birthrates, late marriages, and marriages with foreigners and emigration from the country.

This article is written in the framework of a research project initiated in Russia by the Director of the Center for Social Mobility Studies in Maison Des Sciences de L’Homme (France), Daniel Bertaux.

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1 This term was introduced by Stalin during the period of the Great Terror and it was used against everybody who was not loyal to communist regime or party authorities. It had a crucial meaning for a destiny of a person. The label, “enemy of the people” automatically led to imprisonment and it could be attached to someone without any proof, just because of the suspicion or antipathy of any official. Later on this label became so widespread that any envious neighbour could use it for his own purpose. After the death of Stalin the term was so firmly fixed in the language and consciousness of the older generation that they continued to use it in their common life as a characteristic for those whom they regarded unjust with the working class people.

2 The cooperative movement in the USSR existed for a short while in the 1920s, during the New Economic Policy, and was regarded as a temporary concession to capitalism and as betrayal of the interests of the working class and the nation at large. The idea that private property was the worst social evil had been instilled for decades, and Larisa never doubted this.

References


LYN LIFSHIN

Sadie Says Goodbye

to the bridge players at the Y
on Flatbush. She brings a goodbye
in couplets to the woman who taught
poetry to her senior citizen group,
told Sadie she could see her dark
pines grow up from the page.
She won’t need the raffle ticket
for a microwave, the extra subway
token. She packs a few dresses,
writes a cousin in Kansas, “Isaac,
I’d like to see you one more time
but I’m eager for a little while
with my daughter. And though I know
those poorly lit rooms, remember
the knocks in blackness, I choose
this, to leave these rooms I
longed for, thought I’d die in.
I write you my last night in
this city of lights. Already I
feel shadows in those small
rooms where the samovar may be all
that warms my fingers. But my heart
burns like feet barefoot in the
snow outside Leningrad for what
I won’t leave again

Lyn Lifshin’s poetry appears earlier in this volume.