



BERN HILL

# Free Thoughts, Free Words

By ALLAN NEVINS

**Kiev, 1960**  
**W**HERE do we go from here?" demanded the vice-chancellor of Cambridge University bitterly two months ago, as he and a dozen other educators—Russian, American, French, German and Scandinavian—stood in the Kremlin Gardens, looking across at the ruins of the university, amid all the other twisted litter of central Moscow. "How can we ever start the machinery again?"

He and other members of UNRUSCEP (United Nations-Russian Committee on Educational Policy) would have been less discouraged had they known what I have heard since leaving Moscow. Three pieces of good news have reached me in the last few days. First, the three great American foundations, Ford, Rockefeller and Carnegie, have finally agreed to pool their available resources in a gigantic effort to rehabilitate Russian scientific and technical institutions. Second, some of the chief Asian, American and European faculties that have been training men in Russian studies are already combing their lists of graduates, trying to mobilize a force to help restart education in the Soviet Union. And third, Pakistan's Parliament has made a special appropriation, the equivalent of \$4,500,000, for the relief of needy Russian scientists and

teachers—a right gallant gesture that larger countries can well imitate.

Denis Brogan of Cambridge would have been still less discouraged if he could have heard the talk I have just had here in Kiev with Nikolai Antonov. The very fact that this eminent educator and geneticist is here to be talked with is pregnant with drama. It is almost as if a great Western scientist rose from the dead. Antonov, a follower of the martyred geneticist Vavilov, who died long ago in the Saratov concentration camp, was himself one of the first to suffer in the wholesale purge of Russian geneticists which followed the sudden rise of that notorious prophet of Marxian pseudo science, Trofim Lysenko. As the Politburo made Lysenko absolute, Antonov was sent to a labor camp; then he was released, and rearrested; and finally he disappeared so completely that everybody thought him dead. But lo! at the close of the late revolution he suddenly reappeared.

Now Antonov has been named to UNRUSCEP. I came to Kiev specially to talk over its plans with him.

"We take it for granted that a basic element in our education is Americanism," I remarked. "You will take it for granted that a basic element in your

educational system must be Russianism—the true Russian spirit, so long distorted and stunted by the Communist dictatorship. Where will you find a means for reclaiming it?"

"The Russian spirit!" exclaimed the white-haired Antonov, his form bent, his face seamed, but his eyes still full of fire. "For that we must go back to the old Russia: to the great truth seekers of former times—to our immortal writers like Tolstoi and Turgenev, our mighty poets like Pushkin and Lermontov, our historians like Klyuchevsky."

Here in Kiev, the Mother of Russia's Cities, the Canterbury of Holy Russia, for many centuries the religious capital of the land and for a century and a half one of its main intellectual centers, it should be easy to take long views into the past and future. The main city, like so many others in Europe, lies in ashes and shards. But St. Vladimir's University has been transferred to the military school. It is hard by the ancient Kiev-Petchersky Lavra, dedicated in the eleventh century to Our Lady as a semianchorite monastery. Located outside the ruins of the Golden Gate, it overlooks the sandy-banked Dnieper. The long barracks where subalterns once studied have been turned into classrooms and laboratories. The archimandrite. (Continued on page 88)

# Moscow Olympics

By RED SMITH

*Red Smith, one of America's greatest sports writers, has arrived in Russia to report the 1960 Moscow Olympic games for Collier's. Here is his first dispatch, radioed just prior to the start of the games*

Moscow, 1960

THREE weeks hence, the world will demonstrate that real peace has arrived. It will be heralded by 90,000 voices cheering in concert in Moscow's monstrous Dynamo Stadium, by strident sounds of bickering in the council room of the International Olympic Committee, by shouts of triumph and cries of disappointment and the angry gnashing of coachly teeth throughout this fortunate capital.

In an Olympic year, these are the noises of international comity, world brotherhood and universal good will.

On July 22d, seventh anniversary of the atomic bombing of the Kremlin, the muscular delegates of 78 nations will open the thirteenth quadrennial carnival of the modern series of Olympic games. Quadrennial? That's what the book says, but the calendar tells another story.

Back in the autumn of 1951, the Scandinavian Airlines ferried a consignment of American sports writers to Helsinki to show what preparations that optimistic city was making to conduct the Olympics of 1952. Fifteen years of planning and hundreds of millions of Finnish marks already had been expended on the project; Helsinki's great Olympic stadium had stood empty for a dozen years, a monument of discouragement.

For as early as 1936, when Hitler's Berlin was host to the games, Finland had sought the privilege of staging the 1940 show. Instead, Tokyo got the assignment, only to sink hip-deep in a war in China and relinquish its claims, so that Helsinki was elected after all. But scarcely had the Finns completed their 70,000-seat stadium, when World War II rendered international track meets unpopular.

London got the games when they were finally resumed in 1948, and at that time Helsinki was tapped to be host in 1952. Once again Finland got ready, and once again the world was plunged into war when, two months before the entertainment was scheduled to start, Petrovic and Borlic, the Kremlin's assassins, pitched their high hard ones at Tito's head in Belgrade and our long-smoldering planet burst into flames.

This summer's games, therefore, are the first in the Olympic series since 1948. There is more than that to distinguish them, however. Never before in world history has this sweaty extravaganza represented what it stands for this summer. Never before, not even in the fondest imaginings of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, father of the modern games, has the carnival symbolized so vividly the hope of mankind.

When World War I was over and the 1920 Olympics went to Antwerp, Belgium and her allies specifically barred their late enemies, Germany and Austria, from participation. In 1948 the sores of World War II still festered; neither Germany nor Japan was invited. This time the world has done

better than merely accept a defeated aggressor on terms of absolute equality with all other competitors. This time the Russian people, five years after the Soviets were overthrown, are in fact the host to whom all the rest of us make our manners.

There have been no payments of reparations, no trials of war criminals. This time the nations are trying to live together and play together.

Pending final word from a few outlying precincts, it is expected that about 7,000 athletes, perhaps 2,000 more than any such gathering has hitherto seen, will take part in the opening ceremonies in the stadium. There will be much that is familiar, much that is novel, about these ceremonies.

As always, the Grecian delegation will lead the march into the stadium and down the track past the box occupied by members of the Provisional Russian Government. As the original Olympic nation, Greece always has first place. It has been the custom for nations to follow in alphabetical order, from Afghanistan to Yugoslavia. The custom has been revised. This time second place has been accorded to Finland, in recognition of that nation's gracious gesture in permitting this carnival to come to Moscow instead of Helsinki.

Next comes gallant Yugoslavia, whose heroic resistance against the Reds' initial assault ultimately led to the destruction of the Iron Curtain. Thereafter, the alphabetical rule will be observed—except that Russia will parade last, as the host always does.

When these games were being arranged, there was agitation in favor of (Continued on page 123)



FRED BANBERY

Held in Russia's capital, the 1960 Olympics, first in 12 years, drew athletes of 78 nations, signaled world brotherhood and good will