



Dina Kozhevnikova, an ethnographer, and poet, in Soviet Svaneti, 1928-1931.
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The personal archives of Evdokia “Dina” Kozhevnikova-Gugushvili (1905-1975), to which we have been generously granted access by her children (Vova and Elene Gugushvili) and grandson Davit, have yielded precious information about life in the Georgian province of Svaneti, in the first decade after its incorporation into the Soviet Union (1928-1931). Although Kozhevnikova never completed her doctoral studies, nor pursued a career in the social sciences, she left behind a treasure-trove of field-notes, reports, photographs, drawings and drafts of papers. These materials are still in the process of being catalogued and examined by colleagues at the Georgian National Museum and my team at the Université de Montréal, but we have already come across documents of great importance for the study of Svanetian vernacular religion: unique photographs and detailed accounts of rituals as they were practiced over 90 years ago, and nearly-complete festival calendars from the communes of Ipari, Latali and Becho.

In addition to the types of documents one would expect a graduate student in anthropology to collect during her fieldwork, we also come across papers which yield a fascinating inside view of the formation of an ethnographer at Leningrad State University in the 1920s and 30s. We learn about the courses she took — which ranged from geography, linguistics and political economy to foreign languages, anatomy, drawing, cartography and photography — and also how the adventurous spirit of early Soviet anthropology, as pioneered by legendary figures such as Shternberg and Bogoraz, was instilled into students. It is important to recall that this was a time when students were still encouraged to do long-term “stationary” fieldwork, before the debates over the place of ethnology and ethnography in the Soviet academy, and the purges of the late 1930s (which many of Kozhevnikova’s teachers and colleagues did not survive).¹

The archive also contains texts of a more personal nature: letters to friends and family back in Leningrad; correspondance (in Svan!) between Kozhevnikova and the people she grew close to while in the field; sketches and drawings (not counting the hundreds of figures of people and sundry doodles which adorn her lecture notes and drafts of papers); and poetry. We have poems from before her graduate studies, during fieldwork, after her return to Leningrad, and later in her life. Some of these poems were revised, typed and gathered into collections, although as far as we know none of them were published during her lifetime.

The earliest examples of Kozhevnikova’s creative writing that have turned up so far in the archives date from her late adolescence. A handful of verses and “prose-poems” (стихотворение в прозе) go back to the years preceding her first expeditions to the Caucasus. To a modern reader, these writings come across as rather overwrought and

¹ On the ethnology debates of the 1920 and 30s, see Slezkine, Yuri. 1991. The fall of Soviet ethnography, 1928-1938. *Current Anthropology* 32 № 4: 476-484; Bertrand, Frédéric. 2002. *L’anthropologie soviétique des années 20-30. Configuration d’une rupture*. Presses universitaires de Bordeaux; Solovej, T. D. 2022. *Istorija rossijskoj ètnologii v očerkax*. Moscow: Ètnosfera.

melodramatic, most often centered around a tragic, young female figure. Here are the opening lines of a poem from the early 1920s:

Она умирала при свете багровом	She was dying in the crimson light
Весенних, но гаснувших дивных лучей,	Of wondrous, but fading, spring rays,
В открытые окна снопы золотые	In the open windows, sheaves of golden
Отцветами ярких вливались огней.	Blossoms of bright lights poured in.
Пахучие кисти цветущей сирени	Fragrant bunches of blooming lilacs
Улыбку дарили воскресшей весне,	Were giving a smile to the resurrected spring.
Она умирала, как нежная роза,	She was dying like a delicate rose,
И грусть отражалась на юном лице,	And sadness reverberated on her young face,
Но стоны и слезы мучительной боли	But the moans and tears of excruciating pain
Заставить забыть не могли про него,	Could not make her forget him,
И с тихой улыбкой иссохшие губы	And withered lips with a silent smile
Того вспоминали, кто жил для нее.	Remembered the one who lived for her.

