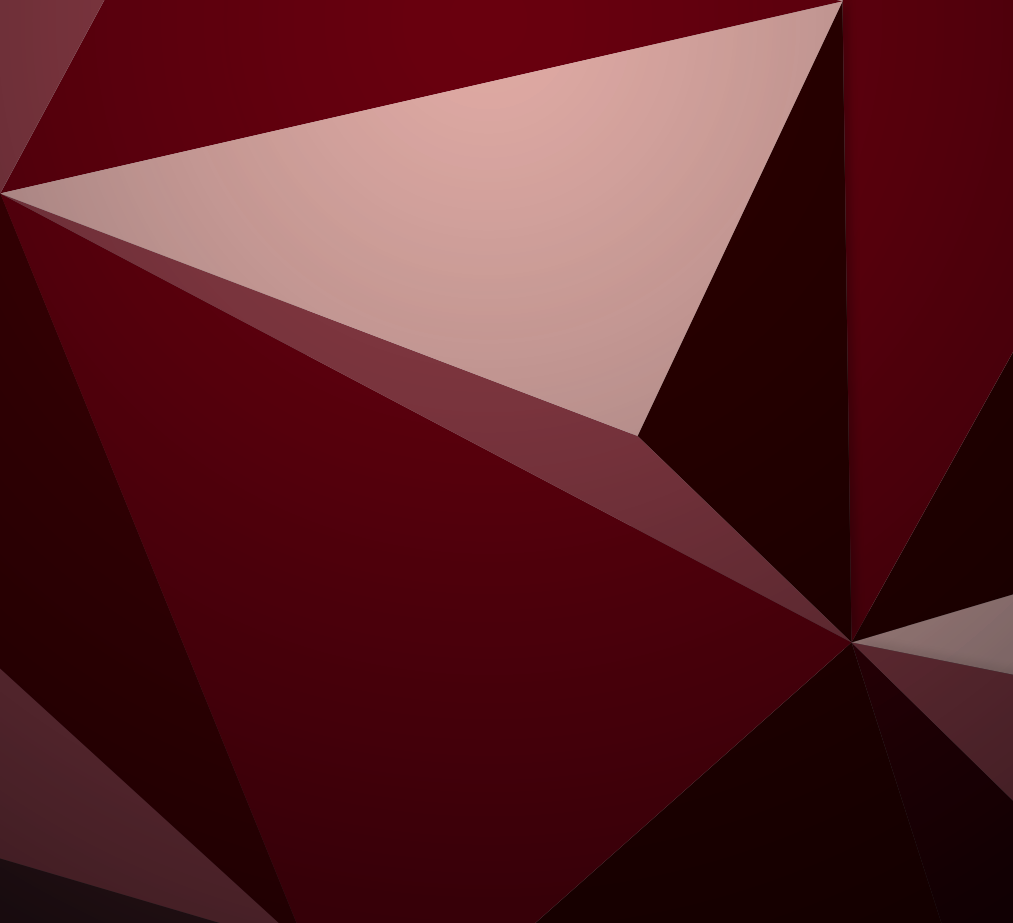


# Shostakovich

## Symphony No. 13 "Babi Yar"

OLEG TSIBULKO · RUSSIAN NATIONAL ORCHESTRA  
KIRILL KARABITS





**Dmitri Shostakovich** (1906-1975)

**Symphony No. 13 in B Minor, Op. 113 “Babi Yar” (1962)**

1	I. Babi Yar: Adagio	15. 18
2	II. Humour: Allegretto	7. 30
3	III. In the Store: Adagio	11. 45
4	IV. Fears: Largo	11. 07
5	V. A Career: Allegretto	12. 30

