

ROUTING AND RECORD SHEET

INSTRUCTIONS

PRIOR TO FILING

1. Fill in Sect. 2. on back. Detach back flap and forward to RID.
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TO: ACTION BRANCH

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FROM:

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COMMENTS

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TO	ROOM NO.	DATE		OFFICER'S INITIALS
		RECEIVED	FORWARDED	
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CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
SOURCE METHOOSEXEMPTION 3B2B
VAZI WAR CRIMES DISCLOSURE ACT
DATE 2007

17.	RID/FI			FILE TITLE
TRACE REQUEST	ABSTRACT	74-124-29/3		
	INDEX			
DATE MICROFILMED		DOCUMENT DATE	DOCUMENT NUMBER	
		6 Jan 67	UOCA 11389	

DISPATCH		CLASSIFICATION SECRET		PROCESSING ACTION	
TO	Chief, Soviet Bloc			MARKED FOR INDEXING	
INFO.	Chief, European Division			NO INDEXING REQUIRED	
FROM	[] [] []			ONLY QUALIFIED DESK CAN JUDGE INDEXING	
SUBJECT	AERODYNAMIC IMPROVE Ivan Vasylovych KOLASKA aka KOLASHY [] []				MICROFILM
ACTION REQUIRED - REFERENCES					
REF: OOOJ-5825, 17 May 1966					
<p>1. Attached is a copy of a document which SEMBOVE recently received from KOLASKA. According to KOLASKA, this is a translation from the Ukrainian of the speech given by Ivar DEYUNA in Kiev at a memorial meeting for poet Vasyi SYMCHENKO on 16 January 1965. KOLASKA claims to have translated it from a copy of the speech which is in his possession which he brought from Kiev. He refused to supply SEMBOVE with a copy of the original document or let SEMBOVE examine the original.</p> <p>2. Since it appears from Paragraph 10 of referenced dispatch that ROTACH may also have a copy of this speech, SEMBOVE would very much appreciate your checking KOLASKA's translation against the ROTACH version of the speech to determine whether the KOLASKA translation is genuine or a fake.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">[] [] []</p> <p style="text-align: center;">[] [] []</p>					
Attachment: a/s h/w					
Distribution:					
2 - C/EE w/att h/w					
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<i>Attach. in Kalambo 201</i>					
<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px; display: inline-block;">GROUP 1 Excluded from automatic downgrading and declassification</div>					
IATT 7/3		CS COPY		74-124-29/3	
CROSS REFERENCE TO	DISPATCH SYMBOL AND NUMBER	DATE			
	OOOJ-11680	6 January 1967			
	SECRET	HQ'S FILE NUMBER			

Jan. 16, 1965 30th anniversary of the birth of V.S.

Dec. and Jan. are for us associated with Vasil Simonenko. On the first anniversary of his death was published posthumously the collection of his poetry entitled: "Tranquility and Thunder". I regret to say that it contains not all of Vasil Simonenko's best poems, although they circulate widely in manuscript form. Of those it does contain, not all have been printed as the author wrote them. Nevertheless, such as it is, the collection presents considerable material for a wide discussion of the problem of our social life and literature, especially if the works are taken, not as an individual and isolated phenomenon but as an inseparable part of contemporary Ukrainian poetry. The latter I emphasize not accidentally. One can foresee in advance that various attempts will be made to isolate Vasil Simonenko from the whole process of creation of the new poetic treasures, a process which has been taking place in the young Ukrainian literature for the past several years, and to counterpose him to the rest of the young poets, to combat them by means of him. This is part of our tradition: to fight the living by means of the dead. Did those who persecuted Dovzhenko during his life not begin to utilize his name in the campaign against every ^{dead} new expression; did they not attempt, by using his name, to buttress the shaky "authority" of the flatterers?

