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STUDENT RESEARCH REPORT

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THE DILEMNA OF SOVIET MAN: A STUDY OF THE UNDERGROUND LYRICS OF BULAT OKUDZHAVA AND ALEKSANDR GALICH

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THE DILEMMA OF SOVIET MAN: A STUDY OF THE UNDERGROUND LYRICS OF BULAT OKUDZHAVA AND ALEKSANDR GALICH

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By

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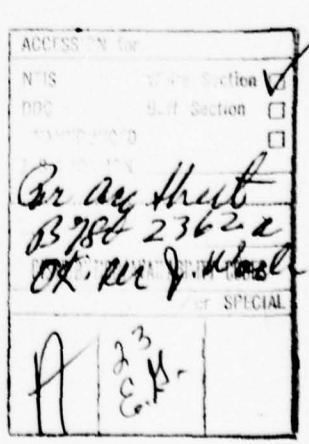
FOREWORD

This research project represents fulfillment of a student requirement for successful completion of the overseas phase of training of the Department of the Army's Foreign Area Officer Program (Russian).

Only unclassified sources are used in producing the research paper. The opinions, value judgments and conclusions expressed are those of the author and in no way reflect official policy of the United States Government; Department of Defense; Department of the Army; Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff of Intelligence; or the United states Army Institute for Advanced Russian and East European Studies.

Interested readers are invited to send their comments to the Commander of the Institute.

ROLAND LAJOIE
LTC, MI
Commander



ABSTRACT

PREFACE

The Soviet phenomenon, variously known as the Underground, Dissident, or Democratic Movement, came to the fore as a counter-measure to the tightening of controls after the Twentieth Communist Party Congress in 1956. The task of this loosely organized and essentially leaderless crusade was to disseminate, by a sort of osmosis, within the Soviet Union, a sense of decency, morality, and justice. The primary vehicles for bringing this cause out into the open were "open letters of protest," public demonstrations, disruption of Soviet political trials, and the creation of an illegal press known as Samizdat.

EROSION ?

The movement's significance, in terms of its social impact, was the fusion of two previously nonrelated groups: the literary intelligentsia and the scientific elite. Together they fought the system within the system: that is, they devoted most of their attention to resolving the discordance between the Soviet political complex and the question of individual rights. The history and development of this movement have been thoroughly examined and analyzed in such definitive

ABSTRACT

studies as: Andrei Amalrik, Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984 (1970); Prisilla Johnson, Khrushchev and the Arts: The Politics of Soviet Culture, 1962-1964 (1964); Mijailo Mijailov, Moscow Summer (1965); Peter Reddaway, Uncensored Russia: The Human Rights Movement in the Soviet Union (1972); Abraham Rothberg, The Heirs of Stalin: Dissidence and the Soviet Regime 1953-1970 (1972); Andrei Sakharov, Progress, Coexistence, and Intellectual Freedom (1968); George Saunders, Samizdat: Voices of the Soviet Opposition (1974); Anatole Shub, The New Russian Tragedy (1969); and Rudolf Toekes, Dissent in the USSR: Politics, Ideology, and People (1975).

However, since the breadth and scope of these studies is so extensive and their primary emphasis is on the political ramifications of the movement, insufficient time and space is allotted to any singular, non-theoretical aspect of the movement. Suffering most perhaps, is the oral lyrical forum which, oddly enough, by definition, attracts the largest audience.

This movement came about fortuitously when Lev Annensky of the Soviet journal Znamya recorded Bulat Okudzhava singing some of his poems.[1] This new mechanism for the dissemination of ideas was rapidly assimilated and, reminiscent of the troubador tradition in the West, a host

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[1]Reported by Mijailo Mijailov in Moscow Summer, New York, Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1965, p. 107.

of "oral-poets" appeared and vocalized their impressions and criticisms of the Soviet condition. In effect, the inaccessibility of the printed word had found an uncensorable outlet in this poetic genre.

For the purposes of this study, I have chosen to examine the underground lyrics of Bulat Okudzhava and Aleksandr Galich.[2]

Ideologically standing on opposite sides of the

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[2]Bulat Shalvovich Okudzhava was born in Moscow of a Georgian father and an Armenian mother in 1924. Although both of his parents were Communist Party members, his father was shot as a "Japanese spy" during the purges of the 1930's while his mother was imprisoned about the same time, being granted freedom only in 1956. Okudzhava volunteered for active duty during World War Two and saw some front-line action. After the war, he attended Tbilisi University and worked as a schoolteacher near Moscow. Since the mid-fifties, Okudzhava has been composing his poems and performing them in concerts throughout the Soviet Union and the West, mainly in Western Europe, where his last concert tour brought him to West Germany in 1976.

Aleksandr Arkad'evich Galich (born Ginzburg) was born in Moscow in 1919. Little is known about his early life. After graduating from the Stanislavsky Actors Studio, he became a professional playwright in 1945 and later ten of his plays were staged in the Soviet Union. In the early sixties, Galich started writing and singing the poems that form the subject of this paper. As early as 1968, Galich's anti-government poems attracted the attention of the authorities who forbade him to perform before a public audience. After having been expelled from the Writers Union and the Soviet Motion Pictures Union, Galich lost all means for making a living and was finally granted an exit visa from the Soviet Union under the Jewish emigre quota on June 25, 1974. Since that time, Galich has divided his time between Paris and Munich where he works at Radio Liberty as a radio commentator on Soviet affairs.

lyrical spectrum, I felt that they would best represent the totality of the movement. I have limited myself to those poems which treat the condition of the Soviet citizen, the problems he is confronted with on both the prosaic and spiritual planes. Clearly, these considerations are inseparable from socio-political realities and I have attempted, wherever appropriate, to reflect this relationship.

My material selection was obtained from Aleksandr Galich, Pokolenie Obrechennykh (The Generation of the Doomed) (1972) and Bulat Okudzhava, Proza i Poeziya (Prose and Poetry) (1968) and from magnetic tape recordings previously unavailable in the West.

I elected not to attempt a chronological analysis, but rather decided to limit myself to those poems and poetic cycles which best synthesize each poet's views on the subject under consideration.

My ultimate aim is, hopefully, to provide a further insight into the stark realities that have shaped Soviet society during the past twenty-five years and to contribute, in some small measure, to a better understanding of the problems faced by Soviet man within his environment.

This paper is dedicated to Dr. Alex Vorobiov without whose outstanding scholarly abilities, dedication

and understanding this work could not have been accomplished.

I would also like to acknowledge the excellent assistance of Dr. and Mrs. Jacob Ben-Tov and Mr. and Mrs. Oleg Kavetsky who all gave so willingly of their time during the preparation of this paper. In addition, Dr. Vadim Grenewitz was helpful in reading and commenting on the text.

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INTRODUCTION

If the Soviet Union is to survive, it must undergo a total transformation; But if the present leadership is to survive, everything must remain exactly as it is.

(Amalrik)

I

The death of Joseph Stalin in 1953 remains one of the most pivotal events in the history of the Soviet Union. For almost three decades, Stalin had maintained an awesome control over the destiny of his nation and its people with an authoritarian harshness and totality that find few parallels throughout history.

In the perspective gained by the experience of the past twenty years, the choices made by succeeding communist leaders in the cultural, economic, and political direction of the Soviet state, have shown a heavy reliance on the pragmatism necessary to continue the communist power intact. The approach to these problems is a product of the concept of Soviet political thought, based in particular on the role of the Communist Party itself. The Communist Party of the Soviet Union is not a political party in any traditional sense. It is a permanent

ruling elite which has abrogated to itself mythical and absolute powers of infallibility and historical destiny which no one in the Soviet Union is permitted to gainsay and no institution in the nation is allowed to contest or contradict. The Party insists that it and only it will determine the purposes, ideals, and quality of Soviet life. One of the most important areas where these controls can be felt is within the literary world. More than any other art form, literature in the Soviet Union is considered an instrument for achieving state purposes, a means of motivating people's behavior, mustering their support, molding their character. The tasks assigned to and imposed on Soviet writers by their rulers, consequently, have changed according to the political plans of the leadership.

In the new circumstances after Stalin's death, the role required of the writer became more subtle, ambiguous, and difficult, yet more important than ever to the ruling elite. If they were to enlist the support and cooperation of the Soviet people, if they were to steer a course between Stalinism and liberalism, the Soviet authorities needed the writers to join their campaigns and, in doing so, help them to define the Party line as well as promote and support it. And if the leadership was to persuade writers to cooperate in achieving its purposes, it had to give the writers incentives, though not necessarily material ones. These incentives were, basically, a less stringently

regulated art, with writers permitted a wider latitude of subject matter and artistic techniques, and a more personal, truthful, and passionate projection of their feelings and ideas in their work. Also, there had to be guarantees that the rule of law would also apply to them, that writers would no longer be purged, exiled to Siberian concentration camps, imprisoned, or shot as they had been in Stalin's time.

As in post-Stalin politics, it was some time before the boundaries of cultural permissiveness were clearly defined. The Khrushchev leadership, committed to a middle course emphasizing "peaceful coexistence" in foreign affairs and moderation at home, had no intention of permitting writers freedoms which might threaten or subvert the government's powers and purposes. Between 1953 and the present day, there were periods of relaxed controls over the cultural and intellectual life of the Soviet nation, but in most instances, when these relaxations threatened to flood and inundate what the rulers considered important bastions of control, repressive measures were immediately instituted to stop them.

Once Khrushchev had consolidated his power in 1955 and had become the indisputable leader of the Soviet state, he and those forces associated with him realized that in order to remain in power and function effectively, they

would have to embark on a new course, a thorough shake-up of the old centralized, authoritarian Stalinist bureaucracy and its methods and would have to introduce new initiative and flexibility to reassure the populace of its sincere concern for their welfare.

One startling and effective way of reassuring the Soviet people was to inform them of some of the truth about Stalin's tyranny and, in so doing, make clear that the new leaders disassociated themselves from Stalin and his methods. The campaign of denigration of Stalin, the so-called de-Stalinization, was undertaken at the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in February 1956, when Khrushchev delivered his "secret speech" about Stalin's crimes.

But the dethronement of Stalin raised far more complex and uncontrollable political problems than had the despot's death. The issues rocked the very foundations of Soviet society, and a segment of the intelligentsia seemed suddenly to be giving voice to all of those who for so long had kept silent because they had had no public forum for discussing political ideas, for criticizing the institutions of Soviet life, for examining all the afflictions of Soviet society. Now, through a literary vehicle, Soviet writers might in fact be able to say something about how their lives were to be lived and how the future of society was to be organized. Writers and intellectuals might not be able to do much,

but even speaking out in the Soviet Union was doing a great deal.

The writers' desire was for a renewal of all aspects of Soviet life, a wish to break with the methods of the past by searching out the truths of Soviet life. Writers were determined to declare their discoveries and insights openly and without equivocation so that, like Stalin's ghost, the past might be laid to rest. Furthermore, they were resolved that conditions such as existed under Stalin should never again be permitted.

The writers wanted to portray the conditions of life which had continued to surface between 1954 and 1956 in an honest and truthful way, revealing their personal and subjective reactions to them. They wanted to show the discrepancy between the propaganda image of Soviet society on the one hand and Soviet reality on the other.

Consciously or not, the writers were in fact becoming an opposition group in the sense that they were probing the sore points in Soviet life and calling and Party and government to account for their actions. They refused to accept the simplistic explanation that everything wrong with Soviet society could be conveniently explained away by the "cult of the individual," or even by the person and personality of Stalin himself. The writers defended, as part of the overall regeneration of Soviet life, the sincerity and personal integrity of the artist in his work,

calling for his freedom of personal and truthful expression. Moreover, they opposed all dogmas and sterotypes in literature and assaulted "socialist realism" and Party control of the arts.

Whether the writers thought of themselves as instruments of the Party in implementing the decisions of the Twentieth Party Congress or imagined themselves as an opposition group, or both, they were, in fact, with their zeal for truth and reform, arrogating to themselves some of the prerogatives the Soviet leadership claimed as its monopoly, rights the leadership had no intention of surrendering or sharing. Although Khrushchev at first seemed slow to reassert his authority over literary matters, during the spring and summer of 1957 he took the time and energy to give three separate speeches to writers and publically announced that he would defend the Party from any writers who tried to divert Soviet literature from the correct path.[1]

From 1957 through 1959, Khrushchev took a number of

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[1]On January 27, 1959, at the Twenty-First Communist Party Congress, Khrushchev made the following statement: "Soviet writers must inspire people in their struggle for communism, must educate them according to communist principles, must develop in them high moral virtues and intransigent rejection of bourgeois ideology and morals. Writers must become passionate propagandists of the seven-year plan and bring cheerfulness and vigor into the hearts of man. We need art capable of inspiring millions and millions of builders of communism...."

other steps to insure conformity among the writers; he reorganized the writers' unions, staffing the key positions with his own henchmen; he reemployed the censors and censorship in a more stringent manner, and he directly warned any maverick writers manifesting other than pure socialist tendencies, that serious consequences could be expected for future transgressions.

The implications of Khrushchev's reevaluation and redirection of the writers' role and obligations to the state held serious omens for the writers themselves. After they had expected and perhaps even envisioned after the Stalin epoch to have greater freedom and to be able to establish new standards for themselves and their society, now they were being told, if not ordered, to conform to previous communist norms in literature, to echo the Party line, and to forget about the freedom they thought that they had won.

The realization among the writers about the new edicts issued by Khrushchev were nothing short of cataclysmic and provided both writers and intellectuals with their initial post-Stalin awareness that political considerations continued to be the supreme guidelines controlling the literary life of the Soviet nation. These lessons were proved many times over from the late 1950's to the present, with periods of "thaw" alternating with renewed periods of control, all reflecting the political exigencies of the

time.[2] Again, in the period 1959-through 1962, Khrushchev relaxed the restrictions on the writer, this time as part of a second de-Stalinization effort announced at the Twenty Second Communist Party Congress in October, 1961. His reasons seem to have been based on the insecurity of his own political fortune and the resultant need to distract attention from Soviet failures both at home and abroad. This period climaxed in the publication in November, 1962, of Alexander Solzhenitzyn's One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, a scathing and revealing depiction of the Soviet concentration camps under Stalin.