Total playing time: 58. 13

**Oleg Tsibulko**, bass

**Popov Academy of Choral Arts Choir**

**Alexei Petrov**, artistic director

**Kozhevnikov Choir**

**Nikolai Azarov**, artistic director

**Russian National Orchestra**

**Kirill Karabits**, conductor

**A slice of life in Stalinist Russia**

Yevgeny Yevtushenko was only twenty-eight years old when, on 19 September 1961, his poem ‘Babi Yar’ was published in the Soviet literary journal *Literaturnaya gazeta*. Though it was not the first, or even the most important, literary marker of Nikita Khrushchev’s ‘Thaw’, the poem ignited controversy in a way that Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn’s *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (published a year later) did not, even though Solzhenitsyn’s account was an overt indictment of Stalin’s Gulags, while Yevtushenko’s poem had nothing to do with Stalinism. To understand why Yevtushenko was attacked so viscerally for this poem, we need to appreciate both what Khrushchev was trying to achieve, but also to understand the limits of his drive for reform. Since his ‘secret speech’ at the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956, Khrushchev had attacked Stalin personally and Stalinism in general as an evil that had to be rooted out of the Soviet psyche; he

even included himself in those needing to be purged of it. He personally sanctioned publication of *One Day in the Life* in November 1962. Yet while Solzhenitsyn was praised, Valeriy Kosolapov, the editor who approved ‘Babi Yar’ for publication, was sacked, and Yevtushenko himself received vitriolic letters from the public. Clearly he had touched a raw nerve: for he exposed the scourge of Soviet antisemitism, sanctioned from the very top. Jews may no longer have been referred to as ‘rootless cosmopolitans’ and arrested or murdered, as they were in Stalin’s post-war purges. But social prejudice against them remained a fact of Soviet life nonetheless.

The subject of Yevtushenko’s poem was the site of a Nazi atrocity. Babi Yar was a ravine outside Kiev; here, in September 1941, the Jewish population of the entire city and its environs was rounded up and murdered. Over the remaining period of Nazi occupation the ravine was repeatedly used as a mass grave for communists,

partisans, Roma and other Nazi targets; the precise number of victims (estimated at over 100,000) could never be identified owing to attempts to dispose of the remains, and Yad Vashem has been able to record the names of just 3,000 Jewish souls — far fewer than 10% of the total number of Jews killed there. Yevtushenko visited the site in 1961 and was dismayed to find no memorial; in fact, it was not until after the collapse of Soviet power in 1991 that a permanent memorial was installed there.

Yevtushenko was never a Soviet ‘dissident’ in the true sense; in fact, he attracted criticism from all sides for either being insufficiently respectful to Soviet power, or for being too loyal to it. Some of the awkwardness, both in his precarious ethical positioning and in his poems themselves, can be discerned in another poem set by Shostakovich in this symphony: the essentially pro-Soviet (though anti-Stalinist) ‘Fears’. ‘Babiy Yar’,

though, pulls no moral punches. It vividly captures Yevtushenko’s horror on visiting the scene of these outrages: the lines ‘And I myself am one long soundless scream/ Above the thousand thousands buried here/I am every old man here shot dead/I am every child here shot dead/Nothing in me will ever forget this’ are among the most powerful he ever penned. Yet it was these very lines which, after the symphony’s premiere in 1962, Yevtushenko was forced to change. The new verse ran as follows: ‘I think about Russia’s heroic feats/In blocking fascism’s path/To the tiniest dewdrop/Her whole essence and fate is dear to me.’ Thus did Khrushchev’s administration force Yevtushenko to deface his poem, replacing its hardest-hitting lines with doggerel.

Shostakovich read Yevtushenko’s poem and set it to music soon afterwards, intending ‘Babiy Yar’ to be a stand-alone choral work. But after they had spoken on the phone and met in person, Shostakovich

decided to set more of Yevtushenko’s poems and shape them into his Thirteenth Symphony. Inspired by his conversations with Shostakovich, Yevtushenko wrote and published ‘Fears’ — describing the years of Stalin’s terror — which was published on the same day as his poem ‘Stalin’s Heirs’, printed in the ultra-orthodox Party paper *Pravda* in October 1962. As the Shostakovich scholar Laurel Fay has noted, the timing of Shostakovich’s symphony — set for a premiere in late December 1962 — therefore seemed auspicious. Though attracting vitriol the previous year for ‘Babiy Yar’, if anything, Yevtushenko’s contribution to Khrushchev’s mission for Soviet society to move ‘away from Stalin, back to Lenin’ was increasing his fame and success. Shostakovich, for his part, was consciously joining hands with the younger generation and re-discovering the moral voice he was so afraid of losing. But — not for the first time in Shostakovich’s career — the ideological ground shifted dramatically between composition and performance.

