

Papers of Hugh Dalton:
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(Manuscript Diary of visit to USSR)

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July 3rd, 1932.

A perfect day! I am wearing a canvas shirt, (open neck & rolled up sleeves,) cotton frock trousers & espadrilles. I have stumbled for an hour & a half on the bridge, with Opie, Welder & a young man named Stewart, often W.T.A. Poutz, who attended my lectures at the School in 1925-7 & is now head of a Technical School in N. Ireland. We all discarded our shirts, but, with women wandering about, kept on our trousers. My sickle headgear much admired! Steady sun & a calm sea.

We get to the Kiel Canal sometime tonight, (where I shall post letters) & are due at Leningrad on Thursday morning.

A cheerful lot of people on the boat, including especially the young of W.T.A. Poutz. The boat is too small for any organized exercise, though one member of our party has a skipping rope. Food not interesting, but lots of it, - though we were first told, on leaving yesterday, that we should have nothing till 7 pm. But a high tea was interposed at 4, in response to friendly pressure.

The boat is clean, & everything was washed over last morning. The crew have good speakers, & a lecture every evening, - on engineering, public health, etc. The doctor, with whom I am going to establish relations this evening for my circulation, is reported to be young and a good fellow.

Poor old Peckick is regarded by the other members of our party as a bit of a bore, & doesn't really fit in very well. He goes drivelling on about simple geography, - "Is the Kiel Canal in Denmark?" "No

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we go anywhere near the white sea?" "Is't Lithuania inland?" "Is Helsingfors on the coast?" "Shall we see Sweden?" "I suppose Leningrad is a good sized port."

--- It is odd that he should be so deficient. But this morning I lent him my map, & he has been poring over it delightedly for hours.

Provisionally I have planned to leave Moscow with Opie, Weldon & Ridley, (was quite lives up to his first impression) & to travel à gauche to Nizhny-Volga, as far as Stalingrad. I have interviewed them all in Elista, but beyond Stalingrad we are still very sketchy. Perhaps we shall part there.

The other members of the party, we think, will leave us at Moscow, or we shall leave them. We hope that M. Mitchison will be looked after in our part by her cousin Graham Haldane. Messel, who will be quite amusing for a while, wants to take his films up to Archangel to do log floating pictures.

I played two games of chess yesterday, & won one & lost one. I beat an old character who wears a red winter cap & a hammer & sickle badge, & is going back to Moscow from England. He's an Englishman who was in charge of a mill before the Revolution, & has stuck to it ever since. Quite a tip!

This isn't an exciting letter. But so far it is all placidity, & peace, & slow moving hours, & a sense of space, with everyone learning little bits of Russian all over the ship. I'll post No 2 from Leningrad on arrival. Ciao!
H.

July 3rd, 1932.

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10:45 pm. Enter Kiel Canal, after a lovely sunset, deep green sea and purple-red clouds, and then lights along the shore, green & red, some German town. This afternoon the ship's doctor has talked to us about health questions in the S.U., nothing at all novel, but an interesting personality, about 30 & very quick at the uptake. Later he beats first me and then Petrich at chess. A film of the October Revolution is shown in the evening. But it is not very clear.

July 4th.

6 am. Wake to see the approach to Kiel. On deck in pyjamas for 1 1/2 hours. Pollard, my Cabin mate, isn't the Communist bookseller, but a water-engineer from Boxhill, - though originating in the North & still a Socialist. He's going out specially to have a look at Daniepostroy. As we emerge from the Canal & cross the Bay, leaving the town on our right, we are all puzzled by a tall lump of masonry on a headland. It is said to be a construction by Mendelssohn, - a landmark or a war memorial. (The Nazis will probably destroy it soon, says someone.) A central tower, with two wings of brickwork on either side, and windows, ~~are~~ vertical array, were. Catch & lose the sun every few minutes as the Boat goes by.

9. Caviare for breakfast. (As well as two eggs, and cold sausage and cheese and unlimited bread & butter & coffee.) A stupid young Scot at my table says he would like to be able to tell the Chief Steward what he would prefer marmalade! Sea smooth as oil, but too breezy to sunbathe without a shirt. But do a modified sunbathe on the Bridge deck and run round the ~~lower~~ middle Deck six or seven times to

get an appetite for lunch.

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Inoculated in the evening by the ship's doctor with the stuff that I brought away from England owing to the joint muddle made by 4 English doctors. Can one infer, as an example of Marxist Dialectic, that one Communist doctor is better than 4 capitalists? He does it in ~~my~~ back, not my arm, and this too seems more sensible than Capitalist practice. Go to bed early to sleep it off.

July 5th

The reaction is all it should be. Flushed & rather fevered, & only sleeping intermittently, & today a sense of slackness, gradually wearing off towards evening.

Act the part of God the Father in a series of Old Testament Charades organised by Messel. Much applause by the crew. Three old ladies rather shocked. One is the wife I hear, of an Oxford Don. Weldon tells me that Mary Stocks has been the reason why her husband wasn't made President of St John's. The old staffers of the High Table were afraid she would address open-air political meetings!

At twenty to twelve tonight it is still bright daylight on deck, with a lovely red light along the Northern sky.

July 6th

The Northern lights shone on till early sunrise at 2.30 am. The Sun had only set at 11 pm.

Talk with Petrick & Opie about our plan of enquiry.

12.30 Good view of Reval, now officially Tallinn, a city of tall spires.

The sea, the sun & the air continue perfect to the end. Tips being bad manners, we make a collection for the ship's library, in the Red Corner. This, after some slight hesitation, is accepted.

11:30 pm. The sun has just set, & a very thin sickle moon hangs in the sky straight behind us, with ~~the~~ smoke blowing across it. The colours of the sea are iridescent purple & blue & green. The horizon is a bright red line, above which there forms a thickening orange band, & the rays from the set sun strike up into the higher clear blue levels of the sky. Some go to bed, but many stay up. Finnish land on the left and Soviet land on the right come closer.

July 7th

We discuss for an hour, go up again on deck.
 2:30 am. Pass through the forts of Kronstadt and see the silvery lights of Leningrad in the distance. Pass also the Aurora, now a Training Ship, the Cruiser which named her from on the Winter Palace and so "turned the tide of the Revolution." - Enter a long Canal joining the Neva to the Gulf of Finland. Leningrad now appears as a forest of factory chimneys, with an occasional dome.

After much waiting we are through the Customs by 11 am & go in a bus with an efficient young female interpreter to the October Hotel, a half-modern building.

The crowds in the streets look reasonably cheerful & well fed. And there are some fine massive buildings & gay colours in the sun. But more of all this in my next letter. It is great fun to have arrived!
 H.

July 7th (cont.) 6

First impressions crowd in very fast. The machine, at first contacts, is efficient & helpful. At the Customs the officials are polite and make practically no trouble over our party's luggage, though they seem to run out everything belonging to Soviet citizens. Informist has a polite young man put on board to ship with the last pilot, whom we picked up in the Vera Canal, and an equally polite & quite admirable young woman, who takes charge of us in the Custom House, & is specially attached to our party for our stay. She turns out to be one of the most efficient planners of our time that one could hope to find. She is joined later in the day by another ^{still} younger guide - interpreter, fresh from her High School course & just starting on her job. Very charming & easy. Both speak exceedingly good English, though they have never been out of Russia, & both, in order to qualify, have had to study, not only languages, (they both speak French & German as well) but ^{the} history of our, in addition to political economy, economics, history of the Revolution etc. There are 30 new guide-interpreters just qualified, in addition to a pre-existing 50, & so would be enough to cope with the work. Many shiploads of American tourists come direct by sea to American ships, & even in the year of depression they expect to be extended to maximum capacity in the second half of this month.

Our Hotel, on closer inspection, turns out to be all modern, except for two old facades on the wings. Ridley, who likes the modern, - I would, I feel sure, like W.L.,

is very pleased with the central staircase, but thinks it's a bit jerky.

We are all in double rooms, except our lady mate, I with Haldane. After a wash & breakfast, we start in two new Lincoln cars (the Ford version of the Rolls-Royce), which are permanently at our disposal & included in the price, accompanied by our two Russian lady companions.

At Voks, we are interviewed by Comrade Wilton - a grim, unsmiling, formal-looking lady, probably about 40, who walks & speaks & telephones with great incisiveness. She will arrange today our interviews for tomorrow.

Meanwhile we can go to visit the Hermitage, the fortress of Peter & Paul, & the notable points of the city, & to go to a theatre at night. This is a terrific programme for us who hardly slept last night, & several of the party fall out by the way & retire to the Hotel to sleep. But Petrov, Weldon, Ridley & I go to enjoy what it. Also Boyle, a rather b.g. young man, but hefty, hearty & enthusiastic, who is helping Messel to carry & operate his film apparatus.

We go to the Hermitage & Peter & Paul before "Dinner", which is at 4 pm. (This is the usual ~~time~~ hour.)

You would love the Hermitage, of course, & how easily spend a week there. Today we spend two hours. It

is admirably kept & was founded with proletarian visitors, as every day. They have an arrangement by which any visitor can write down any question he would like answered about any of the pictures, or

other contents, and put it in a box in the Hall, & let
a written answer after a few days. 18

Today, apart from the pictures, he spent most time ⁱⁿ ~~with~~
the Treasury Room, where one collected all the gold
ornaments found in Scythian & later in Greek tombs in
S. Russia and Siberia. The earliest finds are seventh
century B.C., pure Scythian, animals chiefly, full of
life & swift movement. Then the work of Greek artists
carrying out Scythian designs, then Greeks working on their
own designs. The Siberian finds are a link between
these & Chinese & Indian forms. These, as far as
one can find of things were affect to me, (cf
Strassmann.)

Of the pictures I only had time, - or staying power!
- to look at a fraction. But there were two Leonardo
Madonnas, and two Danaes, one by Titian & one by
Rembrandt, of whom the latter seemed to me perhaps
the most beautiful of all I saw, and a Romanov
number of Venetians and more of Murillo than
anywhere else in the world.

They are introducing a plan, - though it has only a,
let be applied to a few rooms, - for grouping together
all the products of an epoch in one room, - pictures,
china, furniture, etc and even political
pronouncements. This, it was explained to us, not
only facilitates an understanding of the artistic
spirit of the epoch, but also of its economic back-
ground.

Peter & Paul is a ^{disused} Cathedral, surrounded by distressed prisoners. (9)
The Cathedral has a ~~high~~ high spiked tower, the highest
in Leningrad, gilded & shaped like a thin tapering pencil.
All the Tsars & their wives are buried there, except the
last, who was killed at Sverdlovsk.

Of the prison, which was emptied by the first
Provisional Government, was set everyone free, the
last inmates were the members of the Provisional
Govt which the Bolsheviks overthrew. Kerensky
was fled in a car flying to U.S.A. flag was not
shar of here, but all the others were.

After dinner, we did a very rapid run round
the City by car. One Palace where the Dumas
met is now the Stalin Communist University.
We saw the great square in front of the White
Palace where the crowd led by Gapon was shot
down in 1905, & the old British Embassy, from where
Sir George Buchanan, the last Ambassador till Overy
went to Moscow in 1929, spoke from a balcony
after the February Revoltⁿ urging the people to continue
the war & support the Allies, while Lenin just across
the River spoke a few days later urging the opposite policy.

