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## A New Life in America

A few days after my interview with the American vice-consul in Offenbach I was informed that a military car would pick me up to take me to the Frankfurt airport from where I was to fly to the United States. On May 14, 1949 I left Frankfurt on a plane of the MATS (Military Air Transport Service) along with many officers and men on furlough. The sergeant who took me to the airport also gave me two dollars so that I could buy some food en route to the United States. During the night we stopped for several hours in the Azores for refueling and then continued our flight. We landed the next day at Westover Air Force Base near Springfield, Massachusetts. There I was received by a Red Cross official who showed me to my quarters for the night and gave me meal tickets for the messhall. The next morning I was flown to Washington, D.C. The same Red Cross official, when bidding me goodbye, said, "I suppose you still have a few dollars left for a snack during the flight." I replied, "No, I received only two dollars in Frankfurt and I spent them in the Azores." "Oh, how come?" he said, "The sergeant was supposed to give you ten dollars." I did not say anything; perhaps he was to give me ten dollars, but he gave me only two. In any case, the Red Cross official gave me another five dollars.

It was oppressively hot in Washington. As I left the airplane, it felt like walking into an oven. A young government employee took me in his car to the Hotel Brighton at the corner of California and Connecticut Avenues where I was to stay while working for the

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State Department. I registered at the hotel under an assumed name. I frequently went to the Library of Congress, probably the largest and richest library in the world, where I could find books necessary for my own research and for the reports which I was to write for the State Department. These reports concerned the sciences in the Soviet Union, the organization of universities and research institutes, and the internal political conditions, particularly the purges in universities and research institutes, many details of which remained unknown to Americans and other foreigners.

In Washington I saw Carmel Offie often. He had already returned from Germany and was working in Washington. He introduced me to his former boss, Ambassador William Bullitt, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation about Moscow and its policies. Mr. Bullitt was very skeptical about the Soviet Union and future relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. I also met Joseph E. Davies, who had also been in Moscow and spoke excellent Russian and was married to a Russian. He was a well-educated person and I was later sorry to hear that he had fallen victim to the McCarthy purges. My most interesting and important acquaintance at that time in Washington was Gustav Hilger, a former councillor to the German ambassador to the Soviet Union. A German born in Moscow, he spoke the elegant Russian of pre-revolutionary Moscow, widely regarded as the finest Russian dialect. He had been brought to the United States in order to help with plans for a future German government, which by the time of my arrival had already been formed under Konrad Adenauer. The existence of the Adenauer government was to a large extent the result of Hilger's activities. He was a brilliantly educated and intelligent person who knew the Soviet Union better than anyone else—even better than I—because while stationed in Moscow, he had gathered much information in meetings with Molotov and many other Soviet officials. I became good friends with the Hilgers and visited them several times in Bonn after their return to Germany.

The famous Mongolist, Father Antoine Mostaert, a member of the Belgian monastic order of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (C.I.C.M.) lived in Arlington, Virginia. Though we had

never met we had corresponded regularly from the early 1920s almost until the outbreak of World War II. Our first meeting was very cordial and we had many things to tell each other. I am very proud of our friendship because Mostaert was the greatest Mongolist of our time.<sup>1</sup> Besides, he was friendly, just and helpful, and his impeccable character made him a distinguished member of his religious congregation. When he learned that I had to leave all my books and materials behind in Leningrad, he instantly gave me a copy of each of his publications, among them many of those which he had already sent me many years earlier in Leningrad. That was the start of my own library in the United States. Very soon thereafter I also received offprints and copies of publications of other prominent scholars, first among them Gustav John Ramstedt, the great explorer of Mongolian languages and the founder of the comparative study of the so-called Altaic languages.<sup>2</sup> My friend Professor Erich Haenisch in Germany also sent me some books.<sup>3</sup> Father Louis M. J. Schram, who lived in the same mission house in Arlington as his fellow Fleming Mostaert, also gave me his publications and I could also count him among my friends.<sup>4</sup> I should also mention Francis W. Cleaves, professor at Harvard University, who from the very beginning of my life in America started a lively correspondence, sent me offprints of his publications and even photostats of various ancient Mongolian documents which had never been published.<sup>5</sup> I identified one of them as a brief Mongolian version of the Alexander Romance, and I published it in 1957.<sup>6</sup> For reasons unclear to me, Cleaves eventually stopped sending me offprints, acknowledging receipt of what I sent him and even answering letters. I became afraid that I might have displeased him somehow but, as it soon became evident, my fears were unfounded because Cleaves also broke off all contacts with Mostaert, Schram, and Henry Serruys, C.I.C.M., another outstanding Mongolist.<sup>7</sup>

It was very heartening to acquire such friends in a new and strange country. Actually it was the first time after a long period that I could acquire new friends because in the Soviet Union my only friends were my former classmates. One had to be suspicious of everyone so that new friendships were risky for both parties. A

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Russian anecdote illustrates this condition quite well. Once a man went to his physician who asked him, "Do migraines frequent you very often?" "Oh, no," the patient replied, "no one ever frequents us and we don't visit others either."

My stay in Washington passed very quickly. I was fortunate to see many interesting places, like art galleries, monuments, and museums, but I was also very busy. I had to write many reports and answer questions about conditions in the Soviet Union. I was also asked to present several lectures on Mongolia, Sinkiang, and adjoining regions. In the summer of 1949 I went by train to New York for a few days to see the chief of the Russian division of the Voice of America. He was the former Soviet brigadier general A. Barmin who looked rather young and was an interesting conversationalist. He briefly told me about his life and also gave me a copy of his book *One Who Survived* which describes his escape from the Soviet Union.<sup>8</sup> During the years of the Great Purge, 1937-39, he was ambassador to Greece, when one day he was summoned home. He decided to defect because he had known many others who had returned to Moscow only to be arrested and disappear forever. Among many other topics, we discussed the program of the Voice of America. Since I had just come from Germany where there were many Russian refugees, Barmin wanted to know whether they listened to the Voice of America and what they thought of it. I gave him my opinion that some programs were of absolutely no interest to refugees, such as stories about Eleanor Roosevelt's daily routine. Barmin listened attentively and agreed with me that some improvements in the program were in order.

I used my time in New York to do some sightseeing. I went to the New York Public Library, the Metropolitan Art Museum, Central Park, and other famous landmarks. The opulence of the libraries and museums impressed me greatly, but at the same time I was amazed to see the squalid slums of Harlem and other parts of Manhattan. As I was to discover later, life in any large American city—New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles—is most unpleasant. I simply could not understand how such appalling slums could possibly exist in the wealthiest country in the world. I had never seen such filth, decay, and poverty in any Russian or West European cities.

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Soon after my return to Washington I left the Hotel Brighton and rented a small apartment at 3068 Canal Street in Georgetown. I had to get in touch with Professor George Taylor at the University of Washington, who had invited me to go to Seattle, but as long as I stayed at the Brighton under an assumed name I could not do so. I wrote to Professor Taylor who promptly replied and urged me to arrive in Seattle before September 15 when students would start consulting professors about their courses. Taylor added that the president of the University of Washington, Dr. Raymond Allen, would soon be in Washington and visit me. Indeed, Dr. Allen came very soon, and we had a long and cordial conversation. I have ever since had a very high opinion of Allen. He held both a Ph.D. and an M.D. degree and, in contrast to all of his successors, he had an abiding interest in East Asia and Russia. He came to our department very often and knew everyone personally. Unfortunately he soon left the University of Washington to become president of the University of Southern California. His successors were Henry Schmitz, professor of forestry, Charles Odegaard, a classicist, and at the time of my retirement, John Hogness, a medical doctor. They were good administrators but never showed the slightest interest in Asian Studies and did not know anybody in the field. Schmitz, for example, once greeted me at a reception by saying, "I'm so glad to see you again. Didn't we meet in the chemistry department some weeks ago?"

I was very happy to return to my scholarly and teaching activities, but it took considerable effort because I had not taught Mongolian and Central Asian subjects since 1943. After a six-year interruption I had to prepare for the following courses at the University of Washington: Introduction to Mongolian, Classical Mongolian, Mongolian texts, the history of Mongolian literature and Mongolian nomadic civilization, and graduate seminars on the ᠬᠦᠫᠤᠰᠤᠭᠤᠯᠠ script and Middle Mongolian. I was also asked to help in the Russian program with courses on Russian syntax and the comparative grammar of Slavic languages. It was a very heavy teaching load of fifteen to sixteen hours spread over a five day week.

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In this connection I must say that an American university professor looked to me then more like a high school teacher. He had to spend much time in the classroom because homework was almost nonexistent. Students were not always, at least in 1949-50, sufficiently prepared for university study. Once when giving a phonetic transcription of Mongolian I wrote  $\gamma$  on the blackboard. "What's this?" one of the students asked. I said, "This is the Greek letter gamma which you probably had in trigonometry in high school." "Oh, no," he informed me, "I never took any trig." Thus I learned for the first time, to my utter amazement, that American high school students were permitted to choose their own subjects, with the result that they often skipped the most important ones. I also found some students to be rather immature. One of them repeatedly mispronounced a certain Mongolian word, and finally I said, "I have corrected you several times. Can't you remember that the word is pronounced this way?" His reaction was quite unexpected. "I don't care how this word is pronounced." I said, "I'm sorry, but don't blame me when you go to Mongolia and people will not understand you." The implications of my remark finally dawned on him and he apologized for his earlier remark. I am absolutely sure that it was not his fault but that of the wretched high school education he had received.

Several years later I had a quite unusual experience. Among my students was a girl of eighteen or nineteen years of age. She had enormous difficulty in studying Mongolian, and I wondered why she had enrolled in the course. She did not have the faintest idea about declension or conjugation even in English, had never heard of a genitive case or a participle, and so I had to teach her basic grammar. One day she came with an elderly gentleman who introduced himself as her father and asked me for permission to sit in on my class. I had no objections, and after class he said, "Professor, this is just too difficult. Can't you teach the language without grammar?" I said, "You can, of course, learn a language without studying its grammar if you live in a country where the language is spoken. When you study it at a university, however, you must first master its basic structure." His reply was that his daughter would drop my course.

I learned that at the root of this problem lay the fact that language study (except for classical languages, French and German) was relatively new in the United States. Even Harvard did not teach Russian until 1920, and the following, possibly apocryphal, anecdote highlights this problem. At the turn of the century German was to be introduced at a certain remote provincial university when one of the regents objected, "Why should we teach German? After all, our Lord Jesus Christ wrote the Holy Scriptures in plain English. Why should we bother with foreign languages?" This is only an anecdote but not all that far removed from the true state of affairs as I found it around 1950. Another anecdote concerns a university where Polish was to be introduced. When the professor arrived for his first class, he found the classroom crammed full of students. Naturally he was pleasantly surprised to find so many students interested in Polish, but after he made a few introductory remarks about the Polish language, he overheard a student mutter, "Gosh, this seems to be about some language." The professor asked him what he thought the course would be about, and the student answered that he had wanted to learn about polish.

These anecdotes, however, should not be interpreted to mean that all my students were naive and childish. On the contrary, some of them were excellent. For instance, John R. Krueger is presently professor at Indiana University. Another was James E. Bosson, now professor at Berkeley. Robert A. Rupen is teaching at the University of North Carolina and has written books on Mongolian history. Another brilliant student of mine was David Farquhar who later became professor at the University of California at Los Angeles. I also had an excellent Mongolian student, Pao Kuo-yi, in Mongolian Ünensechin, who came from Taiwan to get his degree and is now teaching at the University of California at Los Angeles. I also had some excellent Japanese students, like Hidehiro Okada who is now a professor in Tokyo. I should add that my classes were also attended by some prominent scholars, like Li Fang-kuei, a full member of the Academia Sinica and a scholar of world-wide reputation, who was my colleague in the Far Eastern department and who honored me by regularly showing up in my classes and taking Mongolian linguistics.

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As a full-time faculty member, I naturally had to attend faculty meetings. I found out, however, rather soon that mostly minor matters, such as grants to students and leaves of absence, were discussed at those meetings. Important problems, such as the hiring of new professors, were often not discussed at all but were solved by the chairman himself. This explains the appearance of some new members who were of little use. I will return to this problem later.

Some meetings were devoted to promotions of faculty members. These promotions were obviously carried out rather arbitrarily, not only in the Far Eastern but also in other departments. For example, in the Department of Romance Languages there was a talented young associate professor named Politzer. His department always turned him down for promotion to full professor, and then Harvard hired him as full professor.

