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The most important public events of 1918 were the beginning of the civil war and the murder of the Tsar and his family by the Bolsheviks. The Tsar had abdicated in 1917 and under the provisional government lived with his family in the palace in Tsarskoe Selo, a small town near Petrograd. Tsarskoe Selo was similar to Versailles in France and Potsdam in Germany as being the Tsars' palace town. The head of the provisional government, A. F. Kerenskii, foresaw danger for the imperial family and soon after the February Revolution in 1917 approached the government of Great Britain seeking political asylum for the Tsar and his family. The British must have known the unstable situation in Russia and consequent danger for the Tsar. But even though the Tsar was a cousin of the British king, they refused to help. The reply was that the British government did not regard the time as appropriate for the Tsar's journey. I regard this as unforgiveable. It would be interesting to know what time could have been more appropriate, considering the imminent civil war, general chaos, murder, and looting everywhere in Russia.

Kerenskii then removed the Tsar and his family to Tobolsk in Western Siberia which was at the time still relatively peaceful. However, when Kerenskii's government fell and the Bolsheviks seized power, the local soviet in Tobolsk took over the management of the Tsar's household. It transferred the Tsar, the Tsarina, and all five children to Ekaterinburg where they were all shot in the

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summer of 1918. To murder a woman and her children was a heinous crime, and only the killing of the Tsar could have been justified as an act of revolutionary justice, though first he should have been tried and condemned to death if found guilty. How much more civilized the Germans were who permitted Kaiser Wilhelm II who had abdicated to move to the Netherlands.

The revolution of February 1917 has been called the "unbloodiest revolution in human history" but it soon turned out to be the most devastating as far as loss of human lives, property, and cultural values were concerned. In 1918 civil war was started. An anti-Communist army formed by Admiral A. V. Kolchak achieved some early victories, temporarily occupying all of Siberia and the lands east of the Volga river. Eventually, however, it was defeated, and Kolchak himself was taken prisoner and executed in 1920. Another anti-Communist army led by General A. I. Denikin operated in Southern Russia. A third army under the command of General N. N. Yudenich advanced from Estonia and almost took Petrograd in 1919, and a fourth army headed by General Baron P. N. Vranghel began its operations in the Crimea and occupied parts of Southern Russia in 1920. All of them were initially successful but later suffered identical fates: they were defeated and their leaders were either executed or escaped abroad. In my opinion, there were three reasons for their defeat. The anti-Communist armies failed to coordinate their movements and instead fought *seriatim*. As one army was defeated, another took to the field. Second, the anti-Communist armies were always numerically inferior to the Bolshevik forces. The third and most important reason was the lack of a clear political program. The Soviets promised that land would be expropriated from the large landowners and redistributed among the peasants. The anti-Communist armies and their civilian administrations, however, did not make such promises. Would the peasants get land? There was no official answer to this question. Moreover, it remained unclear what kind of government Russia would have in the event of an anti-Communist victory. Would it become a monarchy or a republic? If a republic, would it be capitalist or social democratic? As a result of this vagueness, the anti-Communist movement had little support

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from the peasants and even less from the industrial workers. The peasants expected to get land from the Communists but, of course, they did not suspect that ten years later, in 1929, collectivization would deprive them of their newly won property.

As for my own experiences during this period of war communism, I can only say that the year 1918 was very difficult for my family. My mother obtained a job at the main post office in Petrograd, and I attended courses at the university in the mornings and worked at the Commissariat of Supply at nights, as I have already described. I received a small salary which was insufficient because everything was enormously expensive. We had lost everything in 1918 when the banks were nationalized. My cousin Alexander Boetz, who had been arrested in Arkhangelsk in 1914 and spent several years in exile in Siberia, returned and got a job at the bank where our safe was. He was on good terms with the commissar of the bank. This commissar offered to return the contents of all safes to their owners if they would share them fifty-fifty with him. Alexander told my grandmother about this proposal, and although she was highly indignant, she could not make up her mind. She asked her brother Wilhelm, who had been a stockbroker and was considered a financial expert, for advice. He told her, "Don't do it. The Bolsheviks will be here and gone tomorrow. You'd be crazy to give them half the contents." The safe contained stock certificates of foreign companies, jewelry and many other valuables. If Grandmother had listened to Alexander, she would have saved half her fortune of foreign stocks and bonds, and she would have been able to sell them at a later time.

The house we lived in was taken over by the city. It had belonged to my grandfather, and my mother had been born there, but since my mother was the widow of a consul-general of the Imperial government, the revolutionaries made her life difficult indeed. She and my grandmother were branded as parasites, assigned to the "exploiter" class and were given ration cards of the very lowest category. At first their daily bread, mixed with moss and sawdust, was rationed at eight ounces. Later they got four and finally only two. Sometimes, in order to stave off hunger, we bought ordinary

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oats for horses on the black market. After boiling the oats and grinding them in a meat grinder, we added a bit of water, and ended up with a kind of porridge that contained much chaff. In January and February 1919 it was 29 degrees Fahrenheit in our apartment, but we had no firewood for our stove. After dark I needed light in order to do my homework, but the supply of electricity was so erratic that I had to go to the black market to buy two small lamps and some high-priced kerosene. These lamps were nothing more than small bottles with wicks in them, and they gave off a feeble light, more or less like Christmas tree lights. If I set them up on each side of my book there was just enough light to read by.

Another event took place in 1918. My grandmother had a sister, Charlotte Diederichs, the widow of an accountant or bookkeeper and the mother of two boys, Max and Willi. Willi had served as a captain in an engineering regiment during the war and stayed with us after his return. He had just married and, having no other place to stay, lived with his young bride in our living room. She had worked as a nurse at one of the military hospitals during the war. One summer night a group of armed men suddenly burst into our apartment. They were members of the Red Guards, the paramilitary organization of the Bolsheviks. Willi was arrested and, together with other former officers, he was to be taken on a barge to the Gulf of Finland and drowned. This is exactly what they had done in Viipuri in August 1917. Willi's brother Max knew, however, the German ambassador, Count Mirbach, whom he asked to intercede on Willi's behalf. Count Mirbach ordered his secretary to draw up a letter declaring that Willi Diederichs was a German citizen and should be released immediately. Max took the letter to where the unfortunate officers were being held, presented it to the authorities and Willi was promptly released. A day or two later Willi and his wife left for Germany.

