

Volume II Poet's Theatre Series No. 17/Producer: Scotti D'Arcy/Russian Consultant: Isabelle Burke

THE POETRY OF

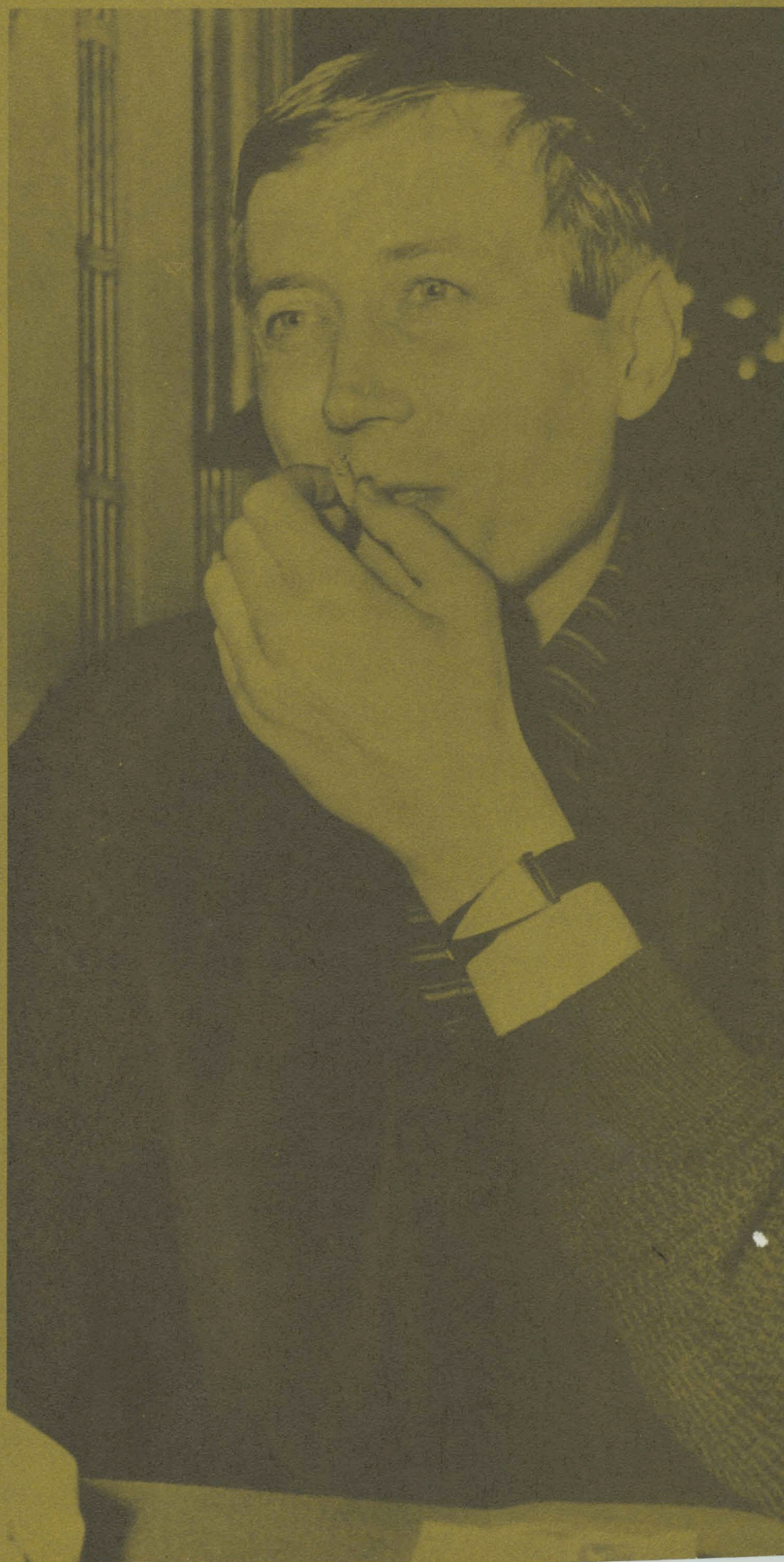
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9869