Not long afterward, however, his political base more secure, Khrushchev reverted to a stricter censorship tactic, culminating in the arrest and incarceration of the young

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[2]For a complete account of this period and its ramifications, the following excellent works are recommended: Prisilla Johnson, Khrushchev and the Arts: The Politics of Soviet Culture, 1962-1964. Cambridge, MIT Press, 1964. Mijailo Mijailov, Moscow Summer. New York, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1965. Peter Reddaway, Uncensored Russia: the Human Rights Movement in the Soviet Union. London, Jonathan Cape Ltd., 1972. Abraham Rothberg, The Heirs of Stalin: Dissidence and the Soviet Regime 1953-1970. Ithaca, Cornell University Press, 1972. George Saunders, ed., Samizdat: Voices of the Soviet Opposition. New York, Monad Press, 1974. Harry Schwartz, ed., Russia Enters the 1960s: A Documentary Report on the Twenty-Second Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. New York, Lippincott Company, 1962. Rudolf L. Toekes, ed., Dissent in the USSR: Politics, Ideology, and People. Baltimore, Johns Hopkins Press, 1975. Alexander Werth, Russia: Hopes and Fears. New York, Simon and Schuster, 1969.

poet, Joseph Brodsky, under trial for parasitism[3] in 1964. The Khrushchev era of a more or less peaceful existence between the Party and the writers was at an end.

With the coming to power of Brezhnev and Kosygin in late 1964, the writers' last hope for a free forum for their ideas came to an abrupt end. That the new regime was not going to tolerate anything but complete allegiance to itself and to the furtherance of communist ideology became an unavoidable conclusion as trial after trial of so-called "dissident" writers was held and prison terms meted out. The trials of Sinyavsky and Daniel in 1966 and Galanskov and Ginzburg in 1968 put the final lid on the writers aspirations for their independence on the Soviet literary scene.

Other means for expression had to be found among the writers and intellectuals who had recognized that the deterioration of their rights would reduce them to a "conspiracy of silence" and forever remove them from playing a role within the Soviet Union. Many daring and illegal organizations and publications were founded as a response to the new literary and intellectual atmosphere and all were concerned with bringing out the truth of Soviet man's

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[3]A Soviet legal term referring to idlers, but most often used as the basis to imprison dissident writers and intellectuals.

predicament and trying to liberate him from the Soviet leadership's totalitarian grip.[4]

Along with these responses, appeared another unique phenomenon within the Soviet literary world, underground poetry: the realm of Bulat Okudzhava and Aleksandr Galich. Within this world, Galich and Okudzhava are confronted with the need to function, to create, to prescribe, to educate, to awaken society as a whole and man in particular to his Soviet condition.

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[4]The most important of these new instruments of opposition were: The Initiative Group for the Defense of Human Rights in the Soviet Union founded by Peter Yakir in 1968; The Chronicle of Current Events, an illegal publication that managed to appear bimonthly with a few exceptions for almost five years from 1968-1972; the Human Rights Committee, founded mainly on Academician Andrej Sakharov's initiative in Moscow in 1970.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROTEST

How much goodness there is in silence.
Как много доброты в молчании.

(Okudzhava)

What is sung in a low voice resounds,
What is read in a whisper thunders.

Но гремит напетое вполголоса,
Но гудит прочитанное шёпотом.

(Galich)

II

In "We Are No Worse Than Horace" /Мы не хуже Горация/ Galich brings up the problem of freedom of artistic expression in the Soviet Union. The poem issues a call for greater latitude in this sphere and insists that the true artist satisfies his need for expression through the creation of the work itself:

But, the picture stands on the easel,
That's all, and that's enough,...

Но стоит картина на подрамнике,
Вот и всё, и этого достаточно...

More important, the poem makes it absolutely apparent that artistic expression must find other than official ways of reaching the Soviet people. The two methods that this poem proposes have become the mainstays in the production and dissemination of the entire underground poem repertoire: SAMIZDAT and MAGNITIZDAT. Galich goes on to explain what each means:

> "Erika" makes four copies,
> That's all, but that's enough.
> Let there be just four copies for now -
> That's enough.
>
> "Эрика" берет четыре копии,
> Вот и всё, а этого достаточно!
> Пусть пока всего четыре копии -
> этого достаточно!

This is the system of SAMIZDAT in which copies are produced by a typist who makes one original and four carbon copies on the "Erika" brand typewriter. "That's enough" /Этого достаточно/, because the copies are then given to other typists who each in turn make four additional copies - ad infinitum. Copies are then passed from hand-to-hand as a self-generating circulation apparatus.

The other system of distribution, MAGNITIZDAT, is by means of a tape recorder:

> There is a "Yauza" tape recorder,
> That's all, and that's enough!
>
> Есть магнитофон системы "Яуза",
> Вот и всё, и этого достаточно!

MAGNITIZDAT adds vital dimensions in its circulation of the poem by supplying both the music as well as vocal expression and verbal intonation to the written word. Or as Galich astutely emphasizes:

> What is sung in a low voice resounds,
> What is read in a whisper thunders.
>
> Но гремит напетое вполголоса,
> Но гудит прочитанное шёпотом.

The final stanza rings out with the battle cry of Galich and the whole underground poem movement:

> Yes, a picture stands on an easel!
> Yes, four copies are banged out!
> There is a "Yauza" tape recorder!
> And that's enough!
>
> Есть, стоит картина на подрамнике!
> Есть, отстукано четыре копии!
> Есть магнитофон системы "Яуза"!
> И этого достаточно!

MAGNITIZDAT and SAMIZDAT have served as the conduits through which the works of all underground poets have been channeled throughout the Soviet Union. These "solutions" to the problem of artistic freedom have clearly demonstrated to the communist hierarchy the steadfast resolution and single-minded purpose of dedicated opponents of the regime such as Galich. Besides being the dictum of the oppressed, underground writers in the Soviet literary world, "We Are No Worse Than Horace," underscores the immense gulf that exists between government-sponsored propaganda and non-approved

artistic expression. For Galich personally, this poem constitutes a direct rebuff to Soviet authority as he openly declares his intentions and methodology in fulfilling his own artistic expression and, in effect, invites others to follow his lead.

This summons to a clear and non-disguised evaluation of the Soviet system most often leaves Galich standing alone, for even Okudzhava, the movement's acknowledged founder, does not present a distinct personal appraisal of his poetic role. In contrast to the latter's predilection for innuendo, understatement and symbolism, Galich flaunts himself and his mission before the authorities. For example, he dedicates many of his poems directly to literary and political martyrs, those who spoke up against the regime and were either imprisoned or died for their efforts.[5] The same Galich daring can be seen both by the titles of many of his individual poems and by the titles of his books of poetry.[6]

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[5]Examples are: Pasternak, Akhmatova, Zoshchenko, Mendel'shtam, Blok, Vertinskij.

[6]Examples of poem titles: "Warning" /Предостережение/, "Everything at the Wrong Time" /Всё не вовремя/, "Requiem for the Unkilled" /Реквием по неубитым/, "On Stalin" /О Сталине/, "I choose freedom" /Я выбираю свободу/. Examples of book titles: "Clouds Swim to Abakan" /Облака плывут в Абакан /, "I Choose freedom" /Я выбираю свободу /, "The Terrible Century" /Жуткое столетие/, "The Generation of the Doomed" /Поколение обречённых/.

Galich also voices this courageous mission within separate poems. For instance, in "At nighttime the raven flies in..." /Пролетает по ночам ворон/.Galich rebukes those who would want him to be more discreet by replying:

> Well, you see, it's already a heavenly gift
> To be heard at five whole steps away!
>
> Но, вот видите, и это - дар свыше,
> Быть на целых пять шагов слышным!

The implied danger of his voice being heard by Soviet authorities is completely disregarded by Galich. His mission is set, established and he is willing to take any risk to fulfill it.

In describing the tragic character of the human condition, in reflecting all of its ambiguities, Galich incorporates many of the essential elements of existentialism. He demands that the individual confront himself with the Socratic dictum, "Know Thyself," and that the quintessential aspects of the true meaning of life be addressed. Existentialism, in the West, evolved essentially as a revolt against some of the features of the Industrial Revolution for its dehumanization of the individual and expanded into a movement of protest against all systems, all generalizations, and all superficiality. In short, it is the protest of man in his estrangement, in his finitude, and in his feelings of guilt and meaninglessness.

Galich stands closer in philosophical outlook to this

Western conception than does Okudzhava. As might be expected, there are certain basic changes within their Soviet environment, particularly in the object of protest. That is, Galich, rather than finding oppression in the computerized and industrialized state of Western man, deals with a more tangible and primeval force, namely the machinations of the Soviet political and social system. The general philosophical questions of existialist thought, however, remain the same: Freedom, Truth, Death, God; in a word, the sum total of human existence. The most vital realization for those outside the Soviet system is that Western man is allowed the luxury of philosophizing, arguing, offering an opinion, while the Soviet condition is such, that if these concerns are raised, they are tantamount to treason and anti-Soviet propaganda which translate into death or incarceration.

Thus, it becomes even more remarkable and admirable that a man, an artist in all of his sensitivity, is willing to stand out within a society of silence expounding the urgent need for responsibility, an understanding of universal guilt and morality.

When Satre writes about human experience and uses such terms as crisis, despair, anxiety, dread, one senses an almost hypercritical condition, a form of gamesmanship that is permitted and encouraged in the Free World. These same elements appear in both Galich and, to a lesser degree, in

Okudzhava, but in their setting, they have an aura of gravity and a sense of finality for these conditions and experiences are not theoretical, not philosophical, but real in all the horror that the term implies.

To probe for the essence of life, one is constantly confronted with the question: what is the purpose of life and existence? In their most basic forms, the options are limited for man may invent values (Satre), create them through the will to power (Nietsche) or discover them in concrete life situations (Camus, Buber).

However, Galich, in seeking the answer to life, not only deals with the aforementioned most basic questions of human existence, but also is first compelled to synthesize the options and relate them to the experiences of the Soviet mind.

Galich's world outlook is based on an incredible sense of responsibility, man's ethical commitment both to himself and to others. In order to facilitate this feeling, Galich time and again returns to the question of freedom. For him, it is clearly the necessary foundation for responsibility and he is willing to challenge death, if need be, to promote it. In the poem, "I Choose Freedom" /Я выбираю свободу/ Galich, in effect, issues his personal credo.

He begins by declaring that in spite of his advancing age, he still selects freedom:

My heart is patched,
My temples in a gray dust,
But I still choose Freedom....

Сердце моё заштопано,
В серой пыли виски,
Но я выбираю Свободу...

Galich equates freedom with simply being himself and stresses that he is not avoiding battle but, on the contrary, seeking it:

I choose Freedom,
Not away from battle, but into battle,
I choose Freedom
So as to be myself.

Я выбираю Свободу, -
Но не из боя, а в бой,
Я выбираю свободу
Быть просто самим собой.

Galich adds that, while people wait for him in the West, he is not about to leave the Soviet Union:

....And everyone waits for me in the West,
But they wait in vain.

И все меня ждут на Западе,
Но только напрасно ждут.

He goes on to enumerate various aspects of this freedom and underscores that this Freedom leads to the concentration camps:

I choose freedom
Of Norilsk and Vorkuta.

Я выбираю свободу
Норильска и Воркуты.

---

[7]Soviet concentration camps in the Gulag chain.

where the fate of the Soviet man will be sealed by the "whip and the bullet." In spite of this, Galich challenges the system to squeeze out the slave in him
He ends the poem with the observation that he is not alone in his fight and then adds a cynical inversion by having "freedom" (non-capitalized) arrest him:

I choose Freedom,
And you should know that I am not alone!
And "freedom" says to me:
"Okay, you might as well get dressed
And take a walk with me, citizen."

Я выбираю Свободу,
И знайте, не я один!
И мне говорит "свобода":
"Ну, что ж, говорит, одевайтесь
И пойдёмте-ка, гражданин".

Nonetheless, within this state, Galich does not purport to know the truth. His is essentially a world of search, a seeking whose futility leads him to exclaim that he does not even know with what the truth can be rhymed:

Neither poets nor citizens
Know the word that TRUTH can be rhymed with![8]

С чем рифмуется слово ИСТИНА -
Не узнать ни поэтам, ни гражданам!

But Galich knows or senses goodness, morality, a non-hypocritical state of being and never ceases in bringing this to man's attention. For instance, Galich describes

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[8]"The Guilty Ones Found"

the salient feature of Soviet existence as sanctimonious baseness and underlines the fact that this particular discordant characteristic is highly praised and recognized within the Soviet mentality:

> And for us there is recognition and honor
> For faithfulness to total baseness![9]
>
> А нам признанье и почёт
> За верность общей подлости!

In another example, Galich states that he is incapable of forgiveness:

> People may forgive me out of indifference
> But I don't forgive the indifferent.[10]
>
> ... Люди мне простят от равнодушия,
> Я им - равнодушным - не прощу!

Galich's anger and despair finally bring him to declare, in very uninhibited and rude terms, that his role - perhaps, his hope or dream - is one day, even after his death, to:

> Squeeze the hypocrite's
> Bastardly throat with my despair![11]
>
> Пусть ему - отчаянье моё
> Сдавит сучье горло чёрной лапою!

We thus see in Galich a clearly defined sense of

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[9] "Century Present and Century Past" /Век нынешний и век минувший/

[10] "Falling Asleep and Waking Up" /Засыпая и просыпаясь/

[11] "Reincarnation" /Переселение душ/

retribution, vengeance, a wrathful, non-stoical appraisal of the status quo.

In defying and denying these inverted Soviet mores and codes of conduct, Galich is not only manifesting his freedom, but also is evoking the need for accepting a higher being or principle, an understanding that a universal good exists for all men. In short, he attempts to bestow an ethical value on a life which is otherwise lacking in inner worth.

In contrast, Okudzhava's philosophical orientation leads him to emphasize man's isolation, man's inability to cope with his surroundings and, quite often, with himself. Seemingly, all of the ingredients necessary for an existentialist portrait of anguish and despair are present in this atmosphere, but Okudzhava has a tendency to slight these circumstances through his subtle but opaque style that lends an appearance of frivolity and lightness to his poetry. Many of the titles of his poems reflect this approach.[12] Thus, while referring to man's spiritual void, to his vacuous existence, Okudzhava's lyrics do not have the threatening, vengeful quality inherent in Galich.

