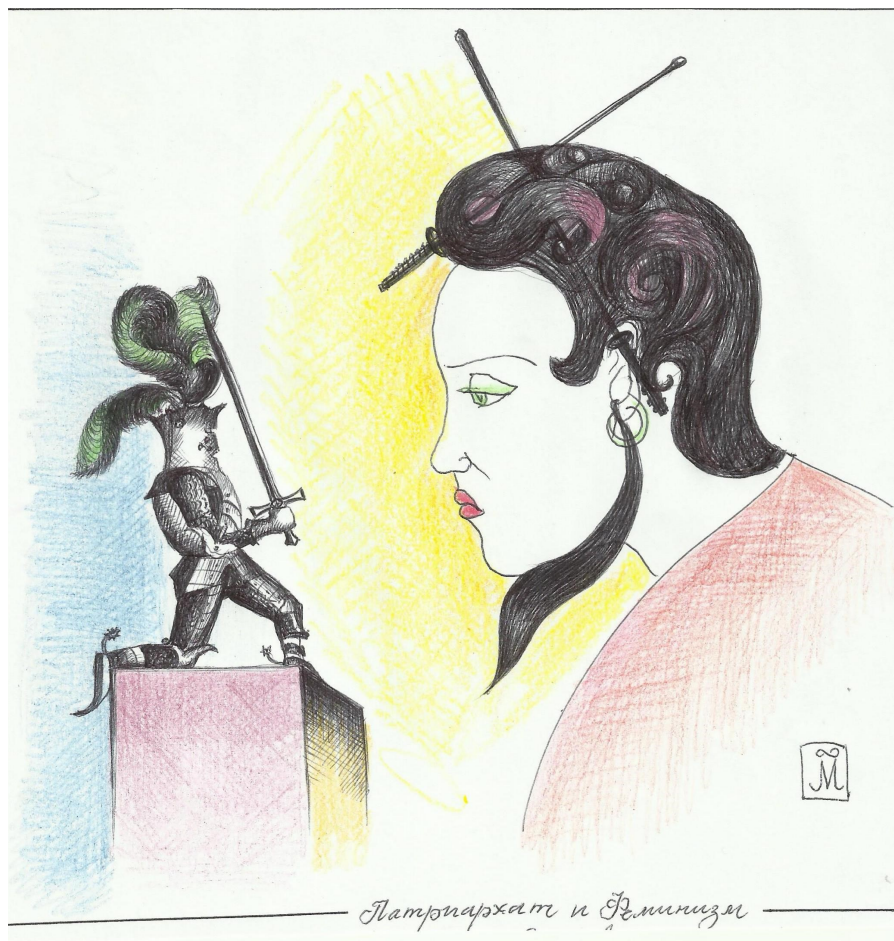


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TATYANA

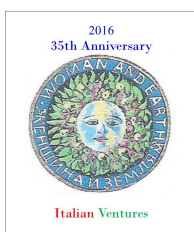
Татьяна Мамонова



MAMONOVA

Succès d'estime

In Russian and English





Succès d'estime Volume 12

Succès d'estime

Volume 12

In Russian and English

by

TATYANA MAMONOVA

**Production and Design
by Mildred C. Didio and author**

**Illustrations
by Gennady Shikarioff**

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Note:

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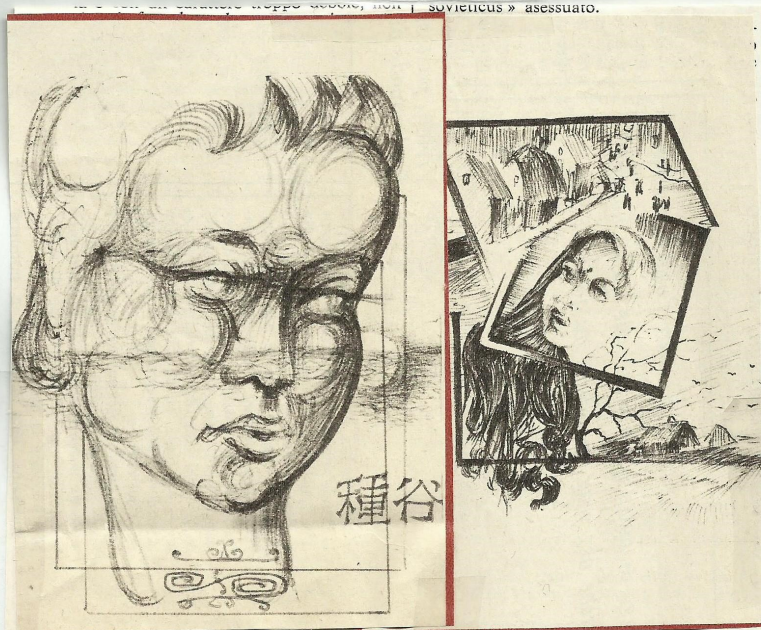
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Succès d'estime Volume 12



poesie di tatiana mamonova

Sei nato e ora subisci aspettando
l'agitazione della vita
non chiedere perdono
la fiamma della candela si è spenta
sul tavolo si freddano i piatti.
Solo — tutti dormono
ingoi il silenzio
il tranvai canta i suoi ultimi versi
sorveglia sempre la tua fedele moglie
e nasconditi da te stesso
sotto una coperta grigia
Oh, questa notte
è felice per l'animo
che si agita e non ha trovato asilo
scrivi i tuoi versi
e non essere troppo severo
per il tuo prossimo.

Così l'uccello cade dal cespuglio
nello spazio delle tenebre —
oh regno della notte!
Com'è vuota la tua profondità
non ho la forza di resistere
cado, precipito dentro di te
io — albero spezzato
e gli uccelli sbriciolano
lo spazio a sinistra
e a destra il fulmine di nuovo
mi spezzerà
conoscerà la misura della terra
dimenticando il dolore.

Da questi frassini
le ali
storno d'uccelli gialli
bruciati da settembre
che ricadono

l'almanacco "doune & russia"



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Also By Tatyana Mamonova

Femmes et Russie Almanach, (in French) Volumes 1-3, edited by Tatiana Mamonova. Paris: Edition Des Femmes, 1980-1981.

Zhentschina i Rossia Almanach, (in Russian) Volume 3, edited by Tatiana Mamonova. Paris: Edition Des Femmes, 1980.

Voix de Femmes en Russia Almanach, (in French) Volume 4, edited by Tatiana Mamonova. Paris: Denoel-Gontier, 1982.

Woman and Russia Almanach, Volume 1, edited by Tatiana Mamonova. London: Sheba Press, 1980.

Kvinnen og Russland Almanach, Volume 1, edited by Tatyana Mamonova. Oslo: Pax Forlag, 1980.

Kvinnan Ryssland Almanac, Volumes 1 & 2, edited by Tatyana Mamonova. Stockholm: Awe Gebers, 1980.

Kvindren og Rusland Almanach, Volumes 1 & 2, edited by Tatyana Mamonova. Copenhagen: Informations Forlag, 1980.

Die Frau und Russland Almanach, Volumes 1 & 2, edited by Tatyana Mamonova. Munich: Frauenoffensive, 1980.

Die Frau und Russland Almanach, (in German) Volume 3, edited by Tatyana Mamonova. Basel, Switzerland: Mond, 1982.

Das Radieschen (children's book), by Tatyana Mamonova. Vienna: Blagina Verlag, 1981.

Vrouwen in Sovjet-Rusland Anthology from Volumes 1-3, edited by Tatyana Mamonova. Amsterdam: Anthos, 1981.



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Woman and Russia Anthology from Volumes 1-3, (in Japanese), edited by Tatyana Mamonova. Tokyo: Shin-Ichi Masagaki & Miiko Kataoka, 1982.

Feminism in Russia Almanach, (in Greek), edited by Tatyana Mamonova. Athens: Images, 1982.

Woman and Russia Almanac (1979-1991), now called *Woman and Earth Almanac* (1991-present), edited by Tatyana Mamonova, New York: Woman and Earth Press. 80 pages in magazine size format, 124 pages in original almanac size format.

Women and Russia, Feminist Writings from the Soviet Union, edited by Tatyana Mamonova, Boston: Beacon Press, 1984. 275 pages.

Russian Women's Studies: Essays on Sexism in Soviet Culture, by Tatyana Mamonova New York: Pergamon Press and Teacher's College Press, 1989, 1990, 1991. 179 pages.

Women's Glasnost vs Naglost: Stopping Russian Backlash, by Tatyana Mamonova. Westport, CT: Greenwood Press 1993. 181 pages.

Succes d'estime, by Tatyana Mamonova. New York: Woman and Earth Press, 2001 - present. 124 pages.

Fotoalbum: Around the World, by Tatyana Mamonova. New York: Woman and Earth Press, 2004 - present. 124 pages.

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Donna Rosa

TATYANA MAMONOVA
by Francesco Galletto

Tatyana Mamonova è considerata la fondatrice del Movimento delle donne russe. Lei è la prima dissidente femminista esiliata dalla ex Unione Sovietica.

Fu esiliata per l'editing e la pubblicazione della metropolitana 'samizdat' ALMANACCO: DONNA E RUSSIA, arte e rivista letteraria contenente la prima raccolta di scritti femministi sovietici, che ora è stato pubblicato in undici lingue e in più di ventidue paesi (in antologia selezionata dal titolo DONNE E RUSSIA è stato pubblicato in forma di libro negli Stati Uniti da Beacon Press.)

Tatyana è una femminista, autrice premiatissima, poeta, watercolor artista, giornalista, editore, produttore, docente, studioso, facilitator e difensore dei diritti umani.

È stata sotto gli occhi di tutto il mondo. Centinaia di interviste nazionali e internazionali di quotidiani e riviste sono stati condotti su di lei, compresi LONDON GUARDIAN, COSMOPOLITAN, NEW YORK TIMES, WASHINGTON POST, HARVARD DONNA LEGGE JOURNAL.

Tatyana è stata anche oggetto di documentari e intervistata in televisione da tutto il mondo.

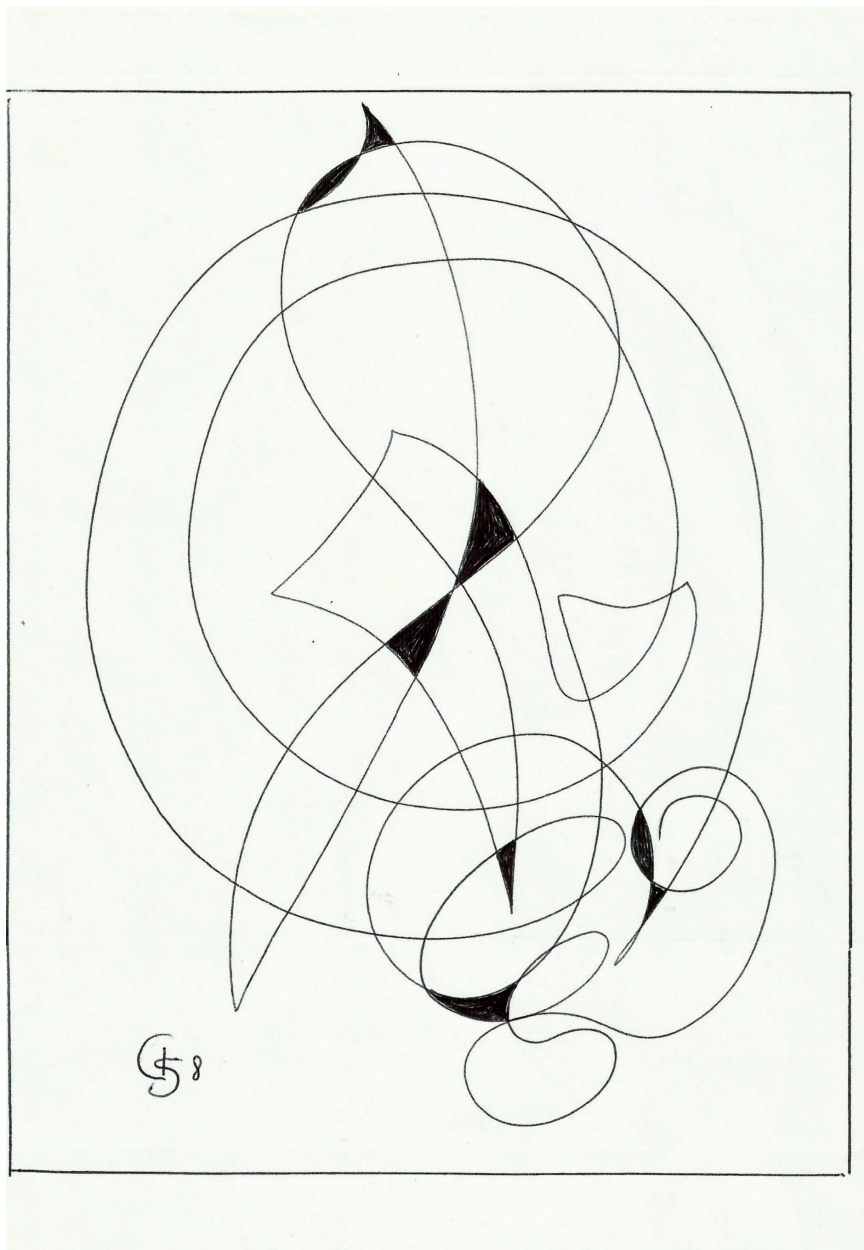
In linea con lo status di Tatyana come "cittadino del mondo", in Tatyana 1990 della fondazione, curato da lei, cominciò a pubblicare DONNA E TERRA Almanac, l'almanacco internazionale bilingue russo / inglese eco-femminista che è la continuazione ampliata del suo ormai famoso 'samizdat', che viene visualizzato e distribuito gratuitamente alle singole donne e gruppi di donne in Russia e Europa orientale.

Mamonova ha intervistato molte femministe famose, tra cui Bella Abzug, Kate Millett e Robin Morgan.

Tatyana continua la sua carriera come giornalista, scrive per i giornali ed è consulente internazionale di MS MAGAZINE. Il suo secondo libro russo delle donne di Studi, Essays on sessismo nella cultura sovietica, è usato come testo di college e università di tutto il mondo.

È alla sua terza stampa.

Succès d'estime Volume 12



Succès d'estime Volume 12

Dal suo esilio, oltre a continuare a modificare e pubblicare il suo Almanacco di "La donna e la Terra" e "Almanac due" continuò le pubblicazioni: Succes d'estime (dal 2001) e Fotoalbum, Il giro del mondo (dal 2004), e di condurre e espandere la sua organizzazione, ora chiamata anche Donna e la Terra Globale Eco-Network, che è autore di quattro libri negli Stati Uniti, così come centinaia di articoli e diari di viaggio per giornali, riviste e giornali, tra cui il New York Times. Ha tenuto conferenze in tantissime università e organizzazioni pubbliche negli Stati Uniti e in tutto il mondo, tra cui la partecipazione, in un giro di conferenze nazionali, con Ms. Magazin e tour di Africa, Australia, Giappone, Stati Uniti, India, America del Sud, Repubblica Dominicana, la Scandinavia, Francia, Germania, Olanda, Italia e Grecia, con il sostegno di Amnesty International, Alliance Française, parlamenti e organizzazioni non-governative. Ha esposto in più di 20 paesi e venduto il suo pluripremiato libro d'arte i cui proventi sono stati donati a favore delle attività della sua ONG e campagne per i diritti umani in tutto il mondo. Lei è anche produttore esecutivo di una serie televisiva educativa settimanale a Manhattan.

È un ex borsista post-dottorato con l'Università di Harvard's Institute Bunting, membro del Pen International, il rappresentante della Russia per la Sorellanza e Global Institute, ed è stato oggetto di documentari, libri e tutte le forme di copertura mediatica da ogni mezzo leader tra cui CBS Evening News con Morton Dean, The International Herald Tribune, The New York Times e la BBC.

Il 2009 ha segnato il 30 ° Giubileo della sua ONG e samizdat. Celebrazioni sono state avviate nel dicembre 2008 al Corinthia Nevskij Palace Hotel di San Pietroburgo. E' stata ufficialmente onorata come donna dell'anno, il 7 marzo 2009, presso la Galleria d'Arte Contemporanea di rete in mid-town Manhattan, New York, che comprendeva anche una mostra dei suoi dipinti. La campagna tour proseguirà in altre sedi mondiali durante tutto l'anno.

Presto sarà in Italia dove, l'Associazione Politico Culturale RADICI, fondata e Presieduta dalla scrittrice Francesca Gallelo, per ricevere un Premio Internazionale in occasione del quale farà la mostra delle sue opere e la presentazione dei suoi libri.

Tatyna Mamonova sta lasciando un'eredità duratura.

2015

Succès d'estime Volume 12



*Attentive crowd at
WE's International Human Rights Day Seminar*

St. Petersburg, Russia

"AROUND THE WORLD" *TATYANA MAMONOVA*

*Fotoalbum of 10 Years of
Conferences and Seminars
Volume 4 – 2007*

L'ANIMA NON HA GENERE

Il mio primo tour in America ha avuto luogo nel 1980. Ho fatto lezioni in università di 15 stati. Ad una delle università, mi è stato chiesto dal pubblico provocatoriamente: "Cosa ne pensi di Cristo?" Io risposi che Cristo era un bravo ragazzo. Piaceva a studenti e professori. Ricevetti una risata incoraggiante.

Più tardi, durante il mio secondo giro, ho incontrato Riane Eisler. Ho avuto un colloquio con Riane, a casa sua, in California. Questa video-intervista è stata mostrata in televisione a Manhattan. Riane è un noto avvocato, ricercatore e futurista. Lei è di origine austriaca e visse a Cuba. In America, Riane ha scritto un best seller chiamato *Il Calice e la Spada*.

Il libro di Eisler era stato tradotto in russo. È interessante notare che, il padre di Natalia Malankhovskaya, ha detto che *Il Calice e la Spada* è essenziale per la Russia. Ha sostenuto il nostro movimento. Natalia Malakhovskaya è stata una delle prime donne che ho pubblicato nel samizdat *l'Almanacco Donna e Russia*.

Recentemente ho visto Natalia Malankhovskaya. Vuole partecipare al nostro lavoro ribattezzato *Almanacco Donna e la Terra*. Gli ultimi anni non sono stati sprecati. Abbiamo trovato un sacco di reciproche interrelazioni EST su una curva differente della spirale. Materiale di Malankhovskaya apparirà nel prossimo numero.

Succès d'estime Volume 12





Succès d'estime Volume 12

Praise for Succes d'estime

In this issue we commemorate the 35th anniversary of the founding of Woman and Earth, fka Woman and Russia by including both recent and historical letters. Woman and Earth's mission led by Tatyana Mamonova's courage and promotion of justice and human rights for women throughout the world remains as important in 2014. WE hope you will join Tatyana and WE in this important mission which is the best hope for global peace and harmony.

Dear Tatyana,

Sometimes, I can't find words to say how much I'm happy to meet a woman like you. You are everything beautiful in this world, you are a living inspiration. You give me hope, you give me life. You give me peace, you give me light.

Few of us have light inside them but you have a lot, enough to spread it all around the world.

Yours forever,

Abtif, Tunisia



To Tatyana Mamonova,

While I was going through some papers today I came across an article I had written in 1980 when you visited Toronto. Then I looked up your name and noticed that you had been seeking information and memorabilia for the 30th anniversary of Woman and Russia. This contribution is very late but I decided to send it along anyway.

In 1980 I also bought one of your art pieces (as I remember, a drawing of a coffee plant with opening eyes), but I was a gift for someone else and to my regret I have not seen the piece for many years.

It is good to see that you are still active.

Cheers,

Bart Hawkins, Port Hope, Ontario Canada



Succès d'estime Volume 12



*Fotoalbum of 30 Years of
Conferences and Seminars
Volume 7 – 2009*

FEMMINISMO E FEMMINILITÀ

"La donna è leader per natura. Ha più forza, più attenzione e più talento di quanto possa avere l'uomo nella nostra nuova Russia. (Free Time Magazine, febbraio 2008). Questo è stato detto da Victor Merezhko, un autore russo. Ha aggiunto che la nostra società considera una donna non sposata oltre i 30 anni incompleta, ahimè.

Elena Bobrova, un Jurnalist, ha chiesto Victor se sia possibile una collaborazione tra uomo e donna, qui. Egli rispose: "Non è possibile, con nessuna donna russa...". Non sono d'accordo con lui su questo. A giudicare dalle molte coppie che conosco e la mia esperienza, non è solo possibile ma una buona cosa.

