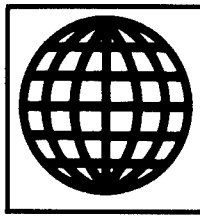
JPRS-UPA-88-060
21 DECEMBER 1988



JPRS Report

Soviet Union

Political Affairs

19980616 096

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Voroshilovgrad Obkom Chief To Overhaul Party Organization

18000180 Moscow PRAVDA in Russian 19 Nov 88 p 2

[Interview by PRAVDA special correspondent G. Yakovlev with the 1st secretary of the Voroshilovgrad Party obkom I.A. Lyakhov under the rubric: "From Positions of 19th Party Conference": "Without Right To Shout"; first paragraph is PRAVDA introduction]

[Text] To put it straight, the former first secretary of the Voroshilovgrad Party obkom V. Goncharenko has left behind him a difficult legacy. It was directly stated in the response to the article "Beyond the Last Line" (PRAVDA, 4 Jan 87) that "the Party obkom and gorkoms do not take effective measures to resolutely eliminate the stagnant phenomena in economy and social sphere." Readers have not forgotten this sharp criticism by the newspaper and are asking the editorial office about the efforts being made to improve the situation in the Voroshilovgrad Oblast and whether the Party organization of the oblast, which had in the past so many good traditions to its credit, was able to restore its authority. It was exactly PRAVDA's mail which provided us with a theme of a discussion with the 1st secretary of the Voroshilovgrad Party obkom I. Lyakhov.

[Yakovlev] Ivan Andreyevich, the already mentioned response to the editorial office concerning the article "Beyond the Last Line" also addressed the fact that the buro and the secretariat of the obkom have not created an atmosphere of mutual exactingness, high responsibility, and comradely trust. Naturally, such a style was being passed from the top to the primary organizations. And it is difficult to recover the trust of communists.

[Lyakhov] Nevertheless, our organizational and mass-political work is targeted exactly on this goal. We will not be able to affect the development of economy and the social sphere without the trust of communists and all toilers. We are seeking to replace in all Party committees the commanding and pressuring methods with political ones and the bureaucratic management style with wide contacts with people.

For example, we often talk about the party discipline. Unfortunately, many people understand it differently. Personally, I am against mechanical performance of one's duties. Passiveness and unwillingness to take responsibility, which became habitual during the years of stagnation, are hidden behind such a performance. It is much easier to play a role of a "small screw." However, such a "position" negatively affects business and creates an unhealthy moral situation. As to us, we want a man to straighten up, to look around himself as a master, and to speak up at the top of his voice about the sore and hampering problems.

For example, an exchange of opinions is taking place at a meeting of obkom's buro. How was it carried out at times? The first secretary did not lead the meeting, he ruled it and always left the decisive word on any issue to himself. And why? Are there such instructions? Of course, not. Therefore, omnipotence, rudeness, and ignoring opinions of others are especially intolerable. Criticism is good medicine against such phenomena.

[Yakovlev] Were you yourself criticized in the oblast?

[Lyakhov] Of course. For example, prior to elections of delegates to the 19th Party conference, a miner from Krasnodon, Aleksandr Pavlovich Makartsev, demanded that I give more objective assessments of both successes and faults of leaders and rank-and-file communists. I agree with his opinion.

[Yakovlev] It seems that he had in mind somebody in particular.

[Lyakhov] Yes, he named the former chairman of the oblispolkom R. Zverev, who received from the Central Committee of the Ukrainian CP a strict reprimand with entering it in his file. He made serious errors in his work and demonstrated lack of personal modesty. As to the buro, it did not put him in his place.

[Yakovlev] There is no secret that many Party and other leaders of the oblast were, as it is called, excessively active in organizing their own well-being. People were losing trust in such Party leaders. Preparing myself for this conversation, I learned that the buro decided to transfer 13 million rubles assigned for a new Party obkom building to the construction of a facility for sports and entertainment, and that you personally, after returning back to the oblast, refused to take the apartment of the former 1st secretary and moved into your old, small apartment.