YEVTUSHENKO

READ BY MILT COMMONS with Jere Jacob
IN ENGLISH

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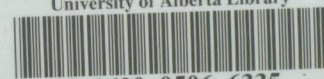
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LIES
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THE POETRY OF YEVTUSHENKO/READ BY MILT COMMONS

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE
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FOLKWAYS FL 9869

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FL 9869

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The Poetry of YEVTUSHENKO

Volume II Poet's Theatre Series No. 17 / Producer: Scotti D'Arcy
read by Milt Commons and Jere Jacob
in English
Russian Consultant: Isabelle Burke

Yevgeny Yevtushenko

Yevtushenko is the spokesman for young intellectuals here and abroad. His, "A Precocious Autobiography," that tells of his brilliant poet's life and of his fight for freedom under Stalin and Krushchev, is currently on the best-seller list. His poetry is always in demand. Whenever it appears in print, it is at once a runaway best seller. He is one of the most controversial writers of our time. His courage to speak the truth has been a vital aid in promoting good relations between Russia and the United States. In this album we present the man and his bloodless intellectual revolt against Russian dictatorship and censorship through his poetry.

Yevtushenko's poetry is young, fresh, outspoken; it is rich with his dreams, memories, thoughts and realities. He can protest in a loud voice against injustice, as in his noted poem, "Babi Yar," written about the Jewish pogrom at Kiev. By the same token, he can express in the most lyric and gentle tones the delicate experience of personal love, as in the quiescent lines of, "Waiting," and, "Colours." Whatever his subject, he brilliantly records his impressions with an eloquent concern for his fellow human being. His work is both sincere and dramatic -- assuring the listener an enriching literary experience.

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Side A

Lies

TELLING lies to the young is wrong.
Proving to them that lies are true is wrong.
Telling them that God's in his heaven
and all's well with the world is wrong.
The young know what you mean. The young are
people.
Tell them the difficulties can't be counted,
and let them see not only what will be
but see with clarity these present times.
Say obstacles exist they must encounter
sorrow happens, hardship happens.
The hell with it. Who never knew
the price of happiness will not be happy.
Forgive no error you recognize,
it will repeat itself, increase,
and afterwards our pupils
will not forgive in us what we forgave.

Colours

WHEN your face
appeared over my crumpled life
at first I understood
only the poverty of what I have.
Then its particular light
on woods, on rivers, on the sea,
became my beginning in the coloured world
in which I had not yet had my beginning.
I am so frightened, I am so frightened,
of the unexpected sunrise finishing,
of revelations
and tears and the excitement finishing.
I don't fight it, my love is this fear,
I nourish it who can nourish nothing,
love's slipshod watchman.
Fear hems me in.
I am conscious that these minutes are short
and that the colours in my eyes will vanish
when your face sets.

On a Bicycle

UNDER the dawn I wake my two-wheel friend.
Shouting in bed my mother says to me,
'Mind you don't clatter it going downstairs!'
I walk him down he springing step to step:
those tyres he has, if you pat him flat-handed
he'll bounce your hand. I mount with an air
and as light a pair of legs as you'll encounter,
slow into Sunday ride out of the gates,
roll along asphalt, press down on the pedals,
speeding, fearless,
ring,
ring,
ring
get clear of Moscow, frighten a one-eyed cock
with a broken tail, lend a boy a spanner
(his hair a white mane) drink brown kvas
passing Kuntsevo in a cloud of dust,
lean up against the kvas tank (warmed with sun
hot on my back). The girl who's serving gives me
a handful of damp change from a damp hand,
won't say her name, 'You're artful all you boys. ...'
I smile 'So long. ...'