In the Far Eastern and Slavic department, some faculty members who published very little, were easily and readily promoted. On the other hand, there was a scholar who had arrived as a refugee from Russia soon after the revolution. He had published several books which might not have been brilliant but were useful to students. He remained an associate professor until his very last year as an active faculty member, and only then was he promoted to full professor.

Another example was a scholar of Russian literature who remained an associate professor until he was invited as a full professor to one of the East Coast universities. Such practice became routine. I remember that whenever the names of these two professors came up in those promotion meetings, the chairman merely looked at the assembled faculty members and said: "I suppose we vote our usual no." This practice continued until I retired in 1968.

All in all, I can look back at my nineteen years of teaching at the University of Washington with considerable satisfaction. However, the lamentable fact of general illiteracy in the United States cannot be dismissed lightly. Most students made numerous spelling errors in English. I even received letters with spelling errors from university offices. Thus the secretary of a certain university once

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sent me a letter thanking me for my "patients" in waiting for their answer. I also saw a note written by a professor to his typist who was retyping my manuscript, urging her to complete the job as fast as possible because I was an "imminent" scholar. To my great dismay I must say that such things are utterly impossible at Soviet and European universities.

I was occasionally asked to give talks to students and professors about the Soviet Union. Most of them understood me well, but some colleagues made very naive comments. Thus when I mentioned the lack of political freedom, freedom to read foreign newspapers of one's own choice and, above all, the obligatory study by all of Marxism-Leninism, one professor retorted that absolute freedom did not exist anywhere, and in order to back up his claim he pointed out that in the United States one had to stop at intersections when the traffic light was red. This was, of course, a good example of confusing the lack of political freedom with measures serving the interests of all. Another example of such confusion concerns academic freedom, which is vigorously safeguarded in the United States, and political freedom. A scholar should be free to be, say, a Darwinist or a Mendelian in genetics, or to be a follower or opponent of Chomski in linguistics. His political views or membership in whatever political organizations should be entirely separate matters.

Unfortunately, true *academic* freedom, freedom to adhere to a scholarly theory of one's own choice, is often lacking in American universities, and scholars who do not comply with currently fashionable theories have little chance at a university. This makes an American university somewhat like a Soviet university: in the Soviet Union it is Marxism, in the United States it is, say, a currently obligatory method in linguistics. All of this I learned later.

To return to my first academic year at the University of Washington, I should say that at the very end of January 1950 I received a letter from Ramstedt (Illus. 21). It was his last letter to me, for he died on November 2 of that year. I treasure this letter as a precious memento. His kind and flattering words about me make his letter as valuable to me as an honorary degree from a highly respected learned body. Therefore I reproduce it here in full (Illus. 22).

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Illus. 21. Gustav John Ramstedt

Sometime toward the end of 1951, Professor Taylor asked me to come to his office where he introduced me to a Mr. Benjamin Mandel. Professor Taylor told me that Mandel was interested in learning something about Mongolia and that he would like to have a chat with me. The next day Mandel came to my apartment and asked me a number of questions about the Mongolian People's Republic, such as its international position and political organization. I told him that Mongolia was formally an independent nation but in reality a satellite of the Soviet Union. I told him about the Comintern and its role in Mongolia before World War II. He also asked questions

Helsinki. 10/1 1950.

To Dr. N. Poppe, Seattle, U. S. A.

Dear Colleague,

I thank you of all my heart for the letters you sent me, and most of all for the knowledge I got about that, that you now are in full safety and able to continue the working in linguistics, that you started so splendidly in your younger days.

I remember well the personal meeting with you that I had years ago in L.-gr. and your kind sympathy with Finland's right to live as independent country. You may not be able to understand and feel the awful worry I - and most of the members of our F.H. Society - were carrying in their heart when we did not know whether you were alive or not at the time the communist army had entered Berlin. After about a year hence that date I got through prof. E. Haenschel news that you lived and in the American Zone, but in difficulties nevertheless. Our thoughts touched often the question how to help you in your bad fate. It seems quite impossible to call you to Finland, where you have many friends; that would have been a very dangerous risk as it is proved later on by facts. At present the Finnish authorities are again at this:

Illus. 22. Ramstedt's Last Letter to the Author

Gromyko (and whole Soviet-power) demands 300 persons said to be in Finland, to be delivered for punishment as enemies to Soviet; most of those on the list from Estonia, Ingmarland and Karelia and some have never been subjects to a Soviet State; one has also killed him out of fear, of course. People who have - as far as known done nothing against Finnish law should be delivered as prisoners to Soviet, that's what is demanded now. Earlier it was a <sup>custom</sup> common to all civilized countries to accept fugitives who sought protection, if the whole cause was difference in political questions. That right to protection both Lenin and Stalin have received when the Tsar-regime was looking after them. Yes, it is something dreadful that demand for delivery of innocent people; some of them are twice years Finnish citizens; the list of these 300 is kept secret here and our authorities are trying their best to help the victims - out of the country, I have heard. Hard time are still ahead. - - -

I think you have already received my last book "Studies in Korean Etymology". It is not a book such as I intended it to be. There is no preface and no phonetical explanation about the older and later sound changes. But I will give some details in a following book, *Einführung in die Altaische Sprachforschung* (or -wissenschaft) which is almost ready in <sup>typed</sup> manuscript. I hope to have it clear for print by the end of this year. - My "A Korean Grammar" is selling well and I suppose mostly to U.S.A. because the South of Korea is under American control. Some Americans want to learn a little

about that language also. — I can't complain my books and articles are sent abroad & often, more than most of F.U.S.'s publications. And the Society (whose president I now am, since 1938) is very kind against my person: I have to live with my family on the official pension (17,000 a month) while any workman, carpenter, or day-laborer, from 40 to 70 thousand a month; the Society (Director) gives me 15,000 a month as gratification to his part.

Yesterday I had a letter from A. v. Gabain. She says it is for her like starting anew with Turkish studies when she reads my "Studies in Korean". But it seems that she is hesitating in believing, for instance, the sinokorean Kam 'inspector (director) of ceremonies' is gam 'shaman'. She finds it strange when skor. Ka 'house, family' is the <sup>base</sup> of türk. Kadai 'a relation' and that gaten 'hus' also is from sinokorean source. It is quite recently, J. Németi wrote that mo-ti-tay, Tayri can't be a Chinese loan and compared it with Sumerian diĝir (dinir) 'heaven' (suggested by H. Peders Børd as the Ki-tans the Lembi's and others have been in contact with the Korean (Ko-rye, Ko-ku-rye and Tiao-tse = Choson), in very early times and there was a beginning civilization developed in South-Manchuria, (at its height in 400-500 p. Chr.); there can be no doubt about prehistorical contacts between the ancestors of the Koreans and those of the Mongols.

As it is now, with the stage where the Mongolian and Turkish studies have reached I think the study of Korean is apt to help to go on farther and clear up many problems. — You are now, I think, in a position and living in a place where you have opportunities enough to try to make acquaintance with Koreans and to penetrate in their mythical language (mythical because it is hidden behind Chinese), which can't have

any original source in the Tibeto-Chinese group of languages. You are still young and capable to much and I hope you - whom I consider my best disciple and my follower, when I am out for ever - I hope you will turn your attention to the Korean question and continue what I have tried to start. I am sickly already - my urinary organs are out of normal order, the ailing of ~~the body~~ <sup>the body</sup> and don't think I have many years more to live. This year I am 77 and my wife is 74. That is much already.

There is in Korea now a Cōsen E. hak<sup>hwa</sup> (Korean Language-Society), which edits a big Cōsen mal khin sa keu (Cōsen-language-big-dictionary) in 6 volumes, 2 of which already are out, printed on the costs of Rockefeller Foundation, I suppose. I have got those 2 volumes and through the Rockefeller Funda I was asked to give some opinion about the "scholarship" of this big enterprise. It is as in Korean and with a quite new, reformed orthography in Korean letters. I admire the immense work there is done to collect all the content it has; but for linguistic purposes it is dangerous to rely on the new orthography. In South Korea 'language' is mal, and 'horse' is also mal; the old orthography had different ai (mal 'horse' mal 'speech'). the new orthography has abolished the difference; but in North (Vladivostok and Manchuria) there is ma<sup>or</sup> mo 'horse' and mal 'speech'. The exploration of value must keep to a dialect or such dialects, where -r- is heard after vowels and where -ti-, -di-, -thi- are heard for kor. ci, ji, ci; "runseika" is in North (in its older shape) tsūru thānin tsa, but in South tsūril tsūnan tsa ("line-beating ell"). There has been

a difference between ta, ŕa, ca, ča which still is kept up in the Northern dialects, ~~where~~ the Southern has ŕio, ča and čia as ča (čā). - Therefore it will be necessary to keep to dialects spoken as North as possible, - the are older and more reliable. That is what I should like you to keep in mind, if you meet Koreans in Seattle or elsewhere.

I send my best greetings to you and your family, and hope you will have a good and carefree future on your new post and position. Best wishes! Good luck! - Greetings from many of your Finnish friends!

yours truly

G. John Ramstedt

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regarding the Institute of Pacific Relations, but I had little information about it. He thanked me and left.

In early 1952 I received a letter from the Senate Committee on the Judiciary and Internal Security of the Congress of the United States requesting that I go to Washington in early February and testify before the committee on matters relating to Chinese Communism, the situation in Mongolia and activities of the Institute of Pacific Relations and other learned institutes in the United States doing research on Mongolia. I participated in a public hearing held by the committee on February 12, 1952. The meeting was opened by Senator Arthur V. Watkins. Then I was asked about my activities in the Soviet Union and the political climate there during my time. He was particularly interested in learning about Chinese and other Asian Communists training in the Soviet Union. I testified about various schools for training Communists in Asia, such as KUTV, the Communist University of the Toilers of the East, and Sun Yat-sen University, both in Moscow, and Tolmachov Political Academy in Leningrad. Next I was questioned about Mongolia, and I explained that country's dependency on the Soviet Union and the NKVD's activities in Mongolia. Finally the committee got around to the main subject: they asked me whether I knew Owen Lattimore. I had never met him but, of course, knew his books. When I was asked whether his characterization of Mongolia as a free and independent country was true, I unfortunately had to answer that this was not quite so. Soon more embarrassing questions were asked: Why is Lattimore giving a false picture of Mongolia? Is he not a secret Communist? Does he not want to mislead public opinion? The only response I could give to any of these questions was, "I don't know." When asked about the quality of Lattimore's writings on Mongolia, I expressed my view that some of them, like *Situation in Asia* and *Solution in Asia*, were superficial due to his lack of knowledge of the true situation in the Mongolian People's Republic which was closed to foreigners.

Some weeks after my return to Seattle, I received a letter from Lattimore in which he thanked me for not accusing him of secret Communist membership, willful deception of public opinion,

and other charges hurled at him by others. He did, however, take exception to my calling his writings superficial. I understand what he means by independence, namely that Mongolia has not been part and parcel of any other nation since 1921. My point, however, was that Mongolia did and still does not have the freedom to conclude agreements with other countries of its own choice or even the relatively innocuous freedom to decide on its own whether to send its scholars to international congresses. A good example of Mongolia's lack of independence was offered in 1964 when the International Congress of Orientalists convened in Ann Arbor, Michigan. At first, the Mongols profusely thanked the organizers for the invitation and sent a list of their delegates and papers to be presented. A month later the Soviet Academy of Sciences refused to participate because of "imperialist aggression in Vietnam," and several days later a similar letter came from the Mongolian Academy of Sciences.

I agree that it is unpleasant to be labeled as the author of superficial statements, but under the circumstances prevailing at those hearings in Washington it was the least harmful thing I could have said. Therefore I regard it as unkind of Lattimore to call me an SS officer in one of his later books.<sup>9</sup>

As I explained in Chapter 9, the Wannsee Institute in Berlin where I was assigned to work in 1943 was a branch of the Stiftung für Länderkunde (Geography Foundation) which, in turn, was an SS organization. However, I was not a member of the SS and, as a foreigner, could not have easily become one. My colleagues at the University of Washington urged me to do something against this accusation. Consequently, I asked the archival office of the Federal Republic of Germany to certify, on the basis of the files of the Wannsee Institute, that I had not been a member of the SS. The archival office replied that whereas all SS members working at that institute are listed together with their SS ranks, I am always referred to as "professor" and "reader" (in German Referent). Moreover, in the section on membership in the NSDAP, there is only a dash after my name whereas party membership of some other employees is indicated after their names. I reproduce the letter

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here as proof that I have never been an officer in the SS nor a member of the Nazi party (Illus. 23).