[Lyakhov] I do not see in these facts a theme for a special discussion. Because the obkom's personnel is being reduced by one-third, we decided that we will make it without a new building. Incidentally, 30 of the obkom's telephones were transferred to war invalids. And, generally speaking, I think that we must always remember Lenin's statement that a man is judged not by what he is saying or thinking about himself, but by what he is doing.

[Yakovlev] We again are coming back to the theme of trust. Man has a need to search for ideals and to trust the authority of those, who lead him on behalf of the Party. Do the Party workers always remember their role to be an example in every aspect?

[Lyakhov] To be honest, not always and not all of them. For example, V. Poltavtsev was an unsuitable person for the position of the first secretary of the Melovskiy raykom. He got this position too fast and did not have the time to mature politically. Poltavtsev's "I" began to sound louder and more obtrusively with each, even the

smallest success of the rayon's toilers. His arrogance was growing fast. He refused a 4-room apartment and demanded a house to be built for him. He bought a car bypassing the waiting line.

[Yakovlev] Were the communists silent?

[Lyakhov] They were not silent, but their criticism was timid and more like an appeal to his conscience. But it did not affect him. Then the raykom's plenum discussed his personal affairs. And here all the resentment was expressed. He was removed from his position and received a reprimand with entering it in his file. There were proposals to expel him from the Party.

For a long time the Slavyanoserbskiy raykom remained outside criticism. Its 1st secretary V. Chepurnoy had this position for 14 years and came to believe in his right to give orders. His arrogance grew into an uncontrollable willfulness. For example, the secretary of the partkom of the sovkhoz Donetskiy criticized the raykom for shortcomings. He was persecuted. He, agriculturist by profession, left his job and started to work as a truck driver. Without any reason, his wife was interrogated by militia. I think that a timely interference by comrades from the obkom and rayon aktiv would prevent V. Chepurnoy from mistakes. However, this interference came too late. They had to do it earlier.

I give these examples with pain in my heart. We have to pay dearly for the mistakes in personnel selection, namely, with authority of a Party worker.

[Yakovlev] Very likely that many shortcomings in the personnel policy extend into today because of that "last line" described by PRAVDA.

[Lyakhov] We are trying to awaken in people social activeness and understanding of their personal responsibility for the fate of affairs in a town, rayon, and the oblast. During the years of stagnation it was considered the norm not to object, let us say, to a department chief or, especially, a secretary. This style was being justified supposedly by the party discipline. But the party discipline is in something else, namely, in submission to the majority rather than to one, who occupies a higher position. You see, how everything can be shifted. The principle of "being in the depth of masses" became a standard phrase for reports. It is not a coincidence that since the first weeks of my work in the Voroshilovgrad Oblast, Party veterans were coming to me and were sharply raising the issue of alienation between the apparatus and the working collectives. They were putting it point-blank, namely, that the Party leaders must organize masses for realizing the common to the whole people tasks rather than manage them with the help of the apparatus.

[Yakovlev] I read an article in VOROSHILOVGRADSKAYA PRAVDA about the first secretary of the Stakhanovskiy Party gorkom, N. Dyma. In my opinion, it honestly described his search and difficulties.

[Lyakhov] The facts I described earlier may be considered exceptions to the rule. Party workers like Nikolay Fedorovich Dyma are those, who determine the character of the oblast's Party organization. By the way, the article about him was published based on the initiative of the newspaper rather than that of the obkom. Issues that are important to many communists, namely, the character and personal life of the secretary of the gorkom, are being raised. Nikolay Fedorovich comes from a worker's family. Since his childhood he was brought up respecting labor, both his own and that of others. He started as a fitter in a mine and graduated from a mine institute by taking correspondence courses.

He lives in an old 38 square meter apartment. He lived there even when his family had 5 members. His salary is 350 rubles, and his wife, who was an operator at a concentrating mill, receives a pension of 132 rubles. One would not find her in an official car. More often she could be seen in a line at a counter of a store. Nikolay Fedorovich lives openly. He is eager not for benefits but for work. His "shift" is 12-14 hours on average. A free day is a rarity. Of course, this is wrong, but for the time being we will justify it by the needs of our time.