In 1924, the 19-year old Evdokia began her studies in ethnography at the Geographic Institute of Leningrad State University. Among her teachers was the celebrated, and controversial, linguist Nikolai Marr, whose increasingly eccentric theories about language evolution (known as Japhetidology) were gaining ascendancy in Soviet academia. Marr was born in Georgia to a Scottish father and a Georgian mother, and throughout his academic career in St Petersburg, he maintained an active interest in the languages and cultures of his native Caucasus. No doubt it was Marr who steered Evdokia toward fieldwork in Svanetia. In the summer of 1926 she made a brief excursion to the Georgian province of Rač'a, but from the following summer onward Svaneti was her principal fieldsite.

Kozhevnikova's first four trips to Svanetia took place during the second half of the province's first decade under Soviet rule. And it was a turbulent decade: within three years of the Red Army's conquest of the Georgian Republic, the Svans had risen up in revolt not once but twice. The first uprising occurred only months after the imposition of Soviet power in Georgia, and some parts of Upper Svaneti were under the control of the rebels from the autumn of 1921 until the following spring, when the central government succeeded in disarming the population and restoring order. Only two years later, in coordination with an anti-Soviet rebellion throughout Georgia in August 1924, the Svans rose up again, but their success was short-lived and the repression more severe, although the lives of some of the leaders — including Egnate Gabliani and Bidzina P'irveli — were spared for the time being.

It is perhaps no coincidence that Svanetia was the subject of a considerable degree of attention from the Soviet Georgian authorities in the years following the second uprising. A flurry of books about Svanetia and the Svans were published in 1925-1930, including two by the pardoned rebel E. Gabliani (*Old and New Svanetia* 1925, *Free Svanetia* 1927); one by the Communist leader Philip Maxaradze (1925); and Kovalevski's *Land of snow and towers* (*Страна снегов и башен* 1930), possibly the only published work of the time that mentions Kozhevnikova's fieldwork in Svaneti. Kalatozov's celebrated silent film

Džim Švante (*Salt for Svaneti*) was released in 1930, by which time construction was underway of the first automobile road from lowland Georgia to Mestia, the administrative center of Upper Svanetia. It was into this context of Soviet soft power and apparent calm that the now 22-year-old Evdokia, accompanied by her classmate Zoia Polozhenskaia, arrived in the summer of 1927. With limited funds for their research expenses, and after a discouraging meeting with a Georgian education commissar named Beridze, who attempted to dissuade them from going to Svanetia, Evdokia and Zoia traversed about 80 km on foot and horseback from the lowland town of Alpana across the Lat'pari Pass to the Upper Svanetian village K'ala. Lodging and food were far ruder than what they had been accustomed to in Leningrad, and in one of her writings from this period, Kozhevnikova noted that she and her companion had now paid their initiation dues as ethnographers, quoting the words of Bogoraz to the effect that “one is not an ethnographer until one feeds a pound of one’s blood to foreign lice” (*тот не этнограф, который не скормит инородческим вшам фунт своей крови*).² Although Kozhevnikova could only communicate with the aid of Russian-speaking locals, she made several important contacts during this initial trip, including local leaders Gabliani and Silibistro Naveriani, who was then president of the local Executive Committee (*Ispolkom*).

The two-month field trip in 1927 was followed by two more short-term excursions in 1928 and 1929. Kozhevnikova supplemented the meagre financing obtained from her home institute with income from side jobs, including the collection of local varieties of bees for the Agronomy Institute (1928), and employment as a consultant during the filming of *Džim Švante*, at the behest of the screen-play author Sergei Tretiakov (1929). Kozhevnikova’s 1928 field season was dramatically cut short by a severe bout of typhus, that led to her evacuation by stretcher — hand-carried a distance of over 100 km by teams of bearers from Mest’ia to Zugdidi.

