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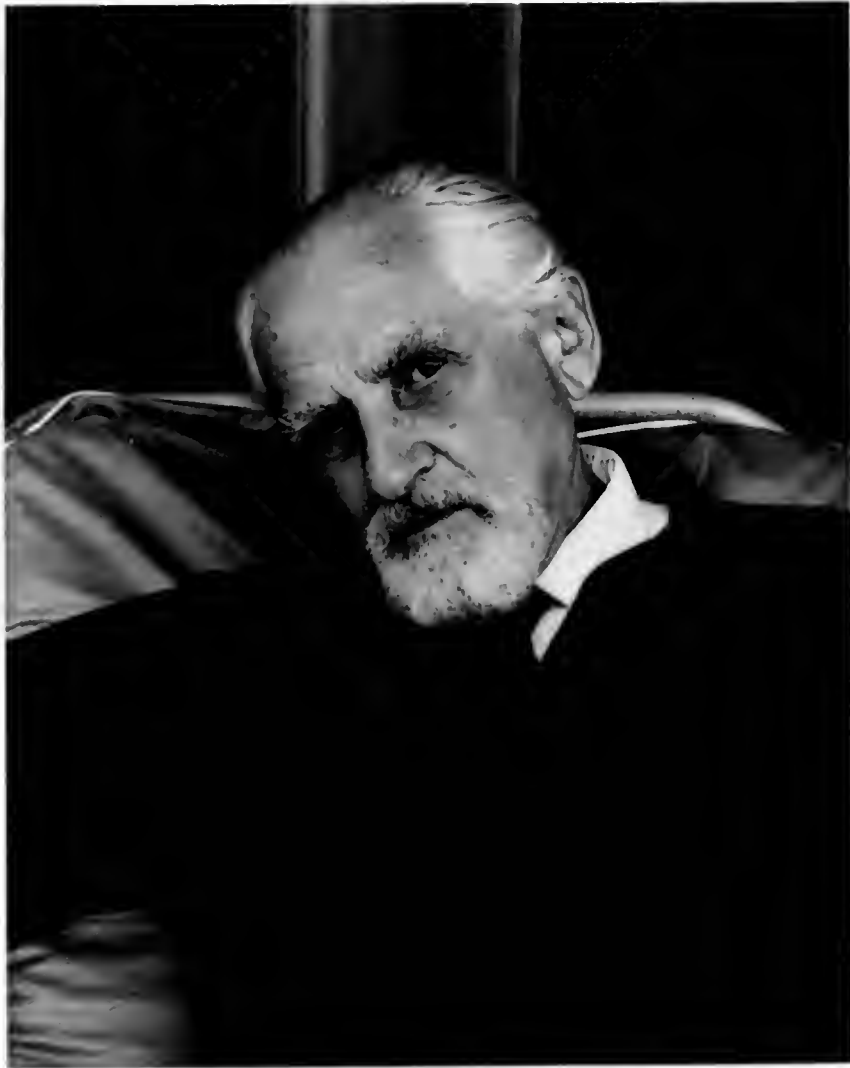
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Regional Oral History Office

Jacob Marschak

RECOLLECTIONS OF KIEV AND THE
NORTHERN CAUCASUS, 1917-18

An Interview Conducted by
Richard A. Pierce



Jacob Marschak
1970

Photograph by Marcia Roltner

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PREFACE

California-Russian Emigre Series

The following interview is one of a series of interviews with Russian emigres sponsored by the Center for Slavic and East European Studies and produced by the Regional Oral History Office of The Bancroft Library.

Although numerically a small proportion of the population, the Russian-Americans have for a long time been a conspicuous and picturesque element in the cosmopolitan make-up of the San Francisco Bay Area. Some came here prior to the Russian Revolution, but the majority were refugees from the Revolution of 1917 who came to California through Siberia and the Orient. Recognizing the historical value of preserving the reminiscences of these Russian refugees, in the spring of 1958 Dr. Richard A. Pierce, author of Russian Central Asia, 1867-1917, (U.C. Press, Spring 1960) then a research historian at the University working on the history of the Communist Party in Central Asia, made the following proposal to Professor Charles Jelavich, chairman of the Center for Slavic Studies:

I would like to start on the Berkeley campus, under the auspices of the Center of Slavic Studies, an oral history project to collect and preserve the recollections of members of the Russian colony of the Bay Region. We have in this area the second largest community of Russian refugees in the U. S., some 30,000 in San Francisco alone. These represent an invaluable and up to now almost entirely neglected source of historical information concerning life in Russia before 1917, the February and October Revolutions, the Civil War of 1918-1921, the Allied intervention in Siberia, the Soviet period, of the exile communities of Harbin, Shanghai, Prague, Paris, San Francisco, etc., and of the phases in the integration of this minority into American life.

The proposed series of tape-recorded interviews, as a part of the Regional Oral History Office of the University of California Library, was begun in September 1958 under the direction of Professor Jelavich and with the assistance of Professor Nicholas V. Riasanovsky of the Department of History.

At that time Dr. Pierce conducted three interviews and arranged for a fourth. Each interview lasted several recording sessions, was transcribed and if necessary translated, edited by the interviewer and the interviewee, and then typed and bound. In addition he began assembling papers to document

the California-Russian emigres. In 1959 Dr. Pierce left to become Assistant Professor of Slavic History at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, Canada, but returned in the summers to continue his research in recent Russian history.

In 1966 a second unit of the series was undertaken by Boris Raymond, who conducted three interviews, prepared a bibliography of Russian emigre materials in California, and arranged for the establishment of the California-Russian Emigre Collection in The Bancroft Library. He subsequently left to become Assistant Director of the University of Manitoba Libraries in Winnipeg, Canada, but returned in 1970 to conduct one more interview.

A third unit of the series was authorized in the spring of 1969 by Professor Gregory Grossman, chairman of the Center for Slavic and East European Studies, with Professor Nicholas Riasanovsky serving as chairman of the committee in charge of the series. The unit included three interviews conducted by Richard Pierce, one by Boris Raymond, and the continuing collection of papers for the California-Russian Emigre Collection. A listing of all interviews done under the series follows.

This series is part of the program of the Regional Oral History Office to tape record the autobiographies of persons who have contributed significantly to the development of California and the west. The Office is under the administrative supervision of James D. Hart, director of The Bancroft Library.

Willa K. Baum, Head
Regional Oral History Office

15 April 1971
Regional Oral History Office
486 The Bancroft Library
University of California at Berkeley

INTRODUCTION

Professor Jacob Marschak, a Russian emigre, was an active participant in the complex events in the North Caucasus region after the October Revolution. In the following tape-recorded interview he recounts his experiences as a member of the Menshevik faction of the Social Democrat Party. He took part in an effort to form a government, first at Piatigorsk, and later at Vladikavkaz. The story is of particular interest because very little is known about events in that area, remote from what was going on in the central part of Russia, yet influenced by them. He tells of attempts to work with the Bolsheviks, who eventually took control; and of attempts to create harmony among the various ethnic groups.

I was fortunate in obtaining supplemental information from Professor Marschak's sister, Mrs. Frances Sobotka, of Berkeley. She was with him at Kislovodsk and Piatigorsk, and later in Vladikavkaz, where she witnessed the Bolshevik seizure of power, led by Sergei Ordzhonikidze. I have interpolated quotations from Mrs. Sobotka's account at appropriate points in Professor Marschak's story, and also pertinent quotations from books, including Richard Pipes' The Formation of the Soviet Union. Communism and Nationalism, 1917-1923 (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1954), and Istoriia Kabardino-Balkarskoi ASSR s drevnei shikh vremen do nashikh dnei (History of the Kabardino-Balkar ASSR from early times to our day, Moscow, 1967, 2 vols.).

Following his departure from the Caucasus, Professor Marschak studied in Germany, and eventually came to the United States. He is now Professor Emeritus of Business Administration at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Professor Marschak recounted these reminiscences in four interviews during visits to Berkeley in the spring of 1968. I tape-recorded them in his suite at the Claremont Hotel, Berkeley.

Richard A. Pierce,
Professor of History

March 1971
Queen's University
Kingston, Ontario
Canada

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

Date and Place of Birth: 23 July (old style) 1898, Kiev, Russia

Education

School: First School of Commerce, Kiev

University: Polytechnical Institute, Kiev

University of Berlin

University of Heidelberg

Posts held, with dates:

Editorial staff, Frankfurter Zeitung, 1924-26

Staff, Forschungsstelle fuer Wirtschaftspolitik (Research Center for Economic Policy), sponsored by the German Labor unions and the Social-Democratic membership of the Reichstag (parliament)), Berlin, 1926-28

Research supervisor (for a parliamentary commission on exporting industries), Institut fuer Weltwirtschaft, University of Kiel, Germany, 1928-30

Privatdocent, University of Heidelberg, 1930-33

Chichele Lecturer (All Souls), later Reader in Statistics and Director of Institute of Statistics, Oxford University, 1933-39

Professor of Economics, Graduate Faculty, New School for Social Research, New York, 1940-42

Professor of Economics and (until 1948) Director of Cowles Commission for Research in Economics, University of Chicago, 1943-55

Professor of Economics, Yale University, 1955-60

Professor of Economics and Business Administration and (in 1965-71) Director of Western Management Science Institute, University of California at Los Angeles, 1960-71.

Honors and Awards:

Fellow, Institute of Mathematical Statistics, 1953

Fellow, Center for Advanced Studies in Behavioral Sciences, 1955-60

Honors and Awards (continued):

Honorary Fellow, Royal Statistical Society, 1963

Fellow, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, 1962

Distinguished Fellow, American Economics Association, 1967

Honorary Dr. rer. pol, University of Bonn, 1968

Positions held in learned and other Societies:

President, Econometric Society, 1947

Vice-president, American Statistical Association, 1947

Council member, Econometric Society, 1965-70

Council member, Institute of Management Sciences, 1965-70

Member, International Statistics Institute, 1947-1971

Family:

Wife, Marianne Marschak, Ph.D. (Frankfurt), M.A. (Chicago),
Psychologist

Daughter, Ann Jernberg, Ph.D. (Chicago), Psychologist

Son, Thomas A. Marschak, Ph.D. (Stanford), Professor of Business
Administration, University of California at Berkeley

Mrs. Willa Baum -
Head, Regional ~~Library~~
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Los Angeles,
CA 90049

Tel:
(213)-472-5394
December 26, 1971

Dear Mrs. Baum:

It is a great pleasure to thank you for the accomplished work, done so beautifully and with so much care. I am also writing to Professor Pierce, to repeat my earlier observation about the great thoroughness of his work.

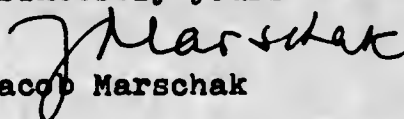
Following your suggestion, I enclose a list of corrections. Some of them (the linguistic ones) are probably less important, and you may decide they are not worth the trouble. I would appreciate it if the correction on page X 11 could be carried out. It refers to E.E. Slutskii (later a member of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences) who taught me statistics in ~~1916~~ 1916. Recently, I re-read some biographies of his, including the obituary mentioned on page 11. I think the sentence in question is not fair, ~~and~~ ^{hence} my request to delete it. I also find that he was expelled from the University before 1905, and not at the ~~the~~ time of the meetings that followed Tolstoy's death in 1910 , and in which my brother (nine years younger than Slutskii) was involved. My ~~attend~~ attendance of the Institute of Commerce (now Institute of Economics) in which Slutskii lectured is mentioned on p.11 but should be also mentioned on page IV, after line 6.

The suggested corrections on page 18, line 17, and ~~and~~ on page 17, line 4 from below, are the result of a telephone call from my sister who corrected my error.

I do hope you will find an opportunity to correct some of the errors without going to too much trouble.

With warm wishes for the holidays and a good 1972,

Sincerely yours


Jacob Marschak

Cc: W R, Pierce

Please correct the following errors in RECOLLECTIONS OF KIEV AND
NORTHERN CAUCAUS, 1917-18, An Interview Conducted by Richard A. Pierce

PAGE

IV, line 6; after ~~that~~ line insert: "also: Institute of Commerce (later, of Economics), Kiev."

AS TYPED:

SHOULD BE:

2	line 28	Yehudi manakhnu	Yehudim anakhnu
"	31	Yehudim medaberu	Yehudi medaberu
4	" 2	C'est ne pas	ce n'est pas
"	7	temoinage	temoignage
"	15 from below	districts	district

11 delete the last sentence (" However ... revolutionary") of the last full paragraph; and in the last paragraph (lines 4 and 3 from below) replace the words

"In this episode in ~~the~~ Kiev University when my brother was dismissed, Slutskii also was"

by the words

"In an earlier episode in Kiev university , before 1905, Slutskii was"

AS TYPED:

SHOULD BE:

12	line 17	knuch	khuch
14	" 16	espery	es-ery
15	" 7	started	had started
17	" 4 from below	of us,	of us, (sister Franya among them)
17	" 3 from below	Dmitrii	Dmitrii,
18	" 14	Philosophy	Theology
"	"	philosophicus	theologicus
"	17	delete the words "where my sister Franya was arrested"	
26	" 1	pali	pli
21	" 18-19	the words "revolution ending with Napoleon" should be placed before	the other, perhaps the Prussian, of 1848"
21	" 9 from below	togs	fog
29	" 9 from below	sobachai	sobachia
32	" 6 from below	Steppe	Steppes
47	" 18	Cuachidze	Buachidze
74	" 12 from below	family	wife
78	" 2	Kassenbedark	M. Kassenbedarf

I FORMATIVE YEARS

Marschak: I was born in Kiev, in 1898. My uncle, Iosif Abramovich Marshak, was born in one of the small mestechkos in the region, and had come to Kiev sometime in the 1890's. There was quite a boom in the 90's, so he prospered. He was a jeweler, and had a factory at the corner of the Kreshchatik and Tsarskaia Ploshchad (now the Place of the Revolution), an elegant part of the city. He became a leading philanthropist in the Jewish community of Kiev.

My father, Israil Abramovich Marshak, my uncle's step brother, joined my uncle somewhat later. The two of them married sisters, and my father became second in command. He was a designer, and also participated in the business, but he never owned it.

My uncle also built a big apartment house, with many apartments, and two courts (dvor). He lived in the house facing the Kreshchatik--at that time it was elegant to live facing a noisy street, but they weren't as noisy then. We lived behind, facing the court.

I was born in that same district. It was residential, with apartment houses and stores. My older sister was born in the house just adjoining the factory, but later the family moved, and I was born at Kreshchatik Number 5.

So apparently my parents were pretty well off, though not as wealthy as my uncle. I remember that my mother hated her sister and my uncle and this whole dependence, while my father was a more tolerant type, an extremely honest person.

There were other brothers. Uncle Boris, who was helped to establish a sweets factory, was famous for his complete failure. He would come to us and just lie down on the sofa and sleep. If someone would ask, "Well, how's business?" he would say, "Business goes up and up." But actually it wasn't

Marschak: so. Uncle Moisei, the oldest, was a scholar. He went to Palestine. There are Marschaks there now, in Israel. One is a mathematician. They may be my cousins. Then there was Uncle Semyon, who emigrated to Canada.

A little more about my uncle. The factory worked in precious stones, made rings, and things like that, but it specialized in silver and gold. There was a big demand for silver or gold plates for presentation. These were plates with salt cellars, usually lettered in pseudo-Slavonic style. My sister in Chicago has one of the little brochures reproducing dozens of them. Such a plate would be presented, for instance, "By the nobility of such and such a district to His Majesty, on His visit to so and so." In fact, the big landowners of the region were probably my uncle's best customers.

This kind of Jew of course assimilated quickly. We were all sent to high school and to universities.

As far as religion was concerned, my uncle contributed to the synagogue, and had a special pew in front. I had a bar mitzvah and did study Hebrew. I rather liked it, and probably could pick it up again even now if I wished. I read the Old Testament with a very nice teacher, Mr. Lieberman, who also taught me songs.

He was a modern kind of teacher, so that the children not only studied the Bible but were taught children's songs, which I still remember. They were not religious, but about birds, and games and so on, in Hebrew. But there was one, more nationalistic, which went:

Yehudi manakhnu	We are Jews
Yehudi misaperu	We speak Jewish
Yehudim	
Yehudim medaberu	

So this one featured what is now called "identity."

My mother was skeptical. My father observed religion chiefly for convention except when it came to serious things, like deep sorrow.

In this regard, one of the earliest experiences which I remember was once when we came back home from summer vacation in Korostyshev. I was quite little, perhaps four years old, and we came after long, long travel by horse and wagon, about a hundred kilometers. A little table for my two sisters and myself had been set up.

Marschak: Just then my grandmother had moved into our apartment. Of course she was a mother-in-law, and was hated by my mother anyhow, but she was a very pious woman. She spent most of her life in her room reading Hebrew books and praying, although my mother told me that my grandmother didn't really understand what she was reading. And, probably on purpose, we were served ham. We always ate ham, but this time my father didn't want it to be served because this would provoke his mother, and there was a big scene. The ham was served openly and my grandmother saw it.

We were taught German and French. There was always a governess who lived with us, while we were little. The first German governess was Fräulein Amalia. One of my earliest recollections is of Korostyshev, situated on the river Teterev near Zhitomir in the gubernia of Volhynia, a beautiful place where there are beautiful rocks. We spent many summers there.

