
Totalitarianism and Georgian poet Sappho Mgeladze

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Abstract---Sappho thought that she would be warmly welcomed in the writers' family in Tbilisi. She participated in meetings, discussions, conferences and creative evenings held at the Writers' Palace. Her speeches were distinguished by their boldness, which is why the ideological critics of the Writers' Union did not spare her. Sappho's words are well known, which she uttered at a meeting of the Writers' Union dedicated to the anniversary of Mayakovsky (a famous Russian poet) - You killed Mayakovsky, on a spit.

Keywords---totalitarianism, Georgian, poet, Sappho, Mgeladze.

Introduction

From the very first years of the establishment of Soviet power, an active struggle against individuals with ideologically and politically unacceptable views began in Georgia (the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, a socialist-centrally governed multinational state in Eastern Europe, the Caucasus, North and Central Asia. The Soviet Union was founded on December 30, 1922 and dissolved on December 26, 1991 by the decision of the Supreme Soviet).

Many writers fell victim to this struggle (among the repressed were many Georgian classic writers, as well as lesser-known authors). Talking about the tragic fate of repressed writers was strictly taboo in the Soviet era, and only since the 1990s has it become possible to present individual aspects of the lives and work of many writers living in the Soviet era from a new perspective. Sappho Mgeladze can be attributed to such writers. She worked in the 1920s and 1930s.

Sappho Mgeladze, as a writer, had her own, distinctive handwriting; in her time, her poems and prose were passed from hand to hand at literary evenings and in salons; during conversations, young people competed with each other in their knowledge of her poems; the conversation about her poetry almost never stopped; and Sappho's novel "Liana Lordia" became a real bestseller of the 1930s. This novel established the writer as the "Georgian George Sand", "the beloved master of the book of love", "the beautiful artist of beautiful love".

In a short period of time - ten years, Sappho Mgeladze wrote three novels, three adult stories, a considerable number of poems and essays. Sappho Mgeladze lived only 40 years. She suffered a very tragic fate. She was married to a man 28 years older than her, and after collectivization, her family was deprived of their house in the village. The family moved to Tbilisi. Sappho thought that she would be warmly welcomed in the writers' family in Tbilisi. She participated in meetings, discussions, conferences and creative evenings held at the Writers' Palace. Her speeches were distinguished by their boldness, which is why the ideological critics of the Writers' Union did not spare her. Sappho's words are well known, which she uttered at a

meeting of the Writers' Union dedicated to the anniversary of Mayakovsky (a famous Russian poet) - You killed Mayakovsky, on a spit.

She would have killed herself, what would she have done? Sappho believed that her creativity was being hindered:

"I wrote serious poems, poems, I switched to prose... I looked at poetry and art in general as a very sacred work, a higher purpose, and I believed that this work was served by people who were naturally high. This is true, but some people do not notice this, and therefore I gradually want to abandon people, to go away, to myself... Literature, art is the joy of life, without this I do not believe in life and I will overcome everything... I will enter the battle. Yes,

I will enter the battle and I believe, I believe that I will even win..." (3, 23).

Sappho, fought... She was alone in this struggle, she asked for help from noble people, from her numerous young readers, wrote letters to them, shared her grief over the undeserved harsh criticism inflicted on her by some members of the Writers' Union, and asked young people for help in opening books. A couple of such letters are kept in the personal archive of Tinatin Nizharadze, a candidate of philological sciences. The letters date back to 1935 (a year later Sappho Mgeladze died).

Ms. Tina and her friends (N. Dumbadze, K. Dzotsenidze), students of the Faculty of Philology of the Kutaisi Pedagogical Institute, were fascinated by Sappho's novel "Liana Lordia" and had an active correspondence with the writer. Sappho Mgeladze writes to readers: "You haven't read the second or third part of this book. I don't know when you will. I receive questions like "Why aren't the second and third parts of this book published in Mnatobi?" Why isn't it published by Mmgami?" and so on. It would be good if my readers themselves addressed Sakhelgami, the editor of Mnatobi, Kurulashvili. A group of writers are biting me like a dog and even scolding me through Beso Zhgenti. I was also forced to say this at the last plenum of the Writers' Union: "You are not with me, but I have a reading public and I am accountable to this public.

I write books not for the heads of the House of Arts, but for the masses. There is more wisdom in the people than in the heads of our modern critics." And so on. This word ruined my work even more. They attacked me with more fury. "You write books for the masses? Well, then let the masses help you." They say. My books sell quickly. So the masses help me... Fortunately, I say this because it is not enough to sell a book that was written nine or twelve years ago. It is necessary to publish the books that I wrote later. But here the masses cannot help me. They cannot help me. Talking does not help, fighting does nothing. I must wait. I too sit and wait. Whom shall I wait for,

what?! Fate, chance, noble people. Will I have to wait long?! I do not know. Pray with me that this will not happen.