Kozhevnikova’s poetry from the late 1920’s shows a marked change from her pre-fieldwork writings, to the point where it is sometimes difficult to recognize that they were written by the same person. The tone is more strident, even militant. The author draws upon her growing knowledge of Svan traditional beliefs and practices. And she has changed her name: Evdokia is now Dina, the Svan word for “girl”, a name she was given by her hostess, and later friend, Kesa P’irveli. It is under this new name that she addressed the following Mayakovskiyish manifesto to the Soviet academic world:

Слушайте,	Listen,
Слушайте,	Listen,
Слушайте!	Listen!
Говорит Дина Кожевникова	This is Dina Kozhevnikova speaking
Всем,	To all,
Всем,	To all,
Всем!	To all!

² On the source of this quote, see Arziutov, D. V. & Kan, S. A. 2013. Концепция поля и полевой работы в ранней советской этнографии. *Этнографическое обозрение* № 6: 45-68.

What aroused Kozhevnikova's indignation was her initial encounter with Svan traditional practices and beliefs, which seemed not only out of place in the rapidly-modernizing USSR, but detrimental to the Svans themselves. One such practice, which she was to observe on numerous occasions during her long-term fieldwork in 1930-31, was the memorial banquet, which bereaved families hosted, at their own expense, on the anniversary of a person's death. The following excerpt from the poem *Даешь дорогу!* (*You give way!* 1927) provide a touching, and troubling, portrait of a grieving father confronting the enormous expenses in grain and livestock required to commemorate his deceased daughter. Then the voicing shifts to that of the mother asking the dead girl's soul not to be angry with her sister Darejan, who has joined the Communist Youth League (Komsomol), and gone to the capital to study. The tone is poignant, rather than accusatory. One also notes the imbedding of Svan- and Georgian-language expressions into the Russian text (*sabralo, mišgu dede*), which was to remain a feature of Kozhevnikova's Svan-themed poetry.

О, сабрало Нестор! Вот уж год перешел
Умерла как красавица Сэли.

O poor Nestor! It is already a year
Since the beautiful Seli died.

.....

О, сабрало Нестор, конца краю твоим
Поминальным расходам не видно,
Ты зарежешь для дочки любимой в помин
И коров, и овец, чтобы не было стыдно.

O poor Nestor! There appears no end
To your funeral expenses,
To commemorate your beloved daughter
You will slaughter cows, and sheep,
so as not to be ashamed.

Ты весь сбор ячменя перегонишь в арак,

И еще прикупать придется.

You will distill the entire harvest of barley
into vodka,
And still have to buy more.

У-вай, мишгу дэдэ, сабрало Сэли,
Не сердись на мою Дареджану!

Alas, your mother's⁴ poor Seli,
Do not be angry at my Darejan!

.....

Не придет твоя Дареджане:
Уехала она в Тифлис на рабфак учиться.

Your Darejan is not coming,
She went to Tiflis to study at the workers'
school (*rabfak*)

У-вай, мигшу дэдэ, сабрало Сэли,
Не сердись на мою Дареджану!
Моя девочка – комсомолка, отбилась от рук,

Alas, your mother's poor Seli,
Do not be angry at my Darejan!
My girl is in the Komsomol, she slipped out
of our hands,

Говорит: за горами не так живут,

She says: beyond the mountains they do not
live like this,

Говорит мы отстали, отстали совсем

She says we lag behind, lag far behind.

.....

А вчера на собраньи я тоже была
Говорили там много о том,
Что богата, обильна, красива страна,
Та – в которой мы бедно живем.

I was also at the meeting yesterday,
They talked a lot about
What a rich, plentiful, beautiful country it is,
This one — in which we live in poverty.

⁴ The Svan expression *mišgu dede*, quoted in the Russian text of the poem, is difficult to translate. Literally, it means “my mother”, but in Svan — as in Georgian — parents can address their child with the term that the child would use to refer to them, as a sign of affection.

