they had a different goal in mind. ‘They wanted to return to the matter of Solzhenitsyn.’ They were well-informed and said some plausible things. To his own surprise, K. S. felt a kind of elation and gratitude . . . ‘yes, gratitude that my life as a doctor had been spared.’ He readily acknowledged as genuine the ‘fake denunciation by Vetrov,’ although ‘two or three details stood out that were quite incompatible with Solzhenitsyn.’ He then wrote ‘some filthy things to be disseminated abroad.’ He wrote in a strange state of elation, ‘as if drugged.’ . . . He described how Řezáč came to his hospital, ‘a lowlife, a KGB man, a piece of shit. I took part in his shameful machinations,’ had been Simonyan’s precise words. Then ‘that drugged elation dissipated, I returned to my senses, and wanted to hang myself.’ K. S. and I discussed all this for a long time. His repentance was sincere and profound. . . . K. S. said that he was certain you had been aware of his ‘Achilles’ heel: Had Solzhenitsyn wanted to, he could have pointed to this sore spot, which would have ruined me once and for all. He did not do this.’ . . . As a psychiatrist, I must note that he was distressed during our conversation, but it was not the kind of depression that drives an individual to self-incrimination. . . . On 18 November 1977, Kirill Simonyan suddenly died.” (Author’s note, 1993.)

But on, on with our story!<sup>37</sup> Turncoat even brings the circumstances of my arrest into question (though ten people were present). Then he informs us that I “gained the favor of the tribunal” (there was no tribunal, I was sentenced by the Special Board of the NKVD). His next topic is how I comported myself in the camps. But here we are talking about eight years of imprisonment in a number of scattered places, and thirty years have passed since. Turncoat might have had significant trouble fashioning the narrative of my imprisonment, but I myself had already conveniently provided State Security with the episode of their recruiting me as a camp informer in *Archipelago*: what could have been a better, more ideal, subject matter?—this will drive our storyline! If Solzhenitsyn denies ever having denounced anyone, what could be easier for State Security than to make all his denunciations public? It would be a sizable task, but then the author of *Archipelago* is a major enemy of the state, and all it would take was to have the administrative directors and archivists of the camps in which Solzhenitsyn had been interned sift through the denunciations that were made during those years; they could then gather together all the denunciations signed by “Vetrov,” Solzhenitsyn’s code name, and publish them in a separate book. (In fact, this would have made Turncoat’s book itself quite unnecessary.)

But alack and alas, they could not find a single denunciation, just as they could not find a single victim of them. But Turncoat could always point to indirect, opinion-shaping evidence.

For example, Solzhenitsyn had been interned in the camp in which he had been recruited as an informer for several months, but then all of a sudden was moved to a *sharashka*. Is this not proof enough of his collusion? How incomprehensible, how incredible, that Solzhenitsyn, with his degree in mathematics, would be moved to the research laboratories! And Turncoat concludes: “Solzhenitsyn was sent to the Marfino institute as a secret informer, this is an indisputable fact.” (He fails to explain, however, why Vitkevich was also chosen for that *sharashka*; we were both sent there.)

A wonderful development! Now it will be easy to follow Solzhenitsyn’s treacherous three-year stint in the narrow confines of Marfino! There would be dozens of supposed witnesses and victims of his denunciations there, all educated people, all living in Moscow. Yet Turncoat writes that he only talked to Lev Kopelev, who was there too. One wonders then why he did not ask Kopelev about my actions there? And then Marfino is the central

special prison of the KGB, surely all the archives are at hand nearby at the Lubyanka headquarters: why not order all of Solzhenitsyn's reports to be gathered together and expose his Soviet complicity to the bright light of the red Soviet sun!

But alas, here too for some reason my supposed denunciations could not be scraped together. Then there was a new mystery: Solzhenitsyn was sent away from the *sharashka* to a Gulag Special Camp. Well, the matter was perfectly clear. This was obviously another "reward" for all the useful denunciations, as well as a new task for him: entangling the convicts of this Gulag Special Camp with his tentacles.

This now called for new witnesses. But where could one come up with some? Perhaps have Dr. Simonyan be at Ekibastuz? No, that would unhinge other parts of the plot. A far better idea: they could send Vitkevich, pretend he had been there! In reality, he is the one who stayed at the *sharashka* laboratories after I left (though Turncoat remains silent on this matter, since that could lead to the question of whether Vitkevich was also a secret informer, as I supposedly was). Vitkevich never was in the Gulag Special Camps (and could not have been, as he had only been sentenced according to Article 58.10, without sub-article 11). But that hardly mattered—send him to the special camps, let him suffer the inconvenience. Hence Vitkevich, and Vitkevich alone, would now inform the readers about what kind of camp Ekibastuz was ("Transcript of conversation with N. D. Vitkevich, personal archives of Tomáš Řezáč"). While he is at it, Vitkevich can readily confirm once again that *Archipelago* was nothing but "prison-camp folklore."

However, Solzhenitsyn, by all accounts, had spent time in the prison hospital at the Ekibastuz camp, so one still required a doctor. But where to find one, if placing Dr. Simonyan at the camp was unconvincing? . . . the solution, as always: carefully leafing through Solzhenitsyn's books. A certain Dr. Nikolai Ivanovich Zubov had been mentioned in *Archipelago*. Perfect! In the twinkling of an eye he shall be situated at Ekibastuz, though he had never in his life set foot in the place! Did that matter? He was now eighty-three years old, completely deaf, and lived in some godforsaken place. He could hardly refute the story.

And so the iron ring around Solzhenitsyn was closing! And let's not have Solzhenitsyn working at the Ekibastuz camp as a bricklayer, but as the camp librarian.

At last I can't stand it anymore . . . Minister of State Security! I can understand them going off the deep end once, or five times, or ten times, but to



keep stumbling from one idiocy to the next! How can you justify paying salaries to such an idiotic editorial department of disinformation? And as for this department: Don't you know even the basics of propaganda? If you expect your disinformation to be believable, you must from time to time add a smidgeon of truth for things to be plausible. Why, then, do you act like a bunch of madmen, concocting crazed scenarios entirely out of malarkey?\*

And what else does Turncoat come up with? “The most significant fact that has been confirmed by everyone who knew Solzhenitsyn in the camp” (who? Simonyan? Vitkevich? Kagan? Zubov? alas, none of them were there!), “a fact missed only by D. M. Panin, is that Solzhenitsyn disappeared the day before the camp uprising, having suddenly been moved to the prison hospital.”

Oh, that damned chronology, ever a stumbling block for our man, all his dates being in a jumble. The events unfolded as follows: Security guards in Ekibastuz shot at and beat up unarmed inmates on 22 January 1952 (9 January by the Old Calendar, another “Bloody Sunday”).<sup>38</sup> On 23 January, inmates in the barracks in which prisoners had been killed began a general strike. On 24–25–26 January, the entire prison camp went on hunger strike. On 27 January, the inmates thought victory was theirs, since the camp administration released a statement that their demands were to be fulfilled. On 28 January, the prisoners' demands were surveyed, and there was a meeting of the foremen, at which I spoke. On 29 January, I was admitted to the camp hospital for my cancerous tumor, my operation then occurring on 12 February. If D. Panin “did not notice” my disappearance before the uprising in the camp, the reason was because he and I were in the same barrack for the entire period of the uprising and hunger strike, where on 26 January he valiantly called upon the prisoners not to surrender.

The crowning insight would have been: did Solzhenitsyn even have cancer? Don't be shy, Turncoat, go for it! In the spirit of Professor Simonyan, and to safeguard the artistic integrity of that virtuoso intriguer, that spiraling traitor Solzhenitsyn, they could have gone ahead and spun the cancer, too, as that “acquired reflex that Solzhenitsyn has learned to conjure up without the slightest effort.” What a missed opportunity! . . .

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\* But my rhetorical appeal to the Minister of State Security was quite in vain: Andropov was, in fact, delighted with Řezáč's book, and the moment it came out he expressed his desire to reward operatives of the Czechoslovak Ministry of the Interior who had helped Řezáč, as well as, of course, KGB agents at home. [24]. (Author's note, 1995.)

Also my sentence of *exile for life*, later cut short by the Twentieth Congress,<sup>39</sup> was skipped by Turncoat, it didn't fit the picture. But oh, those who think that, with the end of his prison term, this many-faced double-dealing Solzhenitsyn will have ended his irrepressible subterfuges are mistaken. No, they were just beginning! From the prison camp he brought with him "a mountain of papers filled with writing." Here Turncoat does not rely on witnesses, but surely every child knows that inmates, on leaving any given Soviet concentration camp, can wheel out manuscripts by the cartload. And then? "The instant Solzhenitsyn left the camp he began hatching cunning plots, political and otherwise, vigorously planning anti-Soviet actions." So are we to understand that, for this purpose, right after his exile Solzhenitsyn rushed to join Moscow's seething dissident circles? Oh, no, he was too cunning for that! "Aleksandr Isaevich did not move to a large city at all, but to some rundown corner of Vladimir oblast. . . . How can that be? Would someone like *him* agree to live far removed from publishing houses and editorial offices? . . . Would he really not want to see big city lights, people, streets, shops, trams?" (Here Turncoat's question seems quite sincere—he has great trouble imagining this to be possible.)

But still this only marks the beginning of Solzhenitsyn's intrigues. The diabolically artful Solzhenitsyn now adopts the pose of the "underground writer," a pose that is entirely pointless and false. After all, "almost everything Solzhenitsyn wrote at that time was published" (but much later, and only in the West). Well, what kind of danger could the works that Solzhenitsyn was now putting to paper from memory, or rewriting, pose to him—*Feast of the Victors*, poems and verses from the prison camps, *Prussian Nights*, *Prisoners*, *The Tanks Know the Truth!* (a screenplay about the camp uprising), or *In the First Circle* in its true ("atomic") version?<sup>40</sup> "Solzhenitsyn's account of his motives for engaging in underground literary activities simply makes no sense."

Perhaps one could forgive Solzhenitsyn all the outrages he had committed to this point. But, scoundrel that he is, he had now begun to throw poisoned bait to the KGB in order to ensnare that noble institution.

This began with his passing a suitcase with some of his libelous scribblings to a certain Mr. Teush. It so happened that then, quite unrelatedly, "some KGB officers were ordered to search Teush's apartment. Not that anyone was looking for Solzhenitsyn's works there: but just as they were about to leave, one of the KGB officers *suddenly* noticed a small suitcase in the entry hall" (except there was no entry hall, Teush had but one room, and the suitcase was not small, but measured thirty by forty inches and weighed forty pounds).

This was the supposed poisoned bait that the innocent KGB swallowed, falling victim to all the literary scandals that then followed. Even today, after so many years, the officers of the KGB throw up their hands in exasperation: So we took away your suitcase filled with manuscripts. All you needed to do was to ask for it back nicely and apologize, either at your nearest KGB bureau, or at the prosecutor's office, or even at one of the official Party organs. But would Solzhenitsyn do such a thing? No, he wouldn't! "He knew that nothing would happen to him." After all, "this was exactly what Solzhenitsyn had planned: that the KGB operatives should find these manuscripts, while he, skirting by without punishment, would have a pretext to cause a scandal." Solzhenitsyn also wrote a letter to the Congress of the Writers' Union (which had such dire consequences in Turncoat's homeland, where Turncoat himself ended up getting into hot water at the Czechoslovak Writers' Congress).<sup>41</sup>

I need a moment to catch my breath. In *The Oak and the Calf* I describe how I had gone underground and how, assailed as I was by the crushing blows of the KGB, I strove to save my manuscripts, kept moving them around, kept searching for new hiding places where they might be safe, or where I could finish writing what remained unfinished. With the firestorms engulfing me I never would have thought that thirteen years later I would get to read the report of the KGB Goliath itself, read what they were thinking on their side of the battlefield, how rabidly frustrated they were that they had not stomped me into the ground when crushing me would have been noiseless. Who even took notice of the confiscation of my archive in 1965? How long would the West have remembered the disappearance of the author of a "political, pro-Khrushchev" novella?

---

And then there is the story of the Nobel Prize. It is clear how one usually gets it: by protesting, protesting loudly, ever protesting! "With his protests Solzhenitsyn wasn't risking a thing. So what if he was excluded from the Writers' Union? That hardly mattered. . . . In the Soviet Union he was safe as in Christ's bosom." (They actually wrote that.) Sublime safety, no danger of any kind.

So of course Solzhenitsyn got the Nobel Prize!

And now that he had got it, to hell with him, just take the prize and leave the Soviet Union! But no, "Solzhenitsyn resorted to *one of the dirtiest*,

*though not punishable [!!!], tricks of his entire life:* he made no application whatsoever for a passport or visa.” (That is literally what is written, only the italics are mine—A. S.) It was this supposed trick I pulled that, more than anything else, wounded the long-suffering hearts of the KGB.

Solzhenitsyn’s audacity was not going to stop there: he now decided to publish *Archipelago*. “So no point in blaming censorship, bureaucracy, or restrictions”—Solzhenitsyn did manage to get it published . . . but by what despicable new trick! (Can Soviet intelligence services really be caught off-guard by trickery?—if anyone knows tricks, it is them.) Solzhenitsyn once more threw some cunning bait at the KGB, maneuvering them into pushing *Archipelago* toward publication! And what kind of cunning bait did he use? By all accounts, the KGB *received an anonymous denunciation as to where the Archipelago manuscript was being stored, a denunciation that came from none other than Solzhenitsyn!!*

Among the readers of Řezáč’s book there might be some thickheaded ones who decide to play detective and ask naïve questions, such as:

- isn’t giving *Archipelago* to the KGB a rather strange way of getting it into print?
- why would Solzhenitsyn, already being suffocated by the KGB, provide them with even more ammunition against himself by letting them have *Archipelago*?

Ah, but Solzhenitsyn knew that the Soviet government, in its infinite kindness, would hardly imprison an author or put him to death for such a harmless little book. (Today in the USSR people are being imprisoned just for reading it.)

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They went ahead and did all they could. By pan-Soviet decree, all copies of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and *Matryona’s Home* were burned. So, too, in disgust, did they burn all my clothes in the furnaces of Lefortovo prison. And then they belched out book after book as curses hurled toward me.

But as they inexorably crept into Elizaveta Voronyanskaya’s unshielded cranny to strangle her, so did *Archipelago* inescapably enter into their fortified

chambers, their mansions, their committee rooms—a corpse without gloves, wearing makeshift camp footwear from tractor tires.

And they panicked.

As the saying goes: take your Turn behind bars, take your welts and your scars.

Pay the price in prison for the truth, and now pay it again for Turncoat's falsehoods.

It is a good thing that I have the chance to counter all their lies. How many victims of the Soviet secret police were out-and-out slandered during their lives and after their deaths, without ever having the opportunity to clear their names? Will anyone be able to do it for them?

*Autumn 1978*

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[ 1 ]

INTERVIEW WITH ASSOCIATED PRESS  
CORRESPONDENT FRANK CREPEAU<sup>1</sup>

*Zurich, 18 February 1974*

F. C.: *How do you feel in exile?*

A. S.: Perhaps a person in many ways is similar to a plant. When he is pulled out of a place and thrown far away, it disturbs hundreds of tiny roots and nerve centers. All the days and each minute, you become aware of inadequacies, of abnormalities. You become aware of yourself—not being yourself. But I do not think that it is hopeless. Even old trees are sometimes replanted, and take root in a new place.

F. C.: *How were you greeted in the West?*

A. S.: Only with the utmost warmth and friendship, from both people and governments. In Germany even groups of schoolchildren came to greet me, in Zurich numerous passers-by salute me. I am overwhelmed by such attention, I have never experienced anything like it. Of course, it is also exhausting: the persistent tracking by photo and film crews, documenting my every step and move. This is the flip side of the relentless, but secret shadowing to which I was subjected back home. Also very unpleasant.

F. C.: *When do you expect your family to arrive?*

A. S.: If one is to believe the statements of members of the Soviet government, my family will be let go without hindrance. But without my presence, for two women with four children it is not easy to liquidate an existence of many years, to pack up, to get moving, to find a moment when none of the children are sick.

F. C.: *How will your literary work proceed in your new circumstances?*

A. S.: All my life through changing and difficult conditions I constantly did literary work without breaking even for a week. No matter how it hurts, no matter how bitter it is to start this work here, I will carry it on, even here. But its *direction* depends on how completely the Soviet authorities release my literary archive—the almost-completed Second Node, *October 1916*, the already-begun Third Node, and the rich collection of materials, documents, eyewitness accounts, photographs, illustrations and numerous rare books with my annotations. I have gathered these archives ever since 1956 and have put into them an enormous amount of work. If the Soviet authorities confiscate them, even if only partially, it will be spiritual murder. But then my remaining years and strength, instead of being directed to Russian history, will be directed towards the Soviet present, for which I will need no archives.

F. C.: *In what country do you plan to be based?*

A. S.: I have been greeted warmly in Switzerland, and receive friendly invitations from Scandinavian and other countries. I am sincerely grateful to all who have invited me. My decision will depend on where I will be able to find for myself, within a short period of time, a sufficiently spacious and quiet abode with some land, convenient for work and for life. For all my fifty-five years I have lived in close quarters and never in my own home, have never been able to combine working conditions with family life. In the coming years I would like to solve this, at least.

F. C.: *How long do you think you will be fated to live away from your homeland?*

A. S.: I am an optimist by nature and do not feel my exile to be final. I have the feeling that, in a few years, I will return to Russia. *How* it will happen, what circumstances will be changed—I cannot foretell. But even though no one can predict the future, wonders never cease to occur in our lives. During my last few years in Russia I was already virtually deprived of my homeland, due to the pressure and shadowing by the KGB, and counteractions by authorities at all levels that prevented me from traveling to the places where my novel is set and from interviewing eyewitnesses. But I said once and repeat now: I know my right to the Russian earth is no less than the right of those who took upon themselves the audacity to physically throw me out.

## [ 2 ]

### SPEECH OF SENATOR JESSE HELMS IN THE U.S. SENATE<sup>2</sup>

*Washington, 18 February 1974*

#### HONORARY CITIZENSHIP FOR SOLZHENITSYN

**Mr. HELMS:** Mr. President, on February 12, the noted Russian author and intellectual leader Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn was forcibly removed from his apartment by seven Soviet police agents and taken away for interrogation. At first his family was not even told where he had been taken, or what charges were brought against him. But the whole world knew that Solzhenitsyn had invited the confrontation, indeed, had welcomed it, despite the dangers involved to his family and to his compatriots fighting in the same cause.

That cause is the cause of freedom—the freedom to think, the freedom to write, and the freedom to publish. It is also the cause for the right to dissent from totalitarian ideology, and the right for those trapped under oppression to move about freely. These are all rights which are fundamental aspects of a free society.

Despite the lack of these rights in Soviet society—indeed, despite the aggressive campaign against them—Solzhenitsyn had no desire to leave his native land. Instead, he wanted to use his special gifts to improve conditions for his fellow citizens. He spoke as an Old Testament prophet, castigating the ills he saw in a sick society. His prophecy first took the form of imaginative literature which aroused millions all over the world, and which won him the Nobel Prize for literature. But hidden in secret places he kept the most devastating work of all, composed from the many voices of suffering and of oppression that he had listened to in the transit camps and the prisons and recorded in his memory. These were voices that had been stifled, voices from the grave. But strangely enough, it was only these voices of the dead and dying that kept

Solzhenitsyn alive. He blackmailed his oppressors with their guilty secret, threatening to release it if they moved against him. They in turn adopted the very methods which he, as a prophet, had discerned in their political system. Through torture and interrogation they found the manuscript of *The Gulag Archipelago*. He countered by publishing it abroad from another secret copy. And so they moved against him step by step, drawing the menacing circle tighter.

A prophet is without honor in his own country. But this prophet had made himself too well known for him to disappear in the night as uncounted thousands had done before him. Solzhenitsyn himself had said in his undelivered Nobel Prize address that one word of truth is sufficient to counterbalance the weight of the whole world. His books now outweighed the system that they attacked. Solzhenitsyn was stripped of his Soviet citizenship, put aboard a plane, and ejected in West Germany.

It was not Solzhenitsyn's desire to be free in West Germany. What he wanted was to be free in Russia. The exile's bread is always bitter. More important than his own freedom is the freedom of the millions who live under Soviet domination. His exile is another step in the long campaign of intimidation and threats conducted by the Soviet government against Solzhenitsyn because he has become the living symbol of dissent within the Soviet Union, the spokesman for the dissidents, and the hope of those who are discriminated against by the intolerable emigration policies of his country. He had become a courageous witness to the truth of Soviet history and the consequences of Communist ideology.

But he speaks not only to the conscience of the Russian peoples; he speaks to the conscience of the whole world, and most particularly to the conscience of the United States as the leader of the non-Communist nations. He has been stripped of his own citizenship, but he has become a citizen of the world. He stands for the wavering hope of all those who wish to see the softening of rigid attitudes in a bipolar world, the loosening of restrictions on creative thought and activity, and an era of peace and freedom for ourselves and our children.

For these reasons, Mr. President, I intend to offer tomorrow a joint resolution which will authorize and direct the President of the United States to declare by proclamation that Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn shall be an honorary citizen of the United States of America.

Mr. President, the text of the joint resolution which I will offer tomorrow<sup>3</sup> is as follows:

## JOINT RESOLUTION

Resolved by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States is hereby authorized and directed to declare by proclamation that Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn shall be an honorary citizen of the United States of America.

It is a very simple resolution, unadorned by superfluous rhetoric, that proposes a very high honor. In my opinion, it is the highest honor that this Republic can bestow. It is not an honor that can be given lightly or for reasons of passing moment. It would not impose any legal obligations upon him, or prejudice his standing with his native land. Technically, he is a stateless person. This honor is unsought, as his Nobel Prize was unsought. It does not imply that he must accept or reject it. It merely places the United States on record, in a most emphatic way, that we honor him for his contributions to the freedom of mankind.

It is urgent that we make this gesture. Solzhenitsyn is in the West, but his family is not. His friends are still under a totalitarian system. And millions more are waiting to see what the United States is going to do. Solzhenitsyn himself has complained of the “spirit of Munich” that seems to pervade the relations of the United States with the Soviet Union, and our amoral policy of ignoring oppression so that we can make deals—deals for food, deals for trade, deals for disarmament.