Okudzhava looks upon his poetic role as one to enlighten the Soviet populace, to bring the truth of communism out

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[12]Examples are: "The Paper Soldier" /Бумажный солдат/, "The Black Cat" /Чёрный кот/, "The Blue Balloon" /Голубой шарик/, "The Midnight Trolley" /Полночный троллейбус/.

into the open, and then to educate his fellow citizen who, according to Okudzhava, is searching for spiritual guidance in his life as a substitute for the reality he sees around him. In this respect, Okudzhava's prime concern is with the inner life of the Soviet man who exists as an isolated individual without spiritual purpose or direction and who, in fact, is searching for an intangible response or answer to his general state of isolation. However, not only is man alienated from his society and his fellow man, but he is also unable to comprehend the cause of his isolation and, hence, cannot pursue a resolution to his problem. As a way of providing an answer, Okudzhava's lyrics attempt to show that Soviet ideology has played a significant part in molding the Soviet man. The innuendo in most poems relates, in some measure, to that doctrine's spiritual emptiness, to its lack of feeling for human concerns, and to its overall moral barrenness. By adhering to dehumanized tenets, communist dogma does not serve the emotional needs of the Soviet population and by relying on any means to further the communist purpose, uses the Soviet citizen as a tool to carry out communist aims that the citizens themselves do not support. The result of these experiences is that Soviet man feels deceived and betrayed by his political masters.

Okudzhava is also concerned with the restrictive and

oppressive "barriers" that form Soviet man's social world. In this daily milieu, the individual is denied freedom of speech, is subjected to the controls of a vainglorious bureaucracy, and is totally dominated by an all-powerful leadership. His daily life thus prescribed, the Soviet man responds by further withdrawing into a state of isolation. Yet, to Okudzhava, the answer to the problem of isolation can be found within the Soviet experience. He shows that man, his environment notwithstanding, must find a solution within his spiritual world. Maintaining a fundamental sense of morality, the Soviet man will find an ephemeral way of abetting his condition and of easing the pain. This, in Galich's understanding, is an evasion of the problem, a furtherance of social atomization and, ultimately increases, through the process of withdrawal, man's subservience to the system.

Hence, Okudzhava's prime role as an underground poet may be viewed as one directed toward making Soviet man aware of his "inner" world, ameliorating his feeling of isolation and, subsequently, making his life bearable within the established Soviet system.

Thus, the Soviet underground movement includes two major poets both of whom conceive the Soviet state as an evil, ideological wasteland. Both attack the prevailing communist morality and ideology, though not for the same

reasons or with the same intent and not with the same intensity or result. Each is guided to a great extent by his own appreciation of his role as an underground poet and by his own overriding interests within the Soviet experience.

CONGERIES: THE DREAMS AND HOPES OF OKUDZHAVA

We only have in our dreams
What others have in their hands...

Мы на крыльях носим то,
Что носят на руках.

III

In examining the multifaceted dimensions of the underground poet, we would first have to direct our attention to the one who has acted as the leader, if not the father, of the entire movement, Bulat Okudzhava. It may be contended that his poems have served as the basis and impetus behind the furtherance of this genre as well as the catalyst from which countless other poets have taken strength. By his depth of feeling, intensity of insight, and poetic artistry, Okudzhava establishes a firm metaphysical fundament for the underground poem movement.

In his mind, Okudzhava has created an image, a conceptual essay that stimulates his awareness and that expresses itself in what might be called a "Dream-Hope" exposition, the mold of the Okudzhavian world.

Perhaps the best example of this dream-hope

morality is contained in the succinct but powerful two lines in the poem, "Not tramps, not drunks..." /Не бродяги, не пропойцы.../.

We only have in our dreams
What others have in their hands...

Мы на крыльях носим то,
Что носят на руках....

Okudzhava, in this direct, matter-of-fact statement, is effectively able to sum up the essence of the Soviet man by means of an abstract image. In this case, he chooses to use the word "wings" for "dreams" to reinforce the nebulous state he pronounces. Also, the " we" is left open for the reader's interpretation as a reminder of a dream's uncertainties and incompleteness, almost as if Okudzhava challenges the reader to identify himself in the poem. It should be noted that, having made his point, Okudzhava does not attempt to either clarify or augment his philosophy. He seems to be telling his reader - or listener - "You know what I am talking about, I do not have to say anything more!"

But Okudzhava does have more to say. He offers to the reader a highly symbolic world of peace, love, tranquility, kindness. This world, presented in a microcosmic, metaphorical manner, is further

identifiable by its blue color: Some prominent examples may be found in the blue curtains /Синие шторы/ in "Faith, Hope, Love" /Вера, Надежда, Любовь/; the blue of the "Midnight Trolley" /Полночный троллейбус/ and the blue of the balloon in the "Blue Balloon" (Голубой шарик). Along with this method, Okudzhava unfolds a philosophical outlook about the world in restrained, muted shadings. The "primary" meaning and significance of each poem are, to a large measure, the products of subtle innuendo, understatement, and extended metaphors. He continues his dream-hope exposition with these concepts in mind.

To Okudzhava, if a man can dream, then he should be able to at least hope that some of his dreams will be realized. This idea is expressed in the poem, "The Merry Drummer" /Веселый барабанщик/ as an enthusiastic drummer makes his way down the street:

> ...Through the turmoil, the midnight, and fog.
> Don't you hear how the merry drummer
> Is carrying his drum down the street?
> I feel pity that you do not hear how the merry drummer
> Is carrying his drum down the street!

... сквозь сумятицу, и полночь, и туман.
Неужели ты не слышишь, как весёлый барабанщик
вдоль по улице проносит барабан?

Как мне жаль, что ты не слышишь,
как веселый барабанщик
вдоль по улице проносит барабан!

The beating of the drum and the oral expression of the underground poet here seem to meld into one. However, neither receives a response; yet, the drummer and underground poet still proceed, hoping for a response and feeling pity for those who cannot hear their messages. And, of course, in this poem, Okudzhava himself becomes the "merry drummer."

Hope in a more symbolic sense appears in "April" /Апрель/, a sixteen-line poem in which Okudzhava relates parts of a conversation between a mother and son standing out in a starry night. The last four lines relate the son's metaphorical feelings of hope:

I stand guard along April's road from
beginning to end.
The stars have become stronger and prettier.
What's wrong with you, mother! I am
simply guarding.
I - am the guard for April.

- Из конца в конец апреля путь держу я.
Стали звезды и крупнее и добрее.
Что ты, мама! Просто я дежурю.
Я - дежурный по апрелю.

In this case, it is a young man who optimistically expresses hope while protecting April's arrival and the rebirth that Spring brings with it. His mother, the older generation, just cannot seem to understand his actions since hope left her long ago and is an element foreign to her thoughts. "Hope" here is shown by Okudzhava against two important, contrasting backgrounds: one as perceived by "youth" who imagines a new warmth and the other "not understood" by more-experienced citizens who already feel that they have been deprived of hope by their years in a communist system.

In "The Blue Balloon" /Голубой шарик/ Okudzhava symbolizes hope in the form of a blue balloon whose freedom and illusiveness in flight are played against the sorrowful stages in a woman's life:

A young girl is crying - her balloon has flown away.
They comfort her, but the balloon keeps flying.

A girl is crying - she doesn't have a fiance.
They comfort her, but the balloon keeps flying.

A woman is crying - her husband left for another.
They comfort her, but the balloon keeps flying.

An old woman is crying - she has lived too briefly.
But the balloon returned and it is blue...

Девочка плачет - шарик улетел.
Её утешают, а шарик летит.

Девушка плачет - жениха всё нет.
Её утешают, а шарик летит.

Женщина плачет - муж ушел к другой.
Её утешают, а шарик летит.

Плачет старушка - мало пожила.
А шарик вернулся, а он голубой...

Here, the linear motion of the escaped balloon is contrasted to the aging process of a woman, comforted all the while by unnamed benefactors. Only when her life is in its final stage, however, does the woman reflect on the brevity of individual human existence and realize that life is truly worth living in spite of the constant hardships and barriers along the way. With this revelation, the balloon returns from its aimless flight, now colored blue to express the resurrection of hope.

The dream-hope poems of Okudzhava show the Soviet man in a state of isolation, completely alienated from his communist environment. The individual is reduced to dreaming and hoping because he is somehow aware that he does not "have what others have." This realization is further expressed as he tries

to awaken others in his Soviet society to the realities around him in the guise, for example, of a drummer marching down the street or, on his own, by standing out in a cold night hoping that a new awakening will appear to change his oppressed life. However, the dream-hope stage echoes an optimistic note by Okudzhava who asserts that life contains inherent values that transcend its adversities. Hence, life must continue to be lived with hope and dreams as its guides, in spite of daily hindrances such as Soviet ideology or personal misfortunes. Finally, the dream-hope stage of Okudzhava's poetic repertoire indicates man's actual psychological and moral state in the Soviet Union.

Central to an understanding of Okudzhava's underground poetry is that social commentary already is initiated in his dream-hope poems and continues to be expressed in varying degrees throughout his other poems. In this regard, it is essential to consider that the "surface" meaning of an Okudzhava underground poem is used as a foil that permits zealous governmental authorities to evaluate the poem by its apparent intent. Therefore, having found a way out for himself by conceding to governmental restraints, Okudzhava

is free to compose his main underground themes.

On the whole, Okudzhava's principal tenets are directed toward manifesting the spiritual and moral emptiness in Soviet ideological concepts which, he feels, provide the dominant spirit of isolation in the social and personal milieu of Soviet contemporary life. Constantly masking his true intent through veiled innuendo and intentional ambiguity - a technique Okudzhava had already established in his dream-hope poems - these subtle poetic expositions additionally serve to highlight the main causes behind Soviet man's withdrawal to his own dream-hope world. A meaningful departure point for witnessing these phenomena is provided in Okudzhava's poems devoted to the war theme.

...But in our home it smells of betrayal.
... а в нашем доме пахнет воровством.

In "On War" /О войне/, Okudzhava clearly demonstrates this "multiple meaning" technique in a war poem structured around a soldier's going off to war and later returning home.

Do you hear the thundering of boots,
And birds flying about madly,
And women staring from under their arms...
Do you understand where they are staring?

Do you hear the drum beating?
Soldier, say good-bye to her, say good-bye to her!
The platoon is departing into the fog, fog, fog...
And the past is clear, clear, clear.

And where then is our courage, soldier,
When we return again?
It must have been stolen by our women
And, like a new-born, pressed to their bosoms.

And where then are our women, my friend,
When we recross our thresholds!
They greet us and bring us inside
But in our home it smells of betrayal.

Yet we wave away the past: lies!
Yet we look to the future with hope: light!
Yet in the fields crows grow fat
And at our heels the war rumbles on.

And again through the street - boots.
And birds flying around madly,
And women staring from under their arms,
Staring at our shaved heads.

Вы слышите, грохочут сапоги,
и птицы ошалелые летят,
и женщины глядят из-под руки...
Вы поняли, куда они глядят?

Вы слышите, грохочет барабан?
Солдат, прощайся с ней, прощайся с ней!
Уходит взвод в туман, туман, туман...
А прошлое ясней, ясней, ясней.

А где же наше мужество, солдат,
когда мы возвращаемся назад?
Его, должно быть, женщины крадут
и, как птенца, за пазуху кладут...

А где же наши женщины, дружок,
когда вступаем мы на свой порог?
Они встречают нас и вводят в дом,
а в нашем доме пахнет воровством.

А мы рукой на прошлое: враньё!
А мы с надеждой в будущее: свет!
А по полям жиреет вороньё.
А по пятам война грохочет вслед.

И снова переулком - сапоги,
и птицы ошалелые летят,
и женщины глядят из-под руки,
в затылки наши круглые глядят...

On the surface, Okudzhava shows the "other" side of war by satirically making the soldier the victim of the "real" war and also of betrayal in his own home or country: "but in our home it smells of betrayal." At the same time, the poem reflects the side effects of war, the wondering "why?", the breakdown in human relationships, the cyclic going off to war as if the lessons of history are never fully learned. However, Okudzhava's preoccupation with betrayal and deceit hints that he is masking the "open" war theme with another, more important pronouncement. Has the Soviet system sent out its "soldiers" onto a battlefield in the name of obligation and patriotism only to repay them for their efforts with empty promises and deceptiveness? Has the Soviet citizen ventured out under the banner of communism to discover that he has been made the victim of its irrational doctrine?

It is significant in this poem that the future is in a "fog" and that the past stands out clearly at the beginning of the poem. Once, however, the "betrayal" interacts with both the past and present, only the future is clear and the past receives the label of "lies!" The betrayal in the system is also seen in the fact that it permits certain people to fatten themselves

like crows in a field while the war "rumbles on." On the present Soviet scene, the "crows" can easily be interpreted to be the communist leaders who make themselves both rich and powerful while the ordinary Soviet citizen expends his labor in "building communism." Thus, the deceit and betrayal of Soviet ideology are important and recurring themes in this poetic cycle.

In "Oh, foul war, what have you done!..." (Ах, война, что ж ты сделала, подлая!), Okudzhava approaches the war theme in a similar vein by showing the effects of personal separations:

Oh, foul war, what have you done!
Our streets have become quiet...
And soldier after soldier has left...
Good-bye, boys!
Boys, try to come back again!...

Oh, foul war, what have you done!
Instead of weddings - parting and smoke...
Their boots - what has happened to them!...
Spit on the rumor mongers, girls,
We'll settle our accounts with them later.
Let them talk, we don't believe
That you are spending the war by guessing...
Good-bye, girls!
Girls, try to come back again!

Ах, война, что ж ты сделала, подлая!
Стали тихими наши дворы...
... и ушли за солдатом солдат...
До свидания, мальчики!
Мальчики,
постарайтесь вернуться назад!

Ах, война, что ж ты подлая, сделала!
Вместо свадеб - разлуки и дым...
Сапоги... Ну куда от них денешься!
Вы наплюйте на сплетников, девочки,
мы сведем с ними счёты потом!
Пусть болтают, что верить вам не во что,
что идёте войной наугад...
До свидания, девочки!
Девочки,
постарайтесь вернуться назад!

In this poem, the uncertainty about the fate of the soldier in the first five lines of the poem is shown from the girls' standpoint, whereas, in the last nine lines, the boys voice their concern for the girls they have left behind. Coming between them are the "rumor mongers" who attempt to alienate one from the other. By asking "Girls, try to come back again!" Okudzhava indicates that "they" ("rumor mongers") have already succeeded in separating both sides. Although he does not explain who the "rumor mongers" are or why they spread doubt, Okudzhava throws his own suspicion on communist ideology which purposefully instills mutual distrust and misgivings among the Soviet populace. This may be viewed as an attempt by the Soviet leadership to maintain supremacy over the individual by isolating him psychologically from his fellow Soviet citizens, a condition Okudzhava alluded to in his dream-hope poems.