Khrushchev visited a modern art exhibition in the Manezh building near the Kremlin on 1 December 1962 and took an instant dislike to what he saw there. Much as Stalin’s experience of Shostakovich’s opera ‘Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk’ had kick-started a campaign against ‘formalism’ and ‘anti-Soviet’ art in 1936, Khrushchev’s reaction to the artistic fruits of his ‘Thaw’ was similarly visceral, if less murderous. Irritated by what he perceived as excesses in the visual arts, he summoned artists, writers and composers to the Kremlin for a general dressing-down, just days before the symphony’s premiere; both Yevtushenko and Shostakovich attended. Khrushchev was also personally angered by Yevtushenko’s exposure of antisemitism; probably unbeknown to Yevtushenko, after the war, in his role as Chair of the Central Committee of the Ukrainian Communist Party, he had personally refused to sanction a memorial at Babiy Yar. Shostakovich, who loathed antisemitism and refused to indulge in denials that it



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was a problem in Soviet society, heard in Yevtushenko's poem a call to arms: a new ethics for their new, supposedly de-Stalinized, era. But that was a step too far for Khrushchev.

Yet although pressure was brought to bear on key figures involved in the premiere — Shostakovich lost his original choice of conductor, bass soloist and even his second choice soloist — Shostakovich himself was not attacked. Joining the Party in 1960 had given him protection from further persecution, and for the first time in his career, he decided to exploit his protected status with a work he knew would be controversial. Despite attempts to intimidate the conductor Kirill Kondrashin, the premiere went ahead and both composer and poet were given a standing ovation.

The first movement, 'Babi Yar', towers over the rest of the symphony by virtue of its sheer moral and musical force. After

the sombre opening, Shostakovich uses different musical registers to represent other voices; in the violent depiction of the pogrom, for example, even though the interlocutor is a small boy, the music speaks in the thuggish tones of the attackers, briefly referencing the well-known Russian folk song 'Akh moi seni' in the brass, but aggressively, as though to show how the apparent innocent voice of national culture can become violent and corrupted when turned against those deemed unwelcome. In the Anne Frank verses, though, Shostakovich speaks directly through her assumed voice, childlike and lyrical. The searing lines closing the poem call forth some of the most harrowing music Shostakovich ever wrote, recalling the tragic epic of *Lady Macbeth's* final scene with a desperately urgent call to moral awakening.

The second movement, setting the poem 'Humour', opens with a rumbustious energy, but is soon edged with menace.

As Shostakovich reached the lines about ‘humour’ escaping execution, he quotes boldly from his song ‘MacPherson Before His Execution’ from his earlier work *Six Romances on Texts of W. Raleigh, R. Burns and W. Shakespeare* op. 62. The dedicatee of the song, Isaak Glikman, was a lifelong friend of the composer’s, whose sense of humour Shostakovich especially appreciated. But what should we understand by this self-quotation? As so often with Shostakovich’s music, it is easier to detect hidden meanings than it is to decipher them; ‘Humour’ is perhaps in part about ‘speaking truth to power’, but the forceful tone of this movement suggests that, for Shostakovich, humour — a vital element of his personality and an essential survival mechanism — merited a strong, assertive character, not merely a comic one.

‘In the Store’ sets banal everyday scenes — a queue of Soviet housewives patiently waiting in a shop — with an almost

sacred reverence and compassion; even their ‘clanking of cans’ (represented by castanets and woodblock) is invested with dignity. ‘Fears’ — the poem Yevtushenko wrote in response to Shostakovich’s desire to set more of his work — is another multi-voiced setting. Though Yevtushenko was too young to remember the years of Stalin’s terror, he had heard about them second-hand from his grandfather, and he and Shostakovich apparently discussed those years frankly together. As Shostakovich set the words evoking those chilling memories, he avoids any suggestion of anger, but agitation is clearly audible in the whole passage, recalling perhaps the gnawing anxiety of those times. He also does not fail to replicate the dreaded knock at the door, on quiet timpani.