This same Count Mirbach was murdered soon thereafter by a member of the Social Revolutionary Party, Yakov Blyumkin, whose motive was simply to provoke war between Germany and Soviet Russia. Although the Soviets promised the German government that Blyumkin would be shot, I actually met him in 1926 in Ulaanbaatar

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where he was working as the station manager for TASS, the Soviet news agency. He did not escape a bitter end, however, for during the Great Purge in 1937 he was shot, having been found guilty of being a former member of the Revolutionary Socialist Party and possibly also because he was Jewish. He was not being punished for the murder which he had really committed but was sentenced to death for having been a member of a political party. In the Soviet Union this was a greater crime than murdering a non-Communist!

After Willi's departure his room was confiscated and the housing office placed a family in it. Christmas 1918 was grim. We had nothing at all. During the night of December 31, 1918 my grandmother died of malnutrition and a broken heart. While she was lying dead in her room, a meeting of the Revolutionary House Committee was conducted in one of the rooms of our apartment. The committee members were drinking, dancing and singing at the top of their voices. I will never forgive them for this. They behaved like scavengers around a dead body, celebrating their New Year, sitting in our apartment on furniture that did not belong to them and maybe even drinking wine bought with money confiscated from our bank account.

A certain Mr. Mikhelson, who had a mechanical workshop in our house, paid my grandmother's funeral expenses. We did not even have money to bury her, and my uncle Ferdinand's financial position was as bad as ours. Ferdinand was a very nice man but a good-for-nothing. When my grandfather died, Ferdinand was fifteen. He immediately dropped out of school and when he was twenty-one he demanded from his mother, that is my grandmother, his share of his father's fortune. According to law, his mother retained one-half and the other half was divided among the children. Being the only son, Ferdinand received six-sevenths of that half, and my mother got only one-seventh, or one-fourteenth of the total fortune. Ferdinand started squandering money on women and expensive hunts. For these he had a pack of thirty dogs which he housed in a special kennel where they were taken care of by a hunter and his wife. The only good thing his money brought him was his wife Nina, a real beauty. Ferdinand happened to meet her somewhere, learned that

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she was married and, with the help of a lawyer, he bought her from her husband. He gave Nina's husband a large sum of money so that he would divorce her, allowing Ferdinand to marry her. The husband agreed to the deal because he was poor and needed the money. When war came and Ferdinand was to be drafted, one of our porters who had connections with the draft board told Ferdinand that a bribe of 25 rubles, about \$12.50, would buy a deferral. Ferdinand was indeed not sent to the front. He remained in Petrograd where he worked as a clerk in one of the military offices, but soon found this work boring and volunteered for the front where he caught pneumonia. After the Bolsheviks seized power in 1917, Ferdinand once came to his mother with whom we were living and mocked her, "You saved and took good care of your property but where is it now? The Bolsheviks took everything. But I have already squandered everything. I haven't got a penny to my name but I had an excellent life with lots of beautiful women and entertaining company." I must admit that this point of view was not entirely wrong; perhaps it was just as well after all that he had squandered all his money and left nothing for the Bolsheviks. In 1921, Ferdinand died of tuberculosis on a train to a sanatorium in Southern Russia.

I should also say a word about my paternal uncle, Vasilii Poppe. Soon after the Bolsheviks had seized power on November 7, 1917, he and his wife came to say goodbye. He said the Bolsheviks would rule Russia for a long time, perhaps a whole century, and therefore he was leaving in a few days for Riga, Latvia. Riga was occupied by the Germans, and from there he went to Germany where he died in 1927. His widow, now in her eighties, is presently living in Germany, and their son Vasilii, a doctor of chemistry, in his fifties, lives near Chicago.

The year 1919 had a sad beginning. Of all of us, the one who was best off was my fifteen-year old sister Elisabeth. Her former nurse Vasilisa, whom I mentioned earlier, was a faithful soul who had stayed on with us even though we were unable to pay her. She often went to her native village from where she brought eggs, flour, potatoes, sometimes even pork or a chicken. One half of the food she bartered on the black market for textiles and clothes, which she

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then took to her village to pay for the food. The other half of the food she gave us free of charge. She took my sister to her own village. Elisabeth lived for several months in a warm peasant house and had plenty of food, and that probably saved her life. Vasilisa's own daughter, Masha, was a very pretty girl. She married a Finnish gentleman by the name of Alfred Walle who was the son of a pastor in Uukuniemi. In 1920 Vasilisa followed them to Finland. Many years later when I already lived in the United States, I wrote a letter to Finland to inquire about them and learned that Mr. Walle was still alive, but that Masha and Vasilisa had both been dead for quite some time. Masha reportedly died of a tumor and Vasilisa of diabetes.

In April 1919 I went to the outskirts of Petrograd to buy some milk and potatoes. The area was too close to the Finnish border, so I was arrested by border guards and brought back to the office of the county administration (*uezd*). Fortunately, the manager of the supply office where I worked interceded on my behalf, and I was released in May.

A second disaster befell me in 1919. A new anti-Communist army under the command of General Yudenich was approaching Petrograd from Estonia, and most able-bodied men, including students like myself, were drafted by the Communists. I felt terribly unhappy for two reasons. First of all, I hated military service, especially the idle hours when one was forced to sit around and listen to other soldiers telling dirty jokes. I also hated the thought of being sent to fight against those who wanted to liberate us from Communism. One morning while I was in the barracks compound, I heard a cheery voice. "Kolya! It's you! How come you are here?" Our family physician, Dr. M. D. Grinberg had been drafted as the regimental surgeon. After listening to my story, he said, "Listen, come to my office tomorrow. One of my colleagues will be there and the two of us will certify you as unfit for military duty." When I went to the infirmary the next morning, Dr. Grinberg examined me and told his colleague, "This man has an advanced stage of tuberculosis. Would you care to examine him?" "No," said the other physician, "I'm too busy. Write everything down and I will sign it." Armed with a medical certificate, I marched to the

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regimental headquarters and was promptly discharged. I owe a great debt to our good Dr. Grinberg who in subsequent years remained our family doctor and was even the doctor of both my sons when they were little. Dr. Grinberg died in 1935 and we mourned for him very much.

Hunger was the greatest calamity in 1919-20. Food rations were miserably small, and everything was extremely expensive on the black market which was conducted only by barter. I remember that I exchanged my golden tie pin adorned with a small ruby, a diamond, and a sapphire for two pounds of bread and a few pounds of potatoes. To make things worse, in 1920 our apartment was burglarized when everyone was at work. The burglars took clothes, silver spoons, a clock and some other things. We had already suffered other losses. My mother had taken her sable coat, some other furs, and her remaining jewelry to a "commission store," i.e., a store specializing in second-hand merchandise. A certain percentage of the money earned from the sale of an item was kept by the store. That particular store was run by a woman whom my mother knew. The store was burglarized, or was said to have been burglarized, and my mother's furs and jewelry were among the goods stolen.