The gorkom has no special stores or distributors. The first secretary even does not use vouchers to rest homes and spends his vacations at his garden plot. Recently he asked for his first personal favor, namely, to help him to buy a used car through a commission store, because he does not have money for a new one.

[Yakovlev] I was told that you, Ivan Andreyevich, during your first meetings with the personnel of the Party obkom, oblispolkom, and law and order authorities, asked them to remember the honor of communists. As I understand, you spoke up against using an official position for personal benefits.

[Lyakhov] Naturally, such discussions were taking place during the meetings. The indulgences that were taking place, now are practically eliminated. The obkom now builds its housing based on share holdings. For example, eight of our workers received occupancy permits in a house at the city's outskirts. A new block is being built here and for the time being it is lacking many communal conveniences.

Recently we have had to correct a distinguished teamleader of a mine, who is a member of the Party obkom buro. He wanted to exchange his spacious and comfortable apartment for another one. We stopped the immodesty, and gave the occupancy permit to a family with many children. We had to discuss the issue of modesty with certain leaders, including workers of the obkom, who built homes in garden cooperatives, brought in water, and equipped their plots with amenities first for themselves.

[Yakovlev] In short, the locomotive of perestroyka is picking up speed.

[Lyakhov] In any case, it is moving. We contemplated large social-economic tasks, and their solution will raise the level of communal and domestic services and public health care, and increase supplies of goods to residents of towns and villages.

[Yakovlev] So what are you considering to be the agenda of the day...

[Lyakhov] Changes in the work style of the whole Party organization of the oblast, remelting the characters of our cadres, and reorientation of their thinking and behavior. In short, to win the trust of masses, and with their help to accelerate the processes of perestroyka. For the good of people.

Burlatskiy Memoirs Recount Post-Stalin Thaw

18000155a Moscow NOVYY MIR in Russian
No 10, Oct 88 pp 153-197

[Article by Fedor Burlatskiy: "Diaries and Memoirs": "After Stalin: Comments on the Political Thaw"]

[Text] The following article is the first part of a set of memoirs on one of the most difficult and interesting periods in our history: the 1950's and 1960's. It was at that time that the first steps were taken toward overcoming the heritage of the Stalinist personality cult and restoring Leninist ideals. This period also marked the beginning of a transition from the "Cold War" to peaceful coexistence; a window was once more opened on the modern world. At this major turning point in history society literally took a deep breath of the spirit of renewal and choked... either from the abundance or the lack of oxygen. Now we are going back to those years over and over again, drawing from them lessons for the present.

I began working for the CPSU Central Committee journal KOMMUNIST in 1953 and was later employed in the central party apparatus for five years, at PRAVDA for two years and at a party school for 15 years. I had an opportunity to have direct contacts with political leaders and their advisers, as well as with other party officials. Therefore my notes are based on my personal observations and recollections. When mentioning the names of well-known political figures of the past I have taken only one liberty: the names of individuals still living today have been changed.

Part One

1

Not everyone is aware that the Khrushchev thaw did not begin in 1956, at the time of the 20th Party Congress, but rather immediately following Stalin's death. His death shook every person in our country to the depths of his or her soul, though for various reasons. Something was gone that had seemed immutable, eternal and immortal. The simple, ordinary thought that a human being had died and his body should be committed to the earth occurred to almost no one. No, it was an institute of power that had crumbled and fallen, the very foundation of the entire edifice. How were we to live? What would happen to us? Where was our country headed?

