

A BITTER CONTROVERSY has broken out among Russian dissident intellectuals between those who insist that it is their duty to remain in the Soviet Union in all circumstances, even at the expense of the stifling of their creativity—and those who take the opposite view. Below are the essential points of a statement in Moscow by Igor Shafarevich and Yuli Daniel's reply in an interview in *Le Monde*. Professor Shafarevich is a physicist, a member of the Soviet Academy, and a friend of Alexei Sakharov; he is a contributor to Solzhenitsyn's recently published new anthology of Russian voices. Yuli Daniel served the prison sentence which he was given in the notorious Sinyavsky-Daniel Trial of 1966 in a labour camp. Both Shafarevich and Daniel are now resident in Moscow and are "samizdat" (underground) writers. Rostropovich is, of course, the famous cellist.—ED. NOTE.

There is an aspect of the emigration that might influence the future of us all, and it arises, not in the sphere of law, but in that of intellectual life. I refer to the cultural emigration. The fact that the best representatives of our literature, literary criticism and music now live abroad could be a sign of the end of Russian culture, or at any rate of the end of Russian culture in Russia. The expulsion of Solzhenitsyn was unquestionably a heavy blow to Russian culture. But he was arrested, forced into an aircraft, and sent abroad. Nothing of the sort happened to anyone else. The poet who wrote poems declaring he would never leave, the thinker who wrote an essay declaring it was unnecessary to emigrate—they all went voluntarily. And if some of them now say they were deported, and others that they were nearly deported, while still others are indignant at having been deprived of their citizenship, it merely means that all of them have the feeling that they acted as they should not have acted.

The representatives of Russian culture who left voluntarily simply did not withstand the pressure which was withstood for decades, for instance, by millions of religious believers. In other words, they lacked the spiritual strength to stand up to the threatened affliction. Such ordeals are severe, of course; but they can be surmounted by human strength, as numerous examples have shown. And in any case—where are the vital contributions to culture which we should have been having? People lacking in such spiritual strength can make no real and vital contribution to culture, no matter on which side of the frontier they happen to be.

A characteristic peculiarity of our intellectual life is revealed here. It required the surmounting of great difficulties, much greater than in the West. As against this, it does issue in much deeper relationships to life. To achieve anything really valuable (not, of course, in the areas regimented by the State) it is generally necessary to accept a risk. This alone can ensure a serious relation to one's subject and to the search for truth.

Igor Shafarevich

SHAFAREVICH SPEAKS in the name of those who have stayed in Russia. But so do I; and I say that if Shafarevich believes himself able to wipe out the life and work of artists, writers, philosophers and musicians with a stroke of his pen, that is an awesome thing. Surely he is aware that culture does not abide by the short-lived laws to which political régimes are subject. That by no means all artists are able to remain creative if, as he puts it, "they have to withstand ordeals". That artists cut off from their native land are perfectly capable of working for the future and that their works may well appear eventually in their native land. Such, it will be recalled, was the case with Ivan Bunin, all of whose works were written while he was an *émigré*. Berdyaev's philosophical works have also returned home; though they are not yet printed, they are certainly read.

To agree, as Shafarevich would have us agree, that a creatively active individual living abroad can make no contribution to the country of his birth and the culture of the world would merely demonstrate one's ignorance. The end result would be to consign to oblivion the tremendous historical experience of various cultural emigrations. To confine ourselves to the 20th century alone would mean depriving us of the works of, say, Thomas Mann, Marc Chagall, Slavomir Mrozek.

WHO, THEN, ARE the "best representatives" of our culture who have been deprived of their "sufficient intellectual riches"? Through Shafarevich's allusions it is easy to guess at whom he is aiming. One of his targets, for instance, is Alexander Galich, the poet who has created a folklore of his own for the modern city. Another is Efim Etkind, a philologist with a reputation in the outside world as well as in Russia. A third is Victor Nekrassov, that valiant soul who has given us the best book about the War and Russian courage. A fourth is Anatol Yakobson, literary critic and editor, to whom the Russian language and Russian writing is the very air that he breathes.

All these and dozens of other gifted and honourable individuals cannot defend themselves against Shafarevich because of the widespread prejudice according to which a word spoken "in the outside world" is worth less than one uttered in Russia.

IN SHAFAREVICH'S VIEW a writer who leaves his country is guilty of pusillanimity. To that I reply that to a writer being cut off from his country is always dangerous, always tragic, and always hazardous. It is a most grievous challenge to his moral resources, and not everyone is capable of standing up to all that is involved. Is it not so much easier to consider oneself talented and stay at home, where one can attribute all setbacks to the prevailing "discomforts"?