Thefts and burglaries occurred at an alarming rate. In addition, bandits with garrots hid behind fences or in gateways along the dark snow-covered streets at night. Some robbers fixed springs to their boots to make very long jumps. There was no escape from them. Later I saw some kids jumping with such springs in the United States, and I reflected how these gadgets were used in revolutionary Petrograd for far less innocent purposes. An interesting case deserves mention. A man belonging to the upper classes, wearing an expensive furcoat, was held up. It was winter and very cold. The robbers took his coat and suit and left him in underwear in minus 20 degrees Centigrade. He begged the bandits to give him at least one of the filthy old greatcoats the bandits were wearing. They gave one to him and he went home. His wife took the greatcoat and ripped it apart in order to wash it and later perhaps make something else out of it for her husband. Between the lining and the coat she found several American hundred-dollar bills. The greatcoat had

probably belonged to an officer murdered by those bandits who had not suspected the true value of his coat.

Numerous crooks and swindlers did a thriving business in counterfeit exit visas and foreign passports. Counterfeit foreign currency was also for sale on the black market. I remember, in summer 1918, when the Finnish Red Guards were defeated, many of them roamed the streets of Petrograd, offering Finnish money for exchange into rubles. As a matter of fact, the Finnish government in Vaasa had declared all paper money issued by the Reds invalid. Petrograders, however, did not know this and eagerly bought those worthless bills. There were no police on the streets, and people were at the mercy of bandits and swindlers. However, when people caught a criminal, he was killed on the spot. Sometimes innocent people were lynched. Once in the black market area of town I saw an elderly woman suddenly start to scream that somebody had stolen her purse. The person nearest to her was immediately suspected and, without even attempting to search him, the mob literally tore the man to pieces. Before long, the "victim" exclaimed: "My God! I have found my purse. I put it into the wrong pocket." Then the mob dashed upon her and tore her to pieces, yelling: "We've killed an innocent man because of you!"

Everyone was demoralized by dire poverty, hunger and hopelessness. A frightening example was a gentleman in his late forties who begged in the streets. His son, a youth of about eighteen began to pimp for his own sister, a girl of no more than sixteen. In the late evenings when returning home from work I often saw him soliciting for her. This was the ultimate level of degradation. Others did not physically become prostitutes, but they were morally no better off. One person who fell into this kind of depravity was a certain Lenchka (diminutive form of Elena, English: Ellen), the daughter of a well-known Petrograd physician. She was engaged to a certain Vladimir Voronin, my friend and son of my mother's classmate. Having no home of his own, he occupied a room in his future father-in-law's apartment. Vladimir was the son of a rich textile manufacturer who had some commercial dealings with foreigners. His father had escaped to Western Europe where he had some money

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in a bank, and before leaving Petrograd, the father and one of his faithful workers buried all their jewels in the garden behind the house where they lived. A couple of years had elapsed since the father's escape, when one day the worker came to tell Vladimir that the jewels should be removed as construction on the site was about to begin. One night they went to the garden and dug up the jewels. Vladimir took them home, laid them out on his bed and called Lenchka to come in and look. She came and gasped at the sight. Vladimir had to go on an errand, and when he came back a few hours later, he entered his room and saw the jewels were not there. He thought Lenchka had taken them to a safe place and asked her about them. "What jewels?" she answered, "I don't know of any jewels." Vladimir soon moved out and Lenchka returned his ring. Later she married someone else in a lavish wedding, and the newlyweds equipped their apartment with expensive furniture. The jewels had been very valuable and were worth at least half a million American dollars.

At that time of hunger, unheated homes, general hopelessness and despair, a strong belief in the supernatural spread among the people who eagerly listened to stories filled with mysticism. One of them became particularly popular. As the story goes, a little girl entered the crowded waiting room at a doctor's office. Paying no attention to the patients waiting for their turn, she went straight to the doctor's office and asked him to go immediately to her mother who was gravely ill. There was something in the girl's appearance that made a deep impression on the doctor. He asked his patients to wait until he came back and went to the address the girl gave him. It was a dilapidated house in a remote street where only poor people lived. The woman was, indeed, seriously ill, and the doctor went to a public telephone to call an ambulance to take her to a hospital. After the ambulance arrived, the doctor prepared himself to return to his office when the woman thanked him and asked, "How did you know, Doctor, that I am ill and where I live?" The doctor answered that her little daughter had come and asked him to see her. "But, Doctor, my little girl died two years ago," replied the woman and started crying. It was the girl's soul which had gone to the doctor's office.

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In their misery and despair, people even invented news about severe defeats inflicted upon the Bolsheviks by the White armies. Once I heard that the notorious bandit Nestor Makhno, who with his army of many thousands of bandits was indiscriminately killing Bolsheviks and innocent bystanders alike and was looting towns and villages, was none other but the Tsar's brother Mikhail, the name Makhno being an acronym for Mikhail Aleksandrovich, khranitel' nashego otechestva (Michael Alexandrovich, the Keeper of our Homeland).

In 1919 at least one good thing happened: I got a job at a research institute. It was very difficult to keep up my studies which required serious homework every evening, when I had to sit in an office and work at night. Therefore, my professor of anthropology and ethnography, L. Ya. Shternberg, gave me a job as assistant research scholar at the Geographical Institute which had two departments, one for geography and the other for ethnography. Professor Shternberg knew that I had a good knowledge of Finnish and its dialects and so assigned me the task of drawing an ethnographical map of the Finnish population of the Petrograd region. I made trips to various villages, studied the local Finnish population, and marked the different dialect groups with different colors on the map. My investigations of the ethnic composition of the Finnish population brought me into many villages. One was Izhora (Finnish: Inkeri). The local Finnish pastor was Siitonen, the maternal uncle of Yrjö Fagerlund in Parikkala, whom I mentioned previously. When I mentioned the name of that pastor in the village, everything became very simple for me. The Finnish peasants said that they could easily tell that I was a "White Finn" from Finland, but I could rest assured they would never tell this to the Russians. I felt very flattered because my Finnish must have impressed them. Still it was a dangerous situation.

