



The FORUM

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1917 and Scotland

A traveller's impressions of the Altay

Scotland: Mapping the Islands

Poetry translation exchange ~ Russia-Scotland

SRF news

Book reviews

... and a recipe!

Tam Dalyell, the SRF's first president

We were sad to hear of the death of our first Hon. President, Tam Dalyell, and have sent condolences to his family. Some members might remember his attendance at one of our first events and his energetic support at that meeting. Independent minded, and a man of wide interests he was an excellent figurehead for our developing organisation. Dairmid Gunn has written a short obituary on page 15.

This issue of the *Forum*

The topics covered in this issue are, I hope, sufficiently varied for everyone to find something of interest — the 1917 anniversary through Scottish eyes, a description of travels in the Altay, Soviet mapping of places nearer home, and the Edinburgh Makar's first impressions of Moscow as well as her wonderful translations of Russian poems into Shetlandic. Our book reviews cover recent publications on Russian politics and travel, as well as a biography of Metropolitan Anthony and the latest book by Nobel prizewinner Svetlana Alexievich.

Very many thanks to all our contributors.

New editor-designate

I am delighted to tell you that (pending final discussions) we hope we have found an excellent new editor for the *Forum* starting with the summer 2017 issue. Ian Mitchell, the new editor-designate, is not only a professional writer and a long time supporter of the SRF but someone with homes in both Russia and Scotland, so eminently suitable on all counts. Fingers crossed for our final discussions.

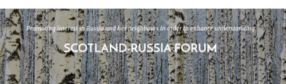
1917 and Scotland continued

We will not only be remembering revolutionary events in Russia and Scotland this year — but also the centenary of the establishment of Russian Studies at Glasgow University. The Russian Department there is still flourishing and has plans to celebrate!

Russian studies in schools

We are continuing to promote the study of Russian (and Russia) in schools. We will be taking part in SCILT Business Brunches for secondary schools in Dundee (18 Jan), Inverness (25 Jan), Edinburgh (30 Jan) and Aberdeen (9 Feb) and the Language Show in Glasgow (10-11 March, SECC).

What have we been doing since the summer?



Our new website was launched in late September: www.scotlandrussiaforum.org. If you haven't yet had a look, please do so and tell us what you think. Most of the information we provided before is still there—particularly the **What's On** pages. New sections include an interesting blog on **New Russian Writing** by Natasha Perova of Glas, the pre-eminent publisher of modern Russian literature in translation until they were forced to cut down their activities earlier this year. Another new section, **Learn Russian**, brings together all our interests in the promotion of Russian—from our own evening classes to information on classes all over Scotland for both children and adults.



In November we had a stand at the annual **SALT conference** (SALT is the Scottish Assn for Language Teaching). We showed teachers a short introductory course for primary or early secondary pupils (*Early Start Russian*), as well as more structured courses suitable for older pupils beginning Russian (*Na Start* and *Ruslan*). More information on all these courses can be found on <http://www.scotlandrussiaforum.org/directory.html#schools>.

Katrina Bell, 4th year student at Glasgow University, pictured at the stand.

In December we held an informal **Christmas party** for members—and were so busy chatting, eating and drinking that we forgot to take any photographs. The party was held in the new Amnesty bookshop in Marchmont - an excellent venue (our members like bookshops). Members new and old enjoyed meeting each other and contributed a wide variety of food and drink.

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С НОВЫМ ГОДОМ! Happy New Year!

Jenny Carr, chair of SRF and acting editor of the *Forum*

1917 and Scotland: The impact of the Russian Revolution on Scottish connections with Russia

Anna Dyer

The history of Scots in Russia before the Revolution has been well documented. Beginning with Peter the Great's reign, a broad range of Scots served the Tsarist regime or later made a substantial contribution to the growing industrialisation of the country. These pioneers ranged from architects, investors, shopkeepers, managers, medics, skilled textile workers in the mills to teachers and nannies. The timber merchant, Arthur McPherson, has been credited as the founding father of Russian football, having become the first President of the Russian Football Federation.

These connections, however, ceased after the Revolution, and the history thereafter of Scottish relations with Russia has to be understood in the context of the First World War and its aftermath in relation to the events in 1917.

The pre-war situation in British society was not entirely the Edwardian idyll reflected in the media. Apart from the deteriorating international situation, in Britain itself there was growing industrial and social unrest. Between 1910 and 1914 there were 412 strikes in Scotland, of which 60% were in Clydeside and elsewhere in the West of Scotland. Trade union membership had more than doubled, partly as a result of the nascent socialist movement, particularly the ILP. At the outbreak of war the press helped to fuel an ephemeral militant support for the war, but falling recruitment led to conscription. As the numbers of casualties grew it became clear that there would be no quick victory. Already by 1915 social and industrial discontent was re-emerging. Mary Barbour led the rent strikes in Govan against evictions by rapacious landlords demanding increased rents despite the hardship of women whose spouses had enlisted. The Clyde shipyard workers downed tools to support their demonstrations. But this was no local event—the strikes spread across Glasgow and then to other cities in Britain. Lloyd George was forced to bring in rent controls. Socialist organisations in Britain were campaigning against conscription and, latterly, an end to the war. British Government policy for the next two decades was defined by the fear of the Russian Revolution spreading to the UK. In early 1918 a Royal Scots battalion was sent to Archangel to support the White Russian opposition forces. They were withdrawn in 1919 after their disastrous de-

feat at Archangel by the Bolsheviks. However, the British along with armies from another 18 foreign countries, were embroiled in a vicious Civil War until 1921.

Against this background the situation had continued to deteriorate at home. John Maclean had been sentenced to three years imprisonment in 1916 for preaching against the war, though he was released in June 1917 after a huge protest campaign. In January 1918 he was elected chair of the Third All-Russian Congress of Soviets and shortly after appointed first Soviet consul in Scotland. He established a Consulate at 12 South Portland Street, Glasgow. An avenue in central Leningrad, Prospekt Maklina, was named after him. (In 1994 it reverted to its original name of Angliiskii Prospekt.)

The Clydeside Workers Committee campaigned for a return to the 40-hour working week from the wartime legislation of 54 hours. It grew rapidly when the war ended. In January 1919, 60,000 gathered in George Square to hear the Lord Provost's reply to their request. While the delegation was in the Chambers the police attacked the peaceful demonstration, resulting in the infamous "Battle of George Square". 10,000 English troops were brought to Glasgow as the authorities feared using the Scottish soldiers who were stationed at Wyndford Barracks in Glasgow.

From the end of the Civil War British government attitudes to the Soviet Union were based generally on unremitting hostility and fear of domestic unrest. In common with European allies there was an economic blockade of the USSR and previous ties ceased, although in 1924 Ramsay MacDonald's government established diplomatic relations with the USSR. Despite the small number of Scots visitors in the interwar period there was considerable interest in the USSR. In the 1920s & 30s socialist cultural organisations in Scotland were thriving. In addition to Socialist Sunday Schools, the Clarion Scouts and the Woodcraft Folk, there were Socialist music and drama societies, camera clubs, study groups & book clubs. The Clarion Newspaper inspired readers to create community clubs and facilities, and promoted the Clarion Cycling Clubs.