I recall a memorial meeting held in the marble hall of the USSR Academy of Sciences Presidium on Leninskiy Prospekt. At that time I was secretary of the Social Sciences Section of the Editorial and Publishing Council, which was chaired by Academy President Nesmeyanov. Aleksandr Nikolayevich opened the memorial meeting and in a voice completely devoid of emotion, as if it were separated from all things earthly, told of the death of a great man, the leader of the party and the state and an outstanding scientist. Then he used a stock phrase that was immediately engraved on my consciousness: leadership of the party and the country would pass without disruption to G. M. Malenkov, a faithful student of Lenin and a comrade-in-arms of Comrade Stalin. Without disruption... There at the top they were also feeling the loss of one of the main buttresses of the state.

Of the other speakers I recall academician N. V. Tsitsin, who sobbed violently at the podium. Incidentally, virtually everyone there was crying. I, too, had moist eyes on account of a sense of the solemnity of the moment and a kind of as yet uncomprehended sense of expectation of important changes to come.

I can still remember how after leaving the meeting I said this strange thing to a casual passerby, either seriously or sarcastically: "Now there is only one true classic left alive: Mao Tse-tung. We must stock up on his works at once." I did not know that 20 years later I would be publishing a biography of that leader.

During Stalin's funeral I managed to get onto Trubnaya Square, which has been mentioned in the memoirs of many of our writers. However, I got there before the trampling and the bloodshed occurred. We were renting a small room in Pechatnikov Alley, not far from Trubnaya Square. Our first son was born a few weeks before the leader died. He was allowed to catch cold in the maternity hospital; a week later, after hiding it from us, we were told that he had fallen ill with double pneumonia. With tremendous difficulty we got him admitted to Filatovskaya Hospital on Vosstaniye Square. I was crossing Trubnaya Square early that morning not to bury Stalin, but instead to save my son; I was on my way to the hospital. I just managed to get through the vehicles at the very moment that they, acting on someone's brilliant orders, closed off all passage.

I should note that I had not liked Stalin since my early years. Today, analyzing why and how this occurred, I think that I am to a great extent indebted to my mother for this. A worker at a textile factory in Kiev, she joined the political struggle before the October Revolution. After the revolution she joined a partisan unit, worked in espionage disguised as a Gypsy, then later served in the 6th Army, where she met my father. He had quite a different history. The son of a liberal intellectual family, he had just completed a classical Gymnasium and two years of a conservatory in Petrograd when the revolution occurred, but he was interested in political work and joined the 6th Army, then was setting out from Petrograd to the aid of the Ukraine.

My mother was very proud of the fact that Nadezhda Konstantinovna Krupskaya once mentioned her name in a speech at a rally among other early women supporters of the revolution. However, at the end of the 1920's my mother and father got out of party work and turned to their professional careers: my mother as a physician and my father as an employee of financial organs. This probably saved them from the repressions of the 1930's.

Fanatically devoted to the revolution, my mother could neither comprehend nor accept the things happening under Stalin, though to the very end of her life she continued to believe that all this would be overcome, that every revolution has its flaws, twists, turns and backsliding, we needed only to have patience and never lose hope. Time would set everything right.

My parents did not call me Fedor just because they liked the name, but in honor of Friedrich Engels. Perhaps that was the reason why of our two classic authors I was most inclined toward him... The first songs that I heard my mother sing were "Vikhri vrazhdebnyye reyut nad nami" [Hostile Whirlwinds Roar Above Us] and "Nash paravoz, vpered deti!" [Our Locomotive, Forward, Children!]. I included some lines from the latter song in N. S. Khrushchev's report to the 21st Party Congress. And he liked them very much...

My parents were constantly moving from one place to another, and now I remember that my father was afraid of being repressed. When I was young no one told me anything about this. My father wrote about what were probably dramatic events of his life in a poem dedicated to my mother: "After fighting long for the light of the Commune you chanced to leave its ordered ranks. But in your heart the old strings still sing, the stirrings of still-echoing fiery calls to arms." My mother, not directly but very subtly, instilled in me an admiration for the heroes of the Civil War and the whole Leninist period of our history, as well as a critical attitude toward what had happened in the 1930's.