As a result, not knowing whom he can trust or who the "rumor mongers" really are, Soviet man is reduced to an alienated, insecure state. Although he vows to "settle our accounts with them later," his resigned "good-bye" indicates that his fate is sealed and that the Soviet citizen may never be able "to come back again."

In "Don't believe in war..." /Не верь войне.../ Okudzhava presents his most "neutral," albeit, direct condemnation on the act of war:

Don't believe in war, my little boy,
Don't believe, it's sad,
It's sad, my little boy,
Like Boots that are too tight.

Your valiant steeds
Will accomplish nothing,
And you yourself will end up
Getting all the bullets.

Не верь войне, мальчишка,
не верь, она грустна,
она грустна, мальчишка,
как сапоги тесна.

Твои лихие кони
не смогут ничего,
ты весь, как на ладони,
все пули - в одного.

Using a metaphorical understatement to equate the tightness of an ill-fitting boot with the tragedy of war as a means of proffering advice to youth, Okudzhava addresses himself to the childhood romanticism children

might possess about war, juxtaposing that feeling with the child's incomprehension about what bullets really do or what war is actually about. Like a parental word of caution, the poem reaches a quick and sudden denouement, as the contrast between the "innocence" of children and the horror of war stands out. And finally, the impressions made by this short poem lend to war an intangible, illusive quality, naming war as a deadly event that happens somewhere, at some unknown time or place.

However, underlying this senselessness-of-war atmosphere is the suggestion that Okudzhava is also attacking the tendency in Soviet ideology that places an overabundant reliance on a war ethic as part of its national objectives. Okudzhava firmly implies his serious consideration of this idea by the negative expression of war as an accepted "belief" in overall Soviet thinking. Further, Okudzhava appears to be addressing those optimistic Soviet youth, like the "merry drummer" and the ardorous young man in "April," who may easily misdirect their budding idealism and enthusiasm under the influence of Soviet militarism.

In another masked war poem, "Len'ka Korolev" /Ленька Королёв/, Okudzhava describes the nostalgia

and aura surrounding a Soviet "hero" in a world-war-two setting:

In the courtyard, where every evening a
phonograph played,
Where couples danced, raising dust,
Children dearly loved Len'ka Korolev
And honored him with the name of King.

He was a King, and like a king, all-powerful,
and if a friend
Suffered harm or just wasn't lucky,
He would offer him his royal hand,
His faithful hand and save him.

But one day, when 'Messerschmidts,' like crows,
Broke the calm at dawn,
Our King, like a king, put on his cap,
like a crown,
And went off to war.

Again the phonograph plays, again the sun
is at its zenith,
But there isn't anyone to mourn his life.
Because that King was alone - ah, excuse me,
Didn't have time to find a queen.

But no matter where I may go or whatever
cares I have,
Whether on business or just strolling,
I'll expect that around the next corner
I'll meet the King again.

For during war although, in truth, there's
shooting,
For Len'ka there's no damp earth,
Because, I'm sorry, but I can't imagine a Moscow
Without one like him, the King.

Во дворе, где каждый вечер всё играла радиола,
где пары танцевали, пыля,
ребята уважали очень Лёньку Королёва
и присвоили ему званье Короля.

Был Король, как король, всемогущ,
и если другу
станет худо и вообще не повезет,
он протянет свою царственную руку,
свою верную руку и спасет.

Но однажды, когда "мессершмитты",
как вороны,
разорвали на рассвете тишину,
наш Король, как король, он кепчонку,
как корону,
набекрень и пошёл на войну.

Вновь играет радиола, снова солнце в зените,
да некому оплакать его жизнь.
Потому что тот Король был один, -
уж извините,
королевой не успел обзавестись.

Но куда бы я ни шёл, пусть какая ни забота,
по делам или так, погулять,
всё мне чудится, как вот за ближайшим
поворотом
Короля повстречаю опять.

Потому что на войне, хоть и, правда,
стреляют,
не для Лёньки сырая земля,
потому что, виноват, но я Москвы
не представляю
без такого, как он, короля.

"Len'ka" in this poem epitomizes the common Soviet man who long ago sacrificed himself for his country during its time of crisis. Okudzhava tacitly evokes the patriotic and nationalistic fervor as Len'ka sets out willingly to defend his homeland from an invading foreign enemy.

However, between the lines, Okudzhava alludes to the fact that there are no "Len'kas" in the Soviet Union today. One possible reason for this, he suggests, is that the Soviet citizen perhaps discovered that the repressive ideology of his defeated enemy is also to be found in the communist philosophy that controls his present-day life. Therefore, feeling betrayed and deceived, the Soviet individual is no longer able to exude patriotism for the goals of his homeland.

In "I'll get my coat..." /Возьму шинель.../ Okudzhava philosophizes on the subject of individual and historical responsibility in the context of a soldier's military duty:

> I'll get my coat, my knapsack and my cap,
> All painted in military colors,
> I'll step out onto the cobblestone street,
> How simple to become a soldier, a soldier!...
>
> I'll forget about all my home cares,
> I don't need any salary or job.
> I'm going off to play the machine gun,
> How simple it is to be a soldier, a soldier.

And if some wrong is done - it's not our concern.
As they say, - "the Motherland ordered it!"
How nice not to be guilty of anything,
Just to be a simple soldier, soldier!

Возьму шинель и вещмешок и каску,
в защитную окрашенные краску,
ударю шаг по улочкам горбатым, -
как просто стать солдатом, солдатом!..

Забуду все домашние заботы,
не нужно ни зарплаты, ни работы.
Иду себе, играю автоматом, -
как просто быть солдатом, солдатом!

А если что не так - не наше дело.
Как говорится, - "Родина велела!"
Как славно быть ни в чем не виноватым,
совсем простым солдатом, солдатом!

In an openly ironic tone, Okudzhava condemns the attitude of those who, like soldiers during war, explain away their lack of personal responsibility by transferring the blame and guilt to the "motherland."[1]

Yet, a further question that Okudzhava seems to allude to in this poem involves the overall concept of responsibility mirrored in the mores of a particular social order, especially in the Soviet model. Communist ideology, Okudzhava hints, may have deprived the Soviet

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[1]This poem was originally entitled "Song of a Soldier." (Песня солдата) Okydzhava was later forced to change it to "Song of an American Soldier" (Песня американского солдата), under government pressure. Mijailo Mijailov. Moscow Summer. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1965, p. 113.

populace of the basic need and desire to experience genuine personal responsibility because their leaders predetermine and direct all aspects of the citizen's life under the guise of creating a communist social order.

A sharply-delineated contrast between the gaiety in the outward trapping of war and its more solemn aspects is depicted in "Military Parade" /Военный парад/

The bronze trumpets are blasting
As a festive parade goes by,
Row after row, row after row,
Soldiers are marching in line.
Unable to hide their joy
His wife sings and his daughter beams with pride.
Only his mother turns aside...
"Where are you going, where?"

The pain and death and sound of guns
Will only come much later.
Why should one shed tears
When it all perhaps will go away?
But now the music is for you,
A trumpeter blows his horn,
And his mouthpiece trembles on his lips,
It trembles, trembles.

Вот трубы медные гремят,
кружится праздничный парад,
за рядом ряд, за рядом ряд
идут в строю солдаты.
Не в силах радость превозмочь,
поёт жена, гордится дочь,
и только мать уходит прочь...
"Куда же ты, куда ты?.."

Ведь боль и смерть и пушек гром -
всё это будет лишь потом.
Чего ж печалиться о том,
а, может, обойдётся?
Ведь нынче музыка тебе,
трубач играет на трубе,
мундштук трясется на губе,
трясется он, трясется.

In this poem, Okudzhava sets the initial holiday mood that a military parade evokes among people who may easily forget that, in reality, the parade is only the precursor to the battles and death in an upcoming war. This "doom" of warfare is brought into sharper focus by the contrast created between the sense of pride the wife and daughter project and the sorrowful query directed at the mother, "Where are you going, where?"

This question provides a caesura in the flow of the poem from which point, war echoes its harsher elements like "pain and death and sound of guns" and the trembling that forbodes their arrival. Okudzhava leads us to imagine that this is the same mother who did not remember hope in "April", perhaps because she has seen a surfeit of military parades across her land, where pride cannot replace the suffering. He also leads us to believe that he is pointing an accusing finger at the overall communist strategy which subscribes

to the war tactic as an integral part of its "battle plan" for an eventual communist "victory."

In "Paper Soldier" (Бумажный солдат), Okudzhava reflects on the altruistic, romantic tendencies of those who may strive to interact with and reorient their communist environment.

In our world there lived a soldier,
Both handsome and daring,
But he was only a child's toy -
For he was just a paper soldier.

He wanted to remake the world
So that everyone would be happy,
But he was only suspended above a crib -
For he was just a paper soldier.

He would have been happy through fire and smoke
To have died for you twice over,
But you only laughed at him -
For he was just a paper soldier.

You did not trust him with
your important secrets,
And why? Because,
He was a paper soldier.

But he, cursing his fate,
Thirsted for an adventurous life
And kept demanding: - Fire, fire! -
Forgetting that he was made of paper.

Into the fire? Very well. Go ahead.
And he marched bravely
And there he died for nothing -
For he was just a paper soldier.

Один солдат на свете жил,
красивый и отважный,
но он игрушкой детской был, -
ведь был солдат бумажный.

Он переделать мир хотел,
чтоб был счастлинным каждый,
а сам на ниточке висел, -
ведь был солдат бумажный.

Он был бы рад - в огонь и в дым,
за вас погибнуть дважды,
но потешались вы над ним, -
ведь был солдат бумажный.

Не доверяли вы ему
своих секретов важных.
А почему? а потому,
что был солдат бумажный.

А он, судьбу свою кляня,
не тихой жизни жаждал
и всё просил: - Огня, огня! -
забыв, что он бумажный.

В огонь? Ну, что ж. Иди! Идешь?
И он шагнул однажды.
И там погиб он ни за грош, -
ведь был солдат бумажный.

"Paper Soldier" is an important Okudzhava work because it centers on the underground poem movement's interest

in the romantic enthusiasm and idealism associated with the wish to remake the world "so that everyone would be happy." The fact that this paper soldier forgets his vulnerability and dies for his efforts, leads, on the one hand, back to the senselessness-of-war theme seen as a motif in "Don't believe in war..." and, on the other hand, forward to the metaphorical expression of Okudzhava's mission as an underground poet in the environment of the twentieth-century Soviet Union. As in the "Merry Drummer," Okudzhava assumes the guise of the poem's "hero," a role he envisions as not unlike his own poetic one.

Okudzhava's war theme is one of his most interesting stylistic innovations, drawing its originality in particular from his dual-level handling of the test. In their outward composition, the war poems reflect many of war's universal concerns: responsibility, separation, patriotism, idealism On the sub-surface, however, the war theme often relates to Okudzhava's allusions about the politico-social morality in communist life. He suggests that the "system" alienates its own citizens by its spiritual emptiness - betrayal, deceit, self-serving aims - producing, as a result, an isolated, withdrawn citizenry.

Okudzhava's war-poem concepts serve only as the first step in his depiction of the isolation of the Soviet man. Another approach to this same phenomenon is exhibited in a second category of underground poems describing the reality of Soviet existence from the Okudzhavian viewpoint. In these "social" poems, Okudzhava specifically delineates some of the more onerous barriers that communist ideology has placed between the Soviet state and its populace. Stylistically, these poems are more open and direct, relying less on the innuendo technique for their effect than Okudzhava's other works do. Not surprising, one of the prime obstacles recognized by Okudzhava relates to his underground role: literary censorship.

In "Protect Us, Poets" /Берегите нас, поэтов/ Okudzhava makes an appeal for greater artistic freedom in the Soviet Union:

> Protect us, poets, protect us.
> There remains a century, a half-century,
> a year, a week, an hour,
> Three minutes, two minutes, nothing at all...
> Protect us, but only - one and all.
>
> Protect us with our sins, with joy or without...
> Somewhere our D'Anthes[2] strolls young and handsome.
> He hasn't been able to forget his past curse,
> But his calling bids him to put a bullet in
> the barrel.

[2]Duelists who killed Pushkin and Lermontov, famous nineteenth-century Russian writers and poets.

Somewhere our Martynov[3] weeps, remembering
the blood.
He has killed once and doesn't want to again,
But such is his fate and the die is cast.
And the Twentieth Century so directs him.

Protect us while you still are able.
Only don't protect us so that we fall in battle.
Only don't protect us like huntsmen do
their hounds,
Only don't protect us like czars do huntsmen.

Protect us, poets from fools' hands,
From absurd sentences, from blind girls.
We'll give you poems and songs, and not just one.
Only you protect us, protect us.

Берегите нас, поэтов, берегите нас.
Остается век, полвека, год, неделя, час,
три минуты, две минуты, вовсе ничего...
Берегите нас, но только - все за одного.

Берегите нас с грехами, с радостью и без...
Где-то юный и прекрасный бродит наш Дантес.
Он минувшее проклятье не успел забыть,
но велит ему призванье пулю в ствол забить.

Где-то плачет наш Мартынов, поминает кровь.
Он уже убил однажды, он не хочет вновь,
но судьба его такая, и свинец отлит.
И двадцатое столетье так ему велит.

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[3] Ibid.

Берегите нас покуда можно уберечь.
Только так не берегите, чтоб костьми нам лечь.
Только так не берегите, как борзых - псари,
только так не берегите, как псарей - цари.

Берегите нас, поэтов, от дурацких рук,
от нелепых приговоров, от слепых подруг.
Будут вам стихи и песни, и еще не раз.
Только вы нас берегите, берегите нас.

Comparing the fate of modern-day poets with those of Pushkin and Lermontov, Okudzhava stresses that today's poets must be freed from censorship and oppression. He urges the immediate initiation of reforms and condemns the present actions of Soviet leaders who, in the final analysis, are the ones who must save the Soviet poet from "the bullet in the barrel."

In "Song About Fools" /Песенка о дураках/ Okudzhava describes the extremes to which Soviet leaders are apt to go in order to cover up their own shortcomings:

This is how things happen in our time,
For every ebb there is a tide,
For every wiseman there is a fool,
Everything is equal, everything is just.

But this principle does not suit fools at all, -
Since they can be seen from any distance,
And everyone shouts at them: "Fools! Fools!"
And this pains them very much.

So that the fool alone would not feel the shame,
So that everyone would be singled out, everyone -
On each and every wiseman a tag
Was hung one day.