Later, in 1920, Professor Shternberg got money for an expedition to study the Karelians of the Tver' region, specifically those of Vyshnii Volochok county. I went there with several students of the Geographical Institute. I visited the Karelians in several villages, particularly in Tsybul'skaya Gorka. It was a relatively small village

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Illus. 14. Lev Yakovlevich Shternberg

of about thirty households located near a small lake with pitchblack water and mossy, swampy shores. The local Karelians were very superstitious and believed in mermaids, water kings, forest ghosts and the like. They also believed that a certain Ilmineine lived in the lake and when someone was ill, he or she went to the lake and spoke an incantation roughly as follows: "Old man Ilmineine, old man and

old woman, having golden eyes and wearing silver caps, come and take your goods (i.e., the illness) and give me back my health." Ilmineine is the Karelian name for the "king of water" which corresponds to Finnish Ilmari, the name of the god of air, and Votiak (Udmurt) Ilmer, "God." There were many victims of this sort of superstition and quacksalvery. For example, there was an old woman who lived in the neighboring house who was blind because when she had an eye disease, the local witch doctor had treated her eyes with powdered pumice "to rub out the illness."

The Karelian peasants were suspicious of strangers, and for the first few days of our stay in the village the peasants mistrusted us. On the first Sunday all of us went to church in the next village, about two kilometers away, and after that we became honored guests in all homes. Some peasants even suggested that I marry a woman whose husband had not returned from World War I. She had a house, a few cows, and a field, and she badly needed someone who could help her to run the farm!

I could understand the local Karelians very well, but they did not always understand what I said, because I used Finnish expressions unfamiliar to them. In general, the Finnish language has many synonyms, but most of these synonyms are lacking in Karelian. Sometimes the Finnish words had different meanings, and this caused funny misunderstandings. In one village when I was accommodated in a peasant's home, he asked me in Karelian how long I intended to stay. I said, "One week," but he understood this as "one generation's time." The Karelian word for "week" is a Russian word, but the Finnish word for "week" is of Germanic origin. Finnish *viikko* is the same as English *week* which sounds similar to Russian *vek* which means "one century" or "one generation's time," English *week* and Russian *vek* being etymologically unrelated. It goes without saying that the man was horrified to learn that I planned to stay in his home for a whole century.

Professor Shternberg was working at the Museum of Ethnography and Anthropology of the Academy of Sciences, and was also a professor at both the Geographical Institute and the university. He was good-natured and kind. In his youth he had belonged to a

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revolutionary group and was exiled to the island of Sakhalin north of Japan. There he investigated the Gilyaks and wrote a book about them.¹ He was released from exile due to the good offices of Wilhelm Radloff, the famous Turcologist and the director of the museum, who had many other political exiles returned to their homes. Radloff knew the Empress Dowager who was the Danish princess Dagmar, the mother of Tsar Nikolai II. Each time Radloff appeared for an audience with Her Majesty, she asked him, "And who is it this time, my dear professor?" Then she would add, "All right, I'll ask my son."

Although Professor Shternberg was a kind man, or perhaps because he was a kind man, he had to suffer much from the intrigues of others who tried to undermine his position. He was so accustomed to the people he helped turning against him that once he told me, speaking about one of those people, "It is strange that he is undermining my position and intriguing against me, because I have never done anything to him." Shternberg was a revolutionary of the old school, which held freedom to be the most important tenet of all, and he was suffering in spirit under the Soviets. He died in 1927. Had he lived longer he would probably have been arrested and left to die in a concentration camp.

I had much free time at the Geographical Institute and I could always do my homework and prepare myself for classes. The students of the Geographical Institute were intelligent and well prepared, and many of them became well-known scholars. One of them was my schoolmate Georgii Prokofiev who became a specialist in the northern peoples of Russia, particularly the Samoyeds. He studied the Samoyed language and dialects and published a number of important linguistic works including a description of the Yurak-Samoyed and Ostyak-Samoyed languages.² For a while he was a professor at the Institute of the Peoples of the North, but in 1937 he was fired. His position was very difficult and he lived in dire need. Eventually he was reinstated, but he died of starvation in besieged Leningrad in 1942. Vera Tsintsius, of Latvian origin, became an outstanding scholar in the field of Tungus languages and published a number of excellent works.³ She, too, was temporarily detained

sometime between 1937 and 1940 but was later released. Her candidate's (master's) thesis was so brilliant that Shcherba, the professor of linguistics, and I recommended that she keep it for her future doctoral dissertation and present something less important for her master's thesis. She still lives in Leningrad and enjoys the respect of all who know her. G. M. Vasilevich was also a student of the ethnographical department of the Geographical Institute. Like Tsintsius, she became an outstanding scholar in the field of Tungus linguistics and the author of excellent Tungus dictionaries.⁴ She died at an advanced age in 1974 or 1975. I should also like to mention my classmate Oskar Wiesel. He was interested in India, but he could not finish his studies as he was arrested and exiled to Central Asia. He died there soon after his arrival. His younger brother Emil had died of tuberculosis in Leningrad several years before that. Their father was a well-known professor at the Academy of Arts.

One of the most brilliant students was Nadezhda Petrovna Dyrenkova who was to become a well-known scholar in the field of Turkic studies.⁵ She was intelligent, friendly and helpful, and the two of us became good friends. I learned her life's story. She was one of the two daughters of rich parents who owned several estates, one of which was near the railroad station Batetskaya, not far from Leningrad. Her mother lived there in the early 1920s and still owned the estate, but she was about to be expropriated. This prompted Nadezhda to marry a certain G. K. Sadikov, an officer in the Soviet Air Force who had been decorated with the Order of the Red Banner for valor in the war against Poland in 1920. It was a marriage of convenience because both of them believed that because of his position in the armed forces she would be able to keep the estate. In 1923, however, other people were already living in most parts of the large manor and only a few rooms had been left to the family. Later the marriage was dissolved, and Sadikov married somebody else. Nadezhda invited me to stay there for a month in the summer of 1923. She was a passionate archeologist and had already made excavations of many Russian graves of the twelfth to fourteenth centuries. I also knew something about archeology and had participated in field work, and while helping her in her research I used the

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opportunity to help her salvage some of their family things. In the attic there was a huge and expensive rug which perhaps was fifty feet long. That rug was to be taken secretly out of the attic and the house. Of course, this was an impossible task because of its tremendous weight, so I cut it into many smaller pieces, using a razor blade, and my heart bled while I was cutting up this precious rug. I loved this Nadeshda Dyrenkova very much and she also had affection for me, but she was not ready for marriage as she wanted to devote herself to scholarly work. We remained good friends until the end. In the late 1920s or early 1930s she met with great misfortune. During one of her trips to Siberia to study one of the Turkic tribes, I think the Shor, she was badly burned by the sun. She had a very beautiful complexion with tender, light skin, but her face was completely burned and she developed a kind of skin cancer. Later, when she returned to Leningrad she went to a physician who diagnosed her disease as lupus. Even if the disease were curable, it was probably too late to do anything about it, so she remained with her face completely ruined. She died of starvation at the beginning of 1942 in besieged Leningrad.