However, it was later that I went through my real school of political maturity. In 1950 I went to Moscow to apply for graduate school. I had to get admitted at any cost, especially since I did not have a single ruble to pay for a return ticket. A self-confident boy, I made the following proposal when I was interviewed by V. P. Peshkov, a scientific secretary of the USSR Academy of Sciences and a physicist by profession: "I graduated from the institute in two years. I only need one year of graduate school. I promise to defend my dissertation in one year from now to the day. You are a physicist: make an experiment out of me." Vasiliy Petrovich laughed, and I received his permission to study for one year. And I really did defend my dissertation just one day later than I had said I would.

During my graduate studies I made the acquaintance of the former chairman of either the Stavropol or the Rostov Soviet during the Revolution of 1905; he had the old Kazakh name of Gerus. He lived in a tiny room in a communal apartment near the Red Gates, and there I, too, was assigned a space on a folding cot. Three times a day Longin Fedorovich fed me and himself on buckwheat porridge and milk—that was all we could afford. This was not my main source of nourishment.

The master of this miserable, cluttered little room had a huge bookshelf full of political literature. Stenographic reports from all the party congresses, banned in every library in the country. A first edition of Lenin's works with detailed commentaries, works by Bukharin, Zinovyev, Kamenev, Rykov, Tomskiy—in a word, all the members of the Leninist guard. I read them at night by candlelight while sitting on the floor in the corner. I read breathlessly, especially the reports from the party congresses of the late 1920's, which moved me with their tumultuous passions, diversity of opinions and keen foresight into the future. I still remember one speech by a member of the opposition, who stated flatly that things would go as far as bloody repressions within the party itself. After these nightly readings I read documents from the trials of the opposition in 1936-38 in a different light, and I was astounded that other people could not see that it was all a monstrous lie from start to finish. I was amazed that even such an astute individual as Lion Feykhtvanger, who attended one of the trials, could not see the truth, which was as clear as day. Incidentally, he was surprised at how Bukharin could calmly stir a cup of tea with a spoon while he made the most terrible admissions of guilt—concerning his service in the Tsarist secret police, his involvement in the assassination attempt against Lenin... Yet even Feykhtvanger let himself be fooled.

What can you say? It was a great master who staged these bloody political dramas, if the keen ear of a person who had survived fascism could not detect the false note played by the whole orchestra. Even then I tried to imagine what it must have cost to achieve such stunning results. That major political figures who had spent time in tsarist jails and even at hard labor would like meek lambs being led to the slaughter pour out upon themselves and others a murky stream of accusations, that not one of them had the courage to speak even a single word during the trials that would have let those present know that it was all a crude, cruel farce. How could that be? Through torture? Promises that one could save oneself and one's family? Repeated emphasis of the idea that this cruel purge was historically necessary? Even then it occurred to me that these were merely shows with carefully learned speeches and even responses. Shows repeated several times so that the accused did not know whether it was a real court or just another rehearsal.

I mention all this because subsequently I read and heard a great deal, heard how people older and more experienced than I said that they had had blind faith in the great leader. They not only believed in him, they also sincerely bowed down to him in their works of poetry and prose. As long as I can remember, even as a child, I felt a sense of profound protest against the fact that one person decided everything: how we should live, what we should do, even how we should think.

My readers will not believe this, but it is true: after my nighttime readings I often dreamed that I was arguing with Stalin, and everything was very clear-cut, like in

good cinema. I accused him of crimes, I told him about the suffering of the people, about suppression of ideas, about the inculcation of a slavish submissiveness. And in his characteristic accent he gravely refuted it all. Now I think that even then I was traumatized by politics; it had entered not only my conscious mind, but also my subconscious. Incidentally, subsequently I repeatedly had dreams in which I saw myself debating with Khrushchev, or with Andropov, or with other important officials. Strange but true. Perhaps that is how the political man takes shape. Diverse impressions, experiences and knowledge intertwine and become his essence.

