## 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 is 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.

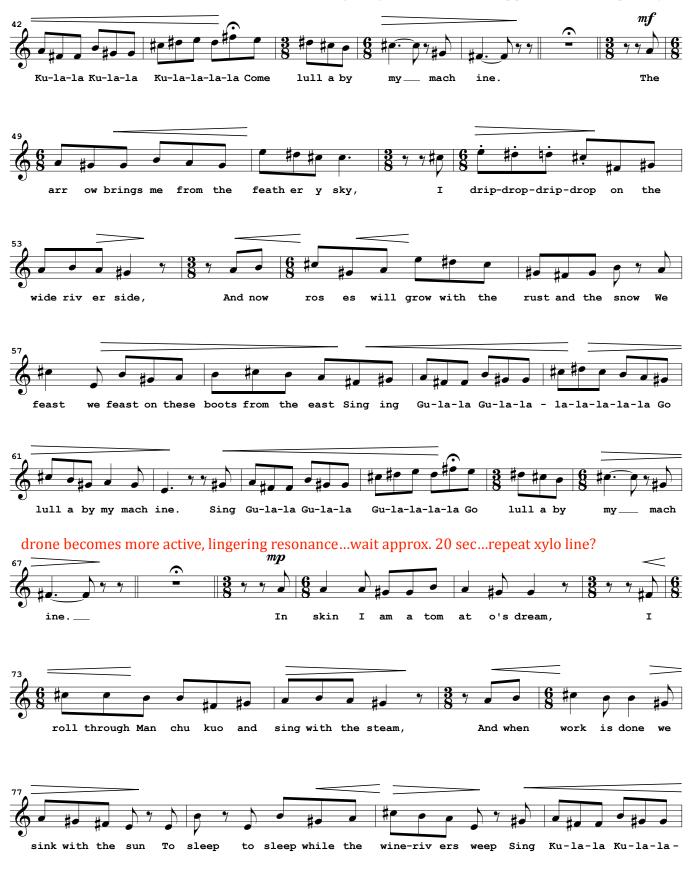
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In dreams I am a tomato skin,
I hold the juice and the sweetness within,
   And yet fields of me
   Poison frogs and canaries
As one, as one in the wine-rising sun,
Sing Ku-la-la Ku-la-la-la-la-la-la
   Come lullaby my machine.
Sing Ku-la-la Ku-la-la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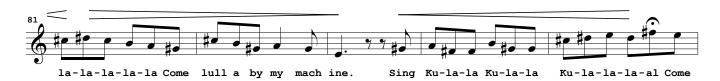
## Working Title!

Little Bedtime Song for the Young Stalinist Who Has Everthing

Jeff Borowiec







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



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