Riding to a cottage, to a friend, I gather
speed and swish away again on the road.
My friend unhappy whittling a big stick
beside his garage in the shining grass.
'Stolen the balls!' he says, 'infuriating!'
curses his housekeeper. 'What, my caretaker,
he's a good one. ...'
I have often seen
smiles in the background and the exchange of glances.
'How fat he is, and look at his new shoes!'
Best to be silent.

As for you keep walking
you things of thinness, things of bare feet,
you'll not do it, your hands will never reach.
He in his life was one who could have done.

And I observe his wide and heavy shoulders,
and undiminished by his conversation
note the preoccupation in his eyes.
He finds it hard. Better in wartime.
Life passing.

When the war was over youth was over.
'Here's the shower. Here - dry yourself.'
Walk in the forest cursing films and poems.
Then at lunch on the cool, silent terrace
sitting between my friend and my friend's wife,
drinking the long taste of the dry wine.
Soon 'Good-bye Galya', 'Good-bye Misha',
she leaning on his shoulder at the gate.
I say he'll do it. I say he will write.
But if he doesn't don't tell me about it.
Flinging along my happiness my fever,
incapable of breaking out of it,
overtaking the lorries on the road
taking each of them in a single swoop
flying behind them through cut open space
hanging on them uphill. Yes I know.
It's dangerous. I enjoy it. They hoot
and lean out and yell out,
'We'll give you a hand on the hills;
give you some speed; after that
you tear along on your own.'
Careering full tilt, pelting along
in a flurry of jokes. Turn a blind eye
to my crazy career; it's the fashion.
You can't tell me how terribly I ride.
One day I'll learn how to ride.
And I spring down at a deserted
ancient lodge by the roadside,
in dim forest light I break lilac,
twine it with ivy on to the handlebars.
Flying on, flying,
sticking my face down into dark blossom,
get into the city not quite worn out.
Switch on the lamp and switch off the light.
I put my bunch of lilac into water,
set the alarm to go at eight o'clock,
sit at the table

write
these lines.

Talk

YOU'RE a brave man they tell me.
I'm not.
Courage has never been my quality.
Only I thought it disproportionate
so to degrade myself as others did.
No foundations trembled. My voice
no more than laughed at pompous falsity;
I did no more than write, never denounced,
I left out nothing I had thought about,
defended who deserved it, put a brand
on the untalented, the ersatz writers
(doing what had anyhow to be done).
And now they press to tell me that I'm brave.
How sharply our children will be ashamed
taking at last their vengeance for these horrors
remembering how in so strange a time
common integrity could look like courage.

Waking

WAKING then was like dreaming.
Waking then was like a lonely dream
in this cottage in this settlement,
thinking: time to go and pick mushrooms,
and ruffling your hair to wake you,
and kissing your eyes open,
all this each day a new discovery.
We stayed on at the settlement for a month,

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gardens, chirping birds,
 the meadow paths winding among the wheat,
 tense creak of the floorboards underfoot.
 And when we cut the sunflower into two
 there was no need for special explanations.
 When under the presentiment of dawn
 we ran down into the river
 (gudgeon tickle your feet in those reaches)
 there was no place for complicated questions.
 At first it didn't seem a mystery
 incapable of human explanation
 that you lay dreaming in the night beside me.
 I thought it due from a just destiny
 that every morning was my rendezvous
 with you, which never could or would be broken.
 And how I flattered myself
 from time to time with proving to myself
 nothing in you could be unknown to me.
 You don't belong to the mind's calculations,
 and you disproved each of my demonstrations,
 since to be unexpected is your truth.
 You came to me never with what I knew,
 never the days' familiar repetitions,
 but new beginnings and your new surprise.
 We felt no quarrel on that droning flight,
 and yet there was a presence
 moving around us circle by circle,
 flying with us and measuring up on us.