In late September 1930, after graduating from the Ethnography Department of LGU, Kozhevnikova arrived in Svaneti for what was to be her longest period of fieldwork. Things got off to a rocky start: According to her field diary, the family that had been asked to host her in the Upper Svanetian village Nak'ipari had declined, due to a poor harvest and rising prices, but the response had not been communicated to Kozhevnikova. But after she tearfully agreed to return to Mest'ia and seek lodgings there, the family relented and agreed to let her stay for 40 rubles per month, including food and service as informants, when they had free time. This was the beginning of Kozhevnikova's friendship with her hostess Kesa P'irveli, and her rapid progress in learning the Svan language. Two field diaries have been located in Kozhevnikova's papers, covering about half of the fourteen months that she was in Svanetia in 1930-31. Those who have read Malinowski's journals from the Trobriand Islands, written about 15 years earlier, will recognize common themes. Both authors descended from formerly aristocratic East-European families, grew up in large cities, and to some degree, dabbled in poetry. In their intimate writings, both gave vent to feelings of loneliness, romantic longing, frustration with the demands of fieldwork, the slow and irregular postal service, and their sometimes amicable, sometimes fraught, relationships with local people.

Kozhevnikova also described restrictions on her research due to menstrual taboos — she missed out on much of the Passion-Week and Easter feast-days in Latali for this reason —, and suspicions about photography.⁵ Besides issues surrounding her ethnographic activities and continual struggles with money, supplies and lodging, Kozhevnikova also provided valuable eyewitness accounts of Svans negotiating between traditional and Soviet systems of justice (especially over questions of inheritance), and reacting to directives from the center concerning livestock requisitions. (Recall that Kozhevnikova's fieldwork occurred during the USSR's first five-year plan (1928-1933), during which the central government sought to impose collectivization and the liquidation of peasants classified as kulaks). On several occasions she noted that local authorities made matters worse, and she feared that the Svans could once again be stirred to open resistance.

The field diaries and some other documents from 1930-31 reveal that Kozhevnikova's critical stance toward Svan traditional culture, as expressed in the poems quoted above, was quite sincere. In a letter written to a friend in Leningrad in January 1931 (and apparently never sent), she goes on at length about her misgivings as an ethnographer sent from a modern Soviet metropolis to one of the more remote, and seemingly backward, corners of the nation:

Sometimes in the very ardor of research work, when you rejoice at this or that discovery, observation, or a word that allows you to unravel this or that ancient belief; when, having started down a trail, you ask, you inquire; you search; suddenly the thought burns through — “so what? is this really necessary for the speedy progress of mankind? Would

⁵ Marr had supplied Kozhevnikova with a glass-plate camera, with which she took about 200 photographs. In low-light conditions, she used magnesium flash powder. At one late-winter festival, Kozhevnikova was not allowed to photograph with magnesium flash or even kerosene lighting, because they “have a bad smell”, which would spoil the sacrifice. The Svans would have allowed her to use electric lighting, because “the electron is from water”.

it really be wrong to wipe out, and as quickly as possible, every memory of this nonsense (дичу) from our heads?"

Kozhevnikova supplies several observations from Svanetia to illustrate her point: Teachers barred children from the schoolhouse, because the child's cousin killed a distant relative of the teacher, or his ancestors were alleged to have stolen a cauldron from the teacher's ancestors. A Komsomol instructor dared not enter her own home for a week while menstruating. Kozhevnikova even questioned her own feelings of joy at being selected *kora mǎč'šxi* (the first visitor to enter a home on New Year's Day), as a symptom of her complicity in the persistence of these pre-modern, and anti-modern, beliefs. It was probably about this time that she wrote a poem entitled *Letter to Leningrad from Svanetia, Winter 1930/31 (Письмо в Ленинград из Свании, Зима 1930/31г.)*, in which she refers to several of the incidents mentioned in the unsent letter:

Жизнью живу я иной, Мир не похож мой на твой, Ты не поверишь, что в массе людской, Можно быть очень и очень одной, Более одинокой, чем на необитаемом острове! Вглубь я спустилась веков, Смешались ступеньки эпох, Вместе сплелись и смотались в клубок. И день ото дня и из году в году в год Живет и диктует чем жить старина Здесь царство прадедов, здесь жуткая тьма!	I live a different life, My world is not like yours, You would not believe that among masses of people, You can be very, very alone, More alone than on a desert island! Down into centuries past I descended, The stages of epochs mingled, Together they wove and coiled themselves into a tangle. And day after day and year after year after year The old days live and dictate the way of life. Here it is the kingdom of the ancestors, here is dreadful darkness!
Здесь новое лишь по названию Здесь мышка-мезир и бык – пуснакан «Бог» - гербет большой и красавица Дал Культ фалла и джегара Моцхвара, лимзир, липанал Все камнем ложится на быт! А вчера, впереди похоронной процессии, Впереди чирсупалов в вывороченных тулупах с распущенными волосами И в кровь разодранными щеками, Развивались красные знамена С портретами Маркса и Ленина О поверь мне, друг мой, Тяжелей нет задачи Будь душой в своем веке, Любить свою родину, Советскую Родину, И радоваться тому, что вытаскиваешь жребий Быть среди мытчи в день Нового года.	It is new here in name only Here the mouse- <i>mezir</i> and the sacrificial bull - <i>pusnaqan</i> "God", the great Gherbet, and beautiful Dal, The phallic cult, and St George of Motskhwar, <i>limzir</i> bread, the banquet of the dead <i>Lipanali</i> All lie like a stone on everyday life! And yesterday, ahead of the funeral procession, Ahead of the <i>č'irsupal</i> mourners in inside-out jackets with loose hair, And blood from torn cheeks, The red banners were unfurled With portraits of Marx and Lenin... Oh trust me, my friend, No task is harder To be a soul in your century, To love your homeland, the Soviet Motherland, And to rejoice in drawing your lot To be among the <i>mǎč'šxi</i> visitors on New Year's Day.

The Svanetian festivals and supernatural figures mentioned in the poem are defined in notes supplied by the author. The *mezir* — which especially fascinated Kozhevnikova —

is a sort of domestic tutelary spirit which received offerings of bread from the women of the household, and which could take the form of a mouse, frog or other small animal. The “beautiful Dal” is the divine guardian of high-mountain game animals, who could grant success in hunting, or conversely, provoke the death of a hunter who ventured into her territory. The characterization of a rather ribald carnival festival as containing vestiges of a “phallic cult” was a trope of early ethnographic descriptions of Svaneti.⁶

In December 1931, Kozhevnikova returned to Leningrad after 14 months in the field. The shock of returning to familiar people and places after a long, intense, transformative sojourn in a distant land is an experience that many present-day ethnographers can relate to, but in Kozhevnikova’s case it seems to have been unusually traumatic. Much of the pain was occasioned by the indifferent response she received from a man she had a crush on, but the numerous incomplete drafts of papers which were written in this period, larded with crossed-out words and sentences, indicate a serious case of writer’s block. She appears to have had considerable difficulty trying to fit the information she collected on the semantics of certain Svan ritual terms into the parameters of Japhethidological linguistic analysis. In February 1932, Kozhevnikova submitted a 125-page manuscript with the title “Materials on the religious beliefs of the Svans” (*Материалы по религиозным верованиям сванов*), consisting for the most part of an inventory of the festivals and feast-days making up the Svan vernacular religious calendar, accompanied by descriptions which she collected in the Svan language. Attached to the manuscript is an assessment by the academician I. I. Meščaninov, a disciple of Marr, who described it as “raw material” (сырой материал), without any interpretations or conclusions, that could at most be of interest to linguists working on Svan. There is no evidence that Kozhevnikova ever submitted a revision or completion of this text.

