

IN MEMORY OF GRIGORI BONDAREVSKY

## The Odessans Won't Cry, But. . .

*On Aug. 11, the Russian newspaper Vremya Novostei published this obituary. Author Yelena Suponina, paper's foreign editor, has kindly permitted EIR to publish it, as translated from the Russian by Jonathan Tennenbaum.*

I could never have imagined, that the death of my old professor, my tireless teacher and advisor, the 83-year-old Grigori Lvovich Bondarevsky, would be connected with such a horrible event. But it happened. Murder. And this is not simply a personal tragedy. It is a tragedy for the whole state in which we live. A state that is not able to guarantee the safety of its citizens. Even the young, strong and healthy ones, not to speak of the older and weaker. We are afraid of opening the door to an unexpected ring. But Professor Bondarevsky did open. In a naive spirit, he thought, there was nothing to steal from him. And indeed, as I well know, he kept only archives and books, books, books. He didn't use his liquid pension to save up for his burial, as many old people do, but spent it to subscribe to newspapers and magazines. He read the press every day, despite his age, because, irregardless of his age, he continued to work day after day, preparing analytical notes and articles.

In our state lived the brilliant professor, with a lucid mind, living in a—to put it mildly—modest apartment on Tsurupa and Cheremushky Streets, at the sight of which his colleagues from somewhere in Great Britain would have turned up their noses. But it was this same Professor Bondarevsky who received letters and greetings from the leaders of India, Kuwait, Iran, the Emirates; to whom historians of many countries turned for advice. Three years ago, in his official residence, the President of India personally awarded Bondarevsky one of the highest honors—the medal “Padma Shri.” And once, they even invited him to

move to Great Britain. But he did not want to. These old ones, they were real patriots. They loved their country. An unreciprocated love, it is true.

You could call up Bondarevsky, to clear up any historical fact that you couldn't find in encyclopedias. He knew history like his own biography. A great story-teller, an archivist, an analytician. Warmly loving his own country, his free mastery of the English language served him in studying the British archives. Bondarevsky was, above all, devoted to meticulous digging into the history of colonial expansion of that country. His passion was studying the colonies of Britain in the East.

Toward the end of his life, he was not supported. This old man turned to the state, where brains, erudition, and the willingness to work not for one's pocket, but for the good of the country, seemed not to be honored. As any other scholar whose institute nowadays can hardly make ends meet, he just suffered through it, labored like a work-addict, and hoped that somehow, sometime, things might change. They did not change.

You think he was despondent? You think he complained? Nothing of the kind. For Grigori Lvovich was an Odessan—which means, he was an optimist with a sense of humor, and a well-prepared tongue. Just like his wife Alexandra Arkadevna, who, thanks be to God, died three months earlier. An honors student from Odessa, he was admitted, in 1939, on account of his talent, to the historical faculty of Moscow State University—although with great difficulties (he was Jewish, and in these days, serious attention was paid to one's record). His graduation dissertation was on the Baghdad railroad. He was destined soon to become the youngest doctor of historical sciences. The war interrupted this. And then—secret work on the ideological front, in the special office of propaganda and disinformation. And then again to the East, and not only through books. Stalinabad (Dushanbe), Tehran, Tashkent. Then again to Moscow. The book *Russia and the Persian Gulf*. Other articles and works.

It is terrible, when people who have survived the horrors of war, are murdered today. In our Russia. In the Russia where we decided to live. And even survive?

—Yelena Suponina

fessor's murder. Russian police have apprehended a young man, a son of a household worker for the Bondarevsky family, as the murderer. Ostensibly, the young man was desperate for money; yet the Professor had none; his most cherished possession was his library of several thousand books, of which he was enormously proud. We are not in a position to comment on this police investigation; nor, of course, could we present pay stubs to prove this was a “murder for hire.” We only assert—and that as a point of honor to Professor

Grigori L. Bondarevsky—that some extremely nasty elements, in Russia and abroad, would have preferred to see him silenced.

A good man is not only proven good by his friends, but by his adversaries. And Grigori L. Bondarevsky was a very good man. He will be remembered. As LaRouche said during a presentation in Frankfurt on Aug. 16, eight days after the Professor's murder: “You miss him immediately. There's an empty place in your life. But *he's there.*”