In Georgia

I LOAFED about at leisure munching pears
 and bathing every morning in the sea,
 drinking my khvanchkara in the bazaar,
 bright shirt, felt hat; a small woman
 for whom I spoil her summer holiday.
 Beneath the oleanders and beneath
 the hollyhocks my boring persecutions.
 A few painters wandering with palettes,
 the yoghourt-seller shouting in the dawn,
 and high up in the hillside restaurant
 the nightfall violins scraping their strings.
 From there the road struggling and weaving
 and suddenly crunching on tiny stones,
 twisting, rearing up, and at last
 clear from the mountains and their humming voice
 drops like a waterfall.
 In the silent village morning
 the gates playing like children,
 and the old man with the silver head
 leaving his piles of hay to open them.
 They took us arm in arm. It was movement,
 it was crisp chickens, wine a dark glimmer,
 the peaches glowing softly while I ate,
 emptied the horn, and dropped it on the table:
 I in the Russian way dancing and weeping
 to songs I am unable to translate.
 She hardly trembling in her string of pearls,
 lowering her shy head, the small woman
 looking at me who did not know me.
 Again the journey.
 Among plane trees, among ivy.
 Cracking green walnuts, each of us
 searching with our eyes for the sea.
 And I whitened my lips with pressing them,
 drew my ribs tight and wept invisibly.
 The coast came forward and the sea with it.

The Knights

THEY have remained unaltered like nature,
 not capable of a new inspiration,
 happy to make outward renunciations
 but without inward mutability.

They're in no hurry to understand,
 they don't very much want to understand,
 still ornamented in the idiot glitter
 of old-fashioned armour, their old success.
 And watching cowardice in place of courage
 shoulder to shoulder in its careful ranks
 I see the origin of this infection,
 and trace the destiny of this obsession.
 The mighty horses have worn down to tatters.
 The knights are not the boys of the old days:
 subject to serious infirmity,
 terror of honesty, terror of battle.

Weddings

THOSE weddings in wartime! The deceiving comfort!
 The dishonesty of words about living.
 Sonorous snowy roads.
 In the wind's wicked teeth I hurry down them
 to a hasty wedding at the next village.
 With worn-out tread and hair down in my eyes
 I go inside, I famous for my dancing,
 into the noisy house.
 In there tensed up with nerves and with emotion
 among a crowd of friends and family,
 called up, distraught, the bridegroom
 sitting beside his Vera, his bride.
 Will in a few days put his greatcoat on
 and set out coated for the war.
 Will see new country, carry a rifle,
 May also drop if he is hit.
 His glass is fizzing but he can't drink it.
 The first night may be the last night.
 And sadly eyeing me and bitter-minded
 he leans in his despair across the table
 and says, 'Come on then, dance.'
 Drinks are forgotten. Everyone looks round.
 Out I twirl to begin. Clap of my feet.
 Shake.

Scrape the floor with my toe-cap.
 Whistle. Whistle. Slap hands.
 Faster, leaping ceiling-high.
 Moving the posters pinned up on the walls:
 HITLER KAPUT
 Her eyes streaming with tears.
 Already soaked in sweat and out of breath -
 'Dance!'
 They cry out in despair, and I dance.

When I get home my feet are log-heavy:
 some drunken people from another wedding
 turn up behind me. Mother must let me go.
 The scene again: I see it, and again
 beside the edge of a trailing tablecloth
 I squat down to dance.

She weeping
 and her friends weeping. I frightened
 don't feel like dancing, but you can't not dance.

Visit

GOING to Zima Junction, quiet place.
 Watching out for it in the distance
 with the window of the carriage wide open,
 familiar houses, ornamental carving.
 The jump down from the train before it stops,
 crunching along on the warm slag;
 the linesman working with a hose
 cursing and swearing in the stifling heat.
 The ducks in midstream with their heads buried,
 the perches where the poultry crow at dawn,
 along the sidings ornamental stars
 of white and coloured bricks set in the wall.
 Walking along the dusty paving-boards,