The ‘alien’ voice enters with the verse beginning ‘We were not afraid to build in snowstorms’ — perhaps the weak point in Yevtushenko’s poem. As with ‘Akh moi seni’ in ‘Babi Yar’, the assumed voice here

takes the form of a popular song, this time that of the civil-war era revolutionary song, in particular ‘Smelo, tovarishchi, v nogu’ (Bravely, comrades, march on). Again, we cannot really know how this distancing technique is meant to be understood — was Shostakovich tapping into the ‘Back to Lenin’ nostalgia of the early 1960s, or is he creating a more critical distance between his own voice and that of more orthodox Soviet sentiment? The final lines of the ‘revolutionary song’ verse typify Yevtushenko’s tendency to swing between an ‘unofficial’ and ‘official’ voice, here celebrating the Soviet Union’s ‘spreading of fear’ in the hearts of their ‘enemies’ — a very Cold War sentiment indeed. It is hard to imagine Shostakovich feeling in complete accord with this, and in fact when he next turned to a Yevtushenko poem (for his cantata *Stepan Razin*), he freely cut lines that displeased him. Perhaps he did not feel quite able to do that at such an early stage of his acquaintance with the poet, and so kept

the whole poem, but found a way to distance himself from the parts he felt less attuned to.

The text of ‘A Career’, the final poem in the symphony, was especially rich in meaning for Soviet intellectuals of the 1960s. Yevtushenko could not have written this poem in Stalin’s time, when the ‘careerists’ held the whip hand over artists, advancing their own careers by denouncing and persecuting those with infinitely more talent and courage. It is here that Shostakovich allows himself to smile for the first time in the symphony; his not-entirely good-natured jibe at the Soviet writer Alexei Tolstoy is openly humorous, while the lilting introduction and conclusion for flute duet anticipate the childlike beauty of the final song in his cycle *Suite on Texts of Michelangelo Buonarroti* op. 145, written right at the end of his life.

**Pauline Fairclough**





## I. Babi Yar

Nad Babyim Yarom pamyatnikov net.  
Krutoy obryv, kak gruboye nadgrobye.  
Mne strashno,  
mne segodnya stol'ko let,  
kak samomu yevreiskomu narodu.

Mne kazhetsya seichas – ya iudey.  
Vot ya bryedu po dryevnemu Egiptu.  
A vot ya, na kryeste raspyaty, gibnu,  
i do sikh por na mne – sledy gvozdey.

Mne kazhetsya, shto Dreifus – eto ya.  
Meshchanstvo – moy donoschik i sudya.  
Ya za reshotkoy, ya popal v kol'tso,  
zatravlennyi, oplyovannyi, obolgannyi.  
I damochki s bryusselskimi oborkami,  
vizsha, zontami tichut mne v litso.

Mne kazhetsya – ya mal'chik v Belostoke.  
Krov' lyotsya, rastekayas' po polam.

1

## I. Babi Yar

No memorial stands over Babi Yar.  
Only a steep cliff, like a rough gravestone.  
I'm terrified,  
today, I am as old  
as the Jewish nation itself.

I feel now as if I am a Jew.  
Here I wander through ancient Egypt.  
And here I am on the cross, crucified and  
perishing,  
and I still have the nail marks on me.

I feel as if I am Dreyfus.  
The bourgeoisie tells on me and judges me.  
I am behind bars. I am surrounded,  
tormented, spat on, slandered.  
And fine ladies dressed in Brussels lace,  
with squeals, they poke their parasols into  
my face.

I feel as if I am a boy in Białystok.  
The blood is flowing, covering the floor.

Beschinstvuyut vozhdı traktirnoy stoyki.  
I pakhnut vodkoy s lukom popolam.  
Ya, sapogom otbroshennyi, bessilnyi,  
naprasno ya pogromshchikov molyu.  
Pod gogot: "Bey zhıdov! Spasay Rossıyu!" –  
Labaznik izbıvayet mat' moyu.