I must say that during my graduate years we talked about Stalin with close friends in an extremely incautious manner. And once I and a friend of mine—who is now a prominent scientist and politician—were invited to the restaurant at the House of Journalists by S.A. Pokrovskiy, who worked in the sector of the USSR Academy of Sciences State and Law Institute where we were doing our graduate work. He brought up the subject of Stalin. With the rashness that was typical of me I almost fell into the trap. But at that moment my friend kicked me under the table and said jokingly: "Oh, Serafim Aleksandrovich, this is such fine shashlik and wine, let's talk about women instead!" Later Pokrovskiy returned to his original topic once again, and once again I almost slipped, but my friend kicked me again, and Pokrovskiy did not get what he expected from us. Many years later, after it had been revealed that Pokrovskiy had sent several graduate students to prison in this way, and that one of them had gone to the firing squad, I realized that my friend had saved my life...

Incidentally, in spite of direct instructions from the head of the sector I did not include a single citation from Stalin's works in my dissertation, reasoning that he never wrote anything about Dobrolyubov (who was my subject). So not everyone, by no means everyone, shed sincere tears for the great one that was fallen...

About the same time my relations with the very kind Longin Fedorovich ended miserably. One day I found next to my usual bowl of buckwheat porridge with milk a note written in an agitated hand: "Petr Mikhaylovich! (Had he forgotten my name?) Unfortunately we must part. Your nightly reading is keeping me from sleeping, and I am already subject to insomnia. So please forgive me and find yourself another apartment." I had to put all my inborn persistence to work, but I managed to find a place in a graduate students' dormitory on Malaya Bronnaya Street, sharing a room, incidentally, with G. I. Marchuk, current president of the USSR Academy of Sciences. As you can see, my life was blessed with interesting acquaintances from the very start.

However, my academic life was interrupted suddenly and unexpectedly. I got the job of doing a review of some book about Herzen for the CPSU Central Committee journal KOMMUNIST. I do not know what most attracted the editors' attention, the review itself or its 25-year-old author, a young candidate of sciences with a thirst for active work. Today few people remember that very soon after the death of Stalin there began a search in every area of cultural and political affairs for members of the younger generation who could do things in a new way. Thus I got a job at KOMMUNIST. Arriving at the same time as I were about 15 others like myself, recruited from academia and the journalistic field. Later I saw the same thing happen within the CPSU Central Committee apparatus. New names that personified the thaw began to appear in the press: V. Dudintsev, V. Pomerantsev, B. Okudzhava...

Naturally in the political arena this change took place more slowly. The majority of my peers got stuck at the level of adviser, but at that level the renewal process was a highly active one. I do not know whether this was the result of an order from higher up or whether it occurred spontaneously, but at that time the older generation of politicians was eager to rely on young people. It was young people who personified the thaw. In passing I should note that thus far we are seeing almost exclusively the names of members of my generation on the surface of restructuring. Yet the most important stage will begin when the new wave arrives and young enthusiasts and reformers take over who believe just as fervently in the need for changes and will set to work just as fanatically as the children of the 20th Party Congress.

2

The first months after Stalin's death were filled with cautious expectation. The words repeatedly uttered by Beria from Lenin's Mausoleum at the memorial ceremony rang sinisterly in our ears: "Whoever is not blind shall see..." But the first speeches by N. S. Khrushchev, G. M. Malenkov and other leaders already contained certain innovative elements. They began to talk about the people and their needs, about food, about the housing problem, about pardons for people in prison. In a word, the winds of change were blowing.

For a time our journal was housed in the CPSU Central Committee building. We comprised a party organization with its own apparatus. Most of all I remember a meeting of party and state officials attended by the leaders of our country at that time. The main report was presented by G. M. Malenkov. The main theme of his speech was the struggle against bureaucracy "until it has been completely crushed." To a large extent he reiterated the themes of his speech to the 19th Party Congress. Occasionally he repeated scathing descriptions like "degeneration of certain branches of the state apparatus," "the withdrawal of certain state organs from party control," "complete disregard for the needs of the people," "acceptance of bribes and moral decay of communists' image" etc. You should have seen the faces of those attending, who were members of the very apparatus which was slated for destruction. Incomprehension was mixed with bewilderment, bewilderment with fear, fear with outrage. Following the report you could have heard

a pin drop; the silence was broken by the lively and, it seemed to me, cheerful voice of N. S. Khrushchev: "Of course, all this is true, Georgiy Maksimilianovich. But the apparatus is our support." And only then did friendly, tumultuous, long-lasting applause break out. Thus with a single sentence the First Secretary achieved what the chairman of the Council of Ministers could not accomplish with his numerous impassioned speeches...