**The tags have been our custom a long time now.
You can get a pound for a penny.
And wiseman are shouted at: "Fools! Fools!"
But the fools go unnoticed now.**

Вот так уж ведется на нашем веку -
на каждый прилив по отливу,
на каждого умного по дураку,
всё поровну, всё справедливо.

Но принцип такой дуракам не с руки, -
с любых расстояний их видно.
И все им кричат: "Дураки! Дураки!"
А это им очень обидно.

И чтоб не краснеть за себя дураку,
чтоб каждый был выделен, каждый,
на каждого умного по ярлыку
повешено было однажды.

Давно в обиходе у нас ярлыки,
по фунту на грошик на медный.
И умным кричат: "Дураки! Дураки!"
А вот дураки незаметны.

Using a satirical style, Okudzhava bases this poem on Soviet jargon in which "fools" mean high-ranking, but inept government officials.[4] Overtly mocking this ludicrous state of affairs in Soviet society, Okudzhava points out that the communist hierarchy may merely redefine ideological concepts as a method of resolving an embarrassing or troublesome situation. Having protected

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[4]Peter Henry, Anthology of Soviet Satire, Volume 2, London, Collet's Publishers, 1974, p. 24 n.16.

its own interests and survival, the Soviet leadership simply disregards the continued existence of the real problem.

In the "Black Cat" /Чёрный кот/, Okudzhava presents his most definitive appraisal of the relationship that exists between the Soviet man and his communist leaders:

Leading from the courtyard there is a well-known
staircase
Called the black passage.
On this staircase, as if it were his own
estate,
Lives the black cat.

He hides a smile under his whiskers,
Darkness in his shield.
All cats sing and cry,
But this black cat just keeps quiet.

He hasn't hunted mice for a long time,
He laughs into his whiskers.
He seizes upon our word of honor
Like upon a piece of sausage.

He doesn't run and he doesn't beg,
His yellow eye glows,
People bring him food
And themselves say thank you to him.

He doesn't even make a sound,
He only eats and only drinks.
He sharpens his claws on the staircase
Just as if he were clawing at our throats.

That's why, you should know,
The house in which we live is joyless.
We'd like to hang up a lamp,
But we just can't get the money.

Со двора подъезд известный
под названьем черный ход.
В том подъезде, как в поместье,
проживает чёрный кот.

Он в усы усмешку прячет,
темнота ему, как щит.
Все коты поют и плачут,
только чёрный кот молчит.

Он давно мышей не ловит,
усмехается в усы.
ловит нас на честном слове,
на кусочке колбасы.

Он не бегает, не просит,
желтый глаз его горит,
каждый сам ему выносит
и спасибо говорит.

Он и звука не проронит,
только ест и только пьет.
Лестницу когтями тронет -
как по горлу поскребет.

Оттого-то, знать, невесел
дом, в котором мы живём...
Надо б лампочку повесить, -
денег всё не соберём.

The "Black Cat" is Okudzhava's most powerful poem attacking the upper reaches of the Soviet government. The target here is most likely Stalin himself. However, by using present tense verbs to describe the action,

Okudzhava implies the continuation of despotic leadership in today's Soviet hierarchy. As a personification of Stalin, the "black cat" embodies the lurking power and authority, the all-encompassing grip of communist leadership on the Soviet citizen.

The total oppression of this regime is conveyed in the actions of people who cater to his every wish and command, with the ironic conclusion:

> **And themselves say thank you to him...**
> Каждый сам ему выносит и спасибо говорит.

Finally, Soviet society is shown in its helplessness to act against Stalin:

> **We'd like to hang up a lamp,**
> **But we just can't get the money.**
>
> Надо б лампочку повесить, -
> денег всё не соберём.

In sum, the Soviet man has become so conditioned to tyrannical Soviet leadership that he resigns himself to its permanent presence. Both Okudzhava's war and "social" cycles are indicative of his genuine concern with the socio-political problems in the Soviet environment. In the war poems, Okudzhava revealed some of his prominent ideas about the consequences of communist ideology - an over-reliance on a war ethic; a lack of a feeling of

responsibility; and, above all, the inherent deceit and betrayal thrust upon the Soviet man.

In the "social" poems, Okudzhava's dominant concern was that Soviet "reality" engenders "barriers" in man's life - a stifling creative atmosphere, a pernicious bureaucratic apparatus, and despotic leadership.

Moreover, these two cycles represent the fulfillment of Okudzhava's initial poetic mission: to show the Soviet man that, not only is he isolated, but also that his isolation results from the overall spiritual emptiness in the Soviet system.

As a second, more important mission, Okudzhava sets out to make his fellow citizen aware that this "reality" constitutes only one side of his life. Soviet man cannot be so preoccupied with this enduring burden that he prevents himself from comprehending life's spiritual being. To Okudzhava, man's inner or spiritual existence transcends the "realities" in the Soviet environment. In order for man to overcome these external restrictions, he must be shown and become aware of the viability of his "inner" world and apply its lessons throughout his life.

In "The Coat" /Пиджак/, Okudzhava philosophizes about the results of changes when they are concerned with the external elements only:

I've worn this coat for many years.
It's become frayed and old long ago.
So I call a tailor in
And ask him to resew the coat.

I tell him jokingly
- Redo everything completely.
Make me new successes
With your tailoring skill.

I was joking. But he in all seriousness
Is resewing the coat,
And all the while is taking everything to heart:
What if it's not right...What a fool.

He has only one concern
In his silent toil:
That I look happy...

Я многу лет пиджак ношу.
Давно потёрся и не нов он.
И я зову к себе портного
и перешить пиджак прошу.

Я говорю ему шутя:
- Перекроите всё иначе.
Сулит мне новые удачи
искусство кройки и шитья.

Я пошутил. А он пиджак
серьёзно так перешивает,
а сам-то всё переживает:
вдруг что не так... Такой чудак.

Одна забота наяву
в его усердье молчаливом:
чтобы я выглядел счастливым...

The poem, "The Coat," constitutes an extended metaphor in which the coat represents Soviet reality. In the first stanza, the lyrical "I" is shown to have been wearing

an old coat for many years and expresses his desire to have it resewn. He summons a tailor, one of the traditional symbols for resurrection, who, in the manner of the "paper soldier" is asked to perform this task. Okudzhava, in the second stanza, stresses the fact that the lyrical hero is joking. This feeling is reiterated at the beginning of the third stanza, "I was joking."

Okudzhava may well be asserting the futility of seeking change or the fact that Aesopian language must be employed for fear that the truth bring about one's demise. The tailor, however, takes the task very seriously, and, what is more important, expresses his deep involvement, his concern, his fear that it might not come out correctly. The tailor is called an eccentric, a fool for manifesting these feelings. The implication here is that one should not get involved in matters beyond one's control. It is also important, in this case, that the resewing is to be done to a garment that in its aged and tattered state is beyond redemption, a subtle insinuation that the Soviet system is beyond repair. As far as the lyrical hero is concerned, he simply wants to "look happy." This seems to be a tacit acceptance of the fact that external vestiges are all that are left to man and that, from that basis, emanate such considerations as success, happiness, and

peace. The fallacy of this position is clearly depicted in the poem, "Faith, Hope, and Love" /Вера, Надежда, Любовь/

Please close the blue blinds.
Nurse, don't prepare any drugs for me.
Here at my bed my creditors stand,
Silent Faith, Hope and Love.

The son of this unkind age should settle
his accounts,
But only empty purses fall from his hands.
- Don't be sad, don't grieve, oh, my Faith,
Debtors still remain on earth.

And further I'll say, weakly and tenderly,
Two hands guiltily catching my lips:
- Don't be sad, don't grieve, mother Hope,
You still have sons on earth.

I'll extend my empty palms to Love,
And I'll hear her penitent voice:
- Don't be sad, don't grieve, memory
doesn't forget,
I gave myself in your name.

No matter what hands might caress you,
No matter how an unearthly flame might
consume you,
Man's garrulity three times over
Has paid your debt, you're absolved
in front of me.

Absolved-absolved I lie in dawn's
incoming rays,
My sheet streams to the floor
like a white flag.
Three judges, three wives, three kind sisters
Open limitless credit for me.

Опустите, пожалуйста, синие шторы.
Медсестра, всяких снадобий мне не готовь.
Вот стоят у постели моей кредиторы,
молчаливые Вера, Надежда, Любовь.

Расплатиться бы сыну недоброго века,
да пусты кошельки упадают с руки.
- Не грусти, не печалуйся, о, моя Вера,
остаются еще на земле должники.

И еще я скажу и бессильно и нежно,
две руки виновато губами ловя:
- Не грусти, не печалуйся, матерь Надежда,
есть еще на земле у тебя сыновья.

Протяну я к Любови ладони пустые,
покаянный услышу я голос ее:
- Не грусти, не печалуйся, память не стынет,
я себя раздарила во имя твое.

Но какие бы руки тебя ни ласкали,
как бы пламень тебя не сжигал неземной,
в троекратном размере болтливость
людская
за тебя расплатилась, ты чист предо мной.

Чистый-чистый лежу я в наплывах рассветных,
белым флагом струится на пол простыня.
Три судьи, три жены, три сестры
милосердных
открывают бессрочный кредит для меня.

Imagining himself as a dying man, Okudzhava envisions Faith, Hope, and Love appearing before him during his final moments. In this poem, the closing of the "blue

blinds" plays an important symbolic role by immediately separating and differentiating the outside world - Soviet "reality", from the inner world, represented here by Faith, Hope, and Love.

The dying man is finally able to comprehend the dichotomy between these two worlds when he realizes that the world of the "system" leaves him with "empty purses" while the inner world is a caring, forgiving one that is able to "open limitless credit for me." This revelation revives him and he can go on living in spite of his burdensome existence in the Soviet sphere because he has accepted the dominance of his inner world over his outside world.

In the "Midnight Trolley" /Полночный троллейбус/ Okudzhava reflects the extremes of agony and despair that man's isolation brings about and demonstrates a form of release or dissipation of this condition:

> When it becomes intolerable to overcome
> my troubles,
> When I'm on the brink of despair,
> I catch a blue trolley on the run,
> The last one, a chance one.
> Midnight trolley, speed down the street,
> Create a vortex along the boulevards
> And gather in the night all of your victims,
> Victims who have suffered a calamitous fall.
> Midnight trolley, open your door for me!
> I know, now on a frozen midnight,
> Your passengers - your sailors -
> Come for help.

Many times I've left my troubles with them,
I've gently touched them with my shoulders...
Just imagine how much goodness there is
In silence, in silence.
The midnight trolley swims through Moscow,
The roadway swims into dawn,
And pain, like a starling throbbing
in my temples,
Subsides, subsides.

Когда мне невмочь пересилить беду,
когда подступает отчаянье,
я в синий троллейбус сажусь на ходу
в последний, в случайный.
Полночный троллейбус, по улицам мчи,
верши по бульварам круженье,
чтоб всех подобрать потерявших в ночи
крушенье, крушенье!
Полночный троллейбус, мне дверь отвори!
Я знаю, как в зябкую полночь
твои пассажиры - матросы твои -
приходят на помощь.
Я с ними не раз уходил от беды,
я к ним прикасался плечами...
Как много, представьте себе, доброты
в молчанье, в молчанье.
Полночный троллейбус плывет по Москве,
в рассвет мостовая стекает,
и боль, что скворчонком стучала в виске,
стихает, стихает.

The "Midnight Trolley" is a testament to the spiritual state that social atomization and human isolation can bring about. The poem's emotional intensity is stressed from the very beginning as Okudzhava asserts that he can no longer cope with his troubles and that he is on the brink of despair. The ubiquitous color "blue" appears in the form of a trolley which offers a haven, a form of insulation,

to everyone who recognizes his own estrangement, his isolation. Okudzhava pointedly calls them "victims" for they are suffering from a common malady. However, the aforementioned insulation is not complete because the passengers stand in silence, rub shoulders with one another, and in this outward gesture of solidarity demonstrate the only compassion allowed within a system of silence. Thus, Okudzhava is asserting the need to eliminate man's isolation, both individual and social. Once Soviet man realizes that he can survive within the system on the strength of his inner world, he will have taken the first step in returning to a normal and human existence. This belief is clearly prescribed in the refrain from the poem, "Not tramps, not drunks...":

You simply must believe
Those blue beacons.
And then the hoped-for shore
Will come to you through the fog...

Просто нужно очень верить
этим синим маякам,
и тогда нежданный берег
из тумана выйдет к нам.

Here, Okudzhava is reiterating the notion that each individual must have a personal, inner belief in order to endure within his society and to be able to see "through the fog."

Thus, Okudzhava's hope lies in man's inner or

spiritual being and he seems to be advocating the need for a personal resolution, a kind of inner peace or harmony which will enable Soviet man to withstand the overwhelming outside pressures his communist environment has placed upon him.

GALICH: A WORLD OF MORAL INDIGNATION

I have not been chosen,
But I am a judge!

А я не выбран,
Но я судья!

IV

And judge he does! In biting, satirical tones, Galich presents in this poem, "Without a Title" /Без названия/, a panorama of the Soviet existence, a world whose credo knows only murder, extermination, and suicide as shown in the deaths of those who dared to challenge the Soviet establishment:

...Well, a certain Babel'[1] was writing there,
And look what happened to him!

Ну, писал там какой-то Бабель,
И не стало его - делов!

The incomprehensibility of the Soviet way of life, the waste of human existence, and the dire misdirection of Purpose in this environment lead Galich to ask the "historian":

...With all your great learning,
Tell me something about it!

От великой своей учености
Удели мне хотя бы толику!

But the key to explaining what the communists have created

[1]Isaac Babel' was a Soviet writer who died in a prison camp in 1941.

remains unknown even to the "historian" who answers:

> ...I don't know another country like this...
> "Я другой такой страны не знаю..."

Galich's inability to define the Soviet way of life gives birth to the poem's title, "Without a Title" and forms the basis for one of his central philosophical suppositions: Soviet "reality" is a unique concept peculiar to that system alone. And Galich shows his intention to describe and evaluate the Soviet system by adamantly refusing to accept the attitutdes of others who resign themselves by saying:

> ...They don't bother us, we won't bother them...
> "Нас не трогай, и мы не тро..."

In the last stanza, Galich resolutely sums up his aim to act as a judge of this Soviet "reality":

> No, that formula for existing
> Is despicable to the core!
> Are those the ones who have been chosen
> our judges?!
> Although I was not chosen, I am a judge!
>
> Нет, презренна по самой сути
> Эта формула бытия!
> Те, кто выбраны, те и судьи?!
> А я не выбран, но я судья!