All in all, Lattimore's case was rather unpleasant. It reminded me of what I had witnessed on a larger scale in the Soviet Union. To be sure, there were certain differences: in the Soviet Union, scholars were sent to concentration camps, but in the United States Lattimore was merely hounded out of his own country. His case should never have happened because under the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, Lattimore had the right to express any opinions, even controversial ones. It should be added that the Lattimore case involved *academic* freedom but this aspect of it was not generally taken seriously. Fortunately the investigation was discontinued when Eisenhower became president.

In 1952 I remarried. My new wife was the former Edith O. Ziegler, the daughter of one of my father's colleagues at the Tsarist Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Karl V. Ziegler, and she had been one of my childhood friends. She had escaped from Petrograd to Finland in 1920, and soon after my arrival in Berlin in 1943, I met her again. She visited Nataliya and me several times. Marriage necessitated the purchase of a home of our own. The house I bought was small and inexpensive because my meager salary had to support both of my sons who were studying in Europe. Valerian had just enrolled as a geology student at Trinity College in Dublin, and Nicholas was attending the School of Oriental and African Studies of London University. Besides, when I first arrived in the United States in 1949, I had to borrow some money to travel from Washington to Seattle, and at the time of my marriage I was still paying off my debts. To help me out Edith worked as a nurse for six years at Providence Hospital in Seattle.

I incurred these debts because the university did not pay my fare from Washington to Seattle, although I later learned that the Far Eastern and Slavic department did pay the fare for several other new professors. I also became indebted because the university did not pay me my first half-month salary until October 1, even though I had to be on campus at the beginning of September. When I arrived in Seattle I discovered that there was a project on the "Asian mode

# BUNDESARCHIV

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KOBLENZ, den 18. Februar 1963  
Am Wöllershof 12  
Postfach 320  
Fernruf 3411; Ornametkennzahl 0261  
Fernschreiber 086816

Herrn  
Prof. Dr. Nikolaus Poppe  
University of Washington  
Far Eastern Department

S e a t t l e 5, Washington  
USA

Auf Ihr Schreiben vom 9.2.1963 an Herrn Oberarchivrat Teske.

Sehr geehrter Herr Professor!

Einige, allerdings unvollständige Akten der Gruppe VI G des Reichssicherheitshauptamtes, der sog. Reichsstiftung für Länderkunde, sind im vorigen Jahr von den USA an das Bundesarchiv übergeben worden. Speziell Sie betreffende Vorgänge sind darin nicht enthalten, wohl aber einige Aufstellungen der Angehörigen der unterstellten Institute. Dazu gehört ein Verzeichnis

illus. 23. Letter from the Archives of the Federal Republic of Germany

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der Belegschaft des Wannsee-Instituts nach dem Stand vom 4.12. 1943, in der bei den 10 Mitarbeitern, die SS-Ränge bekleideten, diese angegeben sind, während es bei Ihnen lediglich heißt: "Prof. Dr. Poppe, Nikolaus, 8.8.1897". In einem Schreiben von VI G an den Beauftragten für Ausweichquartiere vom 14.6.1944 sind alle Mitarbeiter des Ostasieninstituts aufgeführt, für die Unterkunft gesucht wurde; Sie werden darin bezeichnet als "Referent im Institut". Schließlich ist noch ein von Ihnen selbst ausgefüllter Personalfragebogen vom 13.4.1944 vorhanden. Darin haben Sie bei den Fragen über Mitgliedschaft in der NSDAP und ihren Gliederungen jeweils einen Strich gemacht und als Ihre Stellung im Institut "Referent" angegeben. Daß Sie also der SS nicht angehört haben, dürfte damit erwiesen sein.

In den USA haben sich die genannten Akten, die auch einigen Aufschluß über die Tätigkeit des Ostasien-Instituts und der Gruppe VI G bieten, bei der World War II Records Division in Alexandria/Va. in Record Group 1010 unter der Signatur 173 - b - 20 - 05/20 befunden. Es ist anzunehmen, daß sie vor der Rückgabe im Auftrag der American Historical Association veröffentlicht wurden und ein Mikrofilm unter Angabe der Signatur sowohl von Ihnen wie von Mr. Lattimore vom Nationalarchiv, Exhibits and Publications Branch, Washington 25., D.C., bezogen werden könnte.

Mit vorzüglicher Hochachtung  
Im Auftrag



(Dr. Miller)

of production" to which I shall return later. A substantial grant had been obtained, and a number of persons were working on that project. The department could have employed me, but did not, as a temporary researcher for the month of September and paid me a salary. This lack of generosity put me in a very difficult position. I was a refugee and did not have anything, so that I had to borrow money to pay for food and other necessities and rent a room on credit.

I have never been treated generously by the University of Washington. My salary in 1949-50 was a little more than \$5,000. After taxes and other deductions, only about \$4,000 remained. This amount was inadequate because I had to support two sons abroad and pay for their tuition and all living expenses. As neither I nor they were American citizens, I could not claim income tax deductions for them. Consequently, Edith's salary was an important supplement.

In this connection, I would like to point out that at the University of Washington salaries were not paid according to a fixed schedule as in Germany and the Soviet Union. Instead, salaries were determined by the heads of departments. Whether they acted fairly or not is anyone's guess. I, for one, can say that my salary was always among the lowest of full professors' salaries. During my last year of active service, 1967-68, I received \$18,000. At that time, those who were often referred to as "the inner circle" received between \$22,000 and \$24,000 although, from a scholarly point of view, I do not think that they were superior to me.

I was not the only one who did not belong to the most favored group. The outstanding Chinese scholar, the late Hsiao Kung-ch'üan, always received one of the lowest salaries paid to full professors. Li Fang-kuei, another eminent Chinese scholar, was similarly slighted until he finally asked for an interview with the then president, Charles Odegaard, and got the latter's permission to by-pass the head of the department and deal directly with him.

Such great differences in salaries grew even larger under Taylor's successors. In 1980-81, for example, the highest salary of a full professor in the Department of Asian Languages was \$47,000 whereas the lowest salary, a mere \$27,000, was given to Professor

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Paul Serruys, C.I.C.M., internationally recognized as one of the top scholars in Sinology. I am mentioning Professor Serruys's name with his permission.

In this connection I would like to say a few words about my impression of American living standards. When I arrived in Washington, D.C. in May 1949 I was amazed to see the stores crammed with an abundance of goods. After twenty-five years in the Soviet Union, where stores were empty and most commodities could not be obtained at any price, and several more years of acute shortages in war-torn Germany, it was hard to believe one's eyes when seeing this veritable cornucopia. Another pleasant change awaiting me was the politeness of sales personnel; in the Soviet Union, it had always been "I'm alone and you are many; can't you wait?" or "If you don't like it, get out of here!" but now I heard, "Yes, sir," and "Thank you, sir." What surprised me most about life in the United States, however, was that one could buy many things on credit. Thus in 1952 we bought a \$5,000 house with a down payment of only \$500, and when we sold it in 1956 and bought a better one for \$10,000, the down payment again was only ten per cent. We also bought furniture on credit.

I soon discovered, however, that the quality of merchandise was often below pre-war standards. Many houses for sale, especially the newer ones, were poorly insulated, typewriters wore out much faster than those in pre-war Europe, and cameras were not as good as those manufactured by Zeiss. Later it became common knowledge that Japanese tape recorders were superior to those produced in the United States, and Japanese cars became strong competitors to American cars. The obvious problem is quality.

I was much taken by the people's friendliness. It was not only sales clerks who were friendly but people in general. Across the street from our first home lived a certain Mr. Christianson whose job was replacing old utility poles for the city light company. One day he came to us with a truckload of discarded utility poles which he had sawed down to a size suitable for fireplace logs. They were cedar and burned excellently. This was Mr. Christianson's way of welcoming newcomers to his neighborhood. In the streets motorists

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would stop and offer me a lift and passers-by greeted me with a cheerful "Good morning" or "Good evening," often adding, "Isn't it a beautiful day?" to which I could only reply equally politely, "It is gorgeous!"

I was also greatly impressed by the people's honesty. Once I was returning from the cleaners with a large parcel of freshly laundered shirts. I stopped in the street to tie my shoelaces, placing the parcel on a trash can. After I had resumed my walk and gone on for about ten minutes, at least half a mile, I suddenly remembered that I had left the parcel behind. I retraced my steps and found my parcel still lying on the trash can. This would have been absolutely impossible in the Soviet Union where the parcel would have been stolen the moment I left it behind and where you even had to guard your wash on the clothesline or else the wet wash would have been stolen right off the line. Such honesty as I found in the United States in 1949-1951 I had witnessed in only two other countries, Finland and Mongolia. Something more interesting happened quite recently. In March 1980, I gave my slacks which I had not worn since February 1979 when Edith died, to the cleaners. Another year went by, and in July 1981 I put them on and noticed something attached to the inside of my back pocket with a safety pin. When I took it out, I found four 500-Deutsche Mark bills wrapped in a piece of German newspaper. Then I remembered that I had worn those slacks on my return flight from Germany. Edith's illness and her subsequent death made me completely forget that I had put that unspent money into my pocket when I was in Germany. The slacks with almost \$1,000 went to the cleaners who, after discovering the money, neatly secured it to the inside of the back pocket with a safety pin. Times change, of course, and the crime rate has increased enormously since 1949, but the case of my cleaners is proof that honesty has not died out. One reads from time to time in the papers that somebody found a parcel containing somebody else's life savings and returned it to the owner.

The two houses we lived in since our wedding in October 1952 were small and modest but they were our own. I am sure that many Americans took a home of their own for granted, but for those of us

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who had come from the Soviet Union, where we had lost all our property, by way of war-torn Germany, a home of our own was something out of this world. I need not add that no "Black Maria" ever stopped at our house in the dead of night to take us to the secret police for interrogation about allegedly subversive activities.

Returning to the University of Washington, I should say that I was greatly impressed with American campuses. In Russia, Germany, and many other European countries, universities are housed in a few large buildings containing all or most departments. For example, the old St. Petersburg University consisted of one long, eighteenth-century building to which later, in the early 1900s, were added two modern buildings housing physical and chemical laboratories. There was no park surrounding the university. American campuses, patterned after those in Great Britain, are different. The University of Washington is situated in a large park containing numerous buildings of the same architectural style as well as some newer modernistic buildings. On clear days there is a beautiful view from campus; when standing at the fountain near the administration building one can see Mount Rainier in the far distance. I was also impressed by the Berkeley campus, Harvard University with its colonial-style buildings, Indiana University, and the University of Colorado with its beautiful pink buildings in Spanish-Mexican style. True, some libraries lacked many important books in my fields, but the equipment of the laboratories, the faculty clubs with excellent food, and the students' recreational buildings, such as the HUB of the University of Washington or the Student Union Building of Indiana University, surpassed the imagination of anyone who had been accustomed to the drab Soviet or barrack-like German universities. After I had migrated to the United States, Moscow received a new university, housed in a giant, wedding cake-like building. It is not drab but certainly in poor taste.

What also impressed me greatly was that all professors had their own offices in which they could keep their books and do their research. No professor in the Soviet Union or even in Germany has his own office where he can work all by himself without being disturbed by anyone. Moreover, one was free to choose his subject

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of research. There was no team work, no "socialist competition," and not even deadlines. There was no obligatory state-enforced theory or ideology, such as Marxist methodology. True, some southern states forbade the teaching of Darwin's theory of evolution, uncomfortably akin to the prohibition of Mendelian genetics in the Soviet Union. However, this excrescence on an otherwise free science did not affect or bother me.

Rich people are of two kinds: some are generous or even extravagant, others are miserly. America could be compared to the former. Waste could be seen everywhere. Generally speaking, during the time from World War II to the early 1970s, American universities and individual scholars received very generous grants from various foundations. I can write, of course, only about the University of Washington and specifically about the Far Eastern and Russian Institute, a research body, and the Department of Far Eastern and Slavic Languages and Literatures whose task was teaching. The institute and department were linked in the person of Professor George Taylor who headed both organizations. I remember the institute receiving during my time \$200,000 from the Carnegie Foundation, \$500,000 from the Ford Foundation, and \$375,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation. Although the research projects, funded by these grants, yielded some results which were later published, the general result was below what one could have expected or, better, demanded in view of the enormous size of these three grants. I am sure that with better organization and a more serious attitude, waste could have been avoided and better results could have been obtained. To give an example of wastefulness, I shall discuss the project on the Asian mode of production.

