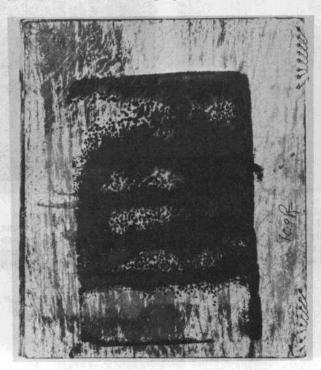


"General Notebook" containing copies of verses of Soviet poets.



COMMISSION EXHIBIT 106

R. Comano 13 Aupurcanoco gnebus

> K. Simonov (From a Lyrical Diary)

I lived in hotels a great deal
And got off at various stations;
Anything stretching out ahead of me
Would eventually be left behind.
I was not bored in the provinces
And was pleased with changes;
I did not give the name of unfaithfulness
To my small transgressions.
I was looking for a remote one,
Unfaithful one, even if she would be
But a passer-by,
As long as she resembled you—
One like that, who probably does not even exist.
Someone whose eyes are sometimes grey, sometimes dark-blue,
Between the eyelashes sprinkled with snowy hoar-frost,
Which I would suddenly dream about.

Янью тьое, устаное

Несхонсее с портренами,

С морозо губи топие

От снего. мисй согретые,

И тьой пениво брошенний

Взгляд, озноговший искони...

Не я тобого исконний.

Я просто ток, облосконний

За то, гто в ногь с порошего,

Согреп тебя, херошуго...

И зноеше ли, гто спронного

Себя мегтой превожу я,

И ти не то, желанноя,

Я просто ток, ... похожов.

=//-

0

Your tired face Which does not resemble portraits,
Lips upon which snow melts,
Warmed up by me. Warmed up by me. Wained up by me.
And your glance lazily thrown my way,
Which has always meant Which has always meant That I was not the one you were seeking, That I was simply someone You were kind to, Because on a snowy night, When it was cold, I warmed you, my good one, With a fairy tale . . . And do you know, that I trouble myself With a strange fancy, That you, too, are not the one I desire, But merely someone who resembles her?



в огень тоскую, я б высскоть раз Другуно такую, им екать ногад Ho ige me whe pyku makue me fromb Emod mak nee & passyne des men mockebais? Ege c moro xce soucrito Havinu MME MANG Етоб редкого гостью отно в мих слеза. Emos ben a vostice, emo bross ne upagein Ege brams nine makyns, smod beë eu mpoching Стоб жить сней рискум не ролго прожить Утоб с какерым расовето и встовой без егга Makun xee emnemen ou bamb, KOK ong? С осступной и миной С ней ного корототь, гтоб зовтро ни силой Ни паской не взять. Zmot salmpa a mocreoro ceda

I am pining away; I would like to find
Another one like you rather than go back,
But where can I find the arms
That I would miss so in separation?
Where can I find eyes filled with the same anger,
But rarely with tears?
The one who would always make me afraid that she will not come?
Where can I get another one like this, the one whom I forgive anything?
With whom I would live risking to lose her at any time?
So that with every dawn, arising after a sleepless night,
To be as arrant as she is?
To spend the night
With the one so dissipated, yet so sweet,
And then not being able the next day
To take her either by force or caress?

lune commons mysoc: ", He imporate went!" Emos Compenses a nei Barragors B seccomos mucus Яповить в ней две радом живущих души. He sname, incompreemes cympa pom Kancis coepnemes symbol one. Я с него изпучась не знаго, как жить tomen coore yearne cypyrou observant Но готом другого сё заменить Broke moure marore porsino in some 21 saois u Secyennoù Mpokramoù makoù - Hem & yenoù beenemoù Brupoi my pyrois

> So as to curse oneself next day with a longing And to hear nothing but a hollow, "Don't touch me!" So as, on meeting her glance In a sleepless stillness, To love two souls living within her, side by side. Not to know what may happen between morning and night, What soul would she turn to have; Exhausted by her, I do not know how to live; I would like to make my lot easier with another one, But to replace her with another That other one would have to be exactly like her, Wicked and priceless. And accursed like her. No, there is no second one like her In the entire universe.

Я пишу тебе казирний вегер.

говорно тобе обо всеги

То привнеке нашей довнишеней,

Я когда встрегаемия днем —

Оми друг уругу гужите и лиштие.