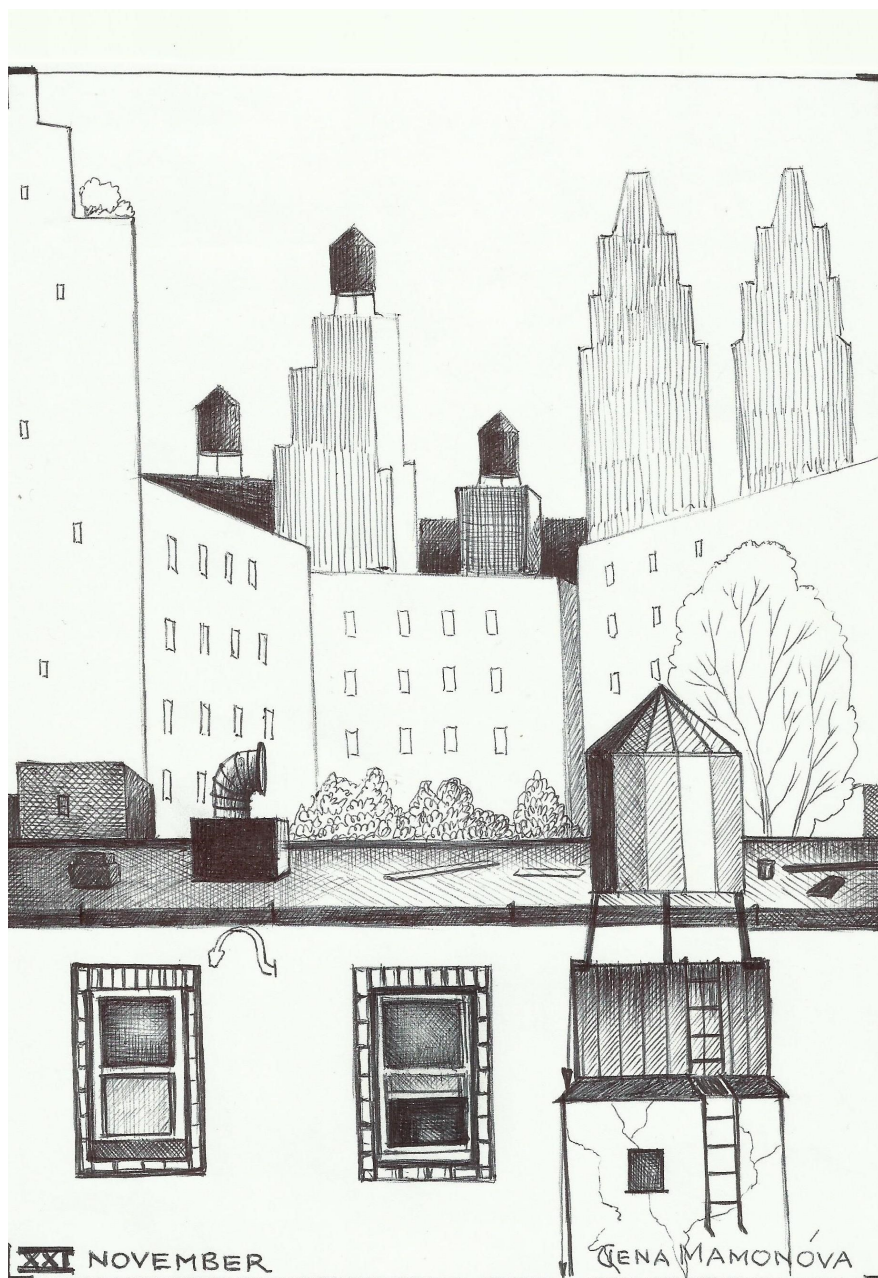
Le donne russe stanno guardando da vicino la squadra Hill-Bill. E imparano da essi. È chiaro che questi due si sostengono a vicenda per tutto il tempo.

Che cosa significa essere un leader sta cambiando costantemente. I ricercatori in Svizzera hanno scoperto che le qualità più importanti stanno risolvendo i problemi e ispirano le persone. (New York Times, novembre del 2007, "The Feminine Critique").

Prendendo i leader contemporanei come Angela Merkel e Margaret Thatcher, vediamo che le donne stanno facilmente facendo. Oppure Benazir Bhutto e Indira Ghandi- questi esempi dimostrano che le donne sono forti e le vecchie idee hanno paura di loro.

Anche se andiamo dalla politica alla cultura, osserviamo le forze principali nelle donne. Per esempio, la recente coppia Litvinova e Zemfira.

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Dear Tatyana,

I just saw your CV on Wikipedia and I remembered your stay, here in Vienna, in 1981, when you came out of the Soviet Union with your son and frail husband. You told me that they wanted to send him to Afghanistan and that you had a lot of difficulties because of your own activities and his situation. You stayed in a “Pension” in Alserstraße. This house is still there and I see it every day on my way to work. You were very quiet and very thin then and you often wore a head scarf.

Maybe you remember me: My name is Ulli Stadler (it is Ulrike KRUH now) and I bought 2 of your drawings (one of a woman in a medusa and one of a Hermes like figure, watercolors, wings on her feet) here in order to provide immediate help to you, here after this shock of having to leave your home. One of these drawings is currently hanging over my bed. And I wrote a poem for you which was published in a feminist journal. How the world has changed! Looking back it seems to me that—at least if I am looking at myself—I was terribly naïve in those days.

As I saw you became a big fish and you even went to Harvard: Congratulations. The Americans always helped those who fled their enemies in a very generous way. How come that you went from France to the States? You wanted to live in Paris as far as I remember. Your son must be 36 years old now. Where does he live? Do you live in New York or St. Petersburg?

Anyway, I greet you and I send you a big hug, you are a part of my life, when I was young.

With greetings,

Ulli Kruh, Vienna, Austria



Здравствуй,Тат!

Сегодня я получила посылку. Это было так трогательно и приятно! Я перечитала всё, что было на русском. Очень много узнала о Тебе, деле всей Твоей жизни, немного о семье! Я счастлива, что стечением некоторых стихоруховских обстоятельств, я смогла быть знакома с Тобой! Во многом, конечно, благодаря Ля Роуз. Благодаря ссылке на её странице я и заглянула на страницу к Тебе! Сейчас в моей голове много мыслей. Я очень воодушевлена прочитанным, узанным! Восхищена Тобой! Величием, трепетностью, искренностью, свободой и преданностью своему до боли личному и глубокому! Ты, Танюш, удивительный человек! Эти журналы прекрасны, доступны и легки—читается - взалхлеб и с удовольствием! Прекрасные иллюстрации. Твой муж очень чётко чувствует Тебя ... Восторг переполняет меня! Я безгранично благодарна Тебе за возможность лицезреть Твоё творчество, Твою работу!

Такая удивительная, насыщенная жизнь, которая досталась потом икровой. Вот что значит - быть преданной своим идеалам, не сломиться под гнетом судьбы! Ты - супер! мне очень интересно, как сейчас течет Твоя жизнь. Где больше и с кем Ты проводишь времени? ...Я сейчас надолго где-то зависну наедине со своими мыслями и Твоими журналами.

Спасибо, дорогая Таточка! Хочу Тебе только самого настоящего! Самого женского и земного! и так, чтобы для души оставалось небесное.

Tinka, Ural, Russia



Succès d'estime Volume 12



Fine Japanese Dining

NYC



Succès d'estime Volume 12

Вы для меня - пример гармоничного сочетания противоположностей: необыкновенно женственная, хрупкая - и в то же время, человек, обладающий потрясающим внутренним стержнем, спонтанная, следующая настроению - с другой стороны, человек, знающий и претворяющий высокий уровень самодисциплины, Вы красиво отдыхаете - Вы же умеете и работать с полной самоотдачей и у в л е ч е н и е м . . . Мне нравится изучать Вас, учиться у Вас, быть рядом с Вами...

Прцветания Вам, вдохновения, любви и радости!

Обнимаю с любовью,

Ирина Казанцева/Irina Kazantseva, St. Petersburg, Russia



Dear Tat,

As I was reading your book, *Woman and Earth*, I came to realize the situation of women from which I had been “unaware” for so many years.

For instance, it is common that both husband and wife are working. Yet, the wife still tends to the family’s needs: children’s ... homework, school meetings, kids activities, food, uniform, and even her husband’s. In some cases, women work as helper, nanny or caregiver, while men stay at home; some jobless.

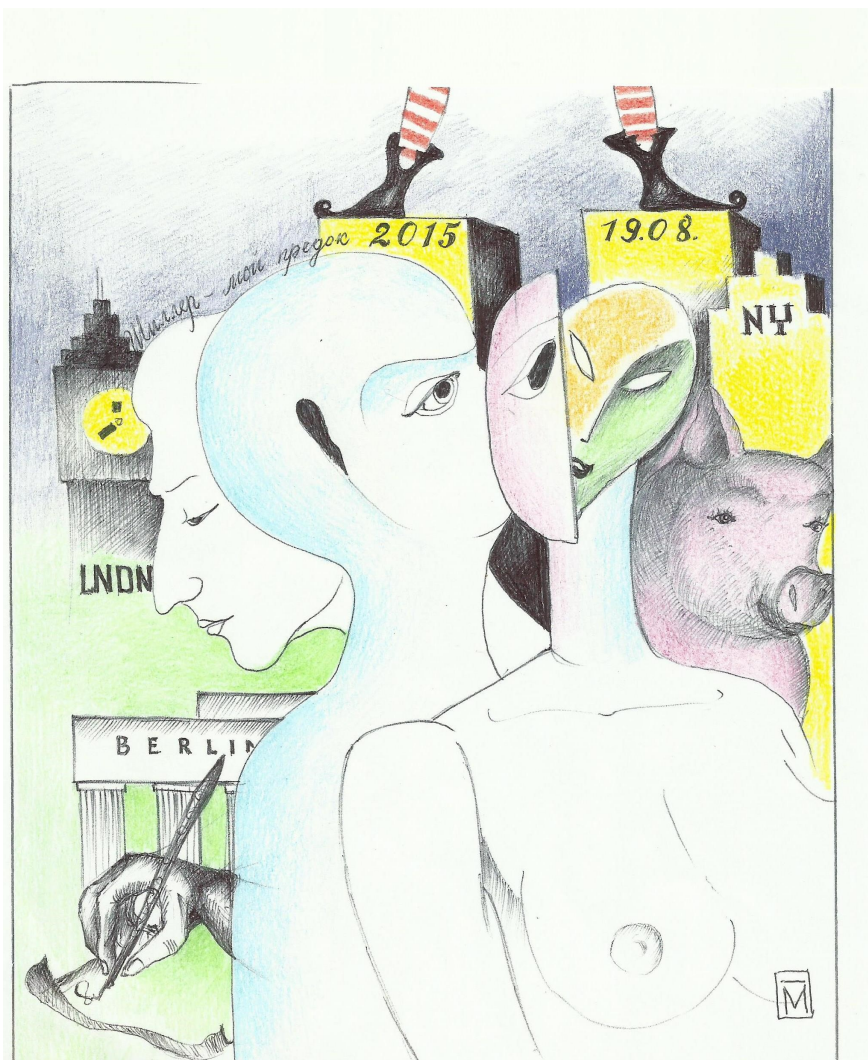
Why such tolerance? Love? Maybe. But I guess its got more to do with culture. Such culture that men are given more privileges than women. Sad, but true.

But such should not be if women know how to fight for what is right and fair. There’s always a chance ... with the help of organizations such as Woman and Earth, and people like you.

Suzette Marfuri, Philippines



Succès d'estime Volume 12



GENERAZIONE X / Y

Tante cose sono state dette sulla nuova generazione in Russia. In Occidente, si è deciso di dare il simbolo X e Y per distinguere l'uomo nuovo da quello vecchio stile.

Sono risultati di auto-ricerca.

X e Y ci ha dato il tipo mestrosexual. Energico e orientato agli obiettivi. Il tipo macho è diventato retrò. Io preferisco il tipo mestrosexual. Ben vestito, con le buone maniere, i tipi di VIP. Le giovani donne guardano questa direzione anche.

La generazione post sovietica in Russia soprattutto approva questa disposizione. Sono gentili e squisiti. I metrosexual sono molto visibili a Pietroburgo. Non hanno un complesso di inferiorità caratteristica dei retros.

Una campagna commerciale ha dato loro il nome di "generazione Pepsi". Ma chi sono in realtà? Arrossiscono facilmente quando ricevono un complimento. Giovani uomini, tra l'altro, non meno, di giovani donne. E 'così russo!.

Negli alberghi principali, dove vado spesso, i metrosexual sono sempre cordiali. Danno indicazioni e suggerimenti. I giovani sono accusati di "inventare" il tabacco, la vodka e il sesso. Mi ricordo che era la stessa della mia gioventù. Lo stesso in Occidente.

Non dobbiamo sostituire tutti con lo standard occidentale. Tuttavia, non farà male a imparare la loro etica professionale. Le giovani donne e uomini che mi aiutano nel mio ritorno in Russia - sono addestrati già in questo modo. È così. È il vero volto di Pietroburgo!

...DES SOLIDARITÉS

Aux Etats-Unis, Tatyana fait connaissance avec Gloria Steinem, éditrice de Ms Magazine, de Kate Millet et de Robin Morgan.

Sexual politics et Robin Morgan avec qui j'ai fait un tour des Etats-Unis pour y donner un cycle de conférences.

F.A.I.: Quelles différences et quels points communs avez-vous remarqués dans les mouvements de femmes aux Etats-Unis et en Russie?

Tatyana Mamonova: Je vais certainement vous étonner: j'ai vu énormément de similarités! Les problèmes de violence, d'alcoolisme (très importants en Russie), d'avortement, ces problèmes existent aussi en Amérique, pas seulement en ex-Union soviétique. Mais la différence, bien sûr, réside dans la possibilité de les exprimer. En Amérique, on publie énormément de revues et ce, dès l'université. C'est une très grande différence. Les femmes américaines disposent de plus de moyens pour parler de leurs difficultés.

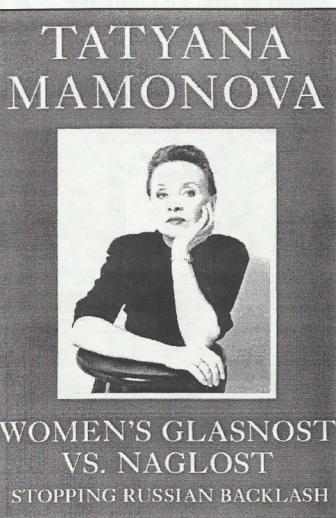
F.A.I.: Ce que vous nous révélez est très intéressant. Aujourd'hui, vous vous consacrez tout particulièrement aux questions écologiques. Comment cette orientation nouvelle dans votre vie s'est-elle opérée?

Tatyana Mamonova: Ce problème est devenu, dans les années 80, un problème d'importance majeure. Pas seulement en Russie mais aussi en Amérique et en Europe. Quand le mouvement

écologique est devenu important, j'ai pensé qu'il fallait intégrer toutes ces questions dans l'«*Almanac*» devenu alors *Femmes et terre*. Il est, aujourd'hui, publié en russe et en anglais. Cela a attiré beaucoup de femmes, et pas seulement les "féministes". Je veux que l'«*Almanac*» soit pour tout le monde, pas seulement pour une élite.

F.A.I.: Quels sont les problèmes écologiques qui vous touchent le plus?

Tatyana Mamonova: En ce moment, je m'occupe particulièrement des questions russes. La Russie est, actuellement, dans un état de détérioration totale. Toutes les forêts, les lacs que j'ai vus étant jeune et que j'ai pu admirer du fait que j'ai énormément voyagé de la Carélie à la Sibérie, tout cela est maintenant contaminé par des déchets nucléaires ou pollués par d'autres types de déchets! Jusqu'à notre si



belle Mer noire où je me suis souvent baignée autrefois et qui est complètement polluée. C'était une mer très propre avec de splendides plages, l'une des régions les plus belles de la Russie. Aujourd'hui, je voudrais pouvoir contribuer à la sauver.

F.A.I.: Vous révélez, dans votre exposition à l'Hôtel Scribe, de remarquables talents de coloriste et une thématique très diversifiée. L'on y

*Press Clipping from Cover Story on WE's Tatyana Mamonova
Femmes Artistes Internationale, Paris, France*



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Dear Ms. Mamonova,

Just recently I finished reading *Women and Russia* — how excited I was to learn through the article in the *Harvard Gazette* that you are now a Fellow at the Bunting Institute! I myself worked at the Bunting just last year, in the spring, for the Peace Fellow, researching issues on the nuclear arms race and the Freeze movement. (I am also a Radcliffe graduate, class of 1981).

Part of my interest in the Soviet Union has arisen from my experience there last year. In October 1983, my parents and I arrived in the USSR for a visit of one month. My father, Dr. Norman Zabusky, is a well-known applied mathematician and physicist, and he was invited to visit as a National Academy of Science exchange scientist. As it happened, we were expelled from the USSR on November 4 (see enclosed article). We have grieved deeply since being forced to leave — for my parents it meant that years of contacts after previous visits are finished forever. Of course, I understand full well that your own experience with this goes far deeper than our own.

I am writing to you now because my father and I would like very much to meet with you (he, too, saw the article in the *Gazette*). My father would like to share with you his thoughts on the refusenik and dissident communities. For myself, in addition to these topics, I would welcome the opportunity to speak about the lives of Soviet women and feminism in Russia. My father will be in Cambridge on Wednesday, October 3. We would like to invite you to have dinner with us that evening, if at all possible.

I understand that you are surely leading a hectic schedule. If this date is not convenient for you, I would welcome the opportunity to meet with you myself at another time.

Finally, let me just say that I found *Women and Russia* to be beautiful, poetic, provocative, disturbing and moving all at once — I both laughed and cried. Thank you for bringing it to us women of the West.

I will call you at the Bunting Institute next week to see if you will be able to come to dinner with us on October 3. Or, if you have the chance, please call me at my office at Tufts University next week (between 9am and 5pm).

I look forward to speaking with you.

Most sincerely,

Stacia E. Zabusky (historical letter)

**Stacia is now Associate Dean, School of Humanities and Sciences
at Ithaca College, Ithaca, NY**



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Enjoying nature's beauty

WE U.S. Tour



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Dear Tatyana,

Hello! I was very happy to hear from you. Please forgive me for not sending you photos earlier. I often tend to be a bit shy about showing my work to people, particularly those who are the subject of my portraits.

I was very pleased with the photo that was published in the *Gazette*. It was about the only one on the whole roll that I liked a lot, except the one of you in your International Sisterhood t-shirt. I felt good about the way in which you are surrounded by women, which is much the way you have shaped your life. I hope you like it, too.

I enclose a copy of the *Gazette* photo, one of you in your t-shirt, and one of you with Rochelle. If you need extra copies of these, I can print them up easily. I just need about a week's notice.

I am doing a small amount of free-lancing these days. If you would like me to take pictures of you at any upcoming events at Radcliffe, or for any reason for that matter, please give me a call. I would enjoy it. It's best for me if we can work out a way for me to get paid, since I have to pay for paper, chemicals, darkroom rental, etc. And of course, my labor, which is the most valuable of all (the women need to keep telling ourselves this!!!)

I really enjoyed your talk at New Words. I felt so energized by it — I rode home on my bike singing and feeling so good. I want to say thank you for the sacrifices you have made in order to do what you feel is right, and the courage you have shown. It gives me courage.

I hope your work at Radcliffe is going well. It is always difficult at first in a new country; though I suppose you are accustomed to this since you have traveled a lot. My support is with you.

Yours in sisterhood,

Wheatley Kennedy, Arlington, MA (historical letter)



We've tried to reach you before but now we are finally using a safe way to send you this letter. Also, we're giving you a safer return postal address for RLP.

Our project is a non-profit free reference library in Pristina with volunteer members in Kosovo, etc. The violence continues here. In one night about 30 non-Muslims were killed. We lost some members in it. Some others left the town and their burned houses. In the last 5 years after NATO bombing us with depleted uranium bombs, such violence is not unusual.

We're reading Russian and English freely and would like to find a sponsor to be able to receive a set of your publications.

Please encourage people you know to help us with the development of our library.

Best to you and thank you,

R.A. Dogan-Konavi for RLP, Pristina, Kosovo (historical letter)



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Dear Tat,

I cannot begin to thank you for accepting my invitation to be my guest in my city, New Orleans. One of the biggest lessons I have learned from you though was how to receive. This is very difficult for me because I am used to being the giver.

I am used to controlling, yet in a short time I have learned to adapt. No one has been able to do this to me ever especially in such a short time.

I guess I am used to being with weak women in my life and I admire your strength. There were moments where I thought you were breaking me and I thought you can only be broken if you allow it. I chose to allow you to break me a little because I knew it would strengthen my already strong character.

Thank you.

Faithfully yours,

Nola

New Orleans, LA



Tengo 43 años, soy estudiante de leyes de la Universidad O & M de Puerta Plata. Los motivos que han llevadi a studier leyes son las tantas injusticias en la Zonas francas donde yo laboraba. Para estudiar a tenido que luchar contra las ofensas que me dirigen de la gente que me catalogan como “vieja” casi de hogar de anciano. Somos mujeres Fuertes, decididas, capas, honestas, podemos, transformer la sociedad si todos nos unimos. Sueño con mas mujeres en los congresos. “Podemos hacerlo!”

Gracias, Tatianita.

Beljica Reyes, law student

Puerta Plata, Dominican Republic



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WOMEN'S ISSUES



BELLA ABZUG



PEARL BAILEY



EVA GABOR



BETSY BLOOMINGDALE

With her eye on social and fashion trends, Ms. Bloomingdale takes her audience through the steps to developing a "style." With commentaries on style appearing in many newspapers and magazines, she is a designer and consultant for Swirl, the New York-based fashion house.

FREADA KLEIN

Working for more than a decade to identify the forms and causes of violence against women, Ms. Klein has been a pioneer in bringing the issue of sexual harassment to the public attention. She founded the Alliance Against Sexual Coercion, the nation's first organization to comprehensively focus on sexual harassment, and has served as a consultant to the government, as well as dozens of private and public institutions.

FRANCES LIDDY



MOYA OLSEN LEAR

Awarded six honorary doctorate degrees from various universities across the country, Ms. Lear took over the Chairmanship of Lear-Avia Corporation from her husband Bill when he died of leukemia in 1978. Ms. Lear shares her wit, wisdom and philosophy of success with your group to inspire them to greater accomplishment.