So beloved children. I feel your sympathy and this sympathy warms and encourages me. You have responded to your sincere collective letter with a long letter. "Everyone" does not need to read it. Selected friends, selected people will understand it as it should... Be well, do not forget your promise. Kisses, your eternal friend Sappho Mgeladze March 1935 In "Mnatobi" citizen V. (he did not have enough courage to write his name and surname in the letter) is going crazy. He is cursing "Wings of the Storm". Do you know who this man is?! A man who has repeatedly cursed me severely and whom I hate like a plague. This is how criticism is written in Georgia (by noble people I mean noble editors, noble publishing houses and anyone else who supports honest people)". "Tina! I have one request for you - you. I hope that others will help you (Zina, Nelly, Tina, Keto and others). Will you mind?! The matter is as follows. In the last days of August 1934, I published "Liana Lordia", sold 2300 books in one week. In one go. I had 1700 agents left.

Not one or two wanted to buy these books. But they found out about me and broke this deal everywhere. Who?! My "friends". In two or three months, 2300 books were sold. Today, this book is not in any store in Tbilisi. Not even in the provinces. The shops will take these books on commission, but I don't want to give them to them on commission. I have 1,700 books at home. Maybe the manager of some local shop will take them. The local shop will give me 35 percent. This is for the shop, for the second-hand book dealer. If anyone among your acquaintances wants to buy this book, I will give them 3 manats. (It costs 4 manats). But not on commission.

I want to get permission and buy paper. If I manage to do this, I will publish my latest novel. That's why I'm bothering you, that's why I bothered you here, in Tiflis. An employee of one of the factories. I sent him a hundred books and they were sold very quickly among the workers. "They would be happy to accept them," I told him. I wonder if these books will have a market there. If a buyer appears, let me know. Write down the conditions. It would be good if this story didn't get too public. The "well-wishers" here will manage to get me through it. So, my girl, I hesitated for a long time, I didn't want to write this for you, for you, and I didn't want to give such a formulaic task. I don't like to talk about money, bread, food, etc. Every time I talk about such things, I feel extremely humiliated, almost for nothing, and yet... I have to talk about it.

You probably remember: "I was born for inspiration, for sweet sounds and prayers." And so on. Oh, often the miserable conditions of life in the East suffocate me. I have been suffocating for 12 years, and At a meeting of the Writers' Union dedicated to him, he said - Mayakovsky, you killed him, you wrote poems on a spittoon, and if he

realized that, he would kill himself, what would he do? Sappho believed that her creativity was being hindered: "I wrote serious poems, poems, I switched to prose... I looked at poetry and art in general as a very sacred work, a higher purpose, and I believed that this work was served by people who were naturally high. This is true, but some people do not notice this, and therefore I gradually want to abandon people, to abandon myself, to go to myself... Literature, art is the joy of life, without it I do not believe in life and I will overcome everything... I will enter the battle. Yes, I will enter the battle and I believe, I believe that I will even win..." (3, 23).

Sappho, she fought... She was alone in this struggle, she asked for help from noble people, from her numerous young readers, she wrote them letters, shared her heartache due to the undeserved harsh criticism inflicted by some members of the Writers' Union, she asked young people for help in the issue of publishing books. A couple of such letters are kept in the personal archive of Tinatin Nizharadze, Candidate of Philological Sciences. The letters date back to 1935 (a year later Sappho Mgeladze died). Ms. Tina and her friends (N. Dumbadze, K. Dzotsenidze), students of the Philology Faculty of the Kutaisi Pedagogical Institute, were fascinated by Sappho's novel "Liana Lordia" and had an active correspondence with the writer.

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A group of writers is biting me like a dog and they even scolded me through Beso Zhgenti. I was also forced to say this at the last plenum of the Writers' Union: "You are not with me, but I have a reading public and I am accountable to this public. I write books not for the heads of the House of Arts, but for the masses. There is more wisdom in the people than in the heads of our modern critics." And so on... This word made things worse for me. They attacked me with even more fury. "Do you write books for the masses? "Well, let this crowd help you." They say.

My books sell quickly. So the crowd helps me... Fortunately, I say this because it is not enough to sell a book that was written nine or twelve years ago. It is necessary to publish the books that I wrote later. But here the crowd cannot help me. It cannot help me either. Talking does not help, fighting does nothing. I need to wait. I also sit and wait. Who do I wait for, what?! Fate, chance, noble people. Will I have to wait a long time?! I do not know. Pray with me that this will not happen.

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March 1935

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This For the shop, for the second-hand book dealer. If anyone among your acquaintances is willing to buy this book. The book will be given for 3 manats. (It costs 4 manats). But not on commission. I want to get permission and buy paper. If I manage to do this, I will publish my latest novel. That is why I am bothering you, that is why I have bothered you here, in Tiflis. An employee of one of the factories. I sent him a hundred books and they were sold very quickly among the workers. "They were happy to receive them," he told me. Find out if these books will have a market there, and if a buyer is found - let me know. Write down the terms. It would be good if this story does not become too public. The "well-wishers" here will also help me