The Cathedral of St Isaac is now an anti-religious
Museum, (we shall visit him before we go.), & many
Churches have gone, or are going, with various forms of
liquidation. Over the dome of one a red flag was
flying. This signified that the Ward Soviet had decided

that it should cease to be a church, & was going to use it for some secular purpose. Another church was being remodelled as a secular building. ~~Large~~ All the windows and much of the neighbouring brickwork had been ripped out.

We paid a most interesting visit to the Smolny Institute, whether the Bolshevik section removed when their relations with the Provisional Govt became too strained to go on living under one roof. The rooms where Lenin worked, and where he slept, beside Kamyskaya in two little iron beds, have been preserved just as they were. Our interpreter showed us the full diary of October 25th, the decisive day, Lenin had said "the 24th will be too early, the 26th too late." On the 25th the cruiser Aurora had steamed down from Kronstadt & opened fire on the Winter Palace, the HQ. of the Provisional Govt, and fire had also been opened from the batteries at St Peter & Paul. Then the Provisional Govt had surrendered & the Bolsheviks had assumed power.

We saw, also in the Smolny, the Great Hall where, on the 26th, delegates had gathered, to hear the news, - like Revolutionary election results, - that now was granted of the City, & now that, & now some fresh strategic point, had passed into the hands of the Bolsheviks, - but this or that detachment of the Army, or the Navy, had come over. And

at last came the evening news from the Winter Palace ¹¹
had surrendered, & every one was cheering & weeping, &
the Chairman was too deeply moved to be able to say
anything, though he stood for several minutes on his feet.
Lenin was not there that day. He was "too busy
on the streets!" That next day he came in, &
mounted the tribune & said "Today our work of
Socialist Construction begins."

Today the Smolny is the HQ. of the Lenin Club district,
& Komsomols, & kindred organizations.

There is a full size painting of Lenin over the
platform, against a background of water pouring over
a dam, generating electric power. And over
the picture, quoting his famous saying "Electrification
is a prerequisite for Socialism", went on "we can
do without chocolate and biscuits and silk dresses
because we know that our new power stations and
factories will soon make us independent of all
our enemies, & then there will be enough for
everyone." (What a thought underlain in Lenin's
philosophy of "Consumer's Preferences"!)

When Lenin died, paralysis having affected first his
limbs & then his brain, it was found that most of
the organs of his body were still as healthy as a
young man, but that his brain was that of a very
old man, having been overworked for 24 hours a
day through long critical months.

This evening we went to a light opera called "The Yellow Blouse" by a German composer. The lighting & the set design were gay & rather garish, & the music was cheerful & carried one on. But the most interesting thing was the audience. Nearly all young men & women, looking interested & happy & on the whole well situated. (Had red flags and streamers everywhere, & appeals by Stalin to subscribe to the new state loan.)

And this brings me to the condition of the people. Opie says the improvement in their general appearance since 3 years ago is most marked (and also in the appearance of the buildings in the central part of the city, many of which have been painted in the last year or two.) Eva, when I ran into her while going to see Peter & Paul this morning, says they look about the same as in the S. London streets round Marble, but I think their physique & health is, on the whole, better, particularly that of the children & younger people. Petric is much impressed by the sturdiness of these latter, & the cleanliness of most of the children, & that some of the food tastes of many compared with ^{English children} ~~our own~~. On the other hand, no matter the worst stay out of sight, & the central district fares aren't typical. There are plenty of queues to be seen, & all the private shops seem closed. But there are many state & cooperative shops open & apparently well stocked, including one which

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offered for sale, including many hothouse varieties. This was run by the Trust for Green Plants, a recent creation, I am told.

Leningrad is an impressively planned city, with wide streets and boulevards, & a number of canals which add much to its variety. It is much more attractive than I expected and, at first sight, much less dingy and poverty-stricken. What I am prepared to believe that this first sight is a little too favorable.

At 11 AM we had some supper after returning from the park and were at

July 8th

2 AM I have finished setting down my first impression (Haldane & I have been sitting off-side to each other writing our diaries for 2 hours) and shall go to bed.

Slept solidly till wakened by H at 9.50. Go with Petrick to see (1) Weinstein of the Naukominet & (2) Raslyakov, the head of the Financial Dept of Leningrad City & Province. This second talk was very useful. Petrick took full notes. R had the appearance of a manual worker, presumably built, probably under 40, clean shaven, very quick in reply to questions, with a grasp of the whole subject - both principles & details - that was very impressive. Petrick said no Treasury official could have done so well for a Russian visitor, nor many politicians!

The discussions on planned programmes are long, R admits between Leningrad & the various Moscow organs, but agreement is reached in the end.

There are no pensions at a fixed age, but pensions ^{14.}
for invalidity, whenever reached. The "hunger for labour"
means that they like old people to go on working as
long as they can. There is no poor relief or unemployment
^{benefit!}
I visit the Webbs, who have just arrived. They are
almost part of the Soviet hagiology, since Lenin translated
their books in Siberia, & they have been made a great fuss
of. They have been to Mizhni, Kazan, where they were
imprisoned by those they met, down the Volga to Stalingrad,
then to Rostov, - very thriving they thought - then to
Vladik & Gruzia. There she fell ill, & went to Kislovodsk
the cure place in the Caucasus, & had a lovely time. He
came to Moscow alone through the Donbass, Dnieperstray,
Kharkoff, with her miles of new asphalted roads & newly
planted avenues, & looked like a prosperous American
town & Kiev - a Russian Oxford. They are not less
enthusiastic when they went out, & are very excited
about the new "closed cooperatives" which are vocational
organisations, & get specially favourable terms for their
supplies. They speak very ill of the diplomatic circle in
Moscow, - isolated, small minded & malicious, - particularly
the women. But they make an exception of Olga & her
wife, whom they liked. Beatrice is clearly attracted by the
religious spirit of the Communists.

At dinner, a male interpreter, Luknitski, tells us that
an attempt is being made to get rid of queues by offering,
for 13/4 roubles a month, to deliver better rationed goods
& other available supplies by co-operation at consumer
houses. But some women prefer the queues, as social
centres. Frida has watched a queue & says he has
seen people swell it for a while, & then walk on, having
had their possib. or found that they were queuing up for
the wrong article.

Visit the Anti-Religious Museum at St Isaac
Cathedral. More Anti-Religious than Church like Anti-
Religious. And the case made against

The Church, dit's ^{seville} association with Bardou, is 15.
Preeminent. An anti-Religious Museum, in the strict
sense, is being prepared at the Kazan Cathedral, just
opposite the British Consulate. (General, I will be opened
in October. In St Isaac's I noted an effigy of the
Archb. of Canterbury standing with the Pope of Rome
one on either side of a Calvary painted at the USSR
& a picture of J.R.M. in evening dress with his hands
crossed in prayer. "MacDonalds the leader of the so-called
Workers' Government prays in the Church!"

Outside we saw passing by a funeral procession of a
man "prominent in a factory". A red wooden coffin &
many red flags & ~~flowers~~ flowers & a long procession following,
children in front carrying slogans. No one weeping.

P & I dined with Ballard, the Consul General whose
flat & office overlook the Kazan Cathedral. He was at
Cambridge with me, at Queen's, - a man a Fabian & one
of my admirers. Now rather a sad creature, living
a lonely life, finding it, he says, practically impossible
to let any contacts with Russia now matter, & very
conscious of the tyranny & lack of freedom. Too pessimistic,
undoubtedly, but a useful antidote. He says the people seem
brighter & healthier now than in the cold winter. The
shortage of food is still serious. He hates the humbug of
much Communist propaganda. Two important new
developments have been (1) the newly given permission for
peasants to sell surplus produce freely (the USSR also
spoke of this) & (2) the growth in the last few weeks of
the idea of the adoption of particular villages by particular
factories. The factory workers are to use up their scraps
& waste material in making pots & pans, door lumps, etc.
for the villages (or for themselves) & the peasants, and
sell their surplus produce to the factory kitchen. This
idea is being pushed very hard in the Press.
Stalin, he thinks, is far from being an intellectual.
But he is president of the organ of power.

There is a good book by an Italian, translated into French, 16.
called The Technique of Coups d'Etat, which shows Trotsky's
intellectual superiority over Stalin, & over Lenin.

He walks by back along the Neva - 12.20, broad
like the Thames at London Bridge - & through a
public park crowded with people, mostly very
healthy & cheerful, - the women in red for ancient
Summer cotton frocks, - & a Naval Band playing
Some of the side streets small, but so they do
elsewhere.

Bullard talks the outstanding qualities of the Russians,
are their physical hardiness & their submissiveness.
He will try to do something about the Adamson case. He
has been particularly pleased to see us. Everything here, he
says, ^{through changing} ^{works can} ^{be} ^{produced} ^{by} ^{factories} ^{visiting} ^{Red}
October Power Station. He says it is technically
quite good, & the industrial demand is growing at a
rate ^{house} ^{women} ^{make} ^{the} ^{English} ^{electrical}
engineers have stand on end. New generating capacity
is greatly wanted. ^{the} ^{the} ^{Second} ⁵ ^{YP} ^{then}
will electrify the main lines Leningrad - Moscow
& Leningrad - Murmansk (2000 kilometers). The
finished by 1936. He had a meal, solid to say with
very appetising, in the workers' canteen, & was
quite infected by the enthusiasm of those in charge
of the undertaking.

Bullard admitted there was no unemployment in
the USSR, but said most plants were much
overstaffed, & people were sent off at short
notice, & sometimes without their families, to distant
places. A high mobility of labour brought about by
industrial conscription. Here submissiveness is,
no doubt, an important quality. The old
British Embassy on the Neva is now a school for
Communist propagandists. A good touch of irony!
H.

July 9th 17.

Spent most of the morning with Peltrick, Welder, Opie & Haldane at the Leningrad Communist Academy. Here they train Red Professors & pursue Research in the Social Sciences. For training a 3 year post-graduate course, or, if the student hasn't the equivalent of a University or High School diploma, a 5 year course, (2 preparatory in addition) is required. The Research consists largely of Marxian polemics, though the Staff assists with the 5 Year Plan, etc. The course institution is only 3 years old. 10 to 15% who enrolls are former insurrectionists & go into other occupations. 3% are sent to study abroad.

In the afternoon to the Russian Museum & look at modern Russian pictures, - 1864 to the Revolution, & after. So far, not much after. Chiefly machines. But some glimmerings are appearing.

Leave by train for Moscow by the 10.30. Four to a carriage, with two beds have let down, in addition to the two seats, so that each can stretch out. But the window & door have the door when we "settle in" (Peltrick & I below; Opie & Welder above; Ridley next door with 3 Frenchmen; the rest of our party ^{still} at Leningrad). It is not so stuffy as I feared, because the window isn't quite airtight. We sit up till the light goes, looking out. There are marshes, and stunted scrub on either side, with an occasional birch, very white in the dusk, beside a rare house. The train runs smoothly, steadily & steadily into the night and the South East and the beginning of Asia. (P lost a pair of shoes at Leningrad & is afraid that all our luggage will be pinched in the darkness. - But it isn't!)

July 10th

Wakened, with a warning that we shall be in Moscow, by the attendant about 7.30. But we aren't one, & don't arrive, till 10. We are running through wooded country, - mixed firs & birches. Then into the disorderly outskirts, - wooden houses, not very new, dotted about anyhow.