So this was the Geographical Institute. It was an interesting establishment and there were many talented and valuable people. I remember them with a certain tenderness.

Professor Shternberg was greatly interested in the Karelians of the Tver' region. These Karelians had migrated at the beginning of the seventeenth century from Finnish Karelia to the Tver' region and were supposed to have preserved many ancient customs. Therefore, he obtained funds for field research and invited me to participate. I conducted my research among the Karelians of the Tver' region in the summer of 1920 and returned to Petrograd with a rich collection of materials containing numerous women's laments, e.g., a woman crying for her dead child or mother, cries of mothers for their daughters being given into marriage and also songs and some tales. These materials were quite interesting because the Tver' Karelians had been investigated very little, and I hoped to add to these materials and to publish them later on. They remained, however, unpublished in my apartment in Leningrad when I left the city

in the summer of 1941 in order to join my family in the northern Caucasus.

Besides my work at the Geographical Institute, I was soon given another job. During the summer of 1920 the Institute of Living Oriental Languages was founded. It began as a practical educational establishment. Oriental languages, literatures, history, and related subjects had been taught at St. Petersburg/Petrograd University even as early as the 1860s but on a purely scholarly basis. Graduates from the university's Oriental department either became research scholars or diplomats to the Orient. The need for a practical school of Oriental languages was great, and although there had been such an academy in St. Petersburg before the revolution it had not been well organized. Therefore a group of scholars including Ol'denburg, Vladimirtsov and Kotwicz decided to found a special institute which would answer the demands of their time, that is to train Russians interested in the Orient for some specific vocations such as consular employment. Kotwicz was the most active scholar and he was the institute's first director. Another section of the institute admitted students from the non-Russian parts of the Soviet Union and from Oriental countries, such as Tibet and Mongolia, to train them in Western-style management and administration. Given the low state of education in those parts of the world, these students had first to be placed in preparatory courses, and Kotwicz had hired me to teach Russian, elementary mathematics and other basic subjects to a group of Mongols and one Tibetan from Lhasa. The institute was not far from where I lived, and I walked there and back almost every day.

The Mongols and the Tibetan had a very difficult time learning Russian. Russian is phonologically and grammatically quite different from their own languages and has many exceptions to general rules, so that it is often difficult, even impossible, to know beforehand how a word is to be declined or conjugated. My students could not pronounce initial consonant clusters and always inserted vowels between consonants. They could not pronounce the initial *r*, either, and put a vowel in front of it, as in "aradio" instead of "radio."

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Worst of all, neither the Tibetan nor the Mongols could get adjusted to Petrograd's cold and clammy climate. The Tibetan died very soon, about four or five months after his arrival. Some of the Mongols lived longer, but almost none survived. There were also three Kalmucks who had enrolled in 1920. They were better adjusted to the climate, graduated from the institute, and returned to the Kalmuck country.

One of my students was Bardym Man'yarovich Zamatkinov, a Buryat of the Ekhirit tribe. He was a shaman and had learned his incantations from his uncle who had been a shaman. I wrote down Zamatkinov's incantations and made arrangements for a shamanist performance at the Russian Museum in Petrograd which has a very fine ethnographic division. I provided all the necessary garments, a drum and other paraphernalia. The shamanist performance took place before a small group of specialists, scholars, and students. A physician was also present who testified at the end of the shaman's trance that Zamatkinov had really lost consciousness.

The librarian at the Institute of Living Oriental Languages was Maria Kotwicz and the director of the library was Il'ya Petrovich Murzaev, who was also the director of the library of Petrograd University. He was an expert on librarianship and a very learned man who knew literature especially well and bibliography better than anyone else I knew. You could have asked him about books in any field, and he would give you several titles right off the top of his head. He was, however, an extremely filthy person, unwashed and unkempt. He never had any handkerchiefs but he blew his nose with his hand the way the Russian peasants did. Once when I met him we greeted each other by shaking hands. My right hand was so completely wet with his mucus that I had to go instantly to the wash-room to wash it off.

In the summer of 1921 the institute sent me, together with the Kalmuck students, to their country where they were to vacation and I was to acquire a working knowledge of the Kalmuck language. We arrived in Astrakhan near which there were some Kalmuck settlements. I remained some time in Astrakhan in order to get everything I needed for my trip to the steppe and to make the

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acquaintance of the local Kalmuck administration. The Kalmuck head of the local government was Doctor Dushan. Another important person was Arshi Chapchaev, and I also remember a certain Lijiev and Liji Karvenov. They were representatives of the Kalmuck intellectuals and active in the Kalmuck government. Most of them did not know very much about administration. The one exception was a Russian named V. P. Porokh, the head of the Department of Education. Porokh had been an old teacher who knew all about schools and the routine ways of administering them.

I was issued papers which allowed us to travel to the steppe, and I went to stay among the Kalmucks living in a place called Khoshutovka near Astrakhan. I lived there in the local school because there were no other accommodations. Soon, however, I developed dysentery and malaria and had to return to Petrograd. After a long period of convalescence, I developed very bad boils on my spine so that a surgeon had to lance them. This trip weakened me very badly, and I even developed tuberculosis. Fortunately, it was stopped in its initial stage, although I still have fibrous scars on one of my lungs.

One day back in Petrograd I met my professor Lev Shternberg who asked me, "What's wrong with you? You look so pale." I told him that I had contracted tuberculosis and he immediately offered to help me. He telephoned his brother Aaron, a medical doctor, who was in charge of all tuberculosis sanatoria in the Leningrad area and I was assigned to one of them. I rested there for more than a month, had plenty of milk, eggs and other foods which ordinary people could not get, and I soon recovered. I was indebted to Professor Shternberg for a second time. First he had obtained a job for me and now he had saved me from the ravages of tuberculosis.

In February 1921 I graduated from Petrograd University and received a diploma which would be equivalent to an American M.A. The Russian system was similar to the British one. I remember that many years later when the University of London awarded a B.A. degree with honors in Turkish to my younger son Nicholas, it was recognized as equivalent to an American master's degree. My very last examination was in psychology. Professor Vitalii Stepanovich

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Serebrennikov was my teacher in this subject. He was a very kind man and a good lecturer. He used as his textbook William James's book *Psychology* and based his own lectures on James's theories. The examination took place in the morning between ten and twelve.