passing the clock that sits on the town hall,
 hearing behind the fence of the old market
 rustle of oats and clink of weights and measures;
 and there the painted wooden fruit-baskets,
 the cranberries wet on the low counters,
 and the bright yellow butter-balls afloat
 in basins made of flower-painted china.
 Same cranny where the birds are still nesting,
 and, most familiar, the faded gate.
 And the house is exactly the same size,
 the log fence still mended with boards,
 the same broom leaning upon the stove,
 the same tinned mushrooms on the window-sill,
 the crack in the stairs is not different,
 darkening deeply down, feeding fungus. . . .
 Some nut or bolt or other I'd picked up
 just as I always picked something up
 was clenched happily in my hand
 and dropped again as I went hurrying
 down to the river and the river-mist,
 and wandering sometimes in the woods
 by a path choked in a tangle of tall weeds
 in search of some deep-coloured country flower,
 and working with the freckled ferry girl,
 heaving the glossy hawser hand by hand.
 Trying the quality of 'old honey'
 where the beehives rear up above the pond,
 rocking along slow-motion in the cart,
 slow rhythms of the whip's lazy flicking.
 Wandering through the cranberry patches
 with a casual crowd of idle lads,
 and fishing beneath bridges with the noise
 of trains thundering above your head,
 joking, throwing your shirt off in the grass,
 and diving in high from the river-bank,
 with one sudden thought, how little I
 have done in life, how much I can do.

Later

OH what a sobering,
 what a talking-to from conscience afterwards:
 the short moment of frankness at the party
 and the enemy crept up.
 But to have learnt nothing is terrible,
 and peering earnest eyes are terrible
 detecting secret thoughts is terrible
 in simple words and immature disturbance.
 This diligent suspicion has no merit.
 The blinded judges are no public servants.
 It would be far more terrible to mistake
 a friend than to mistake an enemy.

Murder!

I CAN recall that distant valley,
 the years-old rotting bridge,
 the woman on the bay mare flying over
 in a dark cloud of dust, pale-cheeked and graceless,
 'Murder!'
 She screamed it out.
 I cannot lose this memory anywhere,
 how people ran behind her
 dropping their sickles down into the grass.
 And sad and strange he was lying
 over the far side of a small hill,
 with an imperceptible wound under the rib,
 being innocently murdered for money. . . .
 I recollect the darkness of the mud,
 hear the hooves,
 I dream the woman in her cloud of dust.
 'Murder!'
 tearing my heart open.

I find it hard to live in the world,
hearing that scream, hard:
I am not yet used to human death.
I have sometimes seen, deplore it as you wish,
a spirit's imperceptible destruction.
Watching a senior comrade at his business
it terrifies me to divine his death
hardening over his face and his features.
I am not strong enough,
clench my teeth, stay silent.
'Murder!'
I all but scream it out.

Side B

The Companion

SHE was sitting on the rough embankment,
her cape too big for her tied on slapdash
over an odd little hat with a bobble on it,
her eyes brimming with tears of hopelessness.
An occasional butterfly floated down
fluttering warm wings onto the rails.
The clinkers underfoot were deep lilac.
We got cut off from our grandmothers
while the Germans were dive-bombing the train.
Katya was her name. She was nine.
I'd no idea what I could do about her,
but doubt quickly dissolved to certainty:
I'd have to take this thing under my wing;
- girls were in some sense of the word human,
a human being couldn't just be left.
The droning in the air and the explosions
receded farther into the distance,
I touched the little girl on her elbow.
'Come on. Do you hear? What are you waiting for?'
The world was big and we were not big,
and it was tough for us to walk across it.
She had galoshes on and felt boots,
I had a pair of second-hand boots.
We forded streams and tramped across the forest;
each of my feet at every step it took
taking a smaller step inside the boot.
The child was feeble, I was certain of it.
'Boo-hoo,' she'd say. 'I'm tired,' she'd say.
She'd tire in no time I was certain of it,
but as things turned out it was me who tired.
I growled I wasn't going any further
and sat down suddenly beside the fence.
'What's the matter with you?' she said.
'Don't be so stupid! Put grass in your boots.
Do you want to eat something? Why won't you talk?
Hold this tin, this is crab.
We'll have refreshments. You small boys,
you're always pretending to be brave.'
Then out I went across the prickly stubble
marching beside her in a few minutes.
Masculine pride was muttering in my mind:
I scraped together strength and I held out
for fear of what she'd say. I even whistled.
Grass was sticking out from my tattered boots.
So on and on
we walked without thinking of rest
passing craters, passing fire,
under the rocking sky of '41
tottering crazy on its smoking columns.