Met at the station by an interpreter, who knows all

our meals. By car to New Moscow Hotel, on the River, just 18. opposite the Kremlin. From my bedroom window I look along slantwise at the long pink-brick crenellated wall, & the barbaric, waddy, unsymmetrical, array of towers and gilt domes.

This is an interesting hotel, & we met again some of the Party. They were much less well housed & much more doubtfully fed than we at Leningrad. For them too is a distinct move up: for us, if anything, a move down. But there is nothing to complain of, & there is a more friendly feeling in the air of the Hotel. Moscow seems more alive than Leningrad, crowds swarming everywhere. And, once more, my first impression is that they are neither unhappy nor underfed. We pay a visit to VORS & are efficiently received. And, having given them the names of some whom we want to meet, we drive round the city & go into a Worker's Club, a modern building, such as one often sees in photographs, attached to a Rubber Factory. The workers live in modern blocks of flats round the Factory & Club. The Club is being cleaned up, & is not in use. But it has a fine theatre, & rooms where children can be left, & a garden with a bandstand and Stalin's Six Points on Red Streamers.

To the Embassy in the afternoon with my 4 companions. It is very palatial. Ovey is as good as I remember, & I like his French Mexican wife. Much better than the typical English diplomat's wife. He is trying to meet Russian socially, & I am to be an excuse for some further attempts.

In the evening to a cinema, an early Lunacharski, 'One Wedding of the Bear', a brutal & gentle but revolutionary film. Then walk in the floodlit Red Square. Most beautiful & impressive.

July 11th 19.

The Red Square, as I saw it last night, is one of the great sights of the World! "One must control one's optimism" said one of the more intelligent members of our party a day or two ago. "One must not let one's enthusiasm run away with one's judgment" This is, no doubt, very true & important. But I shall never forget last night's spectacle. It is not a square, but a oblong. You know the pictures, so I needn't describe the plan in detail. But the Lenin Mausoleum is all Beyer says it is. The Caecilian porphyry on the top is deep red, & the blocks below are more pink, much the same colour, - but of course quite different substance, - as the pink brickwork of the Kremlin wall. The thick flock, on which is written the one word ~~ЛЕНИН~~ ^{ЛЕНИН} is black. Two soldiers with fixed bayonets stand ^{AEHVH} ~~AEHVH~~ on either side of the entrance. (We are going "to see Lenin" in afternoon. It is open from 2 to 4. Yesterday we saw the long queues slowly moving through.) Last night one saw in the floodlight, behind the Mausoleum the long Kremlin wall, and behind the wall the white buildings where the offices are, with an occasional light in the windows, and above the white buildings a green dome and above the green dome the Red Flag flying on a tall mast. And this Red Flag was one of the most wonderful things of all, for, as it fluttered, the floodlight kept catching it & reddening it, so that it was by turns deep red & dark in the shadow. And to the left, as one stood looking at the scene, was the group of many coloured ^{dresses} ~~clothes~~ and capes worn in St. Basil, only half lit up, because the floodlight only strikes it obliquely.

(But it is wonderful also in daylight.) And straight off (20
opposite is the entrance, very brightly lit, into the inner
courts of the Kremlin, again guarded by soldiers.

From the British Embassy yesterday afternoon, from a
first floor balcony, we saw the other side of the Kremlin
block, just across the river. Drey said that no
British Embassy or Legation anywhere in the world had
a more magnificent look out.

The Cinema building to which we went last night is
a very fine example of the modern style in architecture,
& Ridley was full of admiration for it.

Everything is comparative, and here in Moscow Leningrad
seem by comparison a poor, derelict city, an ex-
Capital, with little life of its own. Though I wrote
well of it when I was there, I find that the streets
& others, (I was one in our Hotel here) didn't like it much;
they were gloomed by some of the side streets.

This morning we have been to see Neumann, of the
Nordkommand, very much & helpful. (He was Press attaché
at the Soviet Embassy in London.) He is fixing up a number
of interviews. Then we had a talk with Intourist
about our future movements. Ofic, Wedder & I, and
probably Ridley, take the Trans-Siberian Railway on
Friday evening, the 15th, & go to Sverdlovsk, taking
an interpreter with us, & then to Magnitogorsk. No
trouble at all was made about us. More difficult
will be the visit to Glistá! But I have pressed
for this, & they will see what can be done.
Respectfully, - our proposed itinerary is to be, - Moscow,

Sverdlovsk, Magnitogorsk, Sverdlovsk. Then Sverdlovsk - Kazan by train. Then Kazan - Stalingrad by Volga steamer. (Then ? Elista.) Then Stalingrad - Rostov - Donbas - Dniepropetrovsk - Dniepropetrovsk - Kharkov - Kiev - Moscow. This will bring us back to Moscow about August 7th, not allowing for many stops. With a few extra stops we shall be back a few days later. I should quite happily spend any residue of time here, & give the minimum to Leningrad, perhaps one night only, before I catch my boat. They couldn't tell me at L or what exact date it sailed, but I shall put that out here on my return. Intomist is certainly more efficient on the whole, though his like, quite naturally, to make people hand, as far as possible, in parties. Pelore is a veritable old fidget, & never remembers names, & is very long-winded in interviews, & repeats exactly 19 times. But one can't dislike him! None the less, Ofit, Weller & I arranged our itinerary so as to get away from him at the earliest moment. Hence the dash eastward by the Trans-Siberian on Friday, instead of taking Nizhni & Kazan en route! Nizhni one can do from here, after returning from the East & South.

Can we compare to the streets here, and there is a great buzz of city life, but with an oriental touch to everything. They no longer use the days of the week, but only the days of the month. For the higher bureaucracy there is a free day on the 6th, 12th, 18th & 24th of each month.

Some factories here work a 5 day and some a 6 day week. 22.
The readiness to experiment and change is visible everywhere.

At 2 we go to see Lenin. It is odd the treatment of foreigners. We drive up in a car, & are saluted by a soldier, who perhaps lies in front of long queue of patient Russians. We descend into a deep chamber, ^{dissect two flights of stairs.} inside it is all marble, ~~dark~~ a dark grey, but with a pink pediment round the central figure, & with lovely irregular shaped pieces of deep red set in above our heads. ~~light~~ Strip lighting, a golden yellow, soft & very clear, but not glaring, behind clouded glass.

And the central figure, Lenin, lying beneath a glass case, his head on a blood red pillow, his hands resting on a black & purple drapery, his face & hands looking like wax, ~~but~~ the expression on his face one of infinite peace, yet of firm determination. In stature, a small man, the hair reddish, but nowhere grey. (This maybe an artificial touch.) We all go round in double file, & out at the side exit. Six soldiers on guard with fixed bayonets inside, & two outside. A tremendously impressive spectacle.

3 see Rubinin, head of Anglo-Soviet & Latin Division at the V.D. This interview alone.

4 with P.O. & W. to Institute of Economic Research. Stay for 3 hours, talking about price fixing, etc. & in second 5 P.M. Tea, cakes & chocolate are served, & I buy away a push in Russian. Several important points cleared up.

Dine with Ovey at 8.30. His present lady Ovey, a highly placed Russian & a French journalist very pro-Soviet. We dine out on the balcony of the Embassy, in full view of the Kremlin across the river. One more view over a modern block in our left rear. At 10.30 the flood lights come on on the Kremlin wall, & behind. Astonishingly beautiful!

Ovey is an almost inconceivable ^{in my view} poor stick, Hodgson was here before the Area Board. I wouldn't allow his young men to say the kind of thing it's young men used to say!

July 12th

Drove round in the morning, & go over Ginsburg's block for officials of Commissariat of Finance. (We have seen photos of this for USSR in construction & structure.) Plenty of room, & of light. We go over one set of rooms.

Lunch with Ridley at German Embassy & meet Ernst Krey, - a delightful creature, with whom I have a long talk. He is planning all new houses of importance, including a system of self-contained satellite houses around Moscow. Putting like his burst of creative energy, he says, is happening everywhere in the world today. He has just come back from Armenia, which he is replanning. He is also planning a new city on Lake Baikal in Siberia. And he has

German engineers at Magnitogorsk, to whom he will first ²⁴
me a letter.

Our itinerary is practically fixed now. We leave on
the 15th for Sverdlovsk, & for Skopje on the Magnitogorsk.
We shall sleep there on the 18th. Then back to Sverdlovsk,
& spend 2 nights there. Then to Kazan (spend one
night). Then take the Volga steamer to Stalinsk, arriving
on the 27th, leaving late that night. Then to Rostov,
arriving on the 28th & leaving on the 31st, (one night
spent on a collective farm). One night on the 31st at
Dnepropetrovsk. On the 1st to Dniepropetrovsk & sleep there.
On the 2nd to Khar'kov & sleep there. Leave Khar'kov
on the evening of the 3rd. 4th Arrive Kiev & sleep
there. Leave Kiev on the morning of the 5th, &
back in Moscow on the morning of the 6th. (This
doesn't cover Elita, but I shall try again for
that.)

Back in Moscow, I shall be on my own, & shall
see a lot of people, - but more easily without
my companions. But perhaps run out to
Ivanovo & Nizhni-Novgorod. I shall have
plenty of time.

I think you had better go on sending letters
to the Embassy here, & not try to catch me on
my trip en route. But the data I have given
maybe of some rough use, in case anything showed
turn up, things may be likely, of course, to be varied
a little ~~en route~~ as we go.

with P for 2 1/2 hours in the Park of Culture & Rest. This consists of 25
a children's village, where for one month a child can be left
all day & receive 3 meals. A doctor in attendance, & all
sorts of games, indoor & out, & washing facilities, & singing class,
& theatricals. For young people & from life many
attractions, - physical & cultural. A balancing game, on
one leg, each trying to offset the other; hand ball over a
net between two teams of 6; a form of skittles, often
Teaching of ^{air gymnastics, long jumps, etc} ~~campuses~~. Often air lectures on chemistry.
Chess & draughts on a vast scale. Chess "masters"
playing 20 games at once. Exhibitions of "industrial"
Efficiency representing Fascists, ^{Japs} ~~British~~ Generals, Project
Rome, Article of Cambridge saying that unemployment
is good thing, because it leaves people more time to
worship God. The Second International saying it would
defend the USSR, if it reveals to private property (a
venue for the USSR!) The efficiency, with names &
particulars of the offenders, of workers who stayed
away from work because they were drunk, or
malicious, or who stole from the till, or spoiled
the plan. And great crowds of happy looking people
walking about everywhere. It is a vast area, running
from the river to the woods, but within easy reach
of the centre of the city. And there is no capitalist
vulgarity, or at least. On the other hand, apart from
jokes with a ^{obvious} propaganda meaning, they are very solemn. But
O, having mentioned to a friend the absence of sex jokes, was
told to remember the Russian proverb "Hot nights, cold
days!"

A few thoughts by the way.

The crenellated wall round the Kremlin is, in shape and very nearly in colour, a replica of Cittadella & Marostica & the little walled towns of the Veneto. The Colosseum here is purlier in the Veneto fashion.

It is said that the little Popes get the best joints of meat in the free market. If so, their cooperatives must still be supporting them - as the Irish peasants support their priests. ^{But today I saw one priest begging, standing passive & dirty & degraded.}
The foreigners are so numerous here, or not to be even an object of general interest. Certainly not of hostility. But to the true Communists we must seem ~~strange~~ like ghosts from a world which lies far away & has, for them, ceased to exist.