It was usually a long trip by horse and wagon, but later--once at least--we did it by traveling part of the way by railway to Zhitomir and then the remaining 30 kilometers by wagon. There was a pond with swans on the great estate of Prince Gorchakov, and a Roman-Catholic monastery enclosed by a long, yellowish wall, and I recall that we walked along it with this fräulein as the afternoon sun shone on the wall. But when we came home there was a terrible scene because we were late. I think we had been accompanied by her boy friend. And she was fired.

After that there was Fraulein Wanda, and Fraulein Lydia, and they alternated with French governesses. Especially important in my life was Mademoiselle Aimée Gorin, who came to us around 1906, when I was eight years old. Before that she had been with General Tolmachëv, who had been in the Caucasus and later in Odessa, and was quite well known as a repressor of revolutionaries.

She was romantic and patriotic. She told us how she answered the then colonel Tolmachëv: "Je suis française, mon colonel!" when he asked her whether she would be afraid to stay alone with little Nina, a handful of Cossacks and "le drapeau," while he was leaving for a retaliatory expedition in the mountains.

She cried when we read aloud Alphonse Daudet's La Dernière Classe, the teacher's goodbye to the children in a village in Alsace, to be surrendered to the Prussians. She told us stories about the siege of Paris in 1871. In dictation, if you made no errors it was "C'est parfait;" one error:

Marschak: "C'est excessivement bien;" two errors: "C'est tres bien;" three errors: "C'est bien;" more: "C'est ne pas bien," "C'est mal," "C'est tres mal," "C'est excessivement mal," "C'est affreux!" There were ten such grades, in her wonderful handwriting.

She also taught us French songs of the Gay Nineties, and always gave us presents for Christmas! "Un petit témoignage de ma grande amitié, a l'élève le plus sage, mon Jacques bien aimée." She had blonde hair--she dyed it probably--and lived with us.

Her plan was to accumulate exactly 10,000 rubles--25,000 francs--and go home to live with her mother and sister, to whom she wrote very regularly. But then when she did accumulate this and went there she got so bored that she returned to Russia. She returned just during the war and revolution. This time she didn't live with us, but came and gave lessons. We were already grown up and she gave lessons in many families in Kiev. Later, in 1920, I visited her in her place near Paris. She had quite an influence on me, I think.

On the other hand there was also in a summer interval period Mlle. Anna Bougault, a beautiful young person, who was quite helpless with young children; she was too young. And, of course, probably I was a little in love with her; I was already ten.

Kiev is a city on hills. The river Dnepr overflows the lowlands every spring, and the Slobodka, on the opposite side, is completely flooded. The lower parts, the Podol' (dol, or valley) are the poor parts. This was where the poorer Jews lived, in the Podol'ski uchastok (districts).

The rich Jews, on the other hand, lived in the upper parts of the city. There was a rather steep ascent, with a funicular and also a trolley car going up from the river to approximately where we lived. And there began the hilly part, and an especially fine residential district called Lipki (linden trees). Then it goes farther up to Pechersk, to the lavra--the monastery--on a bluff above the river.

Another good residential district was the Starokievskii (old Kiev) uchastok, also on the hills, the old city containing the old St. Michael monastery and the Saint Sophia cathedral, and the newer St. Vladimir's Cathedral and the gate ruins going back as far as the 10th century. And there were courts and government offices, the prisutstvennyie mesta. Many Russian professional people lived there, but Jews were

Marschak: not supposed to live there. They were not supposed to live where we lived either; one had to be a merchant of the first degree (kupets pervoi gildii) to be permitted to live outside certain districts of Kiev. My father was in the second guild. He once received a medal from the government inscribed "Za userdie" (for zeal), a mark of distinction.

Pierce: What social classes do you recall?

Marschak: As far as I remember, there were in Kiev quite a few Polish gentry and landowners, and possibly also merchants. In fact, my earliest friend was a Polish boy. And then there were the Russians, of course, military and civil service people. So I would say that all my teachers were actually Russians or Ukrainians, but they all spoke Russian.

And then the workers were Russians or Ukrainians; one would really not be able to distinguish between them. Our maid servants were always Ukrainian, in other words they spoke Ukrainian, although the difference between the languages is rather fluid. At any rate, the Ukrainians were among the poorer classes, except for those who were professionals, like some of my teachers.

The city had about a half million inhabitants. I would say that the poorer people, unless they were industrial workers who had immigrated from the north, were Ukrainians. Some perhaps were peasants who just came seasonally to the city, and people like maidservants who were Ukrainian. Certainly there were quite a number; there was a Ukrainian theater there.

Pierce: If a Ukrainian acquired an education, accumulated wealth, etc., would he continue to regard himself as a Ukrainian?

Marschak: If he was aware of his national identity. Gogol was Ukrainian and knew the language well, but he wrote in Russian. My teacher of Russian literature, I. M. Steshenko, identified himself as a Ukrainian. He later became minister of education in the Ukrainian Rada, a very gifted man. I loved him and his lessons.

With one or two classmates I was in his home shortly before graduation, in the spring of 1915. There was a bandura (a Ukrainian stringed instrument) and embroidery on the walls. I was astonished to hear him say, "If the Austrians win it will be better for all of us, Ukrainians and Jews!" He was killed in the street around 1918.

- Pierce: What was the class structure within the Jewish community?
- Marschak: Within the Jewish community there was a pretty strong stratification. It was quite a degradation, for example, for banking or sugar to marry leather, or certainly to marry ready-made clothes.
- Pierce: Were there also grades which leather and clothes would not marry?
- Marschak: Yes, there were still poorer people.
- Pierce: So these groups tended to intermarry?
- Marschak: Yes, sugar and banking belonged together. Sugar meant this: the Jews were not supposed to own land, and sugar was produced on big so-called economies--big estates--where sugar beet was rotating with wheat. There would be a sugar factory in the midst of those big fields, and a Jew rented it for 99 years, nominally as a tenant rather than owner. So sugar meant a certain amount of agriculture.

We spend the summer of 1905 in the Crimea. I was seven years old. I saw the cruiser Potemkin on the horizon. So far I was not concerned with such things, but then came the Tsar's Manifesto of the 17th of October. Witte became Prime Minister. By that time I pretty well understood what was going on. On the 17th of October there was great elation and joy in our hearts; I remember that my mother danced.

The city Duma was just a block away from us. As I explained, the courts and offices were on top of the hill, but the Duma, the city hall, was on the Kreshchatik. A statue of the Archangel Michael stood on top of the building. From the balcony of the Duma speeches were made, including one by a Jewish lawyer named Ratner, a particularly famous and successful man.

From uncle's balcony one could even hear the applause and the cheering. And then someone would come and report and imitate: "GRAZHDANYE!" You see, the word grazhdanye, or citizens, was quite new. We had been subjects of the Tsar, not citizens. Later we became comrades.

Towards evening, however, Cossacks came, and in two or three places, in the middle of the street, they stacked their rifles, lit fires, and the whole thing sort of calmed down. I think it was the next morning that the pogrom started, or perhaps it was toward evening.

Marschak: That meant looting, essentially, especially of stores in the Jewish quarter, so we were all transferred--the whole tribe, down to the grandchildren, little boys and girls, infants, at least twenty people--from my uncle's apartment to the small apartment of a notary public (a notary public is a higher official in Russia than here), a lawyer, Karyshev, who gave us hospitality, because there was a danger that people would break into the apartments. By this I mean my uncle's apartment, our apartment, and the apartment of one of the older cousins, an amateur painter, who had just come back from Paris.

So we were in Karyshev's apartment. Children were crying, etc., and Karyshev was pacing the room and cursing the government. He would say that this or that was so in older times, but that now, with Kleigels [Nikolai Vasil'evich Clayhills, or Kleigels, Governor-general of the Southwestern region from 1903 to 1905] as Governor-general . . . He spat out his name with contempt.

My uncle was abroad, so my father was responsible for the factory and the store adjoining the factory, where the jewelry was sold. I remember how my aunt had hysterics and wanted my father to go to the store and see that everything was locked, etc., and my mother then took up the fight and said that my father would not go, because it was dangerous.

So then Stepanov, a simple man, a loyal person, would go across the street and come back and report what was going on. Then towards the end of the day two of my older cousins appeared, one of them with a bandaged forehead. This was the Jewish self-defense, namely some Jewish young people, presumably students and people like that, who went into the Jewish quarter to resist the looters--the pogromshchiki--and probably they had got into some kind of a brawl.

As you know, while this looting was going on, and some killing, the police just didn't seem to interfere, and the Cossacks were apparently also among the aggressors.

On the second day, we were transferred by auto to the luxury Hotel Continental a few blocks away. On the third day, things were calming down (because everything was controlled from above), and a "patriotic manifestation" took place. One could see from the hotel that priests were carrying the Tsar's portrait and ikons and were followed by the mob. I say mob because that was how I read about it later. The general idea of the intelligentsia was that no decent Russian would take part in such a manifestation, that it was just a mob. And

Marschak: there was always a danger that this mob would sometimes do some looting.

Pierce: When did you enter primary school?

Marschak: At the age of eight I entered a private co-educational school for one year. It was led by an old lady, a professional educator. My elder brother went to a classical gymnasium. When I was about 9 years old I attempted to enter the gymnasium, but there was a numerus clausus--a quota--and in addition the examination was perhaps not fair, or so my mother asserted, at least.

At any rate, I was not admitted. There were two examinations, in arithmetic and Russian, and I got 5, the highest, and 3. But there was no numerus clausus, or I think only 50 per cent (instead of 5 or something like that) in the school of commerce, so I was transferred to the First Kiev School of Commerce (Kievskoe pervoe kommercheskoe uchilishche).

This school belonged to the Ministry of Trade and Industry, which was much more liberal than the Ministry of Education. The Institute of Technology and the Institute of Commerce, now called the School of Economics, also were under this ministry. Two of my cousins had been there, and I think my uncle also had had something to do with it, perhaps as a trustee.

The teaching personnel at the School of Commerce were nice people, I think. One, whom I have mentioned, was Ivan Matveevich Steshenko, a leading Ukrainian nationalist, and a very gifted and charming man; another was Pavel Matveievich Matiushenko, in physics, who had been in prison as a revolutionary. I liked them both. Also the historian, Nikolay Vassilevich Sinyëv.

I was the youngest pupil in my class, and my schoolmates sort of protected me. I was called "the Baby." By and large, as far as I personally was concerned, I was quite happy at the school. On the other hand there were two suicides during my time there. I remember one in particular, Shmelevskii, a very quiet Russian boy, poor. He "sat" twice, which means he had to repeat the same grade, and then again, and that was at least the apparent cause; he was so frustrated.

Pierce: This probably meant a financial disaster then, his staying in school longer; he wouldn't be able to get a satisfactory position which would enable him to rise?

Marschak: Yes, but one really didn't think in those terms then, of fu-

Marschak: ture jobs, etc., although probably the parents put pressure on him. One read editorials about such suicides in the newspapers from time to time. I remember, in fact, how one girl left a suicide note, "I don't want to be the last one; I don't want to be a nedouchka--a semi-learned person--the broad Dnepr will be my grave."

So even in that school where I was which was, by and large, less rigid, there were such cases. It was nothing to compare with America, for instance. The American high schools are quite different.

Jacob Marschak

Israel Marschak (Father)

Paul Rosenthal

Leonard Rosenthal

Passport photo
Kiev, Russia 1918

Anna Marschak Rosenthal

Mrs. Sophie Francis (Franya) Marschak
Marschak
(Mother)

Trouville, France

Summer 1920

Paul and Leonard Rosenthal were active in the French Resistance, World War II. Leonard is now in research in supersonic aerodynamics. Paul is a geodetic surveyor.

Jacob Marschak

Francis (Marschak)
Sobotka

I.D. Photos for the University of
Heidelberg 1920

Mrs. Sobotka, Head of Department of Slavic
Languages, University of Illinois 1962

Left to right: Valentin Sobotka
(Economist), Francis Sobotka,
Jacob Marschak, June 1965



II THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT

Marschak: In the spring of 1910 my elder brother and two sisters and I joined another sister (the present Mrs. Sobotka) in Davos, Switzerland, where she had gone because of lung trouble. So in the spring of 1910 the five of us were in Beatenberg, near Interlaken. This place was full of Russian emigres and just Russian tourists. This was probably the reason why we were there; someone had told us about it.

There there was some contact with Russian revolutionaries. The well known, bearded, kind Dr. Chlenov treated them all. There was a Zionist congress, in Basel, I think, and on the way from the congress the delegates stopped in Beatenberg and there were big discussions and quite a bit of dissension between Zionists and socialists.

There were two interesting speeches from the opposition to the Zionists--one was by a Jew, a student, the son of the rabbi Gurevich of Kiev, who was quite well known; he wrote under another name. I don't know if he was converted to Orthodoxy, but the whole tone of his discourse was slavophile. He made a brilliant speech against all the illusions of the Zionists. I only remember the last sentence; it was: "Even if Wilhelm II has received you . . ." Namely, Wilhelm II had received some of the Zionists and had promised his help.

And one of the socialists said: "The proletariat will not follow you; the proletariat will erect the flag of the International in Palestine and everywhere."

So that was my next impression of the revolution.

You see, in a sense the revolution in that period was dead. My brother (nine years my elder) was not interested in it, and I had little contact with it. However, in school one of my friends, Korsunskii, and I both decided to study higher mathematics. And we did, just on our own. He had an older



Marschak: brother who had just returned from exile, and had been a revolutionist, a very severe looking, ironical looking person, a student in the Institute of Technology. I remember how we once visited a sugar factory where, in a series of diffusors the juice of the sugar beet gets more and more condensed, with more and more sugar, and this presented some mathematical problems. So I discussed these with this man, asking questions, and he helped.

My impression was one of great respect for him; only he was rather severe, not at all warm or friendly. So that was my next impression of a revolutionary, when I was about 14.

In November, 1910, Tolstoy died. My brother was then a student of chemistry at the university and not political at all. Some students who were anti-revolutionary organized themselves. They were called akademisty, and were greatly despised. My brother was neither an akademist nor was he a revolutionary.

However, when Tolstoy died there were big meetings everywhere, in all universities probably, including Kiev university, which were organized by the revolutionary parties, and they were not permitted. As people left the university the police would ask them for their identification cards, and an order was given out by such organizations that one should not show his identification card, and reply "Bilet?--net!" So all of these students, including my brother, were dismissed, for one year.

Recently I read an obituary of Evgenii Evgen'evich Slutskii, who later was my teacher of statistics in the Institute of Economics, and still later became quite famous as a member of the Academy of Sciences. He was one of the founders of mathematical economics. One of his publications, in an Italian journal of 1913, is quite fundamental.

Slutskii himself was not a revolutionary and in fact under the Soviet regime abandoned economics just because he was not a Marxist and did not want to get mixed up in such things, and applied statistics to other things, like meteorology, or did purely mathematical work. However, in one of the obituaries, written by a mathematician who was perhaps not so sure of his own future career, Slutskii is represented as a revolutionary.

In this episode in Kiev university when my brother was dismissed, Slutskii also was dismissed, and it is represented as a great revolutionary act on Slutskii's part, which is simply not true. His obituary by a more famous and established

Marschak: mathematician, Kolmogorov, is more truthful.

During the summer of 1914, when the war broke out, we lived on an estate near a place called Stepantsy, not far from Kanev, and Shevchenko's grave, where there was a big sugar factory. We went there because a friend of the family, Dr. Slepak, was the factory doctor. When he was a medical student he had rented a room from my mother and also was a kind of a tutor to my brother.

The big estate was owned by Count Znoshchenko-Borovsky and his mother, who came occasionally; but it was managed by a Belgian, Mr. Nevin, who played actually the role of a pomeshchik, or landowner. In other words, the peasants worked for him. I remember how after the harvest the girls came with garbs of wheat and wreaths of flowers and danced in front of the house and sang:

Vydy, vydy, panochku,	Come out, come out, master,
knuch na dvir,	if only into the yard,

Podivisya, panochku,	Look how many seeds (of
skilki v tobi zir...	wheat) you have...

On this sugar estate I again studied mathematics. Arnold Alshvang, my closest friend, was with us in this summer place. He later became quite a well known musicologist in Russia; his main passion was music, and whatever I know about music I learned from him. He died in 1960. Recently, I obtained a selection of his essays (edited by G. B. Bernandt et al., Izdatelstvo Musika Two Volumes, Moscow, 1964-1965).

Then the mobilization came, and I traveled in the doctor's carriage with him to the town, probably Stepantsy itself, where he had to conduct physical examinations of recruits. There was great excitement. I remember the scene of women crying terribly. Their husbands and brothers were leaving. We returned to Kiev: a night on the deck of the steamboat up the river Dnepr.

I was still in school, and in Russian literature I chose as the subject of an essay "The meaning of life," and went through books on ethics. But then I gave it up and went to I. M. Steshenko and said I would write on populism (narodnichestvo) of the 1870's. That was because in the meantime I had met new friends, who knew about revolutionary movements.

It was like this. Alshvang had a friend Shura Dezortsev, from Orenburg. Shura's cousin Monichka Gershevich was a tall

Marschak: boy, very dedicated and enthusiastic, waving his long arms in excited talk, so that his mother would say, "Monichka, don't flutter!" ("Ne trepykhaisia!") He and Alshvang and I formed a friendship.

When the war came Alshvang was banished to Petrozavodsk for a grotesque reason: his card, in German to his parents who then were in some German resort (the family was from Riga and German was spoken in their home) was intercepted and misunderstood to be anti-Russian. But it is a long, though funny, story. It was only there, in the far North, that he became a socialist, under the influence of banished Hertzik who edited a paper in Petrozavodsk. I last saw Alshvang in Kiev in December, 1918.