O, russkiy moy narod, ya znayu, ty  
Po sushchnosti internatsionalen.  
No chasto te, chyı ruki nechisty,  
tvoim chisteishim imyenem bryatsali.  
Ya znayu dobrotu moyey zıemli.  
Kak podlo, shto, i zhılachkoy ne drognuı,  
antisemity narekli sebya:  
"Soyuzom russkovo naroda" !

Mne kazhetsya, ya – eto Anna Frank,  
prozrachnaya, kak vetochka v aprele,  
i ya lyublyu, i mne ne nado fraz,  
No nado, shtob drug v druga my smotreli.

Kak malo mozžno videt', obonyat'!  
Nel'zya nam listyev i nel'zya nan neba,  
no mozžno ochen' mnogo –  
eto nezžno

The tavern counter chiefs revel.  
And they smell of vodka and onions.  
As I am kicked to the ground, I am helpless,  
I plead in vain with the hoodlums.  
As they gaggle: "Kill the Yids! Save Russia!"  
A merchant is beating my mother.

Oh my Russian people, I know,  
you are in essence internationalists.  
But often those with stained hands  
abused your purest name.  
I know the kindness of my land.  
How vile, that without a flinch  
the antisemites proclaimed themselves:  
"The Union of the Russian People."

I feel as if I am Anne Frank,  
transparent, like a twig in April,  
and I am in love and I don't need words,  
but need for us to look into each other.

How little one can see, can smell!  
We can't have leaves and we can't have the  
sky,  
but there is so much that we can,



drug druga v tyomnoy komnate obnyat!

– “Syuda idut!”  
– “Ne boysa. Eto guly  
samoy vesny, ona syuda idyot.  
Idi ko mne,  
day mne skoreye guby!”  
– “Lomayut dver’!”  
– “Net! Eto ledokhod!”

Nad Babyim Yarom shelest dikikhh trav,  
derevyia smotryat grozno, po-sudeyski.  
Zdes’ molcha vsyo krichit,  
i, shapku snyav,  
ya chuvstvuyu, kak medlenno sedeyu.

I sam ya, kak sploshnoy bezzvuchnyi krik,  
nad tysyachami tysyach pogrebyonnykh.  
Ya – kazhdyi zdes’ rasstrelyannyi starik.  
Ya – kazhdyi zdes’ rasstrelyannyi rebyonok.

Nishto vo mne pro eto nye zabudet.  
“Internatsional” pust’ progremit,  
kogda naveki pokhoronen budet

we tenderly  
embrace each other in a dark room!

– “They’re coming!”  
– “Don’t be afraid. These are the sounds  
of spring itself, spring is coming here.  
Come to me,  
quickly, give me your lips!”  
– “They’re breaking down the door!”  
– “No! It’s the drift ice breaking!”

The wild grass rustles over Babi Yar,  
the trees stare sharply, passing judgment.  
Everything here screams in silence,  
and, having taken off my hat,  
I feel myself slowly turning grey.

And I, myself am one long soundless scream  
above the thousand thousands buried here.  
I am every old man here shot dead.  
I am every child here shot dead.

Nothing in me will ever forget this.  
May the “Internationale” roar  
once every last antisemite on earth

posledniy na zemle antisemit.

Yevreyskoy krovi net v krovi moyey,  
no nenavisten zloboy zaskaruzloy  
ya vsem antisemitam kak yevrei,  
I potomu ya nastoyashchiy russskiy!

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## I. Yumor

Tsari, koroli, imperatory,  
vlastiteli vsey zyeimli  
komandovali paradami,  
no yumorom, no yumorom  
ne mogli. Ne mogli.  
V dvortsy imenitnykh osob,  
vse dni vozhlezhashchikh vykholenno,  
yavlyalsya brodyaga Ezop,  
i nishchimi oni vyglyadeli.

Yavlyalsya brodyaga Ezop,  
i nishchimi oni vyglyadeli.

V domakh, gde khazha nasledil  
svoimi nogami shchuplymi,

has been buried.