Стращим думать тетеро о том.

гто било — всё то учисе онго.

Я порого думать не побили

Можно роть почемуй без мобы

гум мут в угаре

И чее вирел слези твои.

21 зного, гто гуми не мами

I write to you every evening;
I tell you about everything
According to our long-time habit,
But when we meet in the daytime,
We are strangers who do not need each other.
It is terrible to think about what had been,
All that had already been.
Sometimes I am ready to think
That you did not love me;
It is possible to give a kiss without love;
Lips lie in the heat of passion;
But I saw your tears
And know your lips did not lie.

The copymists - K mymeny Emos code ne myras. I numy om augras Do ghyroro cuyras. Mucous numym postoce Cresnere, Buesneve Unorga - njunpaerice Laure - Secusiesacres B rucourax bie re chancemy Une bei yourcemy B missee bie name kameny Imo we mak reaccusemes. Fores beforeyes, mak cynemiss Herew omremelant. A yeepy - max synce meni пирыме перегитивань.

It is for the best, that you are not angry
Because in order to save myself trouble,
I write only from time to time.

Different letters are written— Tearful, filled with pain; Sometimes—beautiful, More often—useless.

You cannot tell everything in letters
Neither can you hear everything in them;
We keep feeling that we cannot
Express ourselves in letters the way we should.
Should I come back, you would not have
To scold would-be husbands (?)
And should I die—there is nothing worse
Than rereading old letters.

Comos have me segendolamina He forume un markero Bygym nymewsecotobarios С вами тонкой пагкого. A sommercie emarine Oso une sanvariene Un verko gocimaneme V verko neurepereme On new pelmeroro Barepebunes & conservaire Il meses, mesuboro Добрим словом вспоминий Скажение, гто к мугиниц namento have me supral Ou mucae on curral Do phyroso cugas.

It would not be difficult for you;
You would not have to cart them in wheelbarrow;
They would travel with you in a thin bundle.
And when you got married,
And would cry for me,
It would be easy for you to get them out
And to hide them
From him, the jealous one,
Locking yourself in your room.
And you would remember me, the lazy one,
With a kind word.
You would say that it was for the best
That without torturing your memory
He wrote to you only from time to time.

- (

Бил он немомодой, по бравый Men nog nyen des govreex coopob Наводин мосто переправы He we were on closex conspot. И почеб под сомни бершеном, На поиндиния на поле имененом, Не простесь со воей порругод, He youal , imo popum every enera. И останавь жена в томове 21 останавь в полку сапериоля ma, imo emana ero unodobuo. B copor replace, on raps represes: Ma, umo gymana des saraga: Hax man boypycyens cree penning Ho boisey few apowers cause pepose He opposed surse commod.... I

A SON

He was not young but brave;
He went toward the bullets without a long preparation;
He built bridges and crossings
And never lagged one step behind his soldiers.
He died on the very threshold of Berlin,
In the last mine field,
Without saying good-bye to his companion,
Without learning that she would bear him a son.

His wife was left in Tambov
And in the field-engineer regiment remained
The one who became his love
In forty-one, a year black with misery;
The one who did not think far ahead
Wondering what her future would be;
But marched through the entire war by his side
Without fear for her own life . . .

She did not want anything from him; She did not ask him anything for herself,

Hureve in hero He xomera The o reve gus cede He réocure. The on myse, soxpart clour menous Us ones ero hunocure. 21 forancelana ero morame, Не беря с него общания. He severmed, we postogemed, Ни писать ри ней завиноший. И не так уже оние прасива, Негримения женского стотью. Hy, go bugues no 6 amore cure On ce u re luper & meamour; Faisure bie & canorex reprotex, С сагитарная суменая, в пиньте, Ho popocer bowless rposolors Toe ofygus som lo bero memicy Been se spacomy yleges B more us, xax being code cueso? Une & more, rak moper mare

But covering him from bullets with her own body, She brought him out of the line of fire. She nursed him nights on end, Without taking any promises from him, Neither to marry, nor to divorce, Nor to write any wills for her. She was not very beautiful, With nothing remarkable about her womanly figure, But, apparently, this did not matter; But then, he had never seen her wearing a dress; Mostly, wearing boots, With a medical bag, and wearing a forage cap, On the stormy roads of war, Where guns bray at the top of their voices. Where did he see beauty in her? Was it in the way she courageously conducted herself? Or in the way she sympathized with the people? Or the way she could love? But she did love him very much,