TATYANA MAMONOVA

She was exiled in 1980 from the Soviet Union for her feminist political beliefs, and recently edited a new book, *Women in Russia: Feminist Writings From the Soviet Union*. A fascinating speaker, she brings a new perspective on women in the Soviet Union and on the Communist concept of women.

ELLIE SMEAL

The President of the National Organization for Women discusses a wide variety of women's issues for the 80s, including the push for increased political



CAMELIA SADAT

One might assume that the daughter of the President of an important nation would live a life of prestige and comfort. Yet Ms. Sadat's life would have proven difficult for the hardest among us. Overcoming all odds, she worked her way up from a secretary of a pharmaceutical company to become its Director of Public Relations. Her insights into Anwar Sadat and the role of the Egyptian woman in Moslem society are fascinating and educational.



GLORIA STEINEM



FAYE WATTLETON

AMERICAN PROGRAM BUREAU 800-225-4575



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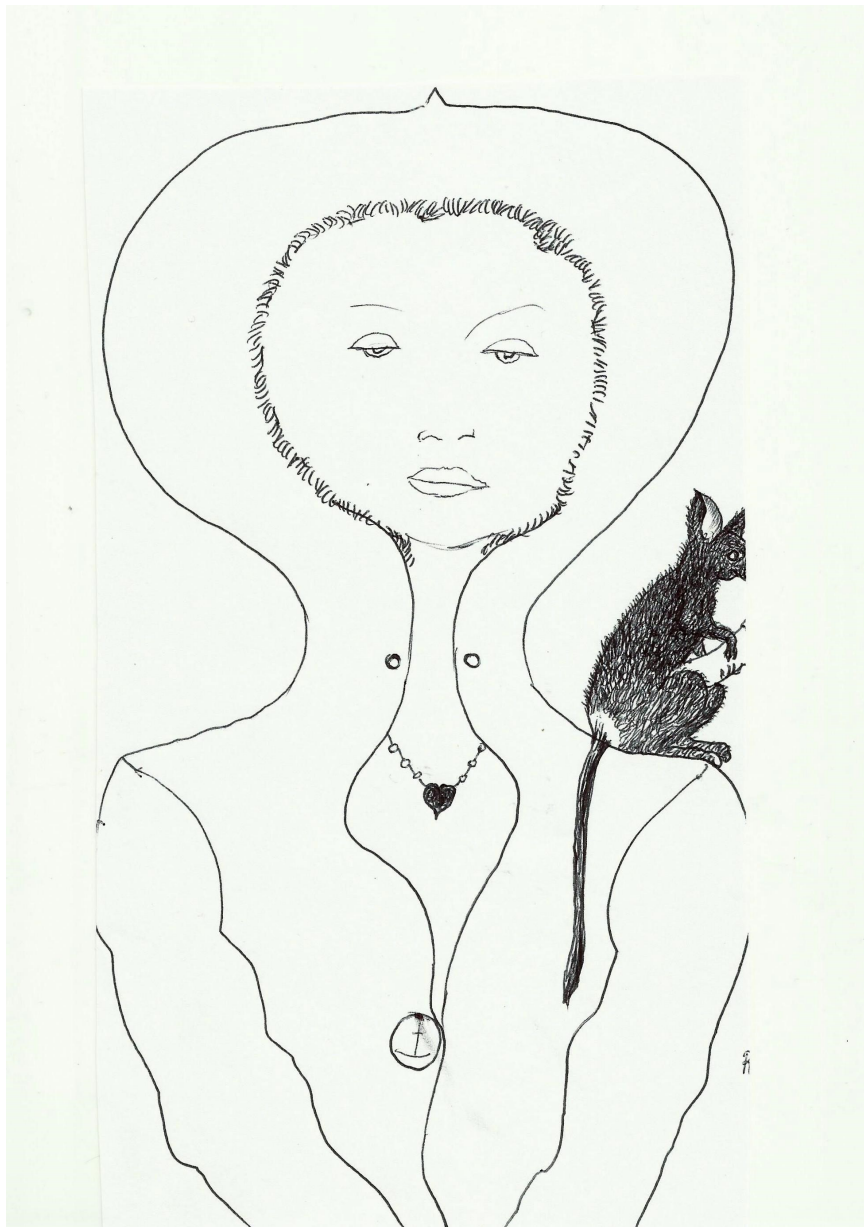
Озверение и свобода мнений

Озверение ли это? Когда люди спокойно проходят мимо убийцы, который режет на их глазах женщину, они ведут себя скорее как бесчувственные механизмы. А когда они загоняют три тысячи человек в газовую камеру и пускают туда ядовитый газ, с хохотом подглядывая, как люди корчатся в смертных муках? Когда они разбивают младенца о камни, разрезают и сшивают живых людей (естественно, без наркоза)? Озверение – это, конечно, неправильное слово, потому что звери на такое неспособны. Разве что в припадке бешенства. Но тех, кто совершал непредставимые злодеяния - их обследовали и выяснили, что они абсолютно здоровы. Психически нормальны.

Вчера (27-го января) по австрийскому телевизору после документального фильма «Дети Освенцима» (судьбы шести детей) показывали дискуссию «Бестия человек – насколько прочна корочка цивилизации». В ней участвовало всего три человека: психиатр из Линца (Хайде Кастнер), писательница – автор книги про выставку «Вермахт» и теолог. Теолог объяснял, как велика вина католической церкви в том, что при гитлере совершили уничтожение евреев: по его словам, гитлер привёл в исполнение то, о чём церковь веками твердила.

Автор книги говорила много интересного, например о том, что никто не заставлял солдат немецкой армии расстреливать мирных жителей, если кто-то из них отказывался участвовать в расстрелах, ему не грозило никакого наказания. Но почти никто не отказывался. А г-жа Кастнер сказала, что в 50-м году один английский психиатр (точно я не запомнила его имя, что-то вроде Декс или Дексер) провёл обследование

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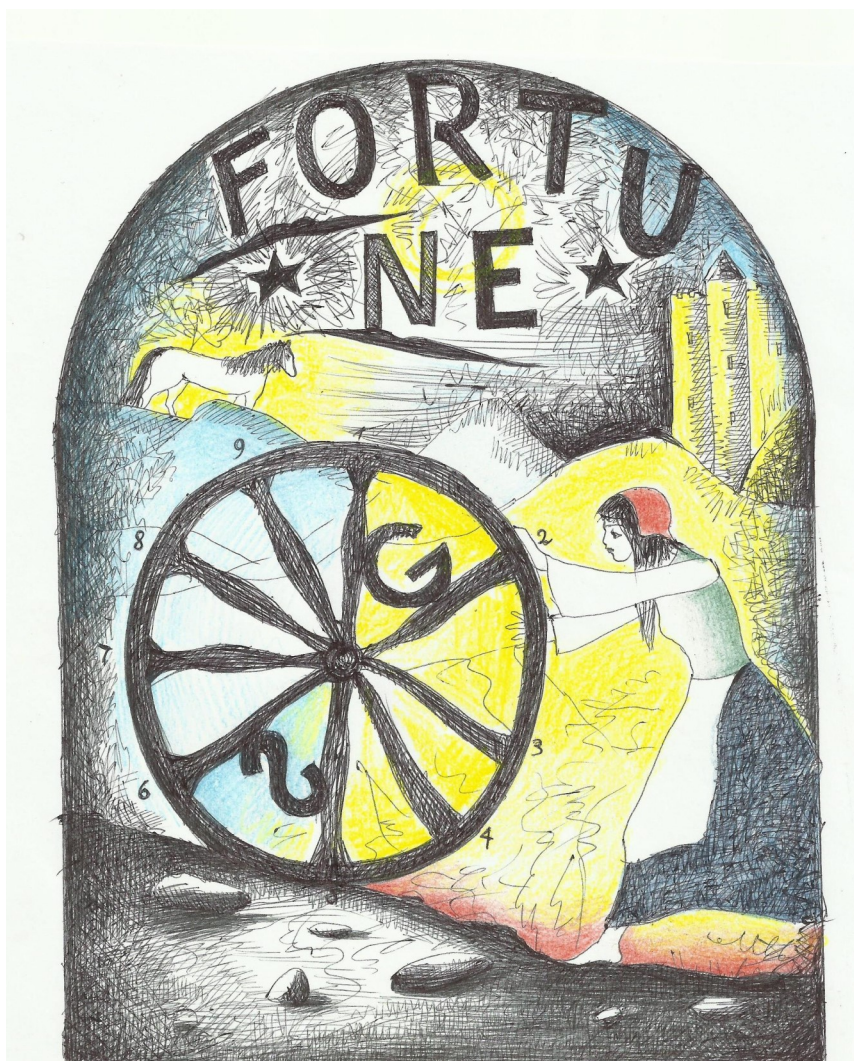
немецких военнопленных и обнаружил, что отнюдь не все одинаково воспринимают содеянное их товарищами по оружию и их страной (не все – Кольки! – Н.М.). 15% оказались закоренелыми нацистами, полностью поддерживали всё, что было сотворено (уже зная в деталях о массовых уничтожениях в газовых камерах и пр.), 15% полностью отвергали всё это, считали это отвратительным и невыносимым. А большинство – 70% - этак уваливало от прямого ответа, типа «ну да, было много ошибок, но ведь в каких условиях мы жили, безработица, а гитлер дал работу, стал строить автобаны» и т.п. Кстати, в 1983 году в Линце мать моей австрийской подруги, из очень благополучной семьи, муж инженер, шестеро детей, роскошная квартира, повторила мне в ответ на мой вопрос о том, как же это могло произойти, всё то, что творилось в концлагерях, именно эти же самые аргументы.

Так вот, тот английский психиатр стал обследовать, в чём же причина такой разницы в восприятии преступлений против человечности. И обнаружил, что разница не в материальном уровне и не в уровне образования, не в том, к какому социальному слою человек относится, а только и единственно в том, какому воспитанию в детстве он подвергался. Озверелые нацисты, без стыда и раскаяния, все поголовно были из таких семей, в которых царило авторитарное воспитание, с отцом, перед которым все дрожали. И дети никогда, ни коим образом не могли высказать своё мнение вообще ни о чём. Вот они-то и стали – не зверьми, а бестиями.

Но ведь и у нас! Было! Такое же! – воскликнет кто-то. И не ошибётся.

»Когда в декабре 2010 на занятиях в философском кафе в Петербурге на очередном семинаре, посвящённом теме сундука (из раздела «Как убить Кашея» - сундук – это вторая ступень составной смерти Кашея, сундук, в котором томится

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заяц), я спросила своих слушателей и слушательниц, есть ли среди них хоть один человек, которому в детстве или юности не повторяли бы постоянно:

Твои мнения никого не интересуют! -

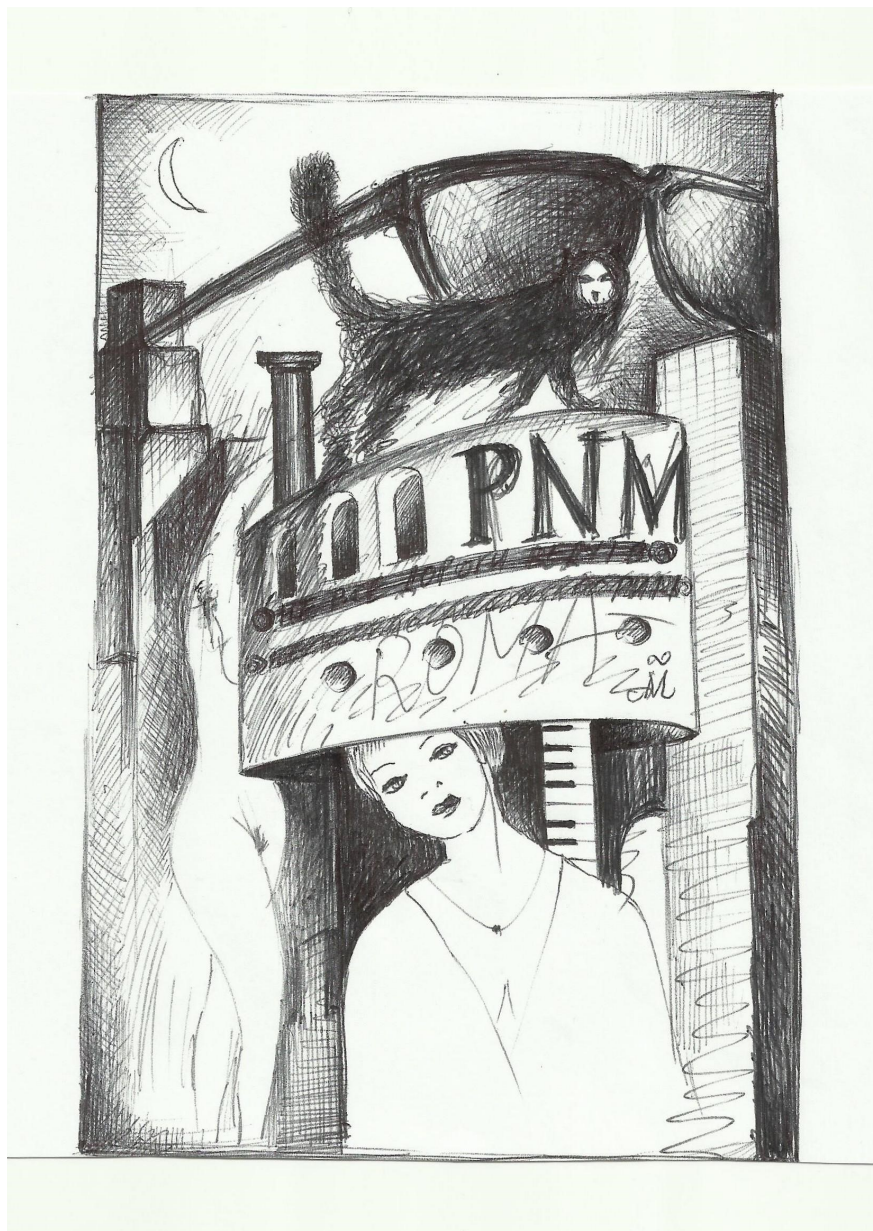
в аудитории возник гул, как будто деревья в лесу зашумели, раскачиваясь из стороны в сторону. Некоторые молчали, словно окаменевшие перед воспоминаниями детства, а сидевший прямо передо мной Павел проговорил: «Ничего другого и слышать не приходилось!» Однако: суть не в самом по себе сообщении (о том, что мнение не интересует). То же самое сообщение могло бы быть произнесено и с другим подтекстом. Для этого потребовалась бы другая интонация, другой взгляд того, кто это сообщение передаёт. Например:

знаешь, если хочешь поступить в институт, то свои мнения и мысли надо умело скрывать. Они не то чтобы так уж никого и не интересуют, но интересуют не так, как бы тебе того хотелось... по принципу «любят ли тигры поросят, а если любят, то как», и твои мнения кое-кого, не указывая двумя пальцами, кого именно, интересуют, но от такого сорта интереса надо уметь вовремя укрыться!

Но не так были произнесены эти слова - об отсутствии интереса. Вот как я описывала этот момент в своей первой повести «Темница без оков» (1964-1976):

«Твои мысли пока никого не интересуют, - отдельно произнесла Вера Павловна. - И если ты хочешь когда-нибудь поступить в институт, запомни, что твои мысли никому не нужны. Поняла? - она взглянула своими тёмными тяжёлыми глазами, словно угрожая, будто взглядом внедряясь в глаза дочери, чтоб раздавить в них всё лишнее, чужое и ещё глубже впечатать свою волю»⁷⁷.

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Днище сундука - это основа. Если желания и мнения ребёнка никого не интересуют, значит, подготавливается почва для уничтожения уникальности, подготавливается эшафот, на котором будет совершена казнь». (Из книги «Апология на краю: прикладная мифология», стр.220).

Возникло слово МНЕНИЕ. На Западе говорят не о *свободе слова*, как принято называть это право в России, а о *свободе мнений* („Meinungsfreiheit“). Это довольно-таки скользкая тема и трудный термин, потому что не всякое мнение может оказаться справедливым. Но полный запрет высказывать свои мнения о чём бы то ни было (например, о том, какой писатель тебе больше нравится и почему, как это было в моём детстве) – этот запрет и привёл уже к полной ампутации всего того, что было в человеке когда-то Главным. И в Германии даже есть сказка («Под деревом можжевельника»), где символически показывается, каким образом эта ампутация совершается: в этой сказке мачеха использует именно крышку сундука, чтобы отбить ребёнку голову. Превратившийся после этой «операции» в птичку мальчик щебечет в ветвях можжевельника, распевая песенку со словами «Мать, что меня зарезала, отец, что съел меня...»

Это был ответ на вопрос *почему*. А о том, *как* это происходило, сообщил Примо Леви, попавший в Освенцим в возрасте 16-ти лет: он писал о том, что безграничная жестокость распространялась по лагерю почти мгновенно, как заразная болезнь. Не ответ ли это на вопрос о том, как же может совершиться всё то, что совершалось – и совершается снова? Не заразная ли это болезнь – тот беспредел жестокости, то превращение в оголтелых бестий, что гуляет по миру?

Стыд

И ещё цитата из книги Примо Леви: «27-го января к лагерю приблизились молодые красноармейцы. Их было четверо, на конях. Они рассматривали горы трупов, забор из колючей проволоки и нас. Но никто из них не поздоровался с нами, не произнёс ни одного слова. На их лицах был написан стыд. Такой же стыд, какой испытывали и мы, впервые попав в этот лагерь и увидев всё то, что там происходило. Стыд, на который немцы не были способны».

Н. Малаховская

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La fata delle piume

Description of "La fata delle piume"

++++

Once upon a time, there were a quiet village surrounded by verdant hills. The only danger was an evil giant, living in the greenest of them, but they just left him alone.

A fairy and a tailor living there had a regular trade: she gave him beautiful feathers for his original creations, while he supplied her with magic ingredients from the plants he grew in his garden. The fairy visited the hills, to meet the birds she befriended and were happy to give her a few of their feathers, and also to gather more plants.

Not listening the tailor's cautious advice, she also entered the hill inhabited by an evil giant, until she eventually came across with him. That day, a sinister thud coming from that hill was heard in the village, and nobody understood what was about.

Will the fairy survive this meeting, maybe attempting to put the giant at his place, or end up eaten alive?

Il primo a dare l'allarme fu Paxor, il sarto del villaggio. Per tutto il giorno s'era tormentato nel dubbio sui pericoli corsi dalla giovane fata Fabiana, che si mostrava sempre più imprudente nelle sue escursioni in collina e poteva prima o poi incontrare il Gigante. "Non vale la pena di rischiare la vita per un po' di erbe o per qualche piuma in più," le aveva detto chissà quante volte. Intorno al villaggio di Rograd ci sono cinque colline. La più alta, e la più verde, è anche la dimora del mostro.

Si diceva che la prosperità della vegetazione, lassù, fosse semplicemente dovuta al fatto che nessuno osava avvicinarsi. Forse ci vivevano altre creature, ma certo non umane. Del resto anche i veloci struzzi dei colli, quando ci passavano, non si trattenevano a lungo. Quello era il territorio del Gigante e si sapeva che non tollerava intrusi. Mai.

Paxor stava aspettando già da due ore, ansioso di sentire quegli zoccoli di legno battere sul sentiero e vedere, dalla finestra, la sagoma prosperosa della giovane fata.

Invece ode un forte boato provenire dalle colline, e si precipita subito in strada. Ben presto, la piazzetta del villaggio è affollata: l'avevano sentito tutti, ma non hanno idea di che cosa sia e si guardano l'un l'altro smarriti, chiedendosi a vicenda cosa mai fosse accaduto. Il cielo è sereno e non ci sono lampi, e non sembra un terremoto.

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Will a chubby Knight in Un-shining Rags have a fat chance to help her out with his mysterious golden sword, or will he too busy falling from his horse and eating walnuts?

Will the tailor be forced to terminate his business, or be able to get feathers without trading with her?

A good night fairy tale, that will help you more than any expensive sleeping pills, and with no side effects.

By Raffaele Scapellato

Rompendo gli indugi, Paxor s'avvia in fretta lungo il sentiero che conduce appena fuori da Rograd, diretto alla casa di Fabiana, dove la fata vive in solitudine, guidato dalla flebile speranza di trovarla ancora lì. In quel momento, desidera proprio di essere uno struzzo dei colli e coprire in un attimo l'intero percorso. Piume o no, pensava, devo assolutamente sapere che cosa le è successo.

Nel suo orto, Paxor cresce delle piante particolari, che forniscono ingredienti di cui Fabiana ha bisogno per le sue pozioni. In cambio, ella gli porta le piume dagli splendidi colori, con le quali il sarto decora gli abiti e i copricapi.

Questi uccelli rari vivono soltanto sulle colline intorno a Rograd. Molti e molti anni prima, dice la leggenda, uno scultore aveva scolpito alcuni struzzi, usando un materiale di sua invenzione. Lo fece in tutta fretta, più per capriccio che per creare un'opera d'arte, eppure alla fine le figure gli sembrarono così reali che chiese loro se erano vivi. Non gli risposero, e questo non è poi tanto strano. Quella notte stessa, fu svegliato da un insolito rumore.

Corse al suo laboratorio e vide dei grossi uccelli muoversi avanti e indietro. Sembravano fatti di pietra, ma nel contempo agilissimi, e parlavano addirittura tra loro. La sorpresa fu ancora maggiore quando capì che altro non erano che le sue creature, e si avvicinò, ansioso di ammirarle e anche di farsi ringraziare

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per aver dato loro la vita. Ma alla sua vista, tutte insieme si diedero alla fuga, volando fuori da una finestra aperta, senza dargli il tempo di guardare il loro primo volo nel cielo stellato.