Leningrad is in the same latitude as the Orkneys; Moscow the same as Edinburgh; (New York the same as Naples;) so it isn't surprising that so far it hasn't been really hot here. It has been hottest in closed rooms. In the streets there is always a breeze blowing. But there's lots of sun, & very little smoke. The people look very healthy & much better fed than our Durham Miners.

"People are paying a tremendous price here," it is said "for rapid industrialisation & the success of the 5 Y.P."

But in the capitalist world they are paying a tremendous price. ^{in the form of unemployment, idleness, & the loss of old habits} The food ^{is really the important thing} has settled down on steadily food, & the houses are very flexible & less extreme than at home. Breakfast is coffee or tea, & some eggs, or (cold) butter &

Cheese, and jam. Dinner is 3 courses, - a choice of 27 soups, - a choice of fish, meat or vegetable or cheese dishes, - and a choice of ice or fruit compote. Suffa resembles dinner. The waiters are quite cheerful & more friendly than at Leningrad.

July 13th

Spent 2 hours at the Gospels talking to Smilga & Ossinski. Very interesting. At noon, half way through our talk, tea and biscuits & sweets are brought in. They will give us letters for Sverdlovsk & Magnitogorsk.

Pelot has diarrhoea. He has been focusing on me for several days but he is really an OP, but interested in finance rather than St. George's Chapel. On Friday he is joining up with 50 American Professors, while we 4 go to Sverdlovsk. We shall be a nice little party, I think, but our little Jewish interloper is rather muddled & can't translate technical economics with any facility. So we have asked Intorsnik for a man to come with us to the Wild East and the Edge of Asia.

In the afternoon drive in a car to the Spangol Hills, where Napoleon stood & watched Moscow burning in 1812. They are wooded for miles, & there are some very lovely all-firch groves.

Going back we stop at a "Water Front" belonging to the Dynamo Club whose stadium we also saw. All workers in a certain group of factories belong to this

and other meetings in future may go in on payment of a small sum. There is an admirably arranged bathing front, with a wooden boom dividing it from the main Moscow area, which has broadened here later with the Thames at Richmond. Hundreds of people, of both sexes, are bathing & sunbathing here. The men in bathing shifts, the women in bathing dresses, ^{and there} are refreshments and a ready version of Vermin's Courts & ~~at~~ Courts for the other two games we saw being played (gladly - the ball game and the Russian Shiller - & everyone walks about in bathing dresses, & plays Vermin in no more. The structure is built of wood, & smoking is only allowed in a special space behind. It must have been cheap to build & is an admirable institution. Space, one hears, is no object in Moscow. Our workers & their children have nothing like this. And the absence of stuffiness & inequality is wonderful.

Weldon says he has seen rather similar arrangements in Germany, but nowhere else in his travels. I agree with Huxley about the physique of these people. ^{And compare living here} ^{best} ^{parts} ^{here} ^{of} ^{the} ^{country} [&] ^I ^{hope} ^{to} ^{find} ^{another} ^{letter} ^{from} ^{you} [✓] ^H [✓]

Ovejs dinner was a success. All men. Dubnoff, Minister of (29
Education, Radek, Sokolnikoff & others. 1 sit between the first
two. Atmosphere cheerful & friendly.

July 14th

I have given P two doses of my chloroform. He seems
better, but more & more ^{degocepting & repetitive} ~~difficult~~ ^{difficult} to go on being
patient & polite. Tomorrow will be a day of deliverance.

11-1. Talk to Ancus, of Gosbank. And see State
Jewels - a glittering spectacle & part of the gold reserve.
Hevin's new interpreters has translated Kegan's Treatise
on Meserianic Russian

1.30-2.30 Communist Academy. Doesn't add much
to our Hennigsd interview, except a list of modern
Soviet Economists.

3.30 I alone to Krestuzki. Neumann translating.

6.30 with P to Sokolnikoff's. A very pleasant little
dinner in their small, high up flat in a not very
new block. Present also Rotenstein, who talks
about his deeds in Persia and his diplomatic victory on
Caucasus. After the meal Madame S's father comes in,
with a beautiful face, a smiling, human Christ, with
black beard and black hair, and a benevolent twinkle.
Looks like a peasant, works in the Commissariat of
Supplies. Takes the water with wine, - & very
good Cerman & Caucasian wine too.

For the first time, driving in a car with
with P & the interpreters, I saw signs of the
negotiation - in a side street - against his
negotiation phenomenon "Why only 3 people in that car?"

July 15th

30

Two hours with Gorko at Commissariat of Finance.
Then a little farewell to Voks. Then a lunch
at the very spacious quarters of the Marksmen
(K.O.) in honor of Oleg & me. We leave
Embassy at 9 pm. I am furnished with official
letters for Sverdlovsk, Mafutovsk, Kazan
Dniepropetrovsk, Kharkoff & Kieff ^{and a letter}
I shall be back by about Aug 9th. ^{from Moughlin}
Embassy at M

I have just got your letter of the 10th of July,
sending cutting on Disarmament & Rep^{ns}.

Baldwin's statement is really very poor!

One Reparation Result seems to succeed in
appearing on the inevitable, conditionally on
his death.

It is annoying that I leave Moscow today
without any assurance that my letters
from the USSR are coming through to you.

But I must just go on writing &
keeping copies! Your letters & mine will
accumulate at the Embassy for 3 weeks.

I understand that we have a good male interpreter, an 31
engineer for the run into Asia. I have bought
some stamps for my journey! (I have bought very
little except stamps so far.) But Lord knows
what will come through from Mafkitojresh, or
the Volga towns!

I sit and look out of my bedroom window at the
Kremlin for the last time for some weeks. I
don't wonder the outer wall isn't practically the
same as the Venetian Hill Towns, - not quite
as I thought when last I wrote.

I have worn my respectable suit for the
last time also, for 3 weeks, & shall leave it
behind in my suitcase at the Embassy,
- & my washing, which will be washed in
my absence.

I would love to look in on Wife at
W.L! I like what she says about boat
sailing. But none of us know anything about
days of the week ^{in USSR} ~~here~~. I shall like
having some days here on my return, but I
shant want to pay anything extra.
Kiss you ^{eggs} P.B.

Received 30/7/77 Postmark Sverdlovsk.

32

We leave Moscow by the Kazan Station (pre-war Stokhousen) at 9.40 pm. There is an immense white vaulted waiting hall, divided by wooden barriers into long pews within which sit and lie the human cattle. There must be quite a thousand people in the hall, just waiting to go somewhere by train. Some of these will be the secretward bound head peddlars. There is a certain fog. We slowly push through behind our guide (our new, male, cheerful, talkative ex-American engineer guide, named Shumenak) who is putting on board for Kazan large supplies of provisions furnished by the tourist for our journey. (I have left my green suit coat and my blue bag of dirty washing at the Embassy to be dealt with in my absence, and am taking my brown suit coat & my rucksack. Some of my lessons have gone bad, so I am going to eat them faster. I have the impression that he shall have no food problem anywhere.) Our train isn't the Trans-Siberian, but one which goes through Kazan - Sverdlovsk & stops at Kuznets. W, O, R and I have a good carriage to ourselves. The broad gauge means our carriage, even with a corridor, can be wider. At night there are 4 beds, two up & two down. S, the guide, is next door, sharing with a portly German in an embroidered blouse. There are no other non-Russians on the train, which is a great joy. But many Russians wander about the corridor, including some quite attractive small children. Our carriage is cleaner than on the Leningrad - Moscow journey. There is a restaurant car, rather primitive.

~~to~~ in the next coach, in which when we are well started we sit & drink tea with S. interesting on the economy of the various electrification schemes, WVA - peak, etc. Es. Chiatka, - & on promotion & demotion. Volgastroy will be a series of 3 stations, each smaller than Dniepropetrovsk but in an appropriate more powerful.

I ask W. who is a blond, what Speyer said about the people. W. says he spotted them on the windows. I must read this again. I find it hard to believe in the decline of the West.

Sleep well, but advised to shut the windows, or at least draw down the blind, or people will throw something in! But there's no wind here.

July 16th

Have caught up some lost sleep! Breakfast on raspberries, brought by S from Moscow, (awfully good) & milk, & an omelette, & tea. I notice some illnesses for the women are greeted with joy. They seem scarce. Large apples, & small, tomatoes & small cucumbers are plentiful.

At village railway stations produce for sale is spread out on long tables, with peasant women haggling. Milk, eggs, fruit. "The stony village" is not visible here at any rate. Kazan, Sergush, etc. Country not quite flat, but rolling mildly. Some large fields, & some vineyard strips. Potatoes & rye in good quantities. Woods, rather scrubby, with birch still the commonest tree. O rather sorry for his liver!

We go slowly on & at 7.30 cross the Volga, wide even up here, about 1/2 mile across we think. Much cut banks all along bridge route, & many bays on the Volga.

At 8.45, just after sunset & with a full moon just after we enter Kazan. A very scattered city with many mosques & domes just before arriving a wired speciality. Run up & down the station platform.

With Ridley, my first exercise for many years. Those of us who have sensitive noses spot the scent of Tartary, even in the open; most with sensitive ears distinguish a different tongue. And even I can see that all notices are bilingual.

The dust has been blowing in a good deal all day through the open window. But the alternative would be stuffiness unbearable. Loose stuff along the line, ^{with weeds}

O thinks he has found the first bug, - in the restaurant can.

July 17th.

Wake only at 9.30 after a lovely sleep. Another raspberry & milk breakfast, - raspberries bought yesterday in Tartary! When I wake we are halted with a thick pine wood on either side. Gradually the country is being more & more thickly populated & back - blocky. But tall thin spires rising out of the villages, not quite minarets, but with a clear Eastern influence. We are nearer to India here than England.

I appear to have lost my pocket book, with about £7 & some notes & my letter of credit & some blank cheques. (But my letter of indication is at our Embassy in Moscow.) I suspect that it was stolen in the night. I was sleeping near the door, & it was in my Kanga pocket. An alternative, though less likely explanation, is that I left

it in the Restaurant Car last night. Much searching of our bedding, etc & interrogation of attendants. The interpreter will notify the G.P.U! But I think it is ~~lost~~ lost all right, - the first time on my many travels but I have had my pocket picked! 35

It is a cool, sunless day, with a slight drizzled rain, which lays the dust. But a grey day is rather pleasing. Slumbering after lunch, I am awakened by a man who has found a bug walking on my jumper. So far, these are rare animals, and I have yet used my pyrethrum.

4 pm. Go to catch a baby Vireo. Several other fakes. We are "ascending" the Urals. But there are neither mountains, nor hills, but only slightly increasing undulations. The people are better looking now than we have emerged from the Tartar Zone.

Somewhere near the boundary of Asia, we eat wood strawberries (very delicious) bought at a railway station from peasant children. The woods here must be full of strawberries & mushrooms! They are still thick & pink, but here & there I have spotted a rowan! There are occasional little forested wooden hills on the horizon now, & there is a freshness in the air which suggests that we have climbed up a bit.

Gorgeous sunset over the unending pines, & little hills & little lakes, with villages along it some of them. Liver & potatoes & tomato & tea for supper in the Restaurant Car, in a corner of a room, when the electric light fails & touching scene between two Russians. Die at Sverdlovsk 11 pm. HB

July 18th

36.