He said: “The spirit of Munich has by no means passed away, it was not just a brief episode in our history. I would dare to say even that the spirit of Munich is the dominant one of the twentieth century. The timorous civilized world, confronted by the sudden renewed onslaught of a snarling barbarism found nothing better to oppose it with than concessions and smiles.”

The prophets of old always made one uncomfortable; it was their duty to do so. Solzhenitsyn warns us that the only cover-up for terror is a lie, and those who make deals with terrorists are liars also. But his harsh judgments and his brusque manner are simply goading us to take a stand. We can take that stand now by conferring upon him this great honor in recognition of his witness to truth.

Mr. President, I am asking now for those who wish to co-sponsor this resolution to take that stand; so that when the resolution is offered tomorrow it will be printed with as many signers as we can muster quickly.

Mr. President, I would like to make a few additional remarks about the background of this action. It is an action that has been taken before when citizens of other lands fought shoulder to shoulder with us on behalf of the common freedom. It was conferred upon Lafayette. It was conferred upon Winston Churchill. Solzhenitsyn, the Nobel Prize winner, has performed meritorious service for freedom at great personal risk.

The honor conferred upon Lafayette, of course, was not done by an act of Congress, because this Congress was not yet in existence. It was done during the period of the Articles of Confederation by the legislatures of Virginia and Maryland.

Sir Winston Churchill was given honorary citizenship by proclamation of President Kennedy pursuant to an act of Congress in 1963. The report of the Committee on the Judiciary set forth the legal ramifications—or rather, the lack of them—when the bill was brought to the floor. The language of my resolution is identical to that of the act passed for Churchill, and the same considerations would apply.

In reading this report, it becomes clear that no legal obligations of citizenship apply, and no tax complications arise. It is an honor pure and simple.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that Public Law 88-6; 77 Stat. 5 (H. R. 4374) be printed in the Record at the conclusion of my remarks, along with the Senate report to accompany H. R. 4374.

**The PRESIDING OFFICER:** Without objection, it is so ordered. (See exhibits 1 and 2.)

**Mr. HELMS:** Mr. President, although this resolution would not make Solzhenitsyn an actual U.S. citizen, I think it is clear that we would be greatly honored by him if he chose to reside in our country. There is no implication, however, that he ought to reside here, or accepts any obligation to do so. If he should desire it, and only if he desires it, I stand ready to offer a private bill that would grant him permanent residence in the United States. This would enable him to qualify for permanent U.S. citizenship if he should also desire that.

Meanwhile, the Senate will, tomorrow, have before it this joint resolution, and I urge my colleagues to have their names added to the roll.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Record at the conclusion of my remarks an article entitled “Solzhenitsyn: ‘Spiritual Death Has . . . Touched Us All,’” which was published in the *Washington Post* on February 18, 1974.<sup>4</sup>

**The PRESIDING OFFICER:** Without objection, it is so ordered. (See exhibit 3.)

[3]

SENATOR JESSE HELMS TO  
A. SOLZHENITSYN

March 1, 1974

Dear Mr. Solzhenitsyn:

I had the pleasure of speaking today to your lawyer, Dr. Fritz Heeb. I am sorry that I could not speak to you personally—first of all, to greet you in the free world in my own name, and also in the name of my friends in the United States Senate. I congratulate you on the threshold of a new phase in your struggle for truth and freedom in your own native land and in the entire world.

The ideas of truth, freedom and justice as human rights are indivisible. And human rights are equally valid in all countries and on all continents. I think of you now as one in our ranks, but I hope that you will continue your rich, creative life, and will be able to return to your own homeland—as a free homeland—some day.

On February 19, I offered a resolution in the United States Senate directing the President of the United States to declare by proclamation that you are an honorary citizen of the United States. This is the highest honor which we can offer; in the history of our country, it has been bestowed only on two distinguished foreigners. We want to stress by this act our full support of your struggle on behalf of human rights on earth. This is a purely honorary gesture, and does not impose any obligations upon you, or prejudice your status. So far, already, twenty-four Senators have joined me in sponsoring this resolution, and I hope others will join us soon.

Mr. Solzhenitsyn, we are very glad to see you here with us in the West. You are a citizen of the world. I know that soon you will feel at home in any country of the globe, where millions of people have read your books, and know and respect you not only as a great writer, but as a symbol of freedom.



You would do us an honor if you would visit this country to meet with the cosponsors of this resolution. I would like to extend to you an invitation to come first to my State of North Carolina, where you could rest in a private villa in the mountains for a few days, and then come to Washington to meet with your Senate supporters. The United States has about two million of your countrymen within its borders. We are therefore the largest Russian country outside of Russia, and it is fitting that you should visit us.

I am attaching a translation of this letter to avoid any misunderstanding, and as an invitation for you to respond in your native tongue.

I hope to hear from you soon, and then to meet you personally. Meanwhile, I wish you happiness and full success in this new phase of your life.

God bless you.

Sincerely,

*Jesse Helms*

P.S. Enclosed you will find a copy of my speech on the Senate Floor explaining the resolution to my colleagues.

[ 4 ]

A. SOLZHENITSYN TO  
SENATOR JESSE HELMS

5 March 1974

Highly Respected Mr. Jesse Helms!

I am deeply touched by your actions and your proposal to the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States to declare me an honorary citizen of your country, especially in view of your argument that my fate is not just a private fate, but remains forever tied up with the destiny of my homeland.

Obviously, it is a high honor for me and a great support in my position as an expellee from my homeland in this involuntarily chosen struggle, which for many years I have been compelled to conduct outside of the framework of art and literature, for the rights of man, his inner dignity, and his calm assessment of the dangers threatening us all.

In your Senate speech of 19 February (and again in your letter to me of 1 March), you called me "Citizen of the World." This is all the more exacting a title inasmuch as I have in no way deserved it yet, since my life-experience has not yet given me an opportunity to include the tasks and needs of the entire world. However, the truth is that the closely intertwined condition of the world today cannot but lead to the emergence of such a level of understanding and responsibilities—which, obviously, will expand in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries.

Regretfully, it is only your hospitable invitation to visit the United States, and your own house, to meet with the representatives of American society, which I cannot accept at the present time. In particular now, in my unaccustomed new situation, I must with special diligence and attention concentrate

on my principal literary work, on my main literary design, for which my entire life may not be long enough. And because of this, no travel at all and no extensive social activity are possible for me now.

With gratitude and good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

*A. Solzhenitsyn*

[ 5 ]

GEORGE MEANY TO A. SOLZHENITSYN

February 25, 1974

Dear Mr. Solzhenitsyn:

With all free men everywhere, the American trade union movement has followed with deep concern and admiration your courageous struggle for intellectual and human freedom against frightful odds.

We are profoundly aware that the forces which would smother your eloquent voice of dissent have been arrayed throughout history against the efforts of ordinary men and women to organize and maintain independent trade unions responsive to their own needs and not the dictates of the State. And, as we have witnessed your ordeal at the hands of these forces, we have been powerfully reminded of the words of your Nobel Prize lecture:

There are no internal affairs left on this crowded earth. The salvation of mankind lies only in making everything the concern of all.

It was in this spirit that the American Federation of Labor, more than a quarter of a century ago, documented the existence of forced labor camps in the Soviet Union and published a map of the Gulag network, the subject of your latest work. It was, moreover, at the urging of the American labor movement that the United Nations Economic and Social Council established the Ad Hoc Committee on Forced Labor, whose reports verified the extent and horror of this appalling system of human degradation.

Because there are indeed no internal affairs left on this crowded earth, I want to extend to you, on behalf of the American trade union movement, a most cordial invitation to come to the United States as our guest.

We are prepared to organize a tour for you, so that you may have an opportunity to travel widely in our diverse country and to arrange meetings and lectures for you, so that you may have an opportunity, to the extent of your wishes, to communicate freely with the American people.

I am confident that I express the heartfelt sentiments of our members, as well as of the American people generally, in saying that I hope you will find it possible to accept our invitation.

Sincerely,

*George Meany*  
*President, AFL-CIO*

[6]

A. SOLZHENITSYN TO GEORGE MEANY<sup>5</sup>

5 March 1974

Dear Mr. George Meany,

First of all, let me express my great respect for you. As I saw it and heard it during my many years in the Soviet Union, you always stood out as one of the most foresighted, reasonable and steadfast public figures in the United States. For this reason I was even more pleased to find your name under the invitation sent to me by the AFL-CIO to visit the United States for discussions and lectures.

And this is a sign of the extent of the great disintegration and lack of information in the world: that I, who for so many years was concerned with problems of Soviet slave labor camps, had no idea of the generous support for our sufferers on the part of the American Federation of Labor and the publication by you of the map of the Gulag (which I tried to draw up myself)!

How glad I am that you share this indisputable view that there is no longer any place in our closely linked world for any "internal affairs" as long as they are not small-scale and insignificant. But how much attention, patience and fundamental concern, plus an absence of frivolity, will it require of all of us to correctly investigate matters that only yesterday appeared to be somebody else's "internal affairs!"

It is this point in particular that makes your invitation so deeply significant. Alas, however, there is a limit to an individual's physical capabilities, which I am experiencing now: Having been forcibly torn from my native soil, I am compelled to spend now much spiritual and physical energy to reclaim and resume my work in a new place at my previous level and tempo. And I in no way have any right to leave my literary activity for political or even journalistic activity, for I hold literary investigation to be more convincing than the

journalistic kind. If I sometimes speak publicly it is only out of utter necessity and only on the most vital issues of my native land. Her unexamined history forces me not to abandon my main literary project.

That is why, with great gratitude, I must refuse, for the immediate future, your friendly invitation.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

*A. Solzhenitsyn*

[7]

SENATOR JESSE HELMS TO A. SOLZHENITSYN

March 15, 1974

Dear Mr. Solzhenitsyn:

Your fine letter of March 5 has been warmly received by your many friends in the U.S. Senate. It is proof indeed of the newly emerging level of understanding and responsibilities to which you allude. By writing history in terms of human suffering, you are forcing many people to reassess the heedless policies of our world rulers.

That is why I called you "Citizen of the World." Up until now, you have addressed your attention to the conditions in your country. But the lack of understanding of the spiritual and human dimension is a symmetrical problem in both our countries. Both the leaders of the East and of the West are joining hand in hand to overturn the guideposts of Western civilization, and indigenous national traditions. That is why it is appropriate for you to reach out to join hands with those of us who are trying to call forth these root traditions that have sustained us until now.

Since I wrote you last, your letter of September to the leaders of the Soviet Union has become available in English. It has been widely criticized as unrealistic by people who have a shallow understanding. But I realize that you are writing within the context of inducing the Soviet leadership to believe that it is safe for them to relinquish the iron grip of power. Moreover, you are wise to seek within your native traditions for orderly transition to freedom, and to base that freedom in the liberating experience of Christianity.

Although it would be rash to equate the two experiences, I come from a cultural tradition that passed through the furnace of suffering, death, and privation, and has the sympathy to evaluate the painful history of Russia. I refer to the people of the South—the Southern States which about a century ago saw the flower of its youth destroyed in one of the bloodiest wars in human history. Yet the common bond of privation—privation which is only now disappearing—has created a spiritual unity that even yet astonishes our fellow citizens from other regions.



I mention this because it was not for social reasons alone that I invited you to come to North Carolina. I had hoped that you could experience an identity of purpose in meeting with my people. Even today the South remains agrarian in mood and temperament, with strong family relationships, and historic connections of generation after generation. Above all, the South remains a Christian people, capable of outrage against the mindless degeneration of modern civilization. It is within such traditions that we must seek for the moral resources needed to bring about the spiritual reawakening that can save us all.

The world cannot be at peace until the guiding principles of both our countries are restored to their former traditions. It is then that our weapons can be dismantled, and our attention turned toward the development of our national heritage. But no international agreements can bring security if these agreements are based upon ignoring the rights and duties of humanity. That is why I feel that the leaders of my country are in grave error when they make technical agreements with the Soviet Union without any fundamental agreement on the nature of man.

Your lifework has turned the attention of the Western world to these problems, and because you have become a living symbol, your very name demands the attention of all who wish to be leaders. I am happy to report that S. J. Res. 188 now has thirty-seven cosponsors, and is increasing every day. When we pass fifty—the half-way mark—it will be time to act, even though there will still be those who oppose giving recognition to our common point of view. But the significance of this action will not be merely in the honor which we do to your great merit, but in the drawing together of a broad coalition of varying political philosophies that see in you a common aim. And that common aim is the defeat of an amoral foreign policy, and the erection of a structure of international justice. Your consent to be the guiding spirit in this great undertaking is deeply gratifying.

I regret that you cannot come, but I understand the motives that compel you to remain. In place of your visit, I would sincerely appreciate it if you would receive my associate, whom I am sending to Zurich shortly. His name is Dr. Victor A. Fediay, who speaks Russian fluently, and has helped greatly with the translation of our correspondence. I have asked him to discuss our mutual interests more thoroughly, as can never be done by letter, and to find out how I can cooperate more effectively in your work. And once more I renew my invitation for you to visit us here when your time allows.

Sincerely,

*Jesse Helms*

[ 8 ]

A. SOLZHENITSYN TO  
SENATOR JESSE HELMS

22 March 1974

Most Respected Mr. Jesse Helms!

I read your letter with great interest. It reminded me of that un-simplified, multifaceted America with a multitude of traditions and tendencies, which we usually lose track of from afar, due to the weakness of human eyes and ears. Too often we perceive your country through primitive formulations, borrowed perhaps from just a few journalists, yours and ours. And I deeply regret that limitations of time and strength will yet long prevent me from forming a personal impression of the complexity, scope, and actual condition of your problems.

Correspondingly, it is just as difficult for Americans to understand the essence of the problems of our country, and of those paths to the future which now unfold before us. The program laid out in my *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* might serve as an example, and indeed you mention that my letter has been misunderstood over there. Yes, it is surprising: I believe the “Letter” has not yet even been published in your country, but already is subject to superficial and false interpretation. This program—which flows from the general notion that entire nations, like individual persons, can achieve their highest spiritual potential only at the cost of voluntary self-limitation in the external sphere and intensive concentration on *inner* development—this program, which therefore proposes that my country unilaterally reject all conquering of territory, all violence over neighboring nations, all worldwide pretensions, all worldwide rivalries and specifically the arms race—a program that in its scope and decisiveness far exceeds today’s dream of moderate *détente*—this program has been tendentially characterized by commentators as nationalism—i.e., its polar opposite!

Such a crudeness of today's daily press, such a journalistic rush to instantly evaluate something which might take decades to ripen, further complicates for you and for us, at such distance and in such different circumstances, a mutual, honest understanding.

The current condition and the direction of development of both our countries seem to me quite worrying. In any case my country, with all its external physical might—and this is not easily seen from the outside—stands before a choice: physical and (first of all) spiritual catastrophe, or a bloodless non-violent moral transformation. I and my like-minded compatriots in my homeland—from where I am temporarily removed, but removed only seemingly—have come to be convinced that it is not through violent overthrow of government that the path to a humane future may best be reached (for we have seen humanity live through a whole era of victorious physical revolutions, yet reach the brink of chaos and perdition). And so if we and you are to have beneficent, rather than destructive, revolutions, then they must be *moral revolutions*, i.e., some kind of new phenomena, the precise and clear forms of which none of us are yet able to foresee. But let us hope that humanity will indeed find these forms—subtler and more sophisticated than the old crude ones—and will use them toward good and not toward new bloodshed.

With my very best wishes,

*A. Solzhenitsyn*

[9]

SENATOR HENRY JACKSON TO  
A. SOLZHENITSYN

February 22, 1974

My dear Alexander Isayevich:

I can well imagine your thoughts and emotions after what you have been going through these days: after years of vilification, the arrest, the threats of a trial for “treason,” the cruel game of keeping you in the dark about your expulsion, and, then, in the West, the encroachments on your privacy by the press. I know what a terrible thing it must be to be exiled from your homeland, but please allow me nevertheless to welcome you to what, despite all its shortcomings, is still a free world. You will be able to continue here your literary work, expressing your art and conscience, without the unrelenting harassment by the awesome machine of repression. Being uprooted is a most awful punishment for an artist but some of the greatest works of literature were written by writers living abroad: Ovid, Dante, Mickiewicz, Turgenev, Mann, and Bunin, to mention only the greatest. We all expect that you are strong enough to face this latest ordeal in your life after all those others which you have so vividly described in your books. I do hope that you and your family survive the present one with a minimum of hardship and sorrow.

I am certain that you sense now that behind all this publicity in the West and the nuisance of some of its journalistic expressions, there is a genuine emotion arising out of admiration for your courage. You must have noticed it in simple expressions of sympathy by strangers. Do not get dispirited because of the aggressive competitiveness of the Western mass media—this is a sometimes inconvenient corollary of our freedom. We often confuse the substance and the form and it is really your achievement to make us realize this fundamental distinction. Your devotion to freedom affected not only the best that is

in your country and in Eastern Europe, it has also brought out those noble stirrings on behalf of human rights that represent the best there is to be found in the West. We are all in your debt.

If your travels should bring you to Washington it would be a pleasure and a great honor to have you as a guest in my home. My children are about the same age as your older son and I do fervently pray that you will soon have your family with you. My house is small but it is in a quiet and peaceful neighborhood; we will do everything to make your stay as comfortable as possible.

If there is any way in which I can be of help to you and to the wider cause of individual liberty that you have so eloquently expressed, please let me know what I can do and I will try to do my best.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

*Henry M. Jackson*

P.S. I am sending this letter through a friend, Leo Labedz, who introduced your first book in this country and published a documentary record of your struggles.

[ 10 ]

A. SOLZHENITSYN TO  
SENATOR HENRY JACKSON

7 April 1974

Dear Mr. Henry Jackson!

Surprisingly and inexplicably, your friendly letter to me of 22 February was only received by me *yesterday*, the 6th of April!—and moreover without any sort of postmark. I have been unable to discern its route or where it was delayed. Meanwhile, just a few days ago I sent you a copy of my reply to two subcommittees of the House of Representatives, and I imagine that it became clear to you from my accompanying note that, rather than neglecting to reply to you earlier, I had simply failed to receive your letter.

You reassure me that writers in exile can not only survive but continue their labor, and I am especially grateful to you for these words. I myself am convinced of the same.

I can gratefully say again that the powerful support provided in September of last year to our love of freedom by the United States' love of freedom (a movement in which you played so leading a role) saved many of us and even altered the course of events in our country. As time goes on, it will grow increasingly important to preserve and deepen mutual understanding and sympathy between the social forces of our two countries, which find themselves burdened by their own strong sway over the fate of the whole world. Errors of long-distance vision will be inevitable here: from afar it is so difficult to descry the essence of problems and the paths forward—yours for us and ours for you. But we must make every effort to eliminate distortions of assessments, views, and intentions, whether introduced between us by carelessness, haste, or malice. In the document I sent to you on 3 April, I touch in part on this question.

Alas, I cannot take advantage of your gracious invitation, since I am not in a position right now to undertake faraway journeys. But your readiness to welcome me touched me very much.

With deep sympathy for the immutable adherence to principles that governs your daily decisions,

With best wishes, and shaking your hand,

Yours,

*A. Solzhenitsyn*

[ 1 1 ]

TO THE SWISS TELEGRAPHIC AGENCY

8 April 1974

In my two months in the West, I have been buried by an avalanche of letters from various corners of Europe, from the United States, Japan, Australia, and this avalanche has only increased since the arrival of my family. Here are telegrams, letters, packages, and gifts from individuals, couples, entire school classes, student groups, university professors, and universities themselves, not to mention letters, offers, and invitations from numerous public organizations, both national and international. Yet even if I were now to cease my literary work and every other activity, I would still be unable to reply to my correspondents before another half a year should pass. And so I am resorting to the only means of response available to me—the press.

I sincerely thank all who have written me, and ask them to understand and forgive me for the physical impossibility of answering each person. My family and I are moved and touched in the deepest way by this generous friendliness, approval, and support, especially palpable in our nearest Zurich environs—from the entire city, from adjoining neighborhoods, from the children of the school next door.

I do not know whether any exile before me has ever been surrounded by such sympathetic warmth in a strange land, as if it were instead one's dearest homeland. Maybe it is the approaching true unity of mankind that is showing through. And so I would like to properly understand the task before me, and to thank my countless new friends through my literary work.

*A. Solzhenitsyn*



THE KGB WON'T LET UP<sup>6</sup>

*Article in Time Magazine, 27 May 1974:  
"Solzhenitsyn v. the KGB"*

In 1972 the KGB initiated a correspondence in my name with Vasili Orekhov, the director of the Russian National Association and editor of the journal *Sentinel* (Brussels). The KGB devised letters to him in which my handwriting was forged. At first the letters contained only innocent requests to send materials and memoirs about the First World War, then invitations, purportedly from me, that Orekhov come to Prague or send a representative "for liaison." At first these false letters were sent from Prague, using the return address of the well-known author and psychiatrist Josef Nesvadba. Later the fictitious name of an Otakar Horský appeared on the envelopes, whose "home" address was given as 1 Revolution Street, the location of the Czechoslovak State Airlines and tourist offices. Meanwhile, Horský's telephone number indicated that he lived in another district (Pod kaštany and Mayakovsky streets)<sup>7</sup>—which happens to be the location both of the Soviet embassy and the Czechoslovak secret police. I do not know how far this provocation would have gone had I not been expelled from the Soviet Union. Probably the aim was to arrest in Prague this visiting Russian émigré, and then to construct around him a criminal case that would have demonstrated my "liaison" with émigré organizations. ("Liaison with émigrés" is a beloved theme-song of Soviet propaganda.)

Precisely because this case is founded upon a forgery of handwriting and could be repeated in the future, I have asked "Time" to inform its readers about it and to include these photos.




*KGB forgery (at left) and my actual signature*

Obviously, the KGB had at its disposal many samples of my handwriting and signature, all the letters that passed through the censors, among them my permanent return address, which they reproduced exactly.

Москва, К-9  
ул Горького 12 кв 169 Солженитсындт.  
Москва, К-9  
ул Горького 12 кв 169 Солженитсындт

*Forgery (at top) and own handwriting*

Their graphologists were not especially adept at imitating my handwriting, but they did capture some aspects; there is indeed a similarity that deceives.