Non tornarono mai più. Lo scultore ne fu tanto offeso da non voler mai più usare quell materiale, e lasciò ciò che ne restava a un muratore. Da allora, esso viene usato per le costruzioni ed è chiamato calcestruzzo. Ma gli uccelli parlanti, dopo aver vagato per giorni e giorni, decisero di stabilirsi su quelle colline. Velocissimi e praticamente imprendibili, solo Fabiana riesce ad avvicinarli. Ormai hanno fatto amicizia, e le permettono di strappare loro qualche piuma, che tanto ricresce. Quasi quasi sono contenti, quando sentono l'inconfondibile rumore dei suoi zoccoli di legno.

Anche adesso, alcuni di loro la stanno aspettando. E' l'ora del tramonto: se tarda ancora, sarà per un'altra volta. Da più di due ore si sono accordati su chi deve sacrificare due piume e offrirgliel. Ma invece vedono arrivare un altro struzzo. E' vecchio, ma oggi lo sembra anche più del solito.

"Oryx," gli dicono, "hai visto Fabiana? E che cos'era quel boato? Tu vieni proprio da quella parte."

Quello si ferma e scuote la testa. "L'ho sentito, ma non ho idea. Ho invece visto qualcosa."

Dalla pausa, e dalla sua espressione così seria, non si attendono buone notizie.

"Fabiana ha di nuovo violato il territorio del Gigante. Stavolta, però, l'ha incontrato."

Rabbrividendo all'idea, lo invitano tutti a continuare.

"Ha cercato di fuggire, e io ero pronto a beccarlo per aiutarla, ma sono arrivato tardi," dice, guardandosi tristemente le piume, che tradiscono la sua età.

"E... l'ha presa?"

"Sì," singhiozza Oryx. "L'ha afferrata. Se l'è portata alla bocca. E poi... Io non ho avuto il coraggio di guardare, ma ho sentito un rumore, come di ossa spezzate."

Poco dopo, quando c'è stato il boato, ero già lontano."

Il rosso del tramonto si riflette sul suo muso, presagio di ciò che né lui né altri può evitare. Tutti tacciono, afflitti, e si disperdono, tornando ciascuno alla sua tana.

"Non tornerà mai più," mormora, guardandosi le piume, quello di loro già pronto al suo piccolo sacrificio.

Paxor ha già desistito dal suo inutile tentativo. Ha provato a bussare, a chiamare, a sbirciare ad ogni finestra.

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Tutto invano. Ora vaga per casa e non si dà pace: guarda le sue piante e le piume variopinte, pensando ancora alle sue parole rimaste inascoltate e all'amica perduta per sempre, finché s'abbandona esausto sulla sua poltrona e s'addormenta.

Al mattino, un'altra sorpresa: la casa di Fabiana è circondata non dal suo giardinetto, ma da un bosco, cresciuta in una notte e così fitto da non permettere di guardare oltre, non parliamo poi di entrare. I rami contorti ne avvolgono il tetto, isolandola anche dall'alto.

* * *

Bella la vita degli gnomi in questo angolo di mondo, tanto pauroso per gli altri

quanto sicuro per loro. Eh già, perché il Gigante non si cura di loro, troppo piccoli per attirare la sua attenzione; forse neppure sa della loro esistenza. Invece tiene alla larga tutti i potenziali nemici. Il cibo, poi, è più che sufficiente: non c'è che da raccogliarlo, anzi a volte gli cade addiritura addosso.

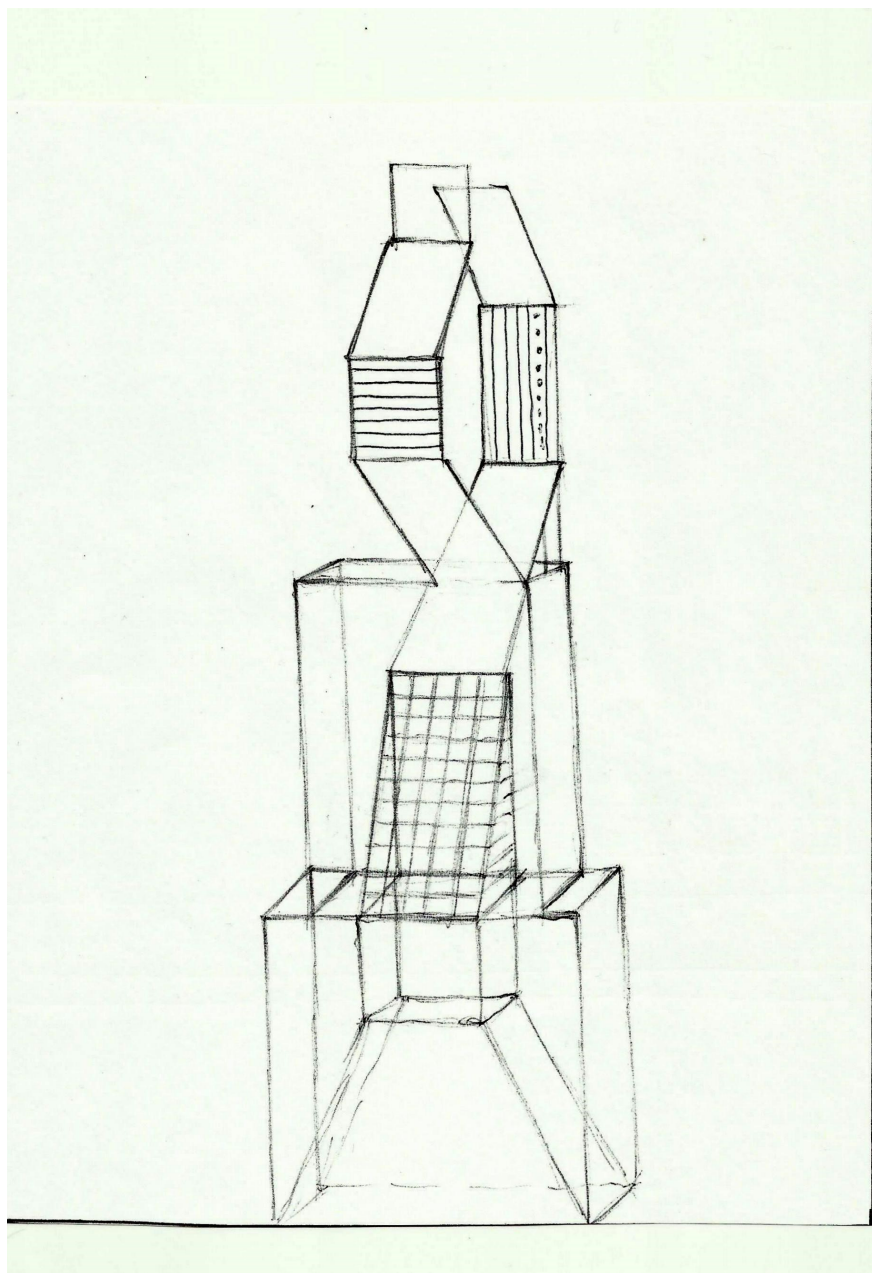
Non hanno né da lavorare né da combattere, e dormono quando gli pare, qualcuno quasi sempre. Come Mobin, che proprio ieri era a letto nella sua casetta, piacevolmente illuminata dai raggi del sole, quando si ritrovò di colpo in un luogo oscuro e s'accorse d'essere finito sottoterra. La sua casa non c'era più. Al suo posto, e

al posto di tutto ciò che la circondava, c'era qualcosa di enorme, nella quale riconobbe subito il corpo del Gigante, lungo disteso. Attorno, tanti altri gnomi erano accorsi e si muovevano nervosamente.

Lo davano per morto, forse avvelenato nel divorare il corpo della fata. Erano tutti preoccupati per la brutta fine dell'inconsapevole difensore della loro comunità. A Mobin sembrò di scorgere un'altra sagoma, seminascosta tra gli alberi, troppo grande e grossa per essere uno di loro. Ma che ci faceva lì? E perché il Gigante era caduto morto, e quel che era peggio, proprio sopra la sua casa? E, soprattutto, chi e quando la ricostruirà? Di fronte a tutte le questioni, il saggio gnomo decise di affidarsi al suo metodo preferito. Detto fatto, si voltò, scese nel buco dov'era sprofondato il suo letto e vi si coricò, pensando, "dormiamoci sopra". Gli parve di sentire un "finalmente", sussurrato poco distante, che accompagnò la sua caduta in un sonno profondo. Anche i suoi compagni erano già tornati alle loro case.

"Finalmente," ripeté la voce femminile che aveva parlato poc'anzi. Uscita dal suo nascondiglio dietro gli alberi, si avvicinò al Gigante, osservandolo soddisfatta: sia lui che i suoi rozzi abiti si stavano riducendo a vista d'occhio. Poco dopo, era molto più piccolo di lei.

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"Ecco cosa succede a mangiare i manichini avvelenati," disse sogghignando. La sua trappola aveva funzionato: un pezzo di legno con indosso i suoi abiti e gli inconfondibili zoccoli avrebbero tratto in inganno un nemico più astuto. "Ora non mi darà più fastidio." Non aveva ancora deciso che cosa farne, ma non voleva ucciderlo.

"Forse me ne pentirò, ma visto così, mi sembra davvero innocuo".

Non aveva più nulla di spaventoso, ridotto com'era alle dimensioni di una bambola. Fabiana lo chiuse in una scatola, con tanto di buchi per lasciarlo respirare, o quella sarebbe stata la sua tomba.

Al suo ritorno, col buio, nessuno poteva vederla e neppure sentire i suoi passi, perché ora portava le ballerine. "Peccato per i miei zoccoli di legno," si disse, "ma preferisco queste."

A casa, la Fabiana aprì la scatola sopra una gabbietta e vi ficcò dentro il contenuto, cioè quel che restava del Gigante. Non era morto: aveva smesso di rimpicciolire e, finalmente sveglio, si guardò intorno e vide sbalordito la faccia ridente della fata, ormai molto più grande di lui. Gli ci volle un po' di tempo per capirci qualcosa, ma poi infilò la mano in tasca e ne estrasse un oggetto, una specie di uovo, scagliandolo in aria attraverso le sbarre.

"Hai fatto male a rimpicciolire anche questo," le disse ghignando.

"Tanto mi hai mancata," rise lei, facendo spallucce. Ma il lancio non era diretto alla sua nemica: il proiettile esplose in aria, diffondendo tante bollicine verdi, che come guidate da una volontà precisa, si diressero in massa verso la finestra. Ed ecco che diventarono piante e crebbero, crebbero, fino a racchiudere l'intera casa in un 3 guscio impenetrabile di rami e foglie. "Mi sento più a mio agio, ora: non è proprio la mia collina, ma c'è una specie di foresta anche qui," disse il Gigante.

* * *

Il cavallo del principe Filippo aspetta con pazienza che il suo padrone risalga in sella; ci vorrà un po' di tempo, perché è molto occupato a mangiare noci. E' basso di statura e, per quanto si nutra, può solo sperare di crescere in larghezza.

Dev'essere la terza o quarta volta che questo provetto cavaliere cade, come al solito. Per non rovinarsi i preziosi abiti, è abituato a viaggiare vestito quasi come un mendicante. Anche i finimenti del cavallo sono in armonia, ben diversi da quelli che il destriero di un principe potrebbe portare. A chi non lo conosce bene, Filippo dice di essere in incognito e tace il vero motivo del suo abbigliamento.

Un solo particolare stona e va accuratamente nascosto: la magica spada d'oro che porta sempre al suo fianco; ora è coperta dall'ampio mantello scuro, che sarebbe tutto nero

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se non per alcune toppe qua e là.

Ma è davvero magica? A questo, ormai, il principe non crede quasi più. Ha sentito dire di altre spade dotate di proprietà speciali: quella della Grande Accuratezza, che da sola cerca i punti deboli dell'avversario e difficilmente sbaglia un colpo; quella del Tocco di Pietra, che paralizza il nemico per pochi attimi, sufficienti per vibrare poi il colpo decisivo; altre che ad ogni colpo bruciano o avvelenavano, altre ancora che confondono chiunque ne venga colpito.

La sua si chiama Spada delle Due Druzioni, ma non ha mai scoperto che cosa significhi quel nome e quali siano le sua virtù.

Forse gli hanno raccontato una frottole e l'arma, benché preziosa per il metallo e per la fattura, non ha proprio nulla di magico. Finora l'aveva usata solo al posto dello schiaccianoci. "Almeno," pensa, "sono sicuro che può tagliare il legno."

Ma quando non va a cavallo, gli piace vestirsi bene. La fama di Paxor e delle sue creazioni decorate da piume variopinte è arrivata fino a lui, e ora vuole proprio visitare la bottega del celebre sarto. Forse Filippo tornerà a palazzo portandone qualcuna in saccoccia; certo, non addosso.

Fabiana è sempre in casa, prigioniera del suo prigioniero, senza alcun modo di comunicare con l'esterno. Il Gigante è ancora chiuso in gabbia, ma quando l'effetto dell'incantesimo sarà svanito,

egli tornerà grande come prima, devastando con la sua crescita dirompente non la gabbia soltanto, ma la casa intera. E poi... La stessa magia che l'aveva reso così piccolo lo protegge come una barriera invisibile, che Fabiana non sa come superare. E portarlo fuori, ormai, è proprio impossibile. La fata piange, pensando alla situazione senza uscita in cui si è messa, e ricorda con amarezza le raccomandazioni inascoltate del suo buon amico Paxor. Il quale non si è ancora rassegnato alla perdita. Vorrebbe aprire un varco in quel fitto bosco, per raggiungerla. Forse non è morta, o forse non è lì, ma non può fare a meno di tentare. Ma gli altri non l'ascoltano.

"Ci sono ancora preziosi ingredienti in quella casa, a disposizione del primo 4 che li troverà. Tanto meglio, andrò solo," dice ad alta voce, fingendo di parlare tra sé.

Ben presto quella frase viene ripetuta da molti e il sentiero verso la casa di Fabiana si riempie di paesani, chi con un'ascia, chi con una falce, chi con con grosso coltello.

Gli strumenti affilati si abbattono con forza sul bosco magico, ora qui, ora lì, ma sempre invano. Perfino i rami più sottili resistono alla tempesta di colpi che li investe da ogni parte, mentre la pesante ascia da battaglia del capo delle guardie si scheggia senza neppure scalfire il bizzarro muro verde che le sta di fronte. Tutti si accaniscono, cercando di raddoppiare le forze e cacciare indietro la

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stanchezza.

Continuano così fino al tramonto, ma non fanno che un gran chiasso, tra il rumore dei colpi e le loro grida. Poi, uno a uno, abbandonano il campo, silenziosi e sfiniti, portando con sé ciò che rimane dei loro poveri strumenti. Paxor resta solo, guardando con tristezza il manico di ciò che poche ore prima era un'accetta nuova.

* * *

Se ieri è stato un giorno di grandi delusioni, oggi è cominciato sotto il segno dell'ilarità, con l'arrivo del cavaliere-straccione: visione inconsueta a Rograd, dove di rado passano stranieri e comunque mai così strani. Una caduta da cavallo, forse la quinta dell'intero viaggio di andata, e il principe si trova finalmente di fronte alla bottega di Paxor. A differenza dagli altri, il sarto capisce con chi ha a che fare. Gli racconta delle piume e della povera Fabiana, e intanto osserva la spada.

"E' un'arma magica," dice Filippo, mordendosi troppo tardi la lingua. Cede quindi all'insistenza di Paxor e lo accompagna di fronte al maledetto bosco.

"Ma sei sicuro che sia ancora lì?"

"Non so, ma..."

Un oggetto oblungo oltrepassa la fitta barriera e giunge fino a loro, più precisamente colpisce sulla testa il povero principe. "Una ballerina,"

esclama Paxor.

"La riconosco, è proprio di Fabiana."

"La destra. Chissà dov'è l'altra," osserva Filippo. Qualcosa di simile oltrepassa i rami, stavolta colpendo in pieno la capoccia del sarto.

"Dev'essere il giorno delle scarpe sulla testa, non l'avevo notato sul lunario," dice Filippo, contento che sia toccata una volta per uno.

"Fabiana è lì e ci chiede aiuto, altezza. Oh, volevo dire principe."

"Che possiamo fare se questo dannato bosco è impene..." dice questi, vibrando la spada con rabbia verso la boscaglia. Ma la lama non sembra trovare nulla davanti e la punta tocca il suolo bruscamente, mentre un mucchio di foglie e di rami recisi cade subito ai suoi piedi.

Un lampo di luce verde ha intanto attraversato la spada: Filippo ha capito che una delle sue magie si è attivata. "Dev'essere un'arma per farsi strada nei boschi".

Poi colpisce ancora, due, tre volte, finché nulla li separa dal loro obiettivo. Ma proprio in quel momento, si apre un nuovo varco, stavolta in alto: cresciuto all'improvviso, il Gigante ha sfondato il tetto e le piante che lo sovrastano. La casa crolla, mostrando alla loro vista i due occupanti.

"Presto, uccidi il Gigante," dice Paxor

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al principe, come se fosse una cosa di tutti i giorni; il sarto è diviso tra la gioia di trovare Fabiana viva e il terrore per il pericolo imminente. Filippo ci pensa per un attimo, poi decide che il Gigante dev'essere quello alto e grosso piuttosto che la giovane scalza. Con più fede che mai nella sua spada d'oro, è pronto a colpirlo. La risata cavernosa del mostro si fa sentire: che cosa sarà mai per lui quella minuscola spada?

Ma quanto lo colpisce, egli vacilla, urlando di dolore. E cade. Un lampo di luce bruna attraversa la spada. Questo è dunque il suo secondo potere: ammazza-giganti. Ora l'attaccante cerca il cuore del nemico e con tutte le sue forze gli affonda l'arma nel petto. Fabiana, che ha osservato tutto col cuore in gola, ora sospira: l'incubo è veramente finito.

* * *

Nulla sarà più come prima. La fata non vuole ricostruire la vecchia casa e tornare alle sue erbe: questo legge Paxor nel suo volto. Lei intanto guarda altrove, perdendosi negli occhi del principe. Al di là di essi, la giovane intravede una nuova vita, tra le luci e le musiche della corte. In questo momento, la bellezza tranquilla del villaggio non ha più nulla da dirle. Così, Filippo e Fabiana si sposano e vanno a vivere nella reggia. La principessa, prima di abbandonare per sempre il luogo dove ha vissuto, lascia a Paxor un piccolo regalo. E' l'unico oggetto sopravvissuto alla

rovina della casa, anzi uscito indenne dalle macerie. Non è altro che una piantina verde, tenuta in un modesto vaso di terracotta. Il sarto ringrazia la fata, e pone sul davanzale l'umile dono, mostrando di gradirlo e celando la delusione per aver perso, con la sua amica di lunga data, anche la preziosa fornitura, certo non compensata da un simile oggetto. Ma sa che così è la vita.

Nei giorni seguenti pensa spesso alla coppia lontana e alla breve avventura appena vissuta. "Ora il villaggio è tranquillo e loro sono felici; in fondo, solo per me è andata male," dice guardando verso la finestra. "Forse non darà neppure fiori," dice; si vedrà che aveva ragione.

Ai primi segni della nuova primavera, Paxor si meraviglia, vedendo, o credendo di vedere, un pavone appollaiato sul davanzale. E' invece la piantina, che baciata dal sole non ha dato fiori, ma piume. Tutti i colori dell'arcobaleno, assieme a molti altri, sono tutti lì, pronti per essere colti. E le penne sono davvero tante, e sempre ne nascono di nuove. Sono molte più di quanto gli servano, tanto da regalarle agli amici, ai nemici e perfino alla gente di passaggio. Una di esse è servita per scrivere questa storia.

FINE

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Запертая сила: экскурсия по матриархальным культовым местам

Что означает выражение «Царица Небесная», которое в церкви употребляют по отношению к Марии? С полной очевидностью это выплывает на свет, когда рассматриваешь то изображение этой фигуры, что украшает стену дома возле главной площади небольшого немецкого городка Лауфен (Laufen). Если посреди самой площади скульптурное изображение Марии представлено в венце из золотых звёзд, то на настенном изображении эта царица небесная представлена во всей своей красе: она не только стоит на полумесяце, но и вокруг головы солнечные лучи, в руках «цепта», как у епископов. Ясно, что на этом изображении она – космическая Богиня, та самая, о которой повествуют исследователи матриархальных культов. Все атрибуты на месте. Что это? Откуда такое совпадение?

И на изображениях Богоматери внутри храма этого городка она предстаёт в своей полной силе, как будто с её лица сорвана маска. А на одном из её скульптурных изображений, перенесённых из самой первой церкви, возведённой на месте исконного матриархального святилища, она представлена даже с алым яблоком в правой руке, которое она поднимает вполне недвусмысленным жестом: вот он, знак её силы и её торжества! В общем, только присмотреться: на фоне учения о том, как провинилась первая женщина, протянув яблоко своему любовнику, тут Богиня прямо с яблоком, торжественным жестом, как с символом своей власти! В одной руке – яблоко, в другой – груша, что на меня навело воспоминание о том, как я на днях пела моим внукам песню про яблони и груши. Груша, как я это почувствовала, лишила и яблоко его связи с католическими культовыми объектами и вернула ему его исконную фруктовую суть: Мария не как покорная служанка, а как царствующая властительница, в пурпурном одеянии, как и полагается Великой Матери в её материнской ипостаси, с тем самым атрибутом, что и подчёркивает её аспект Богини плодородия, любви и красоты.