View & more, Ker moremo yuma? A mis ours ero mornes, Husus every omgas se lostpamo. Это так, гто онго - то онго ... Дотя он на скрым, гто жинати Томугаст жена половиния Charo nevereno sa nonoverena Стериней сым работает сам уже Dance gore yace rop Ker sacrymen to realer euse rge-mo menerqueses lino stances opportunotod menoi. He odeegano, me sabeeganes Furero monoro eis opuos. Тинько си одной он меньгинке Zino remain replace received 2md c mpygar open sos somuamor Ho ei wegceenpu sopneany. Ustopa of omye on custument, гто оне добрии, крабрий, управил

> Giving him her life irrevocably; This is true; it cannot be denied . . . Although he did not conceal from her the fact that he was married. . . . The colonel's widow receives her pension For the dead one; His eldest son is already independent and working; Even his daughter has been married for a year. But somewhere still lives another woman Who was called his "war wife." Only to her alone Nothing was promised, nothing was willed. Only to her alone and a little boy Who is reading his first books, Whom it is hard to clothe without patches On her hospital nurse's salary. Sometimes he hears about his father, That he was kind, brave, and stubborn, But he does not write his father's surname

To poseeres es ne rumais Но петрариях, куплениях меже On usecen compy a spama, Hy, a some every & mose poop a not? Ом пораржов от у мих не просить Голько ману пусть на помосей. Dance myemo one bucobario Jeffep Kers-100 Beek-100, 10 700. To Но какой канока обабочем Наравать ребенку пошения? Conservers every every re informise. Может вправе споконно змасть Emb oney ew now we promise 21 gla pose parrena mario. вств нед койкой по на ковршие Снимок Одерской перепрова Уре с покоиния отури покоинекан Name pepou cono in nonpaly. Hesa A Greeces, Hesarenguerely

> Upon notebooks purchased by his mother. He has a sister and a brother, But what good is in this for him? He does not ask for presents from them, As long as they do not abuse his mother. Even if she were guilty of something, Before someone, long time ago, But what hypocrite would worry about Slapping a child's face? Do not touch his soul with gossip! The boy has the right to know in peace That his father fell at the front And his mother was twice wounded. There is pinned to a wall rug, over his head, A photo of an Oder crossing, Where his mother stands by right Next to his late father, the colonel. She did not forget; she did not marry;

Huxony gayany nevypusas. Oue warra recen aloso wyry Tosayi, car banfremuns, en pyre 1955 009. Год каминен сим лежей Серова Mes a menorex sepres meres, He apolya es, wimesecus reportes Верь В первый раз ложен она орыя

No one else needs her.
She is carrying her sorrow silently.
Kiss her hand when you meet her!
1955.

Under this stone lies Valentina Serova, A faithful wife of mine and of many others; Is it not a curious thing that She lies alone for the first time?

Commission Exhibit 106—Continued

Next to his later father other colonet.



Emo me movoe crywnocs, вто бание не можем ин вместь? Ege He man wer consorus. Ступили не так и пошли, И в котором гану, Ha karan mounge upourerous vecine Ми ашебинсь с тогой И поправить уже не поэти. Ease of smore smo records THER NOTHER BERRYMECS, MONEY Ho ero me maispeus Do une ones bobe us! B maneie manomor kune He oygen sanucareo stoared Kax eë su man Все равио не прогомень него 1. Tigmo onfraung

> What has happened that we can no longer Be together? When was it that we said a wrong thing, Made a wrong step and went on, And at what hour, At what thrice-accursed place Did you and I make a mistake And could we no longer correct it? If we did know this place, Then, perhaps, we could come back? But we cannot find it, And, moreover, it has never existed. In our book of complaints No complaints will be written down; No matter how you leaf through it, You would not be able to read anything.

Pas mak compsenocs, гто женщина на тобит. ти с дружбой минь Натерпиим стида U ceacmons mom Kmo pasous 600 ompyour Sugari, inod ne beprymo y runo spa / " Mep 801 MOSOIS6"/

If it so happens
That a woman does not love you,
You will only suffer shame
Hanging on to friendship.
Fortunate is the one
Who cuts off everything at once
And goes away, never to return . . .