Amazing movement was also taking place among the editorial staff. About three months after Stalin's death we were assigned to write an article on the role of the masses in history. It was largely written by philosopher M. D. Kammari, who was renowned for his works on the role of the individual in history. He also used his deputy and, for insertions, myself. I reread that article just recently. How sharply it spoke out against the personality cult, about the struggle against the bureaucracy, about the development of democracy! Where did this come from?

The heads of the editorial staff approved my suggestion that we conduct specific social studies on penal institutions, on privileges in the areas of food supply and health care and on the sources of unearned income. Discussing this idea with me, deputy editor-in-chief A. I. Sobolev said while pacing his office in long strides: "We must raise our voices to the highest pitch of outrage against bureaucracy and the degeneration of our apparatus."

In this task I enlisted the services of an amazing individual, a living relic of Lenin's day, a former member of the RKI [Workers' and Peasants' Inspectorate] named Nefedov (unfortunately I have forgotten his first name and patronymic), who leaped with youthful enthusiasm at the opportunity to help clear away the Augeian Stables of the Stalinist era. We visited numerous jails and camps in Ryazan Oblast. We sent a large group of students out to compare cafeterias and buffets at plants and ministries. We received from the Statistical Administration data on the inequity of income distribution. In short, we gathered five thick volumes of materials which unfortunately never saw the light of day. The heads of the editorial staff decided not even to send an official memorandum to party organs, so horrifying were the facts. I recall that at that time more murders occurred in Ryazan Oblast than in all of England. How could a journal that had for decades asserted that the "vestiges of capitalism" in people's minds had been almost completely eliminated publish facts like these?!

I also clearly recall a speech at one closed meeting given by V. A. Malyshev, a major economic administrator of the time. He talked about our serious lag behind the West in the fields of science, technology and labor productivity, about the tendency toward technical stagnation, about the lack of internal stimuli for our economy to develop, about the peasantry's loss of interest in working, about the lack of proper incentives for workers, about the people's impoverished standard of living, particularly in rural areas, about the inefficiency of administrative methods of economic management. He brought up the question of a radical reorganization of our entire economic system on a self-governing basis. That was over 30 years ago. How has it happened that since then we have continued to go round and round in the same circle of problems and have only now begun to seek ways of resolving them?

True, even then the editorial staff had experienced people with a skeptical attitude toward all these marvelous fireworks. One of them was my immediate supervisor, Pavel Afrikanovich Usoltsev. As he told it he left his village at the age of 18 during the collectivization period with his things in a bundle on a stick, limping (he had injured his food during harvesting work). At that time he was completely illiterate. Later he graduated from a Workers' Faculty and a party school, and now here he was a member of the editorial board of the leading party organ. He and I were in charge of the criticism and bibliography division. And you should have seen how difficult it was for him to read through reviews of thick scientific books on, say, the history of Kievan Rus, or on present-day capitalism, or on the philosophical schools of the 19th century. When he received reviews from venerable academicians and professors he usually handed them over to me with a tiny marginal note written with a sharp pencil: "Is this right?" or "Is that true?" Once in a fit of pure mischief, with no desire to offend him, I wrote comments like these under each of his questions: "Can this be?" "It can." "Is this so?" "It's so." "Well?" "It's O.K." I sealed the article in an envelope and send it by courier to his office, which was next to mine. About half an hour later he limped over to me, sat down opposite me and said with great sadness in his voice: "You are young, Fedor. Oh, so young and hotheaded. Watch yourself; no good will come of this." I could have crawled through the floor with shame.