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*Attending an official State Banquet given in honor of
WE's Tatyana Mamonova by Turkish Minister of Women
seated directly to her left*

Ankara, Turkey

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А на стене слева от входа в этот собор каменный рельеф с тремя женскими фигурами, представляющими все три ипостаси Богини: посреди мать с ребёнком, а справа и слева от неё фигуры, изображающие первую и третью ипостась, со своими, присущими им атрибутами, но при этом обе – с длинными, до земли, мечами. А в боковом шкафу за дверцей из неровного стекла (так что не сфотографируешь) спрятана такая Богоматерь, что про неё уж никак не скажешь, что она кому-то должна подчиняться и перед кем-то заискивать: в пурпурном одеянии великая царица. Рената Фукс-Хаберл, которая проводила эту экскурсию, надеется, что ей удастся уговорить ответственных работников этого собора вынуть эту фигуру из её затвора, чтоб дать её сфотографировать для книги, которую Рената собирается написать.

Почему Лауфен, почему именно в этом месте сохранились такие однозначные свидетельства религиозных культов, просвечивающих сквозь религиозные наваждения более поздней эпохи? Этот городок находится как бы на полуострове, в петле, образованной рекой Зальцах : по словам Ренаты те места, где реки образовывали такие петли, считались особенно подходящими для поселения, так как петля считается женским символом. В парке, где нам в тот день удалось спрятаться в тени от сногшибательной жары, Рената рассказала, что с двух сторон этой петли, навстречу друг другу, были поставлены и стоят изображения распятия, которые специально так установлены, чтобы гасить всю энергию, что исходит от земли этого полуострова. Когда я попыталась представить себе это запираание силы, мне вспомнилось указание на одном медицинском электроприборе, которым я часто пользуюсь: «не следует располагать виброфоны один навстречу другому, так как в этом случае в центре между ними происходит взаимное погашение энергии и ослабление лечебного эффекта» (инструкция к электроприбору «Витафон»). Итак: речь о взаимном погашении энергии. Энергия

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TATYANA VALENTINA MAMONOVA Allegiance To The Truth

by Lee Barney

SOME LIVES, even those lived behind the Iron Curtain, seem charmed and brimming with milestones.

Tatyana Valentina Mamonova—a writer, painter and poet educated at the University of Leningrad—is tremendously proud of the fact she was exiled from Russia. As a result, she may go down in Russian history books as the leader of her country's feminist movement.

Today, reports the current resident of Westport, Connecticut, Russia's feminist movement is about where the United States' was in 1970, even though Russia has had an Equal Rights Amendment since 1917. "Russia's feminist movement is gaining force and is probably the reason behind the nation's decline in marriages and a soaring divorce rate of 40-50 percent," Mamonova says.

Born to educated, professional parents (her father was a lawyer and her mother an accountant), Mamonova developed a knack for questioning the status quo. During Khrushchev's reign in the 1960s, she adds, there was a fair degree of freedom of the press, and she read and learned a lot during that time. "When Khrushchev came to power, I could never get used to it," she says.

In her college years, she fell in with the Soviet Union's bohemian, *intelligentsia* crowd. These contacts, along with her writing talents, helped her become a TV and magazine journalist, which she enjoyed up to a point.

Mamonova traveled throughout Russia for her work, and was struck by the far-reaching dissatisfaction of women. When she attempted to quote these women on their malaise as daughters and wives, she was sternly informed that "Russian women are happy."

Without thinking about the consequences, Mamonova decided to publish some of the women's moving remarks in a *samizdat*, or underground, magazine. To her amazement, her magazine rapidly became popular among thousands of women, who made thousands of copies by hand. "I didn't want to tell Russian women what to think," Mamonova says of her reasons for taking on such a risk. "I simply wanted to show them what their sisters were saying. I wanted to get out a truthful word."

"In a similar way," she adds thoughtfully, "the Clarence Thomas hearings have helped to rekindle the feminist movement in the United States. It has made women speak aloud about widespread problems about treatment from men, heretofore hidden with near shame."

In 1980, the KGB visited Mamonova three times, convincing her that she would be banished to Siberia if she continued to print *Woman and Russia* and *Woman and Earth* magazines that touched on all aspects of contemporary life, from social activism to new forms of the family. Finally, Mamonova was arrested on December 10, her birthday and also, ironically, International Human Rights Day.

"Images of losing everything—most importantly my family and friends—and a desperate prison existence came to mind immediately," the insurgent says.

Mamonova recognizes that the Soviets let her off easily by exiling her to Vienna instead of the white deserts of Siberia. Through her connections with diplomats, she was granted political asylum in France. Again, much to her advantage, the international press quickly jumped on the fascinating story of the first Russian

woman to be exiled from her country.

Six months later, Harvard University invited her to the United States as a visiting scholar. This was followed by two years of constant travel to lecture three or more times a day at more than 100 colleges across the country. "I don't even know where I went, the travel was so constant," Mamonova laughs amiably.

Finally, she met Gloria Steinem, who ran a cover story about her in *Ms.* and invited her to live in her townhouse. It took eight years, but Steinem finally managed to successfully sponsor Mamonova's permanent residency in the United States, which Mamonova obtained in August of this year.

"She is an intense, amazing woman who writes until the early hours of the morning," Mamonova says of Steinem. "She is a good friend who has taught me the importance of solidarity."

Mamonova continues to publish *Woman and Earth*, which is brought into Russia by friends. She is aware that many packages mailed from her homeland do not reach her and believes that "*Perestroika* cannot be as successful as the media would have the public believe."

"It is very exciting to be a real bridge of understanding between the mature women's movement in America and the newly born women's movement in Russia," she adds.

The price of each issue of *Woman and Earth* is \$10, which pays for a English-language copy and a free copy for a Russian woman. Mamonova can be reached at 31 Tamarac Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880 (203) 226-8652. Already, she says, she receives letters from dozens of people every day, and would be happy to receive ideas for her upcoming December issue.

"I had the great luck of being assisted by some of America's most outstanding, courageous citizens."



PHOTO: CHANDRA FOLSON

должна быть уничтожена ещё до того, как начнут уничтожать самих людей.

Эти распятия, досконально и во всей отвратительности представляющие пытки и мучения, в полный рост – для чего они? Чтобы подтолкнуть зрителей делать то же самое – пытать и убивать? Руководство к действию? У меня ещё в самом начале пребывания в Австрии сложились строчки об этого рода «украшениях»: «Недаром, целуя кровавое платье На тысячи лет вы продлили распятие» (В стихотворении «Романтика церкви» из сборника «Орфей»).

Итак, в чём же цель этих расставленных по святым местам пугал: терроризировать? Напоминать: «смотри, не будешь слушаться, - и тебя так же»? Приводить в трепет и снимать ту торжествующую жизнеутверждающую силу, что исходит от Великой Матери с алым яблоком в руке, - по словам Ренаты.

Она рассказывала и про восприятие мира в ту эпоху (до миссионеров), про то, что для тогдашних людей каждое существо было одушевлённым (анимизм, про который я совсем недавно писала в заметке о детях послевоенного поколения, упоминая о песнях, которые тогда пели – в них всё было одушевлено, даже и у корабля сердце билось, и трактора называли родными и призывали их веселее петь...). Насколько легче и радостнее жить, когда чувствуешь всё вокруг себя живым, отвечающим, не посторонним! Вроде бы и депрессий никаких внутри такого мировосприятия не понадобится. Я спросила Ренату, зачем же было отнимать у людей способность радоваться жизни. «А чтобы властвовать над ними: печальными людьми легче управлять», - сказала она, и тут как-то всё оно для меня сдвинулось с места и поплыло (она употребила это ужасное немецкое слово *МАСНТ* (Власть), которое как удар хлыстом, как многоэтажный дом, что сел тебе на шею). Мне стало ясно, как происходило это «перевоспитание» когда-то счастливых людей, родных всему живому на земле, и превращение их в печальных и

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Жінка в бізнесі.

у США.

«ЖІНКА І ЗЕМЛЯ»

Російсько-англійський феміністський альманах «Жінка і земля», перший номер якого вийшов у березні цього року, редагує Тетяна Мамонова, його редакція розміщена у США, є творчий колектив і в Мельбурні [Австралія]. «Жінка і земля» — незалежне феміністське видання без будь-яких зв'язків з політичними чи релігійними організаціями. Його мета — інформувати жінок Росії та інших незалежних держав, колишніх республік Союзу, про феміністські організації та їх діяльність у всьому світі. А також інформувати жінок Заходу про діяльність жінок об'єднань жінок України, Росії та інших держав у Східній Європі.

Будучи частиною жіночої інформаційної мережі, рятуючи контакти і взаємодії між асоціаціями та індивідуумами в колишніх республіках Союзу, в інших країнах.

«Жінка і земля» приймає статті, листи, рецензії, оповідання, вірші та ілюстрації. Завжди раді одержати дописи про діяльність різних жіночих організацій. Форма матеріалів не обмежується, зате зміст має бути феміністським або конкретно стосуватися жінок. «Жінка і земля» не публікує матеріалів сексистських, расистських, антисемітських, антилесбійських.

Адреса редакції 34, Tamarac Road, Westport, CT 06880 USA (T. Mamonova).

Пропонуємо вашій увазі уривок зі статті британської феміністки Сінті КОБУРН з журналу «Жінка і земля» про російську феміністку Анастасію Посадську. Зарі Анастасія стала співголовою Другого незалежного жіночого форуму, який відбувся в Дубні.

Анастасія Посадська не першою радянською жінкою, з якою я знайомилася: наша зустріч виявилася найкращою показовою для мене.

Ми з нею зустрілись вперше в Союзі: я знала, що вона сердечна, ава феміністка. У 1989 році її відправили деякий час із Москви в Австрію. Вона надіслала мені листівку з Віною. «Я в раю! У мене кімнатна квартира, їжджай!» Я мало плакала. Була дуже ввічлива. Де ж мені відпустити? Але як жна було відмовитись, коли було запрошення до розмови, яку всі зобов'язані повертати нам втрачені 70 років? Ось я і полетіла до неї на три дні. Ми цілоно обнялись і поцілували під руку по

— Що ж ти розумієш під «ринковою економікою»? — нервово запитала я її.

— А в якому розумінні ти називаєш себе соціалісткою? — жакнула вона.

Цікаве запитання. Спочатку я вважала, що ми можемо дійти згоди (розуміння) — варто лише розібратися в термінах. Зміст можна не міняти, якщо підібрати нове слово. Або ж слово «соціалізм» залишити, а зміст змінити?

Я повернулася з Відня менш впевненою. Придумувати нову назву або перебороти резонанс слів «соціалізм» — цього недостатньо. Щоб залишитися вірною нашій розмові, я зобов'язана реально передумати і надати нову форму своїй політиці. Нам не можна більше звалятися все зло на «капіталістичні класові проце-

ції до пропаганди.

Події у Східній Європі змусили мене подивитись в це зачароване коло, докладно розглянути зміст свого соціалізму. Мені довелося розібратися його на частини, переорієнтувати, підтвердити одне, відкинути інше. Довелося визнати себе в дечому винуваною; не через зв'язок з радянською системою, а через політичні лінощі.

Наприклад, я осуджувала індивідуалізм, а сама любила надзвичайно індивідуалістський спосіб життя. Я засуджувала сімейну політику, а сама процвітала у сім'ї. Я захоплювалась колективізмом, а на практиці вважала його невимовно незручним. Коли довідалася, що то насправді є московське дитинство в «комунальній квартирі» — п'ять кімнат, п'ять сімей, загальна кухня і ванна —

мінімум. Щедра, в пробувана, зріла феміністська перспектива, не громадська за останні 20 років, включає в себе багате. Відмова в насильстві, кінець експлуатації, демократія, справедливість. Рационалізм турботи. Цінність ненавистного та ігнорованого три чверті життєвостворення. Повага і підтримуючих і життєздатних систем — громадських, економічних, природних. Уважне слухання і вислуховування кожного голосу. Творчість і веселість. Визнання кожного голосу. Визнання різниці, ті різниці, яка створила єдиний фундамент для спільності.

Виходить, що все гарне. Однак справжній іспит ще попереду. Знаю, що на наступній конференції Європейської Соціалістичної

Press Clipping about WE from Galichanka newspaper

Ukraine 1992

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неживых, а значит, послушных («рабов божиих», как говорилось тогда, на самом деле в рабов, но не божиих)..

Я пошла на эту экскурсию за силой, так надо прямо признаться, и не нашла её нигде. Несмотря на жару (+35!) я вышла в этот поход, и чего уж греха таить, была разочарована. Были изображения торжествующей, прущей из земли энергии, но её самой не было нигде. Только в самом конце экскурсии, когда мы вышли на «Женский угол» и сплели венок и пустили его в реку, вот тогда эта мелодия могущества, оживляющей силы промелькнула, как-то она прикоснулась к нашим рукам, освещающий венок с алыми розами, и от рук поднялась выше, дошла до сердца – тогда вдруг и стало хорошо, тогда вот и стало ясно, что на самом деле забрать эту священную энергию никто от нас не может, даже если по земле расставлены такие гасилки, чтобы потушить эту силу и замаять для ясности, **кто** тут царствовал на самом деле, кто и до сих пор, как всегда, дарит нам алые плоды неистребимого блаженства.

А на другой день мне пришло в голову, что и надо мной в раннем детстве была произведена операция, подобная той, что совершили когда-то миссионеры на полуострове Лауфен: и у меня была отнята и вытоптана моя заветная сила. Для этого не понадобилось расставлять пугалки, пугалками были те самые громоподобные слова, что произнесла в тот день надвинувшаяся на меня чёрная тень – воспитательница детского сада:

- Трава МЁРТВАЯ! И с мёртвыми предметами разговаривают только очень глупые дети!

Эти слова отняли у меня связь с моей самой лучшей подругой, с той, что сияла мне в углу каменного двора, напоенная солнцем, с той, что утешала меня в этой тюрьме, как я тогда воспринимала детсадовское заключение. Сколько лет прошло с тех пор, а способность понимать слова трав, цветов и деревьев так ко мне и не вернулась.

Н. Малаховская



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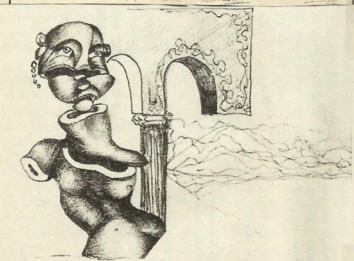
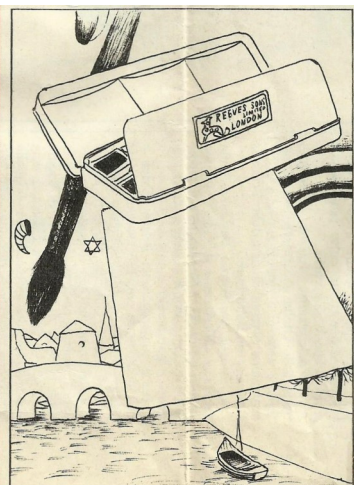
almanacco "donne e russia"

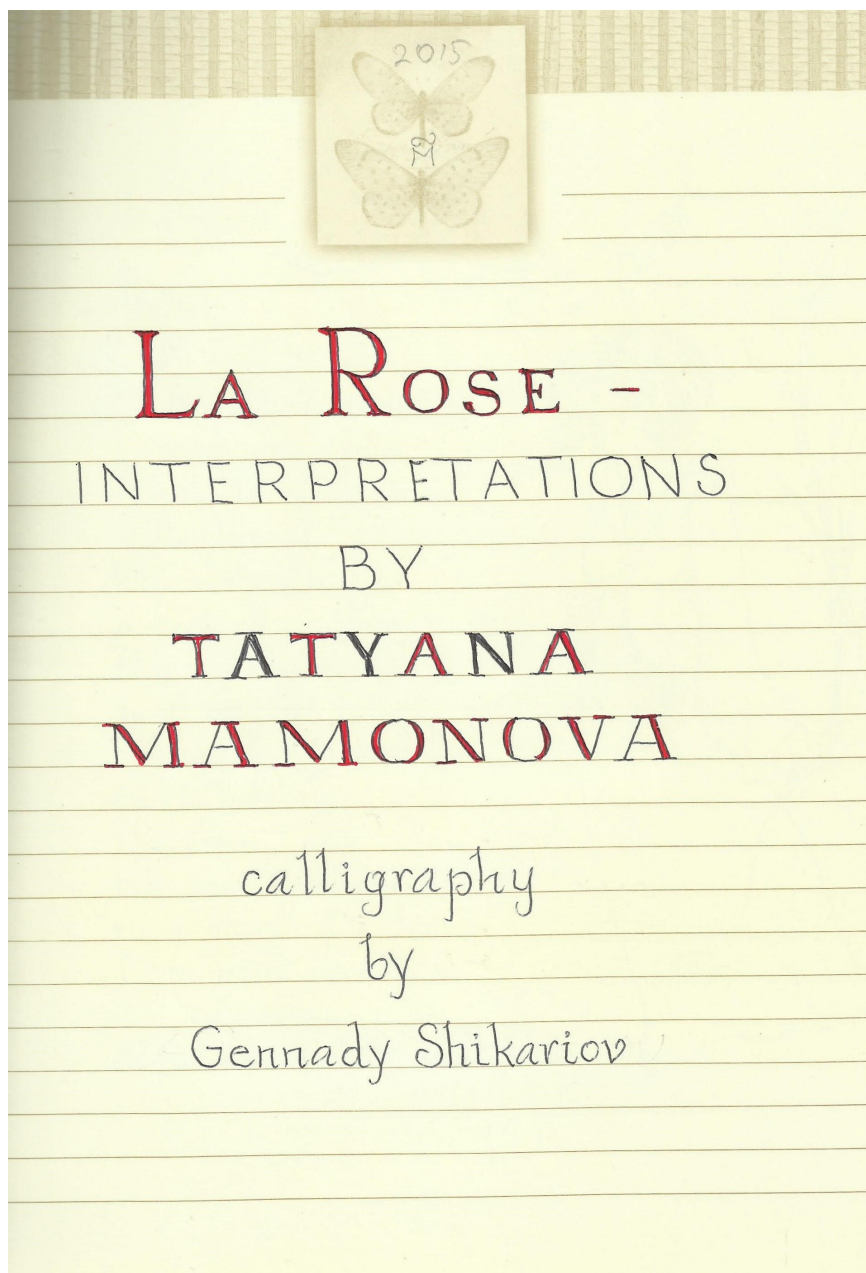
poesie di Tatiana Mamonova

La vita quotidiana
è la tortura
dei vecchi cavalli
gli zoccoli sono logori
ho voglia del fuori —
e tu non sapevi
perché questo pallore
cacciandomi da casa?
Il bagliore della carta.
La sua profondità più pura.

Il grido
spegnendosi
negli alti soffitti
e la corsa nelle stanze
che la sospensione non illumina.
Chi correva qui ieri
e chi sentiva fame? —
Adesso qui c'è il vuoto...
Soltanto fessure
nei soffitti alti
ricordano
il grido impietrito —
chi correva qui ieri
e chi sentiva fame? —
La domanda è rimasta
su un viso d'icona.
Sei sfuggita
trascurando l'inferno
ombrata della luce mattutina
tu che sei entrata in questo giardino —
mi hai guardata, tranquilla
in fondo ai tuoi occhi
c'era
la notte — le tracce dell'inferno conosciuto
ma volava sopra di te
volava
il colonnato di nuvole...
Lei non crollerà su di te
questa volta
non sei in suo potere
la forza dirompente
delle acque
non l'hai assaporata lì
invano!
I rami dei meli
spargono ai tuoi piedi
petali più bianchi della neve
e si sentono
le scale degli uccelli
che sembrano scendere dal cielo...

Invano non si dice ad alta voce
la gioia dolce —
ai sordi
porteresti
la canzone scalza
la tristezza e la paura
le compagne non caceranno via
stanno nelle sue mani
le cinghie del destino fedele
i cavalli non impazziranno
trattenuti dal gesto
in lei sta l'essenza ghiacciata
e la solennità delle processioni
quando lei carica il pendolo —
e lancia i purosangue della vittoria:
l'attore trionfa
la casalinga piange!