When I first arrived in Seattle, the Far Eastern and Russian Institute had already begun to work on this project. The Asian mode of production plays a role in certain Marxist theories about the various stages of social development. As is well known, Marxists allege that all human development is principally based on the "mode of production," i.e., on economic factors. Thus ancient society is said to be based on slave labor, feudal society on agricultural serf labor, and so forth. The Asian mode of production was supposedly

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centered around huge irrigation works and serf labor, and societies having such a mode of production were subjected to a particular form of government which Karl Wittfogel called "Oriental despotism."<sup>10</sup> In the 1930s a discussion of the Asian mode of production was held in the Soviet Union. Stalin opposed this theory, and most scholars involved in the discussion, such as Godes, Safarov, and others were arrested and some of them were shot. The reason for Stalin's opposition was that Lenin had stated that a feudal society could move toward socialism bypassing the capitalist stage, especially when helped by the victorious proletariat of a socialist country. Stalin applied this theory to China, and in order to make Lenin's prophecy come true, Chinese society had to be declared feudal rather than as having an Asian mode of production because the latter could not bypass capitalism. Anyway, the Seattle group studied these problems and translated huge amounts of literature from Russian into English. Then the entire project was suddenly discontinued and no results were ever published. The grant was thus wasted.

Rampant waste was also evident in students' stipends. I know of several cases where girls received scholarships, but after attending the university for one or two years, got married and never returned to finish their studies. In other countries they would have had to hand back the entire amount of their scholarships. Thus my general impression of American society was one of unbelievable waste. In restaurants I saw people leaving large steaks on their plates after having eaten a few mouthfuls. Cars were parked in front of diners with their motors running while their drivers were having their lunch. Walking in forests near Seattle, I sometimes came across abandoned railroad tracks, all rusty and overgrown. I was told that they led to now abandoned mines some twenty or thirty miles away, and I remembered how the Soviets had dismantled the railroad from Mineral'nye Vody to Kislovodsk, a distance of about fifty kilometers, transported the tracks to Kizlyar and built a new railroad from there to Astrakhan along the shore of the Caspian Sea, thus compensating for the railroad cut by the Germans in the Northern Caucasus and securing an uninterrupted supply of oil from

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Baku. Another example of waste were the large heaps of discarded boxes lying in front of food stores. In Europe such boxes would be reused many times, but in the United States they were simply picked up the next day and burned at the city dump.

In this connection I should say that my remarks concerning waste have often been misinterpreted as criticism, and the reaction of some persons was quite unexpected. "Why don't you go back to your old country if you don't like it here?" they would ask. My intentions, however, were merely to voice a well-intentioned warning that the national interest demanded frugality in the use of natural resources. Nowadays, with an oil shortage, inflation, and high prices, most people would probably agree that my remarks were not made maliciously. To my satisfaction I no longer see brightly lit offices and classrooms in deserted university buildings at night, and I no longer expect to see thermostats set at 75 degrees and all windows open because of suffocating heat.

I would now like to turn my attention to my colleagues at the University of Washington. The chairman of the Department of Far Eastern and Slavic Languages and Literature, and the director of the Far Eastern and Russian Institute was Professor Taylor whom I mentioned earlier. He was British and specialized in the modern history of China. He was well informed but also very critical of communism and skeptical about the possibility of establishing normal relations with the Soviet Union and China (the latter at least as long as Mao lived) so that it was quite natural that several government agencies frequently consulted him. Student protesters in the 1960s misinterpreted these consultations, accusing the institute and department of serving the interests of the CIA. As the head of our institute and department, he was also interested in attracting as many students as possible to courses we offered on the Soviet Union and China. Thus one day he addressed a group of high school principals in Seattle urging them to encourage their seniors to consider studying Russian or Chinese or, even better, both languages when they entered the university. A short while later, however, Taylor started getting desperate letters lamenting "Why have we listened to you? Now all the parents come and accuse us of trying

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to force their children to study the languages of communist countries!" To this I can only say: "To deal with the enemy, one has to know him." At that time, both Russia and China were enemies.

Taylor made several trips to Taiwan and other countries, especially in Southeast Asia, and later became a member of the Presidential Committee on Education. He was a good organizer and had connections with various foundations which gave the Far Eastern and Russian Institute generous grants. These enabled me in 1958 to visit Japan and do research there and publish several of my books, such as *Mongolische Epen*, *Khalkha-mongolische Grammatik*, Krueger's English translation of my *Mongolian Monuments in ᠠᠯᠠᠭᠤᠰᠤᠰᠤ Script*, *Twelve Deeds of Buddha*, and *The Diamond Sutra*, a translation of three Mongolian versions of a Buddhist philosophical work whose original is in Sanskrit. After his retirement in 1969, Taylor became the head of the Washington state trade commission for the Far East.

The deputy director of the institute was Professor Franz Michael who was German and had received his doctoral degree from Freiburg University. His field was also the modern history of China.<sup>11</sup> He had been in the German foreign service in China, but when he lost his job under Hitler he stayed in China doing research. He was friendly and very pleasant, and both he and Mrs. Michael became my and Edith's best friends. Unfortunately, Michael did not remain long at our university but moved to George Washington University in Washington, D.C. One of the main reasons was serious disagreements with the department's chairman. A scholar in the field of ancient and medieval China and Chinese philosophy was Hellmut Wilhelm, the son of the well-known German Sinologist Richard Wilhelm and himself a student of Erich Haenisch. Wilhelm was an active member of the Chinese history project, and some works were completed under his supervision.

The most important member of this project, however, was the well-known Karl August Wittfogel, an expert in Marxist philosophy and communism, himself a former member of the German Communist Party, who knew many inside details about that party unknown to most other people. His book on the history of the Liao is a

remarkable work.<sup>12</sup> His other book on Oriental despotism, mentioned earlier, contains unacceptable statements, for instance, that Oriental despotism had been introduced into medieval Russia by the Mongols who had become acquainted with it after their conquest of China. Arnold Toynbee, among others, has criticized this book, but the fact remains that Wittfogel was an outstanding scholar.

The two most prominent members of the Far Eastern department and institute were Professors Li Fang-kuei and Hsiao Kung-ch'üan respectively, both of them full members of the Academia Sinica. Li was a brilliant linguist in Chinese, Tai, and Tibetan, and even some American Indian languages were the subjects of numerous first-rate scholarly works by him.<sup>13</sup> He was also a well-educated person, spoke excellent English, French, German and even Russian. As mentioned earlier, he did me the high honor of attending my classes in Mongolian which he mastered perfectly. We became good friends and I am proud of his friendship. Unfortunately Li did not stay at the university but left for the University of Hawaii where he spent about ten years until his retirement. Professor Hsiao was probably the greatest authority on the history of Chinese political thought,<sup>14</sup> a field alien to me so that my opinion of his work is based entirely on comments by specialists. Professor Hsiao's high merits are commonly recognized, and I should add that he was one of my most pleasant colleagues.

A scholar equal in qualifications to Li and Hsiao was Edward Conze, a brilliant British Sanskritist and Buddhologist.<sup>15</sup> He came from England as a visiting professor, and we became close friends very soon after his first arrival, and remained friends until his death in 1979. He was to become a permanent member of the faculty, but most unfortunately nothing came of it for two basic reasons. One of them was political in nature, and I am sorry to say that it was used successfully against him. Like Wittfogel and thousands of others, Conze had been a Communist Party member but later quit and became an outspoken enemy of communism. The purges and murders of innocent people in Stalin's Soviet Union, the concentration camps in which millions perished, the criminal pact with Hitler and the rape of Poland had forced many Western Communists to leave a

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party which no longer pursued the ideals of Marx and Engels. It was many years after he quit the party that Conze came to our department. However, while Wittfogel, who also had been a party member, was never attacked for it, Conze was not only attacked but requested by the federal authorities to present a list of all Communists personally known to him. He refused on the grounds that as a subject of Great Britain he could not be expected to collaborate with a foreign government. Those in our department who wanted to get rid of Conze had counted on his refusal because they knew that the United States would strip Americans of their citizenship if they were to collaborate with a foreign government under similar circumstances. It was clear that the real reason for the opposition to Conze becoming a tenured member of our department was not his former membership in the Communist Party.

The real reason for hostility towards Conze was purely personal. Conze had a very difficult character, and it was by no means easy to deal with him. He made himself most vulnerable by living with a British woman while not yet divorced from his wife. Once he came to my office and told me that the department threatened to make his common-law marriage known to everyone if he did not agree to the promotion of a professor who, in Conze's opinion, did not deserve it. He called it blackmail. Soon, however, he obtained his divorce and married his companion in Vancouver, B.C., so that the threat could not be carried out. At that time, such things as living with a woman out of wedlock were considered immoral, but today Conze's common-law marriage could not be used against him. After Conze left Seattle for good, he retaliated by mentioning all this—and much more—in his memoirs.<sup>16</sup>

A scholar of high standing was Professor Vincent Shih whose special field was the history of Chinese literature and philosophy.<sup>17</sup> Like all the others mentioned so far, he retired several years ago. With the exception of Conze, all of them were scholars in the Chinese field which was represented much better than any other field. In fact, it would be no exaggeration to say that some fields were even neglected. At the time of my arrival, all Japanese studies were conducted on a much more modest scale, and Korean

had only one native teacher with no professor who could give more than practical teaching of the language. Strangest of all, Russian and other Slavic languages were not taught in a separate department but were treated as a kind of appendage to East Asian Studies.

The only professor was Victor Erlich, a talented scholar in the field of Russian literature and the author of a book on Russian formalism.<sup>18</sup> Victor Erlich was from Poland and spoke also very good Russian. Later Russian literature was taught by George P. Ivask, an Estonian who had lived most of his life in Moscow and naturally spoke an excellent Russian and was himself a poet. After he left for the University of Massachusetts, he was succeeded by lecturers who spoke a rather poor Russian. Such a situation was the exact opposite of what I had experienced at Petrograd/Leningrad University where the professors of foreign literature spoke superb German (V. M. Zhirmunskii), French (V. F. Shishmarev) and Spanish (D. K. Petrov). The situation at the University of Washington became as intolerable as someone reciting Keats's poetry in strongly mispronounced English. At the time of my arrival, most instructors offered practical teaching of colloquial Russian. This is why I was also given the task of lecturing in Russian syntax, comparative grammar of Slavic languages and the history of the Russian language.

The Far Eastern and Russian Institute and its successors (see below) have had several excellent scholars in the Russian and East European fields. In my opinion, its most outstanding members included Professor Marc Szeftel from Poland, a specialist in the history of Russian law and judiciary system and the author of important works in French. Another excellent scholar is the Hungarian Imre Boba, a specialist in the history of Eastern Europe and the author of significant monographs. Besides, he is an affable person and a good friend of mine. The list would not be complete if I did not mention Professor Herbert Ellison, who is an expert on Soviet history, a talented scholar and an excellent teacher. It has always been a pleasure to me to meet and talk with him.

A Russian proverb says that "there is no family without a monster," and our department also had a member who created

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problems. In 1952 I received a letter from a young Austrian scholar, the Turcologist and Mongolist Udo Posch, who taught at the University of Graz. He asked me whether he could obtain a Fulbright Fellowship to work at the University of Washington. I talked this over with Professor Taylor, and arrangements were made for Posch's coming. He arrived in the fall of 1953. From the very beginning he appeared a strange person. He often was, or pretended to be, ill and missed many classes. One could often see on the blackboard of his class the notice "No Turkish today." Finally this notice became permanent, and a note to the janitor was added which told him not to erase it.

Posch was irascible and unfriendly to his students. His unpublished doctoral dissertation was on Tibetan verbal prefixes, and he often showed it to his students as if wanting to say that they would never be able to produce a scholarly work like this. Once a student who was not studying under him asked him for help in translating an obscure passage in a Tibetan text. Posch flew into a rage and declared that he did not know and did not want to know "all those monkey languages," and ordered the student out of his office. The student went to the student lounge and while he was sadly reflecting on his clash with Posch, another student entered and asked what the matter was. He related his experience with Posch and his listener said that he was utterly puzzled because Posch had always boasted about his dissertation on Tibetan verbal prefixes. The two students then decided to solve this puzzle, and one day when they found Posch's office open and empty, they took Posch's dissertation which lay on his desk and microfilmed it. They then went to the university library and discovered in the catalog the title of a book on Tibetan verbal prefixes by von Koerber, published in Los Angeles in 1939. After obtaining a copy of that book, the students quickly discovered that Posch's dissertation was a verbatim translation of that book. Armed with this evidence, they marched to Professor Taylor and showed it to him. Posch was immediately fired and Vienna University was notified and it declared Posch's doctoral degree null and void. When I asked Posch why he had done it, he answered that he had been Professor Duda's doctoral candidate in

Turkish but that he had a quarrel with him and changed over to become a graduate student of Professor Robert Bleichsteiner, the Tibetanist and Mongolist. Bleichsteiner allegedly suggested that he write his dissertation on Tibetan. I suspect that Bleichsteiner knew perfectly well that Posch's dissertation was simply a translation of von Koerber's book because Bleichsteiner was too good a scholar not to be acquainted with that book. Being a kind person, he obviously wanted to help Posch who was in a difficult position after his clash with Duda.

