"General Notebook" containing copies of verses of Soviet poets.
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.
Your tired face
Which does not resemble portraits,
Lips upon which snow melts,
Warmed up by me.
And your glance lazily thrown my way,
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?
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?
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.

COMMISSION EXHIBIT 106—Continued
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.

\[\text{COMMISSION EXHIBIT 106—Continued}\]
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.
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.
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.

COMMISSION EXHIBIT 106—Continued
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,
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

Commission Exhibit 106—Continued
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;

COMMISSION EXHIBIT 106—Continued
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?
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.

COMMISSION EXHIBIT 106—Continued
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”)

COMMISSION EXHIBIT 106—Continued
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.

COMMISSION EXHIBIT 106—Continued
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.

COMMISSION EXHIBIT 106—Continued
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

Commission Exhibit 106—Continued
Если жизнь подшутит умудрь,
Заметет дорого впереди,
Все равно упорно, стиснув зубы,
Не сходи с намеченного пути.
Его ты вправе упрекнуть.
Хоть и есть и судьба,
Все дело в том, как ты взглянут.
Тошнее или лучше.
Лучше - это не, ведь ни одного,
Он парень неплохой.
Не требуй шутки с него,
Спасибо, что такoi.
Тошнее взгля - жесток, увы.
С ним не быть другим ты!
Кто в дружбе обидитель,
Тот просто так... приятель.

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.

COMMISSION EXHIBIT 106—Continued
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."

Commission Exhibit 106—Continued
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,
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.
Myself am not very fond of you,
Losing myself in the far-away dear things.
Do not call this ardour—fate;
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 un kissed 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: "Schickgruber, Adolf (H.)"

COMMISSION EXHIBIT 108—Continued