Last night we were met at Sverdlovsk Station by a young man from the Central Executive Committee of the Urals, & after searching over & under goods trains, emerged into the road outside the station, where three very ancient taxis were awaiting us. There were also even in the open air, a certain odour and a crowd of people, of all ages & sexes, sitting about in the dark waiting for taxis. We drove in the dark, bumping & lurching, along roads that would soon make any car look ancient. The station stands some way from the centre of the town, & we soon became aware of tall new buildings, some finished, others in construction. We put up in a vast, new hotel, not yet quite finished, but, according to R, not likely to endure very long. R & I share a good sized bedroom, with large window, & sitting room with telephone, & lavatory, with bath, wash basin & W.C. No plugs, ~~but~~ ^{no} bath or wash basin & no connection either of bath with water, or W.C. with drainage. Bath beds quite clean. (O.D.W. less fortunate in a smaller room). Having to catch an early train in morning, I don't let myself sleep, but only doze. Wake early when an alarm, & military bugles & many sounds of life outside.

Get up early, & have a breakfast of tea & four fried eggs each & rolls & the rest of my apple (much

appreciated by any companions.) Have a short walk 37
round the neighbouring part of the town. Very like a
Western American City at an early stage, says G. Roads
not made up, but lovely broad/potential, / broadway
& great new blocks of flats & industrial buildings
going up alongside old wooden houses, with carved
patterns round the doors & windows. One has a
window full of aspidistras & a small ^{grey} cat! We
meet a Danish American engineer, ^{with} very pleasant
with-life. But some of his statements we know to be
false, & some of his difficulties are obvious and
inevitable.

Comic business which nearly results in our missing
the train for Magnitogorsk. But we just do it, though
Chumac has no time to take tickets. Two other times
train arrive late at the Hotel, & there's a wild
scramble at the station, with 4 or 5 men carrying our
baggage, or parts of it, - including Chumac's supply of
food, - and jinking, or jinking, luggage & even plain
trunks, - & a stream of people, also with packages,
rushing through in the opposite direction. We nearly
breathe on the bearded face of a peasant sleeping in
the corridor, & the door of our compartment won't open,
& when force is applied, the lock breaks, & plain
people say we have lost their compartment! But
a cheerful & dominant man, who turns out to be

an Agent with G.P.U., takes charge of us, & pushes everybody else aside, & is delighted to be given a cigarette, and so, just as the train is moving off, we all climb in. Another grey day, & the train trembles, slowly, southeast, - through 'scraggy' pine wood & infertile soil.

But it becomes milky, - rather like the Hartz mountains, Sep W. The line is a roughy land. Sometimes the train stops, while men shovel sand under the rails. No restaurant car, but

Chumac produces a LARGE ROUND TIN OF CAVIARE for lunch. We have a lovely quizzle, but it will last, we think, for 3 days at 2 meals a day.

6 pm Chelyabinsk. A formidable new series of constructions, including large blocks of dwellings, on the outskirts of a old town. And thousands of people living in earth or peat huts beside the line. The town must cover several square kilometres.

Chumac translates sections of the local paper, the Chelyabinsk worker; still, as Ballou said at Leningrad, on the making of things useful to peasants out of waste material of heavy industry - axes, spades, tea

pails, sacks,
pots, etc. Plus the salvaging of useful
objects from dumps of waste, e.g. ropes. This
drive is evidently going strong everywhere;
with the approach of the harvest.

At C railway station, a more proverbially
stricken crowd than usual. With Japs and
other Eastern types among them. W
points out, we aren't very far north of
Persia now. W is the best of my
companions, very easy & unflinching.
O's bug complex is rather boring.
But I use my perpetuum as a
precaution tonight for the first time,
& distribute it. And now of us
undress.

July 19th

Someone said of Monday that his plan is
like a child playing with a new
toy. There is more in it than his, but
his is one aspect right enough.
wake early. (It is damned cold!) And
gate out for hours. This is the

authentic steppe, - flatter than the plain of
Central Europe, unhealthy looking yellow-green grass,
hardly even a tree. Tents, - o so patched
together & thick & verminous looking! - from
time to time beside the line. People digging
peat, (a thin top layer in some places) and
earth. Kapaly, - a fair sized place, but

not much modern, - a long stop and a
crowd of increasingly ragged and oriental looking poachers.
Opie thinks they're Kurds, - perhaps
emigrants from Iraq, not far off. A
sign post points to a hut & says "Agal
for Magnitostroy". Here they recruit for
the heat enterprise.

We are slowly coiling round in circles & shall
beat M in an hour ~~or~~ from now.

(11 am)

I wonder whether my letters are
reaching you! This is a very
distant kiss, the most distant I have
ever sent you, - through space! TIB

Received 5/8/32

As seen from its railway station Magnitogorsk is like a Great War-time Railhead or, say, like 41 Joburg in its early days, or an American mushroom town, - except that there are no real estate offices, or Capitalist advertisements. Instead only an occasional red streamer with some notice or exhortation. Wooden shacks, storehouses & station buildings and great dumps of crates, sacks, machines, rails, kinks, etc.

So we have left the flat steppe and M lies at the foot of the 5 hills which compose the Magnitic Mountain, & with a view of distant hills ~~and~~ with ^{most of} the horizon. This is quite a new sight.

(But I have spoken too harshly of the steppe. It abounds, on close inspection, with a strong growing grass herb that smells like nuts, & may reach 1 ft 10 in high.)

The blast furnaces & tall industrial chimneys of M stand up some while before we reach it. They are belching smoke. The thing is working, it is not a fantasy, nor a propaganda tale.

Comic business at the station. No one to meet us in spite of 2 "cables" from Moscow & one from Sverdlovsk, (which hasn't arrived). Then a young man appears & explains that the Moscow cable led them to expect us by another train, early early in the morning, & that all the Workers Ctee had come down to meet us with

several cars, but not finding us had gone away again. A lorry arrives about a quarter of an hour & carries off all our baggage, & we wait for cars which are promised or already on the way. We wait for 2 hours more in that railway station. I made several attempts to get the rest to walk, - it is only 1/2 a mile to where we are to stay. But there is terrific obstruction from 2 young men who have received us. Finally I take one of them, who heads a little Gulliver, firmly by the arm & march him off, with a deliberate ~~essence~~ ^{grace} of friendly ~~last~~ ^{last} ~~was~~ ^{was}, saying that I am sure he will show me the way. I trust the others to follow. But after we have gone a few yards, I hear protests from behind. The other Russian & the ~~nutcracker~~ ^{nutcracker} have no overcoats, & it is going to rain. So we go back to the station. It ~~does~~ ^{is} rain, ~~basically~~ ^{basically}, & we take refuge in a railway carriage. One car becomes a peaty pool. Then cars arrive one by one, and disgorge passengers. These are the ~~authorities~~ ^{authorities} - (the works committee), - but we are not introduced, & they also shelter from the rain in a railway carriage. Seeing the cars we leap out & occupy them, but the drivers refuse to move until the roads have dried! Then the train moves; R who is still on board, leaps out, but the ~~authorities~~ ^{authorities} - ~~has~~ ^{has} one - are carried away towards Moscow, - quite contrary to plan!

At last we go - to a new built wooden building up the slopes of the mountain close to a birch forest. Here the ~~foreign~~ ^{foreign} engineers live, - quite comfortably!
 should think

We feed at another little wooden building close by (there 43
is a clock & there) After a large & admirable meal, -
immense hash 'd' ovens, - a meal in themselves, - soup,
meat & ice, with vodka & brandy, - we walk some
way up the mountain, - the first exercise for
weeks! - A fine view of the city & the ~~lake~~ Lago
Artificiale - 10 kilometers long by 1 1/2 - & a flaming
sunset behind the smoke & the chimneys.

In the evening we are taken to a Circus. A little
propaganda at the beginning, - a Collective Fair tomorrow to
be patronised by all - exchange with Collective Farms in the
neighbourhood of ^{simple} peasant produce against industrial
odds & ends. The rest is acrobats, performing horses,
a jockey, a funny man & a conjurer (in evening
dress & white waistcoat). Final item with an
aeroplane & 2 trapeze artists in very daredevil.

Audience delighted with the show. Probably the better paid,
but better looking than the crowds seen on the way south
from Swadlowsh.

Returning in cars from the Circus (no road roads
yet, though some in construction, we see the glow of the
blast furnaces & coke ovens, with the smoke clouds
flaming bright gold. Heavy industry in full
activity! The West has almost forgotten
what it looks like. Point for a speed!

July 20th

A very strenuous day. Wakened about 5.30 am. At 7 start in car on a tour of inspection. Walk right to the top of the mountain & see American excavating machine at work, & have day out, present & future, explained to us. Then down again & by car to the dam, and the first block of dwellings in the Socialist City. They say this is very nice & ready & there's better to come. Then back to lunch, - talk on a programme on the way about the impossibility of achieving socialism except by violent uprising. "The capitalists will use their machine gun", etc. A minimum of simple doctrine to explain & prevent everything.

At lunch meet Stam, Mary's Dutch architect in charge here, accompanied by a young Czech. There are also American & Italian specialists here. Went, of course, in English.

After lunch we spend hours going round plants, - coke ovens, blast furnaces, etc. - Even to the ~~extents~~ quite interesting. I form various conclusions. Many facts. Then several hours interview with man in charge. Then another meal & away by evening train; this too is a bit of a strenuous

In spite of our reservations, all seats are occupied when we arrive, - Women, babies & other travellers. It looks as though we & our luggage might have to pass the night in the Corridor. All being pretty tired, we are unwilling to do this. After much talk & negotiations Chumac persuades people to make a complicated series of moves, ending in our having a couple of our selves, - two banks up & two down Pyrethrum, it seems, will be very necessary tonight & I do a sprinkle. My 3 companions, all very sleepy, decline my offer, and

July 21st

Next morning O as usual says he has been bitten, while the rest of us have slept untouched.

Slow journey back to Sverdlovsk. Rather smelly & spindly train an hour late. But we

July 22nd

feel we have returned to an old, familiar place, when at 1.30 am we drive up to the Hotel where we slept a few nights ago.

R & I share a room. A nice fellow who improves with acquaintance. I use pyrethrum he nothing. Both of us sleep well & have no visitors. Across the passage W likewise has none, but O, in spite of using p & a powder of his own, has the usual complaints this morning! But remember we are still in Asia. Tomorrow we return to Europe

Received 1/8. Permian ~~Permian~~ Kazan

July 22nd (cont'd) 46.

A full day at Sverdlovsk. Out by car to Machinostroy (separate nests on his & other industrial plants). This lies a mile or two outside, & many plants, - machine tool, etc - are in the three familiar stages projected, in construction & in operation. But there's a good deal already in Stage 3, and we meet some fiction that has come up from Magnitogorsk. These works are being built on the site of cleared forest, and forest still surrounds them. But Greater Sverdlovsk, like most other industrial plans here, is what a Westerner would call "grandiose." But this is not a final argument against it, though there is a good deal of rather infantile delight in size as such. "Amerikanskiy" in a characteristic ~~way~~ aspect.

Usual hold-up over conveyances away from Machinostroy but arrive only 1/2 hour late for interview with Golditch, - one of the industrial High Command for the Ural Area. Very interesting exposition. An impressive man. It is such as he who drive the Great Plan into reality, in spite of all the messy, rummy little people who are always late and vague and garrulous. "The only overhead chaff grain system," said one observer, "is inefficiency." And that is only serious in certain strata, & gradually, no doubt, it will decline. "Our difficulties here," said one other little man here "are still freedom, but they are less than they were."