When the war came, Monichka started to study medicine. Quite soon, we began to help in the hospital with the wounded, helping to bring in beds in emergency, or to build beds from boards. To collect information for the families of the wounded, we interrogated them, finding out where they were wounded, what kind of wound, from what village they came, etc.

My two sisters--the third was in Paris--became nurses, and one of my sisters, Lydia, who practices now near Chicago, became a medical doctor. So they were nurses in the military hospital; later Lydia nursed Austrian prisoners.

Meanwhile, Monichka introduced me to some others, and I joined a "circle for self-determination" (kruzhok samoopredelenia), meaning essentially to find out whether you are a Marxist or a narodnik. To judge by its program, this particular circle probably was initiated by the Socialist Revolutionaries.

There were about twelve people, with occasional guests, and we had to give papers (referaty). They were all university students except me--I was still in high school. The program started with Stenka Razin, and then took up Pugachev, and then the liberals of the time of Catherine the Great, Novikov, and Radishchev (who wrote of a trip from St. Petersburg to Moscow, in which he described the misery of the peasants).

So it was a history of the Russian liberation movement and the discussions were at once on this very important question, the role of the personality in history. The Marxists were despised because they despised personality. In fact there was a Socialist Revolutionary poem about a Marxist who got up in the morning,

Marschak:	i nebrezhno na lichnost' pobryzgvav vodoi,	and after casually sprinkling water on his personality (lichnost' is personality and litso is face, but here lichnost' is used purpose- fully)
	stal velikomu Marksu molitsa:	prayed to the great Marx:
	"Pomogi, o velikii uchitel!... Chtob prokliatii agrar- nyi vopros poskorei stal agrarnym otvetom	"Help, o great master!... That the cursed agrarian question should soon become the agrarian answer,
	i chtob samyi uzhasnei- shii nos poluchili espery pri etom."	and that the Socialist Revolutionaries should be thus put to shame."

I was not yet a Marxist, and worked on that essay about the Narodniki. Then came the summer of 1915, and we lived in Irpenskaia Zastava on the Brest-Litovsk Chaussee. In the later part of the summer, wagons with refugees from the front areas moved past our house.

Through Monichka, we became acquainted with new friends in the city, who would come to visit us in the country. They were Filip Veintsveig and Modest Rubinstein. Filip studied law in Kiev, and became a very close friend. In the 20's and 30's he was arrested and deported, again and again. His last letter reached me in England in 1937 from a labor camp.

Monichka was banished to Solovetsky Island in the 20's and I never heard from him again. Modest Rubinstein, Filip's cousin, studied in the Institute of Neurology (Shaniavskii institut) in Moscow. He later became a member of the Communist Academy. (I met him in Germany on a train around 1929, by chance; and I read rather recently in the New York Times of his visit to the U.S.)

Filip and Modest were Marxists. I read the Communist Manifesto, and Marx's later writings on the 1848 revolution. We would discuss a lot. During that summer I prepared for the entrance examination to the Kiev Polytechnical Institute (Institute of Technology). It called for an essay, and there was mathematics and physics. The given subject of the essay was: "What we know is limited; what we do not know has no limits." I received an A plus for the essay. I was admitted,

Marschak: within the quota for Jews.

The readings and discussions of that summer made me, then, a Marxist. Now "self-determination" was over. I now became a propagandist myself. My two sisters, Frania and, to a lesser extent, Lydia, went through these stages, which we later called "Knebel, Froebel, Gegel [Hegel], Bebel." Knebel's was a store for school equipment, where we started a school for children of reservists. These were old people who had families and were called up for the army, and this was one of the social activities we took part in.

You see, what one calls liberals in this country was a very strong element of Russian society, the intelligentsia; and this kind of activities, helping the poor, and the civil rights protection, was quite prevalent, partly because under the Tsarist regime there was very little official help to the poor. So in fact the word social, or public (obshchestvennyi) meant in Russia essentially a liberal in the American sense.

Obshchestvennyi deiatel', which means literally "one who is active in public affairs"--a politician--didn't have this meaning in Russia; an obshchestvennyi deiatel' was a do-gooder. So this establishing a school for children of the reservists was Knebel.

Froebel was a Swiss pedagogue. We learned a little about pedagogy by conducting circles for workers in the same school building in the evenings. That was of course illegal. Among the students were jewelry workers from my uncle's factory. So that was Froebel.

And then Gegel [Hegel]; of course now there was a circle studying philosophy: Marxist philosophy against idealist philosophy, and there was lots of literature on this. It is quite remarkable that it played such an important role. Does the real world exist? The idealist philosophy says the real world does not exist, but actually it does, so how to prove it?

Hegel was an idealist and had the world standing on its head, but still he was all right, because as you know Marx put it on its feet. Plekhanov probably had quite some influence on me. His book was called K voprosu O razvitií monosticheskogo vzgliadana istoriu (On the development of the monistic view of history) but the long title was just to deceive the censorship; it was simply a thesis in philosophy, on historical materialism. So there were discussions on this.

Marschak: There I met Dmitrii Ivanovich Chizhevskii who later became the husband of my sister. (She is now a dermatologist in Aurora, Illinois; they are separated.) He is the head of the Slavic Institute at Heidelberg now, emeritus. He is quite a remarkable person. In honor of his 70th birthday a big volume was issued by linguists from all over the world. Their daughter is Tanya Chizhevskii, a student of Yakobson at Harvard, who now teaches Russian in Wayne University in Detroit.

Dmitrii became more or less the leader of this group. First, as I said, this group discussed philosophical questions. But then, with a few others, perhaps a group of 10 or 12 people altogether, we formed a propaganda collegium (propagandistskaia kollegia). Who we reported to, who organized us, whether it was Bolsheviks or Mensheviks, I do not know. We did have some relation to Maiorov, who as I see from Pipes' book was later a leading Bolshevik in Kiev.

We were both Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, but the majority of us were Mensheviks. Now, how did I know that I was a Menshevik? That was partly the influence of Filip, I think, already during the philosophical discussions. As you know, the difference was essentially that the Mensheviks, who for this reason were called "liquidators" by the Bolsheviks, said, "We don't want to be concerned only with illegal 'professional-revolutionary' activities; we want to work within the existing institutions. Since the revolution of 1905 there are possibilities; there is a certain amount of social insurance, a certain amount of self-government of workers to administer it; there are trade unions; there are consumer cooperatives."

And now during the war there was also a call for the military-industrial committees, with workers' representation. On the other hand, the Bolshevik tactics were to boycott all of these things, although it was not quite consistent. For example, first they said they would boycott the elections to the First Duma, and then they reversed themselves (so that in the Fourth Duma there were, I think, seven Mensheviks and six Bolsheviks), since they had seen that it did not work. But in principle they boycotted it all, for that reason they were called boikotisti.

But we thought, "No, that's wrong; we should utilize all the possibilities." Actually some of the meetings of the circles were right in the offices of the union of the printers. On the other hand, we were against the war, so we were Menshevik Internationalists (Mensheviki Internatsionalisty), as

Marschak: contrasted with "Menskeviki oborontsy."

Of the larger meetings in 1916, I remember two: one open and legal in the Obshestvennoe sobranie (a club or library of older liberals) in which the participation in the military-industrial committees was discussed by journalists (Balabanov and others, "legal Marxists"), leaders of cooperatives etc.; and one illegal and closed, mostly attended by students (some of them pretty old looking: Novikov and Gershovich and a blond-bearded Socialist Revolutionary who studied agriculture) and addressed by a seasoned revolutionary, Skarzhinsky--a Pole, I believe.

I suppose the legal meeting had a police permit. The closed one was in the basement of some public building--a school perhaps; and "guards" were posted at the door and a window.

So, in 1916, on the sixth of December, the evening before my examination on the theory of heat, I attended a meeting in the house of Ermakov. That was my great triumph, for I had made contact with workers from the arsenal, the largest metal processing establishment in Kiev, a government arsenal for production of weapons.

I had made contact with a worker, Ermakov, an older person, who had been active in the revolution of 1905, and I was invited to lead a circle meeting in his little house near the arsenal. I was very proud of this. So I went there, and we had the usual kind of discussion.

Usually there was first the discussion, let's say on the Erfurt Program of the German Social Democratic Party, discussing it and criticizing it, and then perhaps there would be some lighter fare, some poem or short story of revolutionary tendency, by way of entertainment, for relaxation, and then again some discussion. All of these people were of course much older than I. There were perhaps six or seven of them.

My next stop was at the room of Dmitrii Ivanovich Chizhevskii, whom I have already mentioned, who rented a room in the apartment of Filip Veintsveig. Filip himself was in Samara, for some reason he did not spend this winter in Kiev.

When we met there were about seven or eight of us, all Mensheviks. The other Dmitrii Beletskii, stood by the bookshelf lined with Chizhevskii's philosophical books, and said, "And now it is time to Europeanize our movement." By this

Marschak: he meant that the Bolsheviks were Asians; they were not really European in their methods. "The German Social Democracy is what we should be like."

And just as he said this the door opened and in came a stout police officer (pristav), the head of the police station of the district, followed by policemen (gorodovye) and by two witnesses--the concierge (dvornik) and someone else.

"Who is the owner of this room?" ("Kto zdes domokhoziain?")

"I am," said Dmitrii Chizhevskii.

"We will have to search the premises." ("My seichas proizvedem u vas obysk.")

So they started the search, and right away found Spinoza's Tract on Political Philosophy (Tractatus politico philosophicus). It was political, you see, and so they looked at it with suspicion. The search lasted the whole night, and was also in the apartment of my parents where my sister Frania was arrested, and also in other peoples' apartments.

During the search, while we were sitting there in the big dining room of the Veintsveigs', waiting, Dmitrii Beletskii said, "Sto dve." (102). It was grammatically wrong, the feminine plural, uttered on purpose; he meant that we would all be condemned under Article 102 of the penal code, which meant katorga, forced labor.

After the revolution, when the secret police documents came out, someone looked at what they had to say about our group. Each of us had a nickname. Our names all started with D, and my nickname, for the police spies, was "Dobryi" (kind). Of course I knew that we were followed by spies (shpiki, rather than shpiony). For instance the coachman on a sleigh standing in front of the house was probably one, a shpik.

And so we were all arrested. Because Filip was not there they decided to arrest his old father instead of him, and also his brother, an older student who had nothing to do with politics but was rather a bon vivant (and a man of very good humor).

So we all spent the night in the police station. In the police station they lined us against the wall and an old police sub-officer looked at us. At the same time as we were

Marschak: arrested they also arrested a group of Socialist Zionists, SS.

You see, we were in the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, but there were various organizations of the Jews. The Marxist non-Zionist lrganization of Jews was the Bund. Abramovich was a leading man with the Mensheviks, but he was also a leader of the Bund. But then there were two Zionist socialist parties, one called the Socialist Zionists (Sotsialist sionisty), ideologically like the SR's, and then there were the Poaleitsion, which means in Hebrew "the workers of Zion." I think they had a Marxist orientation, but the difference between them and the Bund was that the Bund did not believe in Zionism.

Altogether we were twenty young people there, lined up against the wall for review, and this old police sergeant would go by each one and say, "Jew!--Jew!--Jew!" until he came to Dmitrii, when he exclaimed, "And you, a Russian, you should be ashamed of yourself!"

So we spent this night, sleeping on long boards--just boards--and the next day we were brought to the prison. There I was alone a couple of nights, but then I was put with Dmitrii Chizhevskii. Later we were separated and I was put together with Monichka Gershevich and Dmitrii Beletskii.

By and large, it was quite a pleasant time. It was warm, and we ourselves kept the fire in the stove. The food was not terribly good, but we also got cold meats from home, and the jailers were rather friendly people. One could have about twenty minutes in the yard. We had only the official newspapers Pravitel'stvennyi Vestnik and Russkii Invalid, which of course did not have any news about Rasputin (he was killed during that time), but there was a great deal about America possibly entering the war.

There were also criminals there. You see, we were politicals; we were kept on the third floor. The criminals would come to serve the meals, for example. There was one criminal, a Romanian, a beautiful man with a beard, who was not a criminal at all; he was there because of some misunderstanding. We became good friends, and later he visited my home.

III FEBRUARY TO OCTOBER, 1917

Marschak: And then one day in February, 1917, a man opened the little window through which they served food and said: "Marschak! Collect your stuff!"

I thought it meant that I would be transported to another town, but it was not this, because when the doors were opened in the corridor I met Dmitrii; it was an amnesty.

Someone told us, "There is a new government, and Miliukov is the foreign minister!"

When Dmitrii heard this he said, "In a month we shall be back here again for the same affair." Because the crime we had committed was to produce a leaflet, which perhaps was never circulated. It was against the war, and ended with the words, "Down with the war! Hail the peace! Down with the autocracy! Hail the democratic republic! Hail the Social Democratic Workers' Party!"

("Doloi voinu! Da zdravstvuiet mir! Doloi samoderzhavie! Da zdravstvuiet demokraticeskaja respublika! Da zdravstvuiet sotsial demokraticeskaja rabocaja partia!") So it was against the war.

However, when we came out to the office of the director of the prison he said in a very gentlemanly way, "My congratulations! I have just received a telegram from my superior, the Minister of Justice, Aleksandr Fedorovich Kerenskii!"

That was different. Kerenskii was the only socialist in the cabinet.

Then people came to congratulate us, especially a man called Slutskii (not the one mentioned earlier), a lawyer, who made a big speech about the revolution and about us, although at the end he made a mistake, saying, "Long live the

Marschak: workers' proletariat! Long live the international international!" ("Da zdravstvuiet rabochii proletariat! Da zdravstvuiet mezhdunarodnyi internatsional!"), instead of "Long live the international proletariat! Long live the workers' international!"

Dmitrii went to our apartment. He said to me in the morning, "And in the night I sleep, and do you know what I dream of? Of hanged Bolsheviks!" Because he knew that they would cause trouble.

Dmitrii was a great collector of memorabilia, and he had started a little album which he called the Book of Life (Kniga zhivota)--it's an old Slavonic expression--in which he wrote up all sorts of nonsensical slips of the tongue and stupidities in the movement. And also other interesting things.

For instance, in 1916 Gorky's periodical Novaia zhizn' had carried an article called "Two lines of revolution." One of them was the line of the French, the other perhaps the Prussian, of 1848, the revolution ending with Napoleon. A witty student parodied it, and Dmitrii had written it down.

"How the revolution will start: Kerenskii president; Lenin sharpens his knife. Next: Lenin president. And then: the armored cars of Zinov'ev fight the armored cars of Lenin. And it ends this way: Miliukov, who was hiding in the Dardanelles, comes back and organizes the 18th of Brumaire (when Napoleon took power)." Dmitrii wrote that in his notebook, along with many other slips of the tongue and funny expressions of various people.

Incidentally, as I have said, we were Menshevik Internationalists. And there was a song--I don't know who wrote it--against the Menshevik oborontsy. It was to the tune of the Marseillaise, and went like this: Instead of "Let's resign from the old world" ("Otrechemsia ot starogo mira"), this was "Let's resign from Marxism, and from its holy doctrine. We cherish instead the togs of chauvinism; we don't want class struggle. So says Georgii Plekhanov. So says Scheidemann, Van der Velde, and Guesde (of the French Parliament), and in the Duma, Burianov repeats their nonsense."

The next morning I went to the municipal Duma, where representatives of the Soviets from the factories were already meeting. And who met me in the corridor there but Ermakov, already elected vice chairman of the Kiev Soviet. The chairman was Nezlobin, a Menshevik.

Marschak: "Ah," here you are, young man," said Ermakov, "you have come back from that place where young goats have their horns polished!" (gde kozam roga tochat)

But during the next night the lists of all the agents provocateurs were sent from St. Petersburg, and Ermakov was one of them. So the next day, when I came, there he was sitting in the side room with two soldiers guarding him. I am sure he perished later.

I think another in the same category was a woman, a worker in the clothing industry, who controlled our propagandist collegium. We called her Portnikha--Sonia. And there was another one we called Mikhail Boroda (the Beard). Dmitrii reported that once he and Mikhail were walking and a policeman came and asked for identification cards and Mikhail said, "I am an official person." Very funny. Dmitrii wrote it down in his little book as a funny episode, but we had some suspicions.

Well, these first days were very idyllic. Everyone was friendly to everyone else, except of course the Tsarist people. Ustinov, the colonel of gendarmes, had called up my parents and said, "Your children are going to be freed today, and I shall probably take their place."

There were peaceful demonstrations and processions. And the First of May there was an especially big one. It was very enthusiastic. There was still little distinction even between cadets (the right wing of the anti-monarchists) and anyone else. There was a general feeling of relief and hope. The main distinction, to become evident early, was between people like myself, who thought it was necessary to make peace, and others who said, "No, the war should continue."

I became secretary of the Social Democratic committee for the city of Kiev. This committee embraced both internationalists and oborontsy. Vikentii Andreevich Drelling, the chairman, was an internationalist. He had a red goatee. His characteristic expression was a desperate, "But all this must be done!" (Tak eto nado vse sdelat'!)

There were also oborontsy. These intellectuals were of an older generation, and some were rather well known. One was Ginsburg-Naumov (Ginsburg was his real name and Naumov his pen name). He was a typical "liquidator," very active in the military-industrial committee, and later, although he was of the right wing, he cooperated with the Bolsheviks at the original planning stage. He went to Moscow and was later

Marschak: quite outstanding in economic planning. Another was Mikhail Balabanov, the sweetest man I have ever known--the cousin of Angelica Balabanova.