One surprising find in the archives are what might be the only examples of poetry inspired by Marr’s Japhetic theory of language origins.⁷ These satirical quatrains are undated, and the last one is incomplete (there may be one or more pages missing). Besides Marr, some colleagues of his are mentioned — among them, the Orientalists Vasilij Struve and I. G. Frank-Kameneckij — but several poems are too obscure to interpret without further context. Here are three examples:

Небо, воздух и вода,
Нет на них налога
Я влюбляюсь всегда
в яфетидолога.

Sky, air and water,
There's no tax on them;
I always fall in love
With a Japhetidologist.

⁶ Mak’alata, S. 1926. Palosis k’ult’i sakartveloši (The cult of the phallos in Georgia). *Mimomxilveli V*: 122-135; Šilling, E. 1931. Svany. Nikolskij, V. K., ed. *Relioznye verovanija narodov SSSR* vol. II: 79-102. Moscow: Moskovskij rabočij.

⁷ At the same time, Kozhevnikova was by no means the only member of her cohort to pen humorous or ironic comments on the leading figures of early Stalin-era anthropology. Several amusing (and revealing) examples of the anecdotes, poems and caricatures scribbled by students attending the 1929 congress of ethnographers in Leningrad have turned up in the archives. There is evidence that Kozhevnikova herself attended this event, which was to mark a major turning point in Soviet ethnography (Osnickaja, I. A. 1993. Šest’desjat let v Kunstkamere. *Kunstkamera — Ėtnografičeskie Tetradi*, vyp. 2-3: 356-373; Arzjutov, D. V. & Alymov, S. S., eds. 2014. *Ot klassikov k marksizmu: Soveščanie ėtnografov Moskvy i Leningrada (5-11 aprel’ja 1929 g.)* St. Peterburg: Kunstkamera, p 47)

Не жужжи ты дико комар
Там за печкой русской
Твой язык услышит Марр
примет за этрусский

Don't buzz so wildly, mosquito.
There behind the Russian stove,
Marr will hear your language
And mistake it for Etruscan.

Снова поле зеленеет
С далеких Тетюший
Снова дует весенний вест
Снова Марру чувашей.

The field is green again.
From distant Tetyushi,
The west wind of spring blows once again
The Chuvashes to Marr.

The second quatrain pokes fun at Marr's far-fetched beliefs about linguistic affiliations, and the third refers to his special interest in Chuvash, a Turkic language which supplied numerous forms for his speculations about language origins and stadial development (Tetyushi is a town in Tatarstan with a large Chuvash population). One suspects that these poems date from the mid-1930's, as Kozhevnikova grew increasingly disillusioned with graduate study, and the usefulness of Marr's theories for coming to grips with the materials she collected in Svanetia.

The year 1934 marks a major turning point in Kozhevnikova's life. She married the Georgian jurist Vano Gugušvili at the beginning of the year, and in December, her first child Vladimer (nicknamed Vova) was born. Marr died that same month. Marriage and motherhood brought new responsibilities, and new concerns. The young Vova was frequently sick, and Kozhevnikova herself, who had health issues throughout her life, fell ill shortly after his birth. She attempted to start an *aspirantura* at the Institute for Language, History, and Material Culture (ENIMKI) in Tbilisi, where she moved after her marriage, but abandoned her studies a short while later. Her second child, Elene, was born in 1938. In 1942, she and the children moved to Mest'ia — even as the German army was advancing on the other side of the Caucasus mountains — and began work at the local ethnographic museum, which the energetic (but ultimately doomed) Egnate Gabliani had founded shortly before his arrest and execution during the 1938 purges. Eight months later, her son's continued health problems forced her to quit, and she took her children to live in her mother-in-law's village in the lowlands. Kozhevnikova made one final trip to Svanetia in the summer of 1946.