It is curious that the KGB swindlers did not stop at forging just my handwriting: from my many other letters that passed through the hands of their censors they fished out certain of my particular expressions, phrases, syntagma, and inserted them into their forgery.

переправил письмо мне. Так хоть  
и больше, более хлопотно, да, по  
факту, наверное.

то за два года я не имел бы возможности воз-  
разить Вам публично в случае Вашей неадекватности  
или неадекватности.

*Forgery (at top) and own handwriting*

It is perfectly possible that all these ruses have already been used against me in other cases, and will continue to be used by Soviet propaganda in its present campaign to falsify my past and to discredit me.

Even though it was announced after my expulsion that I had *ceased to exist*, the KGB did not in the least reduce its activities directed against me and my friends. Incapable of destroying myself, they organized on the day of my expulsion their own witches' sabbath, at which they conducted a ritual burning of the clothes I had been wearing at the time of my arrest and exiled me

instead in clothes they themselves supplied. The next day, the Department of Safeguarding State Secrets in the Media sent out an order for all libraries to burn the few remaining editions of my works and even to destroy completely all copies of *Novy Mir*<sup>8</sup> that contained my short stories. Meanwhile, beginning on the day of my expulsion, searches started at homes of my friends. In Ryazan, fourteen KGB men showed up to search the home of Natalia Radugina. There were also searches in other cities, where they expected to find either my *samizdat* articles or anything else written by my hand, and all this was confiscated. In Moscow, at the home of Neonila Sneseva, instead of an official search they staged a fake robbery, a favorite masquerade of the KGB, confiscating everything pertaining to me and leaving behind a mocking note. They have begun systematically persecuting anyone suspected of being my friend or even only an acquaintance. The latest case: Professor Efim Etkind in Leningrad, who in one day was kicked out of the Writers' Union and stripped of his academic title and positions.

Even here in Zurich, KGB provocateurs (Soviet citizens making no attempt to hide it) telephone or come unbidden to my home. Those threats against the well-being of my children, which a year ago in the USSR were served up as anonymous letters from mythical Soviet "gangsters" (and then last winter as from "Soviet patriots"), are now reiterated by these visitors in the guise of sympathetic warnings against Western gangsters. But my experience has made it sufficiently clear to me that all the "gangsters" in my life, whether past or future, come from one and the same organization.

[ 13 ]

TO THE EDITORS OF *NASHA STRANA*<sup>9</sup>  
AND THE *JERUSALEM POST*

30 August 1974

In order that *The Gulag Archipelago* might be read by the widest possible audience and be easily acquired by anyone, I have instructed all my publishers that the retail price of this book must be set at two, three, or even four times less than is customary for books of this size. Meanwhile, I am donating all my author's royalties to charity.

These conditions have been met by the majority of publishers. Harper & Row in the USA was even able to set its price at less than two dollars. However, booksellers and resellers in certain countries are negating this scheme and hurrying to profit from this unusually low price, seeking to *make up* the difference straight into their pockets. Now I am receiving notices from Israel that your booksellers are charging twenty-five dollars for two volumes of the Russian edition of *Archipelago* (sold to them for five-six dollars per volume by the feeble YMCA-Press publishing house)!

I wish to publicly declare that such brazen profiteering from this book defiles the very memory of those who perished; it is an attempt to benefit from their blood and suffering. I call upon Israeli readers to condemn these booksellers and to pressure them into giving up their shameful gains.

*A. Solzhenitsyn*

[ 1 4 ]

TO THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
OF *DER SPIEGEL* MAGAZINE<sup>10</sup>

6 November 1974

Mr. Augstein:

In your excited private reply (1 November 1974) to the public denial of my lawyer (29 October 1974), you *substitute* the insolent expressions of your magazine (28 October 1974)<sup>11</sup> for others more suitable to be defended.

The discussions (*Erwägungen*) about a possible tribunal judging fifty years of Archipelago villainies are international in nature and began with the “Moscow Appeal” of 13 February 1974.<sup>12</sup> They might do much to elucidate Western consciousness. But it is hardly *discussions* that your journal writes about when falsely attributing to me:

- 1) that I am *planning* the creation of such a Tribunal selected from “arch-enemies of the regime,” and that this is my original (*ursprünglich*) idea;
- 2) that such a Tribunal should be directed *against my homeland* (so, by analogy, Nuremberg was then a trial against Germany—is that so?);
- 3) that it was my wife who talked me out of all this;
- 4) that I “do not wish to content [myself] with writing books,” and that I am “thinking about getting involved in politics directly.”

I invite you to publicly retract your slander and to print this letter. It would be more prudent for you than to defend the four above points in court.

*A. Solzhenitsyn*

[ 15 ]

RESPONSE TO A QUESTION FROM  
THE *CORRIERE DELLA SERA*<sup>13</sup> NEWSPAPER

(Correspondent: Guido Tonella)

21 February 1975

We are talking about a publication prepared by the KGB with the aid of my personal letters received by them from my ex-wife. Those behind this publication have ample opportunity to prepare an entirely biased selection, to hold back letters undesirable for them, or to edit others, a technique they have already used against me before.

I had heretofore assumed that, according to universal human law, no private letters of any person could ever be published during his lifetime without his permission. If Italian law, as seems to be the case based on the decision of the judge, Mr. De Falco, allows for publication of such a base kind, then that law can elicit nothing but contempt and I would not consider it possible to appeal to it.

*A. Solzhenitsyn*

[ 16 ]

LETTER TO V. V. NABOKOV

16 May 1972

Most esteemed Vladimir Vladimirovich!

I am sending you a copy of my letter to the Swedish Academy in the hopes that it will not be without consequence. I have long considered it unjust that you have not so far been awarded the Nobel Prize. (However, I am sending you this copy only for your personal information: given the particularities of both my and your situations, the publication of these letters could only hurt this undertaking.)

I take this opportunity to express to you also my profound admiration for the huge scope and subtlety of your talent, incomparable even by the standards of Russian literature, and my profound regret, even reproach, that you did not place this great talent at the service of our bitter unfortunate fate, our benighted and twisted history. But maybe you will yet find in yourself the desire and the strength and the time for this? I wish this for you with all my heart. Forgive me for saying this, but: while by switching to English you performed a linguistic feat, it was not the most difficult of those paths that lay before you in the 1930s.

Very recently I was in Leningrad and walked into the original foyer of your lovely house at Bolshaya Morskaya, 47—mainly, it is true, thinking back to the fateful conference of 8 November 1904 at your father's apartment.<sup>14</sup>

I wish you a long and fruitful artistic life!

*A. Solzhenitsyn*

[ 17 ]

STATEMENT FOR THE PRESS

30 September 1975

During recent months certain irresponsible media outlets in the West have fabricated crude forgeries against me.

The *National-Zeitung* newspaper (West Germany) and the journal *Cultura di destra* (Italy) have published so-called interviews that were never in fact given by me. The journal *Gente* sets forth at length a conversation which I never had. The newspaper *Le Monde* gives a sensational false report about me. All of these malicious forgeries are made up, from beginning to end.

However, their coincidence in both time and style oblige one to suppose that they are being guided by one and the same hand.

I caution readers of the world press against possible further misuse of my name.

*A. Solzhenitsyn*



[ 18 ]

SOVIET PROPAGANDA HAS NO ANSWER  
FOR *ARCHIPELAGO*<sup>15</sup>

Stanford, California  
18 May 1976

During the past fourteen years, the entire bungling propaganda apparatus of the Soviets and all of their hired historians have been unable to answer my publications with any facts or logical arguments. Since they have nothing on hand—no evidence, no ideas of their own—the KGB, in accordance with its fraudulent ways, recently produced a falsified document dated 1952 which suggests that I had informed them about the revolutionary movement in forced-labor camps. This piece of bunk has begun to be fed to foreign correspondents, one of whom has sent me a “photocopy.”

Two years ago the KGB had already been caught once, falsifying my handwriting on my purported correspondence with Vasili Orekhov (a Russian émigré leader), whom I have *never* written. Even though *Time* magazine had in May 1974 presented portions of my own handwriting, comparing it with the KGB fabrication, they have again shamelessly chosen the same path. With the help of my ex-wife, they used some letters that I had written her during my labor camp days and, as well as they could, diligently copied my handwriting of that time. (The KGB had already secretly tried to plant these letters in the West, and copies of these forgeries are in my hands.) However, remaining trapped on their own level, lowered from men to apes, they could not forge my imagery and indeed my own self. This distinction can be seen by any decent person who has read *Ivan Denisovich* or *First Circle*, or who would lay *Archipelago* side by side with the KGB’s pitiful slander. Furthermore, the fabricators miscalculated in their portrayal of labor-camp realities. The third volume of *Archipelago* conveys the fiery spirit of those days of the Ekibastuz camp rebellion to which the KGB’s latest forgery dares to attach itself. The time will

come when my Ukrainian fellow inmates too will gain their free voice; they will openly mock these concoctions and will tell of our true friendship. KGB lies are prepared just in such a way as to provoke discord and disrupt harmony in Eastern Europe, for it is precisely the consolidation of our forces that the Communists fear most of all.

Over the course of sixty years, the Communist authorities in our country have acquired the taste of slandering everyone whom they persecuted as agents of the Okhrana or the Siguranța, the Gestapo, or of Polish, French, British, Japanese or American intelligence. This same fool's cap was fitted on everyone without exception. But never before have our authorities displayed such laughable weakness and insecurity as to accuse their enemy of collaborating . . . with themselves! . . . with the Soviet system and its blood-brood secret police! Given all its military and police might—what a frank manifestation of mental confusion.

*A.Solzhenitsyn*

[ 19 ]

TO THE PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE  
OF THE ISRAELI KNESSET<sup>16</sup>

*To the Parliamentary Committee of the Israeli Knesset  
To the Member of Knesset Geulah Cohen*

18 June 1976

Most esteemed sirs and madams!

I am most grateful for your invitation.

That the construction of social relations of high value is impossible without a religious basis is a point of view that unites ever more groups of people in our threatened world, and draws together the ideals of different nations when faced with the great common trials that are increasingly thrust upon us. These trials are largely the fault of the false philosophies that have led humanity these past 300–400 years. Their bitter fruits, alas, are now inevitable for us all. And to the extent that the way out still depends on humanity itself, it lies in a critical re-examination of our past and in mutually friendly gestures of future goodwill.

This is how I understood the meaning of your invitation, and perhaps its realization could have somehow proved useful in the indicated direction.

However, your invitation finds me far away on the other side of the globe, in archival research about the wretched revolutions in my country, for which their contemporaries were not able to furnish full explanations in time. I see my longtime duty, whose time is beginning to slip away, to search for these explanations—and for that reason, alas, I cannot possibly break away from this work in the foreseeable future.

Respectfully,

*A. Solzhenitsyn*

[ 20 ]

SPEECH AT THE TOWN MEETING  
OF THE RESIDENTS OF CAVENDISH

*28 February 1977*

Citizens of Cavendish! Dear neighbors! I have come here today to say hello to you and to greet you. I will be turning sixty soon; yet in all my life I have never had any definite permanent place to live, much less my own home. Not knowing the conditions of Soviet life, you can barely imagine that people in the Soviet Union are not allowed to live where they choose. I did not have the opportunity to live in those places where my work dictated that I should be; at times, I was not even permitted to live with my own family. Finally, the Soviet authorities would no longer tolerate me at all, and deported me from the USSR.

God determined that every man should live among his own people, in the land of his birth. As a mature tree takes poorly to replanting, sickens, and sometimes dies in its new place, so too a man cannot always bear exile, and literally falls ill. I would like to hope that none of you will ever have to experience this bitter fate of forced exile. Nothing seems the same in a foreign land; nothing seems yours. You feel a constant anguish in those conditions under which everyone else lives normally—and you are seen as a stranger.

It so happened that among you, in Cavendish, Vermont, I was able to find my first home and my first permanent residence. I am no fan of big cities with their bustling way of life; but I like very much your simple way of life, similar to that of our Russian peasants, except that they, of course, live much poorer than you. I like the landscape that surrounds you, and I like very much your climate, with its long snowy winters which remind me of Russia.

I like Vermont, but I hope that my presence will not turn out to be unpleasant for you. I have read in the papers that some of you feel unhappy, or even insulted, that I have put up a fence around my property. I would like to explain this now. My life consists of work, and this work demands that it not be interrupted. An interruption of one's work is enough to ruin it. I have

come here from Switzerland, where I first lived after being expelled from the Soviet Union. There, I lived in an easily accessible place. And thus, hundreds of strangers from around the world kept coming to see me, never asking for my agreement or for an invitation, but deciding that their wish to see me and talk to me was reason enough to come. Furthermore, I have often been visited by reporters—also uninvited—who believe that my life is part of the public domain, and that they have the right and obligation to relate every petty detail of my life in the press, or to keep pressing me for new photographs. Over and above all that, I am sometimes visited by Soviet agents—in other words, ill-meaning individuals sent by the hostile Soviet authorities. They have already managed to come here; they have sent letters through the mail and even left notes at the gate, threatening to kill me or my family. I understand, of course, that my fence is not a protection from Soviet agents (such a fence would do little against them); but as for the reporters and the idle types—from them, this fence protects well, and gives me the quiet necessary for my work. Some of these people have already disturbed my neighbors, and you can judge for yourselves what it is like to meet with anyone who chances to come. I would like to bring my apologies to those of my neighbors who have been annoyed and disturbed by these unbidden guests. I would like to apologize even more to the snowmobilers and hunters across whose usual paths the fence now stands. I think that you will understand, now, that this is an essential condition for my work, and hence for my life. I could not have done otherwise.

Taking the opportunity of our meeting today, I would like to add a couple of words—to ask you not to misconstrue, not to succumb to the misinterpretation of the word “Russian,” as it is used in the press. Two words are being confused here: “Russian” and “Soviet.” You are told that Russian tanks entered Prague, and that Russian missiles are aimed threateningly at the United States. I would ask you to keep in mind that, in fact, *Soviet* tanks entered Prague, and *Soviet* missiles threaten the United States. “Russian” is to “Soviet” as “man” is to “disease.” We do not call someone afflicted with cancer—“Cancel,” or someone with the plague—“Plague,” for we understand that their disease, their severe trial, is not their fault. The Communist system is a disease, a plague that has been spreading across the earth for many years already, and it is impossible to predict what peoples will yet be forced to experience this disease firsthand. My people, the Russians, have been suffering from it for sixty years already; they long to be healed. And the day will come when they are indeed healed of this Soviet disease. On that day I will thank you for being good friends and neighbors, and will go back to my homeland.

[ 2 1 ]

LETTER TO EDWARD BENNETT WILLIAMS<sup>17</sup>

Cavendish, 26 February 1977

Dear Dr. Williams!

I hereby request you to assume the legal defense of Aleksandr Ilyich Ginzburg, born 1936, USSR.

Since 1974 Aleksandr Ginzburg has been the main representative of the Russian Social Fund, established by myself and ratified by the Swiss authorities. In this capacity he helped many hundreds of prisoners in labor camps and jails, as well as their tormented families. Under conditions of constant strenuous opposition on the part of the Soviet authorities, this was an extremely difficult task, exacting of Aleksandr Ginzburg the highest moral quality to be able to perform it.

In 1976 Ginzburg also took part in the work of the "Helsinki" group.

In 1977 Ginzburg was arrested.

As the Soviet authorities cannot exactly try Ginzburg openly for his charitable work, they will undoubtedly resort to false charges. This supposition follows not only from my acquaintance with the Soviet investigational-judicial system, but mainly from the authorities' behavior. During the search in January 1977, KGB officials planted foreign currency in Ginzburg's flat. I declare responsibly that Ginzburg had no dealings whatsoever with foreign currency. Furthermore, wholly absurd accusations of criminal offenses against Ginzburg have appeared in the Soviet press, and Soviet practice teaches us that such accusations invariably migrate from newspaper pages to the courtroom.

I believe that legal counseling in Ginzburg's case will open up new vistas even to a lawyer with your vast experience and world prestige.

If you kindly agree to undertake this case, I take it upon myself to inform you immediately and in detail of every fact connected with Ginzburg's situation.

Respectfully,

*A. Solzhenitsyn*

[ 2 2 ]

LETTER TO THE *NEUE ZÜRCHER ZEITUNG*<sup>18</sup>

4 August 1977

Allow me to address myself through your respected newspaper to the Swiss public with the following statement:

My attention was drawn to an article published in the Zurich newspaper *Blick*.<sup>19</sup> The pretext for this article was the appearance of the German translation of my book *Lenin in Zurich*, but this article randomly, groundlessly, and irresponsibly presents Lenin's opinions and judgments about Switzerland as my own.

In my book these judgments are clearly and unequivocally presented as *his* thoughts, they are taken from his writings and are quoted verbatim. These are the judgments of a person who wished to blow up and capsize Switzerland. In my book I indicated the sources I used, so that it would have taken but a modicum of serious interest and attention in order to check and verify the use of citations.

As for my own perception of Switzerland, it would be more natural to search for it in my description of the main Swiss character of the book, Fritz Platten.

*Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn*

[23]

MEMORANDUM OF THE DIRECTORATE  
OF THE NOVOSTI PRESS AGENCY  
CONCERNING THE PUBLICATION  
OF N. RESHETOVSKAYA'S MANUSCRIPT  
*V SPORE SO VREMENEM*<sup>20</sup>

Classified  
17 April 1974

To the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union:

The Novosti press agency hereby proposes using foreign publishers to bring out, on a commercial basis, N. Reshetovskaya's manuscript *V spore so vremenem* (about 240 pages long).

Written in the form of memoirs, this book by Solzhenitsyn's ex-wife contains letters, diaries, statements of former friends, and other documents, demonstrating that camp legends and hearsay were used in *The Gulag Archipelago*. In addition, a number of facts related to Solzhenitsyn's inappropriate, amoral behavior are cited. N. Reshetovskaya's manuscript traces the evolution of Solzhenitsyn's views from Trotskyism to monarchism.

In 1973–74 various of Reshetovskaya's interviews were transmitted through the Novosti press agency. They were published in newspapers such as the *New York Times* (United States), *Figaro* (France), and others. In her interviews Reshetovskaya announced her intention to publish her memoirs in order to expose varying accounts in the bourgeois press about Solzhenitsyn's biography and his relations with N. Reshetovskaya.

Major bourgeois publishers such as the *New York Times*, *Presse de la Cité* (France), *Allen Davos* (Switzerland) have approached Novosti requesting that they be granted the right to publish N. Reshetovskaya's memoirs.

The manuscript of N. Reshetovskaya's memoirs has been prepared for publication by the Novosti publishing house in collaboration with the KGB and the Council of Ministers of the USSR.



It appears likely that the publication in the West of N. Reshetovskaya's memoirs might serve as a kind of countermeasure directed against the anti-Soviet brouhaha surrounding Solzhenitsyn.

Approval requested.

Enclosure: the mentioned items, totaling 288 pages (not classified).

The chairman of the directorate of Novosti press agency,

*I. Udaltsov*

Resolved: Approve. M. Suslov.

*Center for Preservation of Contemporary Documentation, F 4. Dept. 22. Case 1774.  
Sheet 1. Original.*

[ 24 ]

MEMORANDA<sup>21</sup> OF  
KGB CHAIRMAN ANDROPOV  
CONCERNING A BOOK OF T. ŘEZÁČ

Classified  
Copy No. 2

5 July 1977

No. 1432-Z of the Central Committee of the CPSU

*On the Publication of a Book on SOLZHENITSYN in the Russian Language*

On 17 January 1977, the KGB sent a report (No. 87-TS) on measures taken to arrange publication abroad of the book by the Czech journalist T. ŘEZÁČ, entitled *The Spiral of Treason* containing materials discrediting the personality of SOLZHENITSYN and his lampoons.

In June of the current year, an abridged version of the above book was issued in Milan by the Italian publishers Teti & Co. Some cuts in the book were made in order to adapt the material for foreign readers. Measures have been taken to have the book accepted by publishers in other countries.

The KGB considers it advisable, in order to further discredit SOLZHENITSYN in the eyes of the Soviet public, to publish the complete text of T. ŘEZÁČ'S book in Russian, for restricted distribution, using the facilities of the USSR State Committee for Publishing, Printing, and the Book Trade. The matter has already been agreed upon with this Committee (Comrade I. I. CHKHIKVISHVILI).

The draft of a Central Committee resolution is enclosed. Please review.

Chairman of the KGB  
*Andropov*

Classified  
Copy No. 2

To the Minister of the Interior  
of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic,  
Comrade Jaromír Obzina

10 August 1978

Dear Comrade Obzina!

A book by the Czechoslovakian journalist Tomáš Řezáč entitled *The Spiral of Solzhenitsyn's Treason* has been published in Russian in the USSR. An abridged version of this book had previously been published in Italy by the publishing house Teti & Co.

The book uses much factual material, is of an acutely polemical character, unearths, from the perspective of proletarian internationalism, the class origins of Solzhenitsyn's hatred of socialism, and unmasks the active deployment of similar separatists by reactionary circles in the West as part of its ideological sabotage against the countries of the socialist commonwealth.

The appearance of this new edition is the result of the author's conscientious labor as well as of a determined collaboration between him and officials of the 10th Department of the Ministry of the Interior of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic and the 5th Department of the USSR KGB.

In expressing deep satisfaction with the successful completion of this operation, the USSR KGB would consider it advisable, if there are no objections from your side, that the Director of the 10th Department of the Ministry of the Interior of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic, Major-General V. Stárek, as well as one other colleague from Czechoslovak intelligence, be awarded the insignia of "honorary worker of state security," while also distributing monetary gifts to five operatives of the Ministry of the Interior of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic, who were the most actively involved in the carrying out of the indicated operation.

If you are in agreement with our proposal, we ask that you provide the last names of the workers of the organs of state security of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic.

With communist salute and very best wishes,

Chairman of the USSR KGB  
*Andropov*

## NOTES TO THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION

### Epigraph

The song quoted in the epigraph is no. 148 of *A Collection of Various Songs*, compiled by Mikhail D. Chulkov, parts 1–4, 1770–74, reissued as *The Works of M. D. Chulkov*, vol. 1 (St. Petersburg: Academy of Sciences, 1913). A variant of this song was used by Pushkin as the epigraph to chapter 2 of his novella *The Captain's Daughter*.