Professor Taylor suggested to Posch that he get a valid doctoral degree, but Posch had become addicted to drugs in the meantime and died in the 1960s. Posch's case was unique. I had never before encountered a plagiarist quite like him, and I was surprised to learn that a plagiarist could be as naive as to show his manuscript to everybody and to brag about it. At the very least, he should have destroyed the manuscript after having obtained his degree.

Posch was unfortunately not the only unpleasant case during my years at the University of Washington. I remember several instances in which persons claimed to be what in truth they were not. For example, I was once asked to examine a man who claimed to have graduated from the Leningrad Polytechnical Institute and who was looking for a job as a qualified engineer. Of course I could not investigate his qualifications as an engineer but only his general background. I found out immediately that he could not remember the name of the rector, i.e., president, of his institute nor the names of the dean of his faculty, i.e., department, and his professor of *sopromat*, the Russian academic abbreviation for resistance (or strength) of materials. When asked where he had lived in Leningrad, he replied Nevskii Prospect, Leningrad's main street, which is mentioned in hundreds of novels and is as well known to everyone, even to those who had never been there, as is Park Avenue in New York or Piccadilly Circle in London. He was vague about the nearest intersection, and when asked about the number of the streetcar he took from his apartment to the institute, he answered that he had always walked which is absolutely impossible because the distance was about twelve miles, something like from the Battery to the

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Cloisters in New York. I told him so and added that I was sorry to be unable to recommend him for a job. Unfortunately, there were untrustworthy elements among refugees, and this is reflected in an anecdote which made the rounds among displaced persons. There was, so the story goes, a mongrel the size of a Pekinese in a refugee camp who listened to some fugitives from the Soviet Union boast about having been ministers of the Czarist government or of having held some other eminent position, so when his turn came the mongrel proudly declared that under the old regime he had been a Great Dane.

In 1955 Nicholas graduated from the School of Oriental and African Studies and received his B.A. degree with honors in Turkish. In December of that same year he came to the United States and after spending a month with us in Seattle, he went to Washington, D.C. where he had obtained a temporary job at one of the research institutes and also started teaching Russian at a language school. Two years later Valerian graduated from Trinity College with a B.S. degree in geology and went to Canada where he got a job at the Kerr-Addison gold mine in Virginiatown, Ontario. I visited him in that beautiful area covered with dense forests interspersed with large and small lakes. In later years he worked in Kingston on Lake Ontario, close to the region known as the Thousand Islands, and he finally moved to Ottawa where he got a position at the National Research Council of Canada.

Valerian's case is a good example of the importance of connections. After he had graduated from Trinity College, Valerian went to look for a job in Ottawa, Canada. He visited the offices of many mining firms but all of them politely turned him down, claiming they had no vacancies. At the same time I wrote to my friend, Earl R. Hope in Ottawa, about whom I will say more shortly, asking him to help Valerian find a job. A short time later, one of Hope's acquaintances took Valerian to the office of a mining company which Valerian had visited unsuccessfully only the previous day and, to his great surprise, he received a job immediately. The gentleman recommending him happened to be one of the company's major stockholders. This episode proves that the answer, "We are sorry

that we have no openings, but will keep your name on file," is often untrue.

I became acquainted with Earl Hope in the early 1950s when he sent me a paper he had written in which he severely criticized the famous Sinologist Karlgren's reconstruction of the glottal stop in ancient Chinese.<sup>19</sup> The paper was published as an open letter to scholars who, in Hope's opinion, adhered to Karlgren's theory. I wrote Hope thanking him for the paper, but pointed out that what I had actually done in my book on the Mongolian monuments in *hP'ags-pa* script was to quote widely from Dragunov's work on Old Mandarin which relied heavily on Karlgren.<sup>20</sup> Hope's response was very friendly and our correspondence gradually developed into friendship. I visited him many times in Ottawa and count him among my best friends. Hope is a very gifted and learned man who worked for the Canadian government as a translator of scholarly and technical literature from Japanese and many other languages. He knows not only Japanese but also Chinese, German, Russian, French, and Spanish and is very well informed about linguistic literature, particularly on the Celtic languages. He also published a number of his own scholarly works, e.g. on Western calendar reform and problems of English spelling.

Returning to persons deserving mention I would like to start with the Mongol Dilowa Khutuktu (Illus. 26). He was a reincarnated saint of the Lamaist Church who had been the abbot of the Narobanchin monastery in the Mongolian People's Republic. He was arrested by the Mongolian secret police in the 1930s and tried. However, his alleged subversive activities could not be proven. He was released and sent home. Fearing still greater trouble in the future he decided to escape abroad. Dilowa went to China from where in 1948 Lattimore took him, together with two young Mongols, to the United States where he worked on Lattimore's research project at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. In the summer of 1951, upon the invitation of the Far Eastern department, Dilowa came to Seattle for a meeting in which he answered questions from some professors, among them Paul Kirchhoff, and the graduate student Robert Miller, now a professor at the University of Wisconsin in

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Madison. Since he did not know any English, I acted as his interpreter. After the session one of my colleagues said he was greatly impressed with the way I handled the interpreting because he had always thought that my Mongolian was a kind of self-invented gibberish which I passed off for Mongolian! The following day we all went to Mount Rainier National Park where Dilowa was delighted to see tame deer whom he could feed.



Illus. 24. The Author and the Dilowa Khutuktu, August 1951

Dilowa was a learned man, although I had met more learned Buddhist priests before. He was also an unusually pleasant, witty,

and amiable person. We became close friends and continued to correspond after his departure. I met him several times later in Berkeley and New York and I was very sad when in 1965 he died of cancer.

I also became acquainted with scholars at other universities in the United States. In 1951 I met for the first time Professor V. A. Ryazanovskii, the well-known historian and author of books on Mongolian customary law as well as on the history of Russian culture, at the University of Oregon in Eugene.<sup>21</sup> At the time of our meeting he was already crippled by polio which he had contracted many years before, but his mind was clear. I met him later once more in San Francisco. He had originally been a professor at Moscow University, but after the revolution moved to Harbin in Manchuria where he became president of Harbin University. At a meeting of the Far Eastern Association, held at Harvard University, I met Professor S. G. Eliseev, mentioned earlier, and Dr. Rudolph Loewenthal, who has translated some works on Mongolian subjects into English and published a bibliography of works on Turkic languages.<sup>22</sup> Our friendship has lasted until now.

In Berkeley, California, I made the acquaintance of several scholars. First of all, Professor F. D. Lessing, the well-known Sinologist, Mongolist, and Buddhologist who had worked at the Völkermuseum in Berlin and left Germany after Hitler came to power. He was a good scholar and exceptionally knowledgeable but not particularly prolific and the number of his publications is not impressive. In 1950 he started to compile a Mongolian-English dictionary, and in 1953 I spent part of the summer in Berkeley helping Lessing with his dictionary which was eventually published at the end of 1960.<sup>23</sup> On the whole, it is a good dictionary, but its main defect is the indiscriminate rendition of *o* and *u* in the non-initial syllable as *u* and the rendition of *ö* and *ü* in the non-initial syllable as *ü*. I tried to persuade Lessing to use the transcription applied in Mostaert's *Dictionnaire Ordos*, as for example in the word *Mongol* instead of his own incorrect *Mongul*. But he was adamant and insisted on using his peculiar and incorrect transcription. Although a successful scholar and a professor at a prestigious university,

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Lessing never looked happy to me. I had the impression that his feelings were hurt because no German university had ever offered him a chair, thus causing him to emigrate to another country.

In Berkeley I also met Professor Wolfram Eberhard, a prolific scholar in the field of Chinese history and society as well as in fields outside Sinology. He, too, had left Nazi Germany and spent World War II in Turkey where he acquainted himself with Turcological matters and even published a book on the various types of Turkish folktales. Another interesting person was Maenchen-Helfen who, as a German press agent in the Soviet Union made a journey to Tuva, on which he wrote an interesting book, and later became the author of numerous other works of which a particularly valuable work was on the Huns.<sup>24</sup> Maenchen-Helfen had an excellent knowledge of Eastern Siberia, Tuva, Mongolia, and everything concerning the Huns and tribes somehow affiliated with them.

The scholar most interesting to me undoubtedly was Peter A. Boodberg, a brilliant Sinologist and Altaicist, son of a Baltic Russian baron who was the director of the Russian-built Chinese Eastern Railroad in Manchuria. Boodberg received his high school education in Harbin and his Ph.D. degree in the United States. Like most people he had his oddities. For example, he never cared to publish his articles in professional Orientalist journals but instead published them in dittoed student publications. He neither sent offprints of his publications to his colleagues nor acknowledged receipt of publications sent to him. He was very meticulous in his translations from Chinese, and he even coined many neologisms to translate Chinese expressions verbatim. Some scholars criticized him for this, but I sided with him because I regarded it as important to render foreign expressions as accurately as possible. I was very glad when some years after Boodberg's death, his students and friends published a volume of his articles.<sup>25</sup>

I found Berkeley a much more interesting university than my own, where for some time I had no colleagues in my fields of interest. Later, after Posch's dismissal, the Ukrainian scholar Omeljan Pritsak, a talented Turcologist and Altaicist, was invited to join the faculty in Seattle. He hailed from the western Ukraine which the

Soviet Union annexed from Poland during World War II. He finished his university training in Germany and received his Ph.D. at the University of Göttingen after defending his dissertation on the Hunnic-Bulgarian words attested in the ancient Bulgarian list of rulers. Pritsak first went to Harvard University as a visiting professor in 1960-61. There he was promised a permanent position at some later date, but until that position became available he had to find a temporary job elsewhere. As a result, Pritsak came to the University of Washington. Professor Taylor, our departmental chairman, was elated about getting Pritsak, especially at the low salary he offered him. Taylor once said to me: "Boy, did I get him cheap!" I did not respond because I knew Pritsak would not stay long with us. Besides, in retrospect, I must say it was a good thing, too, in view of the precarious conditions which began soon after Taylor's and my retirements.

Once again a search was conducted for a replacement. I recommended the well-known Hungarian Turcologist János Eckman who at that time was a visiting professor at the University of California at Los Angeles. Eckman accepted our invitation, but at the very last moment, only two weeks before the start of the new academic year, he changed his mind and remained in Los Angeles. He had used our university's invitation to obtain tenure from his own university which it had previously been reluctant to give him. I must say that Eckman's change of mind put our department in a very difficult position because it now obliged us to inform our students, some of whom had come from some distance, that no courses in Turcology would be offered and they then had to leave our university. Not surprisingly, the head of our department, Professor Taylor, regarded Eckman's action as morally objectionable, even though I had a high respect for his scholarly achievements. I mention this here although *de mortuis aut nihil aut bene*. Eckman died a few years later. Consequently, even if he had come to the University of Washington, he would not have been able to serve for long.

In this connection, I should point out that an invitation by another university often helps a professor in the United States to improve his position at his own university. For example, during my

first three years at the University of Washington, I was only a visiting professor. Not long after I began teaching there, I asked Professor Taylor for tenure, but my request was not acted upon. This stalling tactic added to my financial problems, discussed above, because as long as I remained in a visiting status, neither deductions from my salary nor, more importantly, contributions by the university could be made toward my retirement fund. Then one day in 1952, Professor Sebeok at Indiana University invited me to move to his university. I showed his letter to Taylor and promptly received tenure. If Indiana University had not sent me that invitation, I might have remained a visiting professor for many more years.

Eventually we found a replacement for Pritsak in the person of Professor Ilse D. Laude-Cirtautas, a professor at Indiana University and a former student of Annemarie von Gabain at Hamburg University. Indiana University had hired her in 1965 to teach Turkish but, strangely enough, when she arrived in Bloomington someone else was already teaching Turkish, and so she was asked to teach Uzbek and other Turkic languages of the Soviet Union which had never been taught in the United States. She had to begin from the very beginning because no books in or about these languages were available in libraries and no English-language manuals of these languages existed. She not only built up a fine collection of Turcological books for the university library. Several research trips to Soviet Central Asia enabled her to collect valuable language materials. The result was the introduction of courses which had never been taught anywhere outside the Soviet Union. These courses study what is generally called Turcology, in contradistinction to the study of Turkish spoken in Turkey, which is taught at many universities in the United States and Europe. Her research is centered on the spoken Turkic languages of the Soviet Union and Chinese Turkestan (Sinkiang), i.e., Uzbek, Kazakh, Kirghiz, and Turkmenian, and on the old literary Turkic languages such as Chaghatai, Uighur, and Ancient Turkic (Orkhon Turkic of the eighth and ninth centuries). Since joining the University of Washington, she has taught not only these languages but also courses on the literature and culture of the nationalities speaking these languages.<sup>26</sup>

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However, strange as it may seem, Professor Ilse Laude-Cirtautas has never been appreciated at the University of Washington. Her application for full professorship was supported by excellent recommendations from internationally known authorities in Turkology, such as Annemarie von Gabain, Karl Jahn, Gunnar Jarring, and Omeljan Pritsak. Nevertheless, her colleagues voted her down. It should be noted that none of them was a Turkologist nor had the slightest idea about Turkology.