Within the socialist movement there was an empathy for the plight of the USSR trying to rebuild a country rav-

aged by wars. Many writers, including Hugh MacDiarmid, were fascinated by the drive to create a new society.

The few who actually managed to visit the USSR were mainly members of delegations, often from trade unions or the Communist Party. Eight Scots from the Communist Party had positions in the Comintern. The first CP Chair, Arthur McManus, was a founding member of the League against Imperialism in 1927. He died later that year and his ashes are interred in the Kremlin Wall.

There was a massive turnaround by HM Government on Russia's entry to the war in 1941. It provided material support for the Russian front, and Clementine Churchill headed the Aid to Russia Fund. The sacrifices of the USSR brought widespread interest and support from the British people. Aid to Russia Committees flourished. The Aid to Russia shop in Union Street had a giant bear. An Album was sent with greetings signed by 6,000 women from Airdrie & Coatbridge in two weeks to their Leningrad sisters in 1942. The beautiful and unique Leningrad Album produced by artists during the siege and sent in thanks can be seen in the Mitchell Library.

During the war both countries promoted culture and entertainment for their people. Even during the Leningrad siege symphony concerts were performed. The BBC promoted Russian composers. The awareness of and links with the USSR created during the war would continue and flourish throughout the harsh times of post-war politics and provide the basis for building the very strong educational, cultural and tourist links with Scotland which developed from the 1950s throughout the Cold War.

Anna Dyer: brief biographical details.

After post-graduate study at the Institute of Soviet Studies, Anna Dyer became a lecturer at Glasgow Polytechnic (now Glasgow Caledonian University). Her sabbatical was spent as a British Council researcher at the Semashko Institute of Public Health and the History of Medicine, Moscow, working on health care in the interwar period. After commercial consultancy in Eastern Europe for the Caledonian, from 1990 she managed Economic Regeneration and Civil Society Projects for the UK Government Know-How Fund and the EU TACIS and PHARE programmes in Russia and Eastern Europe.

More on the 1917 Revolution in Russia: The new documentary film “**Revolution – New Art for a New World**” will be shown at **Edinburgh Filmhouse on Tues 21 March**. The SRF have invited the director Margo Kinmonth to attend the screening and she will talk about the film and answer questions. Jointly organised by Edinburgh Filmhouse and the SRF.

Poetry translation exchange ~ Russia-Scotland



Christine De Luca

*Back row, standing: Anne Stokes, Michael Bird (British Council), Ekaterina Arkhipova (British Council), Rose France, Grigori Kruzikov, Evgenia Gerasimova (British Council), Nadia Gulevich (British Council)
Front row, seated: Lev Oborin, Marina Boroditskaya, Jennifer Williams (Scottish Poetry Library), Jen Hadfield, Stewart Sanderson, Christine De Luca*

In September I had the good fortune to be invited to take part in a *Sonnets Exchange* project as part of the British Council's UK-Russia Year of Language and Literature 2016 and the global *Shakespeare Lives* programme commemorating the 400th anniversary of his death. The partners in this particular exchange between Scottish and Russian poets were the British Council (BC), The Scottish Poetry Library (SPL) and the Edwin Morgan Trust (EMT). This was the first part of the exchange.

Next year the Russian poets will come to Scotland.

This first part involved a poetry translation workshop with three Russian poets (Marina Boroditskaya, Grigori Kruzikov and Lev Oborin) and three Scottish poets (Jen Hadfield, Stewart Sanderson and myself). Jennifer Williams (SPL) had the heaviest load: she was involved in the planning of the exchange, led our delegation and also acted as workshop facilitator and, later, as compère. We also had Rose France accompany us. She is a Rus-

sian expert who teaches translation in the School of Arts and Humanities at Edinburgh University. Her prior work in creating bridge or literal translations in English of the Russian poems was critical to the whole process. The final member of our group was Anne Stokes from Translation Studies in the School of Arts and Humanities at Stirling University. Her role was a research one as a non-participant observer. Jennifer, Rose and Anne all write poetry so were able to add much to the group. We had three days in Moscow and one in St Petersburg. The main aim was to produce reasonably polished versions of each other's poems, sufficient for a public performance in each city.

There was a moment of panic the day before I left for Moscow when the literal translations arrived, carefully annotated. As I was hoping to translate some of the poems into my mother tongue (Shetlandic) I could sense it wasn't going to be easy. Here were poems about topics and themes very different from my poetic experience; and in a complex language, an unfamiliar script, and whose sounds I couldn't conjure in my ear. They were more often than not written in one or other strict metre and had formal rhyme schemes; all the things I'd been dreading. I have a small, even shrinking, dialect at my disposal, with no abstract nouns and a completely different background when it comes to idiom and allusion. Nor do I have verb endings at my disposal which make rhyme easy, as seems to be the case with Russian. It was time to brush up on metre: iambic, trochaic, dactylic, anapaestic and so on!

The poems from Marina, Grigorii and Lev were all distinctively different. Marina's poems were classical in tone but had the touch of nursery rhymes and humour; Grigorii's, more in the Brodsky tradition, were rich historical narratives with classical metre and rhyme schemes; Lev's were freer in form but more puzzling to decipher, more elusive. The selections they had sent displayed their knowledge of English literature and culture. I doubt we had provided such comforts in our avowedly Scottish poems. I just had to hope that all would become clear when we met.

However, not all went smoothly with our travel from Edinburgh via Paris to Moscow. Having had two nearly missed flights recently from Charles De Gaulle airport I started to get twitchy when our flight out of Edinburgh was delayed. The result was that, while we arrived safely in Moscow and on time, we soon discovered our bags had not been transferred from our earlier flight. Many forms later, we got through customs to find two taxis waiting, courtesy of the BC. The drive

through Moscow in the dark was wonderful – so many beautifully illuminated buildings. We glimpsed the Kremlin. Fireworks welcomed us! We settled happily into our lovely hotel: a plate of borscht and some tea for me; a cocktail with chips was also a favourite!

We woke to grey skies and rain so taxis took us to the Dostoevsky Library which was to be our base for the three Moscow days. Our BC hosts (Evgenia, Nadya and Katya) made us more than welcome and then it was time for introductions. We each said a little about our own background and our work, then read a Shakespeare sonnet we liked and a poem of our own which in some way had been inspired or influenced by his work. Then it was time for our first pairing up. and we got down to work: that intimate reading of each other's poem(s), searching for meaning, uncovering idiom and allusion; understanding the subtlety; listening to rhythm and sound; trying to get to the heart of the poem. For the Scottish poets the rigours of metre and rhyme scheme were a challenge; for the Russian poets, perhaps the surface clarity hid more than they expected and they had to dig deep to find the essence. There were discussions about what you might call our 'sticking points': the features we felt were critical to the poem: for example, tone (whether intimate, rhetorical, reflective, conversational or whatever) and whether meaning was more critical than metre or rhythm or rhyme.