### Chapter 1. Untethered

1. “My Three Pillars of Support”: this is how Solzhenitsyn refers to Markstein, Heeb, and Struve, e.g., in Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *Invisible Allies*, trans. Alexis Klimoff and Michael Nicholson (Washington, D.C.: Counterpoint, 1995), Sketch 12.

2. “That very long day”: 13 February 1974. In his *The Oak and the Calf: Sketches of Literary Life in the Soviet Union*, trans. Harry Willetts (New York: Harper & Row, 1979) Solzhenitsyn describes this day in detail; see the Fourth Supplement.

3. “November 1916”: The original Russian title is *Oktyabr 1916* (October 1916), covering 14 October to 4 November (per the Julian calendar in use at the time in Russia), i.e., 27 October to 17 November in the Gregorian calendar. Hence, *November 1916* was chosen for the title in English and other European languages.

4. This is how Sapiets himself recounted this day, in the 3 March 1979 issue of *Spectator*: “I first met him on February 14, 1974, in Langenbroich, a sleepy German village about an hour’s drive from Cologne which had suddenly become the centre of the world’s attention. Solzhenitsyn, expelled from the Soviet Union a day earlier, had arrived there for a brief stay with his friend, the German writer and Nobel Prize winner, Heinrich Böll. The news had brought journalists to Langenbroich from all over the world, and Böll’s house was virtually under siege, its small courtyard packed with newsmen and camera crews. There was almost certainly no hope of getting through the crowd, but a short letter on BBC notepaper which I managed to push inside produced an unexpectedly quick answer.

“It was a strange interview. I had forgotten my questions, and they would have seemed trivial in any case. The moment was too charged with emotion, the time too short. To be arrested, accused of treason and then expelled from one’s own country, all within two days, would be a traumatic experience for any man, but as we sat down and talked I soon realised that these were not the matters which occupied Solzhenitsyn’s mind. Beneath the tension of uncertainty about his family—his wife and children were still in Moscow—there was a deeper restlessness, a sense of urgency: there was so much

work to be done, he was already thinking about the next ten or twelve novels for the series about the Russian revolution which began with *August 1914*. There was an impression of almost feverish compulsion in him to get on with the task he thought he owed to the millions he had been forced to leave behind in Russia.”

5. “Invisible allies”: the individuals who had secretly helped Solzhenitsyn, frequently at great personal risk. They are described in his book *Invisible Allies*.

6. “The *Archipelago* disaster”: the KGB had managed to locate and seize one of the three extant manuscripts of *The Gulag Archipelago* in August 1973. See *Invisible Allies*, 75–88.

7. The YMCA-Press, initially funded by the (American Protestant) Young Men’s Christian Association, became the foremost champion and publisher of Russian-language theological, philosophical, and sociological literature from the mid-1920s onward.

8. *The Oak and the Calf*: Solzhenitsyn’s memoirs of his final Soviet decade. It was published with four supplements. A fifth supplement, the aforementioned *Invisible Allies*, which in turn precedes the present volume, was published separately once it was safe to name the allies.

9. “Khrushchev’s orbit”: for a very brief period at the time of the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, Solzhenitsyn was in official favor with the Kremlin and Khrushchev himself. See *The Oak and the Calf*, chap. 3, “On the Surface.”

10. “Kon-Tiki raft”: the famous 1947 voyage by unsteered raft from South America to Polynesia.

11. *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, directed by Caspar Wrede (1970), 100 min.

12. *Den første kreds (The First Circle)*, directed by Aleksander Ford (1973), 98 min.

13. S. Beglov et al., *The Last Circle* (Moscow: Novosti, 1971).

14. “Diary of a Novel”: unpublished (as of 2018) *Dnevnik Romana (Diary of a Novel)*, sometimes referred to as *Diary R-17*, is a detailed journal kept by Solzhenitsyn over decades of writing and thinking about the *Red Wheel*, about how best to present that novel’s overwhelming variety and volume of historical material.

15. “Nodes”: in a 1983 television interview with Bernard Pivot, Solzhenitsyn explains his system of Nodes as follows: “The Red Wheel is the narrative of revolution in Russia, its movement through the whirlwind of revolution. This is an immense scope of material, and when taking into account that it stretches out over years (for the narrative begins in 1914 and continues basically all the way to 1922), it would be impossible to describe this many events and this many characters over such a lengthy stretch of time. That is why I have chosen the method of nodal points, or Nodes. I select short segments of time, of two or three weeks’ duration, where the most vivid events unfold, or else where the decisive causes of future events are formed. And I describe in detail only these short segments. These are the Nodes. Through these nodal points I convey the general vector, the overall shape of this complex curve. So *August 1914* is the first of these Nodes.”

16. See *The Oak and The Calf*, chap. 4, “The Wounded Beast.”

17. “My first work in the West”: *New York Times*, 9 April 1974, 4. For full text, see “Ne stalinskie vremena” (“Not Stalin’s Times”), in Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *Publitsistika v triokh tomakh* (Yaroslavl: Verkhne-Volzhskoe Knizhnoe Izdatelstvo, 1995–97), vol. 2, 73–74 [hereafter *Publitsistika*].

18. Vasili Krivorotov, *Nekotorye mysli k russkoi vrozhdncheskoi idee* (Madrid, 1975).

19. The Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia (or Russian Orthodox Church Abroad) separated from the Moscow Patriarchate in 1927, in response to the latter's pledging allegiance to the Bolshevik regime. The churches reunited in 2007.

20. Church of the Veil of Our Lady, Haldenbachstrasse 2, Zurich.

21. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *Letter to the Soviet Leaders*, trans. Hilary Sternberg (New York: Harper & Row, London: Collins Harvill, 1974 [2nd English ed.]). See esp. 27–57.

22. See *The Oak and the Calf*, 402.

23. See *The Oak and the Calf*, 345–51.

24. Indeed, a spinning fiery circle is at the heart of the *Red Wheel* metaphor, and was most important for Solzhenitsyn in conveying revolutionary violence and mayhem.

25. One of Solzhenitsyn's most consequential essays, "Live Not by Lies!" is his last work published before his exile to the West. See Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *The Solzhenitsyn Reader: New and Essential Writings, 1947–2005*, ed. Edward E. Ericson, Jr., and Daniel J. Mahoney (Wilmington: ISI Books, 2006), 556–60.

26. *A Lenten Letter to Pimen, Patriarch of All Russia* (Minneapolis: Burgess Publishing Company, 1972); *New York Times*, 9 April 1972, 17. The letter circulated widely in samizdat, but was not published in Russia until 1989, when it appeared in the December issue of *Slovo*.

27. Aleksandr Ugrimov: one of the key "invisible allies," whose full involvement could not yet be disclosed when *Invisible Allies* was published in the early 1990s. The passage describing his negative reaction to the *Letter to the Soviet Leaders*, among other withheld passages, will be added in future editions of *Invisible Allies*.

28. "Letter to the Soviet Leaders," *Sunday Times*, 3 March 1974, 33–36. The brief preface to which Solzhenitsyn refers is not to be confused with the "Introduction" as it appears in the first English book edition. It was not until the appearance of *East and West* (New York: Perennial Library, 1980) that one could at last read in English those three key paragraphs of the actual preface:

"Written some time before the seizure of *The Gulag Archipelago* by the KGB, my letter with all these proposals was mailed to its destination almost six months ago. Since then there has been no answer, no reaction of any kind, nor any movement toward one. The closed deliberations of our governmental apparatus have of course doomed many ideas of more obvious import than this. There remains nothing further I can do now except make the letter public. The press campaign against *The Gulag Archipelago* and the refusal to acknowledge the irrefutable past might have been considered a final rejection. But even today I cannot consider this irreversible. It is never too late for repentance; this path is open to every living human being, to everyone capable of life.

"This letter owes its conception and development to a single concern: how to avoid the national catastrophe that threatens our land. Certain of its specific proposals may seem surprising, but I am ready to withdraw them at once, were someone to offer criticism which is not a facile play of wit but a constructive alternative route, a better way out, one that is above all fully realizable, with clear lines of approach. Our intelligentsia is unanimous in its conception of what would constitute a desirable future for our country (the most sweeping kinds of liberties), but it is equally unanimous in its lack of

exertion toward achieving this aim. They wait as though bewitched, wondering whether something might not happen of its own accord. Well, it won't.

"In advancing my proposals, I of course had very little hope, and yet was not without any hope whatever. The fact of the 'Khrushchev miracle' of 1955–1956 is ground enough for such faith: the unforeseen and unbelievable miracle of releasing millions of innocent prisoners, linked as it was with the rudiments—soon broken off—of humane legislation. (Yet in other fields and at the very same time, the other hand was amassing items with the contrary significance.) This flurry of activity on Khrushchev's part went far beyond any political maneuver he might have needed, and was undoubtedly sincere; in its essence it was an act hostile to and incompatible with Communist ideology (which explains the hurry to repudiate his actions and the methodical arm's-length attitude toward him). To forbid the supposition that something of this sort could ever recur would mean to slam the door on any hope for a peaceful evolution of our country."

29. Aleksei Filippovich Shulubin: a character in *Cancer Ward* who proposes an idea of "ethical socialism"; see Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *Cancer Ward* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2015), chap. 31, "Idols of the Market Place." Solzhenitsyn many times categorically denied that Shulubin represented his own views. See, e.g., the "Record of the Meeting of the Secretariat of the Union of Soviet Writers, 22 September 1967" (*The Oak and the Calf*, 470–78); or Solzhenitsyn's press conference in Stockholm of 12 December 1974, the most complete text of which appears in *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 167–201 (see esp. 196–97); or the added footnote concerning Shulubin in *The Oak and the Calf* (Moscow: Soglasie, 1996), 322.

30. The *New York Times* published their own paraphrasing of the main points of the *Letter* in a front-page story by Theodor Shabad on 3 March 1974, headlined "Solzhenitsyn Asks Kremlin to Abandon Communism and Split Up Soviet Union." This was accompanied by a story by Nan Robertson, headlined "A Russian Nationalist Looks to the Past." The same Nan Robertson then authored a 5 March story, "Letter Softened by Solzhenitsyn."

31. "I Am Always Free!" interview with Lech Walesa, *Reader's Digest* 124 (May 1984): 108.

32. Solzhenitsyn's "As Breathing and Consciousness Return" was not published until the autumn of 1974 (when the compilation *Iz-Pod Glyb* appeared simultaneously in samizdat and at YMCA-Press in Paris). The English translation appeared in Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn et al., *From Under the Rubble*, translated by A. M. Brock et al., under the direction of Michael Scammell; with an introduction by Max Hayward (Boston: Little, Brown, 1975).

33. "Samizdat": derived from the Russian sam=сам=self and izdat=издат=publish, this was the unofficial underground press, a way to copy and distribute essays and literature that could not otherwise see the light of day.

34. Andrei D. Sakharov, "In Answer to Solzhenitsyn," trans. Guy Daniels, *New York Review of Books*, 13 June 1974.

35. *New York Times*, 22 July 1968, 14–16.

36. "The eras of Ivan the Terrible all the way to Tsars Alexis and Fyodor III": i.e., from 1547 to 1682.

37. *Time* did not publish even this muted response to Sakharov (which appeared in *Russkaya Mysl* [Paris], 30 May 1974, and most recently reprinted in *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 82–84). But it did publish (27 May 1974, 51) an article by Solzhenitsyn himself concerning a recent KGB forgery of his handwriting. See Appendix 12.

38. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, “Sakharov i kritika ‘Pisma vozhdiam,’” *Kontinent*, no. 2, 1975, 350–59.

39. Solzhenitsyn capitalizes Progress as an ironic rebuke to those, like Sakharov, who, Solzhenitsyn felt, deified material and technological progress, or at least confused it with “true progress,” which Solzhenitsyn saw as the advancement of the human spirit.

40. The Swiss Public Archives. During Lenin’s time they had been called Zentralstelle für soziale Literatur der Schweiz; after 1942 they were renamed Das Schweizerische Sozialarchiv (Swiss Public Archives).

41. Willi Gautschi, *Lenin als Emigrant in der Schweiz* (Zürich: Benziger Verlag, 1973).

42. Lenin’s meetings with fellow revolutionaries at the Stüssihof restaurant “were known as the Skittle Club . . . somebody’s idea of a joke: their politics made no sense, but plenty of noise.” Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *November 1916* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2014), chap. 37: 480.

43. “Letter from Alexander Solzhenitsyn Regarding Invitation to Appear,” *Détente: Hearings before the Subcommittee on Europe of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, House of Representatives*, 93rd Congress, 2nd Session, 8 May 1974, 556–57.

44. Walter Cronkite’s interview with Solzhenitsyn for CBS was recorded on 17 June 1974, broadcast on 24 June 1974, and appeared fully transcribed in “The Alexander Solzhenitsyn Interview,” *Congressional Record (Senate)* for 27 June 1974, vol. 120 (1974, 93rd Congress, 2nd Session), 21483–86.

45. The First Wave refers to those who fled Russia after the Revolution. The Second Wave, to persons displaced in the cataclysm of World War II. The Third Wave, to an emigration made up mostly of Soviet Jews in the 1970s. At times in this book Solzhenitsyn refers to these waves as the First Emigration, Second Emigration, and Third Emigration.

46. See Nikolai Gogol’s *Selected Passages from Correspondence with Friends*, chap. 26, “Fears and Dreads in Russia.”

47. *Tarusskiye stranitsy (Tarusa Pages)*, an influential literary anthology published in Kaluga in 1961, had included Maximov’s *My obzhivaem zemlyu (We Harness the Land)*, the novella to which Solzhenitsyn refers.

48. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn’s father was named Isaaki. Sanya is a diminutive for both these given names.

49. “*Pervopokhodnik (First-Campaigner)*”: The magazine’s name refers to a veteran of various campaigns in February–May 1918, including the famous Ice March to the Kuban region, which enabled the survival of anti-Bolshevik forces and the formation of White Armies in the Russian south, defining moments in the Russian Civil War of 1917 to 1922.

50. Inessa Armand and Grigori Zinoviev, revolutionaries and close associates of Lenin. For details of this episode, see *November 1916*, chap. 43: 581–85.

51. 31 May 1974 speech in Zurich upon receiving the “Golden Cliché” Prize: *Publitsistika*, vol. 1, 195–98.

52. “Encounter battle”: See *The Oak and the Calf*; Third Supplement.



53. *Publitsistika*, vol. 1, 199–214.
54. For more on Udgaard, Odom, and Corti, see *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 13.
55. *Invisible Allies*, 267.
56. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, “How Things Are Done in the Soviet Provinces,” letter to the editor, *New York Times*, 30 September 1974, 34.
57. *Der Spiegel*, 18 November 1974 (no. 47), 130–33. Available at [spiegel.de/spiegel/print/d-41651352.html](http://spiegel.de/spiegel/print/d-41651352.html).
58. See *The Oak and the Calf*, 321–24 and 508–11; *Invisible Allies*, 188–89.
59. “My first wife”: Solzhenitsyn’s first wife was Natalia Alekseevna Reshetovskaya.
60. “Solzhenitsyn Assails Detention of Medvedev in Mental Hospital,” *New York Times*, 17 June 1970, 1.
61. “In Defense of Solzhenitsyn,” *New York Times*, 26 February 1973, 31.
62. Ilya Zilberberg, *Neobkhodimy razgovor s Solzhenitsynym (An Unavoidable Conversation with Solzhenitsyn)* (London, 1976).
63. Foreign Broadcast Information Service (FBIS) Daily Report, vol. III, 1 October 1974.
64. Abram Tertz [pen name of Andrei Sinyavsky], “Literaturny protsess v Rossii,” *Kontinent*, no. 1 (1974), 183.
65. “The poem by Zhukovsky”: Solzhenitsyn is referring to Vasily Zhukovsky’s masterful 1821 translation (“Shilyonsky uzbek”) of Lord Byron’s 1816 poem “The Prisoner of Chillon.”
66. For Solzhenitsyn’s 12 April 1972 letter to the Swedish Royal Academy, nominating Nabokov for the Nobel Prize, see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 43–44.
67. “One can only marvel at Suvorov”: Aleksandr Suvorov, one of history’s handful of undefeated commanders, remembered especially for this daring march through the Alps.
68. “Letter from Solzhenitsyn to the Senate of the United States of America,” *Congressional Record (Senate)* for 24 February 1975, vol. 121 (1975, 94th Congress, 1st Session), 4080–81.
69. 16 November 1974 Zurich press conference: summarized English translations can be found in *Press Conference on the Future of Russia, Zurich, 16 November 1974* (London: Zaria, 1975) and in *Radio Liberty Research Bulletin*, 14 February 1975, supplement; full text (in Russian) in *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 130–66.
70. In the English version of *From Under the Rubble*, this concept was translated both as “nation as person” and “nation as personality.”
71. The Nobel Committee feared that Solzhenitsyn would have to face protests by Maoist-leaning students if he had stopped at the Grand Hotel in 1970. See *The Oak and the Calf*, 301.
72. For the extraordinary case of Erik Arvid Andersen, see Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *The Gulag Archipelago* (New York: HarperCollins, 2007), vol. 1, pt. II, chap. 2, “The Ports of the Archipelago,” 551–54.
73. Indeed, shortly after his return to Russia in 1994, the author established the Solzhenitsyn Prize, which has awarded literary laureates every year since.
74. Carl XVI Gustaf, King of Sweden since 1973.
75. “My Nobel lecture”: *The Solzhenitsyn Reader*, 512–26.

76. “Mr. Solzhenitsyn’s Acceptance Speech, December 10, 1974”, *Congressional Record (Senate)* for 24 February 1975, vol. 121 (1975, 94th Congress, 1st Session), 4081.

77. *The Oak and the Calf*, Appendix 16, 497.

78. For a partial transcript/translation of this press conference, including discussion of the mysterious story of the Swedish diplomat and humanitarian Raoul Gustaf Wallenberg (1912–?), see “Solzhenitsyn Speaks Out,” *Congressional Record (Extensions of Remarks)* for 4 June 1975, vol. 121 (1975, 94th Congress, 1st Session), 17137–39; or *National Review*, 6 June 1975, 603–9. The full text (in Russian) is in *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 167–201.

79. *Посев (Posev or Possev, meaning “Sowing”)*: journal published since 1945 in Frankfurt by the NTS (Narodno-Trudovoi Soyuz rossiyskikh solidaristov, or National Labor Alliance of Russian Solidarists).

80. *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 202–3 and 600–601.

81. *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, 15 January 1975; *New York Times*, 16 January 1975; *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 204–5.

82. *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 211–33.

83. *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 12, 245–48.

84. *Vekhi (Landmarks)*, a lastingly influential collection of seven essays published in Russia in 1909.

85. And so Solzhenitsyn, surprised by the broadened scope that his research in Zurich yielded, took what would become the first fourteen Lenin chapters of the *Red Wheel* and brought them out as a separate book under the title *Lenin in Zurich* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1976). Meanwhile, the four Nodes of the *Red Wheel* would not appear until 1983, 1984, 1988, and 1991, respectively.

86. The Russian Expeditionary Force was sent to the Western Front in 1916 to support the defense of France.

87. “Éditions du Seuil”: Solzhenitsyn’s first French publisher.

88. *Le Monde*, 12 April 1975. For full transcript, see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 234–60.

89. Video available at [ina.fr/video/CPB75050098](http://ina.fr/video/CPB75050098). *Contrepoint*, no. 21 (1976). For full transcript, see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 261–81.

90. Published under the headline “The Big Losers in the Third World War,” *New York Times*, 22 June 1975, sec. 4 (The Week in Review), 15.

## Chapter 2. Predators and Dupes

1. “Hiding Place”: Arnold Susi’s farm near Tartu, Estonia, where Solzhenitsyn secretly completed *The Gulag Archipelago* in the mid-1960s. See *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 4, “The Estonians.”

2. *The Oak and the Calf*, 146–49 and 457–58.

3. David Burg and George Feifer, *Solzhenitsyn: A Biography* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1972).

4. Nicholas Bethell, *The Last Secret: Forcible Repatriation to Russia, 1944–47* (London: André Deutsch, 1974).

5. House of Lords Debate, 17 March 1976, vol. 369, cc310–55. Available at [hansard.millbanksystems.com/lords/1976/mar/17/ussr-and-exchange-of-prisoners#S5LV0369P0\\_19760317\\_HOL\\_180](http://hansard.millbanksystems.com/lords/1976/mar/17/ussr-and-exchange-of-prisoners#S5LV0369P0_19760317_HOL_180).

6. Domnikovka, or Domnikov Street, in the northeast part of central Moscow, is today known as Masha Poryvaeva Street.

7. Olga Carlisle, *Solzhenitsyn and the Secret Circle* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1972), 51–52.

8. Names of chapters per Thomas P. Whitney's translation of the eighty-seven-chapter version of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *The First Circle* (New York: Harper & Row, 1968).

9. Cited by translation experts in their contemporaneous reviews of German and English translation texts of *First Circle*. Solzhenitsyn archive.

10. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *The First Circle*, trans. Michael Guybon (London: Collins & Harvill Press, 1968). "Michael Guybon" was a pseudonym for a trio of translators—Max Hayward, Manya Harari, and Michael Glenny. Their names are credited in later Collins Harvill reprints.

11. Alexandre Soljénitsyne, *Le Premier cercle*, trans. Henri-Gabriel Kybarthi (Paris: R. Laffont, 1972).

12. Alexander Solschenizyn, *Der erste Kreis der Hölle: Roman*, trans. Elisabeth Mahler and Nonna Nielsen-Stokkeby (Frankfurt am Main: S. Fischer, 1968).

13. "Four New Works," *Time*, 21 March 1969 (vol. 93, no. 12), 28. Available at [content.time.com/time/magazine/article/0,9171,839896,00.html](http://content.time.com/time/magazine/article/0,9171,839896,00.html).

14. See *Invisible Allies*, 157–62.

15. Nadezhda Yakovlevna Mandelshtam, as widow of the great poet Osip Mandelshtam and as an influential writer in her own right, hosted a kind of ongoing salon, with various literary figures visiting on any given evening.

16. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *Av gust chetyrnadtsatogo: 10–21 avgusta st. st. Uzel 1* (Paris: YMCA-Press, 1971).

17. Alexander Solschenizyn, *August neunzehnhundertvierzehn*, trans. Alexander Kaempfe (München: Langen Müller, 1971).

18. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *Av gust chetyrnadtsatogo: 10–21 avgusta st. st. Uzel 1* (London: Flegon Press, 1971).

19. "Solzhenitsyn's Trusted Lawyer," *New York Times*, 19 February 1974, 3.

20. *Feast of the Victors* (Пир победителей) was eventually published under the title *Victory Celebrations: A Play* (London: Bodley Head, 1983).

21. *Den første kreds* (*The First Circle*), directed by Aleksander Ford (1973), 98 min.

22. Carlisle, *Solzhenitsyn and the Secret Circle*, 174–75.

23. Elizaveta Voronyanskaya, secret keeper of the *Archipelago* manuscript. For her tragic story, see *The Oak and the Calf*, 345–48, and *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 5.

24. Carlisle, *Solzhenitsyn and the Secret Circle*, 26, 54, 106, 117, 165.

25. Carlisle, *Solzhenitsyn and the Secret Circle*, 157, 168, 194–96.

26. Olga Carlisle, "Reviving Myths of Holy Russia," *New York Times Magazine*, 16 September 1979, 48–65.

27. Olga Carlisle, "L'audience de Soljenitsyne en Occident et en U.R.S.S.," *Le Monde diplomatique*, September 1978, 2.

28. *Invisible Allies*, 235–36.

## Chapter 3. Another Year Adrift

1. *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 282–83.
2. “Tambov Rebellion”: a major peasant rebellion against the Bolshevik government during the Russian Civil War.
3. “Dukhobors”: a pacifist religious sect that moved from Russia to Canada in 1900 and eventually settled in British Columbia.
4. “Old Believers”: Orthodox Christians who have maintained the liturgical practices in place before Patriarch Nikon’s reforms in the mid-seventeenth century.
5. “Ostarbeiter” (East-worker): a foreigner gathered from occupied Eastern Europe to perform forced labor in Germany during World War II.
6. The Aleksandr Nevsky Cathedral at 12, rue Daru in Paris is perhaps the pre-eminent Orthodox church in Western Europe.
7. Orthodox priests are generally allowed to marry before entering the priesthood.
8. AFL-CIO: American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations, umbrella group of American labor unions.
9. “Moskals”: Ukrainian pejorative for “Muscovites,” i.e., Russians.
10. The Holy Trinity Monastery in Jordanville (Herkimer County, New York) has served for decades as the seat of the Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia (ROCOR), and a center for Orthodoxy in the West.
11. The “White” émigrés of the First Wave formed the ROCOR as a bulwark against the militantly atheist Soviet regime, and hoped to be back in Russia just as soon as the Soviets were deposed.
12. Solzhenitsyn is probably referring to Nataly Martin, who is credited in printed editions, together with Harris L. Coulter, as the simultaneous translator of Solzhenitsyn’s American speeches of the summer of 1975.
13. Speech on 30 June 1975 to the AFL-CIO in Washington, D.C., published in Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *Warning to the West* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1986), 3–50.
14. Public Law 86-90 was signed into law by President Eisenhower on 17 July 1959. Available at [legislink.org/us/pl-86-90](http://legislink.org/us/pl-86-90).
15. Another thirty years have passed and nothing has changed. The law is still on the books, and, as of 2018, every third week of July continues to be designated as “Captive Nations Week” in the United States by presidents of either party.
16. As quoted in Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, “The Hostility Toward Solzhenitsyn,” *Washington Post*, 2 September 1976, A15.
17. “Americana Hotel”: famous hotel at 7th Avenue and 52nd Street in Manhattan, now the Sheraton New York Times Square Hotel.
18. *The Master and Margarita*: famous novel of Mikhail Bulgakov (1891–1940).
19. Speech on 9 July 1975 to the AFL-CIO in New York City, published in *Warning to the West*, 51–90.
20. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *Solzhenitsyn: The Voice of Freedom (Two Addresses)* (Washington, D.C.: American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations, 1975).

21. *Meet the Press*, proceedings, vol. 19, no. 28, 13 July 1975 (Washington, D.C.: Merkle Press). Moderators Lawrence Spivak and Bill Monroe were joined by Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times*, Norman Cousins of the *Saturday Review* and Peter Lisagor of the *Chicago Daily News*.

22. “Barbara Walters Interviews Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn,” *The Today Show*, 14 July 1975, available via [nbcuniarchives.com](http://nbcuniarchives.com); and *The Today Show*, 22 July 1975.

23. Editorial, “Solzhenitsyn Errs,” *Cleveland Press*, reprinted in *Christian Science Monitor*, 23 July 1975, 18.

24. The famous Ice March during the Russian Civil War of 1917 to 1922. See 395, note 49 in this volume.

25. Speech on 15 July 1975 to senators and congressmen, published in *Warning to the West*, 91–96.

26. “At the Dobuzhinskys’”: Solzhenitsyn is most likely referring to Vsevolod Dobuzhinsky (1905–1998), an émigré painter and designer, and son of the painter Mstislav Dobuzhinsky (1875–1957).

27. “Helsinki Conference”: international conference in the summer of 1975 that resulted in the signing of the Helsinki Accords, which purported to regulate proper relations between the Eastern and Western blocs.

28. “Solzhenitsyn Says Ford Joins in Eastern Europe’s ‘Betrayal,’” *New York Times*, 22 July 1975, 1.

29. “The daughter of General Samsonov”: Solzhenitsyn is having lunch with Vera Aleksandrovna Samsonova (1902–1989), the daughter of Gen. Aleksandr Vasilievich Samsonov (1859–1914)—the tragic hero of the defining Battle of Tannenberg and of the novel *August 1914*.

30. Alexander Frick (1910–1991) was the prime minister of Liechtenstein from 1945 until 1962.

31. David Azbel, “Oral History Memoir,” September 1979, William E. Wiener Oral History Library of the American Jewish Committee at New York Public Library. Available at [digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/0c64db50-0365-0131-f366-58d385a7b928/#/?uuid=0cb0c500-0365-0131-4940-58d385a7b928](http://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/0c64db50-0365-0131-f366-58d385a7b928/#/?uuid=0cb0c500-0365-0131-4940-58d385a7b928).

32. The Sakharov Hearings were organized by the International Sakharov Committee to expose human rights violations in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. The first such hearings took place in Copenhagen in October 1975.

33. *Humans Used as Guinea Pigs in the Soviet Union: Hearing Before the Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act and Other Internal Security Laws of the Committee on the Judiciary, United States Senate, 94th Congress, 2nd Session, 30 March 1976, 2–4.*

34. For *Diary R-17, November 1916*, and Solzhenitsyn’s system of Nodes, see 391, note 3, and 392, notes 14–15 in this volume.

35. *Le Monde*, 12 September 1975, 28.

36. “Chili,” *Le Monde*, 13 September 1975.

37. “Eine Erklärung Solschenizyns,” *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, 19 November 1975, 2. For a partial English text, see “Solzhenitsyn Rejects Rumors of Depression,” *Statesman Journal* (Salem, Oregon), 20 November 1975, 21.

38. See chap. 2: 137 in this volume.
39. See *The Oak and the Calf*, 321–24 and 508–11.
40. “The interview with the Americans”: Solzhenitsyn is referring to the joint interview he gave to the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* on 30 March 1972 in Moscow. See *The Oak and the Calf*, 321–24 and 508–11.
41. *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 306.
42. *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 310.
43. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, “Peace and Violence,” *New York Times*, 15 September 1973, 31.
44. “Solzhenitsyn Pleased,” *New York Times*, 10 October 1975, 13. For full text, see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 309.
45. Andrei Sakharov, *My Country and the World* (New York: Vintage Books, 1975).
46. Andrei Sakharov, “Reflections on Progress, Peaceful Coexistence, and Intellectual Freedom,” *New York Times*, 22 July 1968, 13–16.
47. *Quad-City Times* (Davenport, Iowa), 6 October 1975, 16. For full text, see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 307–8.
48. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, “Schlesinger and Kissinger,” *New York Times*, 1 December 1975, 31.
49. “Huesca, Teruel and Guadalajara”: some of the major battles of the Spanish Civil War (1936–1939).
50. “Young Spanish king”: Juan Carlos I.
51. *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 315–17.
52. *Invisible Allies*, 232–33.
53. Solzhenitsyn was named *Le Point*’s “Man of the Year” in its 29 December 1975 issue, which also contains the full text of this interview. For English translation, see *Encounter*, April 1976, 9–15. For Russian text, see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 318–29.
54. 2 Tim. 4:7.
55. Solzhenitsyn’s interview with Michael Charlton of BBC One’s flagship news program *Panorama* was recorded on 22 February 1976 and broadcast on 1 March 1976; it was rebroadcast in America on PBS’s *Firing Line* on 27 March 1976. For text, see *Warning to the West*, 99–122.
56. Solzhenitsyn’s speech was recorded on 26 February 1976 and broadcast on BBC’s Radio 3 on 24 March 1976. For text, see *Warning to the West*, 123–46.
57. For a partial transcript of Solzhenitsyn’s 26 February 1976 meeting with the BBC directors, see *East-West Digest*, December 1976; full text in *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 354–65.
58. Solzhenitsyn’s interview with Robert Robinson of BBC Two’s *The Book Programme* was recorded on 25 February 1976 and broadcast on 27 April 1976. For text, see *The Listener*, 29 April 1976.
59. On 5 March 1976 in Paris, Solzhenitsyn gave an interview to the Japanese broadcasting company NET-TOKYO and its reporter Gosuke Utimura (a former POW in the USSR). *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 367–82.
60. C. L. Sulzberger, “Gloomsayer or Doomsayer,” *New York Times*, 7 March 1976, 15, and “Does National Marxism Exist?,” *New York Times*, 10 March 1976, 31.

61. *France-Soir*, 12 March 1976.
62. Solzhenitsyn's 9 March 1976 appearance on the television program *Les Dossiers de l'écran* was covered in "Soljenitsyne dénonce 'l'apathie de l'Occident,'" *Le Monde*, 11 March 1976. For full text, see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 383–407.
63. "L'ambassade soviétique proteste contre la participation d'Alexandre Soljenitsyne aux 'Dossiers de l'écran,'" *Le Monde*, 12 March 1976.
64. The Struve interview can be found in John B. Dunlop, Richard S. Haugh, and Michael Nicholson, *Solzhenitsyn in Exile: Critical Essays and Documentary Materials* (Stanford: Hoover Institution Press, 1985), 298–328.
65. "José Antonio—¡Presente!": this famous phrase was a figurative reply to an imaginary roll call invoking the presence of José Antonio Primo de Rivera (1903–1936), founder of the Spanish Phalanx, executed by the Republican side near the beginning of the Spanish Civil War.
66. "In memory of those fallen for God and Spain!" ("*Caidos por Dios y por España!*"): another phrase commonly seen in post-Civil War Spain.
67. Pushkin's poem "Nochnoi zefir" ("Night Zephyr") has been set to music by dozens of composers. The famous refrain reads, in a translation by Ivan Panin: "Evening Zephyr/Waves the ether/Murmurs/Rushes/The Guadalquivir." See Alexander Pushkin, *Poems*, translated by Ivan Panin (Boston: Cupples and Hurd, 1888), 111–12.
68. Solzhenitsyn appeared on 20 March 1976 on Spanish television on José Íñigo's program *Directísimo*. See *Informaciones*, 22 March 1976, 20–22, or "Solzhenitsyn Bids Spain Use Caution," *New York Times*, 22 March 1976, 7. For full text, see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 449–59.
69. Solzhenitsyn press conference of 20 March 1976 in Madrid. See *Informaciones*, 22 March 1976, 20–21, or *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 460–68.

#### Chapter 4. At Five Brooks

1. After the abdication of Tsar Nikolai II in March 1917 following street riots in Petrograd, two parallel governments emerged. A Provisional Government, made up of members of the "bourgeois" parliamentary opposition, was formed in order to administer the country temporarily until a Constituent Assembly (Constitutional Convention) could be gathered. Meanwhile, a *Soviet* (Council) of workers' and soldiers' representatives was also formed, to rule in the name of the revolutionary street. The two bodies were essentially competing power centers but, in reality, the unofficial *Soviet* was both more powerful and less accountable than the official Provisional Government. For more detail on the formation of the Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies, see Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *March 1917, Book 1* (Notre Dame, IN: University of Notre Dame Press, 2017), chaps. 120, 138, 156, 157.
2. Richard Pipes, *Russia Under the Old Regime* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1974).
3. Speech on 24 May 1976 at the Hoover Institution: see *Solzhenitsyn Speaks at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, Stanford University, California, May–June 1976* (Stanford: Hoover Institution, 1976); or Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, "Re-

marks at the Hoover Institution, May 24, 1976,” *Russian Review* 36, no. 2 (1977): 184–89, available at [jstor.org/stable/128896](https://www.jstor.org/stable/128896).

4. Speech on 1 June 1976 upon receiving the American Friendship Medal of the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, delivered by Solzhenitsyn at the Hoover Institution: see *Solzhenitsyn Speaks at the Hoover*.

5. “Golden Cliché”: see chap. 1: 56–58 in this volume.

6. Republican Party Platforms: “Republican Party Platform of 1976,” August 18, 1976; available at Gerhard Peters and John T. Woolley, *The American Presidency Project*, [www.presidency.ucsb.edu/ws/?pid=25843](http://www.presidency.ucsb.edu/ws/?pid=25843).

7. For the quotes in this paragraph, and the entire Winston Lord episode, see “Hostility Toward Solzhenitsyn,” *Congressional Record (Senate)* for 8 September 1976, vol. 122 (1976, 94th Congress, 2nd Session), 29277–79; and Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, “The Hostility Toward Solzhenitsyn,” *Washington Post*, 2 September 1976, A15.

8. *The Gulag Archipelago*, vol. 2, pt. III, chap. 12, “Knock, Knock, Knock . . .,” 359–69.

9. Many Orthodox Christians, including those in Russia, celebrate Christmas on 7 January (and therefore Christmas Eve on 6 January).

10. *The Gulag Archipelago*, vol. 3, pt. V, chap. 11, “Tearing at the Chains,” 251–52.

11. *Russkoye Slovo* was a major Moscow daily newspaper, published from 1895 until being shut down by the Bolsheviks in 1918. *Iskry* was its weekly illustrated supplement, published from 1901 until being similarly shut down in 1917.

12. *Time*, 26 July 1976, 52.

13. “Stolypin-Bogrov cycle”: the expanded version of *August 1914*, specifically the substantial chapters on Prime Minister Pyotr Stolypin and his assassin Dmitri Bogrov.

14. “Now it is probably too late to respond”: Solzhenitsyn is referring to Boris Souvarine’s article “Soljénitsyne et Lenine” in *Est et Ouest*, no. 570, 1–15 April 1976, 145 (abridged English translation in *Dissent*, Summer 1977, 324–36). But in 1980, two years after writing this chapter 4 and four years after Souvarine’s article, Solzhenitsyn *did* respond: see the forthcoming Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *Between Two Millstones, Book 2: Exile in America, 1978–1994*, chap. 6.

15. A Russian proverb (“Не сохранил Господь града, не сохранит ни стража, ни ограда”) derived from the biblical verse “Unless the Lord keeps the city, the watchmen watch in vain” (Ps. 127:1).

16. “The abductions of Generals Kutepov and Miller”: White generals who were abducted by the Soviet secret police from Paris—in 1930 and 1937, respectively—and executed.

17. “INS”: the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service.

18. “Familie Solschenizyn floh aus Zürich,” *Tages-Anzeiger (Zurich)*, on or about 7 September 1976.

19. “Hinten in Vermont, hinter den sieben Bergen,” unidentified Swiss paper; adapted from “Secluded Vermont Estate May Be Solzhenitsyn Home,” *New York Times*, 11 September 1976, 8.



20. “The Swiss police had forbidden me to make any political statements”: see chap. 1: 88–90 in this volume.
21. “Russian Social Fund for Persecuted Persons and Their Families”: Solzhenitsyn’s charitable foundation; see in chap. 1: 49, 67, and chap. 2: 161 in this volume.
22. This *Sobranie sochinenii*—a twenty-volume Collected Works—was edited, typeset, proofread, and laid out by Natalia Solzhenitsyn, working side by side with her husband, so that YMCA-Press had but to reproduce the pages photographically in order to publish the actual volumes in Paris (from 1978 until 1991).
23. A package bomb had killed Tamara Solonevich, wife of the writer Ivan Solonevich, in Sofia, Bulgaria, on 3 February 1938.
24. “Solzhenitsyn Starts a Library,” *Baltimore Sun*, 18 October 1977, A19.
25. SMERSH: Soviet counterespionage organization that operated during and after World War II. Stalin himself coined the fearsome name СМЕРШ (“SMERSH”) as a blend of the words СМЕРТЬ шпионам (SMERt SHpionam = Death to Spies).
26. State Duma: the prerevolutionary Russian parliament that met, over four distinct sessions, from 1906 until 1917.
27. Baptists were heavily persecuted during many of the Soviet decades; see, for example, the crucial and memorable character of Alyosha in Solzhenitsyn’s *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*.
28. The Moscow Helsinki Watch Group was a grassroots human-rights association, set up by Soviet dissidents like Ginzburg, that attempted to monitor Soviet (non-)adherence to the terms of the 1975 Helsinki Accords.
29. “Solzhenitsyn Assails Arrest of Ginzburg,” *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, 6 February 1977, 110.
30. *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 470.
31. *New York Times*, 26 November 1977, 7. For full text, see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 478.
32. *Chicago Tribune*, 1 February 1978, 36. For full text, see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 479.
33. *Ithaca Journal*, 18 March 1978, 17. For full text, see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 480.
34. *Baltimore Sun*, 11 June 1978, 8. For full text, see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 481.
35. *November 1916*, 483. A brazenly inaccurate attribution (to Solzhenitsyn) of this quote from Lenin was put forth in the Zurich daily *Blick* on 3 June 1977. See also *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, 5 June 1977, 13.
36. Solzhenitsyn was very close with his maternal grandfather, Zakhar Fyodorovich Shcherbak (1858–1932). For a poignant depiction of his demise at the hands of the GPU (=KGB), see chapter 3, “Silver Nuts,” of Solzhenitsyn’s autobiographical poem *The Trail*.
37. *Tages-Anzeiger*, 28 January 1978. See also *Arizona Republic*, 29 January 1978, 14.
38. Astoria, imperial emblems, Nepenin: see, respectively, chapters 169, 386, 418 of *March 1917*.
39. “The Mythology of February,” “February’s Figures of Speech”: these are, respectively, chapters 546 and 503 of *March 1917*.
40. *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, 10 February 1978, A47; in English see, e.g., *Arizona Daily Star*, 11 February 1978, 4.

41. Four of the *Tages-Anzeiger's* editors, and one reporter, were fined, however, for failing to surrender illegally obtained official documents: see, e.g., *The Times and Democrat* (Orangeburg, SC), 19 December 1978, 3.

42. *Niva* (*Crop Field*): an extreme-right nationalist émigré magazine (published in Mobile, Alabama), on no account to be confused with the eponymous illustrated weekly journal published in St. Petersburg from 1870 until 1918 (when it was shut down by the Bolsheviks).

43. *Dvadsaty vek: Obshchestvenno-politicheski i literaturny almanakh* (*The Twentieth Century: A Socio-Political Digest and Literary Magazine*), no. 2 (London: T. C. D., 1977), 151–218.

44. *The Oak and the Calf*, 56.

45. Interview with Shozo Komoto: see *The Oak and the Calf*, Appendix 1, 457–58.

46. Here (and throughout this passage) all quotes from Vladimir Lakshin, *Solzhenitsyn, Tvardovsky and "Novy Mir,"* trans. Michael Glenny (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1980). In cases where Solzhenitsyn refers to passages subsequently softened or excised by Lakshin (see author's note on 275 in this volume), the reader is referred to the original article in *Dvadsaty vek*, cited above.

47. For Solzhenitsyn's essay "Repentance and Self-Limitation in the Life of Nations," see *Solzhenitsyn Reader*, 527–55.

48. The page numbers cited by Solzhenitsyn in the next two paragraphs have been changed, for the English reader's convenience, to reference *The Oak and the Calf* and Lakshin, *Solzhenitsyn, Tvardovsky and "Novy Mir."*

49. "1968 protest in Red Square": Solzhenitsyn is referring to the famous "Demonstration of Seven" (actually eight) dissidents, who openly protested in Moscow's Red Square, on 25 August 1968, the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia that had taken place five days earlier.

50. Abram Tertz [pen name of Andrei Sinyavsky], "Literaturny protsess v Rossii," *Kontinent*, no. 1 (1974), 183.

51. The Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, held in February 1956, featured Nikita Khrushchev's famous "secret speech" that denounced the "cult of personality" of Joseph Stalin, and ushered in a relatively benign period known as the "Khrushchev thaw."

52. X. Y. (later revealed to be Boris Shragin), "Opyt zhurnalnoi utopii," *Vestnik RSKhD*, no. 108-09-10 (1973), 6–23.

53. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, "Replika," *Vestnik RSKhD*, no. 111 (1974), 7. Or see *Publitsistika*, vol. 2, 75.

54. See Solzhenitsyn's interview with Walter Cronkite of CBS, broadcast on 24 June 1974; fully transcribed in "The Alexander Solzhenitsyn Interview," *Congressional Record (Senate)* for 27 June 1974, vol. 120 (1974, 93rd Congress, 2nd Session), 21483–86.

55. "Carlisle affair": see chap. 2 in this volume.

56. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, "Harvard Address," *Solzhenitsyn Reader*, 561–75. Original publication: Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *A World Split Apart: Commencement Address Delivered at Harvard University*, trans. Irina Alberti (New York: Harper & Row, 1978).

57. Editorial, “The Obsession of Solzhenitsyn,” *New York Times*, 13 June 1978, 18. Hedrick Smith, “Solzhenitsyn at Harvard,” WGBH-TV, Boston, 8 June 1978. Editorial, “Solzhenitsyn’s Prophecy,” *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 13 June 1978, 6.