The choice is either for freedom of conscience or acceptance of Soviet reality - Galich opts for freedom.

Galich's contempt as expressed in this poem serves as an excellent example of the unrestrained approach representative of his poems. These cutting, direct essays are unleashed with an unabated vengeance at the socio-political milieu in the Soviet Union. Moreover, of all the major underground poets, Galich is the most violent, extreme, anti-government critic, waging his own private war against this Soviet reality. He constantly chips away at the Communist doctrine with a malice and persistence that know no limits and with a clear dedication that holds nothing back. His poems always make their point with clarity, directness, and strength, never masking Galich's prime concerns or intent. His language is "strong" and highly descriptive. Hence, when Galich writes about Stalin, for example, he titles the poem "On Stalin" (О Сталине) so that the reader does not have to guess whether the poem is about Stalin in actuality or not. And when he describes neo-Stalinists in "Dance Tune" /Плясовая/, he does not hesitate to call them "depraved" /уродов/.

In sum, with graphic language and a robust style, Galich's social criticism on the Soviet world attacks the "system" and stages a steadfast crusade against prejudice, injustice, and bigotry as Galich conceives them. Always blunt and straightforward, Galich rarely permits himself any restraint in his relentless assault on the Soviet machine. We begin our discussion of

Gulich's main underground themes with these ideas in mind.

Our train is leaving
for Auschwitz,
Today and everyday!

Наш поезд уходит
в Освенцим
Сегодня и ежедневно!

Of the themes that Galich selects to describe this Soviet reality, perhaps the most pervasive, the one with the deepest emotional overtones is concerned with the fate of world Jewry within oppressive, anti-Semitic societies. As a Jew himself, Galich would seem to have an inherent motive for selecting this theme and for attaching so much importance to it. Galich explores the Jewish question as it appeared in the past, especially during World War Two in Nazi Germany and German-occupied countries such as Poland, and then relates this problem to present-day Soviet life. Galich's basic theme is an impassioned warning that anti-Semitism is still very much alive today in the Soviet sphere. Moreover, he stresses that the indifference of the Soviet population and of the Soviet state to this condition enhances the danger of its reappearance on a mass scale. These ideas are presented in the poem, "The Train" /Поезд/.

Rage and indignation
No longer shake us.
We say hello to scoundrels,
We bow to informers...

We don't rush into battle or searches,
Everything is just and calm,
But, remember - the train is leaving,
Do you hear? The train is leaving
Today and every day.

And only at times are our hearts
Pierced with sadness and ire -
Our train is leaving for Auschwitz,
Our train is leaving for Auschwitz,
Today and every day!...

Ни гневом, ни порицаньем
Давно уж мы не бряцаем,
Здороваемся с подлецами,
Раскланиваемся с полицаем.

Не рвемся ни в бой, ни в поиск,
Всё праведно, всё душевно.
Но помни - отходит поезд!
Ты слышишь? Отходит поезд
Сегодня и ежедневно.

И только порой под сердцем
Кольнет тоскливо и гневно -
Уходит наш поезд в Освенцим,
Наш поезд уходит в Освенцим
Сегодня и ежедневно!

Galich is depicting the Soviet Union as a state where "scoundrels" are accepted and in which even police "informers" are part of daily life, to the point, that people are conditioned with a false feeling that everything is "just and calm." To Galich, the totalitarian state, Russia or Nazi Germany, presents an easy social and political milieu for indifference to grow and spread, so that the horrors of an Auschwitz concentration camp may very well reappear on Soviet soil. In this direct manner, Galich fuses the historical past of all Jews to the present realities as he sees them in the Soviet environment.

In the poem, "Warning" (Предостережение), Galich admonishes his fellow Jews as to their Soviet fate:

> Oh, Jews, don't sew any fancy clothes...
> You won't be sitting in the Synod or Senate...
>
> Ой, не шейте вы, евреи, ливреи,
> Не сидеть вам ни в Синоде, ни в Сенате.

He feels that Jews will be "sitting" in prison again:

> This is the truth, the truth, the truth.
> It was like this and I fear that
> It will be like this tomorrow.
> Maybe tomorrow, maybe even sooner...
> Oh, don't sew any fancy clothes, Jews!
>
> Это правда, это правда, это правда,
> Это было, и боюсь, что будет завтра.
> Может, завтра, может, даже скорее...
> Ой, так не шейте ж вы ливреи, евреи!

Here, Galich makes an emotional appeal to the Jew, not

basing his conclusions on images of Auschwitz or supporting them with concrete facts. His aim appears to have the Jew relive his own past, to rethink his own memories, and then to look around him and think about what Galich is trying to tell him about the Soviet environment. He gives the Jew a lucid warning not to waste any time, indicating that the oncoming holocaust may be very near, "Maybe tomorrow, maybe even sooner....."

While the "Train" and "Warning" are direct warnings about the dangers of a mass revival of anti-Semitism, the poem, "A Story I Heard in a Railway Station Bar" /Рассказ, который я услышал в привокзальном шалмане/ focuses on anti-Semitism as it is encouraged in today's ideology. The story concerns a Soviet major who has lost his military identification papers while on leave and who appears at a local Documents Office to obtain a replacement. He is still in a rather inebriated state from the previous evening's celebrating when he approaches the documents clerk:

I tell her for a joke -
Go ahead and put down
For Point Number Five
That I'm a Jew!

Говорю для смеху ей, -
- Ты, давай, мол, в пункте пятом
Напиши, что я - еврей!

Almost immediately, the erstwhile, highly-respected major assumes his "Jewishness," suffering ever-increasing abuse and frustration even before he can try to explain

himself:

> Look, I did the whole thing for a joke.
> What do I want with Tel Aviv!
>
> - Да это ж я за ради шутки,
> На хрена мне Тель-Авив!

But he receives no consolation from the lowly clerk who has already determined that the major is Jewish and who "can see right through him even without glasses!" (Это ж видно без очков!) In the end, the major is deprived of his Communist Party membership and reduced in rank to private. The results of this episode leave him bewildered and confused and lead to his final resignation:

> I've only got one way to go,
> There isn't any other way.
> Say, friends, can you tell me
> How to get to a synagogue?!
>
> Мне теперь одна дорога,
> Мне другого нет пути:
> - Где тут, братцы, синагога?!
> Подскажите, как пройти!

The action that initiates this poem is based upon an ironic situation, a respectable Soviet citizen's downfall that starts with the innocence of an apparently harmless joke. But the iron-clad Soviet system does not provide for any leeway - ("deviation" would be the communist jargon) - and Galich is quick to caution that matters pertaining to being Jewish are sensitive concerns within which one treads only with a great deal of personal danger. Furthermore, Galich's treatment of the actions

of the documents clerk stresses another one of his criticisms: even the "little" people serving the Soviet apparatus, such as a minor documents clerk, wield the awesome power extended from a highly-centralized government structure. In Galich's eyes, this is further proof that the cancer of the totalitarian machine has permeated all social levels and is reflected in daily, minute governmental actions. The major's plight also personifies the feeling of helplessness and lack of retribution one finds in this communist atmosphere. Here, even a man of some importance, an army officer, becomes entangles in the massive web of the system because he transgressed into the prejudicial realm within Soviet doctrine where being Jewish is tantamount to being against the Soviet way of life.

In "Falling Asleep and Waking Up" /Засыпая и просыпаясь/ the proffered Galich modus vivandi for the Jew, like the Auschwitz of "The Train," introduces a horrible experience suffered in the Jewish past, Babi Yar'.[2] Galich reminds the Jew how calm the situation is today:

> ...above Babi Yar' there's laughter and music
> so all's in order, sleep my son.
>
> И над Бабьим Яром смех и музыка,
> Так что, все в порядке, спи, сынок.

---

[2]Babi Yar' is a ravine near the city of Kiev where thousands of Jews were massacred by the Germans in World War Two.

But the final Galich message presents a call to action for the Jew:

> Sleep, but keep a weapon in your clenched fist
> Like David's little slingshot.
> ...People forgive me out of indifference,
> But I don't forgive the indifferent!
>
> Спи, но в кулаке зажми оружие,
> Бедную Давидову пращу!
> ... Люди мне простят от равнодушия,
> Я им - равнодушным - не прощу!

In this poem, Galich employs the "laughter and music" of the present atmosphere in the Jew's existence to reaffirm his contention that people are easily lulled when an "enemy" seems to have withdrawn or is not completely visible. The Jew, it would seem, has nothing to fear in this new, calm situation. However, Galich feels that the Jew should not waste the lessons of that former disaster. He expects that his ironic words of reassurance, "So all's in order, sleep my son," will consciously arouse the Jew to reevaluate past catastrophes and, at the same time, force him to question his own actions. In this way, Galich is trying to provoke the Jew to realize that he has always behaved in a complacent, non-resisting manner and that he has never tried to influence or change events that have been thrust upon him. Hence, Galich concludes, the Jew must share some of the blame for his present, harassed "state of being" since he has not tried to avoid that persecution. Therefore, in order to remedy the past and to prepare for a

better future, Galich recommends that the Jew must always be on his guard and, like "David", have a weapon at the ready to defend himself against the philistine-like Soviet system. His "weapon," Galich implies, is the courage to accept individual responsibility for his actions, something lacking in the Jew's past. Once the Jew acknowledges his own role in his own "fate," then he can actively participate in its resolution. In sum, activism, founded on an appreciation of one's individual responsibility, is the cardinal principle Galich prescribes for the Jew in "Falling Asleep and Waking Up." Finally, Galich pledges not to forget the indifference the world has shown to the Jew's problems.

The Jewish cycle of Galich's underground poems are concerned with a very real problem within the Soviet Union. They show the Jew as a persecuted individual in that society simply because he is Jewish, still looked upon as an outsider as indicated, for example, by the special place provided on official documents for him to put down his "difference." Yet, Galich, chooses not to explore or propose concrete reasons for the Jew being so treated. He prefers instead to describe the historical and present-day Jewish suffering as a <u>fait accompli</u> and underscore people's indifference as well as the Jew's own passivity to heighten the emotional pitch of the poems.

Overriding all of these concerns, however, is the

constantly nagging question that forms the nucleus in all of Galich's Jewish poems: historical and individual responsibility. To Galich, individual responsibility is the basis for the broader concept of historical responsibility. Each person, including Jews themselves, shares the guilt for the Jew's oppression through his indifference or silence. "Who is responsible?" is answered by Galich quite simply: we all are! Mankind's greatest failure is his reluctance to acknowledge the role played by his own individual responsibility. The overwhelming exertion of governmental sanctions permitting, for instance, anti-semitism, does not excuse the individual from fulfilling his moral obligation. If humanity is to survive, it must recognize that each person has a responsibility to himself and to his fellow man. Galich culminates this philosophy with a clear call to action, not to sit idly by, but to discharge one's responsibilities with vigor and purpose. This appeal, first expressed in his Jewish cycle, echoes throughout his other poems and it shows Galich as the main advocate of activism as a means toward destroying the Soviet hydra.

Aside frome his apprehension about the anti-semitic attitudes in the Soviet Union, Galich most fears the re-establishment of a Stalin-like regime and the repression it forbodes. As in his Jewish poems, Galich unfolds the past as a means of displaying the evils he imagines in

the present or for the future. The content of these poems emphasizes the black, dreary repression during Stalin's reign and the "intoxication" of his loyal adherents whose spirit and enthusiasm for "the great leader" have not, as yet, been extinguished. With these ideas in mind, Galich begins his analysis of Stalin. The Galich rationale on Stalinism as a political and social phenomenon is contained in three main poems, "Night Watch" /Ночной дозор/, "Dance Tune" /Плясовая/, and "On Stalin" /О Сталине/.

The first important Stalin poem, "Night Watch", gives vent to Galich's wrath through the use of a stylistic ploy, a statue's coming to life, borrowed from a classic Russian poem, "The Bronze Horseman" /Медный всадник/ by Alexander Pushkin. In this poem, Galich sets a holiday scene in which hundreds of thousands of Soviet citizens are taking part in the streets of Moscow:

I open the window, I gasp,
I'm stifled as if it were
100°centigrade!
I see: a bronze generalissmo
Leading the fool's procession.
He goes out onto the execution grounds,
"The genius of all times and peoples!"
He reviews the parade of the depraved!
And the drums beat.

Я открою окно, я высунусь,
Дрожь пронзит, будто сто по Цельсию!
Вижу: бронзовый генералиссимус
Шутовскую ведет процессию.
Он выходит на место лобное,
"Гений всех времен и народов!"
И как в старое время доброе
Принимает парад уродов!
И бьют барабаны!..

Here, the symbolic return of Stalin and his followers is made more vivid by Galich's bringing into play the previously-mentioned Pushkin imagery. Also, his own physical revulsion to the stifling heat reinforces his moral indignation when he views the scene below him. This stark imagery and direct, piercing style, leave little to the reader's or listener's imagination: Stalinism and its devout followers are again on the rise. Moreover, these eight lines in "Night Watch" point out Galich's concern with the cyclic nature of Russian history's more awesome events in much the same way that the historical past was employed in the Jewish cycle. The lessons of history, then, are an inseparable part of the Galich thesis.

The next Stalin poem, "Dance Tune" /Плясовая/ is a thirty-eight line poem whose overly zealous repeated play on words /игра слов/ belies the seriousness and emotional intensity the poem evokes about neo-Stalinism. The "key" word throughout the poem is "executioners" /Палачи/, those devoted Stalinists who carried out the master's orders and who are ready in the guise of contemporary Neo-Stalinists to follow:

> Stalin, our wise, our own, our loved one...
> "О Сталине мудром, родном и любимом..."

The most important stanza is the penultimate one which sums up the Neo-Stalinist credo:

We are on guard, - say the executioners.
But when will it happen? - say the executioners.
Let it be soon! - say the executioners.
Arise, Father, bring us to our senses,
teach us!

Мы на страже, - говорят палачи.
Но когда же? - говорят палачи.
Поскорей бы! - говорят палачи -
Встань, Отец, и вразуми, поучи!

Here, Galich clearly shows his conviction - and fears - that a new wave of Stalinism is ascending. On the one hand, Galich establishes a brutal image of the "executioners" to remind one of the deeds of Stalin's henchmen. On the other hand, he uses a mock religious form to heighten and illuminate the obverse spiritual depravity of Stalinist tendencies. Further tension in the stanza is produced by the "executioners'" persistent anxiety, lending to the poem a feeling of impending doom, as they repeatedly voice their impatience for his return. Galich paints this demoralizing scene as an example of the kind of danger that lives in the Soviet environment. Although he offers no open theories as to why Neo-Stalinists should be reuniting, Galich appears to suggest: the Soviet populace, living under perpetual tyranny, may be lured to experiment or try any method to escape their present plight, even the known terror of Stalinism. If that be the case, Galich supplies his own advice in the following poem.