Despite being stylistically very different, by the end of the day we had each managed to make a good attempt at one poem and were happy with our mutual efforts. Rose France's literal translations and annotations were a huge help, as was the ability of the Russian poets to discuss technical issues and interpretations in considerable depth in English.

We had planned to visit the area around the Kremlin in the evening but, as we were by then too tired, we had a meal in a local Georgian café and a short walk through quiet, elegant streets. The number of onion domes in sparkling gold never ceased to amaze.

Our Tuesday and Wednesday mornings were cheered by the sun. By now the three of us without luggage were able to laugh about it. (It wouldn't arrive until the following afternoon!) We continued with the same pattern for most of Tuesday and part of Wednesday so that each Scottish poet could spend time individually with each of the three Russian poets, and vice versa. It seemed to work well, and we all managed to create a version of at least one poem per pairing. We had to decide also on how best to present our work to a local audience (mainly

English-speakers).

Despite one or two minor health problems we managed, on our second evening, with a new moon rising behind St Basil's, to walk to Red Square. The Bolshoi Theatre was another beauty spot en route for our evening meal. On the third day, besides working on our translations and planning our event for later in the day, we were given a tour of the extensive and impressive All-Russia State Library for Foreign Literature, a library that works closely with British institutions, including Moffat Book Events.

Our event in Moscow was in Dewar's Powerhouse, a friendly and intimate space which could seat about 50 or 60 people. It was full! Mercifully most were bilingual. They were a most attentive and engaged audience, and genuinely seemed to enjoy hearing the original poems coupled with the translated versions from all six of us. Michael Bird, Director of the BC in Russia, was there to introduce the evening and support the initiative. I think by the end of the evening we were all relieved to have that 'under our belts' and to feel the next leg of our journey would be less arduous.

On the next morning we flew to St Petersburg. The sun

kept shining and we had time for an afternoon walk round the centre: by the River Neva, Pushkin's Bronze Horseman, the Winter Palace, the canals, Pushkin's House – all places where we would have liked to have had time to linger. The evening event had to be cut down a little as only one of the three Russian poets was able to be there. However, Rose and Lev read poems by the others and Jennifer helped too. The event was held in the elegant 'Social Club' – again a fine intimate space. And again the audience (of about 60) seemed to enjoy the blend of sounds and changes in tone as well as language.

It was a short but most memorable trip. We all commented on how much we felt at home, how 'normal' everything seemed, how elegant the city centres, how rich the architectural heritage, how clean the streets compared to our cities, how tasty the food, how well read and erudite the audiences and how warm and helpful all with whom we came into contact.

I think it is safe to say that we are all looking forward to our Russian friends arriving next Spring to continue the conversation and the translation.

Christine De Luca is the Edinburgh Makar.

Winderin and Daday da topic is London

Shetlandic and English translations by Christine De Luca of Russian poems by Marina Boroditskaya.

Marina Boroditskaya's poems were published in her collection "Крутится-вертится" (pub. Vremya, Moscow, 2013) and originally in the journal "Иерусалимский журнал": "Три англичанки" in 2013 and "Пришёл стишок..." in 2011.

Пришёл стишок
ростом с вершок:
– Мама, откуда берутся стихи?

– Их находят в капусте,
их приносит аист,
они заводятся в животе
от любви к другому поэту,
или же к музыканту,
или к целой рок-группе.
Ещё их можно
с кем-нибудь нагулять,
а потом растить в одиночку.

– А меня? А я?
– А тебя, мой маленький –
ветром надуло.

Winderin

A ting o poem cam
A tiddly-wink, a toom,
'Mam, whaar do poems come
fae?'

Der fun i da kale-yerd
browt bi da stork
dey growe in your wame
oot o love for anidder poet,
or a music-makker
or a rock baand, da hale caboo-
dle.

An dey can come aboot
whin you traivel oot
wi someen
an dan raisin dem on your ain.

An me? Whit aboot me, mam?
Mi peerie jewel,
du wis mirrybegyet apö da wind.

Wondering

A tiny poem came
A tiddly-wink, a thumb,
'Mum, where do poems come
from?'

They're found in the cabbage-
patch
brought by the stork
they grow in your tummy
out of love for another poet,
or a music-maker
or a rock band, the whole caboo-
dle.

And they can come about
when you go walking out
with someone
and then raising them on your
own.

And me? What about me, mum?
You, my little one,
were merry-begotten on the wind.

Marina Boroditskaya: Три англичанки

“The city of London is situated on the banks of the river Thames. The river is short but wide and deep on its way to the sea from London” (from a ‘topic’)

Три англичанки, потому что класс делился на три ради углубленья в чужой язык, – три грации: Елена Кирилловна, затем Ирина Львовна, ещё Руфина...Дмитриевна, верно? – придумали отличную игру. Они крепили кнопками к доске большие фотографии: Парламент, Биг-Бен и Темза, площадь Трафальгар с колонной Нельсона и голубями... Мы были экскурсанты. Наш автобус, составленный из стульев, объезжал красоты Лондона. Один из нас преобразался в гида, брал указку и излагал как мог, в тетрадь не глядя, пространный *topic*. Тексты диктовались заранее – или брались из книжки с гвардейцем на обложке: «This is London». Но это было весело, клянусь! Конечно, наши добрые училки не думали, что мы когда-нибудь увидеть сможем площадь Пикадилли. И кто, скажите, видел эту площадь? Артисты, музыканты, циркачи да их конвой, искусствоведы в штатском. Теперь мы знаем, Лондон вправду есть. Париж на свете тоже существует, мы были там: всё на своих местах. Всё есть на этом свете, кроме нас – тех, настоящих, для кого Вестминстер звучал как «мутабор». И лишь автобус, невидимый, бесшумный, сквозь туман плывёт, как хлеб, отпущенный по водам.