58. Editorial, “Solzhenitsyn’s Warning,” *Chicago Tribune*, 12 June 1978, 46. Quoted in George Alexenko, letter to the editor, *Fort Wayne News-Sentinel*, 4 July 1978, 4A. Editorial, “The Obsession of Solzhenitsyn,” *New York Times*, 13 June 1978, 18. Daniel J. Boorstin, “The Courage to Doubt,” *Time*, 26 June 1978, 21. James Reston, “A Russian at Harvard,” *New York Times*, 11 June 1978, sec. 4 (The Week in Review), 21, reprinted in *Solzhenitsyn at Harvard: The Address, Twelve Early Responses, and Six Later Reflections*, edited by Ronald Berman (Washington, D.C.: Ethics and Public Policy Center, 1980), 36–38.

59. Norman Cousins, “The Verdict on Alexander Solzhenitsyn,” *Christian Science Monitor*, 21 June 1978, 23. Editorial, “Gee, Mr. Solzhenitsyn, If It’s So Bad Here . . .,” *Abilene Reporter-News*, 10 June 1978, 4-A. Editorial, “Keep in Touch, Mr. Solzhenitsyn,” *Christian Science Monitor*, 22 June 1978, 24. James L. Jordan, letter to the editor, *San Diego Union*, 16 June 1978, B-10.

60. *The Oak and the Calf*, 352.

61. “Strong Words for Moscow,” *Newsweek*, 19 June 1978. “Solzhenitsyn Was Wrong about US—Mrs. Carter,” *Boston Globe*, 21 June 1978, 2. Archibald MacLeish, “Our Will Endures,” *Time*, 26 June 1978, 21.

62. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., “The Solzhenitsyn We Refuse to See,” *Washington Post*, 25 June 1978, D1, D4, reprinted in *Solzhenitsyn at Harvard*, 70. Ronald Berman, Introduction to *Solzhenitsyn at Harvard*, xiii. Richard Augenblick, letter to the editor, *Wall Street Journal*, 26 June 1978, 11. Jack Fruchtman, Jr., “A Voice from Russia’s Past at Harvard,” *Baltimore Sun*, sec. K, “Perspective,” 18 June 1978, K1, K3, reprinted in *Solzhenitsyn at Harvard*, 43–47. Mary McGrory, “Solzhenitsyn Doesn’t Love Us,” e.g., in *Palm Beach Post*, 15 June 1978, 18, reprinted with redactions in *Solzhenitsyn at Harvard*, 60–62. Editorial, “Solzhenitsyn: Pro and Con,” *Christian Science Monitor*, 12 June 1978, 28. Reston, “A Russian at Harvard.” Edward R. McCuiston, letter to the editor, *Christian Science Monitor*, 17 July 1978, 22.

63. Harrison Salisbury, “Solzhenitsyn at Harvard,” WGBH-TV, Boston, 8 June 1978.

64. Editorial, “A Russian Jeremiah,” *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, 10 June 1978, 20. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., “The Solzhenitsyn We Refuse to See,” *Washington Post*, 25 June 1978, D1, D4, reprinted in *Solzhenitsyn at Harvard*, 63–71. Christopher Lydon, “Solzhenitsyn at Harvard,” WGBH-TV, Boston, 8 June 1978. Harrison Salisbury, “Solzhenitsyn at Harvard,” WGBH-TV, Boston, 8 June 1978. Unpublished open letter from a Cavendish resident to *Christian Science Monitor*, author’s archive.

65. Ronald Berman, Introduction to *Solzhenitsyn at Harvard*, xi. Harold J. Berman, “The Weightier Matters of the Law,” *Solzhenitsyn at Harvard*, 102. Editorial, “Solzhenitsyn Diagnoses the Heart of the West,” *Philadelphia Inquirer*, 14 June 1978, 8-A. G. C. Smith, letter to the editor, “We’d Better Heed Solzhenitsyn,” *Buffalo Evening News*, 26. John Garvey, “In Defense of Solzhenitsyn,” *Commonweal*, 1 September 1978, 554.

66. Editorial, *Richmond News Leader*, 15 June 1978, 10. G. C. Smith, letter to the

editor, “We’d Better Heed Solzhenitsyn,” *Buffalo Evening News*, 26. Charley Reese, “Brilliant Intellect; Strong Soul,” *Pensacola Journal*, 29 June 1978, 16. J. F. Kuzyns, letter to the editor, *Detroit Free Press*, 17 June 1978, 6A. Robert Webb, “Food for Americans’ Thought,” *Cincinnati Enquirer*, 6 July 1978, A10. R. N. Ellis, letter to the editor, *New York Times*, 18 June 1978, sec. 4 (The Week in Review), 18. Marion R. Broer, letter to the editor, *San Diego Union*, 24 June 1978, B-14. Bill Russell, “Solzhenitsyn: Man and Symbol,” *Seattle Times*, 25 June 1978, A10. Editorial, “Solzhenitsyn Diagnoses the Heart of the West,” *Philadelphia Inquirer*, 14 June 1978, 8-A. A. C. Hendrickson, letter to the editor, *Washington Post*, 20 June 1978, A10. Kenneth C. Dickson, letter to the editor, *San Diego Union*, 24 June 1978, B-14. M. E. Burke, as quoted in letter to the editor, *Houston Post*, 6 July 1978. John Crown, “Pollyanna Words,” *Atlanta Journal*, 22 June 1978. Margaret Koscielny, letter to the editor, *Christian Science Monitor*, 17 July 1978, 22. Dr. James Shannon, *Minneapolis Tribune*, 29 October 1978, 11A.

67. Wanda Urbanski [Urbanska], “He Will Be Remembered,” *Portland (ME) Press Herald*, 28 June 1978, 12.

68. Alan Waltz, letter to the editor, *Clearwater Sun*, 9 July 1978, 3F. Donald Lindquist, letter to the editor, *Washington Post*, 20 June 1978, A10. Emanuel Rouvelas, letter to the editor, *Washington Post*, 20 June 1978, A10. Marilyn Kramer, letter to the editor, *Christian Science Monitor*, 17 July 1978, 22. John Garvey, “In Defense of Solzhenitsyn,” *Commonweal*, 1 September 1978, 553. Unpublished open letter from a Cavendish resident to *Christian Science Monitor*, author’s archive. Rev. Thomas D. Beary, “Solzhenitsyn at Harvard,” *Vermont Catholic Tribune*, 30 June 1978, 4. Kevin N. Springer, letter to the editor, *Detroit Free Press*, 17 June 1978, 6A. George Meany, “No Voice More Eloquent,” *Time*, 26 June 1978, 21. Aldred Munzer, M.D., letter to the editor, *Washington Post*, 20 June 1978, A10. Marion Stewart, letter to the editor, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, 16 June 1978, 6. Frank Cryan, “Solzhenitsyn Speaks; City Man Replies,” *Boca Raton News*, 2 July 1978, 1B, 8B. Emily L. Walter, letter to the editor, *Christian Science Monitor*, 17 July 1978, 22. Noel G. Petersen, letter to the editor, *Detroit Free Press*, 17 June 1978, 6A. Christopher J. Power, Jr., letter to the editor, *Detroit Free Press*, 17 June 1978, 6A. Charles B. Seib, “Solzhenitsyn Scolds the Press,” *Washington Post*, 16 June 1978, A23.

69. Sidney Hook, Ronald Berman, Harold J. Berman, Michael Novak, Charles Kesler, Richard Pipes, George F. Will, *Solzhenitsyn at Harvard*, 34, 49, 55, 76, 78–80, 85, 102, 107, 115, 118, 120, 131, 142.

## Chapter 5. Through the Fumes

1. Natalia Reshetovskaya, *V spore so vremenem (At Odds with the Age)* (Moscow: Novosti, 1975). This book would soon appear in English under the title *Sanya: My Life with Alexander Solzhenitsyn*, trans. Elena Ivanoff (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1975).

2. Tomáš Řezáč, *Spiral izmeny Solzhenitsyna (The Spiral of Solzhenitsyn’s Treason)* (Moscow: Progress, 1978).

3. See Řezáč; see chap. 1: 27 in this volume.

4. The Lubyanka, on Moscow's Lubyanka Square, was both the headquarters of the KGB and the site of one of its most infamous prisons.

5. *The Gulag Archipelago*, vol. 1, pt. I, chap. 2, "The History of Our Sewage Disposal System," 81.

6. "Statement by A. Solzhenitsyn, 2 February 1974," *The Oak and the Calf*, Appendix 34, 535–37; excerpts in *New York Times*, 4 February 1974, 1, 14.

7. "So-called 'correspondence' with Orekhov": see chap. 1: 45–46 in this volume.

8. KGB forgery of a supposed 1952 denunciation: see chap. 4: 232–33, and Appendix 18, 380–81 in this volume.

9. The final version of *The Oak and the Calf*, including, e.g., this Appendix 46, has not yet appeared in English. However, the same document by KGB major Boris Ivanov appears as Appendix B to *Invisible Allies*, 306–18. See also David Remnick, "KGB Plot to Assassinate Solzhenitsyn Reported," *Washington Post*, 21 April 1992, D1.

10. "Chekist": agent of the Cheka (ChK) secret police, or its multiple incarnations (GPU, OGPU, NKVD, KGB, etc.).

11. Frau Holub: see chap. 1: 10 in this volume.

12. *Vampuka, the African Bride: A Model Opera in All Respects*, an opera parody with music and libretto by V. G. Erenberg, was first staged in St. Petersburg in 1909.

13. "The word 'Russia' was given back to us": Stalin's Politburo set out new standardized history books in 1934 that moved away from Lenin's disallowing of the word "Russia."

14. "Chairman of the soldiers' committee": Solzhenitsyn is referring here to the aftermath of "Order No. 1," literally the first order promulgated by the Soviet of Workers' Deputies on 1 (14) March 1917, mandating that officers be stripped of their command in favor of elected soldiers' committees, to be formed in every unit, who would thereafter control all arms and make all decisions, including whether or not to fight. It was aimed at destroying the discipline and fighting ability of the Russian Imperial Army, so as to prevent it from suppressing the Revolution. In the months that followed, fighting along the front lines simply stopped as the army disintegrated. See *March 1917, Book 2*, forthcoming from University of Notre Dame Press.

15. "Comintern": the Communist International, an international Communist organization that strove for world revolution and the global triumph of Communism.

16. "Three years of my life in exile": Solzhenitsyn is referring to his "internal exile" in Kazakhstan, on the edge of the desert, which began in 1953, immediately upon the conclusion of his eight-year camp sentence, and was to continue in perpetuity (but was cut short by Stalin's death and the subsequent changes under Khrushchev).

17. Kirill Samjonovitsj Simonjan, *Hvem er Solzhenitsyn? (Who Is Solzhenitsyn?)* (Skaerbaek, Denmark: Melbyhus, 1976).

18. "Ivan Ivanych van der Vliet . . .": Solzhenitsyn is quoting Aleksei Apukhtin's (1840–93) well-known ditty "Kumushkam" ("To the Gossipers").

19. "Samsonov catastrophe": Russia's defining World War I defeat, under General Aleksandr Samsonov, at the Battle of Tannenberg. See *August 1914*.

20. "Sound-ranging battery": Solzhenitsyn was captain of a sound-ranging battery, sound ranging being a mathematical method of identifying the coordinates of enemy artillery positions using data derived from the sound of its firing guns.

21. “Lenin Prize Committee session”: Solzhenitsyn was being considered for the Lenin Prize for his book *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. The false accusation was being made as a reason for his proposed disqualification. See *The Oak and the Calf*, 70–73.

22. “Adlig Schwenkitten and Dittrichsdorf”: the former is today Świątkity, Poland, and the latter Biała Wola, Poland.

23. *The Gulag Archipelago*, vol. 1, pt. I, chap. 6, “That Spring,” 260.

24. “Other subjects were more pressing, and I never got to it”: But Solzhenitsyn did, at last, get to it in 1998, penning *Adlig Schwenkitten*, a “Tale of Twenty-Four Hours.” It appeared in English as part of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *Apricot Jam and Other Stories*, trans. Kenneth Lantz and Stephan Solzhenitsyn (Berkeley, CA: Counterpoint, 2011), 113–70.

25. For Solzhenitsyn’s and Vitkevich’s joint “Resolution No. 1,” as they naïvely called it, see 332–33 later in this chapter; and “Statement by A. Solzhenitsyn, 2 February 1974,” *The Oak and the Calf*, Appendix 34, 535–37; excerpts in *New York Times*, 4 February 1974, 1, 14. See also *The Gulag Archipelago*, vol. 1, pt. I, chap. 3, “The Interrogation,” 134–35.

26. The terrorist Aleksandr Ulyanov (Lenin’s older brother) was hanged in 1887 after his failed attempt to assassinate Emperor Aleksandr III was uncovered in the nick of time due to a careless letter. See *The Gulag Archipelago*, vol. 1, pt. I, chap. 3, “The Interrogation,” 134.

27. “Kirochka”: a tender diminutive for “Kirill.”

28. “GPU”: See 408, note 10 in this volume.

29. “The letter ‘C’ three times, and ‘P’ once: ‘СССР’”: this combination of the Russian letters С [S] and Р [R]—СССР—stands for Союз Советских Социалистических Республик—the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, i.e., the USSR.

30. “PSAST”: The exact title of that organization was Всероссийский Союз Административно-Советских, Общественных и Торговых Работников (ВСАСОТР), which works out to Pan-Soviet Association of Administrative Soviet, Social, and Trade Workers.

31. Nikolaevsky Lane in Rostov is today known as Semashko Lane.

32. “The Mustachioed One”: Joseph Stalin.

33. “Especially those of the girls”: Solzhenitsyn is referring to Natalia Reshetovskaya and Lidia Ezherets.

34. “Polar Bear” (in Russian actually Морж) was his schoolmates’ term of endearment for Solzhenitsyn on account of his easy endurance of cold.

35. For Isaak Bershader, stock clerk of the Kaluga Gate camp where Solzhenitsyn was interned in 1945–46, see *The Gulag Archipelago*, vol. 2, pt. III, chap. 8, “Women in Camp,” 232.

36. Chernyakhovsky wrote Solzhenitsyn from the safety of Canada, where he was visiting that winter; it would have been mortally dangerous, and in any case physically impossible, for him to send such a letter from the USSR to Solzhenitsyn in America during the intervening years.

37. “But on, on with our story!”: Solzhenitsyn is adapting a line from Pushkin’s *Eugene Onegin*, chapter 6, stanza IV: “Вперёд, вперёд, моя история!”

38. “another Bloody Sunday”: Solzhenitsyn is referring to 9 January 1905, when unarmed demonstrators were shot at by the tsar’s guards, resulting in many casualties and ushering in the Revolution of 1905.

39. “Twentieth Congress”: see 405, note 51 in this volume.

40. “True ‘atomic’ version”: Solzhenitsyn is referring to his *In the First Circle* in its true uncensored ninety-six-chapter version—with a plotline dealing with Soviet stealing of nuclear secrets from America—in contrast with his “lightened” eighty-seven-chapter version where an experimental-drug plotline is substituted.

41. “Czechoslovak Writers’ Congress”: see *The Oak and the Calf*, 222.

### Notes to the Appendices

1. Although it has never previously appeared in full in English, large portions of this interview appeared in an AP story, taken up by myriad newspapers, on 19 February 1974. See, e.g., “Solzhenitsyn Still Defiant, Eager to Get on with Work,” *New York Times*, 19 February 1974, 3.

2. Jesse Helms (NC), “Honorary Citizenship for Solzhenitsyn,” *Congressional Record (Senate)* for 18 February 1974, vol. 120 (1974, 93rd Congress, 2nd Session), 3117–18.

3. On 18–19 February 1974, Senator Helms introduced the first of several Senate resolutions granting Solzhenitsyn honorary United States citizenship. See, e.g., S. J. Resolution 188, 19 February 1974.

4. “Solzhenitsyn: ‘Spiritual Death Has . . . Touched Us All,’” *Washington Post*, 18 February 1974, A26. This is the headline under which the *Washington Post* published here the full text of Solzhenitsyn’s essay “Live Not by Lies!” released by him upon his arrest six days earlier.

5. This letter appeared under the headline “Solzhenitsyn Declines an Offer from AFL-CIO to Tour U.S.,” *New York Times*, 15 March 1974, 12. It is rendered here in that translation with a few corrections for accuracy.

6. This article by Solzhenitsyn appeared in *Time*, 27 May 1974, 51. It is rendered here in that translation with a few corrections for accuracy.

7. Mayakovsky Street in Prague is now Pelléova Street.

8. *Novy Mir*: the pre-eminent Soviet literary journal of the postwar period.

9. *Nasha Strana (Our Country)*: Russian-language weekly newspaper in Tel Aviv, published from 1968 until 2002.

10. This letter was printed in both Russian and German under the headline “Ein Tribunal gegen den Archipel?” (“A Tribunal against the Archipelago?”), *Der Spiegel*, 18 November 1974 (no. 47), 130–33. Available at [spiegel.de/spiegel/print/d-41651352.html](http://spiegel.de/spiegel/print/d-41651352.html).

11. “Solschenizyn: ‘Morgenröte der Vernichtung’” (“Solzhenitsyn: ‘Dawn of Annihilation’”), *Der Spiegel*, 28 October 1974 (no. 44), 121–26. Available at [spiegel.de/spiegel/print/d-41652111.html](http://spiegel.de/spiegel/print/d-41652111.html).

12. “Moscow Appeal”: this document, signed by ten Moscow dissidents, called for the publication in the USSR of both *The Gulag Archipelago* and KGB archives.

13. *Corriere Della Sera*: major Italian daily newspaper, published in Milan.
14. Solzhenitsyn is referring to the resolution of the Zemstvo Congress, calling for a constitution and parliament, that soon led to “Bloody Sunday” and the Revolution of 1905. For more details on this episode in the Nabokov apartment, see *November 1916*, chap. 7: 67–70.
15. This statement, together with a sample forgery, was published in the *Los Angeles Times*, 24 May 1976, D7, under the headline “Solzhenitsyn Claims KGB Agents Forged Letter Defaming Him.” It is rendered here in that translation with a few corrections for accuracy.
16. This letter was published in Russian in *Sion* (Tel-Aviv), no. 16 (1976).
17. This letter, accompanied by a story by Robert G. Kaiser, appeared in the *Washington Post* on 1 March 1977, A1 and A6.
18. This statement appeared under the headline “Solschenizyn und der ‘Blick’” (“Solzhenitsyn and *Blick*”) on page 19 of the 4 August 1977 issue of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, the premier Swiss daily newspaper (published in Zurich).
19. *Blick*, 3 June 1977. See also *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, 5 June 1977, 13.
20. This memorandum was published in Russian in *Kontinent*, no. 75 (1993), 217.
21. These memoranda were published in Russian in the journal *Express-Khronika*, 17 January 1993. The first one also appears in English in *The Solzhenitsyn Files: Secret Soviet Documents Reveal One Man’s Fight Against the Monolith*, ed. Michael Scammell, trans. Catherine A. Fitzpatrick (Carol Stream, IL: edition q, 1995), 448.