I remember the day clearly because in the afternoon as I was returning home, I heard gun salvos in the distance. Later I learned that the sailors stationed in Kronshtat, the naval fortress of Petrograd, had mutinied and demanded "Soviets without Communists." This was the beginning of the famous Kronshtat mutiny which was very ominous for the Soviets because the rebels were neither officers nor members of the privileged class but ordinary sailors who had been drafted into the navy and had nothing to do with the former ruling class. The Soviets mobilized a huge army which marched across the frozen Gulf of Finland to try to take the Kronshtat fortress. Artillery fire from Kronshtat broke up the ice, and many Red Army soldiers drowned. After a savage battle Kronshtat was taken. Some of the sailors were shot and others were exiled, but most were pardoned. As a direct consequence of the Kronshtat mutiny Lenin, who was still at the head of the Soviet government at the time, proclaimed a new economic policy. Usually referred to by its acronym NEP, this policy allowed free trade. It also permitted the peasants, who previously were required to hand over their entire harvest, to keep everything except a small portion which they had to deliver to the state as a tax in kind.

Lenin's NEP also brought about an improvement, albeit indirectly, to my family's life. In 1918 or early 1919 our furniture and all other belongings in our apartment had been expropriated, and several persons had been billeted in various parts of our large apartment. In 1921 all our belongings were returned to us, and although the house itself remained city property, we got our entire apartment back. In addition, the population of Petrograd was changing. On the eve of the revolution the city was bursting at the seams with refugees and even before the war it had a population of 1.5 million. After 1918 people were leaving the city in droves, and there was a mere half a million remaining. Those who had stayed in our apartment either found larger quarters or left the city

altogether, and as a result my mother, sister, and I once again had all seven large rooms of our apartment at our disposal.

I had started out as an assistant at the Geographical Institute in 1919 and became concurrently a teacher of Mongolian subjects at the Institute of Living Oriental Languages in 1920. In 1921 I took on another job. The Asian Museum of the Academy of Sciences took me on as an assistant researcher because the museum's director, Sergei Fedorovich Ol'denburg, had known me and obviously expected good work from me and was confident that a good scholarly career lay before me. My job was to catalog and describe Mongolian manuscripts and xylographs, but I also was authorized to write articles or a book on any subject of my own choosing. The museum's collection of Mongolian manuscripts and xylographs was probably the largest in the world outside Mongolia, where there were many more manuscripts, but which were unnumbered and uncatalogued.⁶ I happened upon a large number of manuscripts devoted to fire worship, and these I both catalogued and investigated. The result was published in an article in *Asia Major*.⁷

The Mongolian section of the Asian Museum also housed many individual collections made by scholars. One of the larger older collections was that of Schilling von Canstadt. Of the newer collections, Tsyben Zhamtsarano's and Rudnev's were the best. In 1925 a large new collection was purchased from the widow of the well-known Mongolist Aleksei Matveevich Pozdnev, former professor at St. Petersburg University and then director of the Oriental Institute in Vladivostok. The Academy of Sciences bought a large number of his Mongolian manuscripts, xylographs, books, and manuscripts of his unpublished works. When I catalogued these materials, my attention was drawn to a huge manuscript which contained the restored Mongolian text of the *Secret History of the Mongols*. The famous Sinologist Palladius had made this transcription from a Mongolian text of 1240 transliterated in Chinese and also added an interlineal translation in Russian. Palladius had given his manuscript to Pozdnev for publication, but Pozdnev published only a few excerpts, not even mentioning that Palladius had given him the entire manuscript. Pozdnev even published an article in the

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Zhurnal Ministerstva Narodnogo Prosveshcheniya (Journal of the Ministry of Education) on the system of transliterating Chinese characters using Russian phonetic symbols, along with a list of Chinese characters, on the basis of Palladius. Although I remember the Latin saying *de mortuis aut nihil aut bene*, I cannot help but point out Pozdneev's behavior in this case.

I discovered very soon other incontrovertible evidence of plagiarism among Pozdneev's manuscripts, namely the first two volumes of his lectures on the history of Mongolian literature, which were published in lithographed form in the 1890s.⁸ They turned out to be the doctoral dissertation of a certain Georgii Kokh (German Koch), a student of German extraction, who had developed tuberculosis and died before he could defend his dissertation. He had submitted his dissertation to Pozdneev, who kept it for a rather long time, as was customary in Russia in those days. I know of cases where doctoral candidates submitted their dissertations to professors, and the dissertations would lie around their professors' offices, sometimes as long as five or six years. In this instance, Pozdneev was shrewd enough to keep Kokh's dissertation until everyone who had ever known Kokh had graduated from the university before he published it in his own name. This flagrant case of plagiarism has never been mentioned, and I consider it my duty to bring it to the attention of historians of Mongolian Studies.

S. A. Kozin, the man who later published Palladius's manuscript with his own rather unsatisfactory commentaries and glossaries,⁹ told me more about Pozdneev. Perhaps I should first say a few words about Kozin himself. He was a student of Chinese and Mongolian in the late 1890s and early 1900s, and later became the administrator (*popechitel'*, lit. guardian) of the Kalmuck region. Kozin had been Pozdneev's student and later, when Kozin was already in the Kalmuck area managing Kalmuck affairs, Pozdneev arrived one day in order to do field work among the Kalmucks and asked Kozin to assist him. Pozdneev spent a night in a rich Kalmuck's *ger* (yurt) and the next morning, before leaving, he slipped a silver statuette of a Buddha into his suitcase. The Kalmuck saw this and, without saying a word, opened the suitcase and took out his

statue. This incident demonstrates that Pozdneev was by no means an honest soul. Pozdneev was a well-known and prolific scholar. I doubt that everything he ever wrote was plagiarized, because there were not enough Mongolists at that time who could have supplied him with works in such different fields as history, language, and folklore of the Mongols, but some of his publications are definitely the work of other persons.

In 1921 I acquired yet another job. I became an associate professor (*dotsent* in Russian) of Mongolian at Petrograd University. Since 1919 I had also been a salaried member of the Commission of Toponymics at the Academy of Material Culture, the former Imperial Archeological Commission. The Commission of Toponymics was headed by Professor A. F. Braun, the former director of the Imperial Philological Institute which was almost next door to Petrograd University, but it was the famous Slavist and member of the Academy of Sciences, Professor Aleksei Aleksandrovich Shakhmatov, who offered me the latter job. He had been a member of the Commission of Toponymics and needed someone who knew Finnish, because geographical names in European Russia are to a large extent of Finnish origin, dating from the time when the Finns occupied a more southerly area than they do at present. Shakhmatov himself knew Mordvinian, a language related to Finnish, very well, had published a large collection of materials on Mordvinian folklore, and was interested in Finno-Ugric languages in general.¹⁰ I was to investigate the river names of the Il'men' basin. The Il'men' is a lake in the Novgorod area, and many of the rivers which flow in and out of that lake and their affluents have Finnish names. I compiled a complete catalog of the names of those rivers and their geographical coordinates, but the catalog was never published.