The Urals are the richest, in natural resources, and were, before the Revolution, the most backward of the important ~~and~~ European areas of Russia.

In the late afternoon we visit the Revolutionary Museum, - in the house where the last Tsar with his family & entourage were imprisoned & shot. There are many interesting relics, including an intercepted letter

in which he indicated his whereabouts to friends outside. Also a 47 picture, painted for postcards, showing his arrival at Sverdlovsk from Tobolsk, where the Whites might have recaptured him. He was consigned to Moscow, but the Committee of the Urals stopped him en route. We saw also the room, now closed to the public, where they were shot, eleven persons in all. Later the Whites took Sverdlovsk & dug everywhere in search of the corpses. But these had been buried ^{from the left of the party} ^{in a shallow scattered} ^{They distinguish "a} ^{on the sphere in front of the house} ^{two stands} a great red wooden figure, about 10 times life size, of a Red Army soldier and behind his again one of the few remaining Churches of Sverdlovsk, now used as a school.

We should have gone to a Talkie in the evening, but delay over getting a meal - when it comes it is very attractive, especially the cold soup with soup with cucumber & garlic, and the raspberries - and a nuisance over a rendezvous to receive the tickets, intervene.

Instead W, R & I wander round a small park in which a band is playing, & some operatic theatricals take place. These have a vein of exhortation running through them.

July 23rd.

Infuriating muddles! Our train for Kazan leaves at 11.30 am. We have been told that tickets have been taken & places reserved & that cars will come to the Hotel to take us to the baggage to the station.

The usual delay in getting breakfast - when it comes, the fried eggs and the little ~~piece~~ yellow stewed plums are excellent - and then the usual business waiting for non-arriving cars. Then at 11, a man comes to say that only two seats, & not 4, could be reserved. So he has cancelled his reservation, as he thought we should not like it. And the cars have also been sent away.

48
Hereat scenes! Not I alone lose my temper & swear.
For, missing his essential train, one whose trip becomes
unstick, all the reservations made from Moscow on
the Volga steamer & beyond are lost, and, worst of
all at the moment, we seem doomed to spend another
24 hours in his place, of which we have now seen
quite sufficient with no guarantee that tomorrow we shall
fare better than today. C, moreover, who is partly to blame
for not having seen to the arrangements, especially after
his own previous experience here, becomes mendacious
and insolent. We feel him that we shall now go
straight back to Moscow by the earliest train, even if we stand
all the journey in the corridors. And we quickly make up
our minds to his alternative, & begin to talk of new
trips, radiating afresh from Moscow. But where can we
catch a train?

I should add that, beginning with the minor crisis when we
are impatiently waiting for breakfast, a certain Cab driver,
already reeling drunk at his early hour, came & leaned,
grinning in a vaguely friendly way, over our shoulders. And at
each successive spasm of crisis, ending with the heart,
now when it became clear we had missed our train, he
reappeared. He annoyed them, however, being ourselves,
& was first hustled out of the Hotel Hall by some of
the staff, & then assaulted by a peasant, to whom
he had become objectionable, in the street outside.

After further delays & palaverings, it is alleged that
there has been discovered a train, which nobody knew of
before, starting for Kazan at 4 pm. which will still allow
us to keep our original programme through being
1/2 day at Kazan. By great feats of persistence

organising endeavor two cars are finally produced at one 49
Hotel & one takes on baggage and the other ourselves
in station. There, as before, the G.P.U., a different man
his time is energetic, dominating & friendly. He discovers
yet another previously unsuspected train, leaving earlier,
- indeed at once! - for Kazan, & with him (consider
of his we & our baggage scramble. There are no
reservations, so we travel hard, - interesting
and not any dirtier than the soft, - back along
the same railway line (Sverdlovsk - Kazan), as we
came East by.

July 24th

It is worth noting that the weather has been dull & chilly
ever since we left Moscow. Where shall we meet
but promised heat? Though the sun is out, to make us have
shut our windows, it is sufficiently cold to make me
want to wear my jumper.

First breakfast of wild strawberries & baby raspberries,
bought at a wayside station. Second breakfast
tea, bread, caviare, cheese, biscuits & sweets.

We are due at Kazan at 2 pm., & tomorrow
morning, barring hitches, we shall take the
Volga steamer.

I have been popular with my companions,
as I have produced food reserves on train journey,
during the post week. And I still have a good
deal in hand. You selected very well. And R has produced
several tins of preserves!

Received 3/8. Postmark Saratov

July 24th (cont'd) 56.

We give Kazan very high marks. We are met at the station by the Chairman of the Tartar ~~gov~~ Republican Gosplan, the Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars for the Tartar Republic and a young lady, Jewish, representative of Intourist. We drive to a hotel which looks nothing from the outside, but within is one of the cleanest we have been in. Here late tonight I have a quite lovely hot bath, - my first real hot bath since this trip began.

But before this we have dinner & supper, both exceptionally good meals, - beer and brandy and quantities of caviar, soups & otherwise, and beefsteak and, for the second meal, stroganoff of beef and Caucasian port. And during both meals, and after the second, long and interesting expositions of the progress and planwirtschaft of the T.R. And between the meals, first a drive by car and then a walk round Kazan.

A city with both a live past and a live present, very sympathetic, - so throughout all 4 of us. The Kremlin has a beautiful position, with a wide view over a lake in the foreground, & out beyond the new rising industrial suburbs to wooded hills in the distance. A remarkable tower of work I have obtained a postcard. All signs everywhere, both in Russian & Tartar, - the latter in Latin

script, which was substituted only 3 or 4 years ago⁵¹
for the Arabic which is still seen occasionally.
The Church of Peter & Paul, attractive baroque
exterior, but no merit within is still a church.
(Most others are transformed or demolished. One is in
course of demolition to make room for an electricians'
hostel, next to the Power Station.)

We went over P and P and were moved to give 3
results to the old woman who showed us round. "How
many people come to the services?" "Not always the
same people." "But how many as a rule?" "Not
many. Chiefly the old people. The young don't come
any more" - - - inside, in a dim light, amid all
the gilt framework of Byzantine gods. We felt bare
were in quite another, & quite a dead, world. - - - One
had the sense of the passing of an Empire, of a Fallen
Dragon!

We went to a small park where everyone seemed gay,
- a travelling circus - swings & roundabouts & cocoa nut
shies. And a boat where we bought some postcards.

Earlier we had a trumpet car drive round the
city. New industrial buildings on the outskirts, &
blocks of workers' dwellings close by, to remind
us of the East. Design & durability of both better than
anywhere else. And quantities of specialized machinery
& research institutes. And the University where Lenin
studied, & where Lobatschevsky invented non-
Euclidean geometry.

Chumac, our interpreter, is developing ~~attitude~~ a close resemblance to Mr Baldwin of Peckham! Personal relations are not very serene, though W, in particular, is amazingly good & patient with him.

July 25th.

To bed at 1 am. after my hot bath. Plan is to be ~~up~~ up at 7, & leave hotel at 7.30 for car for the Volga landing stage, & breakfast on the boat. Car 1/2 hour late, so we start off at 8. Boat should have come in at 6.30 & left at 9. But it has apparently got stuck on a sandbank between Kazan & Nizhni-Novgorod!

It doesn't arrive till 3.45 pm. And we have to wait about, - tired, heavy-eyed & increasingly irritable, - by the water side for 7 1/2 hours. At noon we have breakfast, ^{fried for good} eggs, ^{local bread} and ^{bread} not very good coffee - in little Taitan Restaurant in the vicinity. In the long interval of waiting we had begun seriously to consider going back to Moscow by train & starting afresh.

But we leave about 4.30, & Chumac, though he came on board with us, manages to get left behind on shore! Such a relief! What was it accident or design? Two schools of thought on this question prevail among us. We shall see. But he holds the money with which our meals are to be paid for. Here the value of Opie is great. Credit

is arranged as far as Samara.

53

Our luck is in. We seem to be the only 4 non-Russian on the boat, - though ^{or} yesterday there were 37 English & Americans! The boat is clean & has a wide prominent deck ~~at~~ ^{around} round. I have a cabin to myself. The food, far from being insufficient, is apt to be excessive, though one has to wait hours for it, & it is served at all sorts of odd times. Fried eggs, fish (distinctly good), potatoes, cucumbers, large lumps of quite tender & well cooked meat, rather heavily lumps of ~~cake~~ unleavened cake, sometimes with jam on the top, plate loads of slightly sour black bread, & endless glasses of tea. This is the daily fare, repeated with very slight variations three times in the twenty four hours. Now at any hour you will find some passengers eating in the ~~restaurant~~ dining room, which has large glass windows nearly all the way round. There is no real distinction between first & second class. There are a lot of families with children, and some soldiers, and professional workers, & some married couples going on their official vacations. And below, in the third class, a dense crowd of people, - many of them peasants - traveling short distances. The Volga Boat Song is not set in it.

Received 5/8.

We heard snatches of it while we were waiting at the
waterside at Kazan. 54

The Peace & Beauty of this Volga trip is
wonderful, after our scampering, & infections, & dirty
trains. As R says, what we want now is not
so much an unbroken road, as an unbroken
day. We go down between thickly wooded
banks, full of jolly little gorges, and we pass
steamers, & cargo boats, & tugs, & dredges, &
immensely elongated rafts of birch, slowly floating
down stream, with little ^{forecastles} cabins built on them
to house the "crew", & always a bridge between
the cabins whence the "captain" can direct
operations. But how they navigate these unyielding
long narrow aggregations of logs I have no idea!

A lovely sunset behind the higher, western bank.
A great cloud, shaped like an arch, glowing like
red hot metal, and the water near the shore like a
sheet of burnished copper.

We are passing through the Tatar Republic till
midnight, & in the night we go by Uliyanovsk, where
Lenin was born.

At midnight a great commotion. We have seen
near a small boat. Everyone shouts at once. But
I gather that the occupants are picked up & brought
on board.

July 26th 55

The views on the approach Samara are very fine. The Zhiguli Mountain, thickly wooded, rises about 1000 feet, sharply, above the river, & goes on for miles. Now there are several great bends in the river. There is good sand on both sides most of the way - an ideal place for camps, or rest houses.

We reach Samara between 11 & 12. It stands up, - the central part of it, - on a ridge, looking very handsome & almost Mediterranean. (There is a little more sun today, but still too cool.) A very nice young man, representing Intourist, comes on board. He treats it just as a national thing but our interpreter has disappeared, & arranges with the Captain to get on our credit to Stalingrad, where Intourist will pay for our tickets & the cost of our meals! (This is the way to travel!)

Then we go ashore with him, & see the town, & drink some of the Samara beer at a worker's water station, & are rowed back to the steamer.

The town has some really well laid out streets of modern buildings, designed as a series of units or separate units. R & I both think very

Well of them. The best is a Red Army Club.
 There are also blocks of offices, & workers' dwellings,
 & a special block for Russian specialists.
 The ^{main} streets are asphalted. There is a German
 Protestant Church, now an anti-religion
 museum, & a Polish Catholic Church, now
 a Cinema & Reading Room. A large workers'
 Club stands on the site of a Russian Church
 now demolished.

At Samara they make all sorts of building
 materials, & asphalt, as well as beer. And
 the Volgastroy will raise the level of the
 river & provide water for irrigating lands
 now liable to drought. There is plenty of
 activity & planning here.

