



**YAROSLAV
GALAN**

**WE
MUST
NOT
FORGET**

NOVOSTI PRESS AGENCY PUBLISHING HOUSE
MOSCOW, 1975

Contents

The Life and Exploits of Yaroslav Galan	5
We Must Not Forget	11
People Without a Homeland	22
The Cross or the Knife?	32
A Wretched End	53
Liquidation	58
Something That Has No Name in Human Language	63
The Mamelyuks	72
Murderers Disguised as Political Emigrés	83
The Glorious Liberation of Man	89

The Life and Exploits of Yaroslav Galan

By Roman LUBKIVSKI

The world has known fascism in many different guises and manifestations. Humanity is no longer surprised at the ability of this evil and loathsome creature to change its colours depending on time, place and circumstances. Every life given in the uncompromising struggle against the brown plague has invariably evoked in sympathetic hearts around the world admiration, pride and a feeling of international solidarity. That was the case when the fascists murdered Federico Garcia Lorca, when, in a concrete basement in Sofia, they shot the Bulgarian Communist poet Nikola Vaptsarov. That was the case when the world learned about the martyr's death of the Czech anti-fascist Julius Fučík, and of Musa Djalil, the Tatar poet. The names of these heroes have come to symbolise the staunchness of Communists, their conviction, iron will and love of humanity. Their lives and work represent a courageous, proud and impassioned hymn in the name of life, labour and freedom. One other star in the galaxy of legendary fighters is the Ukrainian Soviet writer and Communist, Yaroslav Galan.

Galan was born on 27 July, 1902, in that part of Western Ukraine which, having for centuries been separated from the rest of the Ukraine, groaned under the double burden of social and national oppression. Young Yaroslav enthusiastically hailed the Great October Socialist Revolution of 1917 in Russia. He at once joined the Communist Party and for many years was active in the revolutionary movement as a member of the Communist Party of Western Ukraine, a journalist and Communist publisher repeatedly persecuted by the authorities of bourgeois Poland. Here is how the dossier kept by the Polish secret police described Galan: "Experienced Communist and leading activist." True enough. Galan was a Communist and had gone through the crucible of prison and persecution, exile and starvation.

"... Aged 23, Ukrainian student, former member of the Austrian Communist Party. From early 1925 a secretary of a rural Party branch and a member of a cell of students. Honest and dedicated." These words are from Galan's Party character reference dated 1926.

Honest and dedicated. Galan was such throughout his life. This short, but strong man, with keen eyes and a shock of unruly hair, had many jobs, ranging from a teacher, a violinist in a third-rate cinema, to a Communist publisher, a popular writer and publicist, and an outstanding political leader. Throughout his life, wherever fate took him, he was an honest and dedicated fighter in the Communist cause.

His enemies, and he had many—the reactionary clergy, the Ukrainian nationalists and other willing agents of international reaction and fascism—at once hated and feared Galan. They had good reason to, for the writer with his stinging satire exposed these "servants of God" who gave their blessing to fascism. He poured scorn on all those who sought to exploit for their own purposes the patriotism of the true

Ukrainian. A worthy son of the Ukrainian people, Galan was a punishing sword of truth in their hands.

During the Great Patriotic War hundreds of thousands of people on both sides of the front line listened to his broadcasts, to his calm voice telling them the truth. His was the voice of the Soviet Ukraine, of the entire Soviet people. Fluent in several foreign languages, very often Galan after listening to a propaganda broadcast emanating from the Nazis would go on the air to expose their lies with his characteristic ardour and with cogent arguments. Galan's radio station was included on the map found on a captured Nazi pilot and listing important strategic targets to be bombed.

Galan's single-handed combat with the poisonous propaganda of fascism continued after the war, when he covered the Nuremberg trial as a special correspondent of the newspaper *Sovetskaya Ukraina*. Once again, Galan was on the firing line of the propaganda war. His articles and pamphlets were merciless indictments, and at the same time constituted an ardent call for proletarian internationalism and the brotherhood of nations. As early as the pre-war years, writing for the magazine *Okna*, Galan published reviews of the works of revolutionary authors from Poland, Germany, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria. Later, after the war, he wrote about the friendship of the Soviet peoples:

"The same banner is flying over Kiev and Lvov and Uzhgorod, the same breath of freedom and creative labour is sweeping the steppes of the Ukraine and the valleys of the rivers in the Carpathian foothills.

"This freedom of ours is dear-bought. We have paid a high price for it. Some of our best people have given their lives and shed their blood for it. This river of blood contains the blood of our Russian

brothers. This grievous flow of blood was shed everywhere where the question 'to be or not to be', the question of the life and death of whole peoples was decided, wherever a fight to the finish was going on for the freedom and happiness of peoples. The vast expanses between Stalingrad and Berlin are covered with the graves of Muscovites and Siberians, of Georgians, Armenians and Azerbaijanians, who gave their lives in the name of freedom and independence. May our love for them be just as vast.

"The soldiers of the Soviet Motherland marched from the East bringing light. Where they have hoisted the Flag of Victory such landowners as the Potockis and Bobrzyńskis have no place. The fighters of the Ukraine, together with their brothers-in-arms, reached the Elbe and the Danube and the shores of the Adriatic. Their glory is our pride. The Ukrainian people have contributed their share to the glorious deeds performed by their brothers, the other Soviet peoples. Today millions of working people in other countries of the world are looking upon us, Ukrainians, with affection and hope. For this, much of the credit belongs to our Russian brothers."

These words express the credo we live by, today as in the years of the war.

Nature endowed Yaroslav Galan generously. He excelled in prose, writing in the realist tradition touched with romanticism, and with deep psychological insight. He was a talented playwright. Even those works which he did not live to complete are remarkable for their high drama, the realism of the characters, and a unique lyricism. Everything he wrote, whether a short story or a pamphlet, is infused with the poetry of love, and at the same time with hatred for all that is unjust. His articles make absorbing reading. Galan was also a bard of his native Lvov.

He knew and loved better than anyone else its ballads and legends, streets and squares.

My generation grew up and matured in the immediate post-war years, which saw the full flowering of Yaroslav Galan's creative powers. This was at a time when the people of Western Ukraine had fully appreciated the historic significance of our victory over Nazism. Once again they knew the happiness of constructive peaceful labour.

But the victory of the new life was met with frenzied resistance on the part of the nationalists, kulaks, and terrorist bands, who had pinned their hopes on a new world war bringing them a return to bourgeois ways. At night these enemies of the Ukrainian people crawled out of their hide-outs to murder Soviet activists and vent their spite on the peaceful population. Having for many years exposed and castigated the traitors, Yaroslav Galan was fully aware that he was a principal target for their hate. On 24 October, 1949, when Galan was completing an article for the newspaper *Izvestia*, a group of rabid nationalists made their way into his flat and foully murdered the courageous writer.

Yaroslav Galan's tragic death shocked the people, setting off a storm of indignation against the murderers—the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists and clergy, who were behind the dastardly crime.

Long before his death, Galan wrote the following lines: "I have applied to join the army. It is true that I am no longer as healthy as I used to be, my leg is giving me increasing pain. But I've been thinking, what would my life be worth after the victory when I would be enjoying the fruits bought by the blood and agony of others? Should I fall in battle I feel certain that I would live on in the memory of others, and that my songs would be sung in Striisky Park in Lvov."

Today, Yaroslav Galan's songs are still remembered by everyone, by all the readers of his books and articles, by everyone who knows of his exploits as man and writer.

Roman Lubkivski was born in 1941 in a peasant family, in the village of Ostrovets, the Ternopol Region. He graduated from Lvov University. He is a member of the Union of Soviet Writers and has written many poems and articles. At present he is Deputy Editor-in-Chief of the magazine *Zhovten* (October).

We Must Not Forget

Moscow is celebrating its 800th anniversary. This is perhaps the only city in the world no one is indifferent to. Thirty years ago in (in 1917—*Ed.*) mankind was split into two camps: those who love Moscow and those who hate her. There are no neutrals: the great divide passes across every continent, touching upon every human heart.

Nor can it be otherwise. To love Moscow is to love mankind, to believe in mankind and the morrow, and to work and struggle daily to bring about that morrow and to lay down one's life in the struggle if need be. To hate Moscow is to be an enemy of mankind and of all that man aspires to, an enemy of generations to come.

Those who hate Moscow oppose to it "the West". At no time in the past, not even in the years of Clemenceau, Austen Chamberlain and Hoover, has so much ink been used to glorify the West and its culture, as is being used today by the propagandists on the payroll of those who rule the destinies of Great Britain and the New World. These successors to Goebbels and Rosenberg have declared an uncom-

romising war on the facts. If the facts are on the side of Moscow, so much the worse for the facts; they can be successfully replaced by lies.

The big lie has a long history. The Ukrainian part of the lie occupies a prominent place in this history.

It all began with Mikhail Grushevsky, a historian in name, but an enemy of history in spirit. In his hands the noble muse of Clio has been debased and made to serve the unsavoury gods of propaganda from the Spree and the Danube. The light-heartedness with which Grushevsky treated historical documents could only surprise the naive, who did not know that as far as Grushevsky was concerned, all means were fair as long as they served his purpose. Grushevsky's purpose was simplicity itself: to tear away the Ukraine from Moscow and annex her to Berlin both figuratively speaking and, if circumstances required, in the direct sense of the term.

To attain this goal, Grushevsky stooped to every means. He began by changing his place of residence, believing that the climate of Austria and Lvov was more conducive to stimulating his creative plans. A hundred paces from the residence of the vicegerent, Grushevsky set to work. Before long he produced a *History of the Ukraine*, a remarkable feature of which was that the bigger it grew, the less history it contained and the more falsifications. Grushevsky denies the common origin of the Ukrainian, Russian and Byelorussian peoples. According to him, the Ukraine was sovereign and independent as early as in the reign of Prince Vladimir the Great. When he reads the pages of Grushevsky's *History*, relating to the earliest times, the reader wonders why there was no nationalist magazine *Prosvit* under Prince Yaroslav the Wise. On the subject of the Russians Grushevsky sounds like a

demonologist. To him, Moscow is the demonic power of the swamplands of Finland, which appears on the scene only in order to visit yet more harm upon the Ukraine. Grushevsky is not in the least worried by the fact that the working people of the Ukraine thought differently of Moscow.

Grushevsky, that "historian to order", passes over in silence facts that are not convenient to him, that do not suit his purpose, while the absence of any facts that he can exploit he compensates for by conjecture and not infrequently by hearsay.

Here is an example. Writing about Bogdan Khmelnitsky, Grushevsky becomes a typical belles-lettres author. Unable to adduce any proof in support of his theory that Khmelnitsky had allegedly become disappointed at Pereyasavl, Grushevsky unabashedly uses a device borrowed from the authors of historical novels. He no longer writes about what Bogdan did, but of what Bogdan allegedly thought, and it turns out that Bogdan's thoughts are identical with those of the future chairman of the Central Rada.

In an attempt to prove to the reader that Khmelnitsky hated Moscow no less than himself, Grushevsky cites Vygovsky, who allegedly had told the visiting Moscow boyars that Khmelnitsky at the assembly of elders in 1656 "cried like one demented, that there was no way out but for him to forego his alliance with Moscow and seek assistance elsewhere". Having repeated Vygovsky's gossip, Grushevsky hurries on to add that Vygovsky told the Moscow boyars what he did in an attempt "to curry favour with them and win their support". Grushevsky thus casts Vygovsky in the dubious role of an intriguer and sycophant. But later, when Vygovsky proved to be a man "oriented on the West", the moment Vygovsky joined the Polish gentry in their crusade

against Moscow, Grushevsky makes a volte-face and showers praise on the intriguer and sycophant—so much so that he calls him a national hero, no less.

To Grushevsky's great dismay the Ukrainian people failed to share the Western orientation either of himself, or Vygovsky, or Mazepa. Instead they saw the Russians as their brothers and not as demons in human flesh. The history of the Ukraine, the true history, that is, is replete with documentary evidence of this attitude, so much so that not even Grushevsky could ignore it. He was forced to admit that "Vygovsky had with him only mercenaries and Polish gentry", as the Ukrainians had deserted him. Grushevsky is just as powerless to re-write the history of the battle of Poltava. But he felt he must provide some explanation for the "odd" behaviour of the Ukrainians on that occasion and, sure enough, he supplied one. According to Grushevsky the Ukrainian people were illiterate and backward and relied on false rumour for their information. Besides, Grushevsky went on, the Ukrainians loathed the Poles and the Swedes (unlike Grushevsky who loved them all, particularly the Swedes). As a practical man, however, Grushevsky, being aware that the Swedes had had their day and were quite useless for his purposes, gave his love instead to the Germans and when he became chairman of the Central Rada, invited them to come to the Ukraine. Grushevsky, that ill-starred historian and ardent apologist and panegyrist of Mazepa, cast himself in the role of Mazepa No.2.

Grushevsky departed from the scene but his followers remained. In Kharkov, Mikola Khvylevi openly grovelled before the West, while in Lvov Dmitro Dontsov emulated his Kharkov brother in spirit. Both of them performed in a manner that would have made Mikhailo Grushevsky green with envy.

In this respect the latter was careful to observe elementary rules of propriety, but Khvylevi and Dontsov in their sycophantic ecstasy went overboard in their fanatical hatred of red, revolutionary Moscow. Their hatred was all these apologists of Western civilisation had in their ideological baggage. Their hatred of Moscow eventually made them hate their own people who had bound their destiny, their present and future to the destiny and future of the flagbearing Northern capital. Among the Nepman bourgeoisie and kulaks, Khvylevi was very much in his element, but he knew that they were unable to play an independent role and were no longer an independent force to be reckoned with, and so Khvylevi turned his gaze towards the West, to beyond the Zbruch, where his inspirer Dontsov was, and beyond where the Deterdings, Chamberlains, and Briands were forging the weapons of the foreign intervention.

Khvylevi was not excited by revolutionary romanticism. His imagination was agitated instead by a different brand of "romanticism". Khvylevi presented himself to his readership as a martyr, with a black thorn wreath on his head. Through Kark, one of his heroes, he pompously asked, "Could it be that I am a superfluous man, only because of my love for the Ukraine?" Khvylevi was even prepared to point to the culprit, the source of his agony and suffering. It was, he said, "the power of Moscow, great, colossal and fatal." He then tells us of a sure cure for his suffering, "I am getting away from psychological Moscow to orient myself of psychological Europe."

The statement leaves his readers perplexed: it is not clear what sort of psychological Europe Khvylevi urges them to orient themselves on. Could it be the Europe of Marx? If so, then it is not clear why they

should flee Marxist revolutionary Moscow. The bard of "the blue Savoy" gives a significant wink, and in his *Woodcocks* gives his readers the answer through his young lady follower of Mussolini and Dontsov.