Daday da topic is London

Tree English teachers – for da class wis pairtit
inta tree for dellin deeper inta foreign tongues – tree graces: Elena Kirillovna, dan Irina Lvovna an Rufina ... Dmitrievna, wis dat hit? –
wir tocht up a richt fine game for wis ta play.
Dey pinned some muckle photos on da board
Da Hooses o Parliament, Westminster Bridge,
Big Ben, da River Thames, Trafalgar Square,
an Nelson’s Column, scutterin doos ...
Wis da touries seein highlights. Wir bus med up o shairs, wis drivin roond da sights o London toon. Een o wis wid tak a turn as tour guide, hadd da pointer an rōd on as best shō could, ithoot a check on jotter notts. We’d harkit weel an tōn hit doon afore – or copied fae a book wi a guard apō da cover, (bearskin, grrrr): ‘Dis is London’. But heth! Hit wis a fun!
Of coorse wir kindly teachers nivver tocht, even for a meenit dat we wid ivver hae a chance ta lay wir een on Piccadilly Circus. Eftir aa, whaa wis seen dat circle? Showmen, musicians, circus fock an experts in art, nae doot – der plain-cled minders.
Noo, we ken dat London is mair as draem.
Paris an aa, is a rael place on aert, wir bōn dere. Aathin is in hits place, (believe me),
Aathin is apō dis aert, but wis, as we wir, sae real, hūld i da soond, da spell o ‘mutabor’ for Westminster. An on-ly da bus, hoidin soondless i da steekit alleys flotts on, laek bread cōst apō da waters.

Today the topic is London

Three English teachers – since the class was split
in three for digging deeper into foreign tongues – three graces: Elena Kirillovna, then Irina Lvovna and Rufina ... Dmitrievna, was that it? –
had thought up a splendid game for us to play.
They pinned some photos, large ones, on the board
The Houses of Parliament, Westminster Bridge,
Big Ben, the River Thames, Trafalgar Square,
and Nelson’s Column, flustered pigeons ...
We the tourists seeing highlights. Our bus made up of chairs, us driving round the sights of London town. One of us would be the tour guide, hold the pointer, and describe as best she could, without a check on jotter notes.
The words had been dictated in advance – or copied from a book with a guard upon the cover, (bearskin, grrrr): ‘This is London’. It was good fun, I swear!
Of course, our kindly teachers never thought that we would ever have a chance to visit Piccadilly Circus. After all, who had seen that circle? Showmen, musicians, circus folk and experts in art, no doubt – their plain-clothes minders.
Now, we know that London’s more than dream.
Paris too, a real place on earth, we’ve been there: all is in its place, (believe me),
Everything’s on this earth, except for us,
as we were, so real, held by the sound, the spell of ‘mutabor’ for Westminster. And only the bus, hiding mutely in the foggy alleys floats on, like bread cast upon the

A traveller's impressions of the Altay

Geoffrey Harper



Map of the Altay Republic

organizing a tour for naturalists (unfortunately not included in its 2017 brochure, but 2018...?).

While mountaineers tend to head south from Gorno-Altaysk towards Mt Belukha (4499 m) near the border with Kazakhstan, most visitors make use of the c.500 km main road south and then east from Gorno-Altaysk to Tashanta. About half its length is along the Chuya valley, hence its name 'Chuyskiy Trakt'. It follows an ancient trade route between Russia & Mongolia. On the map the route looks obvious: just go south along the Katun' river (which downstream at Biysk joins the Biya to become the Ob'), then east along the Chuya to Tashanta. But the

Most visitors to the Republic of Altay probably enter it via the capital, Gorno-Altaysk, close to the north-west border with Russia's Altayskiy Kray. The republic is about 20% larger than Scotland, mostly upland, with a horst-&-graben structure: this means that, like unevenly laid bricks in a garden path, the land is fractured by geological faults, with some (horst) areas elevated, often mountainous, while others (graben) are lower, sometimes forming flat areas of steppe or semi-desert between the mountain ranges. These dry areas are in the east, near Tashanta on the Mongolian border; in the west there is far higher rainfall (remind you of anywhere?), so that the republic sports a very wide range of vegetation, helped by being in the transition zone between Siberian taiga to the north and arid Central Asian vegetation to the south.

In fact it is the geological history and landscapes that mainly attract me to the Altay. I first visited it in 1991, while living at Akademgorodok near Novosibirsk during the year abroad in the Heriot-Watt course 'Languages for Interpreters & Translators'. Gorbachev was confined to his dacha in the Crimea, and wall newspapers reporting events in Moscow were posted in the institutes. Exciting times. Then in 2015 I re-visited the area on an archaeological tour led by Warwick Ball of Eastern Approaches, and in 2016 conducted a recce with a representative of Greentours Ltd, with a view to

Katun' runs through some canyons impassible to traffic, and the ancient route had to cross mountains to by-pass them. Even along the Chuya valley the old route was sometimes merely a path across a cliff face owing to the difficulty of crossing the river. It is only with modern bridges & explosives that the cliffs have been by-passed, or a road has been blasted out of the rocks. The view down the Chuya valley was taken from a monument beside the road to war-time drivers who kept supply lines open, at considerable hazard to themselves. There is a museum at Biysk devoted to the Trakt.

In 2015 we went about three quarters of the way along the Trakt, arriving at a yurt camp near Aktash ('white rock') in the Chuya valley. From here we struck north, up onto an undulating plateau with what the local guide book called 'Scottish scenery'. And it was: we could have been in Sutherland, except for no heather. The highlight of the tour was on this plateau – the famous Pazyryk burial sites. Early Scythians (c.500 BCE) buried their dead in underground log chambers, surmounted by a heap of stones. This by chance created conditions, at c.1500 m altitude, for permafrost to form in & around the burial chamber, enabling the remarkable preservation of coloured fabrics & carpets, leatherwork, & even skin tattoos. Most of the finds are now in the Hermitage, but the similar 'Ukok Princess' from another

plateau to the south is preserved in an excellent display in the Anokhin Museum in Gorno-Altaysk.

Proceeding north once more we came to the edge of the spectacular Chulyshman valley, and next day the valley led us to 'Lake Baykal's little brother' – namely, Lake Teletskoye. There is no road along the lake, but speedboats conveyed us the 78 km in fine style on a glorious day. The gloomy photo you see overleaf was taken in 2016, much earlier in the year (late June), and in fact the Chulyshman valley was flooded so that our route had to be drastically re-arranged at short notice.

Before the archaeological tour in 2015 I did my homework. As a result I was genned up not only about the Scythians, petroglyphs and other archaeological attractions, but also the post-glacial history of the area. Well before the Scythians, the famous Denisovan remains from c.42,000 years ago, during the last glaciation, were found in the Denisova Cave on the north-west border of the Republic with Altayskiy Kray, west from Gorno-Altaysk. I look forward to seeing the cave on my next visit.

In 2016, however, I did manage to examine something I'd been looking for in 2015 – Altay's 'giant current rip-

ples' (see the Wikipedia article with that title, or the slightly different Russian version 'Гигантская рябь течения'). They resemble sea-shore ripples in sand, but here on a gigantic scale, like sand dunes comprising stones & even small boulders. The only plausible cause, given the enormous amount of energy required to mould the material into dunes, is a dam-burst when the ice blocking a deep valley collapsed causing a massive flood. The photo shows the current ripples on the Kuray Steppe, a short distance up the Chuya valley from Ak-tash, and there are others on the bank of the Katun' near Gorno-Altaysk, and in the Chulyshman valley. Near Ak-tash there is another curious feature caused by the Chuya being blocked by ice: a by-pass valley was gouged out of the mountain, through which the river now flows, while the Trakt uses the old & now dry valley. And further downstream, in the Katun' valley, there are spectacular terraces carved out of several hundred metres of detritus washed down the valleys in the catastrophic flood events characteristic of the post-glacial period in this area. The Altay is a geographer's paradise!