And here, not long ago, we heard from a critic of high official standing that Vasil Simonenko is: "the sole mature one among the younger poets". It is quite clear why he is "the only mature one" for this high priest: because he is dead and cannot answer this man as he deserves. This, the latter takes into account. But the esteemed lackey is mistaken. Let him read the poems of Vasil Simonenko. There is much said about his kind and said most pointedly. On our part we would like to state as a reminder that these young poets, whom the critic

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regards as "immature", were both an example and an inspiration to Vasil Simonenko, as he is now an example and an inspiration for them and for all of us.

No, they will not succeed in separating Vasil's work from the living and creative process of the new Ukrainian literature. Only as part of this process as his poetry fully understood and, in its turn, makes a great contribution for the characterization of this process.

There is not the time now to speak in detail of those problems which flow out of this. I would like to dwell briefly on three points, which seem to me especially instructive, in the "Lesson" Vasil Simonenko has given us.

Firstly, Vasil Simonenko began from ordinary matters, but reached a high level of philosophical-political thinking, of creation of concepts and of writing of poetry as arenas of independent thinking. From newspaper moralizing, he rose to a high level of journalism and to political lyricism of the quality of Shevchenko's. From ordinary reasoning he rose to a fullness of compassionate understanding and deep emotional appreciation of the beautiful. His achievement is very instructive and simultaneously reveals reliably how much energy and potential is lost in our literature. The majority of our young poets begin and continue to begin from no worse level than Vasil Simonenko, nor had they less natural talent. Therefore, many of them could have reached his stature, but only some individuals achieve this. The rest do not go up, but down. How many talents have already in our time diminished, degenerated and declined? What is the reason?

Obviously there are many; here I will give two.

When a person speaks at the top of his voice, it becomes stronger, but when he restrains himself to speak in a whisper, this becomes his normal voice. Vasil Simonenko courageously spoke the truth and the truth made him ever greater and greater. A poet needs scope to use his talents so that they will develop. He

narrows his scope, who does not use his full powers, who does to tax them continuously and to their life allows his muscles imperceptibly to weaken, his powers to decline. In medicine is the term "sluggish heart". Many of our poets have sluggish souls, sluggish consciences.

Vasil Simonenko was mercilessly self-critical and always not fully satisfied with himself-in important matters, not in petty details. His concepts and criteria were too high for him to be satisfied with what he had accomplished. His first book was published; everyone praised it, everyone was delighted. Vasil spoke of it somewhat ironically; he did not like it; he had already outgrown it. Today he stood higher than yesterday, and tomorrow higher than today. This invaluable ability to continually grow in wisdom and perfection is one of the great lessons he left for all of us. Without exaggeration, ninety percent of Ukrainian literateurs lack these qualities. For this reason they do not go up, but slip down.

Secondly it is no secret that Vasil Simonenko, first of all, is a poet of the national concept. All who read this book will see that it is precisely this idea which is dominant in his poetry. It is true that Leonid Miholaiovich Novichenko, who sits here in the presidium assures us that the idea "national concept", "national consciousness" are now obsolete, unwarranted, outdated and non-Marxist. I would advise him to tell this to the Chinese Communists, or the Italian Communists, or the French Communists, or the English Communists, or the Polish Communists, or finally, the Russian Communists. Or let him tell this to Karl Marx, in whose works, especially in his correspondence are found such expressions regarding these questions of "national feelings", national "shams", that if they were quoted now, without prior warning as to their authorship, it would be necessary to revive many here with water. Obviously the national concept exists and will continue to exist. For us today it is real and represents the concept of a full, sovereign existence both as a culture and as a state of the Ukrainian socialist nation, and the concept of completeness and sovereignty of its national contribution to the general cause of

space, democracy and socialism. This concept lies at the heart of Vasil Simonenko's poetry and inspires it.