Khvylevi's "mad love" degenerated into his frenzied hatred of the Ukraine. A captive to the psychological Europe of Mussolini and Hitler, Khvylevi employs the method recommended a few centuries earlier by the Florentine teacher of Mussolini, Machiavelli. When storm clouds gather over Khvylevi's head, however, he has sense enough to repent, to pound his chest and condemn himself for his mistakes. Khvylevi does so in the hope that one step forward will later enable him to make his habitual ten steps backwards.

...The Soviet Union is successfully building socialism. Meantime the Machiavelli of Kharkov, who has up to this time considered it necessary to brand the New Economic Policy as the root of all evil and a tragedy for the revolution, is now living through a tragedy along with the Nepmen. The latter's departure from the scene extinguished the sole source of Khvylevi's inspiration, and the narrow social basis of Khvylevism is shrinking still further. His plight is made worse by the fact that the horse-riders of the interventionist apocalypse have hopelessly bogged down somewhere on the approaches to the *cordon sanitaire*.

Dmitro Dontsov, Khvylevi's ideological father, fared better than his disciple of Kharkov. Dontsov's activity, far from provoking objections from the Pilsudski government, fitted in very well with the interests and aspirations of the ruling class of bourgeois Poland. Besides, Dontsov was clever enough to exploit a favourable situation when it arose. Having seized control of the journal *Literaturno-Naukovy Vistnik* in Kharkov, he turned it into a mouth-

piece of militant nationalism. Where Khvylevi dropped hints, Dontsov through his journal blared like a trumpet. It would be a waste of time for anyone to look for carefully veiled calls for "orientation on psychological Europe", and "for a flight from psychological Moscow". Instead of "orientation" on Europe Dontsov called for dutiful service to Europe's cause, while "the flight from Moscow" is turned into an unequivocal offensive crusade against Moscow.

It should be noted that Dontsov had yearned for the West for almost as long as Grushevsky had. In 1914 Dontsov, as an obscure activist in the "Alliance for the Liberation of the Ukraine", displayed considerable zeal in carrying out assignments for the German intelligence service. So much so, in fact, that in 1918 he was honoured with a responsible post in the Skoropadsky government, arranged by General Eichhorn himself. Having thus gained considerable experience in the technicalities of serving the West, Dontsov had to move to Lvov, albeit rather reluctantly, where he devoted his powers to the realm of "theory".

First of all, Dontsov discovers "the yearning soul" of Faustian man, which, he believes, "could only have originated in the civilisation created by European history". Dontsov lists the following features as characteristic of his "Western man": "Complete self-denial and abstract, purely sportsmanlike delight in action, a spirit of expansion and creative enthusiasm..."

After describing in glowing terms "the Western man", Dontsov takes up black paint to portray Moscow, or rather to blacken it to the best of his ability. The Russians, according to Dontsov, are "a race of plebeians". Dontsov is just as uncomplimentary in his assessment of Russian literature. To ensure

that Alfred Rosenberg would have no doubts as to where the loyalties of his Lvov yes-man lay, Dontsov denigrates not only Moscow and the Russians but the entire Slav world which this apprentice of the fascist devil describes as "spineless". Dontsov is just as merciless towards the Ukraine, which he mockingly calls "a Provence", and her people "characterless and weak-willed slaves".

Dontsov blackens the Ukraine in prose, while Yevgeny Malanyuk does it in verse. The mere word "Moscow" is enough to provoke paroxysms of fury in these "would-be Europeans". The words "Ukraine" and "Ukrainian people" have the same effect on them. If history has taught anything to these two, it is only to hate. And spilling over with this hatred, in their morbid imagination they picture scenes of vengeance along, predictably enough, Western lines. Europeanised Dontsov envisages more sophisticated, more refined methods of bringing "the rebellious mob" to heel than the still insufficiently Europeanised Grushevsky could ever imagine. Dontsov, calling up the spirit of Torquemada, sees before him the flames of a "Holy Inquisition", while his ears hear the iron-heeled tread of the conquistadors he has so warmly extolled. He waits impatiently for these conquistadors with their swords to deal out to the people of Russia and the Ukraine the fate of the Aztecs. For those who survive the massacre Dontsov is prepared to restore serfdom, and he publishes in his journal an article justifying the introduction in the future fascist Ukraine of his dreams of "the right of the first night".

At last Dontsov's day comes. The Western conquistadors led by Adolf Schicklgruber launch their "Drang nach Osten". If we are to believe Dontsov, they have come "for an abstract, purely sportsmanlike delight in action". Before long, however, even

some of Grushevsky's disciples, followers of Khvylevi, and Dontsov's own apprentices saw through Hitler's "abstract, purely sportsmanlike delight in action".

A little later still, one other thing came to pass, something the bards of the "yearning soul of Faustian man" and Moscow's enemies had expected least of all. The multi-million army of the Western conquistadors suffered an ignominious defeat, while "the race of plebeians" condemned by Dontsov to extinction or serfdom, blasted to smithereens the empire which had almost the whole of Dontsov's Europe down on its knees. "The spineless soul" so glibly and categorically condemned by Dontsov showed its true strength on the battlefields of Moscow, Kursk, and Korsun. . .

One might have thought that the momentous events of the recent years would have put an end to the grovelling, the kowtowing to the West. But no. The grovellers have proved to be tenacious and will exist as long as the Churchill-designed Iron Curtain remains, as long as Dontsov's idols live and multiply. Tastes differ. It is a safe bet that Marshal Chiang Kai-shek finds little or nothing in the French Revolution to impress him, and he is unlikely to donate a single nationalist Chinese dollar to a fund to preserve the personal effects of General Washington. However, this does not deter him from worshipping the city of Washington or from pinning his hopes on the Anglo-Saxon supermen, who rape Chinese girl-students under his very nose.

We Soviet people do not divide the world into East and West, for we know that the great divide passes today through all continents and every country, touching every human heart. We know that there are two Americas, as there are two Europes. We side with the Europe of Giordano Bruno, Galilei, Münzer,

Newton, Marat, Garibaldi, Hugo, Marx, Engels, Liebknecht, Pasteur, Rolland. We are implacable enemies of the Europe of the Inquisition, of Karl V, Borgia, Catherine de Medicis, Napoleon III, General Gallifet, Bismarck, Wilhelm II, Mussolini, Hitler, Franco and Tsaldaris. We know why those who kowtow to the West today kowtow precisely to that other Europe, just as we know why the people of good will in Europe and beyond love and respect Moscow.

As we celebrate the eight hundredth anniversary of Moscow, we are far from idealising its past. But at the same time we remember that in the darkest days of the tsarist and boyar tyranny no one in Moscow nor near Moscow ever organised witch hunts and no one ever thought of burning thousands upon thousands of innocents supposedly in the name of Christ. In all its 800-year history Moscow knew nothing that remotely resembled the Huguenot massacres.

At the same time we remember that the people of Moscow knew the value of freedom and were ready to lay down their lives for it. No one can erase from history the years 1612 and 1812 when the people of Russia proved just how much they treasured their freedom and independence.

The working people of Moscow heroically manned the barricades in 1905 to write a new glorious chapter in Russian history. Later a new Moscow came into being out of the barricades of October, 1917, to become the capital of the world's first socialist state, the hope, pride and love of honest people everywhere.

The last thirty years of history have taught us the simple lesson that love of Moscow is love of the Ukraine, that hatred of Moscow is the same as hatred of the Ukraine. Admittedly, it is a long step from Grushevsky to Bandera's bandits, but, for all that,

they are birds of a feather. Grushevsky and his Central Rada relied upon the bayonets of Wilhelm II, while Bandera and Melnik and their scum looked to the bayonets of Hitler to support them. These days the nationalist scum disembowel children in Galicia to curry favour with their masters from the West. They have changed only their tactics, while their methods of treachery and provocation remain unchanged.

But they labour in vain, because mighty Soviet Moscow, the capital and symbol of our great socialist Motherland, the USSR, is standing watchful guard over the freedom and independence of the Ukraine. This is the source of our boundless love for Moscow.

People Without a Homeland

In the summer of 1933 a young man rang the bell of the Soviet Consulate in Lvov. Once inside the hall, he said he wanted to see the Consul. When told that the Consul could not receive him, the young man snatched a German-made gun out of his pocket and with a series of shots killed Mailov, the member of the Consulate staff who had admitted him.

Firing off the last shot, the assassin darted back to the door. He did not know that the door was operated automatically. In vain he frantically searched for the right button to press. Pale from fear he dashed desperately from window to window, but grilles which he had failed to notice when he entered the building effectively barred his escape route. The murderer who but a moment earlier had killed an innocent man in cold blood, was now crazed with abject fear. Beads of cold perspiration came out on his forehead. Completely worn out, and shaking from fear, he dived into the darkest corner he could find.

The murderer's name was Lemik, a member of the so-called "Organisation of Ukrainian Nationalists" which was ostensibly directed by Colonel Konovalets,

but actually by the intelligence department of the German General Staff. Lemik was merely a cat's paw. Those who had inspired the dastardly crime were sitting calmly in Berlin, haggling with the aides-de-camp of Groener and Himmler. In their spare time they manufactured an "ideology" to justify their evil deeds and unsavoury machinations beside which the exploits of Azef, the agent provocateur of the Russian counter-revolution, pale into insignificance. But of course Azef had no use or need for any ideological superstructure. He was quite happy to settle for coins of gold in payment for his services. The super-agent provocateurs from Konovalets' clique were far more ambitious in comparison. After they had been thrown from the stage of history they tried to return, even if in the role of extras of a revue. Disguised in mantles as God's servants, they displayed considerable zeal and energy in their efforts to stage a come-back, brandishing a trident.¹ The words "Ukraine" and "Ukrainian" were constantly on the lips of these self-styled high priests of Ukrainian "super-patriotism".

"It is sweet to die for one's country. . .," they whispered into the ears of their Lemiks, before sending them on their murderous missions. But the moment they felt the cold breath of death most Lemiks forgot all about the "nationalist superstructure" and their commitment to their nationalist ideals evaporated from their consciousness quite by-passing their hearts.

On such occasions the candidates for nationalist martyrdom threw off their crowns of thorns and after crying their eyes out on the chest of police officers became agent provocateurs in the service of the Lvov or Warsaw police forces.

"The Homeland" of the Lemiks turned out to be

¹ Trident—the emblem of Ukrainian nationalists.

a myth which, when up against the hard facts of life, was dispelled the way poison gas is dispelled by a strong gust of wind.

In the Shadow of the Prussian Eagle

The genealogy of the Lemiks goes back to the time when Konovalets, who has since departed this world, sported the star of an Austrian lieutenant on his collar. Early in the First World War Berlin was the Mecca where political salesmen of the yellow-and-blue variety were flocking like so many witches to a sabbath.

It should be said that the market situation could not have been more favourable for them. The Ukraine, with her riches had always been a prominent target for the German imperialists. The "Alliance for the Liberation of the Ukraine" hastily knocked up by the German General Staff, was to train officials for the future puppet "government." In the meantime some candidates for ministerial portfolios in the future government, having obtained the august blessing of the Kaiser, were busy organising spy networks and sabotage operations behind the tsarist army lines while others were translating into Ukrainian German propaganda leaflets, which they later thrust into the hands of Ukrainian prisoners of war.

The more energetic and enterprising of them set about forming military units whose mission it was to weave new laurels into the dubious wreath of glory of the Austro-Hungarian army and help Vienna realise its long-cherished dream of installing one of the Hapsburg archdukes on the Ukrainian throne.

Predictably enough, this unsavoury policy failed to elicit a broad sympathetic response from the Ukrainian population, and this despite the fact that the

yellow-and-blue agents of Germany and Austro-Hungary exploited anti-tsarist slogans extensively. Nor could it have been otherwise. It was just as difficult to hoodwink a Poltava peasant as it was a Kharkov worker, since both knew well from bitter experience that German-made irons were just as heavy as the tsarist fetters. Moreover, their experience of German landlords and industrialists who operated in the Ukraine was that in the matter of exploitation and oppression the Prussian junkers had no peers.

In 1917, Zaliznyak and Nazaruk, the notorious yellow-and-blue agents of German imperialism, believed that their time of opportunity had come. Meantime, in Berlin, they were carefully persuing their accounts of Mikhnovsky's speech at an army conference in Kiev. And they were not only reading, but laying plans.

These plans were unveiled before the world at the Brest Peace Conference. Upon the insistence of General Hoffmann on that occasion, Ukrainian nationalists were brought to the conference table. Outside their Berlin cage, the yellow-and-blue parrots obediently repeated what their German masters had shouted into their ears for years and obligingly nodded as the German delegation presented its demands to the Soviet government. And when the German generals banged their fists on the table, presenting their ultimatum to the Soviet delegates in respect of the Ukraine, the threat of Austro-German occupation loomed large before the Ukrainian people. The nationalist extras burst into song in praise of the Kaiser. At last, it seemed to them, their day had come, and with it the opportunity to take off their liveries as lackeys and put on ministerial tailcoats.

But as ill luck would have it, fate disappointed the lackeys yet again, demonstrating that it was far easier to put on the livery than take it off. While the

Ukrainian people through the glorious deeds of their warriors were writing a new chapter in the annals of their glorious history, while the whole of the Ukraine rose to fight the German troops of occupation, the miserable imitators of Mazepa from the Central Rada hid in the anterooms of their German patrons, not daring to venture into the streets. The flames of the uprisings and rebellions that kept flaring up across our country gave a great deal of worry to the battle-worn Prussian generals, while striking terror in the hearts of the new-fledged Kiev "ministers". These people without a homeland were feeling the full withering power of popular hatred, a hatred that no reprisals or acts of repression could extinguish for the simple reason that each bullet fired by the troops of intervention or their hirelings was in the nature of an extra spark that brought nearer the tremendous explosion of national uprising.

When the intriguers from the Central Rada departed from the scene to be replaced by the new German favourite, Pavel Skoropadsky, it made little difference to the situation which remained tense. The Ukraine was in turmoil and insisted on its right to manage its own affairs. The Ukraine meted out the same treatment to the punitive expeditions of General Eichhorn and the ill-starred blue-breasted warriors of Skoropadsky.

Skoropadsky himself felt the full force of popular resistance and hatred in the autumn of 1918, when he was forced to flee for his life aboard a German medical train, along the same roads his successors of the Petlura school were later to use when things got uncomfortably hot for them.

Vainly did the yellow-and-blues try later to tear these disgraceful pages from the book of history. In vain did the nationalist falsifiers, in the safety of their hide-outs abroad, invent legends about their

non-existent "Thermopylae" near the Kruty station. Nothing they attempted could alter the fact that in the grim years of trial for the Ukraine their influence never went beyond the line formed by the bayonets of the German interventionists.