Then there was Davidson, a lawyer, quite unsuccessful, with many children. He lived in a small apartment, and studied a great deal; he spoke very good German, and knew lots about German social democracy. He gave me many introductions later to the German Social Democrats. He was extremely right wing, especially very soon when it came to the question of how to handle the Bolsheviks, during the summer and fall of 1917. He said, "It's a bourgeois revolution; we must be on the side of the bourgeoisie and whoever is against the bourgeoisie we must fight him."

Drelling typically was responsible for one of the sentences which Dmitrii wrote down: "But it's dangerous--they shoot!"

All of the people I have mentioned, except Davidson, were on the staff of Kievskaja Mysl'. This newspaper played a role in Russia similar to that of the Manchester Guardian in England or the Frankfurter Zeitung in Germany, in that it was not published in the capital but in the provinces, and perhaps for this very reason was outstanding and somewhat independent.

Although officially it was a Cadet liberal paper, quite a number of its staff were socialists. Even Trotskii was a contributor, writing under the pen name "Antide Otto"--I don't know what it meant--with articles containing his observations about Monte Carlo. Among other things he characterized people sitting around the roulette table as "people whose life begins below the diaphragm."

So these were the people with whom I had to deal during that summer. I liked them. In the very first days one was so naive that one said, "All right, we shall help each other--the Bolsheviks, the Mensheviks, and the Socialist Revolutionaries. We shall help each other; we shall have a joint distribution organization to distribute our literature--it might be more efficient." But that didn't last very long.

One task was to get identification cards for members--one had to put in stamps and pay dues; it was probably fashioned after the German party. And we had meetings. One activity was to organize the regional meeting of the Menshevik party (for the Ukraine), so I helped to organize a kind of congress, held in the anatomy theater of the university. There the question of our relation to the Ukrainian Social Democratic

Marschak: party became important, but it was clear that they were quite different. I was elected to represent the Mensheviks in the Rada.

Nezlobin was succeeded as chairman of the Kiev Soviet by Smirnov, and he by Georgii L. Piatakov. He was an extremely energetic man, the son of the director of the State Bank. He was a Bolshevik intellectual. There is a portrait of Piatakov in Pipes' book, but it is wrong; he didn't have such fantastically long hair; and it was quite red. He didn't look like this to me at least.

Somebody composed a poem about him in the Kiev Soviet which ran: "The first chairman was Nezlobin (predsedatel' byl Nezlobin), then the chairman was Smirnov, and now the chairman is krasnoryzhii (red and russet) Piatakov." It went on: "Tiomkin, Rafes and Chizhevskii, the ornaments of ballot list number one, chatted so much in the Soviet that the skies would blush."

Soon after the third of July (the abortive Bolshevik demonstration in Petrograd) Tseretelli came to Kiev to explain why it had failed. There was a big meeting in the opera, and Tseretelli gave a speech. He was a very clever and intelligent man, of enormous charm, warmth, and magnetism.

Piatakov was the main opponent. Very brilliant. First of all, he did not call Tseretelli "comrade" as people still did at that time, between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, but "Citizen Minister of Post and Telegraph" (Grazhdanin minister pochta i telegrafov) to show his contempt.

Piatakov quoted from someone in the French Revolution that as long as the Revolution had directed its blows only to the right it was all right, but when it began to direct its blows to the left it began to sign its own death warrant. About this Tseretelli said that those uprisings happened only in Petrograd, but the whole country was against them. Piatakov replied: "I remember," he said, "that Buzot (a Girondin in the French Revolution) also said, 'Paris is only one seventieth of France.'"

Because I was amnestied, I had a grace period before my military service, so I didn't have to do military service until August. Again because of my lung (remnants of a pneumonia attack of early 1916), I went to the Crimea with my mother and sister, to Yalta. There I was again quite active, soon picking up contacts with other socialists. Piatakov's wife, Evgeniia Bosch, was there, and she and I had a long

Marschak: discussion in which I quoted from the French Revolution, for which she criticized me.

I returned to Kiev from the Crimea in order to enter officers' school (iunkerskoe voennoe uchilishche). As you may know, there is a difference between iunkers and cadets. The cadet corps corresponded to a secondary school; it did not yet prepare officers. A iunkers' school was an officer training school. In wartime it was accelerated, to one or two semesters. There were many cadet corps; there were not so many iunkerskye uchilishcha.

Ours was a special one, only for engineering, called the Tsarevich Aleksei Engineering School (inzhenernoe uchilishche imeni Tsarevicha Alekseia). There were two companies, with a student feldvebel--a non-com--in charge of the whole battalion.

During this time the party wanted to send me to Lutsk with Dmitrii, to do some propaganda there, to give lectures to soldiers on the front. In order to do this I had to take leave from the school, and went to the office of its head, General Gradov. He was actually a very civilized person. I was of course prejudiced against generals, but still I could not help respecting him.

"Well," he said, "of course I must give you this leave, but you must remember," he said, reaching for a paper from somewhere, "that our duty is to educate you as an officer, and if you lost that much time it will delay you as a future officer." Which, of course, was right. So, Dmitrii and I went to Lutsk, and I did give the lectures to soldiers.

Another experience was the Kornilov affair, where I sort of quarrelled with and isolated myself from the bulk of the students, because I felt that Kornilov was wrong. When people in the city asked me about the mood in the school, I said, "Yes, there are many students who are in favor of Kornilov," which was true.

And so I was sort of boycotted after that, and I requested that I should have a treteiskii sud, or arbiters to act as neutral judges, who would decide whether I had done anything wrong. Well, by that time Kornilov was suppressed, but then, as you know, the Bolshevik movement grew, although in Kiev it was overshadowed by the Ukrainian movement.

I remember that at drill our feldvebel commanded us to take aim: "Priamo po sherenge" (Direct at the enemy's line),

Marschak: "vzvodom pal'ba, vzvod pali" (fire), instead of "Priamo po sherenge," he would say, "Priamo po bol'shevikam!" In other words, one prepared to meet Bolsheviks. And I was not happy about it somehow. In fact, when my brother visited me in school--it was quite far from the city--there was a Cossack congress in Kiev on at the time, which was also a dangerous thing.

"God knows what they are preparing," he said, "perhaps it is a counter revolution."

And I said to my brother, "Well, on the one hand there are Bolsheviks and on the other hand there are Cossacks."

And he said, "So what are you going to do, send one bullet into the Bolsheviks and the other into the Cossacks? You have to decide!"

And that, of course, was the tragedy of the Mensheviks all the way.

IV OCTOBER, 1917

Marschak: And then the October Revolution came.

On October 25, when reports from Russia brought the first news of an uprising in Petrograd, the Bolshevik deputies in the Kiev Soviet began to press for the creation of a Revolutionary Committee with which to seize power in the city.

At the same time, being too weak in Kiev to attempt singlehanded a seizure of power against forces loyal to the government, they entered into negotiations with the Ukrainians. The resulting agreement provided for a united front against the Whites to prevent reactionary military units from leaving the confines of the Ukraine for the suppression of the uprisings in Petrograd and Moscow.

The Bolsheviks agreed not to start an armed rebellion against the pro-government staff in Kiev, but if the latter initiated an attack each side (the Bolsheviks and Ukrainians) agreed to come to the aid of the other.

With this agreement, the Bolsheviks joined the Small Rada and sent delegates to the special Revolutionary Committee which the Rada had formed.

The next day [the 26th], however, disputes arose and the Bolsheviks left the Small Rada. They decided to proceed on their own with a seizure of power in Kiev.

On the 27th the Bolsheviks prevailed on the Soviet of Workers Deputies to form a separate Revolutionary Committee.

On October 28, while the rebels were readying for action, pro-government troops surrounded

Marschak:

their headquarters and arrested the entire Bolshevik Revolutionary Committee. Immediately other pro-Bolshevik units, located on the outskirts of the city, began to shoot and attack.

At this critical moment the Rada finally decided to throw its forces into the struggle on the side of the Bolsheviks. On October 29, it issued an ultimatum to the headquarters of the armies of the Provisional Government in Kiev, demanding the immediate release of the arrested Bolshevik leaders from the Revolutionary Committee and the withdrawal from Kiev of all reinforcements which the government had brought into the city during the previous weeks to suppress the anticipated Bolshevik coup. At the same time, Ukrainian patrols occupied strategic points of the city, and prevented pro-government units from liquidating the centers of rebel resistance.

Faced with the hostility of the Ukrainians, the Kievan staff had no choice but to capitulate. Two days later, representatives of the staff met with emissaries of the Rada, and accepted their terms. The arrested Bolsheviks were released, and the staff left the city with its troops. The rule of the Provisional Government in the center of the Ukraine thus came to an end through the joint efforts of the Ukrainian Central Rada and the Bolsheviks.

(Pipes, pp. 71-72)

That night, we were actually taken out and were lying on one side of a ravine, as if there was an enemy on the other side. Some of our boys did get nervous and shot, and one student was wounded in the leg, probably by these same shots. We hardly knew how to shoot anyway.

The next morning, General Gradov, the head of the school, called me to his office. He knew that I was involved in politics. Gradov said, "Marschak, I know you are a member of the Rada, whatever it's called--tsentral'naia (central) or malaia (small) or novaia (new) rada."

You see, the Malaia Rada was the executive committee of the Rada, and the Novaia Rada was the newspaper of the Ukrainians. Gradov obviously had the greatest contempt for all these activities. "But," he said, "since you are a member, why don't you go and see what's going on?" That meant to find out whether there would be any further shooting, or

Marschak: an armistice. And so I went, putting on civilian clothes and going on foot, passing the arsenal and also Babi Yar, of which one hears so much now.

I had three destinations, the first was to the staff (Shtab), the military headquarters of the government, in the Lipkii district. I went there to report that I came from the school, with the purpose of participating in the armistice discussions.

While I was in the Shtab--it was during the day--I saw one of my high-school classmates, Sasha Gorvitz, one of the members of the Kiev Revolutionary Committee which had been formed by the Bolsheviks, and which had been arrested by the Shtab, in other words, by Kerensky supporters. With him were three or four others, including Gamarnik, who later became well known as a general--he perished in 1937 or 1938, with Tukhachevskii; I didn't know him personally, but I know he was on the committee.

I knew Sasha Gorvitz quite well; he was a gifted boy, and I respected him very much. He had a funny way of talking; he lisped. He was killed afterwards, on some later occasion, and a well-known street in Kiev, called the Street of the Three Saints (ul. Trekh Sviatitelei) going up very steeply to St. Michael's monastery was renamed Sasha Gorvitz for awhile. I believe it was renamed again under Stalin.

I spent the night in the Shtab and then went on to the Pedagogical Institute, where the Rada was located. There was a meeting of the Rada going on at the time. Steshenko was present. Already there was some discussion of what was going on.

I remember saying in the meeting that after all, when I am in a trench and they are shooting, I have to shoot back, because otherwise I shall be killed. Whereupon another junker, from some other officers' school, who happened to be a Bolshevik, said, "Yes, you would be shot! To a dog--a dog's death." (Sobake, sobachai smert')

I don't remember the outcome of that meeting. I left there, and went to an all-night session in the Duma. That was quite interesting. It was in the main hall. Along the hall was a long table, and there we were sitting, the representatives of the various parts of the garrison, from all three fighting parties, but the interesting thing is that in the corners of this big room people stood around, in very excited private meetings.

Marschak: For instance, there was an anarchist who had just returned from America, who had collected around him a couple of soldiers and without listening to what was going on at the long elliptical table he was haranguing them about anarchism and against the Bolsheviks and against the state.

So we were sitting there. There were some higher officers, and I remember that these higher people then withdrew, but later came back and signed the armistice agreement to last until four p.m. the next day, with the intention that they would wait for information from Petrograd.

As for the Bolsheviks, in Petrograd the garrison was on their side, but it was not the case in Kiev, because there the majority of the garrison was on the Ukrainian side. So the actual victors in Kiev were the Ukrainians, who remained in power for some time.

I went back to the staff headquarters. With some other young people, in uniform and with rifles, I slept on the floor in Gorodetzky's famous high-rise house near by. Next day, I went to the Institute of Technology, the actual headquarters of the Ukrainian government.

Vinnichenko, now the prime minister of the Ukraine, was there. The Czechs were there also, probably for some negotiations. They were the only disciplined group in the whole Kerenskii outfit. (His other supporters were the iunkers, the officers--ofiterskaia druzhina--and a volunteer detachment. I don't think there was a single regular regiment on the Kerenskii side.)

So that is my story of the October Revolution, peaceful except for that one night of shooting across the ravine.

A few days later our school was disbanded; I took leave of General Gradov and went home.

V TO KISLOVODSK

Marschak: My parents decided that I must have some rest. My sister should accompany me and we should go to some quiet place. For some reason it was thought that the watering places of the North Caucasus were quiet. Actually that region was to become the Russian Vendée because of the Cossacks.

It was a long, complicated trip, of course. The carriages were all very full, and we didn't like the people in our compartment. They were obviously anti-Semites; one lady said to a man: "Of course they will never be able to hide from people that Trotskii is actually Leva Bronshtein."

So it was not terribly pleasant, and it was hard even to get into the train. At Kiev or perhaps at some other station, where we changed trains, the porter said, "No, it's quite hopeless--it is like a dark grave (mogila chernyi grob)." But still we did, and probably we changed at Rostov and at Mineralnye Vody.

Finally we settled in Kislovodsk. My uncle, who was there for recuperation, settled us in a pension--he actually had cancer, and died soon after that. I gave him lessons in mathematics, and my sister and I were quite bourgeois for a time.

Kislovodsk [1897 population, 2,417] was one of the better known older resorts, established about 80 years before. It had a scenic location with a view of the snowy mountains, including Elbruz and Kazbek. There was a beautiful park, a number of hotels and pensions, and of course a main street with shops. It was famous for a source of mineral water, Narzan. The local population consisted of those who looked after the tourists and those in a rather unruly quarter, the Shchebelinovskaia Slobodka.

There were dozens of local currencies at that time, and

Marschak: the city government of Kislovodsk issued money. I remember people complaining about bills with a Greek temple. In one of the parks there was a building called the Temple of Air, a little thing with a cupola and columns, and so someone said, "They put the Temple of Air on a bit of paper and call it money!"

I recall a public meeting in a theatre, addressed by Gidoni, a follower of Plekhanov (or so he said), sarcastically anti-Bolshevik.

Bloody Days on the Terek

Marschak: For a short time it was peaceful in Kislovodsk, but then things began to happen.

You know the historical background, that the Cossacks were armed peasants settled by consent of the government. They had originally escaped serfdom and populated the border areas as free people, but then the government made use of them.

In the Caucasus, the Cossacks gradually occupied the river valleys, and pushed the "mountain people"--the Moslems--into the mountains where the valleys get quite narrow and the soil and the fields are difficult to work. So the contrast between the Cossack stanitsa (a big village) and the aul of the mountain people was very great.

The Terek Cossacks, who already in March, 1917, had elected their own Ataman and formed a military government, tried in the autumn to enter into a union with the Cossacks of the Don and Kuban, for the purpose of forming a South-eastern Union (Iugo-vostochnyi soiuz).

(Pipes, p. 97)

The "Southeastern Union of Cossacks, Mountaineers and Free Peoples of the Steppe" (Iugo-vostochnyi Soiuz kazach'ikh voisk, gortsev Kavkaza, i vol'nykh narodov stepei) was supposed to embrace the whole of the North Caucasus and, I think, also areas like Astrakhan gubernia. This organization appeared to be controlled by officers of the Cossack voiskos, and by the local native aristocracy.

Marschak:

Faced with growing hostility from the urban population; from the inogorodtsy--people from other towns, i.e., newcomers--who dominated the soviets; and from the non-Cossack rural population, who refused after the outbreak of the February Revolution to pay rent to the Cossack landowners and demanded that all land be nationalized, the Terek Cossacks offered an alliance to the native nationalists. On October 20, 1917, the Union of Mountain Peoples and the Terek Military Government united in a Terek-Dagestan Government (Tersko-Dagestanskoe Pravitel'stvo) which was to enter the Southeastern Union.

These plans, however, were brought to nought by the outbreak of a full-scale war between the Cossacks and the Chechens and Ingush.

(Pipes, p. 97)

The trouble started up soon after the Bolshevik Revolution. In a sense it was part of the agrarian revolution in Russia. The Moslems wanted to get back land they had been deprived of during the Tsarist regime.

Having waited with growing restlessness for nearly a year to regain the lands which they had lost to the Russians in the previous century, the Chechens and Ingush finally lost their patience. In December, 1917, they swooped down from the mountains and attacked the cities and Cossack settlements. Vladikavkaz, Grozny and the entire Cossack line along the Sunzha River suffered from the blows of the attackers, who looted and pillaged.

(Pipes, p. 97)

On 23 November (6 December) 1917, the counterrevolutionary upper class of Chechnia sent the Grozny Soviet an ultimatum demanding that the workers and revolutionized 11th regiment be disarmed. On 24 November (7 December) riders of the Chechen regiment "Dikaia diviziia" set fire to the Novogroznyi oil wells, which burned for 18 months.

Bol'shaia Sovetskaia Entsiklopedia, (BSE),
V. 51, p. 31.

Marschak: The Chechens besieged Grozny, and either by design or not, four or five oil gushers were set afire. Practically the whole population of Grozny was of inogorodnyi (strangers), which meant non-Cossacks from the north. So the fire was on, and the city was surrounded by wire to protect itself.