("First Love")

1111 = 1111 = 1111 = 1111 Аугияс в суророгах огтья. Бридить присмерти во ноги, ген втерашнего убили Взять в ранашение вроги. leves nevertes serense U mepmense move Syruse nyemo yespen & sugressour Серрус бериое шое -11~

Better to struggle in convulsions,
To be in delirium at death's door at night,
Than to take yesterday's murderer
As a family doctor.
Better than a slothful treatment
And your patience, (?)
That my poor heart
Die in suffering.

かい~=~!! で

Жизни свою почмет не кахрый, В жизни надо линого переженть Ошибиться монено, но не дваждом, А имаге трудно будет псить жизнь скугна, пуста, неинтересна, всти ти не стопения полюбить, Jonrodumo om Beeliggue u recontro Пислыко другу преданного быть. Берегись внезонных увлегений, Jims npaigem, a recinie ne bepreus. Спицком много будет огоргений, вым провду жизым не поимещь. Не общанивай себе успексам . Среди многих молодих мюдец mu mynene un mousko gue ymesen Я ди псизни нужем лиць один. А когда по ты в жизни встретимь. Korga norybenityeus, imo amo on,

Not everyone can understand his own life; One has to experience a great deal in life; One could make a mistake, but not twice: Otherwise, it would be difficult to live. Life is boring, empty and uninteresting, If you are unable to fall in love; To fall in love with all your heart, honestly, And be devoted only to your friend. Beware of sudden infatuations, The ardour will pass, but you cannot regain honor; There will be too much distress If you are unable to understand life's truth. Do not deceive yourself with success Among many young men; They need you only for amusement, But for life you need only one. And when you meet him in life

ти почивную, гто останьное такко ветер гто останьные они просто сон. Dpy2, ommo women chasy re Верить спугахо, почин, непозд. Korga 6 cm modoto notepungo Mu amadisco by a makeriga homany zmo gryz petrusbour, (Kmo us nac ne pelmobas ypysos!) ти не сучещь инхогда сгоетивоч Care mu omgaway, 8. No He Bay, Earn gayre men a moderno papar Butulama & smou marker MH (?) И сердиться на него не надо жизни так прости.

When you will feel that he is the right one,
You will realize that the others were only passing fancies,
The others were only a dream.
Perhaps your friend would not believe at once;
You understand, one must not trust chance;
But when you believe in his love,
Give yourself to him completely and forever,
Because your friend is jealous.
(Who among us was never jealous, friends!)
You will never be happy
Unless you give yourself wholly, (?)
If you have no friend by your side,
You are the only one to blame, (?)
You must not be angry with him,
All secrets of life are so simple.

Translator's Note: Question marks in parentheses in this poem were apparently inserted by Marina Oswald

~ " 2 " 2 " 2 Ecus neusus nogunymum zpyob, 3amemem gopony Brepegu, Все ровио упорно, стистув He exogu e maramoro nymu вго ты вправа упреклуть. Tomo mogu ecmo u xyatce Bee good mou, kak mym Bornenymb: Sionnibe rue noynce. Juyne - zmo na, bai Он паремь неплохои, He mpeoyú Chacuso, 2mo makou Troumpe Barriag - neecmok, you Come ne dem gpyson for Кто в дружбе обнватель. mom moomo mak ... nousments. = // =

> If life makes you a victim of a crude joke, And blocks the road ahead of you, Just the same, stubbornly clenching your teeth, Do not leave the road upon which you started. You have the right to reproach him; Although there are people who are worse, But it is the way you look at it: Broader or narrower point of view. Narrower: oh, well, that is all right, He is not a bad fellow, after all; Do not demand too much of him, Be grateful for what he is. A broader view: alas, it is cruel; You were not with him, my friends! A Philistine in friendship Is just a . . . friend.