The archival documents from the last period of Kozhevnikova's life are the work of a pragmatic citizen willing to fight for herself and her family. (In her ultimately unsuccessful campaign to obtain employment at the Georgian National Museum, she sent complaint letters as high up as Central Committee member Mikhail Suslov). There are some new poems from the late 1940s onward, such as the following account of her visit to Svanetia in 1946, but she also recopied, revised and typed up earlier poems. Several of these were grouped into a collection entitled "Verses of an ethnographer about Svanetia" (*Стихи этнографа о Сванетии*), which she apparently hoped to publish, although there is no evidence that it ever appeared in print. Alongside the 1946 poem, the collection includes several works which have already been quoted in this paper, including *Даешь дорогу!* (1927), *Слушайте* (1928), and the 1930-31 letter-in-verse.

На самолете в Сванетию (Лето 1946г.)

Вот по полю разбегаюсь,
оторвалась,
поднимаюсь,
Быстро, плавно,
очень славно!
Сорок пять минут в пути,
Через горы, через доли
В центр Местии – «Сети»!
Рядом сваны: сван и сванка,
Те что были сосуны,
В годы первого свиданья,
В годы пешего скитанья,
По тропинкам их страны.
Я тогда была студентом,
А теперь – они! Как не радоваться с ними,
Не смеяться смехом их,
Мы совсем ведь не чужие,
И воззрений мы одних!
Наша родина единая,
Одним веком мы живем!
Юная Кето красива! Нестор тоже недурен!

Выше голову, Кетоха,
Нестор, руку дай сюда,
Это ~~Сталина~~ Ленина эпоха
Так Вас подняла:
Через годы, через броды
Самолетом пронесла!

On a plane to Svanetia (Summer 1946)

Here running around the field,
running out of it,
coming up,
Fast, smooth,
very nice!
A trip of forty-five minutes,
Across mountains, across valleys
To the center of Mestia - "Seti"!
On the side, the Svans: men and women,
The ones that were suckling babes,
In the years of our first meeting,
In the years of wandering on foot,
On the paths of their land.
I was a student then,
And now it's them! How not to rejoice with them,
How can we not laugh with their laughter?
We're not strangers at all,
We have the same views!
Our motherland is one
We live in the same century!
Young Keto is beautiful! Nestor does not
look bad either!

Raise your head, Ketokha,
Nestor, give me your hand,
It is the era of ~~Stalin~~ Lenin
that has lifted you up so:
Across the years, over the fords,
I came by airplane!

In the manuscript of this poem, the name of Stalin is crossed out, and Lenin written in its place, an alteration which would have been made in the mid-1950s or later.

We conclude our survey of Kozhevnikova's poetry with the most recent poem that has turned up so far in the archives, which dates from 1968, when she was already in her 60s. It is very different in tone and topic from the verses she included in her anthology. Interestingly, it is signed E. Gugušvili. Is this a cue that she returned to a style of writing from her early days, before Evdokia became Dina, and polemic replaced lyricism as her poetic voice? At the same time, there are mentions of figures from Georgian folklore that one would associate with her later persona: the Pegasus-like winged horse Merani, and the girl with jet-black hair (*gišris tmiani gogona*), who "at night rides a rainbow which stretches from the beginning of the firmament to its end".

Желание

О, если б мечте моей ноги поступь мерани!
Его вдохновенный крылатый полет,
С его устремленьем в едином желанье,

Desire

Oh, if only my dream could stride like
[the winged horse] Merani!
His inspired winged flight,
With its aspiration in a single desire,

С единым призывом «вперед и вперед!»
Я б девушкой юною – *gišris tmiani*
На радуге б звездный прорезала б путь,
Тебя догнала бы мой черный мерани,
Что б вместе с мечтою в века вперед заглянуть.

With one call, "forward and forward!"
I would, as a young girl, *gišris tmiani*,
Cut a starry path on the rainbow,
I'd catch up to you, my black Merani,
To look forward to the ages together
with my dream.

9-vii-68г.