The Czech legionaries occupied this city in the
 course of the Civil War, & in the Volga Famine
 of 1920-21 people ate their babies. The
 mother of the unknown young man died of
 starvation in the Ukraine at that time.

But these spectral memories are receding
 in this New Day. My judgments & impressions
 in this extraordinary country are continually
 fluctuating.

Below Samara the sands gain on the trees
 & the scenery becomes less interesting.

57
As we are feeding her evening, a priest comes
round begging. We give him some Roublecks. He
looks very saintly & solemn & ragged. W, who is
very violently anti-Christian, protests against giving
him anything. That D & I are soft hearted. He
~~is~~ crosses himself & blesses us. He says that
with his shortage of labour, he could easily find
some useful work, especially if he cut his
hair & shaved his beard. Later we see him
going along the moment deck, wearing a
pink unsaintly grin. We think he has
been spending our contributions on vodka.

The Communist sometimes resembles the
educated R.C. At a certain point in an
argument he simply smiles & says "I'm
afraid I can't accept your opinion on that
point." They envisage a very elementary
social structure, & only one possible
basic. Everything is black or white, night
or day; no grey or twilight. "Stalin is the
gate & narrow is the way that leads to
salvation." And, of course, it is easy, by reading
Pravda & Izvestia regularly, to know a good
deal more about England, or any other free
country, than its inhabitants. But how wide

the gulf between their past & ours is borne in 58
upon me after reading, continuously at last
now that this boat journey gives me the
opportunity, Krupskaya's Memoirs of Lenin. I
eagerly await, like you, the next volume.
July 27th

Trees reappear on the banks. We reach Saratov
at 2 pm. I don't go ashore, as I have used this
unique opportunity, not only to read Krupskaya
but to try these Laxative Tablets! This is the
first drug I have taken on this trip.

Saratov is dense, but looks less interesting
than Samara. But circling round behind the
ridge or round it stands, and higher hills,
almost a half circle. One end is wooded,
but most is bare, with surface shapes &
colours that remind me, suddenly, of the
Downs of Home!

The river is widening perceptibly, & the ^{bars} ~~islands~~
continue on the right. This is the country of the Volga
German. But one sees nothing characteristic from
the boat. I wish we could go right on
to Astrakhan & the Caspian! But ^{that is not} ~~that is not~~
for my journey!

Received 8/8

Today I had a little half horn's flicker of a sunset. Don't look at the lines of latitude on a European map. It is most instructive. We are still north of, e.g. Cracow.

I several times smell thyme, or ~~some~~ aromatic herb, blow from the river banks.

The Volga, though steadily changing, remains beautiful & interesting. Its placid widths, especially as the sun begins to fall low in the sky, are very attractive.

July 28th.

Arrive unexpectedly early at Stalinsk, about 10.30 am. The hutown representative comes on board, & settles up for all our food, etc. Delightfully simple!

We leave our baggage at the Hotel, & go off by car to Traktorstroy. I was prepared to be bored by this, but find it quite fascinating. It is hot at last, & rather sticky after heavy rains, so we wear little. I my panama, my sleeveless green canvas shirt, with nothing over it, & my cotton buck trousers.

What is fascinating about Traktorstroy, especially after Sverdlovsk & Magnitogorsk, is that here one sees the same type of planned industrial project, but with two or three more years growth on it.

As for the plant itself, we tramped through it, noting how it was, much of it, very hot

work. They work work, and but most of it was very highly mechanised. But they are running out the tractors all right. We saw them in all their stages, until finally they were triumphantly driven off the conveyor. The assembling shed was full of them, & the road outside was lined with them, and the railway tracks in the adjoining siding were loaded with them. They speak of an average output of about 150 a day. With fewa hitches in the long chain, this output could go up a bit.

But the chief interest for me was not all this, but the new completed lay-out in the near neighbourhood of the works. There is a great square, with large buildings all round, & roads, wide & straight, leading from it, and ^{little} trees & shrubs, planted three years ago, growing steadily. ~~And~~ The buildings include a University, or, as he should say, a Technical High School, and a Factory Kitchen, and a Block of Administrative Offices, & several Factory Schools, & many blocks of worker dwellings (some rather harracky, but others of original design with little porches and exceptionally many covered balconies.) But the best building of the lot is the New Worker Club. We went all over it. It is a dream of a Club! Modern style, plenty of windows, ^{part} three storeys plus a roof terrace for sunbathing. 43 rooms, some very large. One large lecture, one little lecture, one large lecture room, one large gymnasium, several library rooms, room for orchestral practice, for wireless, for pioneers, for *Infopanda*, three large

nurseries, with tiny tables & chairs, a hairdressing salon, a big
shooting gallery, a rest room, a medical examination room, ---
& three separate wide terraces for sunbathing, two on the
top roof & one on the roof below. And the Colosseum scheme
are a delight by audacity & variety. Colosseum was shown
a rough plan. One room was bright orange, another
reddish mauve, others green & blue. The staircase bright
yellow above a bright blue, with a red ceiling. It all
comes off surprisingly well. The plan, here as elsewhere, is
that the workers shall be housed & shall live communally,
close to their place of work.

We dine in a half open Restaurant in the public garden,
& spend some hours in these gardens afterwards. It is hot
& hot, the people are drunk & the women in particular
are quite well dressed. ~~Many~~ Many, the husband
regretted to observe, use lipstick. This is a community,
in which, I suppose, there is today a good deal of relative wealth.
The skilled metal worker gets about 400 wattle a
month, the unskilled labourer 80 to 90. This is roughly
the measure of the inequality which remains. Flowers are
sold in the street, & drinks, & violence, & lots of books,
- particularly about mathematics & engineering - in little
kiosks. Not here, as elsewhere, there are no postcard
workers buying.
Catch evening train for Reston just before midnight

Received 11/8

July 29th 62

All day in the train. In the afternoon see some coal pits, but one gets no real idea of the Donbas from the railway line. The pits I see look small.

Arrive at 7.20 at Morochakask. And there the train stands, hour after hour, in the station, no one knowing when we are going on. There may be some sort of breakdown or washaway further along the line. We all grow inarticulate & grim with boredom & fatigue. It is hot, stuffy & smelly. I hear mosquitoes about for the first time on this trip. W, hitherto very immune, is bitten all over the neck & body by a bug. We should have been in Rostov before midnight. But

July 30th

It is not till after it is light that the train moves on. We arrive about 7 am. There is no one from Intourist to meet us at the station. It is at such a moment that being without a guide - *nikapalka* is a nuisance! R is leaving us here, by pre-arrangement, & going to the Caucasus & the Crimea. The rest of us are, at this moment & for some hours later, determined to go straight back to Moscow - cutting out Dnieprostroi, (- we have seen enough 'stroy' to judge of their magnitude & reality) Kharkoff & Kiev.

But an Intourist car arrives after about 20 minutes, & when we have had a wash and

63
have eaten a breakfast of cold smoked ham, very
good omelette & salad, mainly cucumbers & sliced
onion, ~~found~~ on a large hotel balcony,
overlooking the main street of this distinctly
Southern town, we begin to revise our views. The
Intourist people here are capable & friendly.
Masha Chumac, if he appears here, will get it in
his neck, as he deserves, from the Intourist
people. We are now inclined to visit Verblan

tomorrow (Gigant is now broken up & sub-
divided) & leave for Kiev in the evening.
Today we laze, - it is hot & all round
more civilized. We do a male shopping
expedition, & buy Russian embroidered linen
~~shirts~~ shirts & frocks. I have got 4, 2 male
& 2 female. I think my wife fit rather well at
W.L. I hope you'll like them. Then we walk

in the public gardens. Very attractive & full of
sub-tropical things. Do you know the Vinegar
Tree? And what is the English for what the
French call "Carouges"? Great tall flowers,
some bright red, & some orange, with large
pinnate red leaves - the flowers themselves rather
like orchids. And battalions of tropical plants that
will unfold to us, when we shall come again.
Dark people great commoner. This is the North

Caucasians, also Armenians are beginning. We are 64
accompanied by a nice woman whose father was English,
though she has never been in England. She is
living here with her old mother, aged 74. She
can fetch, or send for, a good & cheap Sunday
meal from the Soviet Embassy's Club kitchen, (or
it could be eaten on the premises.)

It has been said down here employing one
domestic servant, like having Soviet State Board,
is not exploitation. They get plenty to eat, particularly
of bread, though not on the highest (manned workers)
scale. Children are healthy & well looked after.
Nearly all are Pioneers, & get a holiday camp of 1 1/2 to
2 months a year. The rate of pay is from 65 to 70
roubles a month for unskilled workers up to 600 to
700 for Russian specialists. ^{Christina can help in garden}
^{working only 2-3 hours.} ^{and money from up to 1000 roubles.}
Merrill & Boyle are here, & G. Haldane left yesterday.
He has gone to join N. Kirkelison who has
proceeded independently to Dniepropetrovsk.

July 31st.

W. O. & I leave the Hotel at 9.15 am, and go by car
to Ternograd, (Verkh), via the State Farm. We have
a good driver & a strong car. We cross the Don by
a ferry, & go bumping over the Steppe in the heat
for 3 hours. It is hot at last! While waiting
for the ferry we sit & sunbathe with our shirts
off.
At the Central Buildings we are taken round
by a little man who is a native of Zaria, served in

The Australian Navy, was sunk by a British Warship at ⁶⁵
the entrance to the Bocche di Cattaro, & was
a ship, equipped to USN & re-equipped to
USSR, four years ago.

W & O (was busy & talks for much about his
health) drop behind a bit, as we swell the row
the Agricultural Research Institute, the Women's
Club, (in charge of a young Cossack woman)
& the kitchen, & the Nursery, where noisy
engaging infants are having their siesta, and
so in the end to lunch. Two glasses of hot
milk, a large plate of cabbage soup, a piece
of meat, with a fried egg on the top, lots of ~~potatoes~~
fried potatoes, & bread, & a glass of tea.

We people like sponges! Then back as we came,
just missing a heavy thunderstorm. Great fields of
sunflowers (decorative, but poison for oil) & maize are still
standing. But all other crops are reaped. They have had
pretty good results. The livestock is in other "sections",
of which there are 9. One farm covers 280,000
acres. 5000 people live at the central section, & form a
little semi-urban unit. 60% of the land was never
ploughed till the farm was created. Water is rather
scarce, but saw another irrigation well being sunk.
Unskilled workers get 65-75 roubles a month, & the

average wage for pieceworkers (& all are on piece work 66
as far as possible) is 165 a month. We see a number of
the Stalinsk Tractors. Their life, if carefully handled, is
3 years. They are used for all tractor purposes, e.g. they
pull wagon loads of workers, being distant to their work.

This evening we go to a symphony concert in the
Gardens, - Borodin, Mussorgski & other Russian composers,
but nothing post-revolutionary. My companions, several
of whom are musical, would it superbly good. And I
enjoy it, in spite of black beetles, large & numerous. Last
night we heard a military band here, followed by a
series of dramatic, acrobatic & conjuring trunks.

Rostov will remain a happy memory. Crowds of
cheerful, moderately prosperous & contented looking people
to be seen in the streets. But we have given a miss to the
Selskoy when the Agricultural Machinery is made!

We part tonight from R. Now going to Kizhlovsk. A
very nice fellow, & a very lucky find. Postcards are
scarce & bad. I hope some of his photographs will make
up for this. He lives at West Hoathly Manor, Sussex,
but won't be home till October.