I am raising this because giving primacy to the national concept very often carries with it a threat of preference to other concepts, by killing in some persons all interest in other problems of the human spirit. There have been poets and even whole literatures which became uniform and monotonous because they were forced by historical circumstances to completely abandon the national concept, thus relegating themselves to second place before literatures which had no such need of forsaking the primacy of this national concept. But there are historical precedents of the opposite type, when the national concept does not exclude, but draws in, does not depress but arouses, does not kill but catalyzes in individuals the innumerable human concepts. And the very immersion in the national concept and devotion to it together lead many to the innermost depths of other social and spiritual problems. We see examples of this in Shevchenko, Franko, Lesya Ukrainko, Sandor Petofi, Schiller.

However, when we speak of Ukrainian literature this did not and does not apply to all Ukrainian poets.

Simonenko belonged to those, who felt the bond between the national concept and all other human values such as the concepts of human dignity, honesty, conscience; the concepts of personal and social ethics and justice. It is precisely this understanding of dignity, conscience and justice that brought him to the national concept, to the new understanding of Ukraine.

Dostoyevsky once asked: "Would you agree to build a system of universal harmony on one single tear of one innocent child?" And similarly we ask: Can there be "universal harmony", can there be a universal society, can there be universal human justice for the attainment of which is necessary even the smallest injustice to any one nation, in this case the Ukrainian nation? No, there cannot be such a society and such "harmony" established on such foundations. This is why the national question

bound by the thinnest threads with the most sacred problems of human conscience. That is why a deep understanding of this problem can inspire a contemporary poet with a spirit of humaneness and a passion of self sacrifice. And this is the position at which Simonenko arrived, as is attested to by his published and unpublished works.

Finally, the third point. Here I have in mind the moral lesson, the lesson of civic ethics which he gave us. There are epochs when the decisive battles take place in the arena of social morality and civic conduct; when even elementary human dignity, opposing brutal pressure, can become a great rebellious-revolutionary force. To such epochs, in my opinion, for the most part also belongs our epoch. Due to historical circumstances a significant part of our problems consists in the discrepancy of word and deed, theory and practice, projects and achievements; in the neglect of social morality and the degeneration of civic life. A correspondingly significant part of our task boils down to the elimination of these inconsistencies, the regeneration of a high degree of public participation and the uplifting of the national-political life.

But, standing in the way, is a great, dull force of inertia, indifference and civic demoralization, given birth by the era of Stalin and nourished today, on the one hand, by the deadly official Pharasaism, and, on the other, by that little-dramatized scepticism into which, with willingness and refinement there are those who flee from their heavy civic duty because of lethargy, fear and blindness; that deplorable scepticism of the slave, who, feigning wisdom and wishing to deceive himself, pretends that he is so carried away by the game of paradoxes that he does not notice the yoke on his neck; that scepticism which in spite of its modern attire, boils down to the ancient wisdom of the snake-intellectual; "Fly or crawl, all the same into the ground you will go; all the same into dust you will change."

This is why perhaps nothing else has at present such significance as the absence of civic conduct! And people do not wait for anything as much as for a

example of heroic civic conduct! People need this example not because without it they cannot form a conception of genuine civic deeds, but because they need to be confident that today such deeds are necessary and possible, and that today they are not fruitless; that today: "Insanity of the brave reveals the real courage of life."

Today, and perhaps today as never before, it is possible and necessary to struggle! In this lies the main lesson of Vasil Simonenko: personal integrity, uncompromising and cool courage united with a high sense of civic duty, human dignity and self-respect, honour and conscience were, according to his understanding, the basic foundations of social life. In his works is reflected the attitude of Ukrainian youth with the new outlook, where through the stratum of the past era, robustly push up shoots of youth and eternal green; of human dignity, human investigation and independence; of the unconquerable and inexhaustible human spirit which "opurs the human body to fight,"¹ which calls one to stand up in defense of his people and to find in this the meaning of his life.

Such is the lesson left for us by Vasil Simonenko both by his works and by his moral-civic example. Now there arises the question: Can we master the lesson?