Warsaw Melodies

In 1919 they made yet another attempt to ensconce themselves on the backs of the Ukrainian people. On this occasion, in view of the temporary impotence of their Berlin protector, they made common cause with Pilsudski, who was busy preparing for his march on Kiev. Simon Petlura, the self-same Petlura who in the winter of that same year grandiloquently declared that his argument with the Poles over Western Ukraine could be settled only by the sword, a few months later not only put his sword back into its scabbard, not only hastened to recognise Pilsudski's claims to Western Ukraine, but went to the length of, surrendering to him under a secret agreement the whole of the Ukraine to the West of the Dnieper, only retaining for himself the modest right to rule the roost in the Ukrainian lands to the East of the Dnieper, and even then under strict control from Warsaw.

But Pilsudski proved to have even worse luck than Wilhelm II. A few weeks after the start of his much-publicised offensive his mind was least of all on Kiev, but rather on how to keep control of his native Warsaw. Petlura's "government" was lucky and managed to flee to safety, transferring its capital-on-wheels to a location in Western Poland. Eventually, the wagon-lits adorned with the trident found their permanent resting place in the obscurity of a quiet dead-end at the Tarnov station, while their occupants

were faced with the bleak prospect of growing old, dependent on their masters, waiting for their next time round, for another favourable situation, seeking the assistance of new patrons of political prostitution powerful enough to put new hope back into their broken hearts for the realisation of their wild dreams.

Intermission

Their wait was a long one. But in the intermission between the two acts—the First World War and the Second World War—these people without a homeland did not sit on their hands. On the one hand they were back in business repairing the thread, broken by the sequence of events, that linked them with Berlin. On the other hand they went on to exploit Pilsudski's megalomania. To keep thier hand in they offered to work for any intelligence service that would employ them. Olga Basarab, for one, worked with devotion and self-denial for the German service, Petro Pevni for the Polish, and Onatsky and Ostroverkha for the Italian. Some contenders for yellow-and-blue mandarin posts, such as Skoropadsky and Konovalets, bided their time while sheltering under the black wings of the German pseudo-republic. Others, like Andrei and Dmitro Levitsky, waited under the wings of the white eagle from beyond the Vistula.

Through their agents, who were also in the service of their masters, they continued trying to "knock at the door" of the hearts of the Ukrainian people. For this they used all sorts of means, including sawn-off guns and revolvers, espionage and sabotage, and malicious propaganda. When the Ukrainian people gave them a "knock" in return near Bazar, and later at the trial of members of the new version

of "the Alliance for the Liberation of the Ukraine" and finally smashed their spy rings in 1933, they could think of nothing better than to set up a hysterical hullabaloo about the "reign of red terror" in the Ukraine. These pygmies, foaming at the mouth with impotent fury, scattered all over Europe trying to mount rostrums from which to call for a crusade against the Land of the Soviets and in particular against the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic.

In the Swastika's Embrace

It was by no means fortuitous that this hullabaloo should have coincided with Hitler's rise to power. Nor was it any accident that Milena Rudnitskaya used the rostrum of the Geneva "Congress of National Minorities", stage-managed by a dyed-in-the-wool Hitlerite, for her anti-Soviet "crusades". Hitler quickly saw his chance and gave his blessing to the pensioners from the yellow-and-blue gang.

It should be mentioned that these gentlemen proved to be most "disciplined". It is common knowledge that the so-called "Organisation of Ukrainian Nationalists" endeavoured to mislead the people of Western Ukraine with its substitute "revolutionariness" and from its inception employed tactics of personal terror against individual officials of the Polish administration. But the moment Hitler came to terms with Beck, the ringleaders of this organisation suddenly discontinued their terror operations. More than that, when some of the unsuspecting members of the organisation, having been taken unawares by this unexpected change of tack, made so bold as to protest, they paid for their opposition with their lives. The bodies of a youth and a girl, a priest's daughter, found on the shore of a pond in Lvov shot through

the head, were eloquent evidence that the ringleaders of the "Organisation of Ukrainian Nationalists" held the interests of Nazi Germany closer to heart than the blood and lives of their fellow nationalists.

The Hour of Reckoning Is Close

But it was not only in June, 1941 that the people without a homeland demonstrated the lengths to which the nationalist scum were prepared to go in making political banditry and treachery their full-time occupation.

Hitler's tanks had not yet gathered momentum, but already the yellow-and-blue traitors in Western Ukraine were pulling out their knives.

The moment the Nazi invaders entered Lvov, the whole gang crawled out of their hide-outs and plunged themselves with abandon into an orgy of terror against the Soviet people, vying with the Nazi soldiery in their brutality and savagery. Why? Primarily because this was the order of the Gestapo.

The Polish writer Zeromski, dreaming about the future Poland, wrote *The Dream about the Sword*. The yellow-and-blue scum were less ambitious. Far from dreaming about a knight's sword, their aspirations did not go beyond the more prosaic rod of the German Polizeimeister.

However, even this modest dream of theirs did not last long, being terminated by those who had placed the bandit's knife into their hands. The two armed detachments which the Germans had allowed the Galician nationalists to form in the first days of the war were subsequently disbanded by German officers before the members of the detachments ever mastered the Prussian goose-step. It was only the ageing and toothless renegades among them who

were graciously allowed by Himmler to continue playing their political game, the essence of which boiled down to reprinting propaganda material from the Nazi *Völkischer Beobachter* on the pages of the *Krakow News*.

The twenty-five years of Soviet power are twenty-five years of Ukrainian statehood. The fascists do not consider us to be a people. They are the inveterate enemies of the Ukraine and of her statehood. We are waging a life-and-death struggle against them—for their death and our life. The whole of our people have united in this uncompromising struggle. By daily displaying heroism on the battlefields our people are erecting a monument to their eternal glory. And the nearer the day of our victory the more strongly in unison with us beat the simple—and great in this simplicity—hearts of the Soviet people.

And it is precisely because the day of reckoning is inexorably drawing closer that panic and desperation are increasingly gripping the Hitlerite butchers of the Ukraine and their hirelings, people without a homeland, human scum, who have found themselves on the rubbish heap of history from which there is no escape, only a future of eternal disgrace and the contempt of the people.

The Cross or the Knife?

Shadows of Long-Forgotten Ancestors

One day, during a festival in the year 1701, the people of Lvov witnessed a horrifying sight. A contingent of shouting and whistling Polish soldiers under Hetman Jablonowski, led by a drunken man in bishop's robes, smashed their way into the Cathedral of the Assumption. A few minutes later, the Orthodox priest, his face and body bleeding profusely, was thrown out into the street. His place before the altar was taken by Bishop Szumlański, the new-made Uniat.

Hetman Jablonowski was celebrating his victory along with the rest of the ultra-Catholic and ultra-corrupt Polish gentry. And so, after three centuries of savage baiting, persecution and humiliation, the Orthodox Church received a death blow. Seven years afterwards, the last recalcitrants, worn down by Polish terror, prostrated themselves before Bishop Szumlański and agreed to join the Pope's flock...

That was the finale of the tragedy. The prologue had been enacted by King Kasimir the Great, as he

was called. Having seized Lvov he proceeded to stuff it chock-full with Germans. Before long the city was so full of those Kloppers, Stolzes, Zetners, and Sommersteins that they could now look upon themselves as masters of the city, while the native Ukrainians, adherents of the Orthodox Church, went through a period which a contemporary described as like "the times of Egyptian slavery". The German magistrate was gracious enough to set up a ghetto for the Ukrainians, where they were allowed to live, but banned them from making any attempt to influence the fate of their city or their own fate for that matter. The Catholic kings and Catholic Polish gentry certainly knew what they were doing when they invited Catholic Germans to settle in Lvov. These forerunners of the Hitlerite governor-general Wechter were past masters at oppressing and exterminating other peoples.

While the captured crusaders after their debacle at Grünwald were licking their wounds in the basements of Lvov Castle, their Lvov brothers-by-blood were organising pogroms against the indigenous Ukrainians for the benefit of Poland which the crusaders could not hate more, if they tried...

By the end of the sixteenth century, the Ukrainian residents of Lvov had become so weakened by the unequal struggle, that the Polish gentry and the Polified Germans from Saxony and Brandenburg were giving serious thought to a union, all the more so since it coincided with the expedition of Polish magnates to the East, to Russia.

The union, as the Polish gentry conceived it, was to furnish a much needed cure for all ills, being designed to extinguish the hatred of the Orthodox towards their Catholic oppressors, to destroy the unity and friendship between the Russians and the Ukrain-

ians and, finally, it promised to be an effective means for Polifying refractory and obstinate Ukrainians.

For a long time the cardinals, bishops and prelates cast about for a suitable candidate. Finally, their choice fell on the Orthodox Bishop Nikolai Torosevich.

Before long he was "ordained" as the first Uniat overlord. However, the new-made "Catholic" bishop at one point came within a hair's breadth of his death at the hands of an infuriated crowd of Orthodox believers. But for the intervention of Polish soldiers, who had considerable difficulty in rescuing him, Torosevich would have been destroyed by his own flock.

This episode was indicative of the sort of reaction of the Orthodox Ukrainians in Galicia to the Polish-sponsored subjugation of their Church by the Pope and his Polish and German viceroys.

These anti-Catholic sentiments lived on in the hearts of true Galicians well into the 19th century, when a substantial proportion of the Uniat clergy endeavoured to rid themselves of the union by seeking assistance from despotic tsarist Russia, quite prepared to choose the lesser evil if it could free them from the humiliation of being a subservient tool in the hands of the arch-enemies of the Ukraine and her people.

A graphic illustration of this mood was the episode involving the Uniat priest Ivan Naumovich, who was not only resolved to return to the religion of his ancestors, but also called upon his fellow countrymen to follow his example. For this Naumovich paid with his life. He was put to death by the time-honoured method that had become standard in Vatican practice as early as the times of Borgias—poison.

The Record of One Career

In the late 19th century the demoralised Uniat Church stood on the threshold of a new period in its history.

On this occasion the key to its future was in more secure hands than those of the Polish gentry, deprived as it was of its own government, or those of the slowly dying emperor of the moribund Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Young German imperialism, full of vigour and ambition and apparently envious of the laurels of Jagiello, turned its avaricious gaze upon the bountiful expanses of the Ukraine.

Following the resignation of Chancellor Bismarck, Wilhelm II deemed it unnecessary to make any secret of his Eastern plans. Protestant Prussia was suddenly able to find a common language in its dialogue with the Vatican. On the international political stock exchange the shares of the hitherto little-known Uniat Church were rapidly rising. However, the grand enterprise was in bad need of a fundamental reconstruction or, to use the term current at the time, "rejuvenation". Above all else it was necessary for the Church to be headed by someone whose origins, social status, connections and drive were such as to guarantee that he would do everything in his power to subjugate the obstinate European East.

It was in these circumstances that Count Andrei Szepticki, a Ukrainianised Pole from the landlord family of Szeptickis and a brilliant officer in the Austrian army, began his career. In truth, his was a meteoric rise. Ordained in 1891, he became a Bishop a short eight years later and a Metropolitan the following year. In the early years of his ecclesiastical career, Szepticki more than justified the trust placed in him by the Vatican and its allies. He reformed the Vasilian monastic order, turning it into a flex-

ible and obedient tool in the Catholicisation of the Ukraine.

A large-scale and intensive propaganda campaign in support of militant Catholicism was launched, lavishly financed by the Vatican and Germany, to cover up the political motive behind it, which was to subjugate the Ukrainian people to German imperialism. All manner of Catholic publishing houses sprang up in quick succession, like mushrooms after the rain. The shelves of bookshops were sagging under the burden of religious tracts and newspapers peddling demagogic propaganda in support of Catholicism.

Predictably, all this printed matter was saturated with hatred for the Orthodox "heretics" and for Russia, the bastion of Orthodoxy. This crude propaganda for the people, sweetened by the lachrymose cult of the Virgin Mary, was primarily designed to estrange the Galician Ukrainians from their brothers on the Dnieper and insulate them, cost what it may, from the contagion of the revolutionary ideas which were agitating the hearts and minds of many in Eastern Ukraine and resulting in armed uprisings of workers and peasants. The lecterns were gradually turned into mouthpieces of militant Ukrainian nationalism and of psychological indoctrination of the Galicians for the coming world war. Allegiance to the Hapsburg monarchy was presented as the highest virtue, while hatred for the Russians was made an eleventh commandment.

The Metropolitan himself was careful not to plunge into the welter of political passions. He knew better, and realised that his best stance, as befitted a blue-blooded diplomat, was to maintain a majestic serenity and cast himself in the role of a latter-day Moses, inclined to parley with God rather than with the mob, and who, if he should descend from Mount

Sinai at all, would do so to cool down the passions and get the warring parties to make peace.

To give him his due, Metropolitan Szepticki knew how to build up a good image in the eyes of his flock. While a gradual Latinisation of the Uniat rite was his unchanged and cherished goal, he was clever enough to dampen the Latinisation zeal of his Bishops of Stanislav and Peremyshl, thereby acquiring the reputation among the believers of being a staunch defender of the Greek rite.

Using his considerable personal wealth accruing to him from his estates and donations from different quarters, Szepticki engaged in philanthropic activities on a grand scale, building a museum and a hospital. His personal bank account made up the basic capital of Galicia's biggest bank. Not a few painters, writers and performing artists had the benefit of his generous material support. In his benevolent hands earthly blessings were turned into a gold chain with which to tie his flock to his Metropolitan chariot.

For all the importance and usefulness of Szepticki's deeds described above, they were little more than a prelude to the truly "momentous" events that were to follow. The Metropolitan's ambitious plans went far beyond Lvov, for he was in no mood to be content with the reputation of a provincial philanthropist. In this he was also supported by his masters.

The Storm

On the eve of the First World War the sombre Svyatoyursky Castle became a branch of the German General Staff, where German military experts worked overtime sketching out the routes for their future missionaries-cum-conquistadors, and discussing in detail ways and means of demoralising the population

behind the Russian army lines. In short, intensive preparations were in train for dealing a final death-blow to the Russian Orthodox Church.

The plotters were possessed by an idea that had been carefully worked out in the cloistered studies of the Vatican, and in Berlin and Vienna. The grand plan was to install Szepticki as the Uniat exarch of all Ukraine and all Russia from the Zbruch to Vladivostok. When the First World War broke out, Metropolitan Szepticki pretended not to notice the endless columns of people driven by the Austrian militarists to the slaughter-house of war—and this despite the fact that among the unfortunates were many Uniat priests. The Metropolitan was too busy. His hour of opportunity had come.

A Crown of Thorns

The arrival of Russian troops at the walls of Lvov furnished Szepticki with yet another chance to burnish his image and strengthen his authority among the believers. He had accumulated many crowns, and it seemed that he lacked none save one: a crown of thorns.