Professor Cirtautas's courses were not the only new courses. Shortly before my retirement, the Department of Asian Languages and Literatures added courses in several Indian languages and in Thai, although it was very uncertain how many students would enroll in these courses. Moreover, instructors with the same high qualifications that our old Far Eastern department maintained were hard to find. Languages such as Thai and the Dravidian languages of India had been taught only at very few universities. The result was that, with the addition of the instructors in South Asian languages, the general quality of the department declined. Only those sections which had existed in the old Far Eastern department, namely, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Tibetan, Turcology, and Manchu, retained a high level of excellence.

Moreover, the Department of Asian Languages and Literatures has been unable to make the newly introduced South Asian courses anything more than additions loosely attached to the old core of the Far Eastern department. The latter represented an area of organic unity: China with its minorities—Mongols, Turks, and Tibetans—; Korea, historically and culturally firmly related to China; and Japan, the second great nation in East Asia which is culturally akin to China and which has played an important role in East Asian history.

Under these circumstances, it is perhaps not surprising that the new programs are rather motley and fragmentary. According to the university catalog for the academic years 1980-1982, the Department of Asian Languages and Literatures offers Thai language but no Thai literature nor graduate courses in Thai. The program in Indian studies offers a large number of courses in

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Sanskrit but only very few in modern spoken languages. In fact, the department offers only Hindi of all the Indo-European languages, along with Tamil and Tagalog. Linguistically, culturally, and historically, these three languages are totally unrelated to each other.

A year before my retirement, which was due in 1968, Professor Taylor asked me to find a successor to myself. First I offered my position to the British Mongolist Charles R. Bawden, but he declined the offer on the grounds that he wanted his children to get a good education in British schools. Then I wrote to Heissig's former student, Professor Klaus Sagaster, in Bonn, but he also declined because he did not want to be separated from his elderly parents.

Finally, my former student, the Japanese Mongolist Hidehiro Okada, was offered and accepted my chair. He is a brilliant scholar and highly educated person, speaking excellent English, German and even Russian. Unfortunately his wife disliked life in the United States and was homesick for Japan. In order not to sever his ties with Japan, Okada refused tenure and insisted, instead, on the position of a visiting professor. After two years of teaching at our university, Okada returned to Tokyo and became a professor there.

In any event, the fate of Mongolian Studies had already been sealed. Even if Bawden or Sagaster had accepted, even if Okada had remained, Mongolian and Altaic comparative studies had no future at the University of Washington. The university came under severe financial pressure which, ten years later, has still not abated. At the end of 1981 the university's president warned that even tenured faculty members might have to be dismissed. At the time of Okada's departure, the University of Washington adopted a new policy whereby a position was eliminated when it became vacant and the courses associated with it were discontinued. Theoretically, this policy could lead to such anomalies as courses in a particular language being abolished while courses in the literature of the same language are continued. Okada's departure had another sad aspect. The Mongolian native teacher Yidamjab Meng, a Chahar Mongol who had conducted practical seminars in the colloquial language, was dismissed. He was placed in a desperate situation because being in his late fifties he was too old to get some other job but too young to

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draw social security. I should add that the university had hired him from Taiwan where he held a very secure government job, but after his arrival in Seattle he received American citizenship and thus forfeited the right ever to be employed again in Taiwan. Obviously this new policy completely disregarded the human factor. Besides, the university's financial woes which had prompted the adoption of this policy had to some extent been brought about by bureaucratic proliferation. To cite just one example, when I joined the University of Washington in 1949, it had only one vice president and 9,000 students. Now that there were 36,000 students, four vice presidents should have been enough but instead there were ten or perhaps even more. This phenomenon is found at all universities in the United States and is another illustration of the rampant wastefulness in American society which I described earlier.

At about the same time as Mongolian Studies were terminated, a major reorganization took place. The Far Eastern and Russian Institute became the Institute for Comparative and Foreign Area Studies, and soon thereafter it, in turn, was renamed the School of International Studies. It retained the high level of excellence of the old Far Eastern and Russian Institute, partly because it was ably directed, first by Professor Herbert J. Ellison and later by Professor Kenneth B. Pyle. By contrast the Department of Far Eastern and Slavic Languages and Literatures, renamed the Department of Asian Languages and Literatures (with Russian and East European languages placed in a separate department) deteriorated enormously. In all the years since Taylor's retirement in 1969, the department has never had a chairman with the requisite abilities.

The inglorious end of Mongolian Studies and Altaic comparative linguistics, which I had organized, was a severe blow to me. In addition, the moment I retired I was shunted aside. When I had still been on active duty, it was a university policy that retired professors were not required but had the right to attend faculty meetings. After I retired, however, I was told by the University Association of Retired Professors that this policy no longer existed and that it was now up to the discretion of the chairman of each department whether to invite retired professors to meetings. I was

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never invited and was not even admitted to certain meetings, such as those dealing with promotions. This struck me as being discriminatory. At German and Soviet universities, retired professors are welcome at all meetings and their advice is always eagerly sought.

Fortunately there is a bright spot in the darkness that has surrounded me. My friend, Professor Henry G. Schwarz, of Western Washington University in Bellingham, whom I have known for many years, has introduced Mongolian Studies at his university. He established the Center for East Asian Studies in 1970 and directed it for six years. In the face of even more severe financial cuts than those faced by the University of Washington at the same time, he built up programs not only for China and Japan, but also for Korea and Mongolia. He is now teaching, *inter alia*, an introductory course on Mongolian culture and society and two upper-division courses on Mongolian history. At his insistence, every East Asian survey course also includes Mongolia. In addition, Schwarz published a very useful bibliography on Mongolia<sup>27</sup> and edited a collection of translations of Mongolian short stories.<sup>28</sup> In 1978, the most difficult year of my life, he organized the North American Conference on Mongolian Studies in Bellingham which was attended by scholars from the United States, Canada and Japan. The proceedings of this conference were later published by him.<sup>29</sup> In summer 1981 he led a group of Western Washington University students to Inner Mongolia where they studied Elementary Mongolian. It marked the first time ever that American students were given formal Mongolian language instruction in any part of Mongolia. Thanks to his efforts, Mongolian Studies are not quite dead.

In this connection I shall permit myself a brief digression and make a few remarks on the situation of universities and learned bodies not only in the United States but in the entire world. The rapid growth of population and of attendant problems forces the attention of persons in charge of education and research more and more in the direction of practical tasks. This is quite natural and no objection to it can be made except that the humanities have suffered in the process. The world seems to have forgotten that

culture is more than technology and the manufacture of goods. On more than one occasion, while speaking about modern Mongolian society and culture, I remarked that the fact that the Mongolian Academy of Sciences started collecting and publishing folklore was a more significant sign of cultural progress than the construction of, say, airports in that country. After all, it is easier to build anything with the help of blueprints obtained abroad than to train scholars for the collection and study of folklore. One should never forget the great truth in the words "Not by bread alone." One should also keep in mind that countries where much attention is paid to the humanities are also the most developed industrial countries. An example is Germany, a country of great philosophers, linguists, and historians, which is also a country with the most developed industry in Western Europe.

I would like to add that in 1980 I taught again during spring and fall quarters. I was invited to substitute for Professor Laude-Cirtautas who was on leave of absence at Bonn University. In spring quarter I taught a course on Altaic comparative linguistics which Professor Laude-Cirtautas's students and other students had requested. I must say that my students were exceptionally well prepared. Those from the Department of Asian Languages and Literatures had studied Uzbek, comparative grammar of Turkic languages, Uighur, Old Turkic, Middle Turkic, Kazakh, Kirghiz, Korean, Japanese, or Manchu. Other students came from the linguistics and anthropology departments. They were intelligent, and it was a real pleasure to work with them. My courses in fall quarter were Beginning Mongolian and Tatar.

While living in the United States I had ample opportunities to travel around the country and abroad. In addition to trips already mentioned, I spent the entire spring semester, February-May 1961, as a visiting professor at Columbia University where I had been invited by Professor John Lotz who headed the Department of Uralic and Altaic Languages. Edith and I lived in Butler Hall, an apartment house owned by the university on West 117th Street. I conducted research seminars on Altaic comparative linguistics and Khalkha Mongolian, and my students included the then beginning scholar John

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C. Street, who later became a well-known linguist specializing in Altaic languages and became highly proficient in Japanese, and John Gombojab Hangin, a Chahar Mongol, at that time a graduate student working toward his Ph.D. degree and who later became a professor of Mongolian at Indiana University. In New York I had the opportunity to work at the New York Public Library which has a fine collection of Russian books, and to visit the Metropolitan Art Museum and various other museums and galleries in the city.

I also worked as a research scholar at the Hoover Library of War and Peace in Palo Alto in 1951 where I collaborated with Professor Vucinich on a book about the Soviet Academy of Sciences.<sup>30</sup> At that library I discovered Lenin's letter to Herbert Hoover in which the Soviets expressed their gratitude for the generous food donations from the United States after half the population of the Volga region had died of starvation in 1921. People had nothing to eat but some herbs and clay, and even cannibalism flourished. I remember someone from the Volga region telling me at that time that when in a certain village an old man had died of starvation, his family went to the priest and asked him, "Father, will you bless us to consume the body?" and the priest answered, "The good Lord will forgive you." Seeing that letter from the Soviet government to President Hoover made me reflect on the ingratitude of Lenin's epigones who were saved from defeat by the Lend-Lease program and the Allied landing in Normandy. Unlike Lenin, they burned with hate for the country that was their benefactor and which, by the way, unfortunately had also been the first of the great powers to recognize the Soviet government in 1933.

I also took several other trips. In 1951 I went by train from Washington, D.C. to New Orleans, a city I liked very much except for the strict racial segregation prevailing there at that time. I found it strange to see even buses segregated. On one occasion a driver did not let me board his bus because it was for blacks only, and I protested that I was in a hurry and did not care for their stupid local rules. On another occasion I was really puzzled when I saw a red cross blazing in the night sky and beneath it the inscription, "Jesus Saves Blacks Only." Actually, a Black Jehovah's Witnesses

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church had two signs. One read "Jesus Saves," commonly found throughout the United States. Directly beneath it was another sign, reading "Blacks Only," a reminder of the segregationist policy in Southern states. At night, however, these two signs appeared to be one, and the unintended claim struck me as being grotesque.

Edith and I traveled to Yellowstone Park in the late 1960s and we were impressed by Old Faithful and other scenic landmarks such as the beautiful lake on which we took a sail and later the road from the park to Cody and Billings, Montana. We also visited Alaska by taking a ship from Vancouver, B.C. in 1972 or 1973. The trip was paid for as a gift by my sons. It was very interesting and made a great impression on both of us. In Juneau we saw street names like Zimovie which in Russian means "winter camp," obviously left from the old days when Alaska was Russian. I remember a church which we particularly liked. Instead of an altar painting, it had a window looking out on a beautiful glacier-capped mountain. What altar painting could have been more impressive!

I went to Canada many times to visit my elder son. I familiarized myself with the scenes on both sides of the railroad from Vancouver to Ottawa, and also visited some places far removed from the transcontinental trunkline. I have already mentioned Virginia-town in northern Ontario near the Quebec border. To get there I had to take a local train from North Bay to Swastika. The name Swastika calls for an explanation. I was told that during World War II the Canadian government wanted to change the name to Kitchener because the swastika was the sign adopted by the Nazis as their emblem, but the plan was dropped when the miners living in that area protested. They said that they did not care for Kitchener or anybody else but wanted to keep the old name because of an old superstition that the swastika sign brings good luck.