And in this sense I am personally alarmed and saddened by none other than our unanimous love for Vasil Simonenko. It turns out that today everyone loves him. He is loved by the general public and those of honoured rank; he is loved by the "Literaturna Ukraina", which is edited like the wall newspaper of the district militia (police); he is loved by Doctor of Philosophy, Academician of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian S.S.R., secretary of the Union of Writers of the Ukrainian S.S.R., Leonid Mikolaiovich Novichenko. All together we very much love Simonenko, and so much that in blind love (or perhaps modesty) some do not even notice that perhaps for them it would be better not to love; that since their paths diverged from Simonenko's in his lifetime they also diverge after his death. I would like to beg them: be magnanimous and stop loving Simonenko! But they are not so shameless as to stop loving! They are cunning and know very well that by hatred one can kill only the living, but by love the dead as well! But still we should convince

... that it is not in their best interest to love Simonenko because more than once he will cut such a caper from the world that they will be forced to repudiate him!

When they were signing the letters of protest against the cutting of fir trees for New Year's,² Vasil Simonenko was troubled by the cutting down of other trees. Moreover he was disturbed by an entirely different phenomenon, when the tree was not cut down. On the other hand it was looked after by specially appointed, qualified gardeners; for its care were allotted funds from the already overburdened state budget. But the tree continued to wither. People came and said: "Perhaps it is a poor variety that it withers?" Philosophers explained: "No, the tree is not inferior, it has equal rights,³ but such is the law of history." And at this time, underground, out of peoples' sight, the roots of that very tree were being cut with the assistance of the most modern excavating equipment.

When they appeared as great realists knowing very well what was allowed and what was not; what was to their advantage and what was a disadvantage; which way it was permissible for the famous wheel of history to turn, the wheel which appeared to them like the wheel and axle at a mine shaft, unwound by horses, who are blind from walking in a circle, while the driver personally appointed by history itself, conveys by means of the whip history's commandments, at that time, in their era of buckster's sobriety Vasil Simonenko was a hapless Don Quixote, who to use the words of Lesya Ukrainka, refused to recognize the so-called "historical abyss" as a "real abyss" and demanded the completely impossible:

Let America and Asia remain silent

When I speak with you.

With whom he spoke we all know. But how hopeless and impossible is all this from the point of view of the well-fed and educated piglet, which is so versed in the laws of history and has good-naturedly sucked up political wisdom from the mechanized trough. And how ironically, how nobly it grunts when it hears something like this:

My nation lives! My nation always will!

No one will drive out my people.

Turncoats and cowards vanish shall

With the howl of roaming conquerors.

You bastards of frenzied hangmen

Do not forget you monsters, where'er you be;

My nation lives! In its hot veins

Cossack blood pulsates and throbs!

These words are not customary for the authorities; they are not customary for the easily-frightened "patriots".

When they were avowing that the most holy civic faith was faith in Shchedrin's officials and the greatest civic courage was to stand before them at attention, Vasil Simonenko wrote otherwise:

^{re}
Tumble you murderers, meditate you flunkys!

Life conforms not to your mold.

When they were achieving fame and substance by the writing of novels on the occasion of every successive measure which would finally bring prosperity for the collectivized peasantry, but soon, for some reason, revealed itself sclerotic, Vasil Simonenko, at this time, wrote his poems "Thief" and "Obituary to the Corn Cob Which Perished at the State Grain Delivery Centre".

We have a category of people who boast of their peasant origin and, on this basis, regard themselves as great "peasant democrats". They set for themselves the task of praising "common laborers" with a variety of artificial titles: one will call a wretched collective farmer Prometheus, another will call him Heracles, a third will count in his village a dozen Anteus. In this they are proud of their great magnanimity, as if to say: "Look, we know how to show respect for the people." But the fact that those Prometheuses and Anteus received a few miserable hopecks for their labor, had no right to receive pensions, and do not

you assure us that you love him—then learn from him to be men instead of being informers and Phrasers about whom Shevchenko wrote:

O vain and cursed breed,

When will you die out!?