It turned out that the Russian authorities in Lvov only benefited him. Szepticki was arrested as an agent of the enemy and deported to Kursk, and later to Suzdal and Yaroslavl.

The legend of his "martyrdom" grew as if on leaven. The Austrian Emperor, the German Kaiser, the Pope and Alfonso, King of Spain, pulled every conceivable string, and to good effect, for several weeks after the February Revolution of 1917 in Russia, Szepticki was able to leave his comfortable quarters in Yaroslavl and move into a luxurious apartment in Petrograd's best hotel.

Once free again, Szepticki lost no time in putting pressure on the Provisional Government in an attempt to legalise the Uniat Church in Russia.

Without waiting for the decision of Prince Lvov on the matter, Szepticki appointed Uniat exarchs of Petrograd and Kiev and departed for the Ukraine, where he was made a guest of honour of the Central Rada.

Having thus acquired the nimbus of a martyr, Metropolitan Szepticki returned to Lvov to find a Papal epistle on his desk informing him that he had been appointed head of the Uniat Church in Russia. In this fashion his ecclesiastic career reached its zenith. Subsequent events, including the thrust of Austro-German troops deep into the Ukraine and Russia, were to become a crowning achievement.

Intermezzo

However, the crowning achievement was not to be. The reason—Austro-Hungary disintegrated and Germany went down in humiliating defeat. So it was that Szepticki was obliged to be patient and bide his time yet again until his next time round.

But his restless energy and grand ambition prevented him from standing idly by watching events as they unfolded.

Although riveted by an affliction to his armchair, he did not for one minute delegate his powers to anyone and personally guided the backstage machinations of the Ukrainian reactionaries. Making skilful use of the "above-party" factor, and drawing on the economic independence of most government institutions in Galicia and the Ukraine, he did his best to join up the reactionary elements under the banner of an anti-Soviet intervention, for which purpose he

formed his own party, calling it the "Ukrainian Catholic Alliance".

A leading article published in the *Meta*, the newspaper of the Alliance, on April 17, 1932, was eloquent evidence of the great Christian love of man of the founder and leader of the party. The article included this passage: "Ukrainian nationalism must ready itself for all and every method of war against communism, not excluding mass physical extermination, even if this means the sacrifice of millions of human lives."

At the same time the Metropolitan was trying to influence Warsaw's Ukrainian policy. When he succeeded in this endeavour the nationalist press would burst into song praising him as "a true protector of the Ukrainian people". When he failed, however, the same press would portray him as "a great martyr in his people's cause".

The very next day after Hindenburg appointed Hitler Chancellor of Germany, Szepticki put his stake on fascism.

Anticipating Nazi Germany's attack on the Soviet Union, Szepticki redoubled his efforts to put into effect his plans of long standing. He joined forces with Cardinal Innitzer of Vienna, who had strong fascist leanings, and the two together mounted an unbridled two-pronged anti-Soviet campaign: one in the East, the other in the West.

As the war drew nearer, Szepticki's political orientation came out in ever sharper focus, leaving no doubt in anybody's mind that he now took no less sympathetic a view of the Organisation of Ukrainian Nationalists than the German General Staff had taken all along. In one of his first letters to his flock made public in the first months of the fascist intervention in Republican Spain, Szepticki called upon the Ukrainian youth to follow in the footsteps of

"Alcazar's lions", in other words, to follow in the wake of General Franco's thugs.

Things were going very favourably for Szepticki at the time. Indeed, the ranks of the Uniat clergy had over the past fifteen years been swelled by cutthroats from the Ukrainian Galician Army, former Petlurites and déclassé elements, of whom it was said that they had begun to worship Konovalets long before they began worshipping God.

Now Szepticki held open house for members of the OUN. What is more, Andrei Melnik, one of the ringleaders of that notorious organisation, disguised as the administrator of the Metropolitan's estates, was able to guide the activities of his nationalist gang from the safety and comfort of Szepticki's castle.

Purgatory

The year 1939 dealt Szepticki a shattering blow. Instead of the eagerly and long-awaited banners with the swastika, all he could see from the window of his palace were the banners of Soviet power, of the Great October Revolution.

To give him his due, Szepticki did not lose heart, nor his head. The count was confident that that was not the end of the story. He devoutly believed that the day was not far off when Nazi Germany would launch an all-out war of conquest against the Soviet Union. Szepticki did not lose any opportunity to preach his devout belief. He tailored his tactics in line with it, too.

Seeing that the Soviet authorities took a tolerant view of the Uniat Church and its clergy Szepticki gradually became self-confident, and remembering that courage overcomes all obstacles was so emboldened as to petition representatives of Soviet power,

protesting against the formation in Galicia of Komso-mol and Young Pioneer organisations and the redistribution of the monastic lands among the peasants.

At the same time at diocesan assemblies and in his numerous letters he instructed his subordinates, the clergy, on how best to conduct anti-popular policies without arousing suspicion on the part of the Soviet authorities.

To this end, in 1940, Szepticki's office even put out an illegal brochure entitled, *The Way of Modern Salvation*. The brochure was permeated with unprecedented hypocrisy and Jesuit perfidy. The author of the brochure, hiding himself behind the initials O.I.S., preached in every line a gospel of high treason and concluded his appeal with the words, "May God grant that this extraordinary state of affairs [read: Soviet power—Y.G.] does not last long."

Szepticki briefed his subordinates on how to conduct insidious propaganda among all and sundry, assuring them that the end of Soviet power in the Ukraine was around the corner. . .

In those days many Uniat churches were converted into anti-Soviet centres for provocations and not a few priests gave refuge to fascist spies and saboteurs lurking in the dark biding their time. These assistants of Hitler, under cover of their ecclesiastic robes and immunity, actively sought to sabotage the work of the Soviet authorities in villages, paying particular attention to propaganda among the youth in towns, trying in every way possible to instil in them hatred of Soviet power and of their own people.

There were even some who, conducting services in their churches by day, at night armed themselves with pistols and joined the murderers from the OUN to kill Soviet people.

Szepticki was reaping the fruit of what he had

sown. Totally committed to the idea of subjugating the whole of the Ukraine, Byelorussia and Russia to the Pope, he was sinking ever deeper into the quagmire of betrayal. His ambitious dreams knew no bounds. There was hardly anything he was not prepared to do to attain his cherished goal.

In the spring of 1940, in an address to his subordinates, he wrote, "... To many of us God will mercifully grant the honour of preaching his gospel in the churches of the Greater Ukraine, on both banks, as well as in the Kuban region and the Caucasus, and in areas all the way from Moscow to Tobolsk."

At the time there was no doubt in Szepticki's mind that this would be the case, so strong was his faith in the omnipotence of Adolf Hitler. In an effort to curry favour with the Fuehrer Szepticki for a long time harboured in his palace Andrei Melnik, the notorious Gestapo emissary, giving him every facility to guide the work of sabotage and espionage groups formed by the Ukrainian nationalists.

Paradise

Szepticki's faith was such that it clouded his reason. Witness his disgraceful behaviour when the Nazi invaders occupied Lvov. An even-tempered man, an exalted ecclesiastic, Szepticki, without a moment's hesitation, put his signature under an appeal to the populace in which he hailed "the victorious German army" and recognised the farcical government of the buffoon, Stepan Bandera, headed by another buffoon, Premier Yaroslav Stetsko, and this despite the fact that the so-called government survived for as long as two days.

Convinced that his kingdom had really come, Szepticki a few days later made public his message

to the Uniat clergy which he hoped would leave no doubt in the minds of the Nazi occupiers as to his utter devotion to the Fuehrer and his "new order". Szepticki wrote, among other revolting things, "One should pay special attention to those who gave devoted service to the Bolsheviks. . ."

As if that were not enough, Szepticki in his traitorous zeal showed "touching" concern to ensure that the army of Nazi marauders did not experience a lack of any product at the expense of the native Ukrainian peasantry. In one of his appeals to the peasants the Metropolitan gave them detailed, we should perhaps say, agronomical, instructions on how they should work to ensure a good supply of food and drink for Hitler's army.

Some time later Szepticki graciously allowed his clergymen to conduct services in the evening rather than during the day lest they should tear the peasants away from their work in the fields for the benefit of the Nazi arms. Shortly afterwards the Metropolitan introduced a special mass to be conducted at Uniat churches in honour of the archenemies of the Ukraine. These disgraceful rituals were only a beginning. In fact, the entire work of many Uniat priests during the period of Nazi occupation was a long catalogue of acts of betrayal against the Ukrainian people, a repugnant story of devoted service to the cause of their enemies. They helped the fascists to rob and cheat the people. Here is an example of the sort of wisdom one of the Uniat theoreticians fed to his flock through the German yellow press: "Two little girls from a village near Lvov who were blessed with visions during which angels appeared to converse with them (as they did with Jeanne d'Arc) saw when the Bolsheviks were still in power a golden trident descending from heaven against a blue background. . ."

As ill luck would have it, that "wondrous" trident never did reach earth for before long the ungrateful Nazis dumped it on the junk pile along with their promises to rig up for the nationalists some form of a Ukrainian protectorate. However, this fact in no way dismayed the Uniat henchmen of Hitler. In 1943, when bloody Adolf decided to replenish his battered and rapidly thinning hordes with Ukrainian cannon-fodder, he lost no time in forming the notorious SS Division Galicia.

Many Uniat clergymen played a singularly disgraceful role in recruiting mercenaries for Hitler's war machine. Here is one example of many. Gnat Tsegelsky, a clergyman, son of the former Kiev exarch of the Uniat Church, addressing a contingent of Hitler's cannon-fodder from among the Ukrainian nationalist scum, concluded the ceremony by handing them the standard which his father had had in his safekeeping ever since the short-lived reign of Hetman Skoropadsky. This gesture was designed to demonstrate to the Hitlerites that the Uniat clergy, in common with all the Ukrainian German nationalists, were binding their destinies to the chariot of the Nazi murderers and marauders.

One day, too, the people of Lvov witnessed a shocking spectacle when Metropolitan Szepticki in a solemn ceremony appointed chaplains for Hitler's SS gangs. The appointees on that occasion included Professor of the Seminary V. Laba, I. Karpinsky, D. Kovalyuk and about a score of others. They received the august blessing at the start of their journey as traitors, following the path of Cain, by the Metropolitan's deputy, I. Slepoy, the then rector of the seminary.

The successors of Nikolai Tarasevich were just as active in their disgraceful role as functionaries of the Nazi spy network. Their field of operation in-

cluded the so-called delegacies of the Ukrainian Central Committee (branches of the collaborationist organisation of Ukrainian nationalists). Significantly, out of the thirty-two delegacies in the Lvov Region, fifteen were headed by Uniat clergymen.

One of them, Godunko, chairman of the Lychakov district delegacy, zealously recruited manpower for the Nazi regime. He also found time to maintain contact with the notorious "Ukrainian Insurgent Army" (Bandera's gangs) and rendered it financial assistance. It seemed they must have plumbed the lowest depths of their fall. But no.

Hell

Metropolitan Szepticki, seeing that his master, Hitler, despite his initial success, was suffering defeat after defeat, concluded that it was time for him to give serious thought to the future, that it was high time to cover up his links with the fascists and their loyal hirelings from the Ukrainian Insurgent Army.

Szepticki's change of tack originated in the winter of 1941-42 when the haughty count realised that the Nazis did not intend to keep their promises. What is more, they banned the Uniat clergy from venturing beyond the Zbruch.

Szepticki decided to appeal to Hitler for help. In a letter to him he mustered every argument he thought convincing, he begged, he pleaded, he prophesied tragedy. But the letter was left unanswered and, of course, no action was taken on Szepticki's humble appeal.

So it was that, instead of the glad pealing of the bells of St. Sophia's in Kiev in his honour the Metropolitan, the papal legate, heard the heart-rending wailings of thousands upon thousands of women and

children tortured to death by the Nazis and their henchmen from among the Ukrainian nationalist scum. And through the window of his room the breeze carried the nauseating stench of burning human flesh.

Szepticki was kept informed of the "exploits" of his protégés from the Ukrainian Insurgent Army who, with a brutality and sadism unprecedented in human history, butchered the inhabitants of whole villages, not even sparing the lives of babies.

In those days Szepticki saw blood on the hands of some of his own Uniat subordinates who called on him on official business.

But the count was not one to faint at the sight of blood. If he was shocked at all, it was by something totally different, namely the realisation of his own defeat, the sense of a tremendous impending catastrophe that threatened to upset his entire world outlook and reduce to nothing the fruits of his feverish activity spanning more than fifty years.

A Cry in the Wilderness

Constant worry and nervous tension took their toll. Within a short time Szepticki aged terribly to become but a half of his former self. However, his amazingly strong constitution which had enabled him to wrestle with disease for long years, again sustained him. After recovering some of his strength the count resolved to salvage what could be salvaged.

He felt, not without reason, that his church could not last long based on the betrayal of his own people, steeped in the innocent blood of their children, with a venal and utterly immoral clergy.

In his message of June, 1942, Szepticki spoke of "people in many communities whose souls and hands

are stained with the innocent blood of their brothers and neighbours."

In another message made public a few months later, Szepticki quoted a psalm of David stigmatising the murderer, "Let his days be few; and let another take his office. Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow."

Szepticki threatened the murderers with damnation but at the same time lacked the courage to pronounce the curse, fearing his total isolation. As it was his personal influence had waned, which fact he lamented bitterly in messages to the Uniat clergy who were beginning to absent themselves from his assemblies.

More than that, in a message of February 26, 1943, Szepticki affirmed that the Uniat clergy were sabotaging the struggle against the Nazi murderers. The Uniat clergy so cherished by Szepticki had failed to understand the new manoeuvre of their spiritual father.

Apparitions

For Szepticki this was the beginning of the end. He himself had called up a spirit which he was now vainly trying to recall by alternate appeals and threats.

Many of his confidants whom he had nurtured and placed where they were, were casting increasingly hostile glances at their weakening pastor who, with one foot in the grave, was trying to change their policy which to them was so comprehensible, so traditional, and advantageous.

Szepticki peered into the eyes of I. Slepoy, his successor, and could not read their message. Alarmed, he turned his gaze upon Nikolai Charnetsky, formerly papal representative at Uniat congregations in the

Eastern sees of Poland, and now bishop of the Lutsky see, but was unable to see any sympathy. Charnetsky kept his peace and returned the look.

Rumours of Szepticki's vacillations reached the Vatican.

The Cold Breath of Death

The historic days of the liberation of Lvov arrived. Szepticki was closely following the stirring events taking place beyond the walls of his castle. Now he had an opportunity to make comparisons and to give careful thought to the future of the Uniat Church.

The void that had been created around him was conducive to reflection. Szepticki called a diocesan assembly at which he condemned the criminal deeds of Bandera's gang. On that occasion Szepticki concluded his address with the words, "The atmosphere of spring awakening, which all of us perceive, allows us to hope that our people will find in the present rulers of their land a justice which borders on love and is based on love."