I always seemed to have several jobs at once, but that was customary in Russia then because living expenses were extremely high and a single salary was totally inadequate. On the other hand, as a result of hundreds of thousands of intellectuals having fled from Russia, there was a serious shortage of specialists. I kept all my jobs until 1923 when the Commission of Toponymics was disbanded. The famous Shakhmatov died in 1920 or 1921, I am not sure when.

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He had been living in an unheated apartment and had to haul his own firewood on a sleigh across Petrograd. This proved too much for him and he died of exhaustion. The commission's demise proved to be to my advantage later when the study of such things as Finnish river names in Russia became dangerous. This kind of investigation would be interpreted as an attempt to hand the country over to the Finns! I remember a geologist who had written about the Leningrad area being part of the Fenno-Scandinavian continent, which is the correct geological name for that region. He was severely criticized for trying to make the Leningrad area a province of Finland and for wanting to yield it to the Finnish Fascists!

Another event of 1921 was my first meeting with my future wife. One day when I went to the Asian Museum to work on cataloguing Mongolian manuscripts I saw a young lady hitherto unknown to me. Since no one introduced me to her, I just minded my own business. But when I saw her again the next day, I realized that she had joined the museum staff, and so I introduced myself. She replied, "Oh, I've heard of you. I am pleased to make your acquaintance. I am Nataliya Belolipskaya." We became good friends, she invited me often to her apartment, or rather, to the part of an apartment which she shared with many other people, and she told me her life story. Both her father, a general, and her younger sister, Tat'yana, had emigrated to Yugoslavia. Her mother had died of breast cancer. During the first world war her father had been on the Caucasian front where he was in charge of all captured Turkish weapons. The family had several estates in various parts of Russia, and her father had taught at a military school before the war and was also a member of the Commission of History of Russia's armed forces. When the civil war broke out, he joined Baron Vrangeli's army in the Crimea. His family was with him. Nataliya had been a nurse at a military hospital during the war and in the ensuing civil war she worked as nurse on a train that picked up wounded soldiers and transported them to the nearest hospital. One day the Reds cut the line and the train stopped somewhere in southern Russia. They did not harm her or the wounded White army soldiers and officers, but demanded that they also take on wounded Red army soldiers and

take them to the nearest hospital in the Red-held territory. Also on that train was a certain Kitti Drozhdzhinskaya, the daughter of the former director of a Russian high school in the Caucasus. The chief surgeon was Doctor P. I. Silin. When Nataliya found herself in Red Russia she had no choice but to go on doing work as a Red army hospital nurse.

Meanwhile, Vranghel's army had been defeated, and he and his generals fled the Crimea via Turkey to Yugoslavia. Tat'yana went with her father there, but her mother adamantly refused to leave until she had found her Nataliya. Nataliya had no place to stay, so she went to Kislovodsk in the northern Caucasus where Kitti's parents lived, and took a job as nurse in a sanatorium for mental patients. Later she wrote to her sister's godfather in Petrograd who notified her that her mother had returned to Petrograd and was living in their old apartment. Nataliya went to Petrograd and joined her mother. She also met a friend of hers, V. A. Ebermann, who was an Arabicist and had studied at the university when I was a student there. They had been friends since their childhood as they were neighbors during vacations. Ebermann recommended her as a librarian to the Asian Museum where he was working, for at that time they needed someone who knew languages, and Nataliya was excellent in German, French, and English and could catalog books as well.

When she was working as a nurse in the mental hospital in the Caucasus, she had one particularly unpleasant experience. Among the inmates was a former Cheka (Soviet secret police) commissar who had become insane after executing a Russian Orthodox priest. He had led the priest along a corridor in the basement of the Cheka jail and then ordered the priest to stop. While the priest was crossing himself, he aimed his revolver at the priest's neck and fired, but the priest did not move. He shot again and again until he had emptied the whole magazine, but the priest remained standing. The commissar emitted a loud shriek, collapsed and lost his mind. What had actually happened was that he had severed a nerve in the priest's body so that the priest had been paralyzed for a brief moment and was thus kept from falling even after death. The commissar did not, of course, realize this but instead imagined that a miracle had

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occurred, and that the priest might be a saint and that he, the commissar, had committed some unpardonable sin.

Nataliya's happiness at being with her mother was short-lived because her mother was already very ill from cancer. Surgery was performed by Dr. A. A. Ebermann, the father of Nataliya's friend and a well-known surgeon. He did his best, but the cancer already had progressed too far and the metastases had spread to the whole body. Nataliya's mother died in December 1921.

At that time I received from Vladimirtsov some interesting material on the old Mongolian language. He had obtained this material from Bartol'd who had been working on an Arabic manuscript composed by Ḥamd'ullāh Qazwīnī in the fourteenth century entitled *Nuzhāt al-Qulūb* (The Delight of Hearts). This work deals with the geography and cosmography of many countries. Among other things, the manuscript contains a short glossary of Mongolian words, to be exact, names of animals written phonetically in Arabic script as the author had heard those words spoken. It is more or less a phonetical transcription of spoken Mongolian of the fourteenth century. Before starting my work, I, of course, asked for Bartol'd's permission to use this material because he had not given it directly to me. He kindly consented, and I published my work later.¹¹ That list of animal names was the first and last research material Vladimirtsov ever gave me.

The year 1923 was important. First, I received my master's degree. My examination committee was chaired by the dean, D. K. Petrov, professor of Spanish language and literature and a brilliant scholar in Arabic studies. The other members of the committee were Kotwicz, Vladimirtsov, Samoilovich and Ol'denburg, the latter acting for Bartol'd who was at that time in England working on some manuscripts in the British Museum. The questions did not cause any difficulties and I passed the examination easily. It is interesting to note the very friendly atmosphere of the examination, which was held in the presence of the entire faculty of History and Philology. About forty full professors and many associate professors attended. The dean opened the meeting by saying, "The first item on our agenda will be the master's examination of a certain Nikolai Poppe

who comes from a good family, his father having been Imperial consul-general in China and also a graduate from our university." Three years later the university was proletarianized and many professors of political subjects such as Marxism were hired. They were party members without master's or doctoral degrees, and an introduction such as Dean Petrov's became impossible. Soon a step further was taken. Degrees themselves were abolished and therefore, no one took examinations. In 1923, however, the university was still the same good old university that it had always been. As to Dean Petrov, he committed suicide in 1924. After passing my examination I worked as an associate professor at the university and the Institute of Living Oriental Languages and as a research scholar at the Asian Museum.