If anyone would like to visit the Altay Republic in 2017, please get in touch, since I may organize another recce (geoffreyharper44@gmail.com).



River Terraces in the Katun' valley



View downstream along the Chuya River from the monument



Giant current ripples in the Kuray Basin [from Wikipedia 'Giant Current Ripples']



View along Lake Teletskoye

Scotland: Mapping the Islands

Christopher Fleet,
National Library of Scotland



Oban and surrounding district. Detail. The rest of this map can be found on http://geo.nls.uk/mapdata2/islands/GUGK_Oban.jpg

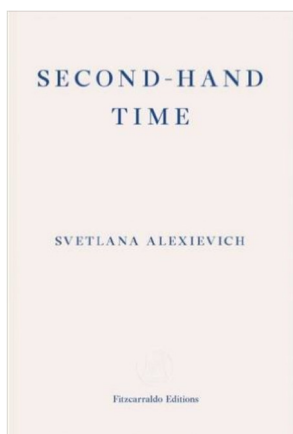
It is quite a sobering thought that throughout the “Cold War”, the Soviet army undertook the most comprehensive survey ever undertaken, creating their own very detailed maps of every country around the globe. The project is still shrouded in some secrecy, but we know it began soon after the Russian revolution with the establishment of the military cartographic administration in 1919, and parts of Britain had already been mapped before the Second World War.

This map centred on Oban was published in 1984, from their series at 1:200,000 scale, and contains all the information one would need for a successful invasion. Although detailed enough, all of Scotland was mapped at the larger scale of 1:100,000 as well, and several larger towns and cities were mapped at 1:10,000, allowing buildings and streets to be clearly seen. The provenance of information on the map is also interesting and eclectic, and sometimes not always easy to trace. Satellite images and aerial reconnaissance provided essential topographic detail, but Ordnance Survey maps, Bartholomew leisure maps and road atlases were consulted too. The hydrographic information is puzzling as although the position of lighthouses (shown with a star symbol) and major rocks could be found on published Admiralty charts, some of the depths and submarine contours are not on any published map at all...

This is only one map, just selected here for its interest

for the Scotland-Russia Forum, included in the new book *Scotland: Mapping the Islands*, published in October by Birlinn in association with the National Library of Scotland. The book reproduces around 170 other full colour illustrations of the most beautiful and historically significant maps of Scotland’s islands, most of them drawn from the splendid collections of the National Library of Scotland. The aim has been to show how maps illustrate important subjects in the history of Scotland’s islands, and the book deliberately takes a thematic approach, with chapters such as naming, navigating, exploiting, defending, improving, escaping, and picturing. The Russian military maps just illustrate recent military concerns, but as we go back in time, other military maps of islands illustrate the threat of conflict with the French, the English, Jacobites or rival clans, utilising different military technologies and different locations of strategic concern. Maps both reflect and drive important processes in the history of Scotland’s islands, and the book aims to show how we can reach a fuller understanding of these processes, and the maps themselves, by examining their context and interconnections.

Scotland: Mapping the Islands by Christopher Fleet, Margaret Wilkes, and Charles W.J. Withers
Published by Birlinn, in association with the National Library of Scotland: 2016
256 pages
Hardback (30 x 28 cm): £30.00
ISBN: 9781780273518
<http://www.birlinn.co.uk/Scotland-Mapping-the-Islands.html>



Second-Hand Time

by Svetlana Alexievich

Reviewed by David Allott

Many people who live outside Russia and the other countries of the former Soviet Union find it very difficult to understand what is happening in those places now and why. Many actually believed that once the old Soviet Union was

blown apart, exposed to western concepts of freedom of speech and capitalism, everything would be fine and dandy. This remarkable book by Svetlana Alexievich will quickly disabuse those people of such notions or preconceptions that they might have entertained. Rome wasn't built in a day and every country's history bears this adage out all too clearly. It has taken us in Britain hundreds of years to get to where we are. Did we really expect after all the suffering, repression and slaughter that Russia, abandoned by everyone and left to God and providence, would cover the same ground in a mere three decades?

Svetlana Alexievich, the author of *Second-Hand Time*, is a former Soviet journalist, originally from Ukraine and now living in Belarus. Her writing and journalism, even in the early eighties, gained her a number of prestigious Soviet awards, and the first of her works based on recorded interviews with people, namely *У войны не женское лицо* ('War Does Not Have a Womanly Face') was published in 1985, just before Gorbachev came to power. *Время секонд хэнд* ('Second-Hand Time') the fifth and last work of the five book cycle, is a massive collage of interviews, indeed, a veritable 'cloud of witnesses' recorded on trains, in flats, in cafes and on streets the length and breadth of the former Soviet Union. She put together these recordings of people who lived through the period of the last sixty or seventy years over a long period of time. These have then been assembled by subtle editing into a carefully crafted whole. The voices of ordinary men and women ('little people') give some testimony of the events that have overwhelmed the peoples of the Soviet Union and the pantheon of states that replaced it after the end of 1991. Once again, the 'malenkiy chelovek', so famous in Russian nineteenth-century writing, is back with us – in droves this time! – in these searing, harrowing, and yet compelling narratives.

Alexievich wants to let these recordings just speak for themselves with very little interruption; and because there is so little interruption by her, we do not interrupt either but just read and listen, trying to understand. Her work owes something, indeed, to Dostoyevsky's polyphonic writing, a term first coined by the Soviet literary academic, Mikhail Bakhtin, many years ago. Nor is this just a catalogue of those injured

and insulted. She speaks to everyone, former Communist and government officials, a child brought up in a boarding school in exile in Karaganda where her mother is in prison, devoted Communist party members, former inmates of the 'gulag', refugees fleeing from ethnic cleansing; in short, a mass of people with very diverse viewpoints and experiences. Alexievich says elsewhere about this work, 'I wanted everyone to shout out their own truth. Both executioners and victims. We tend to think of ourselves as a society of victims. And yet what interested me was why have the executioners been keeping silent.'

The writer is trying to understand the great Soviet experiment and what happened to it. Talking about the 1990's, she says, 'We were flung out of our own particular history into common time. We thought then we could adapt ourselves into that world. The general view was: "We will have the same shop windows, the same shops." Intellectuals thought that they would end up just like that on a level with the worldwide elite. But things have turned out to be not quite so simple. It's an enormous task, demanding free people, which we are not, and the capacity to think freely, something which we have not mastered. And we have ended up going not into the world but away from it.' There seem to be echoes of Piotr Chaadayev's *Lettres philosophiques* written in the 1830's calling us once again to put and answer the question, 'Where has Russia been and where is it going?'

