

# International Warmongers Beat the War Drums for War Against Russia

The Munich Security Conference – the Davos of the Warmongers

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*"Love greetings to Moscow: Biden threatens to end Putin's 'tyranny'". Biden made this poisoned "promise" to the Russian president long before his stolen election as the new US president (1). About the upcoming private meeting of selected warmongers in Munich, he says: "Like no other global forum, Munich connects European leaders and thinkers with their peers from across the world (2)." However, the only certain thing about this so-called security conference – postponed because of the Corona plague – is that the world's worst warmongers are again beating the war drums. This year, possibly for a new war against Russia. Peoples hear the signals!*

Almost 80 years ago – in the summer of 1941 – fascist Germany invaded the Soviet Union – not without the support of Western states – and left behind a record of horror: an estimated 13 million dead soldiers, 14 million dead civilians and 3 million dead prisoners of war (3). And only three generations later, the war drums are being beaten for a new war against Russia. Therefore, continue to sign the Public Declaration of 8/9 May 2018 in the "Neue Rheinische Zeitung (NRhZ)" (4): "We Europeans say NO to war against Russia!"

For the younger generation, who do not know what war means, the Kyrgyz writer Chingiz Aitmatov describes in the story "Gold Trail of Sheaves" how the "Great Patriotic War" broke out over the Soviet Union and instantly changed the lives of young and old (5). Often only very personal accounts reach people's hearts.

In a conversation with Mother Earth in Aitmatov's narrative, Mother Tolgonai, who lost her husband and a son in that war, says:

"Consider, dear Earth, it is precisely your best workers, your most skilled masters, that war murders. I do not agree with it, my whole life I do not agree with it! People can and must put a stop to war (6)."

"The happiness of the farmer lies in sowing and harvesting"

At the beginning of the story, Tolgonai, daughter of a Kyrgyz day labourer, describes how

she met Suwankul, her future husband, while harvesting at the age of 17:

“The sun rose flaming, the snow-covered mountain peaks shone with a golden glow, the wind flowed towards us from the steppe like a deep blue river. These early summer mornings were the dawn of our love. The whole world changed like a fairy tale when we walked together. And the field, grey, trampled and churned, became the most beautiful field on earth... (p. 435).”

Moved by happiness, she asked her beloved in a whisper, “Suwan, what do you think, we will be happy, won’t we?” And he replied:

“When land and water are equally distributed among all, when we too have our own field, when we too plough, sow and thresh our own grain - then that will be our happiness. Man needs no greater happiness, Tolgonai. The happiness of the cultivator lies in sowing and reaping (p. 436).”

With their hands they both created their lives. They worked and did not put down the ktmens (hoe) in summer or winter: much sweat they shed, much toil they expended. They built themselves a house and got themselves a few head of cattle. They began to live like people. But the greatest thing was that three sons were born to them. Time passed and almost imperceptibly the sons grew up. Each one chose his own path.

“It’s war, Mama!”

In the summer of 1941, one morning before sunrise, Tolgonai and the other farmers were mowing a new grain field right next to the river when they saw a rider suddenly appear on the other side of the river. He came dashing out from behind the last farms of the ail (Kyrgyz village), galloping wildly straight through the brush and reeds as if a pack of wild dogs were after him.

What was driving this person? It was a young Russian. He was waving his arms and shouting something at them, but nothing could be understood through the roar of the river. When the rider had crossed the raging river and arrived at a combine, suddenly there was a great clamour. People rushed there from all sides, some on foot, others on horseback, still others standing on their carts and lashing the horses with their whips. Tolgonai also ran:

“‘God forbid! God forbid!’ I pleaded, stretching out my hands as I ran. (...) When I finally arrived, the combine was surrounded by a noisy crowd. I could hear nothing, understand nothing. Desperately I tried to make my way through the crowd: ‘Make way! Let me through!’ The people dispersed and when I saw Kassym and Aliman standing next to each other at the combine, I stretched out my trembling arms like a blind woman towards my son. Kassym came towards me and caught me.

‘It’s war, Mama!’, I heard his voice as if from far away. I looked at him as if I did not understand what that word was. ‘War? War, you say?’, I asked back. ‘Yes, Mama, war has broken out,’ he replied. But it was still not clear to me what was behind this word. ‘What do you mean, war? Why war? War, you say?’ I repeated this sinister word, and then sudden horror seized me and I began to cry quietly after all the fear I had endured and the unexpected news. When the women saw my tear-streaked face, they began to wail and complain loudly. (...).

With that minute, a new life began – life in the war.

We did not hear the noise of battle, but our hearts heard the cries of the people (p. 454ff.).”

Life in the war

One man after the other received the draft from the village Soviet’s messenger. Husband Suwankul and son Kassym also had to say goodbye. Those who stayed behind, however, continued to work:

“They worked in the midday heat and in the sultry dry windy nights, mowing, threshing, driving in, they worked incessantly and knew no sleep and no rest. In the process, the work became more and more, for fewer and fewer men remained (p. 456).”

Tolgonai now girded herself like a man, as the kolkhoz chairman had told her to do, sat on her horse and fulfilled her duties as brigadier:

“There were no healthy men left in the ailes, only sick and lame ones, and the remaining labourers were women, girls, children and old men (p. 469).”