That was Metropolitan Szepticki's swan song. Apparently sensing the inexorable approach of death a glimmer of conscience flickered into life within him along with a sense of guilt before the Ukrainian people for his past actions against them. In his last days Szepticki sought to expiate his guilt. But he did not live to do so. He died suddenly, and time alone will tell whether or not in his hour of death the sorry, sad shadow of Ivan Naumovich appeared before his eyes...

Those Who Chose Damnation

It should be said that Metropolitan Szepticki's appeal on the eve of his death failed to elicit a res-

ponse in the hearts of most of the Uniat clergy. In fact, the leaders of this clergy did not take any steps to make the last speech of the deceased Metropolitan known among his flock. Likewise, the message of Szepticki's successor, which was in similar vein, never left the Metropolitan office.

It might have been expected that the spiritual leaders of the Uniat Church would display at least some sort of desire to expiate their heinous crimes before the people, and that they would follow the lead of their Orthodox counterparts, most of whom in the grim years of the war showed themselves to be loyal sons of their country, urging believers to rise in a holy war against the Nazi invaders, and subscribing funds for the Red Army. In so doing, most of the Orthodox clergy discharged their patriotic duty to the people in their sacred war against Hitler's hordes. It might have been expected that the Uniat clergy would follow suit. But they did not. What they did do was to donate 100,000 roubles for the Red Cross Society.¹

A good idea of their deeds in their dioceses can be gauged from the following catalogue:

In the village of Nemilov, the Radekhov District, deacon S. Melnichyuk, formerly the village elder under Bandera, gave refuge to Nazi paratroopers.

In the Peremyshl District a search of the dormitory at a local Uniat monastery revealed four rifles, three hand grenades and ammunition.

In the villages of Vispa and Hodorovets, the Strelets District, the Drogobych Region, a search of the basements of local churches revealed a hide-out for 58 armed bandits, along with a stock of anti-Soviet

¹ In bourgeois Poland money was often collected ostensibly for the Red Cross Society, but actually used for supporting bourgeois-nationalist and fascist organisations.

literature, forged papers and a barrel of pure alcohol.

In the village of Sokolov, Novomilyatinsk District, a search of the basement under the altar of a local church disclosed three bandits from Bandera's gang hiding there complete with submachine guns, rifles, pistols and, inevitably, bottles of vodka which they swilled while their protector before the altar went through the motions of conducting divine mass.

This catalogue could be continued indefinitely, including a campaign to distribute among believers copies of the brochure written by someone hiding behind the initials O.I.S.

Wither?

History put the fatal question, wither? before many of the Uniat clergy.

Our Soviet state has written into its constitution as an inviolable right the right to freedom of conscience. The Soviet state does not interfere in the personal life of Soviet citizens and does nothing to prevent them from pursuing their religious beliefs. But it is impossible to stand idly by when Uniat clergymen abuse their freedom of religious belief to conduct a criminal campaign against the Ukrainian people first of all to help Nazi Germany and nowadays to benefit the Anglo-Saxon imperialists. The servants of the gods of the swastika and the Petlura trident embarked on the path of betrayal of their own people, on the path of crime, murder, monstrous perfidy, lie and fraud. This path, however, will lead them straight to their doom. For the people will show no mercy to their archenemies in whatever robes they may disguise themselves. Indeed, if a Gestapo murderer puts on the black cassock of a

priest instead of his habitual uniform does he cease to be the Nazi murderer he is?

These enemies of the Ukrainian people, disguising themselves in the cassocks of Uniat clergymen, are the ringleaders of the gangs of the Ukrainian-German nationalists, apart from being secret agents for the forces of international reaction. They are interfering with the constructive labour of the people. They are responsible for the many crimes the Ukrainian-German nationalists have perpetrated against the population of Western Ukraine.

The bloody actions of these criminals must be stopped with a strong hand. For how much longer will these agents of Nazism disguising themselves with the cassocks of ministers of the church be allowed to perpetrate their evil deeds against the people? For how much longer are they going to commit their crimes and plot their crafty designs on Soviet Ukrainian soil freed from the Nazi invaders and steeped in the sacred blood of the best children of the Ukraine, Russia, Byelorussia and other Soviet peoples?

The people of the Ukraine, in fraternal alliance with the other Soviet peoples, have triumphed over the hated enemy—Nazi Germany. Now that the traitors—the local enemy—have been utterly defeated they cunningly try to pay lip service to the victory of the Ukrainian people, but there will be few who will be taken in by their pious cant.

Our people will tear away this mask. They will not be deceived.

1945.

A Wretched End

It is common knowledge that on the stock exchange of Hitler's "new Europe" the shares of the Ukrainian nationalists have long fallen to a minus value. As expected, Hitler has scrapped the yellow-and-blue show-booth of the Ukrainian nationalist puppets of 1918 vintage and consigned it to the rubbish heap.

Why? Because Wilhelm II and Hitler had different Ukraines to deal with. In 1918, the German punitive regiments were helped by the kulak battalions. These days, no one in Western Ukraine is helping Hitler's punitive divisions, no one except for a handful of criminals. If, twenty-four years ago, General Eichhorn received Lizogub and Chikalenok, two of the most powerful local landlords, he did so knowing that these two represented those whom he could not ignore because they could help him build up a strong dam against the raging waves of revolution and that their interests were to a certain extent identical with those of Kaiser Germany. Indeed, Tereshchenko, the sugar manufacturer, preferred to sell his sugar to German merchants rather than forfeit

his right to sell to anyone, while a Polish or Kherson landowner or kulak feared requisitioning by the German troops less than the slogan, "All land to the peasants!" To them the German soldier in Sophia Square was a far more pleasant sight than a rebellious Ukrainian farmhand as chairman of an executive committee.

Then again, Wilhelm II needed the services of the yellow-and-blue puppets who could act as lightning rods in the stormy days of the revolution.

Those times, however, are now a dim memory. Momentous changes have since taken place in the Ukraine. The victorious Ukrainian people have swept out the nationalist scum, weeded out the landlords and kulaks from their fields and ploughed their land. They have reared a new generation of free, brave and proud Ukrainians. All those Skoropadskis, Levitskis and Chikalenoks lost whatever social base they ever had for their anti-popular operations and, instead of becoming the rulers of the Ukraine's destiny, scuttled to seek beyond the borders of the Ukraine those who were wealthy and powerful enough to be the rulers of their own destiny. These impotent butchers of the Ukraine spent long years sitting close beside their Berlin masters, purring into their ears no end of fairy-tales about their power and wealth of yesteryear and about the impatience with which, so they said, the Ukrainian people were waiting to see them return.

However, the moment the first Nazi soldier set foot on Ukrainian soil all these fairy-tales immediately evaporated from the heads of the Nazi masters of the yellow and blue scum. Instead of the traditional bread-and-salt welcome promised them by the nationalist traitors, the Nazi invaders saw the barrels of guerrilla rifles staring them in the face, and instead of flowers that the Levitskis had hoped would

cascade down on their heads from the welcoming crowds of their countrymen, all they got were spits of contempt. Instead of obsequious smiles from the local population, all the Hitlerites could see around them were the eyes of true Ukrainians flaming with hatred. The Nazi invaders sowed death and destruction hoping to terrorise the local population, but instead they reaped the whirlwind of their hostility and hatred. They came to the Ukraine armed among other things with Zeiss field glasses, but found themselves feeling their way along like a blind man as they prowled across the Ukraine vainly looking for popular support. In fact, wherever they looked they could see nothing but withering hatred for them.

The Nazi generals badly miscalculated: the nationalist buffoons turned out to be useless for their purpose and the dolts from the yellow-and-blue show-booth proved an unwelcome burden.

There is another reason why Hitler is treating his Ukrainian hirelings so unkindly, even though he uses their services whenever they fit into his scheme of things. The reason is that the appetite of the German imperialists has been whetted so much that the Nazi birds of prey will not share their spoils with anyone else. They are now waging war not only against the ordinary people of the countries they have conquered. Indeed, the Nazi invasion of Norway has deprived the Norwegian fisherman of his national independence and his daily bread, and his employer of his ship. The Nazi occupiers have deported French workers to Germany for forced labour in Germany, and along with them French industrial plant and equipment formerly owned by French industrialists. The Germans have deprived Polish peasants of their land and sent them into the bondage of Prussian junkers; but Polish landowners, too, are no longer what they used to be before the advent of the Germans, having been

reduced to the miserable lot of disinherited poor relations, thrown out of their family estates which have been taken over by German landlords who are living it up in the splendour of Polish castles and mansions. As for those capitalists in the Nazi-occupied countries of Europe who are still capitalists in name, they are little more than "hired officials" doing auxiliary jobs in the war-ravaged German economy which is in dire need of experienced managers.

In September, 1939, the Sheparoviches and Luts-kis of Lvov sought Gestapo protection in Krakow. In June, 1941, they returned to Lvov to surrender all their merchandise into Nazi hands. The Banderas and Melniks leaned over backwards to pave the road into the Ukraine for the Nazi troops by their betrayal and sabotage. But whenever they stretched out their hands in the hope of getting a small reward from their German masters in payment for their loyal services, the Gestapo, much to their disbelief and incomprehension, seized some of them and put them to the mercy of their submachine guns. The soap and cigarette manufacturers of Galicia had at one time dreamed of thick wads of shares and directorships in the iron and steel industry of Zaporozhye, only to find today that the Nazis have declared East Ukrainian regions out of bounds for them. And in the unlikely event that some of these scum might be lucky and make their way to Kiev, the only thing they can look forward to is the dubious mercy of the Nazi occupiers in the shape of putting them to the dirty work at a fishing "artel" organised and exploited by a Nazi, or being assigned the jobs of Gestapo informers.

The latter eventuality is far more likely. The Gestapo is in sore need of experienced informers with an intimate knowledge of local conditions and no one can excel in the murderous work all these Levitskis,

Malanyuks, Dontsovs, Baranovskis and their like, those experienced agents provocateurs who distinguished themselves in the service of the Austrian "K-Stelle" and the German "Spionagedienst".

They dearly hoped to become Hitler's allies, but have discovered that they have become his lackeys, pushed from pillar to post, and who, any minute, can be thrown out when their usefulness has been exhausted. But they still cling to Hitler hoping to get a piece of the cake when the spoils come to be divided. They patiently keep pecking with their vulture's beaks at the Nazi victims, dreading the approaching hour of Hitler's end, knowing that this will spell their death, because no part of the Ukrainian soil will ever give refuge to them.

Liquidation

The photograph we are looking at of a clean-shaven man shows the physiognomy of a typical thug. His head is adorned with a Mazepa cap—the only concession made by the Hitlerites to their Galician yellow-and-blue hirelings. The cap is topped with a policeman's "cockade" which resembles the stamp with which in bourgeois Poland they branded pigs destined for the export. The thug's body is criss-crossed with leather belts and overhung with some tin trinketry. Hanging from his neck are a pair of binoculars, a large field kit is fastened to one side, while on the other a huge revolver is tucked under the belt. Looking at him one might think that he is a character straight out of a Mexican operetta. The only difference is his eyes, if that is what you could call the two narrow slits through which this two-legged brute is looking at you. The thug's name is Fed Koval. A kulak from the village of Lopushnaya, we should add, that preferred to harvest without ploughing and sowing himself. For a long time Koval had bided his time. His opportunity came when Nazi troops entered Bibrka. Koval was one of the first to

apply for a job in the local police force, seeing in this the possibility of a career and personal enrichment.

Before long Fed Koval began to earn his living. He did not dig pits for the bodies of his victims, but left the job to the doomed men and women. What he did do was keep an eye on them through his lowered eyelashes. This vigilance had a purpose. As the condemned unfortunates took off their clothes Fed was quick to notice that a woman or a girl had a gold ring on her finger, whereupon he came up to her and with one well-practiced movement of an experienced thief removed the ring. As for earrings, those Fed ripped out with a bit of flesh. He had no time for courtesy. Hundreds of people were waiting their turn behind his back before receiving a bullet from his pistol.

Fed was a crack shot. Indeed, the Nazi commandant of Bibrka could not praise him enough. Not once did Fed miss. When, at the whim of the Gestapo, a man was ordered to run for his life, Fed could be depended upon to put a bullet into the back of his head from 20 or even 30 yards. It was the little ones who gave him the most bother. They simply would not approach the horrible pit containing hundreds of bleeding bodies twisting and quivering in their death throes. Fed had his own tactics for dealing with such a situation. He alternated threats with gentle persuasion, offering the little ones sweets to soften them up. When that failed he simply grabbed the baby by the legs and hurled it into the pit.

Some time later Fed decided he needed a girlfriend. He was considering marriage, you see. On Sundays he would take her out and into the nearby forest, his top-boots creaking merrily as he ambled along (Fed was a paragon of versatility; among his "skills" was that of boot-making). At that time Fed

could not know that a day would come when the little forest which was his stamping ground would cease to be such.

Meanwhile the front line was approaching inexorably. It gradually dawned upon Fed that his days of "heaven on earth" were coming to an end and that he would have to take to his heels. The town commandant was busy packing when Fed was summoned before the local Gestapo chief. Their conversation was brief and businesslike. The following day Fed Koval vanished.

He did not reappear until after the arrival of the Soviet Army. When he did, he was no longer Fed Koval, but "Moroz" (Frost). To be more precise, Moroz, the commandant of the Kuren—a unit of the "Ukrainian Insurgent Army". Koval, himself, claimed that he was fighting for "independence" and not for Hitler.

He continued to employ the methods he had tried while in the pay of the Nazis. He would come up to a peasant's house and tap lightly on the window. When the owner opened the door, Koval would hack him down with an axe and then go for the children. If nobody opened the door Fed put the house to the torch and did not leave until he was satisfied that all inside had been burnt alive.

At night Junkers bombers parachuted arms and ammunition down to Fed and his gang. One day they even parachuted down a Nazi officer for him. Not that Fed was overjoyed—he hated to share power with anybody—but that was something outside his control. He had to swallow the pill and submit. Whenever the German officer took him to task, Fed stood at attention. He had long made common cause with the Nazis and knew he would have to go down with them.

In the meantime things were going from bad to

worse. His gang was thinning out. Fed's bosses instructed him to conduct a mobilisation campaign. Fed concentrated on the kulak families. A "volunteer" would be taken to the forest, usually at gun point. There he had an "interview" with Fed and the Nazi officer. "Make your choice," Fed would shout, pointing at a submachine gun, "This or... kaput," the German officer would chip in, finishing the sentence for him.

After this bit of "gentle" persuasion, the hapless volunteer would take the oath of allegiance.

We are looking at one of Fed's ill-starred volunteers. He was dragged out of his hide-out in the forest the night before. His watery eyes keep shifting as he looks around the room. "Why did you go to the forest?"