There is no Jewish blood in blood of mine,  
yet like a Jew I am hated and despised  
by all antisemites –  
and that is why I am a true Russian!

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## II. Humour

Tsars, kings, emperors,  
the rulers of the world  
were in command of the parades  
but couldn’t rule over humour,  
they couldn’t rule over humour.  
Arrived to the noblemen’s palaces,  
to those who spent their days reclining in style,  
it was Aesop, the vagabond,  
who made them all appear penniless.

Aesop the vagabond showed up  
and they all seemed penniless.

In houses marked by a prude,  
with his weak little legs,

Vsyu poshlost' Khodzha Nasreddin  
shibal, kak shakhmaty, shutkami!  
Khoteli yumor kupit',  
da tol'ko yevo ne kupish!  
Khoteli yumor ubit',  
a yumor pokazyval kukish!

Borotsya s nim delo trudnoye.  
Kaznili yevo bez kontsa.  
Yevo golova otrublennaya  
torchala na pike streltsa.  
No lish skomoroshji dudochki  
svoy nachinali skaz,  
on zvonko krichal:  
"Ya tutochki!"  
I likho puskalsya v plyas.

V potryopannom kutsem pal'tishke,  
ponuryas' i slovno kayas',  
prestupnikom politicheskim  
on, poymannyi, shol na kazn'.  
Vsem vidom pokornost' vykazyval,  
gotov k nezemnomu zhityu,  
kak vdrug iz pal'tishka vyskal'zyval,

Nasreddin Hodja was fighting crassness with  
jokes,  
knocking it down like pieces on a chessboard!  
They've tried bribing humour,  
but humour just couldn't be bought!  
They've tried killing humour,  
but humour gave them the fig.

Fighting him is a tough job.  
He's been executed over and over.  
His chopped-off head  
was sitting on top of a soldier's pike.  
But as soon as the buffoon's pipes  
would start telling their tale,  
he would cry out:  
"Here I am!"  
and would break into a dashing dance.

In his worn out scanty coat,  
with lowered gaze, he would appear to be  
repenting,  
caught as a political prisoner,  
he would be going to his execution.  
He would appear in full submission,  
as if he was ready for life after life,

rukoi makhal  
i tyu-tyu!

Yumor pryatali v kamery,  
da chyorta s dva udalos'.  
Reshotki i steny kamennyye  
on prokhodil naskvoz'.  
Otkashlivayas' prostuzhenno,  
kak ryadovoy boyets,  
shagal on chastushkoy-prostushkoy  
s vintovkoy na Zimniy dvorets.

Privyk on ko vzglyadam sumrachnym,  
no eto yemu ne vryedit,  
i sam na sebya s yumorom  
yumor poroy glyadit.  
On vechen.  
Vechen!  
On lovok.  
Lovok!  
I yurok,  
I yurok!  
Proydyot cherez vsyo, cherez vsekh.

when he'd suddenly jump out of his coat,  
wave his hand  
and bye-bye!

They've hidden humour away in prison cells,  
but there wasn't a chance in hell.  
Both through bars and stone walls,  
he would go with ease.  
Coughing, he'd clear his throat,  
just like an ordinary soldier with a cold,  
humour would be marching along, as a comic  
jingle,  
with a rifle to the Winter Palace.

He is used to sinister looks,  
they don't worry him at all,  
and from time to time,  
even humour sees himself with some humour.  
He is eternal.  
Eternal!  
He is skilful.  
Skilful!  
And swift,  
and swift!  
He will get through everyone and everything.

Itak, da slavitsa yumor!  
On muzhestvennyi chelovek!

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### III. V Magazine

Kto v platke, a kto v platochke,  
kak na podvig, kak na trud,  
v magazin poodinochke  
molcha zhenshchiny idut.

O, bidonov ikh bryatsan'ye,  
zvon butylok i kastryul'!  
Pakhnet lukom, ogurtsami,  
pakhnet sousom "Kabul'."

Zyabnu, dolgo v kassu stoya,  
no pakuda dvizhus' k ney,  
ot dykhanya zhenshchin stol'kikh  
v magazine vsyo tepley.