They sent a Colonel Popko north to get munitions. It took him a long time to get to Moscow, but eventually he did and got an armored train. Things were happening and the rail communications were broken down, so he didn't return with the train until summer, coincident with the beginning of the civil war in the Terek region.

The Terek-Dagestan Government, whose authority had never extended beyond the confines of Vladikavkaz, and which had proved unable even to defend that city from the invaders, dissolved itself in January, 1918. The war of the Chechens and Ingush with the population of the plains ended for the time being all possibility of cooperation between the Cossacks and the natives. The Russians--Cossack and inogorodtsy alike--now forgot their disagreements and united to defend themselves against the common danger. In the early part of 1918 a bitter national struggle between Moslems and Russians broke out in the Terek Region. The immediate advantage of this struggle accrued to the Bolsheviks, who, supported by a sizable proportion of the inogorodtsy and Russian soldiers returning home from the Turkish front, organized the resistance of the Russians against the natives.

(Pipes, p. 97)

One day, a detachment of Moslem horsemen, probably Kabardintsy, had appeared on one of the hills overlooking Kislovodsk. There was a kind of a panic over that, but then they left.

Early in January, Kirov had to leave Vladikavkaz when counterrevolutionary Cossack officers crushed the Soviet there. He went to Piatigorsk.

(BSE)

Marschak: Kirov, Babkov, and Korenev appeared in Kislovodsk. A big public meeting was held on the theme "Bloody days on the Terek," at which they reported on the situation.

Kirov spoke not as a political leader but just like a journalist, in a neutral spirit, without any propaganda. Why he behaved like this I cannot explain. Two of his party were journalists, one of them the compiler of the Kavkazskii kalendar', a reference book about the Caucasus. I was told that he had been punished by the government earlier because in describing Grozny he characterized a certain part of it as a parasite, a very uncomplimentary thing. Anyway, the three appeared essentially as journalists.

Later, I got closer acquainted with Kirov. He was physically quite big, a man of great warmth, kind among friends, not overbearing, and certainly absolutely honest. He wasn't a terribly clever person, and he would be carried away by the use of some words.

In his speech in Kislovodsk he said, "And so, people were in danger, not only for their heads, but also for their property." Unusual for a socialist, but that was the way he put it. He had a very impressive way of sounding, emphasizing and modulating his speech, an effective speaker for simple people.

Kirov's talk centered around the situation in Grozny, where a religious war had broken out. In Grozny there were two oil districts--the old (stariyi promysla) and the new. I think that the new district was actually on the property of the Chechens, one of the least peaceful tribes.

After the talk there was a discussion in which I participated. My main opponent was Iurii Petrovich Figatner, quite a remarkable man, a Bolshevik, an old revolutionary, Jewish, about ten years older than I. He had something to do with the Kislovodsk Soviet.

Like most Bolsheviks, Figatner was completely reckless on the platform, accusing me of all sorts of things, and very clever and pointed. Yet, after the discussion he said, "Let's go and have some coffee."

My sister was quite astonished about this, after these extremely impolite polemics we had had in our discussion. "Well, we can be friends," he said warmly. He told me that once he was sitting in his office in the Kislovodsk Soviet

Marschak: when a lady came in.

"Iurii Petrovich," she said, "will you come with me?"

So he went, and she took him to a big, palatial house. "You see?" she said, leading him through the well furnished rooms and finally to the bedroom of her mother, who was dying. And she said, "Iurii Petrovich, wait just for three days until my mother has died, and then you can have everything!" because her idea of the Bolsheviks was that they just wanted to take away everything.

"Take, loot, everything, but just wait for three days!" At that time he found that so absolutely funny, a complete misunderstanding of what was going on.

The outbreak of the Civil War in December, 1917, and the subsequent demise of the so-called Terek-Dagestan state left the Terek Region without a government. A new attempt to create one was made by the Bolshevik organizations of Vladikavkaz and Groznyi, acting in close liaison with the Soviet government in Russia. The Bolsheviks intended their government to rest on a coalition of the inogorodtsy and Cossacks--a united Russian front against the Moslem natives, which the attacks of the Chechen and Ingush on the inhabitants of the plains had made imperative.

The Bolshevik rise to power in the Northern Caucasus, as in Transcaucasia, was closely connected with the influx of deserting soldiers, who, in transit from the front to their homes in the north, passed through Baku and the railroad towns of the Northern Caucasus. The Bolsheviks enlisted the aid of some of these soldiers, and with their aid, obtained control over the principal soviets in the Terek Region. In the midst of the war, when the towns and Cossack settlements alike were expecting from hour to hour renewed Chechen and Ingush attacks, the Bolshevik organizations with their troops were in a good position to assume leadership. In January, 1918, they invited Russian political parties and Cossack representatives to a meeting in the town of Mozdok, for the purpose of combining forces

Marschak: against the invaders from the mountains.
 At this congress all the Russian political
 parties of the Terek Region--Mensheviks,
 SR's, Bolsheviks, as well as some radical
 Ossetin parties, met.

(Pipes, p. 195)

[BSE claims the meeting was convened by
 Cossack officers who wanted to start a
 struggle between the Cossacks and the
 Chechen-Ingush! -- R.P.]

The Mozdok Congress

Marschak: Because of my meeting with Figatner, or my earlier relation
 to the Mensheviks, somehow or other I was elected, as was
 my sister, to the [1st] Congress of Peoples of the Terek
 Region (Pervyi s'ezd narodov Terskii oblast) held in Mozdok
 [25-31 January, 1918], a meeting somehow convened to repre-
 sent the Cossacks, the cities and the various tribes.

Mozdok was essentially a market town, surrounded by
 rich Cossack villages. It was quite muddy and wet at that
 season, and the streets were very dirty. The Moslems, es-
 pecially the mullahs, had to lift their gowns when they
 crossed the muddy streets.

The Mozdok meeting was convened as a counter to the
 influence of the Iugovostochnyi soiuz, which was essentially
 Cossack officers and some native nobility, who were still in
 control in Vladikavkaz.

During the conference we--the whole "socialist bloc,"
 led by Kirov--lived in a train at the station. It was a
 luxury train, as it had been used by the big bosses of the
 railroad. Most other delegates lived in schools, and the
 meetings were held in a movie theatre. It was a large group,
 about four hundred, and a very picturesque scene because the
 tribal representatives were all there, and the Cossacks, in
 their costumes.

The natives included Kabardintsy, Ossetines, and a few
 Balkars. The Kabardintsy and Balkars were peaceful and went
 along with the Christians. Many of the Ossetines were

Marschak: Christian. The Chechens and Ingush were not there, and the big idea was to draw them in.

The congress lasted perhaps four days. We tried to pattern it after Zimmerwald and Kienthal (the international socialist conferences held in Switzerland during the war), stressing that this war between Moslems and Christians was instigated by the propertied classes--the khans, beks, and local nobility--but that if the working people, the toilers, would just give each other a chance it could all work out. Anyway that was our idea.

There was no particular order in the congress. Anyone who wished would get up and say something, and then sit down. Kirov was probably the most prominent. He would make very fiery speeches--even his diction was significant.

"This will be the power--the power of the workers, soldiers, peasants, Cossacks and mountaineers!" (Eta VLAST'--VLAST' rabochikh, soldatov, krest'ian, kazakov i GORTsev!) "We socialists come to you in white garments! The Peoples' Congress proposes and the socialist bloc emphasizes (Narodnyi s'ezd polagaet, a sotsialisticheskii blok podcherkivaet...) that so and so..." And then some sort of resolution would be adopted. The picturesque tribesmen were so terribly enthusiastic that they actually came up to kiss his hands.

The old Moslems and Cossacks--age still played a great role at that time--came and thanked Kirov, and when my brother talked they also thanked him. We didn't forget that Kirov was a Bolshevik, but we were not concerned, and I think that he was not concerned himself. We were all interested mainly in the pacification, and we felt that it had to be done and could be done.

The main point in Kirov's speeches at the congress was the need for peace.

But he was a drunkard. It doesn't mean much in Russia, but as my brother probably told you, while we were at the congress we lived on a train--my brother and I had a compartment to ourselves. And Kirov was with us, and after he had a success we had to celebrate. I was the only girl there; I had a small cup of my own and they had big cups. Kirov drank

more than anyone else; after awhile my brother and I would leave, and perhaps the next day Kirov would not be able to make such a good speech.

So it went, up and down, for several days, until a government was formed and installed.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

Marschak: There were also representatives of other groups. For example, there was Mutushev, a lawyer apparently, from Dagestan, who was a counsel of [Nazhmudin] Gotsinskii, imam of Dagestan, the spiritual leader like Shamil of the Chechens and Dagestani. There was a movement afoot to declare a khazavat (holy war) as in the 1850's.

Another person there was Ermolai Sergeevich Bogdanov, a worker and a Menshevik; I liked him very much. And another who may have been there was Noi (Samuil, or S.D.) Buachidze. I didn't like him much, although I later made a speech at his funeral.

After a successful session, with proposals accepted, eight or nine of us would retire to the train, to prepare tactics for the next day, and then a drinking bout would take place, from big skin bags--burdiuki--with very strong Caucasian (not well purified) liquor: araka. I did not take much--I was rather puritanical at that time--nor did my sister, the only girl in the group.

So we would all sing songs and make jokes like, "So there will be a new government! Now you, Butyrin, will of course become Minister of Viticulture!" Actually, Iu. Butyrin did become commissar for the interior.

Others involved would include Iu. G. Pashkovskii, who later became head of the collegium for agriculture (zemledelie) in Vladikavkaz, and I think there was also Semenov, an SR of a moderate type, a ko-operator, as intellectuals were called who founded and organized the peasant and town cooperatives.

So there would be a big drinking bout, and the next morning the news would be bad, a telegram would arrive that such and such village had been set afire by invaders and burned. If it was the fault of the Chechens, the Cossacks would get up with great tumult and say, "We're leaving...these

Marschak: Chechens are destroying us..." On the other hand, if a Chechen aul was burned, the gortsy (mountain people) would threaten to leave, and so on. And in the school dormitories where the delegates lived there would appear a big sign "Death to the socialists!" And it would be a complete defeat for us. :

I must mention that the Cossacks were not absolutely homogeneous and uniform. In particular there was a real "generation gap." The young Cossacks who had returned from the German war were Bolsheviks. I remember how in Mozdok during this first conference a young Cossack delegate got up and said, "Yes, some of us Cossacks are socialists! I don't know much about socialism, but I'll tell you why I am a socialist; it is because I was delivered on top of a haystack!"

The congress adopted a peace resolution drawn up by the "socialist bloc" condemning Cossack plans to attack the Chechen-Ingush. The counterrevolutionaries then quit the congress. An elected peace delegation--A. Sakharov, Z. Palavandashvili, M. Khadzhiev, N. Kesaev, etc. went to the Chechen-Ingush and invited them to the congress--a triumph for the Bolsheviks and all seeking peace in the region.

The congress closed on 31 January with a resolution to have a second congress of peoples of the Terek region on 15 February at Piatigorsk.

(Istoriia Kabardino-Balkarskoi ASSR
(IKBA), V. 2, p. 39)

The result of the congress at Mozdok was the formation of a government which would include all the tribesmen and Cossacks and town populations, to be centered at Piatigorsk.

VI THE PIATIGORSK GOVERNMENT

Marschak: I became an official in the new government, and so my sister and I lived for awhile in Piatigorsk, in some hotel, in a kind of improvised office.

Piatigorsk [1897 population: 18,638--R.P.] was larger than Kislovodsk. It is mentioned in Lermontov's The Hero of our Time (Geroi nashego vremeni) as a place where officers who were wounded fighting in the mountains in the 1830's went to recuperate.

For administration of oblast affairs, nine colleges were formed. Noi Buachidze was elected chairman of the college for organization and protection of public and revolutionary order. The representative from Kabarda, Lukman Boziev, was elected chairman of the college for nationality questions.

(IKBA)

Bogdanov became my boss, as the head of the Collegium for Industry and Labor. Under him I served as Secretary of Labor, and the engineer Iurii Pavlovich Butiagin, a Menshevik, was Secretary of Industry. Iu. G. Pashkovskii, an SR, was placed in charge of agriculture (zemledelie) [and elected chairman of the Terek oblast soviet--IKBA], and Sakharov in charge of land organization (zemleustroistvo). They were called "chairmen of colleges." I don't remember the use of the word "commissar."

Pierce: How did they all get along? Did their party differences cause any difficulties in administration?

Marschak: On my part, there was not much party feeling. I did not

Marschak: think of loyalty to any central committee. But there were discussions. During the second congress commissions were appointed to settle particular questions, and then there would be very lively discussions, probably more or less on party lines.

I remember in fact a Menshevik committee meeting during the second congress. We were sitting in a classroom in a school, and there was an older man, an Armenian, probably with some reputation from the first revolution, an older person, quiet, named Ter-Narsessov. Ter is a common prefix in Armenian names, and Butiagin, who was a left-wing Menshevik, made some fun of him, and called him "Gospodin Ternarse-siants," so probably he was a conservative type of socialist. I don't remember what the issue was, but I remember that Butiagin was very scathing.

As long as there was fighting, especially around Rostov, there were no railroad communications whatever, and we were completely isolated from the rest of Russia. While that condition existed, we could enjoy the luxury of this coalition government. This also happened in other parts of Russia.

The Piatigorsk-Vladikavkaz Congress

Marschak: After a few weeks, a second congress was convened [15 February 1918, second session of S'ezd narodov Terskoj oblasti], during which there were all sorts of discussions and resolutions.

567 delegates came to the Piatigorsk congress, including 64 from Piatigorsk district, 59 from Mozdok, 54 from Sunzhensk, 39 from Kizliarsk, 34 from Vladikavkaz, and 131 from Nal'chik.

The congress was opened by S. G. Bua-chidze. Simon Takoev was elected chairman, and Betal Kalmykov assistant chairman.

The congress was notable for attendance of a delegation from the Chechen and Ingush, headed by Aslanbek Sheripov and Gapur Akhriev, who arrived 23 February, 1918, and were greeted warmly by the majority of the congress.

(IKBA)

Marschak: The Ingush people were represented by a student of the Kiev economic institute which I had attended, a very nice young man, Akhriev, the only intellectual in the whole Ingush people.

The big question before the congress was recognition of the RSFSR and its government, the Council of Peoples' Commissars (Sovnarkom).

One after another, representatives of various national groups spoke in favor of the Sovnarkom.

Only the Mensheviks and SR's were against recognizing Soviet power and demanded a meeting of the Constituent Assembly (Uchreditel'noe sobranie). A representative of the Mensheviks, a certain Marschak, attacked the peoples' power, trying to frighten the delegates. He declared that recognition of the power of the Sovnarkom would lead to a split in the forces of democracy which...would lead to a "bitter, bad hangover." The only way out would be renewal of the work of the Constituent Assembly. His speech caused a stir and discontent in the hall. Some said, "Enough! Down with him!" The representative of the SR's, Mamulov, supported the Mensheviks, saying that "in our oblasts, in the mountains, where there is not even literacy, Soviet power cannot find either firm ground or support."

But Buchidze and other Bolsheviks got the decision adopted. 4 March, 1918, the vote was taken: 22 against, 44 abstaining, 220 for.

(IKBA)

The Mozdok congress had been very informal and picturesque. Anyone could get up and say something and then sit down, in no particular order, but Piatigorsk was quite different. Now there were committees formed, one working on a constitution.

There I remember Mamulov, an SR, an Armenian lawyer, and also some others, discussing a constitution, and someone got a copy of Jellineck, a German constitutional lawyer's classical handbook which everyone had studied (I later knew his widow in Heidelberg). "Let's look up Jellineck," would be said.

One question which was discussed was whether the voting

Marschak: rights should be "direct, equal, secret and universal." This was quite important, and the Bolshevik idea was that election must not be universal, whereas we believed that it was a bourgeois revolution and it did not make sense that people should be deprived of the right to vote; we wanted to create a democracy.

As a matter of fact, the constitution that was adopted was not of the Soviet type.

Pipes says that at this meeting the Terskaia Narodnaia SSR was formed. I don't remember the exact title, or whether there was a change in title between Piatigorsk and Vladikavkaz.

And then, since the Iugovostochnyi Soiuz in Vladikavkaz had lost its grip, we all took a train--all the delegates--and travelled from Piatigorsk to Vladikavkaz. We arrived there still in daylight.

The Bolshevik faction proposed to move the congress to Vladikavkaz. On 7 March, all the delegates, in three echelons, got on the train, and accompanied by armed workers and an armored train, got under way. On the night of 8 March they arrived at Vladikavkaz. The leaders of the Tersko-Dagestan government fled the town and the congress successfully carried out its work.

(IKBA, p. 46)

One prominent member of the congress was Takoiev, an Ossetinian. In 1968, an economist from the University of Moscow, Professor Takoiev, addressed a luncheon meeting of Berkeley economists; quite an "establishment" man, not touched by ideas of price mechanism of Kantorovitch and Lieberman. In conversation, it turned out that my acquaintance of 1918 was his brother, who, in fact, was charged with organizing that peaceful "invasion" of Vladikavkaz. The professor was, at that time, a student in a high school in Vladikavkaz.

In Vladikavkaz we were met at the station by a big crowd of people forming a circle, and Buachidze made a speech. In this speech he was not quite loyal to the idea of communism, saying that this was a coalition of socialists and especially of tribesmen and Cossacks, and that as far as the inogorodnye were concerned we were Bolsheviks, Mensheviks, and SR's. "Now you were told," he said, "that we Bolsheviks are animals with

Marschak: big horns, but you see we are here and we have no horns, and I tell you that you, not we, are Bolsheviks!" (Ne my bol'sheviki a vy bol'sheviki).