"Fed Koval told me to."

"And nobody else?"

"Well, there was this German officer..."

"You like the Hitlerites then?"

The watery eyes flash for a moment, "I was on the run from them for three solid weeks, the devil take them. They deported me to Germany at one point."

"So the Hitlerite is an enemy, then?"

"He is."

"And how about Fed who serves him?"

"He is also an enemy."

"Why did you serve the enemy, then?"

A semblance of a thought must have penetrated the matted head. The puffy face, covered with a red stubble, breaks into a pitiable grimace and tears spring from his eyes like so many peas. "How was I to know?" he cries shrilly.

The treatment accorded him by the government of the Soviet Ukraine brought him back to decent life. His subhuman existence in the forest came to

an end at last. No longer was his heart gripped by fear for himself and his family. At last he was able to resume a normal life.

The day is not far off when Bandera's "Morozes" will all be flushed out of their hide-outs. Even now they are prowling around the forest, howling like wolves in a lean season. They are denied the warmth of the domestic hearth. They know that no peasant in the neighbourhood will give them shelter. They know that, instead, the peasants will spit at them with bullets. And the bullets will come first of all from those into whose souls Fed and his nationalistic brethren have spat for so long with impunity.

Something That Has No Name in Human Language

This fourteen-year-old girl cannot stand the sight of meat. Whenever someone goes to fry steaks she faints or trembles like an aspen leaf.

A few months ago a group of armed men came at night to a peasant house not far from the town of Sarny and stabbed the owners to death. The girl, their daughter, her eyes wide with terror, involuntarily watched the death agony of her parents until one of the murderers put the point of his knife at the girl's throat, ready to slit it, when a new "idea" occurred to him. "No, live to the glory of Stepan Bandera!" he exclaimed. "And so that you won't die of hunger, God forbid, we'll leave some food for you. Right, chaps, cut some 'pork' for her."

The others thought it a great idea. They set to work immediately pulling plates and pans from the shelves. A few minutes later a mound of human flesh cut from the mutilated bodies of the girl's parents was rising before the girl's terrified eyes. She was numb with horror...

This monstrous act shows the lengths to which the degenerates who style themselves "Ukrainian nation-

alists", all those Banderites, Bulbovites and Melnikites, are prepared to go. Their "activity" over recent years is a gruesome tale of bestial savagery, sadism and unparalleled provocation.

In January, 1940, a schism occurred within the OUN: Bandera broke away from Melnik. In this way the Gestapo twins drifted apart. They did so for a purpose. This was demanded by their own interests and equally by those of their mother—Nazi Germany.

Their new roles were as follows: Melnik was to remain as an open and unconditional lackey of Berlin, while Bandera was to be a second edition of Azef. By raising a clamour about "independence" and "sovereignty" this demagogue-cum-agent provocateur was to rally to his standard as many thugs and cutthroats as he could find, who would be ready, on the very first day of Nazi Germany's attack on the USSR, to serve as spies and saboteurs in Hitler's cause.

On 30 June, 1941, the day after German troops entered Lvov, Bandera formed his "government" for the Ukraine. Twenty-four hours later another comedy was enacted: the Gestapo arrested Bandera and his "prime minister" Stetsko. But, though arrested, they were still allowed to go on directing their gang.

In the autumn of 1941, Bandera's OUN gradually went underground, an act, we might add, that was skilfully organised by the Gestapo "stage managers". The Nazis were looking for some way of breaking the unity of the Ukrainian people so as to stem the mounting guerrilla movement. The Nazis put their money on Bandera's OUN. Bandera and his gang were assigned the task of channelling the anti-German sentiments of the Ukrainian people in such a direction as would ensure that the withering hatred of the Ukrainian people for the German invaders did not

ever develop into a large-scale armed struggle for the liberation of the Ukraine.

Before long, Bandera and his gang set to work. Using a Nazi printing press in the city of Lutsk, they produced stacks of anti-German leaflets. The so-called Ukrainian Insurgent Army was in the meantime being equipped with brand new German-made sub-machine guns. But a curious thing about all this was that neither the leaflets nor the submachine guns caused the Germans any noticeable harm. Why, a propaganda leaflet did not kill anyone, and the odd thing about Bandera's bullets was that, far from flying at German punitive troops, they killed Ukrainian and Polish peasants, their wives, mothers and children, and guerrilla fighters who were avenging the tears and sorrow of the Ukrainian and Polish people.

This work of Cain, however, did not and could not change the natural course of events. The Ukrainian people were quick to see through Bandera's provocations and they rendered the Red Army which was inexorably moving West, every assistance. The Red Army was liberating ever new parts of the Ukraine. The Nazis and their hangers-on among the Ukrainian nationalists were rapidly losing ground and taking to their heels.

It would seem that that was the end, the rock bottom beneath which the German-Ukrainian nationalist scum could not possibly fall. But no. Even when the final defeat of Nazi Germany was clearly near at hand, the Ukrainian agents of Berlin continued to run true to form, showing for the world to see that they were the most loyal of all the lackeys of Hitler in the whole of Europe.

True, these professional traitors, while continuing to perpetrate their heinous crimes, declare themselves for "independence" and "sovereignty", styling them-

selves "an independent political factor". But the facts about the "independence" of the OUN killers speak for themselves. These facts are incontrovertible, corroborated by the real and only inspirers of the Ukrainian nationalists—Gestapo officers, in their evidence and in documents. Let the documents tell their own tale. Let them be the last nail in the coffin of what for long years has been revoltingly called "Ukrainian nationalism".

In the spring of 1944, the Red Army in its victorious advance crossed the Zbruch. Around that time a deputation of Bandera's "delegates" came to the headquarters of the secret police and of the SD of the District of Galicia, to state that Gerasimovsky, official representative of the so-called central leadership of the OUN—Banderites, on behalf of the political and military sector of the OUN, wanted to discuss with the Gestapo the possibility of closely cooperating against Bolshevism in view of the new situation.

The Gestapo was not slow in responding to the request. On March 5, in Ternopol, Gerasimovsky met Kriminalkommissar Pappe, a representative of the secret police and SD. Apparently, the Gestapo had been able to appraise their Banderite agents pretty accurately since they had chosen as their negotiator an expert on common criminals.

On that occasion Gerasimovsky stated, among other things (we are quoting the verbatim account kept by Pappe's secretary), "the Ukrainian people and Bandera's groups are clear in their minds that they can attain independence only with the help of Europe's greatest nation" [meaning the Germans—Y. G.].

Needless to say, the words "Ukrainian people" sound most strangely coming from such a dyed-in-the-wool renegade. Gerasimovsky wanted to emphasise that the fate of the Bandera gang, as indeed of

the rest of the Ukrainian nationalists, would continue to lie in the hands of the Nazis.

"Aware of this," Gerasimovsky continued, "the Ukrainian people [read Ukrainian nationalists—Y. G.] sided with the Germans in the First World War and later sought and found support in Germany, were trained and educated for German purposes and, finally, both during the Polish-German war and the German-Soviet war, have made their contribution to the war effort on the side of Germany."

Here, Gerasimovsky certainly spoke truly when he described the Ukrainian nationalists as loyal servitors of German imperialism during the First World War, and later when they sought and found support in Berlin, when they underwent special training to be skilled spies for Germany. Indeed, they had every right to call themselves veteran members of the German secret service. Kriminalkommissar Pappe did not doubt this for a moment, and if he patiently heard out the confession of Bandera's emissary, it was only because his long experience as a criminal police officer had taught him to have patience.

Gerasimovsky went on, "We must end the mistaken notion that Bandera's groups regard Germany as their enemy. The Bandera groups state that the Ukrainians [read Ukrainian nationalists—Y. G.] are prepared to settle for a state system along the lines of a protectorate, but this step towards independence for the Ukrainians was, regrettably, not made by Germany and that is the reason why Bandera's groups, united as they are by an idea ['idea!', mark you—Y. G.] have been obliged to go underground to continue to work for their political goal. But even underground they have taken care not to work against Germany, but rather to make preparations for a determined stand against the Russians. Evidence of this is the fact that Bandera's groups began the forma-

tion, equipment and training of their combat elements in February, 1943, when, as a result of the developments in the Eastern Front, they had to conclude that the Germans would not be able to conquer Russia as seemed likely in the early stages of the war."

It will be seen from the foregoing that Bandera's house-dog, while wagging his tail flatteringly, at the same time did not miss a chance to take a nip at Kriminalkommissar Pappe. In his sycophantic zeal Gerasimovsky did not hesitate to refer to his subordinates as criminal elements. He said, "...and if, in some localities, acts of anti-German sabotage did take place, the perpetrators never acted on instructions from Bandera's groups, but were criminal elements acting on their own account."

Gerasimovsky ended his speech by tabling the following proposals:

"a) Bandera's group, fully and unconditionally, will strengthen its solidarity with all the German interests, including supply lines, German construction in the East, and the requirements of the German logistic areas;

b) OUN—Bandera's group, shall turn over to the German side the entire body of intelligence information gathered by its secret agents against Poles, Communists and Bolsheviks, so that this can be used for the purposes of punitive operations."

The nationalist servitors of the German butchers did not have to wait long for the Gestapo response. A few days later a spokesman for the secret police and the SD of the District of Galicia, applied to Bierkamp, the Oberführer and police-colonel with a request full of undisguised irony about Bandera's "side".

He wrote, "I beg you to inform us of your decision without delay as we have to remember that the OUN representative, a supposed future foreign mi-

nister of the Ukrainian state, will report to me in the near future."

Gerasimovsky's second meeting with the Gestapo took place on March 23. His promises were just as lavish as on the previous occasion. In particular, he said, "The OUN will turn over to the German side information of a military nature relating to areas behind the Soviet lines. The OUN will maintain its combat units behind the Soviet lines and harass Soviet supply bases, arms depots and ammunition dumps, etc. by active sabotage."

In preparing for this traitorous work, the OUN ringleaders took care to ensure that their own men, many of whom had been tricked or intimidated into cooperating with them, never knew the truth. This is precisely the reason why Gerasimovsky begged the Gestapo to keep the agreement secret. He said, "Transports carrying weapons and materials for sabotage purposes must cross the front lines on their way to UIA base camps in strict secrecy so that the Bolshevik regime will have no inkling of the trump card—that the Ukrainians [read Ukrainian nationalists—Y. G.] who have stayed behind the front lines are, in fact, German allies and agents."

On the 28th of March Gerasimovsky had a meeting with SS Obersturmbahnführer Dr. Witiska, Commander of the secret police and SD, the District of Galicia. When asked by Witiska what attitude the Banderites would take to the mobilisation of the Ukrainians by the Germans, the nationalist traitor replied, "The OUN will not create any obstacles. Besides, the Ukrainian people have such a vast manpower potential (!) that the German occupation authorities may conduct their mobilisation campaign and there will still be enough left to meet the manpower requirements of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, so there is enough room for both partners."

And indeed, the partners did not cross each other's path. The Germans and the Banderite mercenaries competed for first place in exterminating the Ukrainian people. And if they failed to carry out their monstrous, insane plans, it was only because their arms were not long or strong enough.

On 19 April, 1944, the chiefs of German "Abwehrkommandos" 101, 202 and 305 of Army Group "South" conferred. Lieutenant-Colonel Lindgart (Abwehrkommando 101) paid the OUN scum a flattering compliment when he said, "but for OUN cooperation, our activity would be impossible".

Lieutenant-Colonel Seliger (Abwehrkommando 202) was even more generous and eloquent, when he said, "Actually, I must take in all the members of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army in Galicia to train and equip them, and then airlift them to behind the Soviet lines or let a large group through gaps in the front line. For a long time I have maintained contact with the UIA through Szuchewicz and I have in fact received a group of his men for special training."

However, while the Gestapo men were in conference, the Red Army was rolling inexorably forward, approaching the Western frontiers of the Ukraine. The Nazi occupationists knew that their days on Ukrainian soil were numbered. That is why they decided they would need the nationalist scum yet again.

On the 15th of June, a representative of the secret police, in a memorandum to Sturmbahnführer and Counsellor Pommering, wrote the following, "...On the fifth of June, 1944, X had a routine meeting with Gerasimovsky to discuss the question of infiltrating agents through the front line and of leaving some agents behind should the German troops evacuate part of Galicia under pressure of the military situation. These negotiations are also being conducted in

the interests of the Sonderkommando 'Zeppelin' garrisoned here.

"As for leaving agents behind for subsequent infiltration through the front line, Gerasimovsky said that the Ukrainian Insurgent Army was maintaining the same link with the German army as the secret police maintained with the OUN—Bandera's group. For some time now there has been an understanding between the German army and the UIA to the effect that the UIA will place agents at the disposal of the Army. What remains to be done is to let the secret police know the names of these UIA members."

There could be no better proof of the loathsome, traitorous activity of the despicable nationalist scum. They had come full circle. They were back to where they had started on their path of betrayal. Gone were their hopes for the "big prize". Their ambitious, wild dream of becoming undisputed rulers of the Ukraine evaporated from their heads, intoxicated as they were from the blood of their brothers. Their frenzied, blind hatred for the Ukrainian people, a hatred given voice to for over twenty years in the poems of Malanyuk, pushed them into the same gutter into which the German rulers of their destiny had slithered before them. The same gutter in which they were born and bred and where they served their apprenticeship as murderers, traitors and agents provocateurs.

It might well be asked how anyone could fall so low. This question should be put to the fascists in Berlin who have collected around themselves the dregs and scrapings of society, people without honour or homeland. And not even people, but something that has no name in human language...

The Mamelyuks

Those of you who ever became acquainted with the literary offshoot of the yellow-and-blue gang will hardly be surprised by any new information about them.

Vasil Sofronov-Levitsky was at one time one of Dontsov's bodyguards. At the same time he was a local windbag who harangued everyone with his stories of the new fascist homunculus—the man of character, bold dreams and unlimited desires... a wolf of the steppes. In 1939 wolf Sofronov was among the first to appear in a local Soviet Writers' Club, though in sheep's clothing. He did not wear the disguise long, however. Come 29 June, 1941, and he put it off. From that day on the "wolf" wore no disguise, and reverted to his old theme.

Yura Shkrumelyak was a "shining light" of the Galician "at-your-beck-and-call" nationalist lackeys. Up until 1939 he had been very much to the fore in blackening all things Soviet. When, however, the Red Army arrived in Lvov, Shkrumelyak changed his colours and lost no time in sending his verses to Kiev, Kharkov and Moscow, which were to him new ad-

resses. The artistic standard and content of his verse was as "high" as before, at the time of Polish domination. What was new about them was the terminology—Soviet terminology, this time.