Everything that was harvested they delivered to the front. Even the children had to do it. One day the kolkhoz chairman came to the class with the headmaster and said to the pupils:

“I have come to you, children, because some of you have to leave school temporarily. We have no time to lose, we have to prepare the draft horses for the spring tillage, and it makes me dread to look at them, they can hardly stand on their feet. We have to repair the harness, it is completely broken, we have to repair the ploughs and the seed drills, our whole inventory is rotting under the snow. Why am I telling you all this? Because we have to sow summer cereals on the areas where no winter cereals have been sown. Absolutely, without argument. (...) But where do we get the labour, on whom do we rely? (...) We cannot send women! The land is far away, in Aksai – no people. We had no choice but to ask you for help (7).”

For many boys, a difficult adult life began.

One evening, as Tolgonai rode home after her work was done, she learned from her neighbours outside her house that her husband Suwankul and her son Kassym had fallen. She cried out so loudly that it rang out all over the street. And suddenly she went completely deaf:

“I had probably gone deaf from my scream. The street swayed, I felt as if the trees were falling and the houses were collapsing. In the eerie silence, the clouds in the sky changed before my eyes, disfigured, mute faces appeared before me (p. 484).”

Her sun had gone out.

“Mother Earth, can people live without war?”

After some time, Tolgonai, wearing a dark quilted beschmet (half-skirt) over his freshly washed white dress and a white cloth around his head, walked slowly out to the field and spoke at length to Mother Earth:

“Why, Mother Earth, do not the mountains collapse, why do not the lakes burst their banks, when such people fall as Suwankul and Kassym? Both father and son were capable farmers. From time immemorial the world has lived through such men, by them it is fed, by them it is defended in war, they are the first to become soldiers. Had it not been for the war, what more could Suwankul and Kassym have accomplished, how many people could they have bestowed with the fruits of their labour, how many fields could they have cultivated and how much grain could they have threshed. And they themselves, rewarded a hundredfold with the fruits of others’ labour, how many beautiful things they could still have experienced. Tell me, Mother Earth, tell me the truth: can people live without war?”

“A difficult question you have asked me there, Tolgonai. There have been peoples wiped out by wars, there have been cities reduced to rubble, and there have been centuries when I dreamed of finding a human trace. And every time people started another war, I called out to them: ‘Stop, stop the bloodshed!’ And even now I repeat: ‘You people beyond the mountains and seas! You people all over the world, what do you lack – land? Here I am – the land, the earth! I am the same for all of you, and for me you are all equal. It is not your strife that I need, but your friendship, your work! Throw a single grain into the furrow and I will give you back a hundred grains in return. Put a tiny rice in the ground and I will raise you a plantation. Plant a garden and I will shower you with fruit. Raise cattle, and I will be grass. Build houses, and I will be a wall. Plant yourselves, multiply, and I will be a glorious home for you all. I am infinite, I am boundless, I am deep, and I am high, I have room for you all!’ And there you are still asking, Tolgonai, whether people can live without war. That does not depend on me, that depends on you people, on your will and your mind.”

“Remember, dear earth, it is precisely your best workers, your most skilful masters, who are murdered by war. I do not agree with it, all my life I have not agreed with it! Men can and must put a stop to war.”

“Do you think then, Tolgonai, that I do not suffer from wars? Yes, I do! I suffer a lot. I long for the hands of the peasants, eternally I weep for my children, the cultivators, always I will miss Suwankul, Kassym and all the fallen soldiers. When I remain unploughed, the grain unmown and unthreshed, I call out to them: ‘Where are you, my ploughmen, where are you, my sowers? Arise, my children, my ploughmen, come and help me, I am choking, I am dying!’ How nice it would be if Suwankul then came with ketmen in hand, Kassym with his combine and Dshainak with his cart! But they give no answer...”

“Have thanks for that too, earth! So you mourn for them like I do, so you weep for them like I do. Have thanks, earth (pp. 489f.).”

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*This article first appeared in [NRhZ 552](#) of 09.03.2016 and has been slightly revised.*

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## Notes

- (1) <https://de.rt.com/nordamerika/93854-liebesgruesse-nach-moskau-biden-droht/>
- (2) Munich-Security-Conference <https://securityconference.org/>
- (3) [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/World\\_War\\_II\\_casualties](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/World_War_II_casualties)
- (4) <http://www.nrhz.de/flyer/beitrag.php?id=24807>  
<https://www.rubikon.news/artikel/zwei-weltkriege-sind-genug>  
<https://www.globalresearch.ca/we-europeans-say-no-to-a-war-against-russia/5638772>
- (5) Aitmatov, Chingiz (2008). Narratives and novellas I and II. Union Publishing House Zurich
- (6) Aitmatov, Chingiz (2008). Narratives-Novellas I. Gold Trail of the Sheaves. Unionsverlag Zurich, pp. 431-540. The page references in the text refer to this story.
- (7) Aitmatov, Chingiz (2008). Narratives-Novellas II. Early Cranes. Unionsverlag Zurich, p. 347f.

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