Later that year another important event in my life occurred. I had known Nataliya for two years but had not thought to marry her until the following event occurred. One day in December 1923 Nataliya asked me to come to her apartment because she had something important to tell me. When I arrived the next evening, she told me that a man had visited her who had secretly slipped across the border from Estonia and brought her a letter from her father. He had also enclosed one hundred American dollars—quite a fortune in those days—and asked her to join him and Tat'yana in Belgrade. Such secret border crossings were commonplace. Our professor of Japanese, S. G. Eliseev, left Russia in 1920 or early 1921 illegally. One night a motorboat was sent by some of his friends or relatives in Finland and moored at the Nikolaevskii Bridge across the Neva river. Eliseev, together with his wife and children, went to the boat as if they were going on a pleasure cruise. The only things they carried were valuables hidden in their clothes. Then the boat left, and within an hour they were in Finland having successfully eluded the Soviet coast guard. Later Eliseev went to France and taught at the University of Paris, and still later he moved to Harvard University. Another case of a successful escape was that of my future second wife. In 1920 she walked across the frozen Gulf of Finland from south to north, and once having reached Finland, she continued via Sweden to Germany where I met her during World War II.

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Nataliya's news was like lightning from a clear sky. I suddenly felt that she should not leave and everything possible should be done in order to prevent this. I went home, thought the whole situation over, and wrote her a long letter in which I described the miserable life of emigrants abroad and reminded her that she had a good job at the library of the Academy of Sciences. Then I added, as the *pièce de résistance*, that I could not live without her, and I asked her to marry me. I gave her the letter the next day when both of us were returning from work. It was a Saturday. On Monday she thanked me for the letter but added that she could not give me an answer as yet because she had to think it over. One whole week passed without an answer from her, and it was almost the last day of 1923. Suddenly she invited me to her home. I asked her eagerly whether she had made her decision and she simply replied, "Yes." I asked again, "And what is the answer?" "I will stay." We became engaged, I introduced her to my mother and sister, and on Monday, May 5, 1924, we went to the city registrar's office with our witnesses. Our wedding took place in church on Sunday, May 11. Father Fedor, who would later also baptize our eldest son, officiated. After the church ceremony we celebrated at the apartment of Tat'yana's godfather, the former Senator D. F. Ognev. There we had a dinner party with wine and champagne for about twenty relatives and closest friends. Afterwards I took Nataliya to our large apartment in the house where we lived. Her belongings, which had already been moved long before, included some beautiful furniture, crystal, rugs, and paintings, and we furnished our part of the apartment quite elegantly. News of our marriage soon spread through the Asian Museum, and we held another dinner party for twelve of our friends from the museum.

Toward the end of summer we went on our honeymoon to Kislovodsk, the city which had played such an important role in Nataliya's life. It was my first trip to the Caucasus. I was impressed by the high mountains, the southern vegetation, and the beautiful scenery. For the first time I saw the Caucasians, a proud people, riding their horses, wearing very peculiar garments—long caftans and high fur caps—carrying rifles and daggers which they

were at that time still allowed to carry. Later these weapons were confiscated, and only members of hunter's unions were permitted to have any kind of weapon.

We returned from our honeymoon at the end of September, to find that Leningrad, as the city had been renamed after Lenin's death in January 1924, was flooded and most downtown streets were under water for a day or two. Nataliya and I returned to work at the Asian Museum. Together with my additional salary at the Institute of Living Oriental Languages and at the university, we lived very well in the rather large apartment which we shared with my mother and unmarried sister who was still attending the university.

In April or May 1925 something unpleasant happened. Several of my articles appeared in *Asia Major*.¹² Professor V. M. Alekseev, the Sinologist, had been to Europe in 1924 and had there met Bruno Schindler and Friedrich Weller, the editors of the journal, who asked him to send articles and to suggest that his colleagues in the Soviet Union do so as well. Alekseev's invitation to contribute articles to *Asia Major* did not evoke great enthusiasm among the scholars in Leningrad, partly because very few could write in any language but Russian. I wrote my articles in 1924 and they appeared in the spring of 1925. They were my first articles to be published outside of Russia and, of course, I was very happy. Shortly thereafter we had a party and I invited Professors Alekseev and Vladimirtsov and their wives and some other scholars. Among them was Dr. F. A. Rozenberg, a specialist in Iranian languages who had published a number of works on the Sogdian language and was very well known abroad. He was also a very kind and pleasant person with excellent manners, a gentleman from tip to toe. The party went very well and everyone was in high spirits. Only Vladimirtsov sat with a morose expression on his face. When I met him again at the museum several days later, he only said, "I would like to talk to you." I went to his office where he told me that he was very surprised to see my articles in *Asia Major*, because he had intended to write on the same subjects and send them to some journals for publication. I answered that these subjects could be written about by more than one scholar because such topics could be discussed from different points of view and, in

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any event, my articles had not exhausted the subjects. It was a very strained conversation, and while our subsequent relations remained correct, our old friendship was never restored. I have often thought about this, but could never satisfactorily resolve why Vladimirtsov started that unpleasant conversation. Was he envious that I, a rank beginner in the field, had published several articles in a prestigious foreign journal and he had not? Did he resent my ability to write in good German while his command of foreign languages was insufficient? I still do not know for sure and I would prefer to look no further, lest I would find an unpleasant explanation for his actions.

In 1926 the first International Turcological Congress convened in Baku. I had been approached by some Turkic scholars and political leaders, who came to Leningrad together with a scholar of Estonian descent, a certain Siefeld-Simumägi. They had first asked my teacher of Turcology, Professor Samoilovich, whom he would recommend to present papers on certain subjects, and he mentioned my name. So in March I went to Baku with Samoilovich, my professor of linguistics Shcherba, my friend Anatolii Nestorovich Genko, who was a specialist in Caucasian languages, Malov, and another Turcologist by the name of K. K. Yudakhin. We went by train via Moscow. It was a pleasant journey, and the meetings in Baku were very interesting. I met many scholars and leaders of the Turks in the Soviet Union. Among the foreigners there was the famous Turkish scholar Koprülü Zade Fuad Bey, the German Theodor Menzel, the Hungarian Gyula Mészáros and others. The congress made a great impression on me because it was the first international congress I ever attended. I should mention a minor unpleasant incident which occurred in Baku. The Russian organizers of the banquet in our hotel had not taken into consideration the fact that the Turks, especially the Turks from the various Soviet Republics, being Moslems, did not eat pork. Therefore they were unable to eat the ham, sausages and other pork products of which the banquet mainly consisted.