////

Nyomb upokraty browleg combus Mbou report musa Mobolo v mese, van segentue Hem appea, wen mobapuese, Zmoé cpequ desa gres Us more noncapuisa Mar Sumaujume rell Omrasburgo & chacelles Com buge marky Kan nipu seranempacerem I upu mede mady Konga om haboriganing Cesa occosomy Bornbern na ocyprogenie I upo mede cranay: " 3 ones oumants yperas ii Bego un gooda, un sua

> I may curse later Your features: To love you is like a disaster To which there is no end. There is no friend, no comrade Who could drag me out of this conflagration In the broad light of the day. Despairing of salvation, I dream in the daytime And live near you As near an earthquake. When I get myself free of a phantom, I will say in reply to a Criticism against you: "Why count her sins? She is neither good, nor evil."

C. Ecenun.

My were he moderno , he reasceeds, Parke & he money, he space? He anomps & newso on emparme present Mue us never pyer onyomus Могород с пувственным оскалом. I c mosols he hereen u he upyo, Pacculance here accusters my sacrava Сканию губ ти знавинь, сколько губ? Buaro a our mouse , can menu, Не костувшись мого отна, Minorus mu caquiaco ha koneur, A meneps organis born y west. Tryomb moon noughaupune ou. U mu gyuaeys o reus mo o gpyrau I've can usofuso mels per orunt Утопол в дамени дорогом.

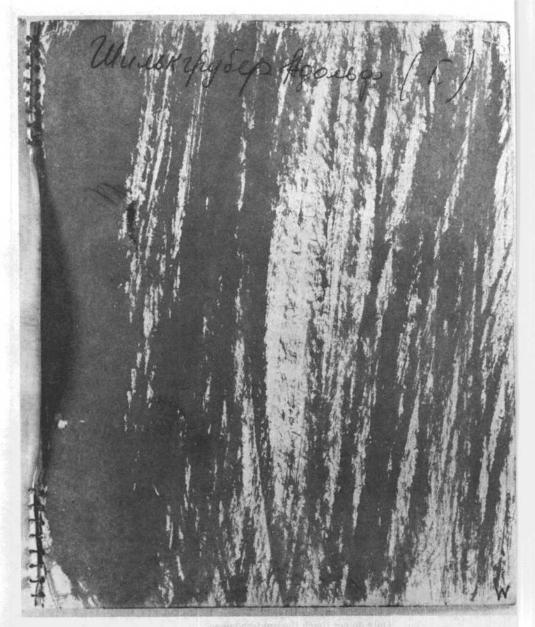
1000

S. Esenin

You do not love me; you are not sorry for me; Am I not young and handsome? You get rosy with passion Without looking at my face, and asked asked I Putting your hands on my shoulders. Young one, with a sensual grin, I am neither tender nor rough with you; Tell me, how many did you caress, How many lips do you know, how many lips? I know, they passed like shadows, Without touching my flame. You sat in many a man's lap, And now you are sitting in mine. Let your eyes be half-closed, You are thinking about something else. I myself am not very fond of you, Losing myself in the far-away dear things. Do not call this ardour-fate;

Этот пилие называй судьбого. Newogymus benoutretas ches Yax augaino bampemund a morno, Junaryce, chorolino pasoligece. Da u mu nougeur clock gopozou Jacobs sospagacionere que. только неменованных не трогай. moreore heropelium per waren! 21 korga c gpyrum no nepeyruy mu npoinques , sames upo mosobbo, Moncer ofirm, a breigy na monguery U c modero Bompemunica um Briobo Ombepugh & glyroug Survey nature U neveroro ucunouetruct buis, Mu me chancery muse : popuis beref I embery: " Doifine berep, wice Il teurmo gigun ue nompeloxumi, U mesmo ei ne opocum l apones Knie woder, nom budo modinh ne monecim Kno cropie, moro me nogomerando.

> A hasty bond is fickle; As we meet by chance, I will smile, calmly separating. You, too, will go your own way, To scatter joyless days. Only do not touch the unkissed ones, Do not entice the ones who have not burned! And when you walk along the lane With another, chattering about love, Perhaps, I will go out for a walk And we will meet again. Turning your shoulders closer to another one, And bowing slightly You will say low to me: "Good evening," And I will answer, "Good evening, Miss." And nothing will trouble my soul, And nothing will make her tremble, One who loved cannot love again; One who was burned, can no longer be ignited.



Writing on the inside of the back cover of the notebook: "Schicklgruber, Adolf (H.)"

COMMISSION EXHIBIT 106—Continued