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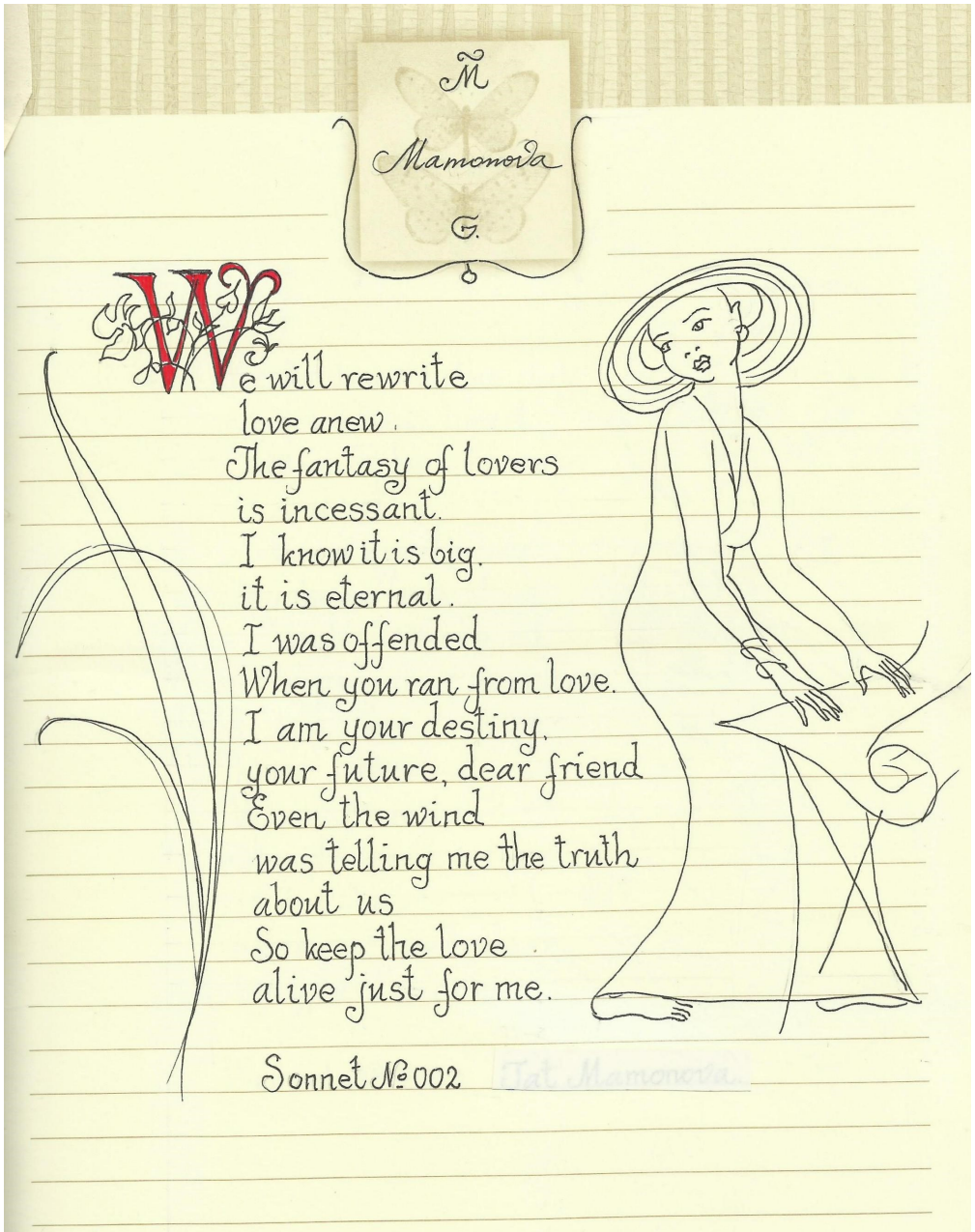
Return to me
I need you again
I have to offer more.
No others!
We celebrate, yes.
a victory of love.
It's so easy now
just engage in.
You are a fire,
can't believe
it's true.
We are together
in a glory of a dream
I am your vessel.

Sonnet N° 001

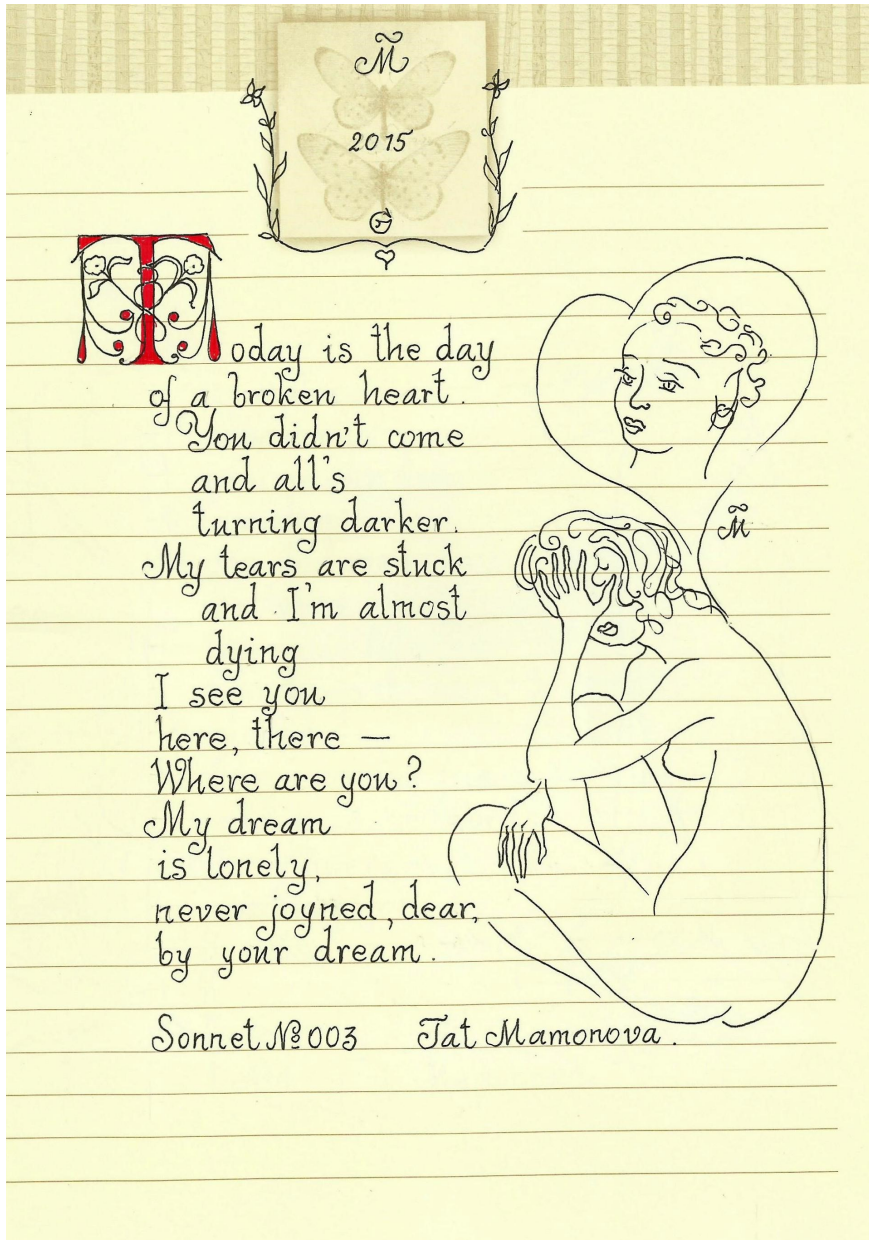
Tat Mamonova



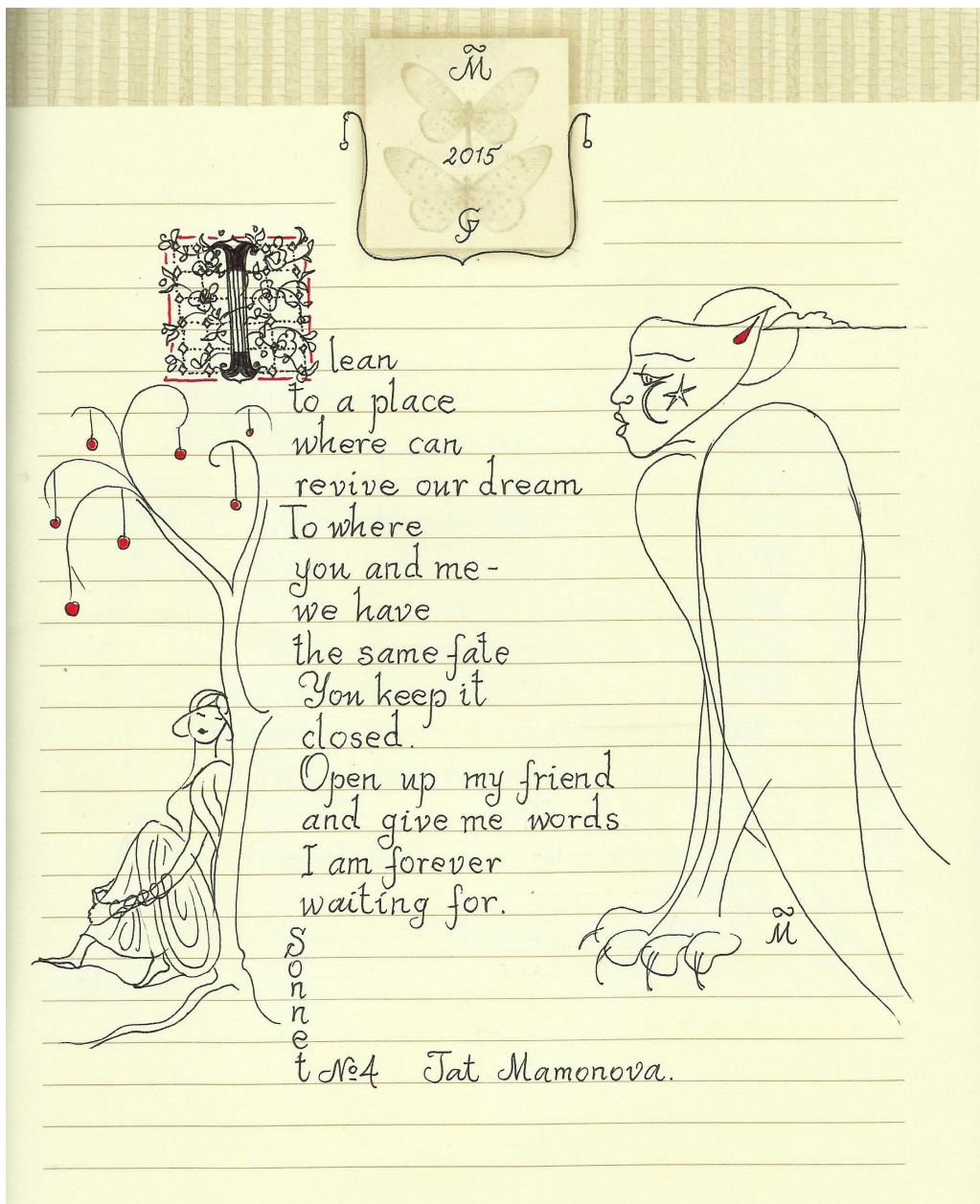
Succès d'estime Volume 12



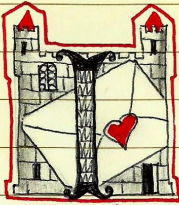
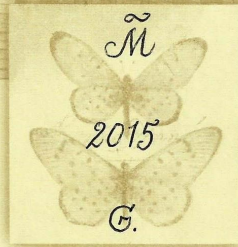
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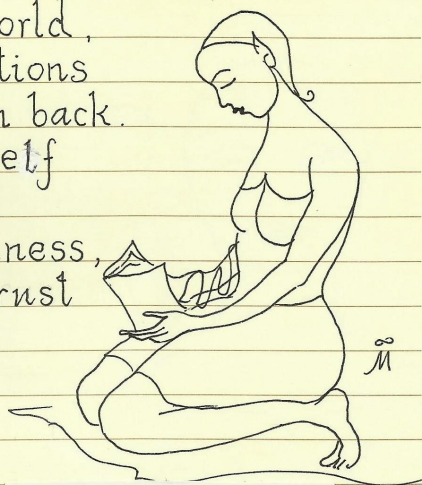
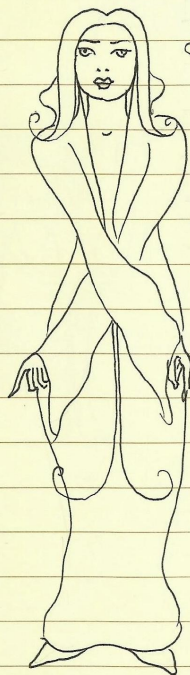
I write and cry.
How else can I survive
these distances
between us?
I suffer, yes,
but you get close to me,
when traveling
away, but
answering
my letters.

Sonnet V

Succès d'estime Volume 12

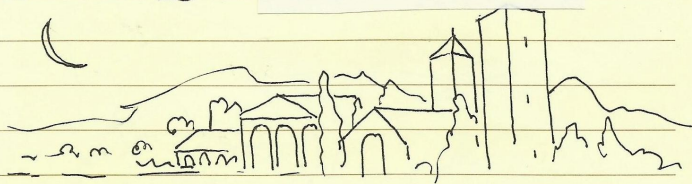


Enter my world,
give me emotions
I need them back.
I serve myself
to Hope,
revive happiness,
remove mistrust
Say Love
and give me
Joy again



Sonnet VI

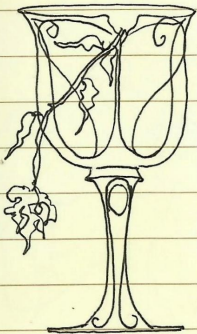
Tat Mamonova



Succès d'estime Volume 12

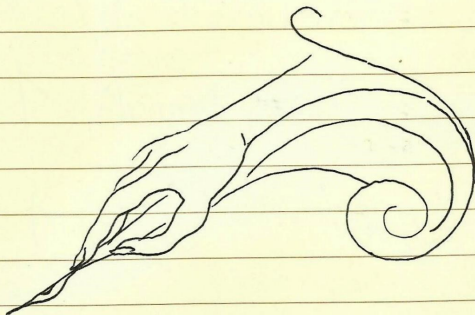
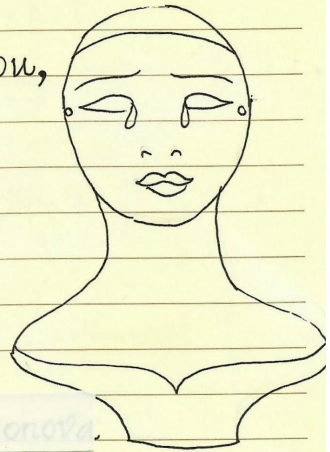


tremble,
disappear without you,
and only poems
save me from dying.
Even the paper
doesn't do the deal:
I look for words
and find only tears.



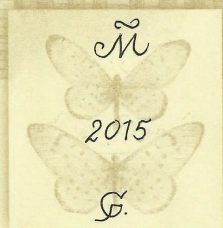
Sonnet VII

Tat. Mamonova



M

Succès d'estime Volume 12



ostalgia and melancholy

reign,

and roses are now dry.

Well, what was red

is now pale, friend.

All hugs and kisses

innocent at once

became sinful,

and only poetry

still has

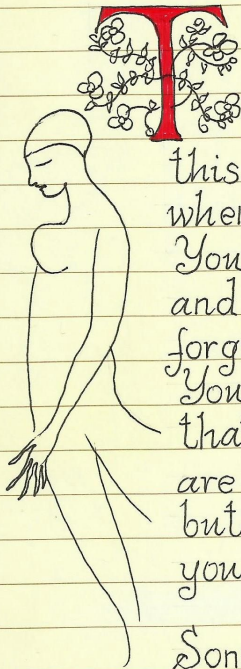
its charm, beloved.

Sonnet VIII

Tat Mamonova

M

Succès d'estime Volume 12



o see in you
this shyness -
when conquered.
You are confused,
and asking for
forgiveness
You are not sure
that these sentiments
are true,
but can't resist -
you go for a dream.

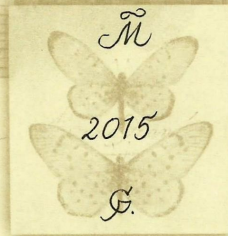


M

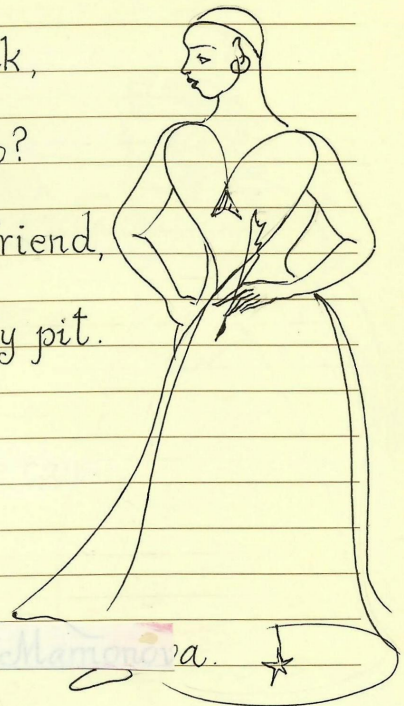
Sonnet IX

Tat. Mamonova

Succès d'estime Volume 12



What do you think,
sweetheart?
And where do you go?
Without you
I lose my ground, friend,
and my oasis
turns into an empty pit.
I want to hear
poems back.
That's only way
we can exist
together.

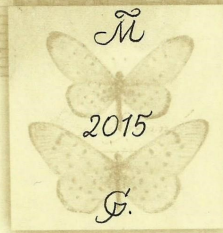


Sonnet XII

Tal Mamonova

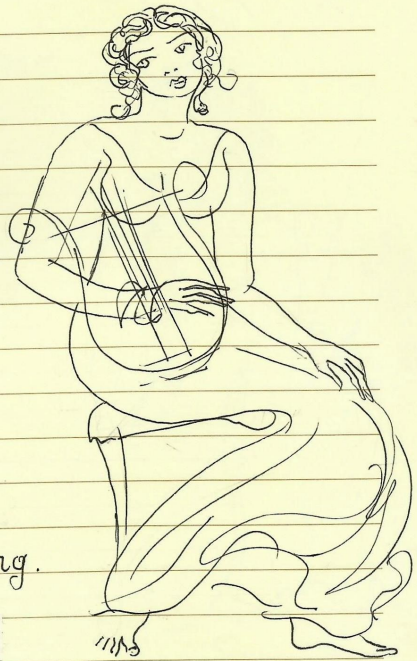


Succès d'estime Volume 12



Don't leave me,
beloved inspiration
All my life's
for you,
Only poems
can bring me
salvation.
Give me music
of words
for my dancing.
No rest
I desire from singing.

Sonnet XIV

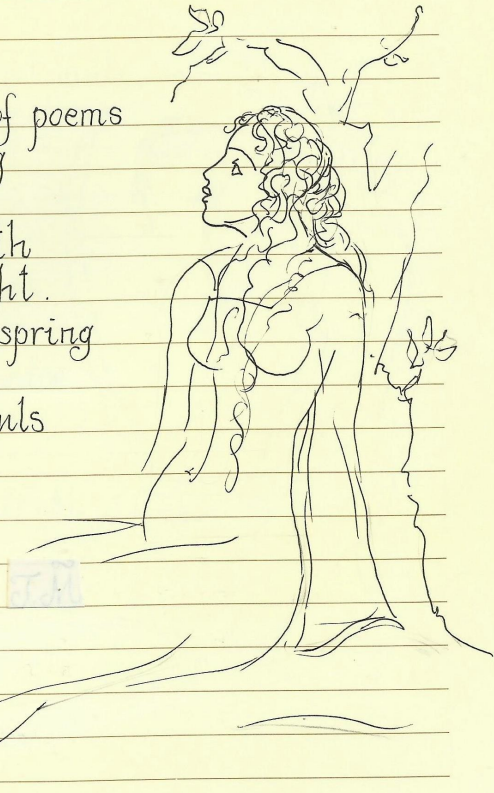


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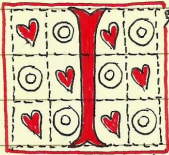


The rain of poems
I was waiting
for,
like our Earth
after a drought.
As a desired spring
covers
exhausted souls
I cover you
with poems.

Sonnet XV

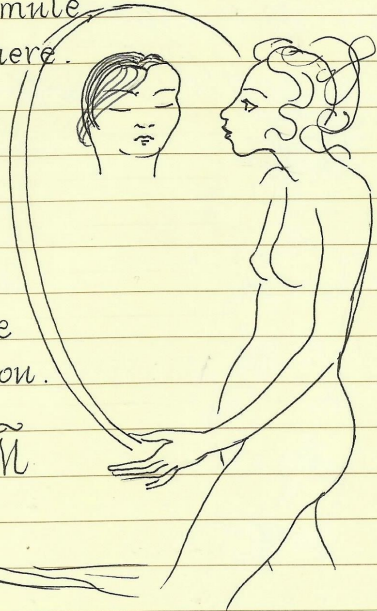


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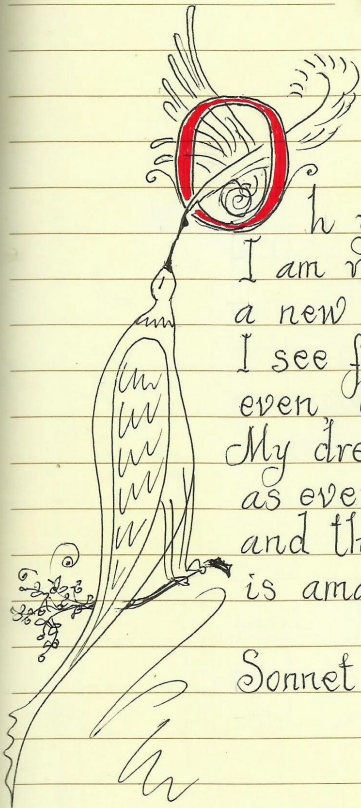
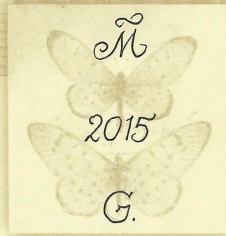


I'll never get mute
neither here nor there.
I'm like a hint
of a genuine you.
When I give,
I burn a little.
When I write,
I cry and embrace
lovely genuine you.