"On Stalin" /О Сталине/, the final poem, "...written while completely drunk and representing the

author's digression" /... написанная в сильном подпитии и являющаяся автореким отступлением/, highlights the Galich thesis on Stalin by means of a constantly-repeated entreaty to repudiate those, like Stalin, who claim that they know all the answers:

...You only have to fear the person
Who says: "I know how it should be!"
Who says: "Follow me, people,
I'll teach you how it should be!"...

You only have to fear the person
Who says: "I know how it should be!"
Who says: "All who follow me
Will have Heaven on earth - and will be rewarded."...

And you only have to fear that person
Who says: "I know how it should be!"
Drive him out! Don't believe him!
He lies! He doesn't know - how it should be!

А бойтесь единственно только того,
Кто скажет: "Я знаю, как надо!"
Кто скажет: "Идите, люди, за мной,
Я вас научу, как надо!"

А бойтесь единственно только того,
Кто скажет: "Я знаю, как надо!"
Кто скажет: "Всем, кто пойдёт за мной,
Рай на земле - награда".

А бояться-то надо только того,
Кто скажет: "Я знаю, как надо!"
Гоните его! Не верьте ему!
Он врёт! Он н е з н а е т - к а к надо!

Galich's aim in this poem is to condemn any leader who appears with ready-made ideologies and to warn people not to follow him blindly. By simply titling the poem "On Stalin", Galich assures that the reader knows whom he means. As in "Dance Tune," Galich fills the poem with quasi-religious symbolism to indicate his concern for people's acceptance of Stalin's ideas by fervor rather

than by logic. To Galich, the Soviet man should not be an unquestioning follower of those who profess to know all the answers as Stalin did. He must, at every opportunity, challenge this type of leadership and, when he finds it unsuited to his needs, overthrow it. In Galich's opinion, the most important step after the problem has been defined, is to become personally involved and to effect a resolution through active participation. As a reply to Stalinism, activism is the only means, a concept Galich had already stated as the recourse in "Falling Asleep and Waking Up" for the Jewish problem. This is the strongest, direct action suggested by any underground poet and forms a central tenet in the Galich underground theme.

Both the Jewish and Stalin cycles are fundamental to an appreciation of Galich's works since they, taken as a whole, best represent his stylistic methods, dominant concerns, and proffered recommendations. They advance the Galich ethic as one involving a higher degree of "intellectual" content than might be expected in the underground poem; individual and historical responsibility, the conduct and roles of "followers", minorities, and leaders in the Soviet experience, and the subsequent hypothesis that each individual must make a conscious, active commitment in order to restructure his and his society's environment.

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THE DILEMMA OF SOVIET MAN: A STUDY OF THE UNDERGROUND LYRICS OF--ETC(U)
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As important, the essential Galich concepts in these two cycles establish the necessary foundation for an ensuing examination and understanding of the remainder of Galich's underground repertoire. With this in mind, let us continue this evaluation, starting with the prison camp poems.

From Karaganda to Narym -
All the earth like one abscess!

От Караганды по Нарым -
Вся земля, как один нарыв!

The theme of prison camps is, surprisingly, directly addressed as the main theme of the poem itself only in a few principal works. This may be partly explained by the fact that Galich is wont to employ this subject as a secondary or tertiary sub-theme within a number of his other poems, mainly through the insertion of the geographical locations or regions of the prison camps to underscore the primary intent of the poem with a motif-like reminder of the camps' existence.

However, the main prison camp poems do not reflect the high emotional pitch expected of them and are qualitatively and quantitatively less integral to Galich's underground poetry as an aesthetic form than either his Stalin or Jewish cycles. These prison camp poems also do not contribute anything essentially new or revolutionary to the underground poem movement since they exhibit less over-all originality and shallower personal involvement than the customary Galich measure.

Nevertheless, these works subtly bring in the questions of responsibility that had been raised in both the Stalin and Jewish cycles, though not with the same intensity or effect. Moreover, in their entirety, the prison camp poems achieve an "intrinsic value" effect by

extending Galich's violent anti-Soviet criticism into that unique Soviet institution. They, thereby, serve as a striking reminder of the camps' "presence" and as an evocation of the mood peculiar to the imprisoned "spirit."

A typical example of the Galich prison camp poem is "Everything at the Wrong Time" (Всё не вовремя). In this poem, the "author" and a fellow inmate of a Siberian prison camp are being brought out for their execution by dullard prison camp guards who regard the upcoming deaths merely as an inconvenience to their daily routine:

> ...The guards are drinking tea with sugar,
> And a guard walks as if numbed.
> Perhaps he's bored, perhaps he's annoyed,
> So he leads us out to be shot for dinner!
>
> А в караулке пьют с рафинадом чай,
> И вертухай идёт, весь сомлел.
> Ему скучно, чай, и несподручно, чай,
> Нас в обед вести на расстрел!

Here, Galich philosophizes that death and suffering as a way of life among emotionally-drained prison camp guards is simply a mirror in which the whole Soviet decayed moral fabric is illuminated. The unthinking guard pulls the rifle's trigger, but the Soviet doctrine causes the "ideological" death; that is, the guard has lost any concept of individual responsibility because of his everyday life in an insensitive, immoral atmosphere. In carrying out his assigned functions, he is unaware that the Soviet Union's reliance upon prison camps and guards - for ideological reasons only - constitutes a denial of its historical responsibility, too.

"Song of the Bluebird" /Песня о синей птице/ continues the prison camp theme by emphasizing the widespread disposition and totality of the camps in the form of an atlas to their locations. Within this massive network of penal colonies, prisoners are sentenced to individual camps for a variety of crimes ("dreams"), each symbolized by different colors:

> ...At that time you received
> Fifteen years for the color blue!...
>
> В это время за синий цвет
> Получали пятнадцать лет!

And then Galich enumerates the places and feelings the camps gave rise to:

> ...Not as soldiers - but as numbers,
> We died, we died.
> From Karaganda to Narym -
> All the earth like one abscess!
> Vorkuta, Inta, Magadan!
>
> We'll think about it in our old age
> What colors we died for!
>
> Не солдатами - номерами,
> Помирали мы, помирали.
> От Караганды по Нарым -
> Вся земля как один нарыв!
> Воркута, Инта, Магадан!
>
> Разберемся ж на склоне лет,
> За какой мы погибли цвет!

In this poem, Galich describes the impersonal, insensitive attitudes of the Soviet government to the lives of prisoners throughout the vast penal system. He suggests, in an ironic tone, that when people have to think about

what they died for by conjuring up a meaningless color, then the emptiness - conceptual and moral - in the Soviet experience displays its innate depravity.

The same threnody for suffering and death is pictured in "Clouds" /Облака/, narrated by a survivor of the camps, a minor miracle in itself:

> The clouds drifted to Abakan,
> Clouds drift very slowly.
> The clouds are most likely warm,
> But I was frozen through and through
> for centuries!
>
> Облака плывут в Абакан,
> Не спеша плывут облака.
> Им тепло, небось, облакам,
> А я продрог насквозь, на века!

For twenty years he was fixed to one place, begrudgingly viewing the clouds and thinking:

> The clouds drift on, the clouds,
> To that dear place, to Kolyma.
> And they don't need a lawyer,
> Amnesty to them is - useless.
>
> Облака плывут, облака,
> В милый край плывут, в Колыму,
> И не нужен им адвокат,
> Им амнистия - ни к чему.

He summarizes the prison camp experience by noting that the memories of those years are not his alone:

> And these days, just like me
> Half the country sits in bars!
> And our memory drifts to those places,
> Where the clouds drift on, the clouds...
>
> И по этим дням, как и я,
> Полстраны сидит в кабаках!
> И нашей памятью в те края
> Облака плывут, облака...

In presenting his thoughts about prison camp life, Galich contrasts the freedom and warmth of the clouds with the isolation and coldness the captive was forced to endure. This appalling account of physical anguish stands out more vividly when Galich relates that "half the country" was subjected to those inhuman conditions. Today, the victim of the camps tries to find solace in drink, but still cannot escape the cruel memories of those years. This is the final impression of prison camp that Galich leaves with the reader.

Galich unveils the subject of prison camps in his poetry as yet another evil, an additional "abscess" that contributes to the total composition of Soviet "reality." However, these poems serve to evoke emotions to a greater extent than they provoke animosity. As such, they are atypical of the Galich technique which he used in both the Jewish and Stalin cycles. In the prison camp poems, Galich touches only lightly upon the subject of "responsibility" in just one poem, "Everything at the Wrong Time." Likewise, he does not bring in the problems of "indifference" or Soviet leadership as salient features of the poems. Rather, he seems to be content to create an "aura" around the camps themselves and to let the reader be his own judge.

Most important, unlike his other cycles, Galich's prison camp poems lack a clear call to action. With this

unexpected omission, Galich seems, in part, to resign himself to the fact that he cannot issue a "call to arms" against every aspect of Soviet "reality." Instead, he must be able to show the Soviet populace the wrongs in communist thinking by pointing out other Soviet "facts of life" that the average Soviet man can relate to, too. Therefore, Galich embarks on a modified course of action, deciding to expand his thematic base, for the most part, by revealing his concepts about the relationship between the Soviet citizen and his special environment. In addition, he elects to link most of these poems in various degrees and forms by the previously-established theme of responsibility.

And whose fault? Nobody's fault!
Don't believe it's nobody's fault....

А чья вина? Ничья вина!
Не верь ничьей вине...

A prime example of "responsibility" applied to Soviet man and his environment is contained in "Immortal Kuz'min" (Бессмертный Кузьмин). In this poem, an ordinary citizen, Kuz'min, plays the role of the informant, spying on his fellow citizens on behalf of the Soviet Secret Police who reward him:

...Like a true patriot,
A faithful son of the Fatherland...

... как чистый патриот,
верный сын Отечества...

While others are dying during the Russian Civil War or during World War Two in defense of their country, Kuz'min lives a life of luxury with not a care about the war. But all the other citizens feel a responsibility, a certain amount of guilt for the war:

And whose fault? Nobody's fault!
Don't believe it's nobody's fault,
When there's war all across the land,
And all the land is in flames!

А чья вина? Ничья вина!
Не верь ничьей вине,
Когда по всей земле война,
И вся земля в огне!

Yet, Kuz'min is not the one fundamentally at fault here

since he assiduously carries out the "responsibility" asked of him by the Soviet government. In effect, Kuz'min has been duped. The misdirected concepts of the Soviet state, Galich implies, are the real villains since the communist leaders take more interest in spying on their own citizens in order to preserve and strengthen their personal political hold than in accepting or recognizing the "responsibility" for events that are unfolding. However, individual citizens are able to understand their responsibility and are the ones who carry out, at the same time, what should be the Soviet state's responsibility:

> And still again - my fault,
> My fault, my war,
> And the death is mine again!
>
> И пусть опять - моя вина,
> Моя вина, моя война,
> И смерть опять моя!

In sum, Galich affirms that the Soviet hierarchy is not mindful of the needs of its people even during times of turmoil and disaster, showing "responsibility" only toward the fulfillment of its own cause whereas the individual is capable of - and "must" - have an insight into his own, genuine responsibility. In this instance, Galich proposes that the wartime pressures of survival, duty, and loyalty overcome all other concerns and "create" individual responsibility among the Soviet citizenry. In the following poem, Galich shows what happens to

"responsibility" in the Soviet sphere when those pressures are removed.

In an ironic poem,"The Gold-diggers Little Waltz" (Старательский вальсок), Galich accuses the Soviet population of being conditioned by Soviet propaganda to the state of mind "that silence is gold" /что молчание - золото/, so that today it is relied upon as the only credo in order to get ahead in the Soviet Union:

> ...Where are the shouters and complainers today?
> They have disappeared before they grew old.
> But the silent ones are now the bosses...
> Just keep quiet - you'll become number one!
> Just keep quiet, just keep quiet, just keep quiet...
>
> Где теперь крикуны и печальники?
> Отшумели и сгинули смолоду...
> А молчальники вышли в начальники...
> Промолчи - попадёшь в первачи!
> Промолчи, промолчи, промолчи!

But, by being silent, Galich warns, a person may become just as nefarious as those who are the installed communist "bosses":

> That's how you get rich easily,
> That's how you become first easily,
> That's how you easily become - a hangman!
> Just keep quiet, just keep quiet, just keep quiet!
>
> Вот как просто попасть в богачи,
> Вот как просто попасть в первачи,
> Вот как просто попасть - в палачи:
> Промолчи, промолчи, промолчи!

Once again, Galich presents a lucid insight into his ideas about responsibility. In this poem, he specifically equates a person's "silence" with the resultant "false"

success that he may achieve on the Soviet advancement ladder. What Galich means is that by taking this open path, a person subordinates himself to the already-instituted state of misconceived responsibility adopted by the Soviet Union and, thereby, makes himself into the identical "hangman."

Stylistically, Galich concludes this poem with a "reverse" call for active participation by the ironically reiterated "just keep quiet." While this is solid evidence that a definite, purposeful plan of recourse is more often stated than implied in Galich's poems, his theories of responsibility still serve as the fundamental Galich philosophical principle and link each poem to the other. In short, these two elements in combination - responsibility and activism - create the collective "tour de force" in Galich's underground repertoire. He further demonstrates this phenomenon in the following poem.

In "Ask Questions, Boys" /Спрашивайте, мальчики!/ Galich encourages Soviet youth always to ask questions, particularly of their elders:

> ...don't spare them, wear them out...
> ... не жалейте их, снашивайте!

As daily events unravel into critical, historical milestones, youth must know what is happening and their elders must not be reluctant to tell them:

...Again the same old story, the pain,
Again boys are being shattered into dust,
into battle!

Don't intimidate them, don't push them away,
Ask, boys, ask,
Ask, boys, ask,
Ask, ask!

Снова замаячили быль, боль,
Снова рвутся мальчики в пыль, в бой!
Вы их не пугайте, не отваживайте,
Спрашивайте, мальчики, спрашивайте,
Спрашивайте, мальчики, спрашивайте,
Спрашивайте, спрашивайте!