Waiting

MY love will come
will fling open her arms and fold me in them,
will understand my fears, observe my changes.
In from the pouring dark, from the pitch night
without stopping to bang the taxi door
she'll run upstairs through the decaying porch

burning with love and love's happiness,
she'll run dripping upstairs, she won't knock,
will take my head in her hands,
and when she drops her overcoat on a chair,
it will slide to the floor in a blue heap.

Gentleness

THIS can't go on:
is after all injustice of its kind.
How in what year did this come into fashion?
Deliberate indifference to the living,
deliberate cultivation of the dead.
Their shoulders slump and they get drunk sometimes
and one by one they quit;
orators at the crematorium
speak words of gentleness to history.
What was it took his life from Mayakovsky?
What was it put the gun between his fingers?
If with that voice of his, with that appearance,
if ever they had offered him in life
some crumbs of gentleness.
Men live. Men are trouble-makers.
Gentleness is a posthumous honour.

Encounter

WE were sitting about taking coffee
in the aerodrome café at Copenhagen
where everything was brilliance and comfort
and stylish to the point of tedium.
The old man suddenly appeared
or rather happened like an event of nature,
in an ordinary greenish anorak
his face scarred by the salt and burning wind,
ploughing a furrow through the crowded room
and walking like a sailor from the wheel.
His beard was like the white foam of the sea
brimming and glistening around his face.
His gruffness and his winner's certainty
sent up a wave around him as he walked
through the old fashions aping modern fashions
and modern fashions aping old fashions.
He in his open collar and rough shirt
stepping aside from vermouth and pernod
stood at the bar demanding Russian vodka
and waving away soda with a 'No'.
He with the scars marking his tanned forearms
his filthy trousers and his noisy shoes
had better style than anyone in the crowd.
The solid ground seemed to quiver under
the heavy authority of that tread.
Somebody smiled across: 'Look at that!
you'd think that was Hemingway,' he said.
Expressed in details of his short gestures
and heavy motions of his fisherman's walk.
He was a statue sketched in a rough rock,
one treading down bullets and centuries,
one walking like a man hunched in a trench,
pushing aside people and furniture.
It was the very image of Hemingway.
(Later I heard that it was Hemingway.)

Party Card

A SHOT-UP forest full of black holes.
Mind-crushing explosions.
He wants some berries, he wants some berries:
the young lieutenant, lying in his blood.
I was a smallish boy,
who crawled in the long grass till it was dark
and brought him back a cap of strawberries,
and when they came there was no use for them.
The rain of July lightly falling.

He was lying in remoteness and silence
among the ruined tanks and the dead.
The rain glistened on his eyelashes.
There were sadness and worry in his eyes.
I waited saying nothing and soaking,
like waiting for an answer to something
he couldn't answer. Passionate with silence
unable to see when he asked me,
I took his party card from his pocket.
And small and tired and without understanding
wandering in the flushed and smoking dark,
met up with refugees moving east
and somehow through the terribly flashing night
we travelled without a map, the priest
with his long grey hair and his rucksack,
and me and a sailor with a wounded arm.
Child crying. Horse whinnying.
And answered to with love and with courage
and white, white, the bell-towers rang out
speaking to Russia with a tocsin voice.
Wheatfields blackened round their villages.
In the woman's coat I wore at that time.
I felt for the party card close to my heart.