Sonnet XVI T.M

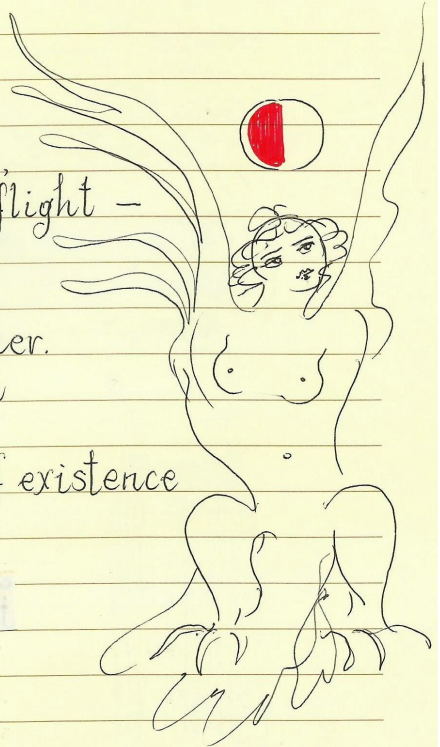


Succès d'estime Volume 12



O h yes, my life,
I am ready for a flight -
a new beginning.
I see for now
even better, farther.
My dream is high
as ever
and the feeling of existence
is amazing.

Sonnet XVII



Succès d'estime Volume 12



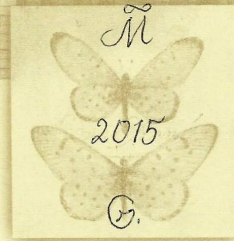
T

here is not enough
of you,
and my heart
is empty once again.
I thought
it was a sacred link
between us,
but no -
all is past
and emptiness's
profound
and unclear.

Sonnet XIX

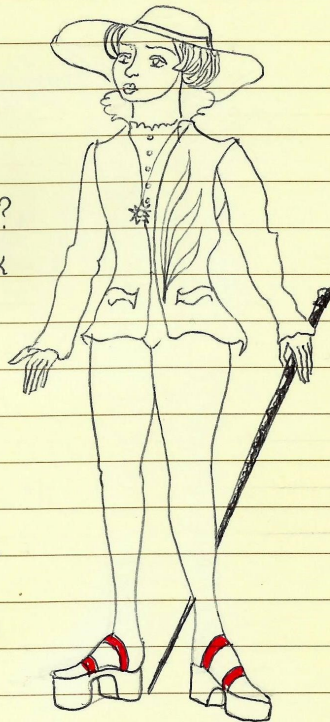


Succès d'estime Volume 12



What symbol
do you want to see?
What motive
are you looking for?
What did you think
before meeting me?
You have to love
with fire,
then perhaps
I will release
my own dedication.

Sonnet XX J.M.



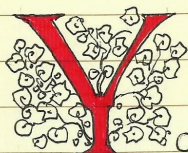
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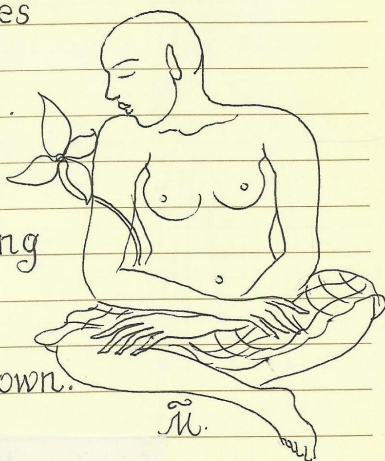
When divine demands
in my blood
and my honesty
towards you surface,
then my faith in love
even grows.
Just believe
that this union's
created on purpose,
we can find the truth
and enjoy it.

Sonnet XXI J.M

Succès d'estime Volume 12



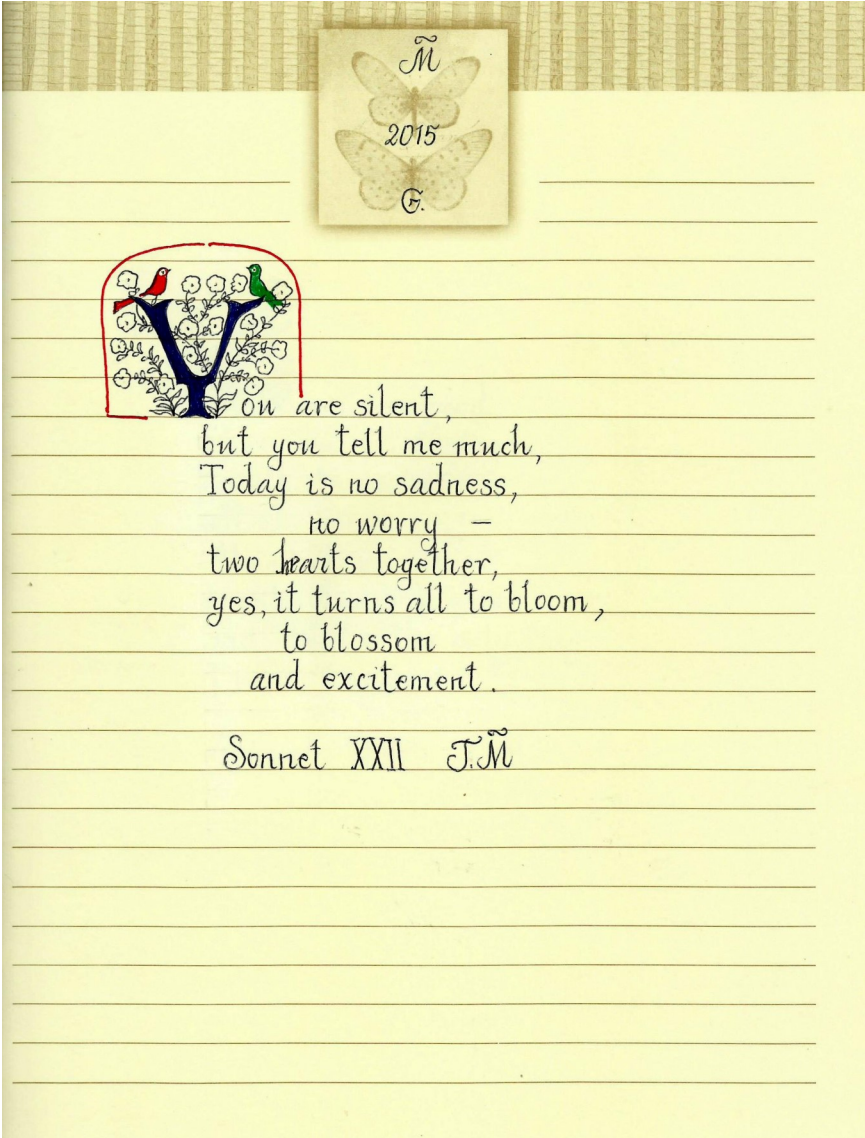
You know there is
 behind splendid phrases,
 behind loud verses
 just a naïve
 one woman's story.
 I do accept
 this life as it is.
 and after wandering
 on Earth
 I will discover
 a place called my own.



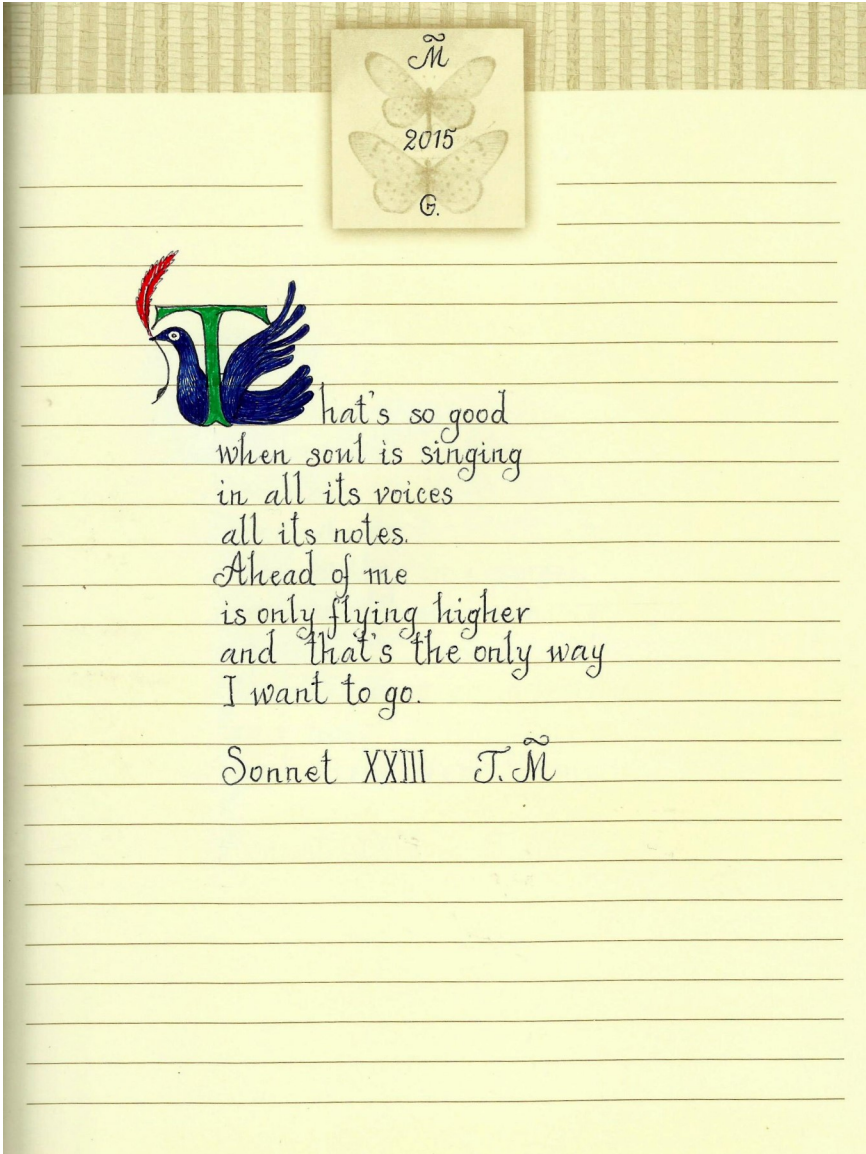
Sonnet X

Let Mammona

Succès d'estime Volume 12



Succès d'estime Volume 12



Succès d'estime Volume 12



Why did I listen
to those
nice words?
You called me sweet
and now I am nothing.
It felt
the sky was on my side
and now
just a requiem for me

Sonnet XXV J.M

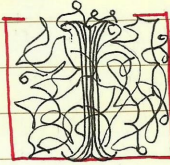
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I want to find
an angel's tongue –
for speaking only love,
and everyone who knows
soulful urges
will understand
immediate desires.

Sonnet XXV J.M

Succès d'estime Volume 12



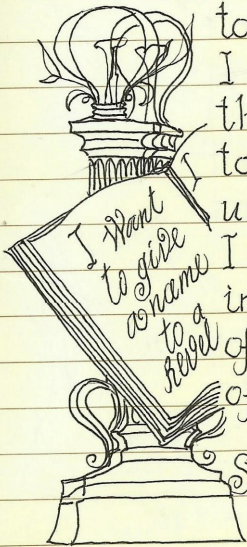
want to give a name
to a revel.

I sense sometimes
there's no need
to say the words of others
used before.

I am again standing
in the beginning
of a stupendous novel
of affection.

Sonnet XI

Jat Mamona



Succès d'estime Volume 12

M
2015
G.

 trust
that every real poet
delivers energy
from skies,
They bring us
kindness
and light
and acceptance.
You ask them
for a price of a word,
they tell you
no price for a poem.

Sonnet XXVI J.M.

Succès d'estime Volume 12



half a glance
a half a play -
I do enjoy
this moment
fully, darling.
You will forget
I guess,
about it,
but I'll keep
this day in me
forever.



Sonnet XXVII J.M.

Succès d'estime Volume 12



I go to the source.
 I listen to a lesson
 of existence.
 There's no sham
 and every note
 is shining.
 The light goes
 all over Earth.
 O, melody of love –
 you sing in me.

Sonnet XVIII J.M

Succès d'estime Volume 12



Rising
to the heights of love,
I'll perhaps disappear
into a timeless world,
where Eternity rules,
where my poetry sings,
where her voice is clear.

Sonnet XXX T.M





Succès d'estime Volume 12

My Digital Trip

I tend to avoid bureaucracy in my life as much as possible. I usually send Gee in NYC and Elvira in CT to all offices. They have more patience in this case than me.

Yesterday my faithful PC stopped functioning and I sent Gee to go to a Verizon agency on Broadway, where I had met a while ago an Indian employee named Kumar, who was intelligent and helpful regarding information on a Verizon tablet that I needed for my travels.

Unfortunately, I soon found out that Kumar was moved to some obscure Verizon location outside of Manhattan. Gee as obliged to discuss the matter with a new Latino guy who told him that Verizon tablets are still available, although they only have 2 gigabytes.

Since Gee already had a cell phone agreement with Boost, where we use that cell phone mostly for taking photos, the Latino guy recommended that I come personally to this Broadway Verizon location to arrange a tablet.

I put myself together, which wasn't easy because we were in the midst of a heat wave with temperatures soaring to 95 degrees Fahrenheit. It was impossible not to sweat in the humidity. I dressed myself in the lightest clothes I could find and soon arrived to the Verizon location which had plenty of air conditioning and no customers.

The Latino guy remembered my name by Gee's description and told me it would take a few minutes. A half hour later, with a lot of personal information demanded for the tablet which I really did not want to give was inputted on the tablet, I said I could not wait any longer. Got my tablet and promised to return the next day to finish the job. "Or you can talk to my assistant on the phone if you have any problem." The reaction of his assistant was not encouraging, "I don't really know much about searching for web pages." All I could say at that point was, "Well, then, I will return tomorrow."

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***WE Tour Stop
St. Petersburg, Russia***



Succès d'estime Volume 12

At home, I made a few moves, some successful, some not, considering that no instructions were given to me. My research for the data was unnerving and time consuming. And I was expecting to receive three urgent e-mails. A hope that that my PC would resurface the data was empty. My new tablet wasn't very responsive either, almost hostile. It kept asking me questions I couldn't even guess how to answer.

The next morning, I walked to the Verizon office on Broadway again in the 94 degree heat. Upon entering the office I saw two employees chatting nonchalantly. They clearly enjoyed the air conditioning and absence of customers. And there I was, starting to explain to the Latino guy what I had done on the tablet. Suddenly, he looked like he had heat shock – he couldn't focus even for a minute. When I asked him to access my account, I heard:

“I am not even supposed to do that.”

“Why, then have you imposed a two year contract on me, if I am unable to use the tablet?”

“You can cancel it.”

“The main purpose for me to come here was to find a solution. Some replacement for my ex-PC.”

The employee looked irritated and I left politely with the tablet, deciding to stop at another Verizon service. Alas, I didn't get much customer service there either. In a spacious office, I found two employees again, sitting on their devices and totally pre-occupied with their own business. I greeted them at the entrance:

“Good morning.” The white guy barely shook his head. The black girl behind him, asked me lazily what I wanted, texting on her cell phone at the same time. It wasn't a great welcome, even though they didn't have any customers either. Besides that, I was a friendly, well dressed, (got two compliments on my outfit en route) educated woman interested in Verizon deals. They evidently didn't want to be bothered.

Succès d'estime Volume 12





Succès d'estime Volume 12

The U.S. reminds me lately more and more of the Soviet Union. How much we hated this type of attitude from Soviet employees in most of their “kontoras.” Alas, we are back to the same spot a few decades later in America.

Did I have any other choice? No. So, I approached the black girl, who still didn’t want to put her Android down and continued texting in front of me. I said that I knew Patrick from this location, adding, “Maybe I can talk to him?” Alas, Patrick, too, had moved to a distant location. Probably, Verizon tries to get rid of anyone who is resourceful and attentive? A strange policy in many corporations nowadays – as soon as employees are able to establish some level of human contact with their customers, they are moved somewhere else. I have experienced it not only as Verizon but other places. Nadine was an excellent manager at Duane Reade. As soon as she became recognized at one of their locations, she was transferred to another outside of Manhattan. Possibly, not only corporations do that. I see the same process at the libraries, post offices, social services.

“Ok,” I tell the girl. Then I began to outline the situation with my new Verizon tablet. “Maybe you know better how to solve it,” I add, with a faint hope.

“We are all trained in a similar manner,” she pushed herself to articulate.

“Good life you have here in this cool place!”

“It is not my life. It is my job,” she answered without interrupting her texting.

Not even a concept of responsibility was in her mind. She just wanted to be left alone with her toy. Our modern dependency on devices is out of control. We all more or less are trapped in their web. On the way home I noticed an ad for the show Mr. Robot which read, “Privacy is a myth.” This future is already present. Banks own our money, social media owns our relationships, corporations own our minds. Existential fear leads us to an isolation from each other, to an alienation instead of compassion.

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Succès d'estime Volume 12

At home, I called my friends. Got some advice, bit by bit. Nobody could give me the complete answer. Sunny suggested I buy the tablet instead of paying wifi bills for two years – “They are more respectful the more money you spend.” Yoshy told me she would help me to afford the tablet. Heidi recommended I continue pushing buttons and maybe something good would happen. Lance suggested the same thing in an earlier conversation. Sara was distraught because her cell phone had been stolen three days earlier. I didn’t call Chandra, Mill, Leishu, Madison – they had enough tech problems with videos and publishing.

Thus, I kept on pushing buttons, thinking that nobody really understands their devices. Their devices direct them, not the other way around. A hidden existential fear creates egotism, separation, a petit bourgeois mentality: conformism. Corporations only add to this fear. They own our lives.

After four hours of figuring out dozens of things, I made my Verizon tablet work. A big part of my data is still missing: my Youtube videos, my WE publications, my collection of Italian music, my meetup correspondence. I hope it’s not permanently lost in cyberspace. The worst question I was asked by my tablet: what connection do you prefer? Five numbers in seven lines followed. I chose the first set and ended up on the ninth floor of my apartment building where I live. How was I now able to make my way to the 7th floor where I am actually situated? Probably all stolen wifi connections from neighbors were done that innocently? It took two more hours for me to go through several folders before I found the right connection. The password didn’t work, however – more tech hours to enjoy tomorrow.

NYC, August 1, 2015

© *By Tatyana Mamonova*

WE HERSTORY

Postcards tout le monde

Part III

**In celebration of
Woman and Earth's
35th Anniversary,
WE have pulled out some
herstoric postcards from our
archives ...
The first installment can be
found in
Woman and Earth Almanac,
the second installment in
*Fotoalbum: Around the World***



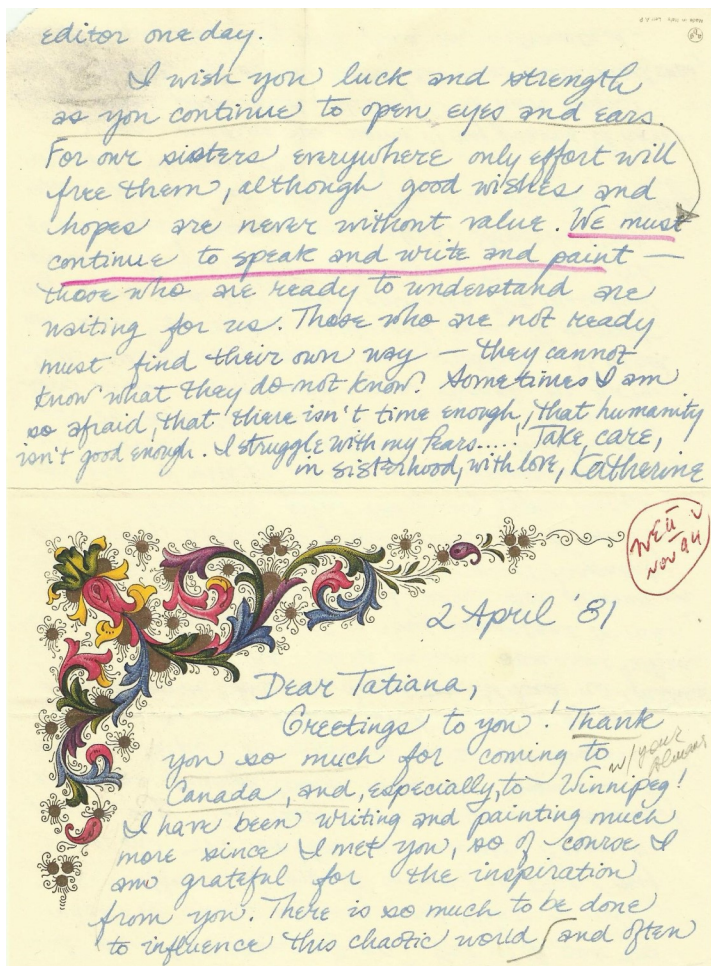
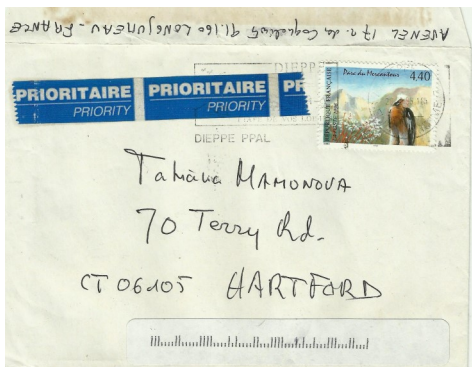
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LA TOUR EIFFEL



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Платонка моя! /
Ты великава и добра. 7-12-18
Пленяешь торжес и улыбкой
Взвешиваешь великие дела...
и между делом и целью открытки
"Кому? Ну, вот хоть бы мне
твоей подружке музыкальной
и власть сыграть я тебе
Мелодию любви печальной
"Но почему печальная вдруг? —
"Любви? Людей — такая сладость
пойми меня, моя нежная
друж-
Ты и у меня — и Свет
и радость!