Leave by train at midnight. Sharing a coffee / 4
with our guide, friendly & competent, Mrs Nicolich.
Aug 19th

In the train Rostov-Kiev. Electric transmission going
up in various places to carry direct current.
The Ukraine is more thickly populated, & the earth certainly
a dark brown if not black.

I resorted late last night, & again today to small doses
of chlorodyne, - for the first time with a knife. And today

I eat little, & no meat or fish. It is admirable drug, of pleasant & the taste, & most soothing & tranquillizing to the tummy.

Aug 2nd

It is silly to take two weeks in the train doing so short a journey as Moscow - Kiev. The trains are, by our standards, snail slow. But this morning we arrive about 11 am. I am quite tranquillized internally.

Since leaving Moscow, we have spent 10 weeks in trains, 3 on the Volga boat & 7 in hotels. The transportation in trains is rather nice. But we are coming with sight of the end of our wanderings. To be in Moscow will, relatively, be a physical rest.

On arriving at Kiev, there is the not-uncommon misadventure of cars. We are kept waiting at the station for 3/4 hour. An American party of about a dozen also enter train, including a fishing lady who met me, she arrived at Geneva in 1930.

But the Hotel Continental when we reach it, is very out of date. I have a large, clean room to myself, with my own bathroom & W.C. (The advantages of the latter possession is immense. For people in this country shoot in all directions and rarely & never wait to pull the plug! Nor has a W.C. ever, ^{in hundreds} a window to be open in winter. These phenomena, interesting at first, become boring with repetition.)

We meet here G. Haldane, who has lost N. Mitchellson, who was last seen proceeding without a guide into the direction of the Crimea, & speaking no Russian.

Received 17/8. Kiev postmark.

He had interesting experiences visiting Skiatona, the pear
punch plant. Getting lost in a forest, & stuck for 4 hours
in a bog, & having to steer his car by the stars in
hazy country. At Dniepropetrovsk he was kept
waiting 8 hours at the railway station. I am glad
we missed his experience. But most & Vols, highly
efficiently at Rostov, & in some other places, are less
good elsewhere. Unproductivity, with one day, in doubt,
is treated as a sign of bourgeois ideology.

He found a blunt refusal to believe his statement that
last year in England the output of electrical energy increased
by 4%. One official statistician might say this, but it could
not be true in a capitalist country under present conditions.
An amusing parallel to the scepticism of Soviet statisticians, which
prevails in some quarters.

Last night one of the American women had a suitcase
removed from her carriage through an open window, & a
bed covering, the property of the Railway, was also snatched
away. So the injunction to shut windows at night is
not unreasonable.

Kiev is the most Western of Russian cities, far more
so than Moscow, & even than Leningrad. But it has a
multitude of gilded domes & crosses. It stands ^{in appearance} ~~in appearance~~ ^{in appearance} ~~in appearance~~
high above the Dnieper, though the ^{east} ~~east~~ ^{east} ~~east~~ part of the city
is on the river level. There are wide streets, & good
buildings & many trees & parks & gardens. From the highest
of these there is a great wide view. There is a sense
of maturity & peace & ancient civilisation here, but
not, as I had half expected, of decay. It is a very
pleasant city. The Poles keep a Consul here,

and Dave about in a car, showing the Polish flag. 69
There are said to be a certain number of Poles, now
Soviet citizens, living here, & as at Rostov there is
an ugly building, the so-called "Polish Cathedral" (R.C.)
still in action. There is no new industrialization, &
the administrative capital of the Ukraine has moved east to
Kharkoff. The population has hardly increased since
1914 and, as a result, there is said to be, relatively, no
housing shortage. (The city looks much better than it
was on the last visit in 1936.)
In the evening we go to the Opera & see the Russian
Ballet. Many of the performers are juniors. Rather
an uneven show, with a tendency to circus
acrobatics, & too many tunes. But some are very
good, particularly ~~see~~ a Tatar dance, and a Snake
dance, & a little piece, the Traitor, based on
Merislee.

Aug 3rd

O goes out to Moscow, a day ahead of W & me, longing
for his letters & the clean clothes he left at the
Embassy, & wanting to practice his Russian on
the train.

Call on Shenshet, the local representative of the
North American, & in the afternoon onto Kiev
Soviet. Motor out with W & Mrs W to the Lavra, a
lovely collection of buildings. Shown round by Prof
Morgilievski, learned & admiring the place, about which
he's writing a book. The Intimist, also, he hopes to edit.

X Notice on door in Russian, Ukrainian, Polish & Yiddish

A slow version of that beautiful place above Palermo, 70
where also we found an adoring & learned custodian.
He gave me some good photographs.

In the evening with W, S & Mrs IV to an open
air Bachinsky concert, in Garden park, overlooking
the Dnieper. Good music, an appreciative crowd,
(distinctly better looking than further East &
many wearing embroidered shirts, blouses & dresses).
The lights, both in the park & down below along
& beyond the river, are most attractive, & there are
no black beetles, as at Rostov. And there are jolly
open air cafes, & I see several little restaurants
in the street, where our Hotel, the Continental, lies,
- in which the cooking is the best so far. They
have taken on the chef who used to be on duty
on the Bain yacht! And I had a siesta
in the late afternoon without anything on, &
have been paddling about tonight in my spandex,
& have been wearing my cotton frock all
the time (or at any rate in Moscow!) G.H.,
who left today via Poland, & who have both been
a bit under the heat. But I have been,
touching wood as I write, extremely fit. And I
have quite fallen in love with Kiev.

No one could say here, as one of my companions
said in an exasperated moment somewhere else,
"well, this is a lousy ~~sort of~~ civilization."
But well, S says, made a sad blunder by
saying, quite sincerely, when brought up to see the
"dominate view." I had no idea of the existence of the
River Dnieper. S said "At any rate I had heard of the
Thames."

Received 11/8

Aug 4th 71

In the train Kiev-Moscow with W, an excellent travelling companion, & Bender, the Supreme friend of the Intomitt, a marvel of courtesy & competence. Dear Auntie N. Belich returns to Rostov, bearing with her a strong testimonial, a cake of toilet soap and my last two packets of raisins, all of which give her great pleasure.

Our departure from Kiev is delayed because the wagon lit, ~~the~~ which we had taken our seats in, found to be on fire, & had to be detached. Other rolling stock, slightly inferior, is substituted, & W & I have a coupe for two. It has two paths of patience covered & I spend several hours very happily with these, & quite forget I am in Russia.

Aug 5th

Arrive at Moscow, several hours late, at 11 am. At the New Moscow Hotel I have a room to myself, with a small sitting room, or better my own bath room & W.C., & a view across the river to the lovely Cathedral of Basil. Pick up letters, papers, baggage & washing at the Embassy & spend most of the afternoon & evening renewing contact with the West.

It is a pleasure to be quite alone for a change. Walk in the hot evening through the Red Square, drive in the Kremlin Garden & boat in the River.

Aug 6th 72

A day of rest, so no interviews with Russians possible. My bedroom window has time is further down, and I look straight out on the beautiful grounds of barbaric towers low ~~in the~~ across the Cathedral of St Basil.

Spend some hours in a Museum, containing Greek & Roman sculpture, & a not very good collection of miscellaneous pictures (some Corot's please me most) and a series of models & photographs illustrating the evolution of architectural forms, - Assyria, Egypt, Athens, suggested other families Sardinian style, Rome, Bohemia, Samarkand, & so to the moderns, ending up with Corbusier, Bruno Taut, etc.

In the ~~evening~~ evening for two hours in the Park of Culture & Rest witnessing the opening of the First All-Union Olympiad. An imposing display. A vast crowd of spectators, - taking a line from a football crowd at home I should say at least 40,000. March bands, & Red Army songsters, & a flood of flags, & a dirge withing over head, & a choir of several hundred young women, & speeches & exhortations for physical culture, & music, & "self-amusement - and - education" in workers' clubs. A great march past with banners & bands, - amid prolonged cheering.

A large Moscow detachment leading, followed by a Leningrad detachment, a Ukrainian detachment

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in national costumes, & also in the Caucasus,
& parties of Uzbeks & from Central Asians, - very
fit and pleased to be there, with dark skin &
gay clothes & funny musical instruments, - saw
a farmer from Magnitogorsk, with a little contingent
following it, and a party of miners & women from
the Donbass, and a company or two of the Red
Army. A great parade of proletarian pride,
& the young people, - the majority of it - look
very fit & lively. One crowd in the park, as we
make our way out, - additional to those who have
been watching the show, - are very dense. It gives
one a feeling of a Workers' State - an unshake-
able reality.

Earlier in the day, an interview with the
Head of the Ministry of Labour, who is most apologetic
about the Chumakov case. He will not act as a
guide any more, & it is to be re-examined but he will
appear as a ~~cautionary~~ cautionary item in a Wall
Newspaper!

May 7th

So with O & W to the Cathedral of Dragomirskij.
Mass with great pomp & display. W says he's sure
the State must be subsidizing it! More men
than women in the congregation, but mostly old
men, - many obviously private citizens' relatives.

many beggars & 10 lepers, pick-pockets. It is the 74
old men chiefly, even themselves. Some of the crowd,
I think, is there for idle curiosity, not worship.

Lunch at the Embassy. Strange in charge. Judicious
& detached in his views. Coping so well one future
Ambassador! His wife is not female top brass, but yet
quite in adequate. I from his view that the F.O. is
hard work, but missions abroad only whole soft
jobs. This visit based on Moscow only.

Afternoon visit to Ossiniski's Deputy. Not very
informative. After a time dimming returns
set in in interviews as in San Diego.

The Hotel is flooded this evening with
new English parties, including some people from
the R.A.C.S.

Aug 8th

Interview Narcontund (Kraval, Assistant Commissioner, a
good fellow) & Paton British Commercial Secretary.
Visit Vabek Exhibition. Very attractive.

Hotel is now intolerably overcrowded, especially at
meal times. Today arriving a contingent of British
journalists (including Bob, Kinsley, Martin Hamilton
Kyle & Meeks Brown - "Royal Observer"). I shall
see later tonight... I do. Also how! They are the
Guests of Intomist, which have given too much to eat
& drink. ~~It~~ It is over 90 in the shade, a most
then visitors are too hot. And therefore ---
more dining with Paton. More food & drink. So on
Narkomindel reception. And again
Final interviews. Pritts, etc arrive. Grissling. Night time
Linn - 820.

Received 17/8

Interesting fact about Q.

But heat, as a Frenchman who shares my coupee on
the train says, is éphémère!

Aug 10th

As the night passes, the heat diminishes, & it grows quite
cool in the small hours.

Yesterday I also developed a feverish temperature
& other accompaniments, & ate nothing from
3 pm onwards. But I have slept off the
temperature this morning, & keeping on a bare
diet today have renewed my grip on things.

Leningrad is much cooler than Moscow was.
Bullard, when I pay another visit, says
that the shade temperature in Moscow is
reported here to have touched 99 degrees
Fahrenheit! I borrow from the
English translation of a Hungarian Ivan Koch
"Siberian Javison" - not very good, but
with local touches that I know.

Aug 11th

I am quite fit again & eat a normal
breakfast. The boat goes this afternoon
between 4 & 6. These 5 weeks have been
a great adventure but to have stayed
longer would have added little, but discomfort.