I also went to Europe many times. In 1956 I received a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation to do research in the library of the British Museum which possessed a small but very good collection of Mongolian manuscripts and xylographs. One of the manuscripts was a Buryat treatise, written in the second half of the nineteenth century, which dealt with medicinal mineral waters and is of

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Illus. 25. Edith Poppe, née Ziegler



Illus. 26. Nicholas and Edith Poppe

interest as a sample of Buryat balneological literature in Script Mongolian. I published it with a translation and commentary in the Orientalist journal *Asia Major*<sup>31</sup> which was still edited as it had been in the 1920s by the late Bruno Schindler, a fine scholar and a fine man. I also worked in the archives of the India Office which possessed some fragments of Mongolian manuscripts found by the famous traveler Sir Aurel Stein. They proved to be fragments of astrological books and calendars, and later I published them with translations and commentaries in the *Central Asiatic Journal*.<sup>32</sup>

While in London I made the acquaintance of Professor Walter Simon, the well-known Sinologist and Tibetanist, who had to flee Hitler's Germany although he had been a decorated officer of the Imperial German army. I also met for the first time the Turcologists Professors Wittek and Fahir Iz, the latter a Turk whose classes at the London School of Oriental and African Studies my son Nicholas attended. I used my stay in Great Britain to travel and visit friends, some of whom were former officers of the BAOR, the British Army of the Rhine. I made trips to Evesham, Gloucester, Oxford, and Cambridge. In Cambridge I visited Professor D. M. Dunlop, the well-known author of the book *The History of the Jewish Khazars* and other works,<sup>33</sup> and Dr. Ethel John Lindgren who had been in Mongolia and Manchuria in the 1920s when I was in Mongolia. As I described in Chapter 9, after the war in 1945, while I was still in Germany, Dr. Lindgren had been instrumental in having me invited to join the faculty of Cambridge University. When I visited Dr. Lindgren in 1956, she gave me copies of some of my own works which I no longer possessed in my own library. In other words, she acted as a true friend. At Cambridge University I also met Professor Denis Sinor whom the university had invited after it realized that nothing would come of its invitation to me. We talked very amiably for quite a while and ever since our relations have been friendly. I also visited the great Russian scholar V. F. Minorskii who was a historian of the Islamic countries and who has published very important works in that field.<sup>34</sup> Later, I learned that he had willed all his books and manuscripts to Leningrad University. After his death his books were shipped to Leningrad but, for lack of space,

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were stored in a shed. Soon afterwards that area was flooded, and most of his books and manuscripts were damaged, some beyond repair.

I also took the opportunity to visit the city of Wellington in Shropshire (Salop) where my sons had lived and worked from 1947 to 1951. It is a pleasant town nestled among very beautiful hills. Not far from Wrekin Hill, which commands a magnificent view of the surrounding countryside, lie the ruins of the ancient Roman town of Ureconium. The present name Wrekin is certainly another grammatical or phonetical form of Ureconium. I also visited my elder son Valerian who was studying in Dublin. I went via Holy Head across the Irish Sea to Dun Laoghaire, the port of Dublin, visited Trinity College and its famous Beatty Library which possesses, among other treasures, an excellent collection of Mongolian books which were later catalogued by my friend Walther Heissig. I took sightseeing trips to several beautiful areas outside Dublin. Particularly noteworthy were the Avoca Valley and Glendalough, which means "Forest of Two Lakes," where an ancient cemetery, a church with grey Irish round towers, and St. Kevin's home are located. On the way to Glendalough the driver of the sightseeing bus pointed to a small house with only two windows at the side of the road and said that it had only one room but seven kitchens. After a brief pause, the driver then explained that in that single room Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen and their five children lived. Soon thereafter Valerian went with a group of students on a geological excursion to Switzerland and I returned to London.

After completing my work at the British Museum, I went to Copenhagen to meet for the first and, alas, the last time the Danish Turcologist and Mongolist Kaare Grønbech, the author of several important works, like a Coman dictionary and a book on Turkic structure,<sup>35</sup> the former written on the basis of a manuscript dictionary compiled in the fourteenth century by Venetian merchants and missionaries who conducted trade with the Comans, a Turkic people living at that time in southern Russia. I had been corresponding with Kaare Grønbech for many years and was anxious to meet him in person. This distinguished scholar received me with

typical Scandinavian hospitality and in order to facilitate my work at the Oriental Division of the Royal Library of Copenhagen, which has a fine collection of Mongolian books collected by Grønbech in Mongolia, he gave me the keys to the Oriental Division rooms and to the main gate so that I could come and go at any time, a privilege bestowed on very few people. The Mongolian collection contains numerous old manuscripts which Kaare Grønbech acquired in Mongolia by an ingenious trick. He offered neat, beautifully executed new copies in exchange for the old soiled originals. The ignorant Mongols willingly accepted the deal, probably deriding the "foolish" foreigner behind his back. I have absolutely no misgivings about Grønbech's ruse because in this particular case, with war soon to be raging between China and Japan, these manuscripts would probably have perished. After ten days in Copenhagen I returned to London with microfilms of numerous manuscripts. Unfortunately I never saw Grønbech again because shortly after our meeting he died of a brain tumor. In Copenhagen I also met Grønbech's student Kaare Thomsen who looked promising but actually published almost nothing.

Copenhagen is a beautiful city and I spent some time sight-seeing. I went to the National Ethnographic Museum which has a better collection of Salish Indian objects than the museum in Seattle and the best Eskimo collection in the whole world, the Armory, the Torvaldsen Museum, the famous Tower, Tivoli Park, and also visited the famous Elsinore Castle where Hamlet had lived.

While in Copenhagen I also met for the first time the German Mongolist Walther Heissig who ever since has remained my best friend. Heissig's name became known to me soon after my arrival in Berlin in 1943. I read his interesting book on the cultural changes among the Mongols and also a dictionary of modern Mongolian, compiled by him and Robert Bleichsteiner.<sup>36</sup> I also learned that Heissig was at that time in China where he had been since shortly before the outbreak of the war. I learned many years later that after Japan's surrender, the Americans arrested him as an enemy agent. It was obviously beyond the military men's comprehension

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that Heissig could have been a scholar instead of a spy, but thinking is not a virtue of military people. In all the world's armies the first commandment is "A soldier must not think." Heissig spent several years in jail and soon after his release, we began to correspond. After everybody realized that Heissig was absolutely innocent he was released from prison. He first found a position at Göttingen University, and later he moved to Bonn University where he organized an excellent Central Asian institute under the title Seminar für Kultur- und Sprachwissenschaft Zentralasiens. Mongolia and Tibet are represented by numerous scholars including a learned Tibetan and a Mongol. To do full justice to its title, the institute should also include Turkology which so far has been lacking, if we do not take into consideration Professor Cirtautas's recent stay there as a visiting professor. A Central Asian institute without a permanent chair of Turkology is actually unthinkable because the Turks have played a very important role in the political and cultural history of Central Asia. At an institute with four or five Mongolists and an equal number of Tibetologists, there should be at least one Turkologist.

In addition to Heissig, I must also mention my personal meetings with Herbert Franke, the leading European Sinologist, Anne-marie von Gabain, whom I had not seen since 1944, and Professor Hamm, the Tibetologist and Sanskritologist, a very pleasant person and an excellent scholar who unfortunately died a few years ago of a disease which could not be diagnosed by the physicians. Finally, mention should also be made of Heissig's gifted students Klaus Sagaster, Michael Weiers, Rudolf Kaschewsky, Veronika Veit, Rainer Kämpfe, and others who have performed a tremendous task in helping German Oriental studies to take a leading position in the world of scholarship.

While I was teaching at Bonn University, I also became acquainted with Professor Otto Spiess, a specialist in Near Eastern languages, a learned and very pleasant person. Another scholar I met was Werner Schulemann, professor of pharmacology and an outstanding expert of Central Asian art, author of an important work on this subject,<sup>37</sup> and a very friendly and helpful man. He died

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a few years after my stay in Bonn. I shall always remember him as an outstanding person.

At some meetings held at Bonn University, Professor Herbert Franke, probably the foremost Sinologist of our time, was also present. A serious scholar and a good organizer, he had been responsible for the International Congress of Orientalists, held in Munich in 1957, where I first met him. Ever since we have been good friends.

The following year, 1957, I received a travel grant for work in Germany. I spent most of my time in Munich where I worked in libraries and attended the meetings of the International Congress of Orientalists. At that congress some Soviet scholars were also present. I met N. V. Pigulevskaya, the well-known specialist in Syriac and Byzantium. She was very surprised and obviously very frightened to see me, and after a brief greeting she hastily withdrew into the crowd. I do not blame her for her conduct because she had been arrested and spent years in Soviet jails and her husband even died in jail. On the other hand, the young Turcologist A. S. Tveretina, in my time a member of the Communist Youth League, was very happy to see me and to my remark that I had seen her from the distance the day before and had been doubtful whether she would be pleased to see me she retorted, "But, why, I'm so happy to meet you, and how is Nataliya Valerianovna [my first wife] and what are your boys doing?" I told her about my wife's death in 1949 and about my sons. She was sorry to hear about my wife's death, expressed her sympathy but was glad to hear that the boys were all right. I appreciated Tveretina's friendliness very much. Unfortunately, she died some time later in Leningrad. At the congress I also spoke with the well-known Soviet scholar I. M. D'yakonov, specialist in Cuneiform scripts in Assyrian and Babylonian. We talked about his brother Mikhail Mikhailovich, the Iranist, whom I had known and liked very much. D'yakonov was very upset because some emigré newspaper had published articles shortly before the opening of the congress in which D'yakonov's brother was accused of being an NKVD informer. I doubted it very much because I knew him as a pleasant and decent man and I said so to D'yakonov adding that he should not pay much attention to such articles because the emigrés,

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who had suffered much from the Soviets, often suspected innocent persons. The system, of course, was to be blamed for making them so suspicious in the first place.

When I turned sixty in August 1957 the German Academy of Sciences and Literature in Mainz elected me as a corresponding member. I felt very honored and accepted with great satisfaction, not with the kind of fear which had filled me many years earlier when the late Willi Bang planned to nominate me for membership in the Berlin Academy of Sciences. At the same time, a Festschrift in my honor was published by the Societas Uralo-Altaica upon Pritsak's initiative.<sup>38</sup> Thinking of the election and the Festschrift, I could not help remembering the disastrous consequences for Beneshevich of membership in the Bavarian Academy of Sciences and for Zhebelev of participating in the *Seminarium Kondakovianum* volume.

In the summer of 1958 I made an interesting trip to Japan in order to work at the Tōyō Bunkō (Oriental Library) in Tokyo. Edith and I sailed on the cargo ship "India Mail" of the American Mail Line from Seattle to Yokohama and took the same ship back again. The ship had six spacious cabins. Ours was as large as an average living room in a good apartment. The food was served in the crew's dining room and was of excellent quality. In the evenings we were permitted to enter the kitchen and make sandwiches for ourselves. Both ways the weather was very good but sometimes foggy so that the ship had to blow its horn all the time. Whales could be seen at a distance, and porpoises trailed the ship in anticipation of garbage thrown overboard, and large flocks of birds enlivened the picture. My wife and I enjoyed that voyage tremendously and retained many happy memories. On our return trip we had an interesting fellow passenger in the person of the former British High Commissioner of Malaya who was returning with his family to Great Britain because Malaya had just gained its independence. Among other interesting things he told me regretfully that Malaya had great economic difficulties. While he was still High Commissioner, the United States offered the colonial government economic aid in the form of credits with which to buy American industrial products. What Malaya really needed, however, was to find markets for its rubber.

*A New Life in America*

In Tokyo we found a suitably furnished apartment in a house of Western style near Sugamo station and close enough to walk to work at the Tōyō Bunkō. There, in collaboration with Leon Hurvitz, an assistant professor at the University of Washington, who had accompanied us from Seattle, and the Japanese scholar Hidehiro Okada, who later came to our university to study Mongolian with me, I catalogued the Mongolian and Manchu xylographs and a few manuscripts. The results of our labors were later published.<sup>39</sup>

In Japan I had the opportunity to again see my friend from my wartime days in Germany, Professor Shichirō Murayama, and also the well-known linguist Professor Shirō Hattori whom I had met for the first time in Washington, D.C. in 1950. I also got acquainted with a number of other prominent Japanese scholars like Egami, Enoki, Jirō Ikegami, Shinobu Iwamura, Kobayashi, and Masayoshi Nomura. Edith and I visited many famous and beautiful places such as Kamakura, Nikko, Nara, and Kyoto. A particularly interesting place was Tenri, the center of the Tenri religion and the site of a university with an excellent library. There I had the pleasure of being introduced to the head of the Tenri religion, the Shimbashira, whose family name was Nakayama and who invited Hurvitz, Murayama, Edith and me to dinner. In the Tenri library I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Shunju Imanishi, a prominent scholar in the Manchu field who showed me many precious books, among them the Zirni manuscript which contains a Moghul-Persian dictionary discovered by Professor Iwamura in Afghanistan. It was later published with my introduction.<sup>40</sup>

In 1960 I attended the meeting of the Permanent International Altaistic Conference in the castle Liebenstein on the Rhine in West Germany. At this conference I met for the first time my friend, Professor Karl Jahn, the founder and editor of the prestigious *Central Asiatic Journal*. Our correspondence and ensuing friendship started long ago. I received his first letter when I was still in Lenin-grad, some time in the late 1920s. Jahn is an excellent scholar and a great specialist in the history of Central Asia. I also met, after a long interruption, Erich Haenisch and got acquainted with the Polish Turcologist Ananijasz Zajaczkowski.

