Acknowledgments

This book was born as a paper given at Yale's Working Group on Globalization and Culture. Thanks should go to its first readers: my dissertation advisor and personal hero Michael Denning, Naomi Paik, Dan Gilbert, Amanda Ciafone, Eli Jelly-Schapiro, Christina Moon, and Ariana Paulson. The Working Group and the larger Initiative on Labor and Culture were my intellectual homes at graduate school. I always liked to think of them as the intellectual wing of the Yale graduate student union, GESO. I was also fortunate with my department, Comparative Literature, which had by that point largely shed its deconstructionist profile and was experimenting with world literature (and film) approaches, which eventually became central to this book. Katy Clark, whom I was very lucky to have as my other dissertation advisor, stayed on as the guardian angel of this project. Katie Trumpener, John MacKay, and Marci Shore were all generous and devoted teachers and I have learned much from them. The graduate school years at Yale gave me also some of my best friends and colleagues: Yasha Klots, Nora Gortcheva, Roman Uktin, Alice Lovejoy, Michael Cramer, Brais Outes, Raisa Sidenova, and many others. Ilya Kliger, who together with Tom Campbell was my first and finest GESO organizer, has remained so throughout the years and geographies, politically, intellectually, personally. Tom told me once that no single person can have all the right answers to all questions, but in life he does everything to prove this wrong.

The PhD thesis I submitted contained only one chapter of what would eventually become this book, and for a long while, I did not know what to do with them. Thanks to dissertation awards by SRC and ACLS, however,

I had a great many notes and thoughts on Soviet–Third World cultural engagements, which I proceeded to write about in two distinct spurts. One of these took place during a postdoctoral fellowship at the Penn Humanities Forum, where I enjoyed the mentorship of Kevin Platt and the collegiality and friendship of Monica Kim, Laurent and Ece Dissard, Elidor Mëhilli, and Noah Tamarkin.

The other spurt has occurred already at my present workplace, the Department of Russian and Slavic Studies at New York University, the best department in the world, where my colleagues – Anne Lounsbery, Yanni Kotsonis, Eliot Borenstein, Anne O'Donnell, Mikhail Iampolski, Maya Vinkour, and Ilya Kliger – as well as the inimitable Leydi Ortiz – made this work possible in more ways than I can thank them for.

In between, I spent a year as a lecturer at Harvard's Program of History and Literature, which memorably coincided with the Occupy movement, and two more years teaching at Koç University during a dramatic period in Turkey's recent history. I left Istanbul with a sad heart but also with a number of colleagues, friends, and comrades: my confidante Georgia Axiotou, the leaders of the revolution Osman Şahin, Ekin Koçabas, Erdem Yöruk, among others, as well as my departmental colleagues: Meliz Ergin, Nazmi Agil, Soo Kim, Megan MacDonald, and Erik Mortenson. Throughout this postgraduate period of movement, the precious friendships of Suzanna Weygandt, Georgi Felixov, Marian Zumbulev, Kalina Hamraeva, Marijeta Bozovic, Jessie Labov, Yuliya Minkova, and many others have kept me grounded while *LeftEast*'s editorial collective gave me the chance to relive the internationalism of my characters.

In Moscow, Zhenya Trefilov and Misha Levitin's merry company made every visit a joy. The conversations with Ilya Budraitskis to this day account for most of what I know about today's Russia. Thanks to a fellowship at the Poletayev Institute for Theoretical and Historical Studies in the Humanities at the Higher School of Economics and invitations from the InterLit group (Elena Zemskova, Elena Ostrovskaya, and Natalia Kharitonova) based at the same university, I not only had a source of a visa, a dormitory, and a cafeteria but also a Russian academic institution to call home and a remarkable scholarly community with whom to share my work. Over the course of many years and many visits, archivists from RGALI, RGANI, GARF, RGAKFD, RGASPI, and VGIK have brought me countless documents on Soviet literary and cinematic internationalism. I also spoke to a number of people – scholars, translators, VGIK-trained foreign filmmakers – who had

once occupied the interface of Soviet–Third World engagements. They are the real heroes of this book.

What ultimately made my interviews, archival notes, and observations into a book was the help of a growing circle of co-conspirators. First among them was Masha Salazkina. Our collaboration started with a co-written article "Tashkent '68: a Cinematic Contact Zone" (Slavic Review 75.2 (Summer 2016)), which not only smoothed my foray into film studies but also became the kernel out of which Chapter Four grew. Since then, Masha has read the entire book twice, on each occasion producing nine singlespaced pages of exceptionally sharp commentary. The other participants of my manuscript workshop – Margaret Litvin, Katerina Clark, Yasha Klots, Betty Banks, Anne Lounsbery, and Ilya Kliger - all offered illuminating criticism that over the ensuing months helped give the baggy monster shape, coherence, meaning. Kevin Platt's generous invitation to present chapters of the manuscript to the Penn kruzhok gave it another round of audience and constructive commentary. An inventory workshop co-organized at NYU's Jordan Center with the ever-generous Monica Popescu, Leah Feldman, and Duncan Yoon on the Afro-Asian Writers Association and my participation in the Postcolonialist Print Culture network have become a source of hope that this work could be of interest to scholars beyond Soviet culture. Throughout this process, Galin Tihanov has been a wise friend. At crucial moments, Alice Lovejoy, Louise Spence, Katharine Holt, Elena Razlogova, Raisa Sidenova, and Nariman Skakov read and advised me on whole chapters. From then on, my editor, Richard Ratzlaff, ably shepherded this manuscript to completion and Anna Yegorova heroically indexed it.

And finally, my family. Petia, Lilyan, Ivan Djagalovi, grandparents, uncles, and aunts gave me not only a happy childhood in an otherwise turbulent transition to capitalism in Bulgaria but constant care over the years that followed. And Asli, who joined me in life more recently, read the manuscript countless times, cheered me up with her love through the interminably long revisions, and taught me what happiness is. It is to them that this book is dedicated.