Upon finishing the book, the reader will have been confronted by a mass of memorable images; for example, the woman whose father, a devoted Communist, was arrested for desertion of duty just because he was captured by the Finns in the Finnish War of 1939-40 and is sent to the camps for several years; she still believes in Communism and in the ultimate justice of its cause and has stayed loyal to her values. There is the army officer, whose father, a former NKVD officer, tells him what his work involved and its frightful details; the son calls off his marriage and flees his home and ultimately his country. There is the man who cannot understand why three different newspapers are giving him three different stories about the same event; which one should he believe, he says in frustration. There is the tragic figure of Marshal Akhromeyev, who committed suicide because, as he wrote, 'I cannot go on living while my Fatherland is dying and everything I hitherto considered to be the point of my life is being destroyed'. There is the image of a former defender of Brest Fortress in 1941 who went back there in the 1990's and threw himself under a train, so ashamed was he of what had happened to his country, and the woman who has lived through

Books contd

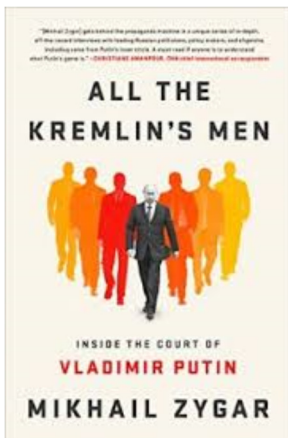
the war, toiled in cement and brick factories, worked on building projects in the Far East in terrible conditions and is now living in her hut back home listening to the trains bound for the West going by her house all day, wondering what her life was all about.

The book, as I have indicated, is very carefully presented and each section is headed and sub-headed with slightly cryptic titles, which require some thought on the part of the reader. These include sections with such titles as: 'Ten Stories from a Red Interior', 'On the Beauty of Dictatorship and the Mystery of Butterflies Crushed Against the Pavement', 'On Romeo and Juliet...Except Their Names Were Margarita and Abulfaz', 'On a Loneliness that Resembles Happiness'. In the whirl of this giant patchwork of stories some phrases stand out, one in particular: 'Without love you will not sort this country out', and I suppose amid the desolation of the experiences of so many that is the one hope that remains with the

reader and with every Russian.

Alexievich said in one interview that for Russia to move forward meaningfully people will need to learn to discuss things properly among themselves and to understand the past without fear and without just feeding prejudices and fears with myths. And this is a message not just for Russia and the Russians or the citizens of the former republics of the Soviet Union. As the world rushes forward into completely uncharted territory, and all sorts of nationalistic and extreme ideological convictions are stirred up in its wake and, indeed, our own country is threatened with division and confrontation, we too need to understand the voices of our past and listen to them with forbearance and tolerance so that we may move forward into the future with a vision not just rooted in the myths of our past.

Second-Hand Time by Svetlana Alexievich.
Published by Fitzcarraldo Editions: 2016
704 pages. Paperback.
Hardback (30 x 28 cm): £14.99
ISBN: 978-1910695111



All the Kremlin's Men. Inside the Court of Vladimir Putin

by Mikhail Zygar

Reviewed by Martin Dewhurst

Even if you have been carefully following Russian political events and discussions since Putin became President, I feel certain that this monograph will tell you many important things that you either never knew or had completely forgotten. This is not to say that I agree with everything that Zygar writes. He is one of the shrewdest Russian journalists, lives and works mainly in Moscow, and fortunately does not harbour a death wish. Taking up the story in 2000, with only very limited flashbacks to the 1990s, he neatly avoids any discussion of Putin's earlier activities and does not speculate on the allegedly kleptocratic nature of the current regime in the Kremlin. What the author does suggest is that Putin, far from being a legendary 'strongman', is in fact *both* being 'played' by his suite *and*, therefore, is constantly 'balancing' the squabbling factions within his 'court'. One can only wonder whether or not the book's title alludes not only to a famous American novel but also to Humpty-Dumpty (Shaltai-Boltai in Russian), who, although he liked to sit on a wall, rather than on a flimsy fence, nonetheless suffered a dreadful fall, after which even 'all the king's men' could not piece him together again.

Zygar also has a tendency to imply that Putin means, or be-

lieves, everything he says, whether in public or in private – a dangerous assumption when applied to *any* politician. To what extent, if at all, has Putin changed his views over the last 15 years? "Russia is undoubtedly part of Europe," Putin told a gathering of Scottish intellectuals' in 2003 (p.43). About a decade later Putin is said to have told the U.S. vice-president, "We are not like you. We only look like you. But we're very different. Russians and Americans resemble each other only physically. But inside we have very different values" (p.249). On another occasion, Putin seemed unable to believe Lord George Robertson that Russia could *apply* to join NATO. Putin apparently expected to be *invited* to join; to apply was apparently beneath his and Russia's dignity (p.110).

The blurb states that Putin is an 'accidental' king and claims that his 'court' is out of control. Zygar has much of interest to say about many of the courtiers, including Medvedev, Surkov, Shuvalov, S. Ivanov, Sechin, Patriarch Kirill, Volodin, Peskov, Shoigu, Kudrin and Kadyrov, but he does not specify whether any of them and, indeed, Putin himself, can be regarded as oligarchs. The closest the author gets to this tricky subject is to mention a former Ukrainian President: 'Having come to power with the support of the Ukrainian oligarchs, Yanukovich had decided to end his dependence on them. The only way to secure full independence from the grandees of

Ukrainian business was to become one of them – and the biggest at that' (p.262).

Zygar is also somewhat vague about the economic preferences of Putin and his entourage. Some seem to prefer state capitalism, others oligarchic capitalism and yet others market capitalism. Perhaps a key role in resolving this issue will be played by the man who, had there been time to add one more

chapter to this updated translation of the original Russian edition, would have been its featured protagonist – yet another 'former' KGB officer, Nikolai Patrushev. He does appear here and there in this volume. Make sure you get up to speed on him!

All the King's Men: inside the court of Vladimir Putin by Mikhail Zygar.
Published by Perseus Books: 2016
Hardcover: £18.99



The New Politics of Russia. Interpreting change

by Andrew Monaghan

Reviewed by Luke March

We live in interesting times, particularly as regards Russia, whose malevolent influence is allegedly all-pervasive, from electing the US president, to inciting Scottish independence,

even to leaking episodes of Sherlock. In this new frenzy of spymania and 'post-fact' politics when the New Cold War (a thesis that seemed frankly barmy a decade ago) is apparently omnipresent, sober, fact-based and forensic argumentation has never been more needed. So this book, whose main focus is on deconstructing the West's narrative of Russia as inaccurate, lazy and stereotypical, could not be timelier. Its author, Andrew Monaghan, has emerged in recent years as one on the UK's most reflective analysts, and this book does not disappoint. It's a fairly brief and easy-to-read volume, which develops the above argument in rigorous but nuanced fashion.