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After the conference I visited my Finnish friend, Professor Pentti Aalto, a student of Ramstedt, at his summer cottage in Vestanfjärd near Turku. I had met him, along with his wife and their three-year-old son Martti, for the first time in Munich in 1957 during the International Congress of Orientalists. Now in 1960 the Aaltos had another son, Erkki, which is Eric in English. Aalto is primarily a scholar in the classical field and of comparative linguistics. As Ramstedt's student he is also a highly competent scholar in the field of Altaic linguistics, and he edited and prepared for publication Ramstedt's posthumous three-volume work on Altaic comparative linguistics.<sup>41</sup> From Vestanfjärd, Aalto and I made a trip to Parikkala and saw my family's former summer villa which I had not seen for forty-three years. During my childhood it was 270 kilometers from the Russian border, now it was only nine kilometers away. The villa was still standing, and the ice-cold water in the well was as refreshing as a half a century ago. We took a taxi to the nearby border where we were met by the oppressive sight of watch-towers and rolls of barbed wire. I remarked to the Finnish driver, "Look how afraid they are of you!" to which he replied, "Not of us they are but of their own citizens who might try to escape." I thought about how good Fate had been to me. I was not standing on that accursed farther side of the barbed wire fence but on this side among free men enjoying the greatest gift life can bestow upon a human being, namely the gift of freedom.

From Parikkala, Aalto and I continued our trip to Savonlinna, a beautiful town famous for its medieval castle, then by steamer across Lake Saimaa to Lappeenranta, now a sizeable city, and from there we returned by train and bus to Vestanfjärd. Aalto and I also paid a visit to Ramstedt's widow, Mrs. Ida Ramstedt, in her apartment in Helsinki where we also met her daughter and the latter's husband, Mr. Järnefelt, who had been in the diplomatic service and served for a long time as ambassador to Poland. Mrs. Järnefelt spoke very good Polish. After spending another few days with the Aaltos, I returned to the United States, first by ship to Stockholm, then by train to Hamburg via Copenhagen, and finally by plane to Seattle.

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Speaking of my Finnish colleagues, I should add that in that same summer of 1960 I met for the first time the well-known scholar Aulis Joki, professor of Finno-Ugric languages at Helsinki University. He is the author of an excellent book on the loan words in Sayan-Samoyed which include numerous Altaic words, and another interesting book on the relations between the Indo-European and Uralic languages.<sup>42</sup> Later in 1976 at the reception given by the Permanent International Altaistic Conference in Helsinki I also met the well-known linguist, Professor Erkki Itkonen, whose brother Ilmari Itkonen, lived in Parikkala and was married to Enni, née Innanen, whom I had known long before. Among the young Finnish scholars, Harry Halén made an excellent impression on me. He has published a number of articles and a catalog of Oriental books and manuscripts in Finland,<sup>43</sup> and a chapter in a book on Finnish travelers in Asia.

In 1968, after my retirement from the University of Washington, I was invited as a visiting professor to Bonn University where I spent the academic year 1969-70 lecturing at the Central Asian institute headed by Professor Heissig. Edith and I took the "Bremen" from New York and returned on the same ship a year later. The voyage was very pleasant and everything was perfect except that the food, while good, was served in such small amounts that we were often hungry. My lectures at Bonn University were on comparative studies of the Mongolian languages, comparative Altaic linguistics, reading the Mongolian text of the Diamond Sutra and comparing it with the Tibetan translation and the Sanskrit original, and reading the Mongolian text of the Twelve Deeds of Buddha, a biography of the Buddha written by Choskyi 'Odzer in the fourteenth century and translated at that time into Mongolian by Shesrab Sengé.

While in Germany I attended a reunion of my former classmates which took place in 1969 in Oberstaufen, a beautiful place in the Allgäu where the organizer of the meeting, my friend Wilfried Strik-Strikfeldt, lived. As mentioned earlier, he had played an important role in the Vlasov movement. Besides being a good poet, he wrote the book *Against Hitler and Stalin* about the Vlasov movement,<sup>44</sup> and he was also organizer and *spiritus movens* of the book

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*Russia Enters the Twentieth Century*, edited by G. M. Katkov, E. Oberländer, and me and containing a number of articles, one of which, written by me, deals with the economic and cultural development of Siberia.<sup>45</sup> Strik-Strikfeldt died in 1977. In December 1969, I fell gravely ill and was hospitalized at the clinic of Bonn University. It was appendicitis which the physicians, strangely enough, had not diagnosed in time, thinking that it was food poisoning. The result was a ruptured appendix.

In the summer of 1970 I went with Edith to Strasbourg to attend the meeting of the Permanent International Altaistic Conference where I met many colleagues from France, Hungary, Great Britain and other countries. It turned out to be a most interesting conference devoted to the religious and parareligious beliefs of the Altaic peoples. It was of particular importance to me because I was awarded the Gold Medal of Indiana University for Altaic Studies. The conference was attended by an unusually large number of persons. There was also my friend Karl Jahn, the editor of the *Central Asiatic Journal*, and most of my German friends. Hungary was strongly represented by Louis Ligeti, András Rona-Tás, Lajos Bese, László Lőrincz, Alice Sárközi and others. Ligeti was the senior among the Hungarians, a brilliant scholar of Paul Pelliot's school, the author of very detailed articles including numerous footnotes. There was also István Kecskeméti who, as Martti Räsänen's assistant, helped him publish his huge etymological dictionary of the Turkic languages.<sup>46</sup> Kecskeméti died a few years later. French Mongolists were represented by Roberte Hamayon, the author of interesting ethnographic works, and British Altaicists were represented by Charles Bawden, the author of many important works on Mongolian subjects. There were also some Turkish scholars but, just as at most previous and subsequent PIAC meetings, Soviet scholars were not present.

On our way back to Bonn, Edith and I had a most delightful trip through the Black Forest. The dense forests, the rushing waters of mountain brooks, and the shimmering serenity of large lakes was just overwhelming. We stayed in Bonn until the end of July and then traveled by train via Denmark to Stockholm and from there by ship

to Turku where our friends, the Aaltos, met us and we spent a delightful week with them in their cottage in Vestanfjärd. We continued our trip to Helsinki, stayed in Aalto's apartment, made sightseeing excursions in the city, including the National Museum and the Suomenlinna (Finland's) Fortress, and went by train to the place of my childhood, Parikkala. Later we also visited Savonlinna, went by steamer across Lake Saimaa to Kuopio and many other beautiful places, returned to Bonn and then back to the United States.

In 1973 I was one of four scholars especially invited as guests of the Turkish government on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Turkish Republic. The Permanent International Altaistic Conference also convened there at the same time. The other three scholars were Annemarie von Gabain, Gyula (Julius) Németh, and Martti Räsänen. Németh and Räsänen could not attend because of ill health. All four of us were awarded honorary diplomas of the Turkish government which also paid for our rooms, board, and transportation.

I attended other meetings of the Permanent International Altaistic Conference in Bad Honnef near Bonn in 1974, in Bloomington in 1975, and in Helsinki in 1976 where I presented a paper on the affinity of the Uralic and Altaic languages.<sup>47</sup> Some Soviet scholars also attended. One of them, Mukhamed'yarov, a Tatar, in his paper on Tatar historiography sang the praises of the Soviet Union, allegedly the only country allowing full freedom of historical research. It was a ridiculous and primitive performance. By contrast, the other Soviet scholars, including a Kazakh, two Turkmenian ladies and N. Z. Gadzhieva, the wife of the well-known linguist, B. A. Serebrennikov, presented serious, absolutely scholarly papers. Of the other participants, Gunnar Jarring, Ilse Cirtautas, and Karl Menges presented interesting papers.

Our Finnish hosts took all conference participants on several sightseeing trips around Helsinki. I was much impressed by a church built in a niche carved out of a rocky hillside and by Mannerheim House which had on display, among other things, a Finnish coat of arms made of birchbark which had been presented by Soviet

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prisoners of war to Marshal Mannerheim during the war of 1939-40. It was dedicated, according to the caption, "to Marshal Mannerheim from grateful Soviet prisoners of war." No comment is necessary. Equally impressive was a monument to members of the Finnish Red Guards killed during the civil war in 1918. The inscription read: "To our fallen comrades, former members of the Red Guards of Finland." This, to me, represented the quintessence of democracy and fairness. Would a similar monument for the officers and men of the anti-Communist armies killed during the civil war be conceivable in the Soviet Union? Never! Only a mature democracy can afford the recognition that the vanquished enemy had the same right to fight for his cause as the victors.

After the conference I spent a few days with the Aaltos in their cottage in Vestanfjärd and then proceeded on a round trip to Oulu, Kajaani, Joensuu, Parikkala, and back to Helsinki. In Parikkala I stayed at a vacation house where I made the acquaintance of a very friendly Finnish family from Helsinki. We spent several days together during which we spoke only in Finnish. Leaving Finland, I went to Viken in Southern Sweden to visit my friend, Ambassador Gunnar Jarring, and his wife Lillian who were spending their summer vacation there. Gunnar Jarring is not only a distinguished Turcologist, author of numerous important works on Eastern Turkic but he and his wife speak excellent Russian which they had studied at the university. All who know Jarring will agree that he is a very pleasant person of high culture and a great expert on world affairs. He is an unusual combination of a distinguished scholar and a broadminded and excellently informed diplomat. He is certainly one whose friendship is a high honor for me.

My stay in the United States during the past thirty years allowed me, *inter alia*, to become a member of numerous learned societies and accept awards without those doubts which haunted me at the time the late Willi Bang had asked me to send him my curriculum vitae. While in the Soviet Union I had this freedom only in the 1920s. When I helped the Finnish scholar Kai Donner to obtain a Lamut, a Ket and a Samoyed to go to Finland where he and some other scholars intended to investigate the respective languages, the

three native informants, students at the Leningrad Institute of the Peoples of the North, were sent for a whole summer to Finland. For this help I was elected a corresponding member of the Finno-Ugric Society in Finland. I had also published some articles in the *Keleti Szemle* and *Kőrösi-Csoma Archivum* and was elected a member of the Kőrösi-Csoma Society, the Oriental Society of Hungary. But after 1930 acceptance of membership in foreign learned societies became dangerous. I have mentioned earlier what happened to Beneshevich when he was elected a corresponding member of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences.

In 1950 I was elected a member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland; in 1951 a corresponding member of the Finnish Oriental Society; in 1957 corresponding member of the Türk Dil Kurumu (Turkish Linguistic Society) in Ankara; in the same year, corresponding member of the Academia Scientiarum et Litterarum Moguntina; in 1963, an honorary member of the Société Finno-Ougrienne; in 1968 honorary member of the Deutsche Morgenländische Gesellschaft (German Oriental Society) and received an honorary doctorate (*doctor philosophiae honoris causa*) from the Philosophical Faculty of Bonn University; in 1977 I became a corresponding member of the Finnish Academy of Sciences; and in 1978 a fellow of the British Academy. In addition, as I mentioned earlier, I received the Gold Medal of Indiana University for Altaic Studies and in 1973 an honorary diploma from the Turkish government. I should also mention that in 1957 a Festschrift was published on the occasion of my sixtieth birthday, and in 1978 a bibliography of my publications was published by the University of Washington.

I have listed these honors not in order to boast. My sole purpose is to show how much can be achieved in a relatively short time when one is free to concentrate on one's work. Thus freedom to travel, to attend conferences and congresses in other countries, freedom to publish his articles and books in other countries, and freedom to join foreign learned societies and accept awards bestowed by them were unthinkable before I had left the Soviet Union. I can only compare this to a treasure chest falling open in front of a pauper. It just overwhelmed me. I should point out that this

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productivity has been the result of many favorable circumstances. Probably the most important of them is the American attitude of minding one's own business. I have been absolutely free to write as I please. No censors have imposed their ideas on me, no party members have "edited" my works nor "helped" me ideologically. I have never had any reason to protect my work from infringement, and there is no one in the United States whom I would have to admonish "*Noli turbare circulos meos.*"