The moment the Nazi invaders entered Lvov, Shkrumelyak changed his colours yet again. Now he expressed his gratitude to the monsters and their führers for "his liberation" and even went on radio to call upon the Ukrainian peasants to give specified quotas of farm produce to the German army and to join the SS Division Galicia.

True, there were some among the yellow-and-blue "men of letters" of Lvov who had not drawn a single rouble in royalties from Soviet publishing houses. In the first weeks of Soviet power in Western Ukraine they preferred to wear no disguise at all. They fled to Krakow where the bread of the Gestapo was much more to their taste.

The behaviour of these "men of letters" during the Nazi occupation of Western Ukraine is a particularly repugnant and conspicuous page in the book of dishonour written by the yellow-and-blue scum.

At a time when the Ukraine, mutilated, plundered and seared to the very heart by the Nazis, was groaning under the fascist slavery, these wretched penny-aliners reeled off verses and poems in praise of Hitler, the butcher of the Ukraine.

When the air over Lvov was filled with the heart-rending cries of its residents being burned alive, and while a bone-crushing machine in the Yanév death camp was operating around the clock, the yellow-and-blue "bards" of Hitler, with a calm heart, were busily writing and printing poems glorifying "the new order".

The orders of German governors were supreme law for them. Should Governor-General Frank want more bread from the Ukrainian peasants, the yellow-

and-blue hacks set to work writing appeals to the peasants to step up their grain production.

Should Hitler need Ukrainian cannon-fodder, the Kupchinskys and Babiis rendered him their "poetic assistance", writing "inspiring" verses and poems for the special commissions which recruited mercenaries from among the nationalist scum.

All this was being done with an obsequious smile. In their sycophantic zeal, the Lvov "Tyrolese of the East" went to the length of printing translations of the German "poets" from among the Nazi party, paying special attention to the works preaching the "Drang nach Osten" and the creation of the "temple of Great Germany", resting on the bones of the Slav peoples, including the Ukrainian people (witness the Ukrainian translation by S. Gorodinsky of A. Kerner's "Clarion Call").

B. Derzhavin, another fervent admirer of the Third Reich, was not far behind. The subject of his "poetic psalms" was Stefan George, a German lyricist who, in the evening of his life, traded a poet's quill for a dog's tail. Derzhavin, with the sentimental affection of a zealous lackey, looks how George wags his tail before his Führer, and in translating a specimen of his ersatz lyrics, describes it as "the pathos and cult of perfection".

Derzhavin is a professional traitor in the Lyubchenko tradition. Cruel fate has played a nasty trick on these offshoots of the neo-Petlura riffraff: they have followed the same route taken by their predecessors in 1920. And if they, too, have failed to make their nest elsewhere, having been obliged to flee, together with the Gestapo men, further West, into the "dead-end" of the Third Reich, they can hardly be blamed. But while still in Lvov, they did everything they possibly could to contribute to the maintenance of Hitler's "new order" in the Ukraine, and in their

traitorous work they were determined not to fall behind their Lvov brethren. Did they act in this way because they were entirely lacking in principles? Not at all! They had a principle, one that will remain with them until their death. It was the principle of betrayal, permanent betrayal of their people.

The Shkrumelyaks and Gorodinskys did not hatch out of eggs laid by a chance hen. They are the product of an old and solidly built German incubator.

As early as 1848 their forerunners helped Metternich strangle revolution. Latter, in 1914, these "Tyrolese of the East" threw stones and spat at the thousands of Ukrainian peasants who were driven by the Austrians to the gallows. At that time the Shkrumelyaks and Gorodinskys were quite besides themselves with sycophantic joy. The provincial troubadours of German imperialism, in their ecstasy, knocked up something resembling a legion, combining the Austrian army uniform with the Mazepa cap, and laid claim to the role of conquistadors whose task it was to seize the whole of the Ukraine, from Odessa to Kharkov, for the sceptre of the Hapsburgs.

The most loyal of the loyal among the Ukrainian nationalists maintained their loyalty even at a time when it promised them few rewards since both Vienna and Berlin were out of action. Having obtained permission of the viceroy of the already non-existent Austrian monarchy to stage a coup, they painted their black-and-yellow signboards blue and yellow, and using the "new" front endeavoured to turn Galicia into a reserve of the former Austrian Empire, retaining the same body of laws which had existed under Franz Joseph, the same German officers, the same gendarmes, the same Polish landlords, and the same Ukrainian Ivans without a homeland or a sense of national identity.

Having picked generals and colonels with such euphonious "Ukrainian" names as, for instance, Tsirits, they were resolved to continue the policy of General Hoffmann and sent their troops into the Ukraine to relieve the garrisons of the defeated Austro-Hungary and Germany—those same troops which had had to defend Lvov and Stanislav, and Borislav oil from Pilsudski's army. When this failed to come off, and General Tsirits failed to enter Moscow or Kiev on the back of a white charger, the Galician Mamelyuks of German aspirers to Napoleon's fame, on account of the enfeebled state of their Berlin masters at that time, turned their gaze towards Warsaw, and singing lustily "Enough, damned Poles" opened the way to Kiev for these "damned Poles".

Following a period of quarantine in Polish concentration camps, the Mamelyuks returned to their nests and, settling themselves snugly on their old, well-feathered beds, purred their traditional songs, paying lip-service to peace and the brotherhood of nations. But the Mamelyuks nevertheless declared war on the Ukrainian and Russian peoples.

It would be a mistake however to think that the Mamelyuks' love for Warsaw was sincere. Their tactics were the same as those of the German minority in Poland: they bided their time until the Prussian hawk recovered its strength and sharpened its beak well enough to go to war against the East, over Poland's body, to grab Kiev, Kharkov and the Donbas coal fields.

Nor was their patient wait quite so unpleasant. Indeed, "His Majesty's Opposition" was a respectable enough occupation, while their factories and butter export trade provided enough money for them to lead a comfortable existence in the interim between routine changes of the political scene. True, the Mamelyuks paid for their concessions with other conces-

sions, but to them it was a perfectly acceptable price to pay because, inevitably, it was the Ukrainian workers and peasants who got the raw deal.

September 1939 was for the Mamelyuks a month of high hopes and of great disappointment. Instead of the Nazi swastika, Lvov's Town Hall sported the flag they hated so much—the red flag of freedom and the rebirth of mankind.

The Mamelyuks had to make a choice—either to seek refuge under the wing of the Gestapo in Krakow or stay at home. They decided variously, but either way they were engaged in the same task. The Krakow Mamelyuks planned acts of anti-Soviet sabotage, while their Lvov counterparts carried them out. The Krakow gang printed anti-Soviet leaflets, which their Lvov brethren distributed.

It must be owned that the Mamelyuks of Lvov were in a more difficult situation. They had to acquire capital and at the same time they had to save their bacon.

They found a way out, however. Some Mamelyuks shouted "Long live" while others, those who were engaged on the literary front, did the same on paper.

This hypocrisy and time-serving went on for exactly as long as was necessary for their purpose. Come 30 June, 1941, and they were able, at long last, to discard their masks and breathe a sigh of relief, filling their lungs with what was to them the familiar, loved and native scent of the German stable.

Now they felt as if they were in seventh heaven. The Galician "fist", trained for a century and a half by German officers in Austrian barracks, a fist so full of hypocrisy and perfidy, so crude, stupid and cowardly, and at the same time so unscrupulous, greedy and insatiable, said to itself that now was its hour. When let off from the German leash, these

curs of Hitler pounced on their countrymen of different nationalities. The Nazis grabbed diamonds, while their fawning servants were satisfied with furniture. Their masters grabbed furs, while they were happy to have patched trousers.

Ukrainian nationalist-owned enterprises, shops and stalls multiplied like lice. Their clientèle could buy children's clothes that retained a barely perceptible smell of blood. Others could purchase earrings recently ripped from girls' ears, or men's suits redolent of the corpses from which they had been stripped.

The streets of towns and villages in Galicia were patrolled by the true sons of Austrian corporals and *Zugführers* dressed in the uniform of the Ukrainian-German polizei. A uniformed ghoul only had to work a couple of weeks in Hitler's name to adorn his fingers with stolen rings and fill his pockets with stolen money. These kulak friends blackmailed their victims without a qualm and the next day would disembowel them with a bayonet with equal equanimity. They also opened their stores and pubs without a trace of conscience, quite unworried by the thought that their "businesses" rested on the bones of hundreds of thousands of innocent people.

* * *

At last the nationalist Parnassus acquired its own provider. True, the provider wasn't any too generous. He opened his doors only to those who sought such simple pleasures as vodka and women of easy virtue. He would not pay a single zloty for Gorodinsky's involved versification, because he had no use for it. What he wanted was consolation.

Seeing this, the Mamelyuks picked up their pens

to satisfy the base instincts of the worthless trash. They proceeded to organise what was known as "the theatre of minor forms". Kernitsky and his kind churned out cheap comedy sketches, while the dilettante actors worked hard to raise belly laughs from the audiences of boorish upstarts.

Luzhnitsky, formerly an informer of the Polish Dyfensywa (secret police) and later of the Gestapo, was the head of the Lvov "union of the Mamelyuks of the pen". He laboured to organise a literary circus, which for the sake of propriety was called a "literary court", while the passengers of the fascist Pegasus, with the antics of asinine clowns, regaled themselves by boxing each other's ears.

All this took a bizarre form, being based rather curiously on "European standards". Heavily scented with cheap eau de cologne, and proudly sporting gaudy neckties, the circus troupe looked very much like small-time provincial barbers and hairdressers on the day an "all-stars troupe" from a capital theatre arrived in some backwater town. They had such an all-stars troupe of their own in the shape of the Hitlerite "Grand Guignol" with its cast of Ober- and Untersturmführers who, in the eyes of the Mamelyuks, had always been and would continue to be the "acme of culture and civilisation". Culture and civilisation as interpreted by them, we should add, since they had long been accustomed to see "light" as coming from the well-polished top boots of the German masters of their souls.

On the day the Ukraine was seized by the German invaders, the vocabulary of the yellow-and-blue scribblers suddenly lost a word that they had long juggled with with the dexterity of experienced swindlers of the fairground. I am referring to the word "Ukraine". But perhaps it was in response to an express German ban? Yes, that too, and this does not

surprise us in the least, just as we should not be surprised at the alacrity with which the Mamelyuks accepted the ban. The Ukraine is not only a matter of the "silver-bearded" Dnieper and poetic peasant houses with sunflowers in the front gardens, and the kind-hearted and wise bee-keeper, looking as old as the hills. The Ukraine is above all its people, living Ukrainians of flesh and blood.

The Ukrainian workers? The Mamelyuks hated them with every fibre of their being, and whenever they had to remember them, they wrote about them not with ink, but with gall.

The Ukrainian peasants? The Mamelyuks saw only kulaks whom they extolled. The Ukrainian peasant had always dreamed of the land but the Mamelyuks did not dedicate a single line to these age-old dreams, not even at a time when no one would think of putting them behind bars if they did. On the contrary, each bold thought about land for the peasantry provoked a paroxysm of fury in the Mamelyuks, and that despite the fact that most of the land was owned by Polish feudal overlords.

The Ukrainian intellectual community? They did not merit the Mamelyuks' love or respect, either. The heroes of their "books" were either ex-officers or, more precisely, those of them who, on the strength of their "fame", had later been able to store up a tidy nest-egg, or the men-at-arms of these knights of commerce and political prostitution, all those long-time coaches of Bandera's cutthroats.

Needless to say, the Mamelyuks did not "recognise" the existence of social problems. The class struggle? To them it simply did not exist, being a figment of the imagination of the Communists, Masons and Jews. On this issue at least they were united, differing on only one question: while some asserted the non-bourgeois character of Ukrainian science, oth-

ers—those produced by Dontsov's incubator—voted for the all-pervading bourgeois character of the Ukrainian nation. This difference of opinion, however, prevented neither from serving the bourgeoisie with devotion and from waging a life-and-death struggle against the Ukrainian people.

They have hated and continue to hate the Russian people and Russian culture. Why? Because of the progressiveness of the Russian people and their culture.

Having lost human form from years of cultural fasting, the Ukrainian nationalist, blinded by impotent fury, knew that in the inevitable clash of the two worlds—the young and progressive, on the one hand, and the dark forces of reaction, on the other—the latter would find a place in predatory, soldier-glorifying aggressive Germany, and therefore he had bound his fate to that of the Berlin brigands.

He is not to be blamed for putting his money on the wrong horse. He, like his Berlin master, believed in miracles.

It would be a waste of time to argue about which of the partners was the more stupid. They were birds of a feather and as such, natural partners.

* * *

The day came when the honeymoon was over, and after about a year now the Mamelyuks have been slinking out of Galicia in the wake of the beaten German army. This is no emigration. No one in liberated Europe is likely to give shelter to these faithful servant-friends of the Nazi brigands. A bleak prospect is staring them in the face, namely, an unceasing shuffling from place to place, begging for asylum now at one window and now at another

until they finally breathe their last lying across somebody's doorstep.

Morally, they were already dead long ago. Only a year back, the Mamelyuks were dashing about Lvov, wagging their tails and tongues, spouting and scribbling their drivel, and today no one, literally no one, has a kind word to say for them. Their "works" have been forgotten along with the authors. Try as you may you cannot present a Bandera cutthroat as a hero any more than you can make a lyre out of a fork.

No, all those Kurpits, Tsurovskys and Melniks never ever remotely resembled men of letters. They were only willing scribes for the Prussian regiments, regiments which are now done for once and for all, along with their living cat's paws, the yellow-and-blue Mamelyuks.

The three-year-long horror of Nazi occupation could not but leave a deep scar on human memory. In the dead of night, in terrible nightmares reliving the recent occupation, people see blazing towns and cities and children's bodies floating in a sea of blood, and the wolfish features of self-satisfied SS monsters, accompanied by jackals scavenging amid mountains of corpses licked by tongues of fire. Among these jackals the Mamelyuks are conspicuous by the mark of Cain on their foreheads. Heartfelt are the curses with which they are then consigned by the people to everlasting damnation.

Murderers Disguised as Political Emigrés

A secret report of a Gestapo operational group, made public at the Nuremberg trials, reads as follows:

"It was no easy matter for us to engineer a Jewish pogrom of a large scale in Kaunas. The ringleader of the nationalist group, Klimaitis, who had been among the first recruited for the task, working on instructions given to him by the Kaunas Gestapo, managed to organise such a pogrom. He succeeded in his task in such a way as to arouse no suspicion of a German guiding hand or German instigation. In the first pogrom, on the night of 25 June, 1941, the Lithuanian nationalists exterminated 1,500 Jews, and reduced to ashes not a few synagogues and 60 houses in the Jewish quarter. In the succeeding nights, using similar methods, they put to death 2,300 Jews. Elsewhere in Lithuania, similar acts of violence took place along the lines of the ones in Kaunas, but not on the same scale. The same action was taken against surviving Communists."

