

Working Title!

Jeff B. & Christina B. & John C.

from Timothy Snyder's *Bloodlands*

The kulaks were peasants, the stubborn survivors of Stalin's revolution: of collectivization and famine, and very often of the Gulag. As a social class, the kulak (prosperous peasant) never really existed; the term was rather a Soviet classification that took on a political life of its own. The attempt to "liquidate the kulaks" during the first Five-Year Plan had killed a tremendous number of people, but it created rather than destroyed a class: those who had been stigmatized and repressed, but who had survived. The millions of people who were deported or who fled during collectivization were forever after regarded as kulaks, and sometimes accepted the classification. ...

The kulaks sentenced later or to longer terms in the Gulag were still in exile in Siberia or Kazakhstan, in Soviet east or central Asia: might not such people support a Japanese invasion?

...

Stalin...wanted "the direct physical liquidation of the entire counter-revolution," which meant the elimination of enemies "once and for all." The revised quotas were sent back down from Moscow to the regions as part of Order 00447, dated 30 July 1937, "On the Operations to Repress Former Kulaks, Criminals, and Other Anti-Soviet Elements." ...By the end of 1938, the NKVD had executed some 386,798 Soviet citizens in fulfillment of Order 00447. ...

In the end, however, mass killings could not preserve the Soviet Union from an attack that was not coming. ...

Source:

Timothy Snyder, *Bloodlands*, (New York: Basic Books, 2010), 78-79, 80, 81, 105.

1

In dreams I am a tomato skin,
I hold the juice and the sweetness within,
And yet fields of me
Poison frogs and canaries
As one, as one in the wine-rising sun,
Sing Ku-la-la Ku-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Come lullaby my machine.
Sing Ku-la-la Ku-la-la Ku-la-la-la-la
Come lullaby my machine.

2

In dreams my horizon calls out to the morning,
These funeral songs wave your sky like a storm,
Now my gravity
Brings you nowhere with me
To sleep, to sleep in the wine-clouded deep
Sing Ku-la-la Ku-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Come lullaby my machine.
Sing Ku-la-la Ku-la-la Ku-la-la-la-la
Come lullaby my machine.

3

The Arrow brings me from the feathery sky,
I drip-drop-drip-drop on the wide riverside,
And now roses will grow
With the rust and the snow
We feast, we feast on these boots from the east
Singing Gu-la-la Gu-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Go lullaby my machine.
Sing Gu-la-la Gu-la-la Ku-la-la-la-la
Go lullaby my machine.

4

In skin I am a tomato's dream,
I roll through Manchukuo and sing with the steam,
And when work is done
We sink with the sun
To sleep, to sleep while the wine-rivers weep
Sing Ku-la-la Ku-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Come lullaby my machine.
Sing Ku-la-la Ku-la-la Ku-la-la-la-la
Come lullaby my machine.

Working Title!

Little Bedtime Song for the Young
Stalinist Who Has Everthing

Jeff Borowiec

$\text{♩} = 40$ [Toy Xylophone] *mp*

Soprano *mp* In dreams I am a tom

8 at o skin, I hold the juice and the sweet ness with in, And yet

13 fields of me pois on frogs and can ar__ ies As one, as one in the wine-ris ing sun, Sing

17 Ku-la-la Ku-la-la - la-la-la-la-la Come lull a by my mach ine. Sing Ku-la-la Ku-la-la

lingering resonance...wait approx. 10 sec...repeat xylo line?

22 Ku - la - la - la - la Come lull a by my ____ mach ine. ____ In *mf*

28 dreams my hor i zon calls out to the morn ing, ____ These fun er al songs wave your

32 sky like a storm, Now my grav it y brings you no where with me To sleep, to sleep in the

37 wine-cloud ed deep Sing Ku-la-la Ku-la-la - la-la-la-la-la Come lull a by my mach ine. Sing

drone, lingering resonance...wait approx. 15 sec...repeat xylo line?

42 *mf*

Ku-la-la Ku-la-la Ku-la-la-la-la Come lull a by my mach ine. The

49

arr ow brings me from the feath er y sky, I drip-drop-drip-drop on the

53

wide riv er side, And now ros es will grow with the rust and the snow We

57

feast we feast on these boots from the east Sing ing Gu-la-la Gu-la-la - la-la-la-la-la Go

61

lull a by my mach ine. Sing Gu-la-la Gu-la-la Gu-la-la-la-la Go lull a by my mach

drone becomes more active, lingering resonance...wait approx. 20 sec...repeat xylo line?

67 *mp*


ine. In skin I am a tom at o's dream, I

73

roll through Man chu kuo and sing with the steam, And when work is done we

77

sink with the sun To sleep to sleep while the wine-riv ers weep Sing Ku-la-la Ku-la-la -

81 
 la-la-la-la-la Come lull a by my mach ine. Sing Ku-la-la Ku-la-la Ku-la-la-la-al Come

more voices have joined in, lingering resonance...wait approx. 30 sec...repeat xylo line?

86 
 lull a by my _____ mach ine. Ku-la-la-la - la _____ Ku-la-la-la-

the machine takes over... (approx. 3-4 min)

94 
 la _____ La-la-la-la La - la-la La-la-la-la - la - la _____