Koshueti

I AM inside the church of Koshueti:
on a wall without dogmatic loyalty
unruly saints and questionable angels
tower upwards in front of me.
And I the savage and the unawakened
can understand hiding my awkwardness
below the painted wall of the vast church,
this picture is not part of this building -
but this building is part of this picture.
The land of Lado Gudiashvili drew
the guilty on it, not the sanctified,
neither in ridicule nor in detraction
being himself tarred with the same brush.
He was God and guilty. He was angel and devil.
Writers of poems, painters of pictures,
all we creators of the invisible change,
there are so many walls we have painted
like this one in the church at Koshueti.
We painters of icons
have had amusement from the heads of the great,
we were urbane enough to get commissions
and put a bite into their execution,
and whatever the risk and whatever
the suffering we painted faithfully
the godlike humans and the human gods.

Schoolmaster

THE window gives onto the white trees.
The master looks out of it at the trees,
for a long time, he looks for a long time
out through the window at the trees,
breaking his chalk slowly in one hand.
And it's only the rules of long division.
And he's forgotten the rules of long division.
Imagine not remembering long division!
A mistake on the blackboard, a mistake.
We watch him with a different attention
needing no one to hint to us about it,
there's more than difference in this attention.
The schoolmaster's wife has gone away,
we do not know where she has gone to,
we do not know why she has gone,
what we know is his wife has gone away.

His clothes are neither new nor in the fashion;
wearing the suit which he always wears
and which is neither new nor in the fashion
the master goes downstairs to the cloakroom.

He fumbles in his pocket for a ticket.
 'What's the matter? Where is that ticket?
 Perhaps I never picked up my ticket.
 Where is the thing?' Rubbing his forehead.
 'Oh, here it is. I'm getting old.
 Don't argue auntie dear, I'm getting old.
 You can't do much about getting old.'
 We hear the door below creaking behind him.
 The window gives onto the white trees.
 The trees there are high and wonderful,
 but they are not why we are looking out.
 We look in silence at the schoolmaster.
 He has a bent back and clumsy walk,
 he moves without defences, clumsily,
 worn out I ought to have said, clumsily.
 Snow falling on him softly through silence
 turns him to white under the white trees.
 He whitens into white like the trees.
 A little longer will make him so white
 we shall not see him in the whitened trees.

Birthday

MOTHER, let me congratulate you on
 the birthday of your son.
 You worry so much about him. Here he lies,
 he earns little, his marriage was unwise,
 he's long, he's getting thin, he hasn't shaved.
 Oh, what a miserable loving gaze!
 I should congratulate you if I may
 mother on your worry's birthday.
 It was from you that he inherited
 devotion without pity to this age
 and arrogant and awkward in his faith
 from you he took his faith, the Revolution.
 You didn't make him prosperous or famous,
 and fearlessness is his only talent.
 Open up his windows,
 let in the twittering in the leafy branches,
 kiss his eyes open.
 Give him his notebook and his ink bottle,
 give him a drink of milk and watch him go.

People

No people are uninteresting.
 Their fate is like the chronicle of planets.

Nothing in them is not particular,
 and planet is dissimilar from planet.

And if a man lived in obscurity
 making his friends in that obscurity
 obscurity is not uninteresting.

To each his world is private,
 and in that world one excellent minute.

And in that world one tragic minute.
 These are private.

In any man who dies there dies with him
 his first snow and kiss and fight.
 It goes with him.

They are left books and bridges
 and painted canvas and machinery.

Whose fate is to survive.
 But what has gone is also not nothing:

by the rule of the game something has gone.
 Not people die but worlds die in them.

Whom we knew as faulty, the earth's creatures.
 Of whom, essentially, what did we know?

Brother of a brother? Friend of friends?
 Lover of lover?

We who knew our fathers
 in everything, in nothing.