Monaghan shows how the West's narrative relies on obsolete ideological frameworks (e.g. 'reflexive transitionology') that assume Russia is playing catch-up to Western democratic standards and regularly either affects disappointment or upbraids it for falling behind. It relies on an obsession with Putin's fate personally ('Putinology', a form of neo-Kremlinology). Although the transitionology thesis took a bashing with the emergence of Putin, it re-emerged with the 'regime' question' (an obsession with the durability and future longevity of Putin's tenure). It results in an often explicit but unacknowledged identification with the progress and demands of Russia's puny opposition (Monaghan effectively shows how this opposition has little traction within Russia itself, and how Western analyses much amplified its significance in the crucial 2011-2012 electoral cycle, which was seen to presage Putin's demise). More generally, the author argues that Western analysis relies on lazy stereotypes and misquotes ('back to the USSR', Russia as an 'enigma', Putin as regarding the collapse of the USSR as the 'greatest tragedy' of the 20th century, etc.). There is a tendency to repetitive but distorting historical analogies (Putin as Stalin, Stolypin,

Nicholas I/II, Peter I, ad nauseam).

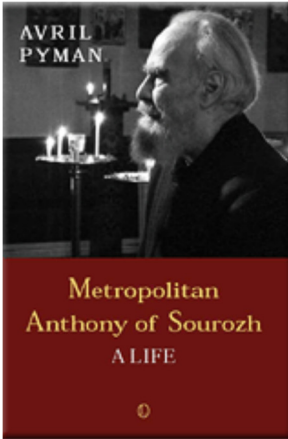
The effect of the misreading of Russia is pernicious 'strategic dissonance' – a cycle of over-optimism, followed by surprise, disappointment and mutual recrimination. Monaghan attributes the causes to several reasons: the opaqueness of the Russian political system, Western ideological paradigms, and the attrition of the Russian expert community in the US and Europe. Without addressing these issues (and particularly the last), we will never 'get Russia right', although Monaghan is pessimistic about the chances.

A few more authors than Monaghan actually acknowledges have tried to get Russia right, but some of them have fallen into the trap of swallowing the Kremlin's narrative wholesale. Monaghan, in contrast, is at pains to argue that significant elements of the Western narrative are at least factually based, and that the Kremlin's claims should not be taken at face value (he is particularly acute is deconstructing the well-worn myth that NATO 'promised' it wouldn't expand eastwards after 1990). A little more of this interrogation of the Kremlin's narrative would have helped balance the book, as in these politicised times the book might be read by some as endorsing Kremlin views of the West's 'Russophobia' (despite this fairly obviously not being its intention). More might be said also about how Western academic obsession with topicality, 'impact' on policy-makers and 'publish or perish' has reduced its ability to challenge dominant narratives or take longer-term perspectives.

All in all, though, this is a masterful book and a refreshing read. It's valuable both to those newer to studying Russia and to anyone who finds it hard to navigate between claim and counter-claim (most of us, including myself). It has gone straight on my student reading list.

The New Politics of Russia. Interpreting change by Andrew Monaghan
Published by Manchester University Press: 2016
Paperback: £15.99
ISBN: 9781784994051

Books contd



Metropolitan Anthony of Sourozh. A Life

by Avril Pyman

Reviewed by Tamara Dragadze

This book is a labour of pure love that shines on every page.

Pyman has painstakingly compiled an encyclopaedic list of events in the driven life of this unique churchman who combined his unshakeable faith with the precarious path in life he believed it was his destiny to take.

On balance, her emphasis is more on his actions as a prelate than the man and his message. Given that there are a variety of books on his spiritual teachings often written by himself, this book fills a gap in our understanding of one of the main issues about the man: how did he balance his somewhat lyrical love of the country of his parents and the tricky challenges of the Soviet government that governed it? Convinced he had to help the persecuted Church there he could nevertheless only do this by revealing his awareness of the oppression there regardless of the authorities' unease. However, he used his position among West European fellow churchmen to plead for understanding of the Moscow Patriarchate's ambiguous position.

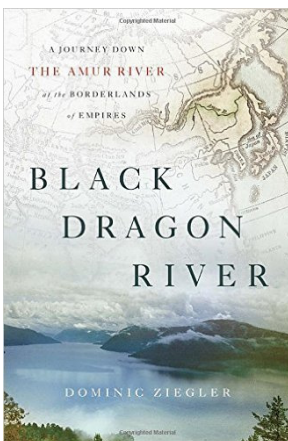
Pyman likewise describes in admirable detail how he built his own diocese in the United Kingdom that was increasingly

populated with converts of many nationalities, an activity he balanced with his mission to help the church in Russia.

The one caveat I have is that the author probably felt herself unable to write more openly about his very last years when the relationship with the Moscow Patriarchate he had defended through thick and thin began to crumble as did his life's work as a church builder in the UK. Indeed, there is no epilogue recounting how Metropolitan Anthony's London flock found itself in the street and survives precariously in fortnightly rented premises in Holborn nor that the cathedral in Ennismore Gardens itself has become a Moscow run chaplaincy for newly arrived Russians. On reflection, whether or not this can cast a significant light on his judgment and his life's work is a moot point.

His memory is revered throughout Western Europe and by many Russians and Avril Pyman's book undoubtedly fulfils our expectations as it is a work of ardent and meticulous scholarship and a worthy testimony to a giant in the pantheon of notable religious leaders.

Metropolitan Anthony of Sourozh. A Life by Avril Pyman
Published by Lutterworth Press: 2016
Paperback (ebook soon): £17.50
ISBN: 9780718894498



Black Dragon River

by Dominic Ziegler

Reviewed by Esther Harper

Dominic Ziegler's *Black Dragon River* is a considered and in depth exploration of an incredibly pivotal (yet often overlooked) region of the world, and brings together both a detailed account of the political past

and present of the region and the thrill and excitement of a physical journey of discovery of these borderlands. Taking its title from the Chinese name for the Amur River, the book tracks Ziegler's trip from the source to the mouth of the river – a journey of some two thousand miles – which sees him explore the complicated relations between Russia, China and Mongolia, analyse the economic and political importance of the river, and meet locals whose very existence is, or has been, dependent on it.

The source of the river is in the mountains of Mongolia, meaning Ziegler's journey begins long before he starts to follow the river's course, as he travels up river. Once he has got as close to the source as possible, he begins his journey proper and, as the river gradually flows deeper and wider, Ziegler offers as deep and wide a story in terms of the Amur's context, first exploring Mongolian history (of course with a strong focus on the role of Genghis Khan) and then moving to analyse its significance as part of the border between Russia and China. Among a number of key places and moments, he explores the Dauria region (the point at which the Mongolian, Russian and Chinese borders meet), which is the site of some important softening of relations between the countries thanks to the rich ecological wildlife which transcends the borders; and, the little-known Damansky Incident of 1969 which followed the souring of Sino-Soviet relations at the time of the

Cultural Revolution in China. Both of these, among others, offer tangible examples of the precariousness of the countries' relationships across the Amur.