[In Vladikavkaz the congress proclaimed the Terek Peoples' SSR, and elected a Terek narodnyi sovet and sovnarkom. (See IKBA, v. 2, p. 46, for list of those elected.) Buachidze was at the head of the government.
-- R.P.]

Bogdanov, Butiagin and I continued in our positions in charge of affairs of labor and industry.

We settled in a hotel on the main prospect in Vladikavkaz, and there the government offices were set up also. The Kabardintsy with their cartridge holders (sewed in, not belts) were sitting there, and there were secretaries at typewriters.

The congress continued in the cadet corps building outside of Vladikavkaz. It was there that I met Isidor Ramishvili, from Georgia. I liked him very much, and spent perhaps a day or two with him, talking. Among the Georgian socialists he was probably one of the best loved ones.

When we came there were still remnants of the old government there, notably the so-called ofiterskaia sotnia (officers' company) of the Wild Division (Dikaia diviziia), a part of the Russian cavalry, made up of Caucasian tribesmen, which had been the mainstay of the Iugovostochnyi Soiz.

However an agreement was made with them that they would all be put into a train and given free passage north. The Bolsheviks had not conquered all of Russia then, and there was still non-Bolshevik territory to the north. So, they were put on the train, and just before the train left machineguns were directed on it and quite a number were killed. I saw the holes in the railroad cars at the station the next day. It was quite a shock. It is one of the two cases of atrocities which I can personally vouch for.

Pierce: Who was responsible?

Marschak: It was regarded as a spontaneous act by some wild people; I don't think Buachidze was responsible, for why should they have done it? It was not like killing the Tsar, a year later, which was deliberate. Those were still quite innocent times,

Marschak: by and large.

The government of the new republic included representatives of Russian, Cossack, and some native parties (but without the Chechen and Ingush) and was headed by the Georgian Bolshevik, Noi Buachidze.

In April the Republic adopted a constitution, which acknowledged the sovereignty of the Russian Soviet Republic and granted Moscow very extensive rights over the Terek Region in matters of finance, foreign affairs, the entry of Russian troops, posts and telegraphs. At the same time the Terek Region retained broad autonomy in other internal matters, including full legislative, administrative, and judiciary power, on the condition that it did not enact legislation violating the constitution of the RSFSR.

It was the first instance of a "Peoples' Republic," a type of government the Communists were in time to use in other conquered territories where their position was weak... postponing realization of their full program until a more opportune moment.

(Pipes, p. 197)

Pierce: Where was Kirov at this time?

Marschak: He was around; I remember that he and Buachidze would be together and there would be some whispering they didn't want me to hear. It was my first experience of men loving power.

A test of their authority was the case of Nezheviasov. The armored train I mentioned previously had finally arrived, but it was first held up in some station, perhaps it was Prokhladnaia, which was under the control of a local dictator (there were many such cases), a non-commissioned officer by the name of Nezheviasov, a sergeant who took it upon himself to control the town and simply stopped the trains with any kind of provisions.

A train would come with meat or milk and he would just stop it and take everything. And it was the same with the armored train. So our government was quite concerned about

Marschak: the question, "What shall we do to counteract Nezheviasov?" We sent Andreev, an SR, the commissar of finance. I remember his long dispatches by direct wire (priamoi provod), a great symbol of power then. And so by direct wire in a jocular way he reported that he had arrived there, and had succeeded, and that now Nezheviasov was no longer in existence. In that way the armored train came into our hands.

Now that was an important power action. It had been a rebellion in a sense against the government's authority, and it had to be put down, and it was. And this sort of thrilled them. I personally didn't know about these things; I was like a child, but later I knew of this constant fight for power, and for that reason was happy to be out of it.

Pierce: So this was the Bolsheviks who were striving to get control?

Marschak: Yes, I don't know that the Mensheviks did anything. But I would say it was not so much to have control for the party, in response to directives from the center; it was more-- especially in the case of Cuachidze, who I recall as a somber man, insincere, whose main concern obviously was to retain and aggrandize his own personal power, like we read about the Renaissance condottieri.

Another important thing was to form an armed force, but this led to Buachidze's assassination.

My own activity at that time was of a theoretical, bureaucratic sort. I was set to preparing legislation, studying the German methods of social insurance. And then much time was devoted to general political discussion, of what was going to be done next.

Pierce: How many people would have been affected by the social legislation which you were drafting?

Marschak: Only the industrial workers in the towns--Groznyi, Mozdok, Vladikavkaz, and Nal'chik. Naturally, the government also controlled the countryside in between--as long as it enjoyed the support of the Cossacks and the Kabardinians.

For the most part, all the region looked very productive and very peaceful. However, the local people told me once, "You just wait until the corn grows high enough to hide a horseman, then things will begin to happen." That was a reminiscence, of course, of older times, when the bandits would do things, but as it turned out, these people were right.

To Grozny

Marschak: My work in the government was concerned only with labor. In my domain the only critical area was Grozny, where there was a large amount of industry. I was in contact with the local labor man there, Olshanskii.

As Secretary of Labor, I was once ordered to go to Grozny with my colleague, the engineer Butiagin. He went because of those oil gushers which were burning. He had read about how to extinguish them, although he wasn't an oil engineer himself. He was quite a dapper man, very energetic and a great mountain climber. In March or April he climbed Kazbek, for example, with his bride watching through a telescope from Kislovodsk.

Anyhow, we took a car or two with some local notables, to the new oil district, which was under control of the Chechens, although officially they were our allies, and represented in the government. In spite of this, as we approached (it became quite hazy because of the burning oil), shots came from behind.

Someone was shooting at our cars. Well, we just turned around--including some Chechens who were there. They said, "Well, we have our young people." So nothing happened as far as extinguishing the fires was concerned.

My own task at Grozny was the following. The oil pipe line which led from Grozny to Batum had been broken for a long period because of the civil war. At any rate there was no way of getting rid of oil, and as a result there was unemployment, and no sales revenue for the companies.

The socialization of the holdings had somehow been proclaimed but had not been formalized, hence the oil wells were still private property and the owners were forced to pay the workers even though there was no work because the pipe line was broken. In fact, there was a decree under the signature of Bogdanov and countersigned by my sister, fixing the severance pay for six months, and so the companies were supposed to pay the workers for six months. The financing of it was to be done with the help of so-called "white money."

You see, the actual money which was printed in Leningrad was the "Kerenki." The Tsarist money was considered of even more value, but the "Kerenki" were also all right. But there were not enough of them, so one issued what are called here

Marschak: bankers checks, white pieces of paper. There was a big circulation of them, and prices were of course going up and up, and my concern was with this.

Rather naively, I thought that if the workers would just continue to work in other capacities, let's say maintenance and repair, and not just walk around, somehow it would be solved. I don't remember just what positive steps I had in mind, but I do remember making a speech right there in the main square in which I said: "The workers must not be the *entretenu* (*soderzhanka*, a kept woman) of the revolution!"

That was very stupid of me, because actually nothing positive was done to provide work. However, nobody objected. I know it came into the papers, because someone later quoted this to me.

Pierce: Who were the owners of the oil wells? Were these mostly Russians or natives?

Marschak: Mostly foreigners, but I don't know the details. They were French companies, I think. There was apparently just one local Moslem family, Chechen I think, which owned oil wells.

So that was my visit to Grozny. Among other things I saw friends there, both Menshevik and Bolshevik workers, and my great friend, a Menshevik worker, Egorov.

To Tiflis

Marschak: On another occasion I was sent to Tiflis. As you know, the Georgian republic was a Menshevik paradise, a Menshevik republic. My mission there had nothing to do with my actual office, but they probably sent me because I was a Menshevik, to negotiate with the Georgians, to explain who our government was, and to establish good relations.

For example, as soon as the snow had melted on the mountains, there were, as usual, some robberies, especially of sheep, on both sides of the mountains. Some people would cross the mountains into Georgia and get sheep, or vice versa, and it sometimes developed into armed conflict. That was the reason I was sent.

I was accompanied by an engineer who also had something to do there, an Ossetine. We were given a big Cadillac,

Marschak: formerly used by some Tsarist high official, and two chauffeurs, and started on the Georgian Military Highway (Voennaia Gruzinskaia Doroga), the famous route mentioned by Lermontov.

Our first stop was pretty soon, still in our territory, on the Terek River. The road was terrible, and tires had to be repaired all the time and so the chauffeurs would use four letter words again and again, and the Russian language is much richer in these than in English. As for me, I was very puritanical, as were all the young socialists, the young revolutionaries. And I would say to the head chauffeur, "Comrade, don't use those words!" It was very silly of me; I thought I would purify him.

Because we were short of gas we drove into a big property where they knew we could buy gas from a private person. Now this private person was an Ingush, and he invited us into his house for coffee. My friend the engineer was with me. Our host looked at this engineer and began to tell us how in Vladikavkaz many Ingushes had been killed by Ossetines and how his whole family perished.

"And just this much of ashes were left," he said, indicating about a half a foot, "and what I wish is that of my Ossetine enemies also so much ash should be left!" And he looked at my colleague, who was terrified. Of course as long as you are under the roof of your host, nothing can happen, but after we got the gas and left this estate and were driving through a very narrow canyon, sure enough there were shots from the hills above us. I don't know whether our host had anything to do with it, but it was typical of those times.

Well, after perhaps two days, quite a long trip, we arrived in Tiflis, and I explained my mission to a meeting of the government presided over by Zhordania.

I also remember that while waiting in the beautiful garden of the palace of the namestnik, which I recently found beautifully described in Tolstoy's Hadji Murat, I met two Chechen oil well owners who were also waiting there.

I found Zhordania, the head of the government, to be a suave, diplomatic type, with a white beard. Noi Ramishvili, who I think was Minister of the Interior, was a political type, a cold person, unlike his cousin, Isidor Ramishvili, whom I had met in Vladikavkaz.

These people disliked Buachidze, who was also a Georgian,

Marschak: but aside from the stealing of sheep across the mountain range, which had been going on for a long time, there were no particular conflicts between the two regions. They were generally quite friendly, and I went away feeling that I had made my case and that the mission had been successful.

VII CIVIL WAR

The Communist sponsored Terek Republic exercised effective political authority for a brief time only. In the summer of 1918, the traditional animosity between the Cossacks and the inogorodtsy led again to an open conflict. Despite specific directives from Lenin...in June, violent anti-Soviet demonstrations of Russians dissatisfied with Soviet rule took place in Vladikavkaz, in the course of which Buachidze, the Bolshevik chairman of the republic's government, was killed.

(Pipes, p. 197)

Marschak: On June 20, 1918, came the first rumblings of the Civil War. Noi Buachidze took the parade of a Cossack regiment, and right there on the parade ground [of the Apsheron barracks in Vladikavkaz] there was a shot from the ranks and he was killed. So then of course there was a big funeral, and all the parties including the anarchists gave their testimonials. I represented the Mensheviks; I also made a speech.

At that time I learned a little about power and about the absolute recklessness of people--as you know later from Stalin--this complete identification of one's own power with the people's interests, with absolutely good conscience in doing things because it was for the people's alleged good. And Buachidze was a representative of this.

Several days later, in his quarters in Nal'chik, the commissar of Nal'chik okrug, Aleksei Sakharov, was killed.

(IKBA)

To Nal'chik

Marschak: Upon my return to Vladikavkaz from Tiflis, my sister again urged me to have a rest. I was probably quite exhausted, and I was always under suspicion of a lung infection.

So I was sent to Nal'chik, in the territory of a smaller tribe called the Balkarskie obshchestva.

I went in the same armored train that I have already mentioned. My colleague, Butiagin, went part of the way. He was such an agile, active man, and he went where the action was. I remember that night at the station. Butiagin was very active then, supervising the loading of the train before we proceeded.

We could not go all the way because the rails were up somewhere. I don't remember what station it was--it may have been Prokhladnaia--but there had been a battle two days before, in which our people were victorious. These "battles" were very small things.

You know in Boris Godunov the French advisor to Godunov, Marjoret, says to the Scottish advisor during a great battle: "One could say these people don't have arms to fight with, they only have legs to run with." At that time there were no particularly big encounters. They were more in the order of skirmishes. However, people obviously were very cruel already, and soon they just didn't take any prisoners at all.

We went on horses, accompanied by a Kabardinian colleague, until we reached Nal'chik.

Nal'chik was in its beginning stage then, as a watering place [1897 population, 3,397]; now it is much bigger. There I settled like a bourgeois, in a boarding house of some kind, but things continued to happen.

Sakharov was in Nal'chik in charge of the survey for a redistribution of land. The commissar for agriculture was Pashkovskii, but the land organization work (land redistribution) was by Sakharov. These were actual surveys, with surveyors, because these regions were not mapped, a very important and dangerous procedure. And [about the end of June] he was killed in the hotel. I went there, and there he was laid out, and I was told the story.

While in Nal'chik I met two Left Social Revolutionaries

Marschak: who had fled Moscow after the assassination of Mirbach [July 6, 1918]. One was Kamkov. Kamkov had a big pistol, and as he was fleeing the Bolsheviks and wanted to get to Georgia, he asked my advice.

Well, besides the Georgian Military Highway there were two other routes. I told him of the big glaciers--you could see them from Nal'chik--beautiful mountain country. But he was so naive that he looked out of the window and said, "Why can't I just go like this, on this ridge?"

"Well, you must remember," I said, "that there are armed people everywhere, people of various descriptions, who will capture you."

And he showed me his pistol, a big one, and said, "I am a revolutionary, comrade!" That was Kamkov. I don't know what happened to him.

Once also I had a visit from Egorov, a Menshevik, a friend from Groznyi, who came to inform me of something.

Vladikavkaz versus Mozdok

Marschak: By then, differences had become quite clear, and the civil war had begun. The Whites had taken the Kuban, the neighboring region just west of the Terek, and the armored train had arrived, so the Vladikavkaz government had lots of arms.

At the end of June, counter-revolutionary manifestations had spread all along the Terek. The Cossack upper crust of the Mozdok district rose and crushed the Mozdok Soviet of Workers Deputies. The so-called Terskii Kazach'e - krest'ianskii sovet, headed by the Menshevik G. Bicherakhov, at a Cossack congress 3 July 1918 declared war against Soviet authority. Mozdok became the center of White, Cossack and mountaineer counter-revolutionary forces.

(IKBA, v. 2, p. 67)

The government formed at the Mozdok congress had more and more difficulty because of

the war in the north between the White armies, very well organized, and the Bolsheviks.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

Pierce: Was the government generally accepted by the population within its territory?

Yes. those who were not agitated by the Bolsheviks or the Cossacks, and of course the Turks agitated very much among the Moslem population of mountaineers. So on one side were the Cossacks and the Whites, and on the other the Bolsheviks who came down from the north, and were everywhere. In Tiflis there were emissaries from the Turks, and Great Britain, which was then in Persia.

After awhile the [Vladikavkaz] government couldn't function anymore, so there was a second congress, of which I was secretary.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

In July, 1918, Ordzhonikidze arrived in Vladikavkaz from Tsaritsyn. On July 23, he called a 4th congress of mountaineers and working Cossacks of Tersk oblast.

(IKBA)

The congress met in Vladikavkaz in the Cadet Corps, or cadet school; it was approximately like a high school. The school was no longer functioning, so the building was empty.

I was the only girl there, but happily enough there were twelve Russian workers from Grozny who took me under their care. In one of the big dormitories they made out of wardrobes a little room for me and they slept there in that dormitory and looked after me. It was touching, really. Wonderful people, twelve of them, good strong socialists, not one Bolshevik. Their

nickname for me was "Countess" for some reason.

[The conference was complicated by the complex nationality groupings of the Caucasus.] The Caucasus is populated by so many little nations. The Chechens and the Ingushi were among the most important, along with the Kabardines and Ossetines, and many others. They each spoke their own language, only they had the same script, Arabic, in common. I knew neither the script nor any of the languages, so there were always two or three translators, to translate into Russian. Some of these people had only one village. Their delegates came each with a little paper, torn out of something, with his name and village. I think the Chechen were the most numerous, but even they had only 80 or 90 thousand. Each group had its own language because they all lived separated in their little valleys, like ravines, between the mountains. Of course, the very small groups didn't have any good representatives; there were only four or five who spoke, and the Russians.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

The congress proposed peace, but the Bicherakhov people [of Mozdok] refused, and on the night of August 5th-6th they attacked Vladikavkaz. Street fighting began.

(IKBA)

Marschak: During the congress the Cossacks left under some pretext and the rump congress remained essentially under the control of the Bolsheviks. The Whites, under a Cossack officer, Colonel Sokolov, entered Vladikavkaz.

At the congress the Bolsheviks began to raise their voices as Bolsheviks, not as part of the socialist bloc anymore, and meanwhile the war came closer and closer, until it became a confrontation led by the Bolsheviks for the mountaineers (the Moslems). All of a sudden an emissary from Petrograd came, Ordzhonikidze, a real Bolshevik, who spoke only denigrating the work of the socialist bloc. The twelve Russians, and two more Russians who were former ministers there, and the secretaries,

we were just nothing anymore. It became absolutely clear at this congress that there was no talking with them anymore. It was always threatened that if this and that were not done for the mountaineers they would proclaim khazavat, holy war.

So that is when we stopped working at this congress, and I and the twelve workers were hostages, so they kept us there, for ten days, while we wondered what was going to happen.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

Marschak: The Cossacks offered all the delegates free passage back to their respective towns.