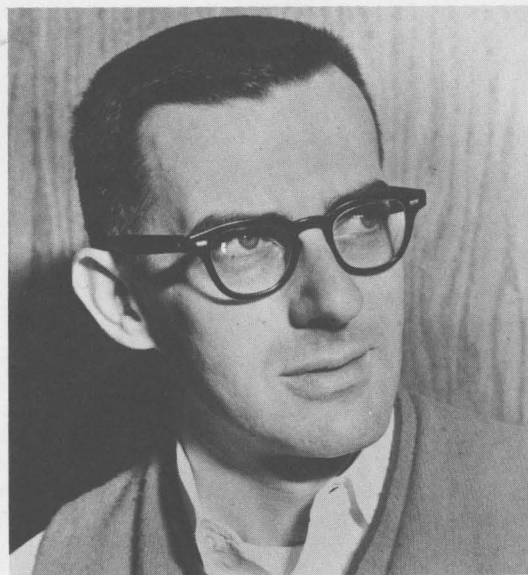
They perish. They cannot be brought back.
 The secret worlds are not regenerated.

And every time again and again
 I make my lament against destruction.

Babiy Yar

OVER Babiy Yar
 there are no memorials.
 The steep hillside like a rough inscription.
 I am frightened.
 Today I am as old as the Jewish race.
 I seem to myself a Jew at this moment.
 I, wandering in Egypt.
 I, crucified. I perishing.
 Even today the mark of the nails.
 I think also of Dreyfus. I am he.
 The Philistine my judge and my accuser.
 Cut off by bars and cornered,
 ringed round, spat at, lied about;
 the screaming ladies with the Brussels lace
 poke me in the face with parasols.
 I am also a boy in Belostok,
 the dropping blood spreads across the floor,
 the public-bar heroes are rioting
 in an equal stench of garlic and of drink.
 I have no strength, go spinning from a boot,
 shriek useless prayers that they don't listen to;
 with a cackle of 'Thrash the kikes and save Russia!'
 the corn-chandler is beating up my mother.
 I seem to myself like Anna Frank
 to be transparent as an April twig
 and am in love, I have no need for words,
 I need for us to look at one another.
 How little we have to see or to smell
 separated from foliage and the sky,
 how much, how much in the dark room
 gently embracing each other.
 They're coming. Don't be afraid.
 The booming and banging of the spring.
 It's coming this way. Come to me.
 Quickly, give me your lips.
 They're battering in the door. Roar of the ice.

OVER Babiy Yar
 rustle of the wild grass.
 The trees look threatening, look like judges.
 And everything is one silent cry.
 Taking my hat off
 I feel myself slowly going grey.
 And I am one silent cry
 over the many thousands of the buried;
 am every old man killed here,
 every child killed here.
 O my Russian people, I know you.
 Your nature is international.
 Foul hands rattle your clean name.
 I know the goodness of my country.
 How horrible it is that pompous title
 the anti-semites calmly call themselves,
 Society of the Russian People.
 No part of me can ever forget it.
 When the last anti-semiter on the earth
 is buried for ever
 let the International ring out.
 No Jewish blood runs among my blood,
 but I am as bitterly and hardly hated
 by every anti-semiter
 as if I were a Jew. By this
 I am a Russian.



Milt Commons

Mr. Commons is no stranger to the New York
 Theatre World. He has appeared both on and
 off Broadway. Last season he was associated
 with such productions as, "Life Is But a Dream,"
 and, "Witches." He is also well acquainted
 with Dramatic Records, having directed the
 Shakespeare for Students production of, "Mid-
 summer Night's Dream," released by Folkways
 Records last season.



Jere Jacob

Miss Jacob was seen off-Broadway last season
 playing the coveted role of Violaine in Paul
 Claudel's, "The Tidings Brought to Mary." She
 is currently appearing in Jere Jacob in Concert --
 a concert reading of the poetry and prose of
 Jeffers, Millay, Gibran, etc. During the Fall
 season of 1965, she appeared as Portia in the
 Shakespeare for Seven Players Company produc-
 tion of, "The Merchant of Venice."