Since that time, as we know, much has changed. The flags of the four allied powers flying over the

entrance to the Nuremberg Court of Justice building symbolise the victory of civilised humanity over barbarity. Six years of fascist pogroms have cost rivers of tears and blood, and terrible destruction. This must not be allowed to happen again if we do not want succeeding generations to curse their parents. Those who worshipped brute force will soon be brought to book and punished as they deserve. Should the punishing hand of civilised humanity falter now, the dark forces of fascism will succeed in putting out the sun of the new day and the world will be plunged into the darkness of Bartholomew's night.

Momentous changes have taken place since the day Soviet tanks drove through Prague to complete the victorious march of freedom-loving nations. Goering is no longer the former Goering but one of the defendants and a real contender for the gallows. Goering's Norwegian agent, Quisling, is already in Hades. The butchers of yesterday, all those obergruppenführers, untersturmführers, gauleiters, and kreisleiters and others are themselves looking at the world through the bars of former Gestapo torture chambers. The repulsive Nazi gang of sadists and marauders are now biting their nails in terror before the retribution that awaits them.

But there are exceptions. Not all those who deserve to be behind bars today are actually there. To verify this it is sufficient to pay a visit to the US occupation zone in Germany. Improbable as it may sound, it is precisely in this part of Germany, controlled by the masters of the Nuremberg prison, where Goering, Kaltenbrunner, Ribbentrop, Frank and others are awaiting the judgment of the nations, that those whose heinous crimes have been brought to light and condemned by members of the US prosecution at the Nuremberg trials have found refuge.

At the beginning of this article, I mentioned Klimaitis, the ringleader of the Lithuanian nationalists. I did so for a reason. The fact is that Klimaitis and his gang are now leading a comfortable and care-free life in the suburbs of the town of Salzburg currently occupied by US troops. The despicable scum from Himmler's lower world, all those miserable Gestapo small fry, "the heroes" of bloody nights in Kaunas, professional murderers, robbers and rapists with the marks of Cain and Herod on their foreheads, are now able to lead a reasonably comfortable life, no less comfortable in fact than the life they led last year when they were still useful as obedient tools of SS Reichsführer Himmler, notorious for his capricious and uncereceremonious treatment of his own toadies.

This despicable lot have so far been able to get off scot free. What is more, certain reactionary circles describe these murderers as political émigrés.

It is common knowledge that Himmler used the services not only of Klimaitis and his gang, but also of the West Ukrainian Nazi, Stepan Bandera, and his pack. Without any exaggeration, the West Ukrainian Nazis exceeded their Lithuanian counterparts in their bloody deeds and devoted service to Hitler. Admiral Canaris could have told much about the full extent of this service. Likewise, General Lahousen of the German intelligence service, had he wished, could have provided revealing evidence on the exploits of Bandera and his gang in his testimony before the Nuremberg trial. But he did not. However, although many documents remained in the Lvov and Berlin Gestapo headquarters, they are hardly necessary for portraying the part played by the Bandera gang. Documents seem irrelevant where the truth about the tens of thousands of victims tortured and mutilated in Gestapo torture chambers and concen-

tration camps cries out its tale, when this truth is staring us in the face in the form of the ruins of countless homes reduced to ashes by Bandera's mob.

The Ukrainian-German nationalists from Bandera's and Melnik's gangs acted as sabotage detachments of the Gestapo from the very first day of their existence. Thoroughly drilled and briefed at special sabotage and espionage schools, the thugs from the OUN carried out assignments in many European countries, given to them by the Gestapo and the Hitlerite military intelligence service long before the outbreak of the Second World War. According to General Lahousen, in September, 1939 they were assigned by the Supreme Commander of the Nazi land forces a task similar to that assigned to the Lithuanian Nazis in 1941 by a Gestapo operational group. They carried out their missions with the competence and efficiency of professional killers. After this assignment, the yellow-and-blue Nazis became a leading sabotage detachment of the Nazi army, already in the early days of Nazi Germany's invasion of our motherland. Using them as obedient executioners, the Gestapo carried out mass shootings of Soviet people of Ukrainian, Polish and Russian nationality.

In the winter of 1941-42 the German-Ukrainian Nazi gangs, at the order of the Gestapo, conducted a savage campaign against Soviet guerrilla fighters. At the same time, carrying out express instructions from Himmler, they launched an orgy of wholesale extermination of the Polish population in the Nazi-occupied Western areas of the Soviet Ukraine. The "security service" organised by Bandera's gang along the lines of the Gestapo terrorised all those in Western Ukraine who were not inclined to admire the Führer, and hunted for downed Soviet pilots and paratroops in Nazi-occupied areas. If they managed to

catch any of the latter, they either killed them in cold blood or turned them over to the Gestapo. When they merged with the Nazi-organised "Ukrainian" police force, the German-Ukrainian nationalists worked in close contact with Hans Frank, the Governor-General of Poland, all through the war, helping him to plunder Poland and Galicia and deport manpower to Germany.

All this, it would seem, is enough to show that the West Ukrainian nationalists made common cause with the German Nazis and differed little from them in any respect. There is enough evidence to put the nationalist scum in the dock at the first opportunity and try them along with the rest who have been brought to book for the monstrous crimes they perpetrated all over Europe. However, what do we find? All those Banderas, Melniks and Kubieviches are sitting snugly in their nests beside Klimaitis in the US zone of occupation.

Not only sitting, but even forming "committees." From these "committees" they are sending agents into the Soviet Ukraine, here Banderas receive their reports and money donated by their admirers and brothers-in-spirit in the Western Hemisphere. They have been cleverly exploiting the plight of the West Ukrainian youth who had been deported by the Nazis to Germany earlier in the war and who had been brainwashed with cock-and-bull stories about the "reign of terror" which, they said, had been instituted by the Soviet authorities in the Ukraine.

When they think it necessary, they throw dust into the eyes of the American occupation authorities by passing themselves off as Poles. You can see any number of these newly-baked "Poles" if you visit the Polish émigré camp in the town of Fürth. There they are treated as welcome guests, despite the fact that their hands are stained with the blood of

Polish babies. Indeed, birds of a feather flock together...

The International Tribunal which is now trying the principal war criminals is fully mindful also of the guilt of the henchmen and hangers-on of the Nazis. Each member of the Tribunal is aware that, but for the Nazi small fry, Himmler would have found it physically impossible to exterminate an astronomical 26 million people of many different nations and nationalities.

The American prosecutors at the Nuremberg trials are members of the army now occupying Munich and Salzburg. They are citizens of the same country of which the present military commandants of Salzburg and Munich are citizens. The same country whose soldiers, in alliance with Soviet soldiers, fought valiantly and with self-sacrifice to defeat the Nazi murderers. The blood shed by these soldiers, and the welfare of their children, mothers and wives, demand that all the Nazi murderers, without exception, be brought to book and punished as they deserve, that they be put on trial by those countries whose soil has been steeped with the blood of their victims.

The Glorious Liberation of Man

I do not know who it was who first called the city of Lvov a "city of pensive lions of stone." These lions stand guard at the entrance to the building of the City Soviet. They stand guard over the purity of Lvov's ancient wells. They look at you from the city's coat-of-arms. One of these lions, scarred and solitary, still stands amid the brilliant green of the lawn in front of Vysoky Castle. It is a mute witness to events long past, a mute reproach to all those who, down the centuries, were responsible for bringing nothing but death and destruction to the sunny city of Lvov.

According to a legend, at times of trouble, when the hearts of the people of Lvov are bursting with mortification and righteous anger, the stone lions come to life. They shake the grey hairs from their manes, leap down from their pedestals and run along the sleepy streets, filling the air with ear-splitting roars. But the roar is inaudible to the human ear, it can only be heard by the heart. Then the people, pale of countenance, wake from their sleep, light the lamps and come out onto the streets. As they do so,

the first light of dawn breaks over the city, and high up in the sky white pigeons soar over the city, symbolising invisible martial glory. . .

Over the past few decades, this invisible martial glory appeared over the city more than once. On a spring morning in 1902, building workers on strike shed their blood on the cobblestones of Strelets Square. On that occasion the hussars of Franz Joseph, the Austrian Emperor, were hard put to it to bring the strikers under control. The unequal battle between the workers, who had no weapons, and the hussars who were armed to the teeth, lasted for more than an hour. And it was not until infantry reinforcements arrived on the scene that the bloody engagement came to an end.

Two days later, the working people of Lvov buried their dead. The funeral procession carried invincible banners, the same banners the fallen heroes had carried aloft, singing revolutionary songs.

In subsequent years the city changed hands and old signboards and barriers were replaced by new, and old police and army uniforms were replaced by dress of a different style, but one thing remained unchanged, and that was the fetters that weighed upon the people and which they could not throw off. The inhabitants of Lvov had never tasted true freedom; their notions of freedom were based on what they had heard from their grandfathers. The word "freedom" could have no substance, no reality, where every living word was banned and where the combined might of three empires stood guard over the kingdom of bondage.

The mighty breath of the Great October Socialist Revolution blew over this land, bringing to the people of Lvov, those unfortunates who had been slaves for centuries, an idea of what human happiness is. Now the valour of the brave ceased to be the cour-

age of the condemned, because in their unequal struggle against their oppressors they had before their eyes the beacon of socialist Moscow, because in the ever-growing power of socialist Moscow and in her glory the people of Lvov were able to discern the promise of their own victory. Lenin illuminated their road to freedom. At last the people of Western Ukraine which for centuries had groaned under the yoke of foreign oppressors, took the path of struggle for reunification with the Mother country.

It was not an easy path and progress was slow, not only because of the prisons, concentration camps and gallows. Lurking behind the immediate enemy were the nationalist turncoats, the ugly progeny of the German satan and the Polish gentry she-wolf who, when the day came the life-and-death battle had to be fought, stooped to every means, however foul, to gain the upper hand.

On a bloody Thursday in 1936 the working people of Lvov took to the barricades again, after a peaceful funeral procession carrying the body of an unemployed worker named Kozak, who had been shot by the police, was fired upon by police-machine-guns. The explosion of popular indignation on that occasion swept the murderers off the streets, and it was not until police reinforcements arrived that the police were able to disperse the raging crowds.

A month later an anti-fascist congress attended by people prominent in the arts took place in Lvov. The congress developed into a forceful demonstration of the unity of the progressive forces of Western Ukraine and Poland. In the complete stillness reigning in the hall of the city's Opera House, which was packed to overflowing, an old woman worker took the floor. She was a veteran of the June events of 1902. On behalf of the building workers of that time she

presented Wanda Wasilewska, who was in the chair, with a huge bouquet of red roses saying, "These roses are the same colour as our banner. The day is not far off when our banner will cease to remind people of the blood shed by our brothers and sons, and a new life—young and wonderful—will come to our land to stay."

This new life did indeed come, a brief three years later. Blending in with the stirring bars of the symphony of this new life was the sound of red banners fluttering in the breeze, the sound of revolutionary songs, and the rumble of Soviet tanks of liberation. The history of Western Ukraine marched forward with a steady tread. Practically overnight the gains of the October Revolution became the gains of the people of Western Ukraine, thanks to the invincible will and might of the great Soviet people. The struggle for freedom, for the land, for instruction in the mother tongue in all the schools, for the right to a decent life and to work suddenly lost its relevance, being replaced by the task of building socialism in the liberated cities and towns.

The nightmare of Nazi occupation was, however, the last period of trial. When the night of Nazi occupation had given way to the bright sun of freedom the Western Ukraine joined the family of the Soviet nations as an integral part of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic. That completed the reunification of the whole of the Ukraine.

Just over four years have elapsed since the day the last German invader was thrown out of the Western Ukraine. But the changes that have already taken place in the land which only yesterday was groaning under the yoke of its oppressors are indeed striking. Lvov, at one time known as the city of dying workshops, is now producing agricultural machinery, bicycles, forklift trucks and electric bulbs which are

used in the remotest corners of the vast Soviet land. Lvov-made huge excavators are now at work digging the basin of the future "Lvov Sea", which will bring much-needed water to the city, for Lvov has no river of its own.

The fields, which only yesterday belonged to landowners, are now worked by tractors and combine harvesters belonging to collective and state farms. The poverty-stricken heroes of Vasil Stefanik's sad books are now a dim memory, while their children and grandchildren are writing new pages into the annals of their people's glorious history. The little Miron of Ivan Franko's book could not distinguish between a prison and a school, whereas the little Miron of our days is a student of the Ivan Franko University. The Borislav of today resounds with laughter and merriment, and the men who were the children of the jobless workers of yesterday are now managing the oil fields outside Borislav. Socialism is coming into its own all over the Western Ukraine. The bright stars of communism are on the ascendant on both sides of the Carpathians.

Man's destiny has taken on a new form.

In 1930 a man was lying on a bed at a Lutsk prison hospital. His days seemed to be numbered. He had gone through a nightmare of torture by the police. His torturers were not in the least worried by the fact that their victim was a well-known man of letters—Kuzma Pelekhaty. The brave man was the son of a people who had been outlawed. His popularity and courage served only to excite the fury of the torturers. Pelekhaty had stoically withstood all threats, the tortures had failed to break his will, and so he was condemned to be left to die.

But then the mighty force of nature prevailed. Kuzma Pelekhaty's staunchness, coupled with his extraordinarily strong constitution won the day, and

he survived. The tortures and suffering had only served to steel his character, and throughout his ordeal he remained true to himself. He lived, and continued to be what he had always been—an honest and valiant champion of his people.

Thirteen years ago a woman worker, Maria Kikh, along with fellow members of the garment makers union, was walking in the funeral procession behind the coffin of Vladislav Kozak. When fascist bullets began flying about Maria did not flinch. The demonstrators closed ranks and continued to march forward, defying the armed police executioners. Maria Kikh fell to the ground, struck by a bullet which shattered her jaw.

During the Great Patriotic War Maria Kikh joined Hero of the Soviet Union Medvedev's guerrilla detachment. Today, she is Deputy Chairman of the Supreme Soviet of the Ukrainian Republic.

Ulyana Bashtyk, a collective farmer from the village of Skomorokhy, was awarded the title of top grain grower two years ago. She earned great admiration and respect, and today she is known all over the Soviet Union, and is a Hero of Socialist Labour.

...The outcome of the struggle in the Western Ukraine has been decided, and now another struggle is still going on—this time for a bumper harvest, for meeting production targets ahead of schedule, for speeding up cultural and scientific progress. There are still difficulties and problems; there are still some riff-raff who hold back progress. However the new wonderful Soviet life is marching forward in triumph, giving rise to new songs and new legends in which the stone lions of Lvov and martial glory will henceforth symbolise one thing alone—the greatness of man who is free.

Я. Галан
О ЧЕМ ЗАБЫВАТЬ НЕЛЬЗЯ
на английском языке
Цена 24 коп.