It was just by chance that I did not go, because I had a terrible toothache, and could not go.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

Marschak: However, at the stanitsa Zmeiskaia, a main Cossack village north of Vladikavkaz, the train was stopped by the Cossacks of that village. Pashkovskii, commissar for agriculture and chairman of the Sovnarkom of the Terek republic; Tiulenev, the head of the Kislovodsk Soviet; Dolobko, commissar of communications; a person named Geifets; and a girl, Anichka Bliumental' (the mistress of Figatner and sister of Butiagin's bride, Tanya Bliumental') were taken off and shot. And the girl too.

This of course was important from my point of view when I heard of it; for many weeks I didn't know whether it might not be my sister. [Other returning delegates were imprisoned and kept in Mozdok and the stanitsa Ekaterinogradskaia, where many died. -- R.P.]

Later, when I was at Mozdok, I heard the expression to shoot someone as "to send him to the Kislovodsk sovdep," so this became a well known case.

At the Mozdok congress my brother and I had made friends with the son of a Chechen prince. It was the custom in Tsarist Russia to have the

sons of princes--a prince was not much; he just had a few more sheep and cows than the other people, and he and the mullah of the village had the most to say--taken to St. Petersburg to officers' schools or page schools, as wards of the Tsar, who was, so to speak, the father of all of the people.

And so this young man was a former Russian officer, who was a Chechen, the son of the Chechen prince, and he spoke for the Chechens at Mozdok. He was very intelligent, well mannered, and more or less well educated, so we became friends. He knew that I was a hostage there, so he sent some Chechens out of Vladikavkaz. The cadet school was about three miles from Vladikavkaz, but there was shooting in the area in between. So he sent a few of his men to take me out of there and bring me back to Vladikavkaz, where my brother and I still had our apartment.

We didn't know what they had come for, and so we sat, the thirteen of us, and thought, "What now?" And the Chechens kept looking at me, so one of the workers got up and said, "Why do you look at this girl?"

"We are sent by Demir Aslanov, the prince." And they said he wanted to help me to get to Vladikavkaz.

"Very kind," I said, "but cannot the whole group go?"

So the next day the whole group, the twelve workers and I, with a big thick pole and a white flag, were led out. There was shooting, and one of the twelve was killed. He was walking close to me, and I had on a very white skirt, and when he fell he brushed my skirt. We had to leave him.

Then we came to Vladikavkaz; it was just the day when the town was finally taken by the Bolsheviks, and there was fighting.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

The Bolshevik leaders, including Ordzhonikidze...

hid in the mountain, among the Chechen and Ingush. Assuming leadership over the Terek Bolsheviks, Ordzhonikidze made an alliance with the mountain natives and promised them the assistance of the Soviet government in regaining the lands which they had lost to the Cossacks under the Tsars. On August 17, Ingush warriors, incited by the Bolshevik exiles, attacked and seized Vladikavkaz. A few days later, the Bolsheviks followed their new allies into the city and reorganized the Terek government.

Soviet power now was less popular than it had been at the beginning of the year, when it had enjoyed the support of the Cossacks and non-communist Russians. Ordzhonikidze admitted that in the fall of 1918 Bolshevik authority in the Terek Region rested exclusively on the assistance of the Moslem mountain groups, especially the Ingush...

(Pipes, p. 198)

I first went to my apartment, and Demir Aslanov said that 30 Chechen riders would take care of me, but without my twelve friends I didn't feel quite safe there, so I asked to be taken to some other place, and was led to an Armenian house. In the Caucasus each of the people had their houses in big cities; it was a kind of a hostel; so I was taken to the Armenian house, where Armenians, with women and children--refugees--were hiding until they could go further. And so I was there and there was lots of shooting, with the children lying on the floor near the windows, so that if bullets came they would be over their heads.

Then the next day it stopped; the Bolsheviks were back in town; there was no way to fight them anymore, and the Cossacks went north.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

Pierce: The Bolshevik force was mostly Chechens?

They played as if they were allies. The Chechens were not interested in communism; they didn't

know anything about it, and this young officer, a very arrogant young man from Petersburg, was less interested in socialism than anything else in the world; it was their fight against the Cossacks that mattered, so of course they weren't very faithful allies.

Back in Vladikavkaz, Ordzhonikidze began a purge.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

On 20 August in the cinema Gigant they renewed the work of the 4th Congress of Peoples of the Terek. Led by Ordzhonikidze, the congress elected a new Sovnarkim of the Terek Republic, giving it extraordinary powers to organize a merciless struggle against all enemies of Soviet power.

(IKBA)

Marschak: There was a big meeting which my sister attended, in which Ordzhonikidze objected to the way in which the Bolsheviks had conducted themselves, in joining with other socialists.

He would say, for example, "I have heard, that you have here a commissar, Andreev, who is an SR, and I have heard, that he was arrested by Sokolov's soldiers, and that in his suitcase there was much paper money." (This was true; being Commissar for Finance, he had taken local money with him.)

"I have heard, that he had this money in his suitcase. But Ordzhonikidze would not do like this! Ordzhonikidze would... so and so." And so there were a number of things with the rhythm like this: "I have heard, and such and such, but Ordzhonikidze would not do like this!"

He singled out a close friend of mine, Kozhannyi, for special mention: "And this Kozhannyi, this reactionary who covers his face with the mask of socialism..." (I etot Kozhannyi, etot reaktsioner prikrivaiushchiisia maskoi sotsializma...)

And Ordzhonikidze instituted an actual purge, so that Bogdanov, who was a Menshevik, left, and Figatner, who was a Bolshevik, also was purged--dismissed--so my best friends were all out; that was the dequel of this. In other words, the Bolsheviks had again occupied Vladikavkaz.

Well, I stayed there in Vladikavkaz, but I didn't talk to anybody anymore, because it was Bolshevik and I was neither interested, nor did I want to have anything to do with it; we couldn't have anything to do with it.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

Pierce: Your sympathies were definitely with the people of the former Bloc, and the gulf was then quite wide?

It was, absolutely, in tactics and outlook and everything. In Leningrad at that time already the SD's were quiet, and the SR's also. There were only the Left SR's in their government.

I was looking for a way to get out of there, and joined a group of bourgeois people, a professor at the conservatory in Tiflis and his family. With the aid of some jewelry, we hired a truck. They were rich people; they put some wonderful Persian rugs in. So with this family I went over the mountains to Tiflis.

I didn't have any news from my brother. The only news was, "Oh, he is over there, in some place in Kabarda." "If he is over there," I said, "then he is not alive anymore." Meanwhile, he was looking for me and thought I was not alive either; he thought I had gone with the group who had been shot.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

To Mozdok

Marschak: During this time, I was in Nal'chik, but now that these things were happening, I decided to go back to Vladikavkaz. This was not a simple thing. What I did was to join a large group of people who were going there.

I remember that one night we stopped and were given a wonderful feast by an Ossetinian landowner. The girl of the house was a beautiful young girl whose name, in Russian

Marschak: translation was "Dark Coolness." We were sitting at tables and were feasted. There were quite a number of officers there, all right wing; I was asked who I was and said I was a Menshevik.

When we reached stanitsa Ardonaskaia, which was of Christian Ossetines, it was full of White refugees from Vladikavkaz. In fact the town was controlled by Whites, though they were not called that yet. I found out there that in Mozdok, after the collapse of the congress a Menshevik and Social Revolutionary government was formed in Mozdok, which was engaged now in fighting the Bolsheviks. That was where I belonged, so I had to proceed to Mozdok.

As I said, Ardonaskaia was full of refugees, and we slept in the school, on the floor. My equipment was very simple. I still wore my student's overcoat, with the insignia, but with the crown removed--the crown was dangerous--and I had a couple of shirts. I had bought a glass, and presumably I had a toothbrush, and that was all.

I did it this way--I would put all other things, laundry, etc., into a shirt, and then put everything into the uniform, into the overcoat, and then fold the arms thus, and then I would put the whole thing into a sack which had been used for wheat, and sling it over my shoulder. Although I was a member of the government, still it was a pretty ascetic life. So I had this equipment with me, and my decision was to go to Mozdok, and as I say, this area was now controlled by people who had escaped from Vladikavkaz.

In Vladikavkaz, my sister and I had boarded in a private house; the food was supplied by an officer's widow or wife and served by her son, a good looking young high school boy. One morning in Mozdok, I was getting up, in that school, where I had slept on the floor, when this boy, in uniform and with a rifle came and said, "Are you Marschak?" I said yes.

"I must take you to the prosecutor," he said.

And so I went with him and met the prosecutor, named Sultanov. "Who are you?" he said, "and what is going on?"

I was very frank with him, and told him. He knew what Mensheviks were, and he told me more details about who was in power than I had known.

Incidentally, this prosecutor said, "So here you are, and

Marschak: we read that Marschak and Figatner went to Tiflis!"

And I said, "Well, that's probably my sister." I was pretty certain then that my sister had gone to Tiflis with Figatner and Bogdanov. Figatner was a Bolshevik, but he had been purged, and had perhaps seen the danger to his life. Bogdanov was a Menshevik.

And then Sultanov introduced me to Count Stenbok-Fermor. He was an emissary from the Kuban, though I don't remember whether the Kuban was then under Alekseev or under Denikin. This was probably around the end of July.

Stenbok-Fermor then invited me for a walk, and we walked there under the trees in the streets of Aronskaia and engaged in a political discussion. Well, our main difference was that I said that I didn't see that we had to go ahead with the war and go on with the French and the English. I was not in favor of the Germans, but I thought they were practically the same thing. However, he insisted on the opposite. "And by the way," he said, "what is your military status?" I said that I was in the engineer cadet school, and then demobilized.

"Well, you should be mobilized now," he said, and somehow I didn't like the way he said it.

Pierce: He felt that you shouldn't be in the government but in the fighting forces?

Marschak: He didn't like my type of people. He is quite vivid in my memory, for it was a long and important conversation, but for me in a sense dangerous.

Pierce: Why dangerous?

Marschak: Well, he might have had me arrested and shot. However, we said goodbye; I collected my things and took the very first transportation, a cart driven by a peasant, going in the direction of Mozdok.

I have heard about Stenbok-Fermor quite recently, in July, 1968. I was in Bonn to receive an honorary doctorate at the 150th anniversary of the University. At the reception at the baroque palace of Bruehl, I was introduced to the chancellor of the Technological Institute of Aachen, a Count Stenbock-Fermor. He spoke Russian very well.

I inquired about his family and that Mozdok acquaintance of mine. The family originated in Sweden. It is related to

Marschak: Count Kropotkin, the anarchist writer. The chancellor assumed that the man in Mozdok may be at Stanford, California, now, where his wife teaches Russian. He does not know them personally, but the man would be of about the right age-- somewhat older than I.

My first stop was the Cossack stanitsa Zmeiskaia, where the girl was killed, and as I said I didn't know whether it was my sister or this other girl. I stopped there and had the company of an Ossetinian officer. We had a couple of drinks, and first of all, of course, I inquired about what had gone on there. So I went to the place where they were buried and inquired, and found out for certain that it was not my sister; the names were known, I heard all that, and all sorts of unpleasant details.

"Thou art the commissar of land?" the Cossacks asked Pashkovskii.

"Yes."

"Well, then we shall put you under it!" (zemlia = land; pod zemliu = underground)

So during this night I stayed with the Ossetinian officer. The Christian Ossetinians were on the anti-Bolshevik side, while practically all the Moslems were with the Bolsheviks. The Turks were therefore also with the Bolsheviks, while the British were on the other side.

There was also a Russian, named Brizhak, and we were all a little drunk, and Brizhak would say, "Let us drink for Russia, let us see that again there will be the Russian spirit, that again it will smell of Russia." (Chto opiat' budet russkii dukh, opiat' budet Russiu pakhnut'.)

You know, that's from Pushkin: "There is Russia; there it smells of old Russia." (Tam Russkii dukh, tam Russiu pakhnut.) So this Brizhak said, "Let's drink for Russia, that again all these foreign influences would leave."

And the Ossetine said, "Let's drink for Ossetia, because you don't know perhaps, but you should remember, that if Ossetia perishes, France will perish!" (Esli pogibnet Ossetia, to pogibnet Frantsiia.") The ideal of France was, for educated Russians, such an important thing, and the allied cause against Germany was such an important cause, and during the Civil War Ossetia was attacked by the Muslims, so during the

Marschak: Civil War here begins the weakening of France. So if Ossetia dies, so dies France!

After that night I went on. Near the station Prokhlad-naia I was arrested again, by a Cossack, who was absolutely drunk. It was not directly at the station, but rather at the foot of some bluffs. He asked for my papers; I had plenty of papers, Ukrainian and Menshevik, and he arrested me, because he was suspicious, and he gave me a paper to be accompanied by a soldier, saying, "This man to be conducted to the station and beyond."

I didn't like this "and beyond," so as we reached the station I ran away, very fast, under one freight car and into another, and luckily for me, this train began to move.

I don't remember if it was the same train or if I changed, but anyway I arrived in Mozdok, and there were my friends.

VIII THE MOZDOK GOVERNMENT

Marschak: Now I shall tell you about these friends, because it is typical. In Mozdok they had formed a Provisional Government of the Terek Republic (Vremenoē narodnoe pravitel'stvo Terskoi respublika). I remember the name because I wrote a manifesto for it.

This was one of the many regional governments in Russia which called themselves governments of the Constituent Assembly. The Constituent Assembly was dissolved in January, 1918, but we were supposed to fight on behalf of it. And these governments in practically all cases were liberal.

In our government there was in fact not a single Cadet; they were all socialists, plus Cossacks. The head of the government was Semenov, an SR, a ko-operator. This was an important group. During the last years of Tsarism and also during the war, workers, i.e., consumers, and peasant cooperatives were formed in Russia. And just like other intellectuals who were active this way, they were almost all socialists. Like, for example, the agronomists, who were working for the zemstvos. The leaders of peasant cooperatives were of course Socialist Revolutionaries, not Social Democrats.

There was another Socialist Revolutionary, Karapet Bogdanovich Mamulov, a lawyer. My close friend was a Menshevik, Berman-Kozhannyi, a very athletic man, always in a leather ("kozhannyi") jacket. All of these men had some revolutionary past, but Kozhannyi probably was more revolutionary than the others, very athletic and heroic.

Kozhannyi and I lived in the house of a rich Armenian, and Kozhannyi would lie on the sofa and sing the songs of Vertinskii. Vertinskii was like Sinatra or Bing Crosby, singing sentimental songs, songs of those sad times and of the Civil War, and also generally melancholy songs. He sang,

Marschak: "Today I am a sick child (Ia segodnia rebenok bol'noi), I would like so much to be fondled; I would like to listen to an old fairy tale, a fairy tale about a golden dream."

Kozhannyi the revolutionary would thus sing; there was a certain irony about it. In one of the songs even San Francisco plays a role: "The last time I saw you so near, your auto carried you away so fast, and I dream: in the dark caves (restaurants, or perhaps bordellos) of San Francisco, a violet colored Negro hands you the fur coat."

So these are the people I remember--Mamulov, Kozhannyi, Semenov. The main thing, however, was the man behind us, and of course the army. The army consisted of officers and Cossacks who just wanted to get their land back. The man who was the real power, however, was a former Menshevik, the engineer Georgii [B.] Bicherakhov, who I had met already at the congress of Piatigorsk, where he impressed me very much. A man of very strong common sense. He participated in those discussions about the economic reform.

Now he established himself as a dictator. In other words he was behind this government; he actually controlled it somehow. Although he was not an officer himself, he had their confidence. He was a man of grass roots, a Christian Ossetine. Sometimes they called themselves Cossack Ossetines; there was some mixture between the two. Bicherakhov's brother, Lazar, was in Krasnovodsk; he did some intriguing with the British there.

On this occasion when I arrived in Mozdok and joined the government there, the government spent a full day if not more discussing the shooting at stanitsa Zmeiskaia. Morals were high at that time.

My role in the government was as a kind of press relations officer, but a little more than that, for I composed the manifesto explaining the government's aims. It started with the words, "The People's Government of the Terek Region declares to all the citizens:" And then there were some good promises, of peace and so forth.

I remember Mamulov, who was a great talker, suggested that we should include the words that Alexander II used in instituting the new courts: "Not the right of force, but the force of right." It was typical of him. And in fact it gives you a picture of why there was no chance for the Russian intelligentsia who did not join the Bolsheviks: because they

Marschak: talked so much. The verbosity of the Russians, especially the SR's, is quite interesting, much worse than the Marxists, a bit like the French.

Pierce: Would you say this was a great weak point in the Russian intellectuals, that they were not in touch with the masses?

Marschak: No, the masses were also pretty verbose. But the talkers were despised, and rightly so, I think, ultimately, by the Bolsheviki, who were more men of action.

Once there was a meeting, not in the same movie theater where the big conference was held in February, but in some other place. There I of course made a speech as usual, and explained about the events, the economics of the disintegrating Russia, the governments of the Constituent Assembly, and the need to unify Russia to stop the disintegration. I also wrote an article about it which was published in the newspaper there.

And then Bicherakhov spoke. He was a man of grassroots, and used a word which applied to all other members of the government and certainly to me, the word "chemodanshchik," which meant in this instance "carpetbagger," people from outside, all the strangers who came from the north and mixed in local affairs (as in the American South after the Civil War).

He did not mean me specifically, and perhaps he did not mean his government behind which he was the power, but he certainly meant the Bolsheviki. But perhaps he also meant us; in other words there was the feeling on the part of the local men whom he represented, that there were too many outsiders. I remember this very well, for I felt it although I did not have a chemodan, because as I told you I had just my shirts and that sack.