## INDEX OF SELECTED NAMES

- Afonsky, Georgi.** *See* Gregory [born Georgi Sergeevich Afonsky].
- Alberti.** *See* Ilovaiskaya [married name Alberti], Irina Alekseevna.
- Aleksandr III** (1845–1894): emperor (tsar) of Russia, reigned from 1881 until 1894, succeeded by his son, Nikolai II.
- Alex.** *See* Vinogradov, Fr. Alexis.
- Alliluyeva [née Stalina], Svetlana Iosifovna** (1926–2011): philologist, daughter of Stalin, lived in the West 1966–84 and again 1986–2011.
- Alya.** *See* Solzhenitsyna, Natalia.
- Andreev, Aleksandr Vadimovich**, “Sasha” (1937–2016): translator, brother of Olga Carlisle, son of Vadim Andreev.
- Andreev, Vadim Leonidovich** (1903–1976): writer, son of the writer Leonid Nikolae-  
vich Andreev (1871–1919), emigrated in 1920, member of the French Resistance,  
from 1948 took Soviet citizenship and traveled frequently to the USSR, though  
continuing to live abroad.
- Andreeva, Olga Viktorovna** (1903–1978): wife of Vadim Andreev, mother of Alek-  
sandr Andreev and Olga Carlisle.
- Andropov, Yuri Vladimirovich** (1914–1984): chairman of the KGB from 1967 until  
1982, then leader of the USSR from 1982 until 1984.
- Anthony** [born Andrei Borisovich Bloom] (1914–2003): Metropolitan Anthony of  
Sourozh, major figure in twentieth-century Orthodoxy, best known as a preacher/  
broadcaster and archbishop of Great Britain and Ireland from 1962 until 2003.
- Anthony** [born Andrei Georgievich Bartoshevich] (1910–1993): Archbishop of Geneva  
from 1963 until 1993.
- Anthony** [born Count Aleksei Georgievich Grabbe] (1926–2005): Bishop Anthony,  
defrocked in 1986.
- Armand, Inessa Fyodorovna** [born Elisabeth-Inès Stéphane d’Herbenville] (1874–1920):  
revolutionary and close associate of Lenin.
- Augstein, Rudolf Karl** (1923–2002): German journalist, founder and publisher of the  
weekly journal *Der Spiegel* from 1947 until 2002.
- Azbel, David Semyonovich** (1911–2002): chemist, emigrated in 1974, champion of  
Lyuba Markish.
- Bakhmeteff, Boris Aleksandrovich** (1880–1951): hydrodynamic engineer, business-  
man, only ambassador of the Russian Provisional Government to the United States  
(1917), professor of civil engineering at Columbia University. Founder, together  
with Lev Magerovsky and Philip Mosely, of the renowned émigré archive (primarily  
of the First Wave) that was to be named in his honor after his death. Not to be

- confused with—nor related to—Georgi Petrovich Bakhmeteff (1847–1928), the last tsarist Russian ambassador to the United States, 1911–17.
- Bankoul** [*née Kirpichyova*], **Maria Aleksandrovna** (b. 1929): professor of Russian language and literature at the University of Zurich, wife of Viktor Bankoul.
- Bankoul, Viktor Sergeevich** (1931–2003): Russian-Swiss engineer, close friend of Solzhenitsyn, husband of Maria Bankoul.
- Bartoshevich**. *See* Anthony [born Andrei Georgievich Bartoshevich].
- Bethell, Lord Nicholas William** (1938–2007): English politician, historian, supporter of Soviet dissidents, co-translator (with David Burg) of *Cancer Ward*, author of *The Last Secret: Forcible Repatriation to Russia, 1944–47*.
- Betta**. *See* Markstein [*née* Kopenig], Elisabeth.
- Blake, Patricia** (1925–2010): American journalist and translator.
- Bloom**. *See* Anthony [born Andrei Borisovich Bloom].
- Bogrov, Dmitri Grigorievich** [born Mordko Gershkovich] (1887–1911): anarchist, double agent, assassin of Prime Minister Pyotr Stolypin. *See* *August 1914*.
- Böll, Heinrich** (1917–1985): German writer and 1972 Nobel laureate.
- Brezhnev, Leonid Ilyich** (1906–1982): Soviet politician, leader of the USSR from 1964 until his death in 1982.
- Büchner, Karl Georg** (1813–1837): German dramatist.
- Bukovsky, Vladimir Konstantinovich** (b. 1942): author, political activist, founder of the dissident movement of the 1960s and 70s, spent twelve years in psychiatric prisons and labor camps, expelled from the USSR in 1976.
- Burg, David** [born Aleksandr Moiseevich Dolberg] (b. 1933): British philologist, born in the USSR, emigrated in 1956, co-translator (with Nicholas Bethell) of *Cancer Ward*, co-author (with George Feifer) of *Solzhenitsyn: A Biography*.
- Canfield, Augustus Cass** (1897–1986): leading American publisher, longtime head of Harper & Row.
- Carl XVI Gustaf** (b. 1936): King of Sweden (since 1973).
- Carlisle, Henry Coffin** (1926–2011): writer and translator, husband of Olga Carlisle.
- Carlisle** [*née Andreeva*], **Olga Vadimovna** (b. 1930): Russian-French-American translator, painter, journalist, publisher, daughter of Vadim Andreev, sister of Aleksandr Andreev, wife of Henry Carlisle.
- Carter** [*née Smith*], **Eleanor Rosalynn** (b. 1927): wife of US president Jimmy Carter.
- Carter, James “Jimmy” Earl, Jr.** (b. 1924): American politician, governor of Georgia from 1971 until 1975, then thirty-ninth president of the United States from 1977 until 1981.
- Chalidze, Valeri Nikolaevich** (1938–2018): physicist and dissident, emigrated to the United States in 1972.
- Charlton, Michael** (b. 1927): Australian-born journalist and broadcaster, worked for the BBC in the UK for many years.
- Chukovskaya, Elena Tsezarevna**, “Lyusha” (1931–2015): Russian author and close collaborator of Solzhenitsyn, daughter of Lidia Korneevna Chukovskaya, granddaughter of Kornei Ivanovich Chukovsky. *See* *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 8.
- Cohen, Geulah** (b. 1925): Israeli politician, founder of the Tehiya party.

- Coulter, Harris L.** (1932–2009): medical doctor, author of books on medicine, translator (together with Nataly Martin) of Solzhenitsyn's American speeches of the summer of 1975.
- Crepeau, Frank** (1932–2006): foreign correspondent and Moscow Bureau Chief for the Associated Press, first interviewed Solzhenitsyn in 1973 during the height of his confrontation with the KGB.
- Cronkite, Walter Leland, Jr.** (1916–2009): American broadcast journalist, served as anchorman for the *CBS Evening News* from 1962 until 1981.
- Curto, Anthony** (b. 1936): American lawyer, associate of Olga Carlisle.
- Danilevsky, Nikolai Yakovlevich** (1822–1885): Russian botanist, philosopher, historian, lead proponent of Pan-Slavism (the nineteenth-century idea of the unification of all Slavic peoples).
- Delianich [née Stepanova], Ariadna Ivanovna** (1909–1981): journalist and author, emigrated in 1920, editor-in-chief of the San Francisco newspaper *Russkaya Zhizn* (*Russian Life*) from 1953 until 1973.
- Demichev, Pyotr Nilovich** (1918–2010): hardline Soviet ideologue, minister of culture (1974–86). See *The Oak and the Calf*, trans. Harry Willetts (New York: Harper & Row, 1979), esp. 91–127.
- Dimitri.** See Turin, Dimitri Andreevich.
- Dingens, Peter** (b. 1935): press secretary of the West German embassy in Moscow, met Solzhenitsyn at the Frankfurt airport on 13 February 1974.
- Dolberg.** See Burg, David [born Aleksandr Moiseevich Dolberg].
- Dolgan.** See Dolgun [or Dolgan; or Dovgun-Dolzhin] Alexander Mikhailovich.
- Dolgun [or Dolgan; or Dovgun-Dolzhin] Alexander Mikhailovich** (1926–1986): son of an American engineer, forced to remain in the USSR, file clerk at the US embassy in Moscow, arrested in 1948, tortured, and sent to the camps. Eventually allowed to emigrate in 1971, returned to the United States. Published a best seller, *Alexander Dolgun's Story: An American in the Gulag* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1975).
- Dönhoff, Countess Marion Hedda Ilse von** (1909–2002): German journalist, editor-in-chief of *Die Zeit* from 1972 until her death in 2002.
- Dovgun.** See Dolgun [or Dolgan; or Dovgun-Dolzhin] Alexander Mikhailovich.
- Dubček, Alexander** (1921–1992): Slovak politician and, briefly, leader of Czechoslovakia (1968–69) during the famed “Prague Spring,” forced to resign following the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia.
- Durand, Claude** (1938–2015): French writer, publisher, longtime worldwide literary agent of Solzhenitsyn.
- Durova, Anastasia Borisovna, “Asya,” “Vasya”** (1908–1999): nurse, teacher, emigrated abroad 1919–23, converted to Catholicism and became a nun, on staff at the French embassy in Moscow from 1964 until 1977, “invisible ally.” See *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 11, “A New Network.”
- Dzerzhinsky, Felix Edmundovich, “Iron Felix”** (1877–1926): founder and director of the Soviet secret police in its multiple incarnations (Cheka, GPU, OGPU, etc.).
- Eisenhower, Gen. Dwight David, “Ike”** (1890–1969): American general and politician, supreme Allied commander during World War II, president of Columbia University

- from 1948 until 1953, thirty-fourth president of the United States from 1953 until 1961.
- Erikson [born Salomonsen], Erik Homburger** (1902–1994): Danish-German-American anthropologist and psychoanalyst, author, professor at Harvard University in the 1960s.
- Etkind, Efim Grigorievich** (1918–1999): Russian philologist. Solzhenitsyn presents some details of his case, and the related one of Gabriel Superfin, and defends them, in his article in *Aftenposten* (Oslo), 27 May 1974.
- Eva**. See Stolyarova, Natalia Ivanovna.
- Ezepov, Ivan Ivanovich** (1912–2010): investigator in charge of Solzhenitsyn's 1945 case. See *The Gulag Archipelago* (New York: HarperCollins, 2007), vol. 1, pt. I, chap. 3, "The Interrogation," 134–42.
- Ezherets [married names Simonyan, Somova], Lidia Abramovna** (1919–1980): philologist, school friend of Solzhenitsyn, married for a time to Kirill Simonyan.
- Fediay, Victor Alekseevich** (1913/14?–1993): lobbyist, analyst, researcher on Russian and East European affairs.
- Feifer, George** (b. 1934): American writer and journalist, co-author (with David Burg) of *Solzhenitsyn: A Biography*.
- Flamand, Paul** (1909–1988): French publisher of Solzhenitsyn, head of Éditions du Seuil.
- Flegon, Alec [born Oleg Vasilievich Flegont]** (1924–2003): London-based publisher.
- Fleissner, Herbert** (b. 1928): German lawyer, publisher, head of Langen Müller.
- Ford, Gerald Rudolph, Jr.** (1913–2006): American politician, fortieth vice-president of the United States from 1973 until 1974, and then its thirty-eighth president from 1974 until 1977.
- Franco Bahamonde, Gen. Francisco** (1892–1975): Spanish general who ruled over Spain as "Caudillo" from 1939, after the Nationalist victory in the Spanish Civil War, until his death in 1975.
- Franz Joseph II** (1906–1989): Prince of Liechtenstein from 1938 until his death in 1989.
- Fredrikson, Stig** (b. 1945): Swedish correspondent in Moscow, acted as a courier for Solzhenitsyn, smuggling out books and documents to the West. See *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 13, "The Foreigners."
- Furgler, Kurt** (1924–2008): longtime member of the Swiss Federal Council, president of Switzerland in 1977, 1981, 1985.
- Gayler, Erich** (1916–1989): Swiss lawyer.
- Gierow, Karl Ragnar** (1904–1982): chairman of the Swedish Academy's Nobel Committee from 1970 until 1980.
- Ginzburg, Aleksandr Ilyich, "Alik"** (1936–2002): journalist, poet, dissident, compiler of "White Book" on Sinyavsky-Daniel trial, first Russian administrator of the Russian Social Fund, arrested three times, deported to the United States in 1979.
- Glazkov, Vasili Grigorievich [in German spelling Wasili G. Glaskow]** (n.d.): author of *The History of the Cossacks* (New York: Robert Speller & Sons, 1968). CIA docu-

ments declassified in 2006 show that he was suspected of being a Soviet agent as far back as 1951.

- Goldberg, Anatoli Maksimovich**, “Anatol” (1910–1982): Russian-British broadcaster, head of the BBC Russian Service from 1946 until 1958.
- Grabbe**. See Anthony [born Count Aleksei Georgievich Grabbe].
- Gregory** [born Georgi Sergeevich Afonsky], “Bisha-Grisha” (1925–2008): Archbishop of Sitka and Alaska from 1973 until 1995, author of books on theology and Orthodoxy.
- Grigorenko, Gen. Pyotr Grigorievich** (1907–1987): Soviet general, forsook a top military career to protest numerous Soviet injustices, condemned to prisons and notorious psychiatric wards until his eventual release to the West in 1977.
- Guchkov, Aleksandr Ivanovich** (1862–1936): Russian politician, president of the Third Duma, Minister of War in the Provisional Government. See *Red Wheel*.
- Gul, Roman Borisovich** (1896–1986): writer, participated in the famed Ice March during the Russian Civil War, emigrated in 1919, editor-in-chief of the literary quarterly *Novy Zhurnal (New Review)* from 1959 until his death in 1986.
- Haruns**. See Sylvester [born Ivan Antonovich Haruns].
- Heeb, Fritz** (1911–1994): Swiss lawyer charged with oversight of Solzhenitsyn’s publications and translations in the West in the years before the author’s 1974 exile from the USSR. One of Solzhenitsyn’s “Three Pillars of Support” in the West (together with Elisabeth Markstein and Nikita Struve) in the years before the author’s expulsion from the USSR. See *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 12.
- Hegge, Per Egil** (b. 1940): Norwegian journalist, first to interview Solzhenitsyn after he received the Nobel Prize.
- Heinrich**. See Böll, Heinrich.
- Helms, Sen. Jesse** (1921–2008): American politician, served as senator for North Carolina from 1973 until 2003.
- Holenstein, Peter** (b. 1946): Swiss journalist and writer.
- Holmston-Smyslovsky**. See Smyslovsky, Gen. Boris Alekseevich.
- Ilovaiskaya [married name Alberti], Irina Alekseevna** (1924–2000): Russian émigré journalist and activist, editor-in-chief of *Russkaya Mysl* (the premier Russian newspaper in the West) from 1979 until her death in 2000, assistant, secretary, interpreter to Solzhenitsyn from 1976 until 1979 in Vermont.
- Íñigo Gómez, José María** (1942–2018): Spanish journalist, radio and television presenter, actor.
- Ivan Ivanovich**. See Sapiets, Janis.
- Jackson, Sen. Henry Martin “Scoop”** (1912–1983): American politician, served as U.S. representative and senator for Washington from 1941 until 1983.
- Jasný, Vojtěch** (b. 1925): Czech film director.
- Juan Carlos I** (b. 1938): King of Spain from 1975 until his abdication in 2014 in favor of his son, Felipe VI.
- Kaempfe, Alexander** (1930–1988): German translator, journalist, and writer, promoted Russian literature in Germany, translator of *August 1914*.
- Kálmán [Makinskaya, née Mendelson], Vera Fyodorovna** (1907–1999): Russian-born film actress, wife of the operetta composer Imre Kálmán (1882–1953).

- Kalugin, Gen. Oleg Danilovich** (b. 1934): former KGB general, defected in 1995.
- Kämpfe.** *See* Kaempfe, Alexander.
- Kargon, Fr. Aleksandr** (1897–1989): from 1958 until 1966 (and again from 1973 until 1989) parish priest of the church the Solzhenitsyns attended in Zurich, the Church of the Veil of Our Lady, Haldenbachstrasse 2.
- Kasack, Wolfgang** (1927–2003): German Slavicist.
- Katya.** *See* Svetlova, Ekaterina Ferdinandovna.
- Katzir [born Katchalsky], Ephraim** (1916–2009): Israeli physicist, politician, president of Israel from 1974 until 1978.
- Khama, Sir Seretse Goitsebeng Maphiri** (1921–1980): the first president of Botswana, from 1966 until his death in 1980.
- Khrushchev, Nikita Sergeevich** (1894–1971): Soviet politician, leader of the USSR from 1953 until 1964.
- Kind, Natalia Vladimirovna**, “Princess” (1917–1992): geologist, “invisible ally.” *See Invisible Allies*, Sketch 11, “A New Network.”
- Kirkland, Lane** (1922–1999): American labor-union leader, succeeded George Meany as head of the AFL-CIO (from 1979 until 1995).
- Kirochka.** *See* Simonyan, Kirill Semyonovich.
- Kissinger, Henry Alfred** [born Heinz Alfred Kissinger] (b. 1923): American politician, served as US secretary of state from 1973 until 1977.
- Klementiev, Vasili Fyodorovich** (1890–1981): artillery captain in World War I, member of the Union for the Defense of Motherland and Freedom, emigrated in 1920, author of *V bolshevitskoi Moskve, 1918–1920* (Moscow: Russkiy put, 1998).
- Kobozev, Nikolai Ivanovich** (1903–1974): professor of chemistry at Moscow University, “invisible ally.” *See Invisible Allies*, Sketch 2.
- König, Franz** (1905–2004): Cardinal of Vienna from 1956 until 1985.
- Kopelev, Lev Zinovievich [Zalmanovich]** (1912–1997): writer and historian of literature, in the camps from 1945 until 1954, including at the Marfino *sharashka* together with Solzhenitsyn, prototype of Rubin in the novel *In the First Circle*, emigrated in 1980.
- Koplenig.** *See* Markstein [née Koplénig], Elisabeth.
- Krivorotov, Vasili Ivanovich** (1901–1984): writer and publicist, active in the White movement, emigrated in 1920.
- Krupskaya, Nadezhda Konstantinovna** (1869–1939): Bolshevik revolutionary, wife of Vladimir Lenin.
- Kryuchkov, Vladimir Aleksandrovich** (1924–2007): Soviet politician, diplomat, head of the KGB’s foreign operations from 1974 until 1978, chairman of the KGB from 1988 until 1991, member of the Politburo.
- Kurdyumov, Valeri Nikolaevich** (b. 1937): physicist, “invisible ally.” *See Invisible Allies*, Sketch 11, “A New Network.”
- Kutepov, Gen. Aleksandr Pavlovich** (1882–1930): Russian general, a leader of the White Army during the Russian Civil War (1917–22), lived in exile in France, abducted by Soviet secret police in Paris in 1930.

- Kuznetsov, Anatoli Vasilievich** (1929–1979): Russian writer, best known for his novel *Babi Yar* (1966), which describes mass atrocities during World War II in German-occupied Kiev. Defected to the West in 1969. In 1970 Farrar, Straus and Giroux published, under the pseudonym “A. Anatoli,” a translation of the full uncensored version of *Babi Yar* (not to be confused with the 1961 poem by Evgeni Evtushenko).
- Łabędź, Leopold**, “Leo” (1920–1993): Polish-British journalist and political scientist, interned in Soviet camps during World War II, settled in the UK after the war. Editor of *Solzhénitsyn: A Documentary Record*, 2nd ed. (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1973).
- Lady**. See Medvedeva-Tomashevskaya [née Blinova], Irina Nikolaevna.
- Lakshin, Vladimir Yakovlevich** (1933–1993): literary critic, worked at *Novy Mir* in the 1960s. See *The Oak and the Calf*.
- Lamsdorff [-Galagane], Count Grigori Pavlovich** (1910–2004): engineer, emigrated in 1920, fought in Spanish Civil War on Nationalist side, father of Vladimir Lamsdorff-Galagane.
- Lamsdorff [-Galagane], Count Vladimir Grigorievich** (b. 1938): lawyer, teacher, translator into Spanish of many of Solzhénitsyn’s works, son of Grigori Lamsdorff-Galagane.
- Lenin [born Ulyanov], Vladimir Ilyich** (1870–1924): Bolshevik revolutionary, leader of Russia (and later the USSR) from 1917 until his death in 1924.
- Levitan, Isaak Ilyich** (1860–1900): famed Russian landscape painter.
- Lichko**. See Ličko, Pavel.
- Ličko, Pavel** (1922–1988): Slovak journalist and translator.
- Lifar, Leonid Mikhailovich** (1906–1982): émigré typesetter, typeset the very first edition of *The Gulag Archipelago*, brother of the famous dancer and choreographer Serge Lifar.
- Likhachov, Dmitri Sergeevich** (1906–1999): Russian medievalist and linguist.
- Liza**. See Markstein [née Kopenig], Elisabeth.
- Lord, Winston** (b. 1937): American diplomat, senior aide to Henry Kissinger, later US ambassador to China (1985–89) and assistant secretary of state (1993–97).
- Louis, Victor** [born Vitali Evgenievich Louis] (1928–1992): British-Soviet journalist with longtime direct ties to the KGB. See *The Oak and the Calf*, trans. Harry Willetts (New York: Harper & Row, 1979), 205–9, 483, 508.
- Luchsinger, Fred** (1921–2009): Swiss journalist, editor-in-chief from 1968 until 1984 of the premier Swiss daily *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*.
- Lyusha**. See Chukovskaya, Elena Tsezarevna.
- Magerovsky, Lev Florianovich** (1896–1986): fought in World War I, then in the White Army, emigrated in 1920, one of the founders of the Russian Émigré Historical Archive in Prague; after the latter was expropriated by Soviet “liberators” in 1945, Magerovsky moved to the United States and founded, together with Boris Bakhmeteff and Philip Mosely, the renowned émigré archive (primarily of the First Wave) that became known as the “Bakhmeteff Archive.” Magerovsky remained as the Archive’s chief curator until its transfer to Columbia University in 1977.