Oni tikho podzhidayut,  
bogi dobryie semyi,  
i v rukakh oni szhimayut  
den'gi trudnyie svoyi.

And so, glory to humour!  
He is a brave fellow!

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### III. In the Store

Some wearing shawls, some scarves,  
as to a great challenge, as to an act of labour,  
to the store one by one  
women are walking in silence.

Oh, the clanking of their cans,  
the jingle of bottles and pots!  
It smells of onions, cucumbers,  
it smells of the "Kabul" sauce.

I shiver in the long queue to the cash desk,  
but as I move closer,  
with the breath of so many women  
it gets warmer and warmer in the store.

Waiting quietly,  
they are the family providence,  
and they clasp in their hands  
their hard-earned money.

Eto zhenshchiny Rossii.  
Eto nasha chest' i sud.  
I beton oni mesili,  
i pakhali, i kosili ...  
Vsyo oni perenosili,  
vsyo oni perenesut.

Vsyo na svete im posil'no, –  
skol'ko sily im dano!  
Ikh obschityvat' postydno!  
Ikh obveshivat' greshno!

I v karman pel'meni sunuv,  
ya smotryu, surov i tikh,  
na ustalyie ot sumok  
ruki pravednyie ikh.

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### IV. Strakhi

Umirayut v Rossii strakhi,  
slovno prizraki prezhnikh let,  
lish na paperti, kak starukhi,  
koye-gde yeshcho prosyat na khleb.

These are the women of Russia.  
This is our honour and our supreme judge.  
They have mixed concrete by hand,  
they ploughed, and they scythed ...  
They have been through everything,  
they will withstand everything to come.

Nothing in this world is impossible for them –  
much strength they have been gifted with!  
It is a disgrace to short-change them!  
It is a sin to short-weight them!

As I shove dumplings into my pocket,  
I am stern and quiet, I look  
at how weary from carrying the bags  
their hands are righteous.

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### IV. Fears

Fears are dying out in Russia,  
like the ghosts of bygone years;  
only on church steps, like old women,  
they still beg for bread in certain places.

Ya ikh pomnyu vo vlasti i sile  
pri dvore torzhestvuyushchey Izhi.  
Strakhi vsyudu, kak teni, skol'zili,  
pronikali vo vse etazhi.

Potikhon'ku lyudey priruchali  
i na vsyo nalagali pechat':  
gde molchat' by –  
krichat' priuchali,  
i molchat' –  
gde by nado krichat'.

Eto stalo sevodnya dalyokim.  
Dazhe stranno i vspomnit' teper'.  
Taynyi strakh pered chym-to donosom,  
taynyi strakh pered stukom v dver'.

Nu, a strakh govorit' s inostrantsem?  
S inostrantsem-to shto, a s zhenoy?  
Nu, a strakh bezotchetnyy ostatsya  
posle marshey vdvoyom s tishinoy?

I still remember them in full power and might  
at the triumphant court of lies.  
Fears used to slither everywhere, like shadows,  
penetrating every floor.

They were steadily training people  
and left nothing without their mark:  
when one should keep quiet  
fears taught to shout,  
and to keep silent  
when one needs to shout.

Today, all this seems long gone.  
It feels strange to even remember this now.  
The secret fear of someone telling on you,  
the secret fear of a knock at the door.

And how about the fear of speaking to a  
foreigner?  
Let alone to a foreigner, even to your own wife!  
And how about the unaccountable fear of  
being left  
alone with silence, after the marches have  
passed.

Ne boyalis' my stroit' v meteli,  
ukhodit' pod snaryadami v boy,  
no boyalis' poroyu smertel'no  
razgovarivat' sami s soboy.

Nas ne sbili i ne rastlili,  
i nedarom seichas vo vragakh  
pobedivshaya strakhi Rossiya  
yeshcho bolshyi rozhdayet strakh.

Strakhi novyye vizhu, svetleya:  
strakh neiskrennim byt' so stranoy,  
strakh nepravdoy unizit' idei,  
shto yavlyayutsya pravdoy samoy;  
strakh fanfarit' do odurenya,  
strakh chuzhyie slova povtoryat',  
strakh unizit' drugikh nedoveriyem  
i chrezmerno sebe doveryat'.