To Groznyi (2)

Marschak: My other function was in connection with Bicherakhov. He called me once and said, "I know that you have friends in Groznyi, among the workers; why don't you go there and explain to them what we are doing here, and as a companion I give you the brother of Alesha Dzhaparidze."

Dzhaparidze was the head of the Mensheviks in Baku, and a great enemy of the Armenian party of the Dashnak Tsutiun,

Marschak: although he was not a Tatar but a Georgian, a Christian, but he was a Menshevik. And so Bicherakhov said to me, "We shall give you facilities to travel to Grozny and you will meet the workers and explain to them what is going on."

On this occasion Bicharakhov told me about his methods. He said, "You know, it's very simple. . ." and told me, "In each village that we take I convene a meeting (there were always meetings there in older times too, among the Cossacks) on the market square and just ask the people 'Who are the ten worst boys here?' And I hang them, and in this way get rid of them."

There was quite a tragic situation in these villages. The Bolsheviks would come and put their guns around the village or take hold of the village and place guns in the square and say, "Do you recognize the Soviet power?" (Priznaete-li vy sovetskuiu vlast'?) "And if not we shall shoot."

And so I was sent on this mission to Grozny, traveling with young Dzhaparidze. He was quite a young boy, about 15 or so. He was sent with me because of his name, which would have an effect on the workers, his brother Alyesha being an idol of the workers in Baku, the only great Caucasian industrial center. He was incidentally a great enemy of Shaumian, whom my companion called Shaumiantz. If you despised an Armenian completely, you would add a ts to his name.

We traveled in trucks containing British munitions. On one of them was written in bad Russian, with the Russian z backwards, "Britanskii zakaz" (Ordered from Britain).

We made several stops. I remember one in Goriachevodskaia where we swam. There are hot springs there and the water is so hot that you can boil an egg in the water, at the source.

Another stop was at stanitsa Chervlennaia, a big rural settlement, almost a town, very rich, in the height of the summer with melons beginning to ripen and vineyards full of grapes. Lush, rich landscape, big Cossack women, strong Cossack men.

We showed our papers and were led into a Cossack's house. Zhaparidze said to me, "You know, I think it's dangerous here!" And it really was. These people were so different from us. I was a student and he was a worker, and neither of us fitted into the Cossack stanitsa. I was Jewish,

Marschak: I don't know how Jewish I looked, but certainly I looked like a city slicker, and this boy, a Georgian, certainly was conspicuous, too. He was so conscious of these sullen Cossacks that he was very uncomfortable. Tough people, and obviously not on our side. It is easy to understand their attitude, especially in those times, when people suspected one another. After all, a newcomer might arouse similar suspicion in some North American small town even now.

Finally we got to Grozny. The first night I had no room at all; I slept in an office on a table, with the big reference book the Kavkazskii kalendar' as a pillow. I don't know where Dzhaparidze slept.

The next day some officers took me to the station. There was fighting there, quite near the station; there were some bullets flying, and then some officers took me to inspect the trenches. I noticed in their voices an irony about this whole government, of which I was a representative.

They treated me politely, but it was quite clear that they wondered about the whole thing; I was not their type. But anyhow I went through the trenches with them and they explained the situation to me. Then I asked to see people from the workers, and it was easy; I met Egorov again and he told me about how Bolshevik workers were treated there; they were shot. I remember one who was quite a friend who was shot there at Grozny. They were pretty terrible.

Incidentally, the oil gushers on the Chechen side of the city were still on fire.

So, I addressed the workers, but it was more listening to them than telling them how good we were. I was very depressed and decided to resign.

Resignation

Marschak: On my return to Mozdok, I met at lunch in some place a man named Sorokin, a lawyer, who had fled there from Vladikavkaz. His suit was completely torn; you know at that time people were scarecrows. He had been robbed on the way from Vladikavkaz to Mozkok. He said, "I have a message to you from your sister, that says simply 'Remember Mama'." That meant 'Jascha, go home.' Upon my return from Grozny, I went to Bicherakhov and said, "I'm leaving; I resign."

IX DEPARTURE

Mozdok to Tiflis

Marschak: So now I had to depart. Somehow I got hold of a Georgian student and a couple of other people, and some Kumyks. The Kumyki were a tribe who lived in the steppes. They were a peaceful people; the Chechens called them a woman-people (baba-narod).

My Kumyks were not armed, and their job was to transport grain across the mountains--there was still some trade going on in spite of the civil war. These were not the main mountains (the main chain which is between the North Caucasus, the Terek, and Georgia), but a range parallel to them, a lower set of hills between Mozdok and Vladikavkaz.

There were seven wagons, and we were sitting in the front of one of them. The Georgian said to me, "Let's speak German, because if we speak Russian they will be suspicious of you."

It was moonlight, and as we came up the ridge, we were surrounded suddenly by many picturesque horsemen. They said, "Show your papers!" But actually they were not interested in who we were; they just began to rob us, saying, "Davai, davai, davai!" (Give, give, give!) And so they took away something from the Kumyks, but not all, and they took whatever money they could find from us.

The Georgian later complained particularly because he said he had two dozen freshly laundered collars, stiff collars, which they took from him. It made a very picturesque scene, for they played cat and mouse with us; they would let us go, and would then come from behind again, and take more. They were just playing with us.

Marschak: Then we descended and came to an Ingush village and were invited to have a cup of coffee by an elderly man. "Yes, we were robbed," we told him, and so on.

"Oh, that's too bad," he said, "our youngsters!" He told us then about something that had happened in Baku--the Turks had taken it back from the British, presumably in August; he was sort of triumphant. It had not been clear for months what was going on, except for rumors. There was no communication with Baku, but this man had learned of it.

They gave us a man on horseback to accompany us for awhile, and we continued. My next stop was somewhere quite near Vladikavkaz. I remember that there were still whole unloaded wagons with pianos and things which had been looted in Vladikavkaz by the Ingush.

In this other Ingush village, which was quite near to Vladikavkaz, I met again a former colleague of the coalition government, Mérkalev. He was a Menshevik, I think, but unlike myself he sided with the Bolsheviks. In our conversation I was quite frank; it was quite peculiar that we were not afraid of each other. It was not as if I talked freely to an enemy he would at once arrest me; it was a sort of fluid situation. So I said to him, "But don't you know that the Bolsheviks have done terrible things?" and so on.

"Well," he replied, "if you are a revolutionary you must sometimes soil your garments!"

Finally I reached Vladikavkaz. There were many refugees there. I joined a Russian group and went with them in a truck.

Going over the mountains there were tremendous serpentine, so that if you could do it on foot you could get through quicker, with shortcuts. As we passed the watershed (Krestovyi Pereval), I got out of the truck, which was going very slowly anyhow, and made some shortcuts, and was again on the road. There I met a covered wagon, and in the front of it sat a bearded Jew with a girl, and beneath the covering sat an old woman. They were going in the opposite direction. "Where are you going?" I asked them.

"To Kiev," they said. "Where are you going?"

"To Kiev," I replied. They wanted to go north, to Stavropol, and somehow to get to Kiev from there, while I would go the other way.

We arrived in Tiflis. I was with a professor of the conservatory and his family. Perhaps it was the conservatory in Vladikavkaz, I don't know, but he had wanted to leave Vladikavkaz because of the Bolsheviks. And they didn't have anywhere to stay, so we got into a dormitory in a school for noble girls (Institut blagorodnykh devits). It was not functioning, so was empty. Thanks to his connections with the conservatory, we stayed there. And again we had only one piece of sugar and very little money.

I got in touch with an old friend of my father, went to him and told him that I didn't have anything, and that I would stay there and wait for my brother or for news about him. They knew my brother and liked him very much, so they said, "How could you leave him along?" And then they said, "You will have so and so much per week," and gave me money. But this had to be enough for five people. I couldn't tell them that it was not enough, so we hungered.

There was an obnoxious six year old girl and a still more obnoxious sixty year old man who got everything that we had. You don't know what it is to be hungry, and I didn't either, and never have since. Once we went to those people; they were rich and had wonderful food. "What is wrong with you?" they asked, "you are so pale."

"I have a stomach ache," I told them.

"Oh, then you cannot eat anything," they said, and gave me only cheese and toast, while they had everything.

One day I went to see our friends, who lived on the Aleksandrovskii Boulevard, the main street, and there stood a few Chechens with their horses. I went over to them and asked if they came from Vladikavkaz. "Yes," they said, "and who are you?" (They used the familiar "thou") I told them, and they said, "We have a letter for thee." And this letter stated that my brother was alive and that he was coming to Tiflis. It was not only the one time in my life that I was hungry, but also the one time that I fainted.

And then he came, in about ten days after I had this letter. Our friends told him where I was, and we decided to go home, to Kiev.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

Marschak: Well, from Kazbek I had telegraphed my sister, and met her again in Tiflis. That was one of the greatest experiences in my life, when we met again; I never shall forget this. We liked each other very much, and had lived through all these things; it was a great experience.

She had been given hospitality in the monastery school of St. Nina. I went through the gardens; there was a big lobby of the school with a piano, and on the piano the music of a Yugoslav song. Then my sister entered.

Our great friends in Tiflis were the Voitinskii's. Vladimir Savel'evich Voitinskii was an exceptional man, an economist, and a wise man. He had been a Bolshevik in 1905, and was in Siberia until 1917, but when Lenin arrived in 1917 and wanted him to join, he didn't.

He was a political army commissar in the Kerensky government. He was arrested, of course, in October, and then he joined the Georgian Mensheviks; he edited their Russian language newspaper, Bor'ba. Afterwards he was economic consultant to the German Labor Unions.

After 1933 he and his family lived in Washington for many years; his wife died quite recently. He didn't like Kerensky at all, personally, and had his own interesting views. As far as Georgia was concerned, he had quite good ideas. The Georgians sent him to the Versailles Conference, but he didn't make it.

In Washington, he made important contributions to the U.S. Social Security system. His autobiography, called Stormy Passage, is extremely interesting and well written, and there is a book in his memory called So Much Alive.

Tiflis to Kiev

Marschak: From Tiflis we went by train to Poti (Batum was surrendered

Snapshot taken at the end of 1918, Kiev.

Top row, left to right: Klara _____; Frances Marschak; Ida Amehanitskaya; Tatiana Hovsieva.

Middle row, left to right: Philip Weinzeig (studied law, last contact 1937 when he was about to be sent, again, to Siberia); Jacob Marschak; Lydia Marschak, M.D., sister (later Mrs. Tschizevskaya); _____ Brilliant; Dimitri Tschizevskij (later brother-in-law, Professor of Slavistics, Heidelberg, Germany).

Bottom row, seated: Moissey Gershevitch (studied medicine, last contact in 1920's, later perished in the concentration camp on Solovetzky Island).



Marschak: to the Turks), and from there took a boat to Sevastopol. That was already after the Armistice, and there were many German prisoners returning.

The Spanish flu was then raging, and was quite devastating. Many died of it. On the boat I got a terrible attack of it, and my sister nursed me. One man died of it and we buried him at sea.

On the steamer he was severely ill with Spanish flu; I didn't get it but he did, and it was very hard on him, because it was already about October, very cold, and he had the highest fever that I ever knew, and we had only places to be on the deck. Then somebody allowed him to go and stay in the machine compartment, which was too hot, and he always had a bottle of cognac with him. He was no more a drunkard than you or I, but somebody told him that it was the best thing against Spanish flu.

By the time we reached Sevastopol he could already walk, but he was still very weak, and held my shoulder as if I was his stick. On his other shoulder he had a bag, so we must have looked very picturesque.

(Mrs. Sobotka)

Marschak: When we arrived in Sevastopol we were quarantined.

We went from Sevastopol to Kiev. There Hetman Skoropadsky was out, and again there were Ukrainians, theoretically at least, under Petliura, but again there was some danger that the Bolsheviks would soon come. Petliura's regime was not very pleasant either, although I think Petliura was personally probably unfairly accused for having let his people commit all those pogroms.

The Germans were patrolling the streets, in groups of four. They had no business there, but somehow they felt they had to maintain law and order in this strange country. They had cleaned up Kiev, put signs, VERBOTEN, and things like that, cleaned out the railroad station. The station was full of shells of sunflower seeds (sémíachki), which people ate nervously while discussing politics all those months. Nobody had cleaned it for two years. The Germans cleaned it

Marschak: absolutely.

Petliura's so-called Directorium comprised some Ukrainian intellectuals. People joked about them: "The Directory is in the railroad car and their territory is just what is under them." (V vagone Direktorია, pod vagonom territorია.) Nobody really knew what would happen when the Germans left.

The Mensheviks were by now completely out of the picture. I had a couple of meetings with some of them. Georgi Kuchin was there, whom I have mentioned; he was still full of ideas about how to fight the Bolsheviks. But the rest, for example Vikentii Andreevich Drelling, were quite broken down and in a sense felt "we can't do anything; we are completely out of place."

Dmitrii Pavlovich Beletskii--he had been in prison with Dmitrii and myself, and Monichka Gershevich--was there. He had in the meantime become a Bolshevik, and was interested in making propaganda among the German soldiers. Speaking of the 105th regiment, he said, "Oh, they are wonderful!"

Georgi Kuchin still had the illusion that something could be done. He was of the generation of Mensheviks a little younger than, let's say, Dan or Abramovich. He felt they still had to fight; and in fact some activity continued for another year.

To Germany

Marschak: I decided then to go to Germany with my elder brother. (My sister Frania stayed in Kiev with my mother and another sister for another year. They experienced a pogrom by Denikin bands. And Dmitri, who married Lida, was in a Bolshevik concentration camp. Mother and Frania left late in 1919, I believe. Lida stayed on, waiting for her husband, and worked in the cholera epidemic in the Crimea.)

One day I met Drelling in the street and told him I was going to Germany, to study. He embraced me and said, "How wonderful; what a wise decision! Finally there is one who wants to leave, to get out of this swamp!" So actually I didn't feel guilty about leaving a sinking ship.

Pierce: Was this feeling of disillusionment widespread? Were there by now many people who were either leaving or who wanted to

Pierce: leave, feeling that the whole thing was hopeless and that no good could come of it?

Marschak: Well, many people left simply because of danger or because they were rich and their property would be confiscated. In my case I was really quite frustrated, for really, what could I do? I could have continued there as a student, but at that time the universities were hardly functioning.

Pierce: You felt that any political cause that you could identify with was hopeless?

Marschak: Well, in addition, of course, there was also the German revolution just then, so there was also the illusion perhaps that I could do something there. In fact, when the German revolution took place, I had a discussion in Kiev with Martynov, a pretty well-known Menshevik. (Lenin wrote against him, in Chto delat'.) Martynov was an old man now, and he said, "Now that there is a revolution in Germany I see that the Bolsheviks are right." I don't know if he really became a Bolshevik, but it was a great event for everyone.

So, my brother and I got visas from the German consulate and also from the German Soviet of Soldiers, and took a train, full of German soldiers and officers.

When I got to Berlin there were the Spartacus fights. I was still interested and later sat through the three or four days of the Second Räte congress, which met about February.

The government of Ebert, Scheidemann and Noske was called Rat der Volks Beauftragten, which is not quite like commissars--the council of those given orders by the people. The Second Räte congress had, essentially, as its main function just to surrender its power to the constituent assembly.

Of course, very soon I began to meet Russian emigrés of about the same vintage as myself. As you know some of the leading Mensheviks were actually exiled officially, after a trial of Mensheviks. That was a little later, I think in 1920. Marvov came then, and Abramovich. So probably I was one of the first to leave.

APPENDIX - Selected Publications of Jacob Marschak

- "Volksvermoegeen and Kassenbedark," Archiv fuer Sozialwissenschaft und Sozialpolitik 68 (January 1933), 385-419.
- "Money and the Theory of Assets," Econometrica 6 (October 1938), 311-325.
- Role of Liquidity under Complete and Incomplete Information," American Economic Review, 39 (May 1948), 182-195.
- "Rational Behavior, Uncertain Prospects, and Measurable Utility," Econometrica 18 (April 1950), 111-141.
- "Optimal Inventory Policy" (with K. J. Arrow and Th. Harris), Econometrica 19 (July 1951), 250-272.
- "Economic Measurements for Policy and Prediction," Studies in Econometric Method, ed. Hood & Koopmans, Cowles Commission Monograph 14, New York, Wiley, 1953, 1-26.
- "Towards an Economic Theory of Organization and Information," Decision Processes, eds. Thrall, Davis, & Coombs, New York, Wiley, 1954, 187-220.
- Three Lectures on Probability in the Social Sciences," Mathematical Thinking in the Social Sciences, ed. P. F. Lazarsfeld, Free Press, Glencoe, Ill., 1954.
- "Random Orderings and Stochastic Theories of Responses" (with H. D. Block), Contributions to Probability and Statistics, ed. Olkin et al., Stanford University Press, Stanford, Calif., 1960.
- "Decision-Making: Economic Aspects," International Encyclopedia of Social Sciences, Vol. 4, 42-55, Crowell Collier & MacMillan, New York 1968.
- "Economics of Inquiring, Communicating, Deciding," American Economic Review 58, (May 1968), 1-18.
- Optimale Symbol-Behandlung, Bonner Akademische Reden, 36. Peter Hanstein Verlag, Bonn, 1971.
- "Economics of Information Systems," Frontiers of Quantitative Economics, ed. M. D. Intriligator, 32-107, North-Holland Publishing Company, Amsterdam 1971.
- Economic Theory of Teams (with R. Radner), Yale University Press, New Haven 1971.

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