- Makarova, Natalia Romanovna** (b. 1940): famous Russian ballerina, defected in 1970.
- Makinskaya.** See Kálmán [Makinskaya, née Mendelson], Vera Fyodorovna.
- Mandelstam [née Khazina], Nadezhda Yakovlevna** (1899–1980): philologist, author, memoirist, wife of the poet Osip Mandelstam, “invisible ally.”
- Markish (née Khalip), Lyuba** [also spelled Luba] (b. 1946): chemist, victim of clandestine Soviet human experiments.
- Markov, Georgi** (1929–1978): Bulgarian dissident writer, assassinated by the KGB with a poisoned umbrella tip on 7 September 1978 in London.
- Markstein [née Kopenig], Elisabeth, “Liza,” “Betta”** (1929–2013): Solzhenitsyn’s friend and translator, Austrian professor and translator of Russian literature. She translated the first German edition of *The Gulag Archipelago* under the pseudonym “Anna Peturnig.” One of Solzhenitsyn’s “Three Pillars of Support” in the West (together with Fritz Heeb and Nikita Struve) in the years before the author’s expulsion from the USSR. See *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 12.
- Maximov, Vladimir Emelianovich** [born Lev Alekseevich Samsonov] (1930–1995): Russian writer and dissident, founder and editor-in-chief of the journal *Kontinent*.
- Meany, George** (1894–1980): first president of the AFL-CIO (American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations).
- Medvedev, Roy Aleksandrovich** (b. 1925): Soviet dissident historian associated with the idea of “socialism with a human face,” has argued that the offenses of the Stalin era were accidental deformations in a fundamentally sound Marxist-Leninist system; twin brother of Zhores Medvedev.
- Medvedev, Zhores Aleksandrovich** (b. 1925): biologist, opposed Lysenko’s genetics, arrested and confined in a psychiatric institution (1970) for criticizing the regime, released after international protests, stripped of Soviet citizenship while in England; twin brother of Roy Medvedev.
- Medvedeva-Tomashevskaya [née Blinova], Irina Nikolaevna, “Lady,”** (1903–1973): influential critic, author of a study disputing Mikhail Sholokhov’s authorship of *And Quiet Flows the Don* (for which he was awarded the 1965 Nobel Prize in Literature). See *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 14, “Troubled Waters of the Quiet Don.”
- Meier-Hayoz, Arthur** (1922–2003): renowned Swiss legal scholar, law professor at University of Zurich from 1957 until 1985.
- Mihajlov, Mihajlo** (1934–2010): born in Yugoslavia into a family of Russian émigrés, professor of Russian literature, dissident.
- Mikhailov, Boris Borisovich** (b. 1941): art historian and critic, later ordained priest, “invisible ally.”
- Milka.** See Tatishchev, Count Stepan Nikolaevich.
- Miller, Arthur Asher** (1915–2005): renowned American playwright.
- Miller, Gen. Evgeni-Ludvig Karlovich** (1867–1939): Russian general, a leader of the White Army during the Russian Civil War (1917–22), lived in exile in France, abducted by Soviet secret police in Paris in 1937, smuggled to Moscow, executed in 1939.
- Mondale, Sen. Walter Frederick “Fritz”** (b. 1928): American politician, served as sena-

- tor for Minnesota from 1964 until 1976, and as the forty-second vice president of the United States from 1977 until 1981.
- Morozov, Ivan Vasilievich** (1919–1978): director of the YMCA-Press publishing house from 1948 until 1978.
- Moscardó Ituarte, Count José** (1878–1956): military governor of Toledo Province during the Spanish Civil War. Famous for his defense and holding of the Alcázar of Toledo against Republican forces during the Siege of the Alcázar in the summer of 1936.
- Mosely, Philip Edward** (1905–1972): professor at Columbia University and a leading Russianist, Sovietologist, Kremlinologist; founder (1946) and director (1951–55) of the Russian Institute at Columbia. Founder, together with Lev Magerovsky and Boris Bakhmeteff, of the renowned émigré archive (primarily of the First Wave) that became known as the “Bakhmeteff Archive.”
- Moynihan, Sen. Daniel Patrick, “Pat”** (1927–2003): American politician, US ambassador to the UN from 1975 until 1976, then senator for New York from 1977 until 2001.
- Mozhaev, Boris Andreevich** (1923–1996): Russian writer.
- Nabokov, Vladimir Dmitrievich** (1869–1922): lawyer, politician, a founder of the Constitutional-Democratic party, emigrated in 1919, father of the writer V. V. Nabokov.
- Nabokov, Vladimir Vladimirovich** (1899–1977): Russian-American writer, emigrated in 1919, son of the politician V. D. Nabokov.
- Nannen, Henri** (1913–1996): German journalist and wartime Nazi propagandist, founder and editor-in-chief of *Der Stern* from 1948 until 1980.
- Natasha.** See Reshetovskaya, Natalia Alekseevna.
- Nicholas II.** See Nikolai II.
- Nikolai II** (1868–1918): last emperor (tsar) of Russia, reigned from 1894 until his abdication in 1917, murdered with his wife and children by the Bolsheviks.
- Obzina, Jaromír** (1929–2003): Czech politician, interior minister of Czechoslovakia from 1973 until 1983.
- Odom, Gen. William Eldridge** (1932–2008): assistant military attaché at the US embassy in Moscow from 1972 until 1974, later three-star general and director of the National Security Agency from 1985 until 1988, key “invisible ally.” See *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 13, “The Foreigners.”
- Ogurtsov, Igor Vyacheslavovich** (b. 1937): one of the longest-jailed political prisoners in the USSR.
- Olsufieva, Countess Maria Vasilievna** (1907–1988): Russian émigré religious activist and translator of Russian literature (including *The Gulag Archipelago*) into Italian.
- Orekhov, Vasili Vasilievich** (1896–1990): founder and editor of the émigré journal *Chasovoi* (*La Sentinelle*; *The Sentinel*), Brussels, from 1929 until 1988.
- Osipov, Vladimir Nikolaevich** (b. 1938): right-wing publicist, founder of the samizdat journal *Veche* (*Assembly*).
- Palchinsky, Pyotr Akimovich** (1875–1929): engineer, economist, politician, executed

- on a trumped-up charge of вредительство (sabotage). See *Red Wheel*, where Palchinsky appears under the name of Obodovsky.
- Panin, Dmitri Mikhailovich** (1911–1987): thinker and author, friend of Solzhenitsyn from the camps, including from the Marfino *sharashka*; the prototype of Sologdin in the novel *In the First Circle*, emigrated in 1972.
- Parvus, Aleksandr Lvovich** [born Israel Lazarevich Helfand] (1867–1924): revolutionary, played prominent part in the Revolution of 1905, invented theory of “permanent revolution,” successful businessman, funded revolutionaries (especially Bolsheviks).
- Pascal, Pierre** (1890–1983): French historian and Slavist.
- Pashin [born Paskhin], Nicholas** [Nikolai Sergeevich] (1908–1976): POW in Germany, author, professor of Russian language and literature at Stanford, brother of the writer Sergei Maksimov.
- Pashina, Elena Anatolievna** (1923–2007): librarian at the Hoover Institution, wife of Nicholas Pashin.
- Petliura, Symon Vasilyovich** (1879–1926): Ukrainian nationalist, head of state and of the military during the 1919–20 Ukrainian war for independence.
- Pipes, Richard Edgar** (1923–2018): Polish-American academic, professor of Russian history at Harvard, author, father of Middle-East expert Daniel Pipes.
- Platonov, Sergei Fyodorovich** (1860–1933): Russian historian.
- Platten, Fritz** (1883–1942): Swiss Communist, close associate of Lenin, arrested in 1938, executed in 1942.
- Pletnyov, Dmitri Dmitrievich** (1871/72?–1941): medical doctor and scientist, arrested and falsely convicted on a fabricated murder charge, tortured, eventually executed.
- Pobedonostsev, Konstantin Petrovich** (1827–1907): Russian jurist, writer, church historian, Ober-Procurator of the Most Holy Synod from 1880 until 1905.
- Polenov, Vasili Dmitrievich** (1844–1927): famed Russian landscape painter.
- Princess.** See Kind, Natalia Vladimirovna.
- Q.** See Voronyanskaya, Elizaveta Denisovna.
- Reagan, Ronald Wilson** (1911–2004): American actor, union leader, politician, governor of California from 1967 until 1975, then fortieth president of the United States from 1981 until 1989.
- Reshetovskaya, Natalia Alekseevna**, “Natasha” (1919–2003): first wife of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn.
- Řezáč, Tomáš** (1935–1992): Czech journalist, agent of the Czechoslovak secret police, credited as author of the 1978 book *Spiral izmeny Solzhenitsyna*, described by Solzhenitsyn as a flip-flopping weathervane and traitor, a «перемётная сума», and christened as Сума (=Turncoat in this translation)
- Rockefeller, Nelson Aldrich** (1908–1979): American politician, served as governor of New York from 1959 until 1973, then as the forty-first vice-president of the United States from 1974 until 1977.
- Rodionov, Vladimir Ivanovich.** See Serafim [born Vladimir Ivanovich Rodionov].
- Rokossovsky, Konstantin Konstantinovich** [Ksaverievich] (1894–1968): Soviet battlefield commander, Marshal of the Soviet Union.

- Ronalds, Francis** (1925–2014): Director of Radio Liberty from 1952 until 1977. US-funded, Munich-based Radio Liberty came to be a leading source of independent news for millions inside the Soviet Union during the Cold War, despite heavy jamming of its signal by the Soviet government.
- Rosalynn.** *See* Carter, Rosalynn.
- Rostropovich, Mstislav Leopoldovich** (1927–2007): Cellist and conductor, close friend of Solzhenitsyn. Husband of the soprano Galina Vishnevskaya. After increasing harassment for having befriended and sheltered Solzhenitsyn at their dacha in Zhukovka, near Moscow, Rostropovich and Vishnevskaya went abroad in 1974 and were eventually stripped of Soviet citizenship in 1978.
- Rozanova, Maria Vasilievna** (b. 1929): author and publisher, co-editor of the journal *Syntaxis*, emigrated in 1973, wife of Andrei Sinyavsky.
- Rzhezach.** *See* Rezáč, Tomáš.
- Sakharov, Andrei Dmitrievich** (1921–1989): nuclear physicist, inventor of the hydrogen bomb, dissident, 1975 laureate of the Nobel Peace Prize. Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov, perhaps more than any other individuals, were thought to personify the dissident movement of the 1960s and 70s.
- Salisbury, Harrison Evans** (1908–1993): American journalist and historian.
- Sapiets, Janis**, “Ivan Ivanovich” (1921–1983): Russian-Latvian émigré to the UK, Protestant pastor, major figure at the BBC Russian Service from 1962 until his death in 1983. He was in charge of the BBC’s religious broadcasting to Russia, and as such was known to millions of Russians as “Ivan Ivanovich.” In addition to the oral interview found on 391, note 4 in this volume (published in the 3 March 1979 issue of *Spectator*), Sapiets interviewed Solzhenitsyn twice more: these texts can be found, respectively, in the March 1975 issue of *Encounter* (67–72) and in the Summer and Autumn 1979 issues of the *Kenyon Review*. This last Sapiets-Solzhenitsyn interview was also broadcast on the Russian Service and then reprinted in Solzhenitsyn’s collection *East and West*, trans. Alexis Klimoff and Hillary Sternberg (New York: Harper & Row, 1980).
- Savinkov, Boris Viktorovich** (1879–1925): Socialist Revolutionary terrorist who later spearheaded armed resistance against the Bolsheviks, forming a Union for the Defense of Motherland and Freedom. Committed suicide (or killed?) in prison.
- Scammell, Michael** (b. 1935): British-American literary historian, critic, journalist, author of *Solzhenitsyn: A Biography*.
- Schlesinger, James Rodney** (1929–2014): American economist, director of the CIA, secretary of defense (1973–75), later secretary of energy (1977–79).
- Schmemann, Fr. Alexander** [Dmitrievich] (1921–1983): Orthodox priest, teacher, and theologian.
- Serafim** [born Vladimir Ivanovich Rodionov] (1905–1997): Bishop (later archbishop) of Zurich, son of the writer Ivan Aleksandrovich Rodionov (1866–1940).
- Shafarevich, Igor Rostislavovich** (1923–2017): Russian mathematician. An important dissident and thinker, he was one of the major contributors to the seminal collection *From Under the Rubble*, as well as author, in his own right, of *The Socialist*

- Phenomenon* (New York: Harper & Row, 1980). See especially *The Oak and the Calf*, trans. Harry Willetts (New York: Harper & Row, 1979), 403–7.
- Shcherbak, Zakhar Fyodorovich** (1858–1932): Solzhenitsyn’s maternal grandfather.
- Shlyapnikov, Aleksandr Gavrilovich** (1885–1937): Bolshevik revolutionary, trade-union leader, first Commissar of Labor after the October Revolution, expelled from the Central Committee in 1922, excluded from the Party in 1933, arrested 1935, executed. See *Red Wheel*.
- Shragin, Boris Iosifovich** [pseudonym “X. Y.”] (1926–1990): philosopher, author, dissident, emigrated in 1974.
- Shtein [née Turkina], Veronika Valentinovna** (b. 1926): dissident, cousin of Natalia Reshetovskaya (Solzhenitsyn’s first wife), emigrated abroad 1972, returned to Russia 2002.
- Simonyan, Kirill Semyonovich**, “Kirochka” (1918–1977): surgeon, professor, school-friend of Solzhenitsyn, married for a time to Lidia Ezherets. Author of the book *Hvem er Solzhenitsyn?* (*Who Is Solzhenitsyn?*) and star “witness” of Tomáš Řezáč in the book *Spiral izmeny Solzhenitsyna*.
- Sinyavskaya**. See Rozanova, Maria Vasilievna.
- Sinyavskaya-Rozanova**. See Rozanova, Maria Vasilievna.
- Sinyavsky, Andrei Donatovich** [pen name Abram Tertz] (1925–1997): Russian writer and dissident. Along with fellow writer Yuli Daniel, sentenced to hard labor in 1966 during a trial that came to be seen as a defining moment for the dissident movement. Husband of Maria Rozanova.
- Smyslovsky, Aleksei Konstantinovich** (1874–1935): colonel in the Imperial Russian Army, artillery commander, POW in Germany from 1914 until 1918, later imprisoned by the Soviets; father of Boris Smyslovsky; plays active role in *August 1914*.
- Smyslovsky [Holmston-Smyslovsky, Smyslovsky-Holmston], Gen. Boris Alekseevich** [pseudonyms “Artur Holmston” and “von Regenau”] (1897–1988): general in the Imperial Russian Army, then the White Army, then eventually commander of the volunteer First Russian National Army during World War II, under the auspices of the Wehrmacht. Son of Aleksei Smyslovsky.
- Smyslovsky-Holmston**. See Smyslovsky [Holmston-Smyslovsky, Smyslovsky-Holmston], Gen. Boris Alekseevich.
- Snelling, Gov. Richard Arkwright** (1927–1991): served as governor of Vermont from 1977 until 1985, and again in 1991.
- Solonevich, Boris Lukianovich** (1898–1989): Russian émigré author, younger brother of Ivan Solonevich.
- Solonevich, Ivan Lukianovich** (1891–1953): Russian émigré author, older brother of Boris Solonevich.
- Solovyov, Sergei Mikhailovich** (1820–1879): influential Russian historian, father of the philosopher Vladimir Sergeevich Solovyov (1853–1900).
- Solzhenitsyn, Ignat Aleksandrovich** (b. 1972): Solzhenitsyn’s middle son.
- Solzhenitsyn, Isai [Isaaki] Semyonovich** (1891–1918): Solzhenitsyn’s father, decorated artillery officer during World War I, died as result of hunting accident.

- Solzhenitsyn, Semyon Efimovich** (1846–1919): Solzhenitsyn’s paternal grandfather.
- Solzhenitsyn, Stepan Aleksandrovich** (b. 1973): Solzhenitsyn’s youngest son.
- Solzhenitsyn, Yermolai Aleksandrovich** (b. 1970): Solzhenitsyn’s eldest son.
- Solzhenitsyna [née Shcherbak], Taisia Zakharovna** (1894–1944): Solzhenitsyn’s mother.
- Solzhenitsyna [née Suslova], Pelageia Pankratievna** (?–1894): Solzhenitsyn’s paternal grandmother.
- Solzhenitsyna [née Svetlova], Natalia Dmitrievna, “Alya”** (b. 1939): Solzhenitsyn’s second wife, and mother of his three sons.
- Souvarine, Boris** [born Boris Konstantinovich Lifschitz] (1895–1984): French Marxist, Communist activist, member of Comintern, journalist.
- Sparre, Victor** (1919–2008): Norwegian painter, glass designer and writer.
- Spengler, Oswald Arnold Gottfried** (1880–1936): German historian, renowned especially for his *The Decline of the West* (1918–22).
- Springer, Axel** (1912–1985): German publisher and founder of a media empire.
- Stalin [born Dzhugashvili], Iosif [Joseph] Vissarionovich** (1878–1953): Bolshevik revolutionary, leader of the USSR from the mid-1920s until his death in 1953.
- Stolyarova, Natalia Ivanovna, “Eva”** (1912–1984): writer, Gulag prisoner, private secretary to the writer Ilya Ehrenburg, “invisible ally.” See *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 9.
- Stolypin, Pyotr Arkadievich** (1862–1911): preeminent Russian statesman of the pre-revolutionary period, prime minister from 1906 until his assassination in 1911 at the hand of Dmitri Bogrov. See *August 1914*.
- Struve, Nikita Alekseevich** (1931–2016): Russian émigré thinker and man of letters, professor at Sorbonne, editor-in-chief of *Vestnik (Messenger)*, very close friend and collaborator of Solzhenitsyn, and, as longtime head of the Russian-language Parisian house YMCA-Press, first publisher in the original Russian of the vast majority of Solzhenitsyn’s works. Author of *Les chrétiens en U.R.S.S.* (Paris: Seuil, 1963; then in English as *Christians in Contemporary Russia* [London: Harvill, 1966]). One of Solzhenitsyn’s “Three Pillars of Support” in the West (together with Fritz Heeb and Elisabeth Markstein) in the years before the author’s expulsion from the USSR. See *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 12.
- Superfin, Gabriel Gavrilovich** (b. 1943): Russian philologist. Solzhenitsyn presents some details of his case, and the related one of Efim Etkind, and defends them, in his article in *Aftenposten* (Oslo), 27 May 1974.
- Suvarin.** See Souvarine, Boris.
- Suvorov, Gen. Aleksandr Vasilievich** (1729–1800): Field marshal who led Russian armies in numerous wars during the reign of Catherine the Great; synonymous with Russian military glory. One of history’s handful of undefeated commanders.
- Svetlova, Ekaterina Ferdinandovna, “Katya”** (1919–2008): engineer, the mother of Natalia (“Alya”) Solzhenitsyna.
- Svetlova, Natalia Dmitrievna.** See Solzhenitsyna [née Svetlova], Natalia Dmitrievna.
- Sylvester** [born Ivan Antonovich Haruns] (1914–2000): Bishop from 1963 until 1966, and later archbishop from 1966 until 1981) of Montreal and Canada; one of the leading figures in North American Orthodoxy.

- Tatishchev, Count Stepan Nikolaevich**, “Milka” (1935–1985): professor at the University of Paris, cultural attaché at the French embassy in Moscow, “invisible ally.” See *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 13, “The Foreigners.”
- Tertz, Abram.** See Sinyavsky, Andrei Donatovich.
- Teush, Veniamin Lvovich** (1898–1973): engineer, anthroposophist, secret keeper of Solzhenitsyn archives, “invisible ally.” See *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 3.
- Thorne [née Zemlis], Ludmilla Karlisovna**, “Lyusia” (1938–2009): emigrated as a child in the Second Wave, public figure and human-rights campaigner, actively defended dissidents in the USSR, including Aleksandr Ginzburg.
- Timofeev-Resovsky, Nikolai Vladimirovich** (1900–1981): geneticist whom Solzhenitsyn first met at Butyrka prison in 1946. See *The Gulag Archipelago*, vol. 1, pt. II, chap. 4, “From Island to Island.”
- Tolstaya.** See Tolstoy, Alexandra.
- Tolstoy [Tolstaya], Countess Alexandra Lvovna** (1884–1979): youngest daughter of Leo Tolstoy, director of his museum in Yasnaya Polyana, emigrated in 1929, founder of the Tolstoy Foundation.
- Tomashevskaya.** See Medvedeva-Tomashevskaya [née Blinova], Irina Nikolaevna.
- Tregubov, Fr. Andrew [Semyonovich]** (b. 1951): emigrated in 1976, priest, icon painter, rector since 1978 of Holy Resurrection Orthodox Church in Claremont, New Hampshire, where Solzhenitsyn and his family attended services.
- Turin, Dimitri Andreevich** (1962–1994): Solzhenitsyn’s stepson (son of Natalia Solzhenitsyna and Andrei Tyurin).
- Turkina.** See Shtein [née Turkina], Veronika Valentinovna.
- Tvardovsky, Aleksandr Trifonovich** (1910–1971): poet, writer, editor-in-chief of *Novy Mir* from 1950 until 1954 and again from 1958 until 1970; largely responsible for pushing through the bombshell publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* in November 1962. See *The Oak and the Calf*.
- Tyurin, Andrei Nikolaevich** (1940–2002): Russian mathematician; first husband of Solzhenitsyn’s second wife, Natalia (“Alya”); father of Dimitri Turin.
- Ugrimov, Aleksandr Aleksandrovich** (1906–1981): one of the key “invisible allies” of Solzhenitsyn.
- Ulyanov, Aleksandr Ilyich** (1866–1887): revolutionary terrorist, older brother of Vladimir Lenin=Ulyanov.
- Ulyanov, Vladimir.** See Lenin [born Ulyanov], Vladimir Ilyich.
- Vinogradov, Fr. Alexis [Georgievich]**, “Alex” (b. 1946): architect, subsequently ordained priest, rector of St. Gregory the Theologian Church in Wappingers Falls, New York.
- Vishnevskaya, Galina Pavlovna** (1926–2012): Russian soprano, wife of Mstislav Rostropovich. After increasing harassment for having befriended and sheltered Solzhenitsyn at their dacha in Zhukovka, near Moscow, Rostropovich and Vishnevskaya went abroad in 1974 and were eventually stripped of Soviet citizenship in 1978.
- Vitkevich, Nikolai Dmitrievich**, “Koka” (1919–1988): Solzhenitsyn’s schoolfriend and fellow officer in the Red Army. Their wartime correspondence—flagged by censors—resulted in both men’s arrests and prison camp sentences. See *The Gulag*

- Archipelago* (New York: HarperCollins, 2007), vol. 1, pt. I, chap. 3, “The Interrogation,” 134–35.
- Voronyanskaya, Elizaveta Denisovna**, “Q” (1906–1973): secret keeper of Solzhenitsyn archives, “invisible ally.” For her tragic story, see *The Oak and the Calf*, trans. Harry Willetts (New York: Harper & Row, 1979), 345–48, and *Invisible Allies*, Sketch 5.
- Wallenberg, Raoul Gustaf** (1912–?): Swedish diplomat and humanitarian, arrested by SMERSH in Budapest in 1945; likely perished in Soviet prison in 1947.
- Weidemann, Jakob** (1923–2001): Norwegian painter.
- Whitney, Thomas Porter** (1917–2007): American diplomat, author, and translator, translated *First Circle* and the first two volumes of *The Gulag Archipelago*.
- Widmer, Sigmund** (1919–2003): Swiss politician, historian, and author; served as mayor of Zurich from 1966 until 1982.
- Willetts, Harry Taylor** (1922–2005): English scholar of Russian, professor of Russian history at Oxford University, prolific translator of Russian literature (often credited as H. T. Willetts). Translator of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, *Matryona’s Home*, vol. 3 of *The Gulag Archipelago*, *August 1914*, *November 1916*, *In the First Circle*, and other Solzhenitsyn works.
- Williams, Edward Bennett** (1920–1988): prominent American trial lawyer, founder of the law firm Williams & Connolly, owner of various professional sports teams.
- X. Y.** See Shragin, Boris Iosifovich.
- Yezepov.** See Ezepev, Ivan Ivanovich.
- Zavadsky, Yuri Aleksandrovich** (1894–1977): noted actor and theatre director, headed the Gorky Theatre in Rostov-on-Don from 1936 until 1940.
- Zhukovsky, Vasili Andreevich** (1783–1852): renowned Russian Romantic poet.
- Zilberberg, Ilya Iosifovich** (b. 1935): engineer, anthroposophist, author, emigrated in 1971, author of *Neobkhodimyy razgovor s Solzhenitsynym* (*An Unavoidable Conversation with Solzhenitsyn*).
- Zinoviev, Grigori Evseevich** [born Hirsch Apfelbaum, also known as Ovsei-Gershon Aronovich Radomyslsky] (1883–1936): Bolshevik revolutionary and close associate of Lenin.





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Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn (1918–2008), Nobel Prize laureate, was a Soviet political prisoner from 1945 to 1953. His story *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (1962) made him famous, and *The Gulag Archipelago* (1973) further unmasked Communism and played a critical role in its eventual defeat. Solzhenitsyn was exiled to the West in 1974. He ultimately published dozens of plays, poems, novels, and works of history, nonfiction, and memoir, including *In the First Circle*, *Cancer Ward*, and *The Oak and the Calf*.