Umirayut v Rossii strakhi.  
I kogda ya pishu eti stroki  
i poroyu nevol'no speshu,  
to pishu ikh v yedinstvennom strakhe,  
shto ne v polnuyu silu pishu.

We were not afraid to build in snowstorms,  
nor of going away into battle under shellfire,  
but at times we were mortally terrified  
of talking to ourselves.

We have not been diverted nor corrupted,  
and it is for a good reason that now  
that Russia, that has conquered its own fears,  
spawns even greater fear in our enemies.

Delighted, I see new fears:  
the fear of not being true to the country,  
the fear of lying and disrespecting those ideas,  
which form in themselves the truth;  
the fear of fanfaronading oneself into a stupor,  
the fear of repeating someone else's words,  
the fear of disrespecting others with a lack of  
trust,  
and that of trusting oneself too much.

Fears are dying out in Russia.  
And as I am writing these lines,  
and I hurry at times without realizing,  
I write them with a single fear in mind  
That of not writing with all my power.

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## V. Karyera

Tverdili pastyri, shto vreden  
i nerazumen Galiley.  
(Shto nerazumen Galiley  
Shto nerazumen Galiley)  
No, kak pokazyvayet vremya,  
kto nerazumney – tot umney!

Uchyonyi, sverstnik Galileya,  
byl Galileya ne glupeye.  
On znal, shto vertitsya zemlya,  
no u nevo byla semya.

I on, sadyas s zhenoy v karetu,  
svershiv predatel'stvo svoyo,  
schital, shto delayet karyeru,  
a mezhdu tem gubil yeyo.

Za osoznaniye planety  
shol Galiley odin na risk,  
i stal velikim on. Vot eto –  
ya ponimayu – karyerist!

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5

## V. A Career

The preachers insisted  
that Galileo was dangerous and foolish.  
(That Galileo was foolish  
That Galileo was foolish)  
But, as proven by time,  
the fool is the one who's wiser!

One scientist, Galileo's fellow,  
was just as wise as Galileo.  
He knew that the earth rotates,  
but he had a family.

And as he was stepping into a carriage with  
his wife  
having committed his betrayal,  
he imagined he was making a career,  
while actually destroying it.

For his study of the planet  
Galileo alone took the risk,  
and he did become a great man.  
Now that is a careerist!

Itak, da zdravstvuyet karyera,  
kogda karyera takova,  
kak u Shekspira i Pastera,  
Nyutona i Tolstovo,  
i Tolstovo ... L'va?  
L'va!

Zachem ikh gryazyu pokryvali?  
Talent – talent, kak ni kleyimi.  
Zabyty te, kto proklinali,  
no pomnyat tekh, kovo klyali.

Vse te, kto rvalis' v stratosferu,  
vrachi, shto gibli ot kholer,  
vot eti delali karyeru!  
Ya s ikh karyer beru primer!

Ya veryu v ikh svyatuyu veru.  
Ikh vera – muzhestvo moyo.  
Ya delayu sebe karyeru  
tem, shto ne delayu yeyo!

**Yevgeny Yevtushenko (1932-2017)**

So long live the career,  
when it's a career like that of  
Shakespeare or Pasteur,  
Newton or Tolstoy,  
or Tolstoy ... Lev?  
Lev!

Why were they dragged through the mud?  
Talent is talent, no matter how you  
denounce it.  
The ones who cursed are now forgotten,  
but those who were cursed are still  
remembered.

All those who aimed for the stratosphere,  
the doctors dying of cholera,  
they were truly making a career!  
I take their careers as an example!

I believe in their sacred faith.  
Their faith is my courage.  
I am making myself a career  
by not making one!



## Acknowledgments

### PRODUCTION TEAM

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Balance engineer **Erdo Groot** (Polyhymnia International B.V.)

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### PENTATONE TEAM

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PTC 5186 647



PTC 5186 511



PTC 5186 076



PTC 5186 068

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