At the same time as Ziegler offers a wide lens on the politics of the region, he 'zooms in' at many points to meet locals and find out what the river means for them and their communities. He visits Albazino, which was the first Russian settlement on the river and for which in the present day visitors require special permission to enter; he spends longer than planned in Nikolayevsk after missing the last ferry service of year up river (before the river freezes over); he goes to Birobidzhan to discover the significance of the Jewish Autonomous Community of which the city is the administrative centre; and, he explores the region of Buryatiya, considering the ways in which the region's history has shaped individual republics' cultures and identities.

From his time spent with welcoming and generous locals, it becomes clear to Ziegler that the river and the communities it touches are inextricably connected. It is increasingly obvious that the Amur River is something of a lifeline, both for Russia as a country and for the many small and large pockets of population who live along it. For Russia it has represented, and still represents, an important boundary and defence method; for the communities, it represents both an important part of their past

and present identity and, more basically, subsistence and survival. For both, it represents an original and natural means of connection and communication across a huge expanse of the country which might otherwise have remained unreachable.

Having read a number of books based on journeys in this region (including *Barbed Wire & Babushkas: A River Odyssey Across Siberia* by Paul Grogan, and *One Steppe Beyond: Across Russia in a VW Camper* by Thom Wheeler), I approached Ziegler's account with the hope of finding a fresh and challenging new angle on the significance of the Amur River and its role in Russia's yesterday, today and tomorrow. Needless to say, I haven't 'left' disappointed – it 'covers all bases' convincingly and could as easily be found in your local bookshop's history/politics section as it could in the travel section. For enquiring historians and politicians, it opens up endless new avenues of reading and research, and for inquisitive travellers it suggests an abundance of new journeys and destinations in and around Russia and allows a satisfying vicarious exploration of this far-flung part of the world.

Black Dragon River by Dominic Ziegler
Published by Penguin Australia and USA: 2016
Paperback, hardback and ebook available on Amazon
ISBN: 9780143109891

Tam Dalyell – Obituary

On the 26th January the sad news broke of the death of Tam Dalyell, MP, a man well known and highly respected in Parliamentary circles and esteemed everywhere for his integrity, high principles and sense of fairness. In 2003 when invited to become the president of the newly formed Scotland-Russia Forum, he accepted the invitation with pleasure as he deeply believed in its basic aim. At the same time he made it abundantly clear that he wanted to be of real use to the Forum and not just a name on its notepaper.

Tam Dalyell's family connections with Russia went as far back as the 17th century when a forebear, also by the name of Tam Dalyell, fought with distinction for Tsar Alexei against the Poles, Turks and Tartars. As a Jacobite, he was able to return to Scotland after the restoration of Charles II to the throne and wage a ruthless campaign against the covenanters, a Scottish Presbyterian movement opposed to the Episcopal form of worship. In view of his service in Russia the nickname given him by those he persecuted was 'the Bluidy Muscovite'.

The regiment that he founded was to become the Scots Greys of Waterloo fame and eventually the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards. A portrait by the famous Russian painter Valentin Serov of Nicholas II in the uniform of the Royal Scots Greys, of which the Tsar was colonel-in-chief, hangs in the regiment's headquarters in Edinburgh Castle. Representatives of the same regiment participated in the ceremony for the re-internment of that tsar's ashes in St Petersburg in 1998. Despite his family connections with the famous regiment, Tam Dalyell eschewed any form of favouritism and did his National Service in the regiment as a trooper.

The Russian connection enticed many visitors from Russia and other countries of the former Soviet Union to visit the Binns, the homely residence of the Dalyell family near Linlithgow, to meet the Forum's honorary president. They were always courteously received, and with genuine interest, by Tam and his charming wife, Kathleen. In all respects Tam Dalyell was, directly and indirectly, a wonderful ambassador for the Scotland-Russia Forum. It is right and appropriate, therefore, that his name appears on the Forum's notepaper as 'Founder President.'

Dairmid Gunn

Forthcoming SRF events

1st Thurs of every month: Chai n Chat

11am, Summerhall Café. Russian / English conversation.

Mon 13 Feb: Dairmid Gunn - "Cold Seas and Warm Friendships. Commemorating Veterans of the Arctic Convoys"

2-3pm. A talk at the National Library of Scotland by Lt. Commander Dairmid Gunn OBE, Hon. Vice-President of the Scotland-Russia Forum. Jointly organised by the National Library of Scotland and SRF.

Thurs 23 Feb: Maxim Katz - "Russian politics today".

5-6.30pm, University of Glasgow, Adam Smith Building, room 916. A talk by a young Russian politician and Yabloko member currently based in Glasgow. Jointly organised by the University of Glasgow and the SRF.

Tues 21 March: Revolution – New Art for a New World

6.05pm (tbc) at Edinburgh Filmhouse. The film will be introduced by the director Margy Kinmonth. Jointly organised by Edinburgh Filmhouse and the SRF.

Tues 28 March: Robert Brinkley - "The current situation in Ukraine"

5pm, Room G.04, 50 George Square, University of Edinburgh. Jointly organised by the Europa Research Group and the SRF.

The FORUM

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All opinions expressed are those of the contributors, and don't necessarily coincide with those of the committee or the editors.

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Monthly e-news:

www.scotlandrussiaforum.org/archive.html#bulletins

Recipe

Margaret's STOLICHNY SALAD

INGREDIENTS:

4 medium-sized Potatoes / 1 Carrot / 4 Eggs / 1 Green Apple / 1 medium Onion / 4 Pickled Cucumbers / 200gr. Cooked Chicken / 300gr. Tinned Peas / 200gr. Mayonnaise / Salt and pepper.

METHOD:

Rinse the potatoes and carrots (unpeeled).

Place them in a saucepan and cover with water, bring to the boil and simmer for 40 minutes until tender.

Remove them and cool.

Place the eggs into salted water and bring to the boil, boil for 8-10 minutes, then immediately put them in a bowl of cold water to cool (essential so that they don't get a green ring round the yolk). Then peel.

Peel the potatoes, carrot and apple and cut into small dice.

Peel and dice the onion, chicken and pickled gherkins.

Dice the eggs.

Combine everything in a large bowl and add the tinned peas. Season with salt and pepper.

Stir in the mayonnaise and leave to stand to develop and mingle the flavours.

Serve and enjoy!

This recipe comes from Margaret Rowse, Managing Director of The Russia House—travel agents, visa specialists and MUCH more since 1970. Go to <http://www.therussiahouse.co.uk> or contact them on 0207 403 9922 if you are travelling to Russia.

The picture shows the salad served at the SRF Christmas party based on this recipe.