Shafarevich has said that Andrey Sinyavsky left Russia because he no longer wanted to put up with the "discomforts" there. What a shameful euphemism! As if what was involved were no more than changing a flat without a WC for one equipped with all modern conveniences. Shafarevich knows very well what the inconveniences are. They are described in detail in the books of Solzhenitsyn, who showed

himself to be a man of iron will who survived and matured into a writer in conditions that drove an Osip Mandelstam first to madness and then to death. Who would dare to say it would not have been better if Mandelstam had gone away in good time?

Does Shafarevich believe that all these people are identical, no more than cog-wheels that have to work and stand up to a definite pressure for a definite period of time? He holds up religious believers who have stood up to such pressure as an example to artists. But does he for that reason look down on the Old Believers who fled, or tried to flee, to escape persecution and be in a position to profess their faith undisturbed abroad? Or all those who sought their salvation in flight during the religious wars and sectarian persecutions in Europe? Why does he overlook that the artist's faith unquestionably requires him to devote his whole self to it, but not necessarily to sacrifice it? Time alone delivers judgment on the artist and, unlike Shafarevich, it evaluates him by his work and not by his capacity to withstand ordeals.

WE, THOSE OF US who have remained, cannot dissociate ourselves from those who have gone abroad. We gave them our blessing when they assumed their cross. We are bound to them by love, sympathy, and a community of ideas. Coldly to cross them off the list of the living would be like suicide. We were nurtured on the same culture. Those who have left their country will live for us "in the outside world", and we here will live for them.

Yuli Daniel

AS A MUSICIAN, I never was political. I lived according to my conscience and my heart; I signed no letters composed by official organs—either against "Israeli aggressors" or against Boris Pasternak or Andrei D. Sakharov; I did not participate in the officially organised persecution campaigns against certain composers, writers, artists, and scientists, and, as you know, I gave refuge to my friend Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn, who spent four winters in my dacha. These are the "crimes" that led to an entire chain of events. The result was my departure from Russia with my family for an extended period.

I WOULD LIKE I. R. Shafarevich to answer this: Just how do you picture my creative life at home when I was denied the opportunity of self-expression as an artist? What should a performing musician do when his art is ageing and dying along with him? Recordings are the only way (and then, not fully) to leave a "record" of interpretations, which can even "outlive" the artist himself. But for this you need at least permission to record. What would you do if at someone's command the recording session is stopped literally in mid-note, and you are literally thrown out of the studio? That is what happened during a recording of Puccini's "Tosca" with my wife and the Bolshoi Theatre orchestra under my baton.

HOW MUCH LONGER could I remain a puppet of Goskconcert, the state organisation that trades in

artists, in planning my guest appearances abroad? When, in accordance with their (or "someone's") desires, only they can determine where I can go and where I can't, what I can play and what I can't. Why is it that when they did not wish to let me perform Beethoven's Trio with Yehudi Menuhin and Wilhelm Kempff (for the UNESCO celebration) in Paris in January, 1974, they sent an official telegram to Mr Menuhin stating that I could not come because of illness—when in truth I was perfectly healthy?

I am only 47 now, in my prime. There is so much more that I could have done for my country, if they would have at least given me "musical freedom", without "regulation", without tripping me up, spoiling my plans, trying to destroy me as a person and musician. They were trying to prove that a talented man, too, if he did not obey, could be destroyed, and replaced by a mediocrity, who would slavishly submit to the authorities and follow the narrow, and often stupid, official line blindfolded.

HOW MUCH SUSPICION, control, and overcautiousness they have toward their own compatriots!

It is not my fault that I must realise my life's dreams not in my homeland but in the theatres of New York, San Francisco, London, Paris, Milan, Vienna, and Munich. Not long before I left, the Deputy Minister of Culture said to me in an official conversation: "Who cares that you want to conduct or play with the best orchestras of our country? They do not want you!" Galina Vishnevskaya replied: "That is precisely why we must leave, because they want Rostropovich in Paris, London and New York." In the prime of her career, Galina Vishnevskaya found her appearances being met with a conspiracy of silence. She was literally driven from radio and television.

WHAT, THEN, SHOULD I have done according to my friend Shafarevich? Sit at home until I was old or dead, waiting for them "to want" me? And never realising my dreams, think as I lay dying, "Ah, how I could have played that work!?"

Shafarevich writes, "The cultural figures who voluntarily left Russia just could not withstand the pressures that, say, millions of religious believers withstood for decades."

There is no talk of intolerable pressures in my particular case. Almost anything physical can be withstood. My wife survived the blockade of Leningrad. We suffered through the hardships, hunger, and sorrow of war with our people. That is possible when there is hope and the chance of it coming true. A musician cannot lock himself inside four walls and create for himself alone. He must give his art to others, otherwise the art, having no outlet, will destroy the artist.

And now my wife and I have gone away for a few years—not from our own people, but from the bureaucrats who are allowed to mock openly people in the arts.

Mstislav Rostropovich