Responsibility is also the key in this poem since it determines the flow of the poetic action: the responsibility of "fathers" toward their "sons" in responding with the truth about historical and contemporary events for which the Soviet state provides no answers, (a lack of responsibility on its part). Youth's responsibility is characterized as a primary, basic one: "just ask questions!" At the same time, this phrase establishes the call to action, melding the boys' responsibility and recourse into one. Here, again, responsibility and activism form the cornerstone of the Galich underground poem.

With this poem, Galich finalizes the most significant tenets in his philosophical outlook on the Soviet experience, vigorously described and examined from the very first Jewish poem, "The Train."

At the heart of Galich's underground poetic theses lies the inherent, ever-present depravity of Soviet ideology as it is interpreted and put into practice by Soviet

authorities. No Galich poem avoids stressing this pivotal belief, nor can Galich be fully understood without it. In essence, Galich insists, the Soviet evil results from a misdirected concept of historical responsibility, designed by succeeding communist hierarchies as a means toward the perpetuation and preservation of the communist doctrine rather than for creation of a genuine responsibility among the Soviet populace and state. To Galich, every Soviet deed reflects this misdirected responsibility: the murders and prison camp deaths in "Without a Title;" the persecution of Jews in the Jewish cycle; the Stalin "mania" in that cycle; and the existence of "informers" and "silent ones" in "Kuz'min" and "The Prospector's Little Waltz" respectively, as singular examples.

Moreover, this unique Soviet "reality" has generated a totally-conditioned Soviet man - indifferent, passive, non-committed - who tacitly "accepts" rather than "acts." In order to reverse this malaise - that is, to turn this distorted "reality" into a true "reality" - Soviet man must first recognize and accept his own individual responsibility by acknowledging the absolute evil in the Soviet mentality and by undoing his Soviet conditioning. Having grasped the role of his individual responsibility, the Soviet citizen still has two distinct choices: either he can remain passive and do nothing about Soviet "reality" or he can take an active part in changing his communist environment. But,

Galich cautions, individual responsibility can never support Soviet "reality", as Kuz'min did, but must always work to counter it.

To Galich, however, there is only one clear choice: the Soviet man must assume an active role: if you are a Jew, strike back; if neo-Stalinists appear, drive them out; even if fathers are silent, sons must ask questions. In sum, activism will foster the reconditioning of the Soviet man, instilling in him a new, purposeful appreciation of his own individual responsibility. And finally, once this enlightened "awakening" takes root among the Soviet population, it will gather greater momentum, eventually undermining the misdirected historical responsibility of the Soviet state, the ultimate goal of the Galich responsibility-activism thesis.

In "Song About Islands" /Песня про острова/ Galich presents a fitting conclusion to this thesis in a dream about the new, "responsible" state his underground poetry has endeavored to inspire:

> ...It is said that somewhere there are Islands
> Where untruth does not become the truth!
> Where conscience is a necessity and not
> conscripted.
> Where truth is engrained and not designated!
> These are the islands I dreamed!

Говорят, что где-то есть острова,
Где неправда не бывает права!
Где совесть - надобность, а не солдатчина,
Где правда нажита, а не назначена!
Вот какие я придумал острова!

This is the real world of Aleksandr Arkad'evich Galich, Soviet underground poet.

THE EFFICACY OF SILENCE

V

Having characterized the basic features inherent in the underground social lyrics of Okudzhava and Galich, it now remains for me to address the resultant impact and effect that this lyricism has had on the Soviet world. Within the scope of this examination, two important and highly relevant areas need to be considered: the relationship between the poet and the State, and the influence of each on Soviet man. Clearly, these two elements are interrelated and comprise the essence of the entire underground movement.

The official position of the Soviet state always has been and continues to be that any individual or personal artistic expression must be in total accord with the interests and aims of the State.[1]

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[1]"Our Soviet literature is not afraid of being tendentious because it is tendentious. In the age of this class struggle, a non class, non tendentious, apolitical literature does not and cannot exist..." Speech by Andrej Zhdanov, Minister of Culture, at the First Writers Party Congress, 1934.

"The Soviet system cannot tolerate the education of youth in a spirit of indifference to Soviet politics, to ideology...The strength of Soviet literature... consists in the fact that it is a literature in which there are not and cannot be interests other than the interests of the State. The task of Soviet literature is to help the state to educate youth correctly..." Statement issued by the Communist Party Central Committee, August 14, 1946.

As I have already pointed out, the state, in varying degrees and by shifting policies, has attempted to maintain an almost complete control over all forms of social and personal expression. Nevertheless, the party hierarchy undoubtedly did not foresee the backlash that would occur with the ostensible easing of restrictions and the encouragement of a truthful depiction of life. What, in effect, resulted from this situation, was that the party, for the first time in its existence, was placed on the defensive. That is, it found itself reacting to rather than acting upon social trends, attitudinal positions, and literary and social expression. Ultimately, as recent events have shown, the state has ceded its authority by adopting a policy of forced exile for "dissident" Soviet writers and intellectuals. This action, I feel, reflects a degree of impotence and an inadequacy of the State to handle and deal with all of the intricate problems and circumstances that the movement has brought about. Virtually every significant spokesman for the movement in the last fifteen years now finds himself in the West.[2] In arriving at a solution of

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[2]Some of the important movement representatives now in the West are: Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Aleksandr Galich, Andrei Sinyavsky, Vladimir Bukovsky.

this nature, the state is clearly admitting its awareness of the import, magnitude, and breadth of scope this movement has demonstrated.

However, this apparent sign of weakness on the part of the Soviet leadership may be viewed from a dual perspective. On the one hand, it may be suggested that the Soviet Union is demonstrating its unwillingness to cope internally with its complex social and intellectual problems; on the other hand, this action may be viewed as an expeditious means and a practical solution toward neutralizing the effectiveness that the individual might lend to the movement.

Although Soviet exiles have been granted a remarkable degree of freedom in their outlets among Western media - Radio Liberty, the Soviet emigre press in Western Europe and the United States - their subsequent impact on the Soviet man and Soviet state is clearly diminished. Moreover, it should be noted that each of these individuals had consistently insisted that he would not leave the Soviet Union under any circumstances. Each stressed that, in spite of the dangers, the continuation of their cause, viable only at the grass-roots level, must be carried out at any expense. Therefore, from the Soviet leadership point of view, the decision for the expulsion of these individuals serves two logical functions: in the first place, it physically removes the individual from the

Soviet literary scene and second, it deflates the spirit and enthusiasm of the movement's advocates who remain behind.

Thus we witness a cause and effect relationship between the poet and the State. Initially, the pattern shows stringent actions on the part of the state, including incarceration, commitment to insane asylums, and loss of jobs; however, in a direct correlation to the increasing popularity or fame of the poet, the state finds that expulsion becomes the simplest, most expeditious and, ultimately, the final solution to the problem. The poet, in turn, finding himself in an alien environment with his channels of communication impaired, if not severed, loses most if not all of his effectiveness. The irony of this situation is that the spokesman for human rights attains freedom, while the ones for whom he so diligently fought, remain behind.

Nevertheless, the lyrical poem movement has attracted and absorbed a number of poets and would-be poets, most of whom adhere to or promote an ideology which reflects a position somewhere between Okudzhava and Galich.

The most noteworthy representative of this group is Vladimir Vysotskij, a renowned singer, stage and screen actor. Vysotskij, in fact, serves as a prime example of a highly popular activist who stands midway between the styles of Okudzhava and Galich. His lyrics include and

blend the moral indignation of Galich and the subtleties and understatement of Okudzhava.

Vysotskij's poems range in diversity from frivolous, non-sensical ditties to more weighty, philosophically-oriented compositions. In most respects, however, Vysotskij may be characterized as the Soviet poet of the "here and now": that is, he takes the latest Soviet fad, edict, or happening and immediately writes a poem about it. He includes humor in liberal doses within his poems and most often pokes good-natured fun at Soviet institutions and practices. His favorite topic is the Soviet legal system which he classifies as a repressive, immoral code. After Galich, Vysotskij is the one Soviet lyricist who devotes a great deal of attention to both the prison camp theme and the problem of anti-Semitism in the Soviet world.

Stylistically, Vysotskij uses many contemporary Soviet colloquial expressions and borrows extensively from the "Blatnoj"[3] language, a fact that perhaps helps to explain his immense popularity among all social strata in the Soviet Union. An imaginative writer who effectively uses both rhythm and rhyme, Vysotskij has been referred to as the "inimitable imitator"[4] for his reworking and

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[3]"Blatnoj" - a term used to describe a Soviet subculture with its own vocabulary, traditions, and mores. Most often, the term is used to denote a semi-criminal, waterfront populace.

[4]V. Maslov, "Tri Vstrechi s Vysotskij," Posiev, No. 1, 1971.

subsequent republication of poems written by or attributed to others. In spite of the boldness of some of his themes - Vysotskij was one of the first lyricists to describe the insane asylums where dissenters are often incarcerated - he has, for some inexplicable reason, enjoyed the semi-official grace of the Soviet leadership.

Also worthy of mention are two other underground poets who have followed in the footsteps of Okudzhava and Galich: Mikhail Nozhkin and Yuli Kim.

Nozhkin has attained a degree of popularity with his poignant poetic sketches of the monotonous existence of the ordinary Soviet citizen. While most of his poems possess little of the insight and depth of content that Okudzhava and Galich display, Nozhkin's poems point out the contrast between the Soviet Union's technological advances and the wretched living and working conditions endured by many of its citizens. For instance, his description of a street sweeper, "Auntie Nyusha" evokes the image of the eternal Soviet man left behind while the nation is totally immersed in greater technological and scientific achievements. Nozhkin's lyrics also focus on some of life's petty annoyances, both universal and Soviet. In sum, Nozhkin is the underground poet who reflects the mundane, everyday cares the Soviet citizen is likely to encounter.

Yuli Kim, on the other hand, is very close to Galich in style. He writes in a satirical, almost bitter manner,

attacking Soviet ideology and the inconsistencies in Soviet life. Half Korean and half Jewish by birth and a school-teacher by profession, Kim sets many of his poems within the Soviet educational experience. His poem, "Song of the Social Science Teacher" describes the fate of a teacher whose frustration in trying to explain Soviet ideological concepts to his students drives him to commit suicide by letting a book on that subject fall from a shelve onto his head. Kim's irreverance toward the Soviet system has made him one of the most harassed underground poets and he has already spent several terms in Soviet prison camps, a price that he seems willing to pay for a continued, open voice in the underground movement.

Thus the irony as well as complexity of the situation is that both the State and the lyrical advocates of freedom are laying all their demands, hopes, dreams, and aspirations in one and the same entity, the Soviet philistine.

The totalitarian dictatorship, because of its sense of mission, is vitally concerned with the transmission of its power and ideological program to the younger generation. Indeed, it is upon the young that the hopes of the dictatorship are focused, and the regime never tires of asserting that the future belongs to the youth. Stalin stated "The youth is our future, our hope...comrades. The youth

must take our place...it must carry our banner to final victory...[5]

Moreover, according to the official Soviet interpretation, the powerful appeal of the Communist Party is derived from the fact that "it is linked with the broad masses by vital ties and is a genuine party of the people, that its policy conforms to the people's vital interests..."[6] And the individual who has from childhood been brought up in a state akin to communion with the Party, who, when given the complete monopoly of communication, constant, unremitting pressure, and simultaneous appeals to the future through grandioise projects, finds it difficult to resist these temptations. Moreover, the attainment and preservation of any material goods are directly linked to Party orientation.

Within this morally, ideologically, and materially insulated world, the Soviet man is now being addressed by fellow citizens who point out the fallacious, the deception, the terror and injustice of this same system. This information does not stem from Western sources or conveniently labeled "Trotskyites," but from rank-and-file Soviet citizens, avowed patriots, defenders of the Soviet Union in the Great Patriotic war.

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[5]Stalin, J.V., Problems of Leninism, Moscow, 1940, p. 451.

[6]Pravda, Oct. 9, 1952, Malenkov's report of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (B).

The Soviet man, furthermore, knows that the themes and situations presented in the underground lyrical movement are real, are true and viscerally he can relate to them. Undoubtedly, in many instances, the sophisticated and challenging existentialist demands of Galich and the stylistically complex metaphorical and symbolic presentations of Okudzhava are not immediately comprehensible. But the seeds of perspective have been sown and the individual is becoming acquainted with responsibility (in a non-party sense) and having the emptiness and isolation of his mode of existence constantly amplified.

The result can only be disatisfaction; tacit or overt, it is something that the Party in its continued pursuit of self-acclaim cannot allow. And the individual cannot openly seek, experiment, attempt to change, to improve the given situation. The mental sifting process must be performed in silence, in isolation, and may, for the first time, emerge as a detrimental feature as far as the Party is concerned. Both thought and action are historically ephemeral moments, but one is a necessary and constant precursor of the other. This is not to suggest that the Soviet man stands on the brink of carrying out a coup or revolution, but it indicates that he may inadvertently and subconsciously cease to be the robotized tool of the State.

Exposure to reality, the presentation of previously

unheard of liberties in the denunciation of the Soviet system produces dialogue, controversy and if nothing else, offers the individual the means for evaluation, argumentation and ultimately a criticism of actuality and personal involvement.

Presently, the effect of Galich's and Okudzhava's underground lyrics as well as the counter-measures of the State are difficult to assess. It might appear that the former's appeals serve as a personal evocation of protest and defiance against their oppressed condition in the name of morality and personal freedom while the latter's is a battle for self-preservation, an attempt to withstand the recasting of the Soviet system.

When the awesome authority of the State is compared with the weak and atomized Soviet social structure one senses that the underground movement is destined to fail. Moreover, the lyricist, after years of frustration, reflects this feeling of impotence and futility. Okudzhava, on March 31, 1976, acknowledged that, with the passing of time, his "Revolutionary temperament" had diminished, and that his lyrics had become "boring" to him.[7]

This statement along with the fact that Galich finds himself in forced exile in the West suggests that the system will prevail.

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[7]Personal tape of Okudzhava Concert and interview, Munich, W. Germany, March 31, 1976.

It becomes apparent, that if Soviet society maintains its ambivalence and acquiescence, it if remains willing to endure totalitarian oppression in spite of the heroic and outspoken stand of the members of the underground, it is undeserving of anything better. If this indeed be the case, then the "heavenly gift" that Galich perceives in "being heard at a distance of five steps," is only self-deception.

Hence, Okudzhava's advocacy of seeking consolation in unachievable dreams, in personal withdrawal, lends a credible delineation to reality and his stated philosophy, paradoxically, coincides with the objectives of the Communist Party in respect to the entire underground movement: "how much goodness there is in silence...."

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