Желаю тебе, красавица,
успехов сегодня.
Твой
Кирилл

Succès d'estime Volume 12



When I Fell in Love with China

I had no prior experience working with autistic kids. I suffered some tough days. I didn't feel like I managed my job, and I asked myself again: "What am I doing here?"

After a while I got the chance to visit the countryside. It was an amazing experience, and I realized that China is not just big cities and crazy traffic. China had a breathtaking nature that amazed me. And even though the people were visited were very poor, they showed a happiness and generosity I've never seen before. That was when I fell in love with China.

I started work again with a new motivation. I got more confident and connected with the kids. I got to know the routines, and everything was easier. I decided to show that I can handle the kids with just pure love.

After spending the first months without any friends beside my team-mate, I finally got someone else to hang out with. I started to get to know the culture and a little of the language. I think it's really interesting. I realized that I wasn't supposed to come to China to make a change, but to change myself. I came to learn, to experience how it is to be a foreigner and to get a new point of view. And now with under a month left, I can't understand how I can ever leave this place.

Excerpt of a volunteer report by Marthe Andreassen from *Amity Outlook, A Quarterly Bulletin*, No.8, April-June 2014

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Saudi Government Sanctions Sports in Girls' Private Schools

Saudi Arabian girls will be officially allowed to practice sports in private schools for the first time, according to the education ministry announcement. The new regulations for physical education require that girls 'dress modestly' and have appropriate equipment and facilities, and that female Saudi teachers have priority to supervise these activities.

This is the first official government sanction of women's sports in schools, but some Saudis say it is not as momentous a decision as it may seem.

"This is not a big deal," says blogger Eman al-Nafjan, who writes about Saudi women's issues. "Private schools already have a physical education program, and the government knows about them. My daughter and niece both go to separate well-known private schools, and they both have sports programs."

Al-Nafjan says that although the announcement will not change anything for private school students, the decision itself could be a barometer for the introduction of sports into public girls' schools that do not have physical education programs.

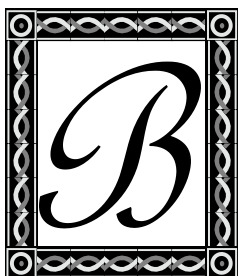
"My speculation is that this might be a feeler to see if there's any backlash from society," al-Nafjan said. "Over the past few years, there have been several attempts to incorporate physical education into public schools, but they met with a lot of resistance. I think they're trying to gauge if society is more receptive or if there is still resistance."

WUNRN/CNN 06-05-13

From WLUML Newsheet Vol. XXV, No. 2 & 3



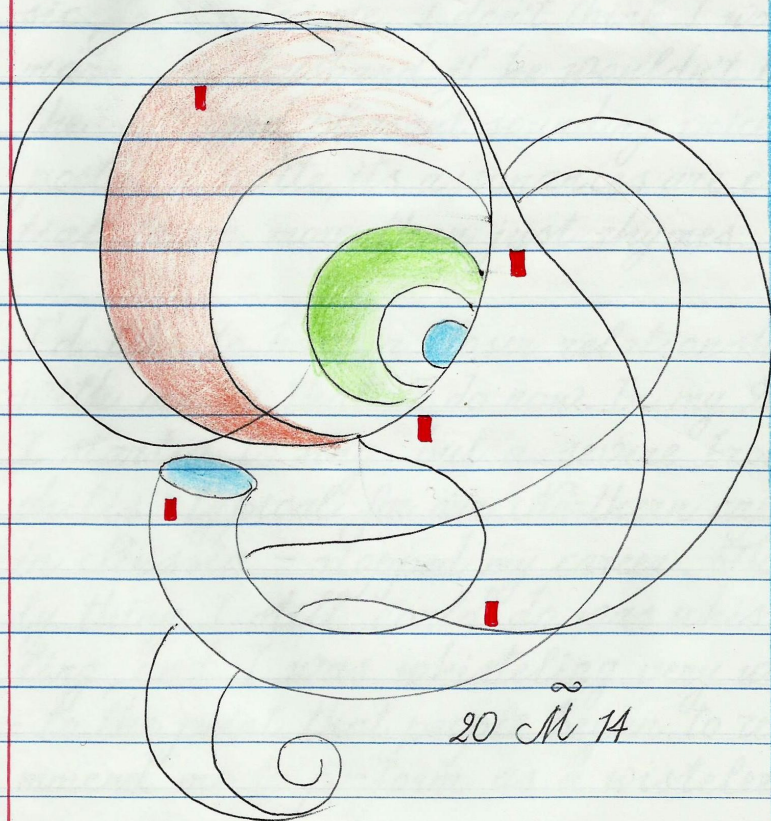
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ooks and Culture

Succès d'estime Volume 12

Nuance and sonance



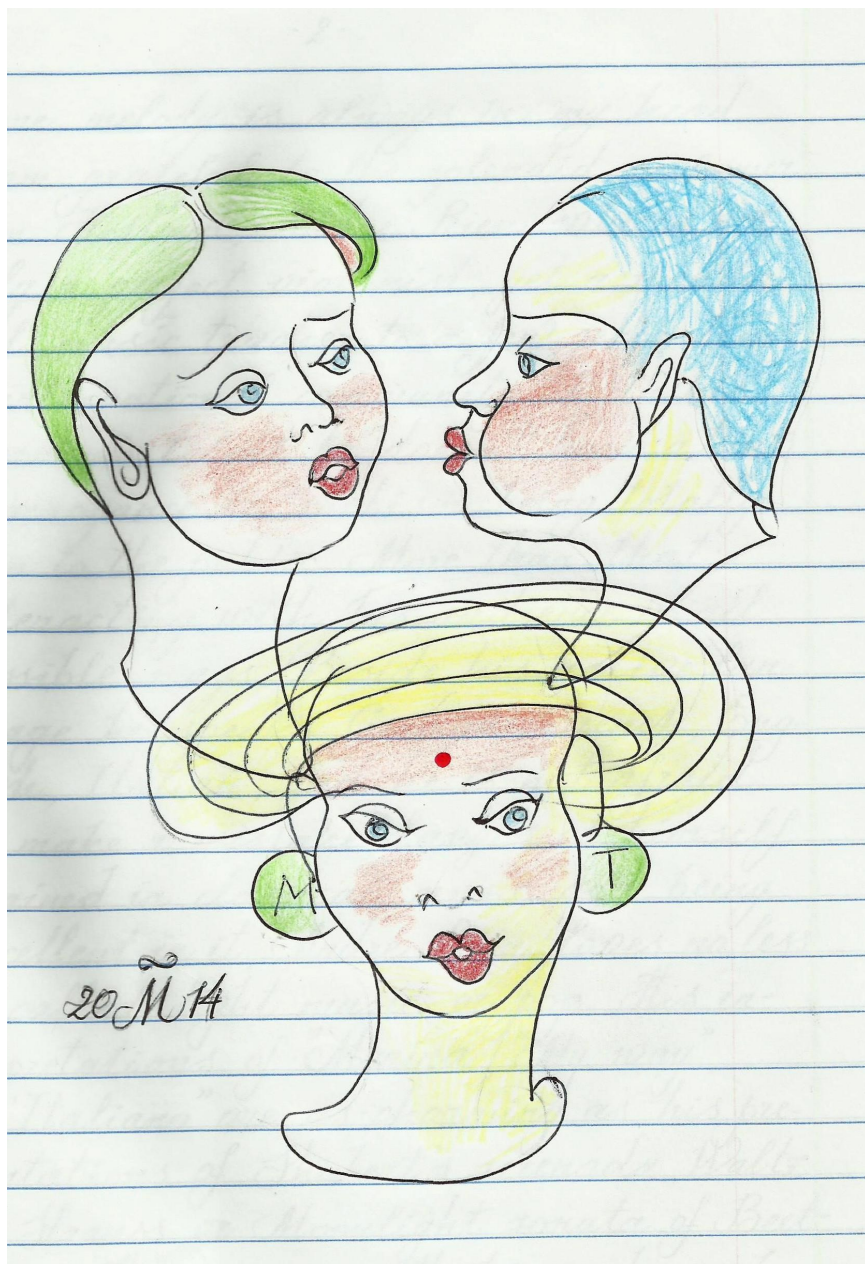
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Anance and sonance.

Color and sound are two components without which my life wouldn't be complete. I like to combine colors as much in my clothes as in my watercolors. The sound of human voice, especially in music fascinates me. I don't think I would marry my husband if he wouldn't have the soft and pleasant sounding voice. In poetry I write, its assonances are essential to me, more than just rhymes.

I'd like to have a closer relationship with music that I do now. In my 20^s I started to sing, but a severe bronchitis - typical for our Northern capitol in Russia - stopped my career. The only thing I still could do was whisteling, and I was whisteling very well - to the point that people began to recommend me to perform as a wisteler.

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Some melody is always in my head. I am grateful to the splendid performer from Holland, Andre Rien, who is not only a perfect violonist, yet a wonderful music teacher to a few generations of international community. With his enormous talent he doesn't have a hint of arrogance or snobism, being totally open to the public. More than that: interacting with his audience in all possible ways. Beside his native language he speaks German, French, English, Italian, and he is not afraid to make a mistake, laughs at himself. Trained in classical music and being excellent in it, Andre Rien loves no less so called light music or pop. His interpretations of "Marina", "My way", "L'Italiano" are as charming as his presentations of Schubert's serenada, Waltz of Strauss or Moonlight sonata of Beethoven. He engages with his audience by whisteling as well.

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with female stars, not from opera scene. I am proud of my generation for this revolutionary breakthrough defying age, nation, gender and so on, making music a real global language.

© J.V.M 2014

Succès d'estime Volume 12



*Woman and Earth Russia interns surround
Tatyana Mamonova following her seminar and
Ceremony honoring her as 2008 Woman of the Year*

St. Petersburg, Russia

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*Celebrating son Phil Mamonova's birthday
WE tour of Canada*

WE's Contemporary Culture Series

◆ Dance ◆

David Parker and Jeffrey Kazin
Present

Soaking WET
September 24-27, 2015

Curated by: David Parker
Janice Rosario and Company

West End Theater
263 West 86th Street, 2nd Floor
NY, NY

WE enjoyed the newest edition of
Soaking WET which was a mixture
of old and new pieces.



The program began with *New Developments* created by choreographer Rachel Cohen, the newest chapter of a two-year collaboration with CAVE, chashama, Arts in Bushwick, and Norte Maar.

Cross Currents, choreographed by Deirdre Towers, and *Comin' or Goin'* choreographed and performed by Marsi Burns and Alice Teirstein followed, both newer works, followed.

Older works rounded out the program with *Reperformance: 1993-1996 It Could Have Been Different*, choreographed by Karen Bernard, *Footsteps On The ...* (1993) (Excerpt), performed by Stacy Lynn Smith, *Work* (1994), performed by Donna Castello, *Strange Dear* (1995) (Excerpt), performed by Mersiha Mesihovic, and *It Could Have Been Different* (1996) (Excerpt), performed by Lisa Parra and Ryan Migge. *Karen Bernard/SOLO* is a program of New Dance Alliance.

It was a wonderful evening.



Succès d'estime Volume 12

Aaron Atkins Artistic Director/
Choreographer and
Edgar L. Peterson III
Executive Director Present

An Evening with Ballet Inc.
Vol. II
November 16, 2014

The Ailey Citigroup Theater
The Joan Weill Center for Dance
405 West 55th Street
NY, NY 10019

WE enjoyed this special evening which featured four premieres: *In Nocte (Into the Night)*, *Toccato*, *Vega En Lyra*, and *When I Am Alone*.

Rounding out the evening were *Somsay*, *Fallen Angels (Excerpts 1-3)*, *Coeur Silencieux* and *Arena*.

Other than *Vega En Lyra* which was choreographed by New Yorker Edgar Peterson, all other pieces were choreographed by South Carolina native Aaron Atkins.



Ballet Tech Foundation, Inc., in
association with The Joyce Theater
Foundation, Inc. Presents

Ballet Tech: Kids Dance
June 11-14, 2015

The Joyce Theater
175 Eighth Avenue
NY, NY

WE enjoyed this three movement program which opened with *Dotty Polkas*, followed by the premiere of *A Yankee Doodle*, and after a brief intermission, closing with *Kydzny*.

Each of the pieces was choreographed by Ballet Tech Founder Eliot Field who formed the company in 1974. For more information about Ballet Tech visit www.ballettech.org.



José Limón International Dance Festival Celebrates Seven Decades of Dance at the Joyce

It's been almost 70 years since the original Limón Dance Company first planted foot on stage but, recently, the troupe revived some of the late choreographer's greatest works in a two-week José Limón International Dance Festival at the Joyce Theater, in New York.

Program B was presented at a sold out Saturday matinee that featured "The Unsung," "The Moor's Pavane," and "The Winged."

With several members of the Royal Danish Ballet, the Company performed a tribute to Native American tribal leaders in "The Unsung"(1970). This ambitious 30-minute piece was choreographed in silence but for the sometimes disconcerting sounds of the dancers' breath and barefoot feet upon the stage. A visual feast for those who love the male form in motion, this patrimonial suite honored spirit forces throughout the cycles of life in a series of

seemingly weightless tribal circles that spun off into athletic solos.

The centerpiece of the performance was Limón's famous Othello-esque "The Moor's Pavane" (1949), a more structured (if not traditional) 20-minute piece set to an arrangement of Henry Purcell. This reviewer would tag the theme "it's complicated," as a white handkerchief of transient commitment is passed between two couples while love, jealousy and perhaps same-sex desire entwine, twist and finally turn tragic.

The best was saved for last in "The Winged" (1966), an inspired 40-minute suite of dances honoring birds in flight. Although originally danced in silence, this piece was accompanied by cheerful chirping and flute-as-birdsong in a score by Jon Magnussen.

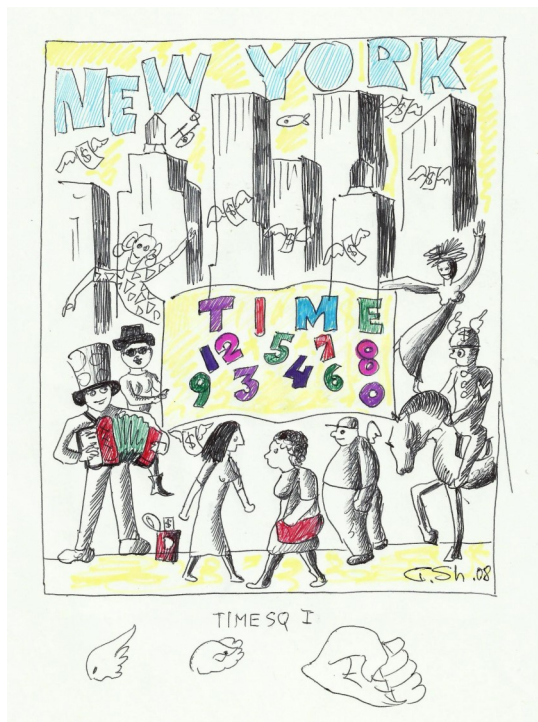
The audience was introduced to a variety of winged

Succès d'estime Volume 12

personalities including the rebel loner and the independent female, as well as flocks preparing for flight, interspecies bird love, competitive males, bachelorette bands, gathering at dawn and flocks in flight -- earning the dancers several standing ovations.

A crucial figure in the development of modern dance, José Limón has brought his legendary works to stages around the world. This performance was part of the José Limón Dance Foundation's celebration of the lead-up to the Company's 70th Anniversary.

By Chandra Niles Folsom



Editor's Recommended Books

(NOTE: CATEGORIES ARE ONLY FOR POINT OF REFERENCE)

◆ BIOGRAPHIES/JOURNALS/ AUTO-BIOGRAPHIES/MEMOIRS

◆ **My Life on the Road**, by Gloria Steinem. Random House, NY, 2015. 304 pages.

◆ **Sinatra: The Chairman**, by James Kaplan. Doubleday, NY, 2015. 992 pages.

◆ **Sophia: Princess, Suffragette, Revolutionary**, by Anita Anand. Bloomsbury, NY, 2015. 432 pages.

◆ CHILDREN'S/YOUNG ADULT

◆ **Alice's Adventures in Wonderland: Panorama Pops**, by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by Grahame Baker-Smith. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 28 pages.

◆ **Can You Say It Too? Jingle! Jingle!**, by Nosy Crow, illustrated by Sebastien Braun. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 10 pages.

◆ **Cody and the Fountain of Happiness**, by Tricia Springstubb, Illustrated by Eliza Wheeler. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 160 pages.



◆ **Dante of the Maury River**, by Gigi Amateau. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 306 pages.

◆ **Fizzy's Lunch Lab: Nelly Nitpick Kid Food Critic**, by Candlewick Press. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 48 pages.

◆ **France: Panorama Pops**, illustrated by Tricia Kraus. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 30 pages.

◆ **Girls Like Us**, by Gail Giles. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 224 pages.

◆ **Hansel and Gretel**, by Michael Morpurgo, The Brothers Grimm, illustrated by Emma Chichester Clark. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2008. 64 pages.

Editor's Recommended Books

◆ **Happy in Our Skin**, by Fran Manushkin, illustrated by Lauren Tobia. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 32 pages.

◆ **If I Had a Triceratops**, by George O'Connor. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 32 pages.

◆ **Japan: Panorama Pops**, illustrated by Anne Smith. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 30 pages.

◆ **Las Fresas Son Rojas**, written and illustrated by Peter Horacek. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2014. 16 pages



◆ **Lucky Tucker**, written and illustrated by Leslie McGuirk. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2008. 24 pages.

◆ **Maisy Learns to Swim**, written and illustrated by Lucy Cousins. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 32 pages.

◆ **Maisy's Pirate Ship: A Pop and Play**, written and illustrated by Lucy Cousins. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 10 pages.

◆ **Mango, Abuela y yo**, by Meg Medina, illustrated by Angela Dominguez. Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA, 2015. 32 pages.

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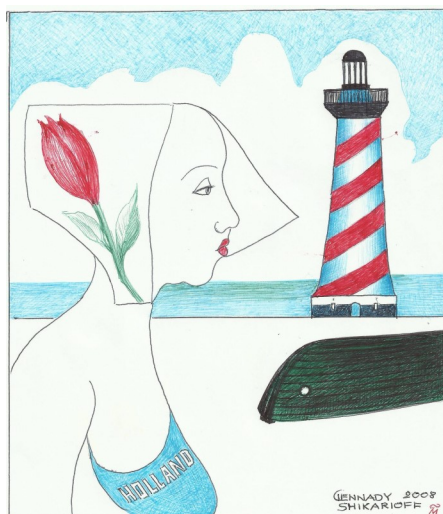
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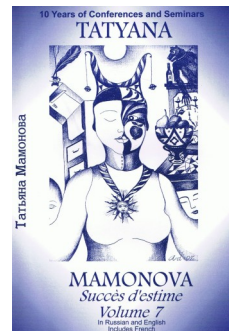
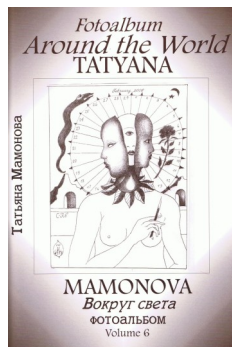
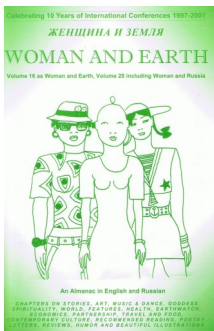
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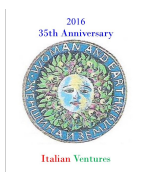
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Brief Biography of the Author

*Tatyana Mamonova began her professional career in Leningrad as a television and a literary journalist and critic for the official press. She forged her own path by re-igniting the neofeminist movement in Russia and forming the first NGO collective in USSR to promote women's human rights, by editing and publishing the samizdat **Woman and Russia Almanac**. 2010 marked the 30th Anniversary that she remains in exile for this act of dignity. She continues to lead her NGO and to publish the Almanac, both of which are now called **Woman and Earth**, plus the new literary edition **Succès d'estime**, along with **Fotoalbum: Around the World**, to reflect the expansion of women's voices to all corners of the planet included in this forum which serves as a bridge of understanding and connection with Russian speaking women.*

Included among the many accolades Tatyana Mamonova has been awarded are Woman of the Year 1980 by Femme Magazine Paris, Post Doctoral Fellow Officer, Bunting Institute, Harvard University 1984-1985, Diamond Homer Poetry Award 1988, Poetry Society of Hollywood California, 100 Heroines Award 1998 by the Women's Committee of Seneca Falls, NY, Human Rights Award, African Peace Network, Ghana 1999, Inclusion in Womenkind Project, Canada 2000, Inclusion in the Prominent Refugees Directory UNHCR 2001, Community Media Award by MNN, NYC 2001, Living Legacy Award 2002 by the Women's International Centre of San Diego, California, Inclusion in Prize-winning Portrait of Prominent Refugees by Brazilian Artist at Kenya Exhibition 2005, and, most recently, she received the prestigious Heart of Danko Award 2006 for her artistic and cultural prowess by a St. Petersburg and Moscow based organization. Woman of the Year 2008 by the Vishnevskaya Association of St. Petersburg, and in 2011 was granted U.S. citizenship.

Woman and Earth Press is pleased and proud to present this publication in celebration of Tatyana's courageous vision, personal and organizational accomplishments.



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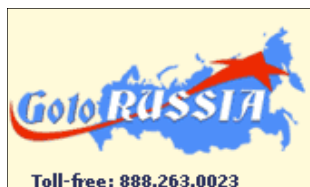
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