But it is interesting to ask the question today: which one of us was the wiser? I must frankly admit that this simple peasant, only one-fifth as well educated as I, was in many instances right when we disagreed. At that time I wrote and with colossal effort just barely managed to squeeze past the editorial board an article on the development of Soviet democracy. The article stated that soviets of workers' deputies should become fully empowered and continually functioning organizations instead of just meeting for the purpose of rubber-stamping decisions made by the apparatus; that several candidates should be nominated in elections to soviets instead of just one, so that there would be a real choice; that in order to prevent repressions we should establish a court of people's assessors numbering 10 people, which would deliver a verdict of guilty or not guilty without a judge. I stated at great length that perhaps someday soon, very soon, the members of our Soviet parliament, like in other civilized countries, would debate every law, would disagree, would have conflicting opinions, would weigh various suggestions and have majority votes instead of unanimous ones, would criticize ministers and keep tabs on

the government, monitoring the efficiency of its expenditures. "You are a naive person, Fedor. This will never happen," Usoltsev said to me. "Believe me—this will not happen in our lifetime. You are struggling and wasting your energy in vain. All our laws and decrees have been prepared this way in the past, and they will continue to be prepared by the party apparatus, and the soviets will merely carry out the formalities. That is the way it has been and that is the way it will stay. You are also wasting your time writing against Lysenko. Of course, he may not be so well educated, but what is natural to us will return, mark my words, it will definitely return; it is more accessible and easier to understand." And Usoltsev was right on this point, too: Lysenko returned during the Khrushchev era.

Erasmus of Rotterdam was truly an unsurpassed expert on human psychology: stupidity based on the experience of simple common sense is worth more than a mind animated by the fruits of one's imagination. If I could see Usoltsev again I would sincerely acknowledge how little the wisdom found in books is worth, and how much my thirst for change has damaged my career...

Overall the party functionaries who rose to power during the Stalinist era were kind and dependable, along with a number of negative qualities. I do not recall a single instance of anyone from the central party apparatus of that time being able to flatly tell a lie to someone's face. Of course, he might be able to conceal something by not saying it, or say "no, that is not permitted, excuse me, please," that is true, but outright lying—no. Later I often observed frisky newcomers from Komsomol circles. One of them would greet you with a smile that covered his whole face and say: "My dear fellow, you know how much I like you, and I'm going to look this matter of yours over right this minute; I'll get in touch with the right people, the thing's as good as done." And as soon as his office door closed behind you he would call his boss and says: "Take this one down a notch or two; he looks like a wise guy who's getting ahead of himself."

Soon, however, I transferred to another department: the International Department. When he invited me to be his deputy the department head said to me: "You need to get out off of domestic topics, or else you're going to run into trouble soon..." My first articles on international problems attracted the attention of prominent party leaders. True, initially not the sort of attention I would have liked.

Working in conjunction with a certain party official we published an article on the theory of revolution in our journal. The article attempted to prove that a violent overthrow of the type that had occurred in Russia was impossible in civilized capitalist countries. In those countries socialism could only take hold through peaceful parliamentary means, because the people themselves would reject any party or group of individuals that attempted to destroy traditional democratic structures.

After the article was published I was called in to see S. M. Abalin, the journal's editor-in-chief, who said that he had received a personal call from Mikhail Andreyevich Suslov expressing dissatisfaction with our article. In Suslov's opinion the article contained a major distortion in favor of peaceful parliamentary transition. He asserted that we should not exclude the possibility of the same opportunity as had been presented to our party, i.e. a swift and violent seizure of power.

The editor-in-chief—a tall, pudgy man with kind, even helpless eyes—was very nervous. He fidgeted about the long conference table, saying over and over again: "A thing like this, no one knows how it may end. What do you think, Fedor Mikhaylovich?" I replied that I assumed that it would not come to anything, at least not in the near future, because there was no indication at all that any party in a capitalist country had a real chance of assuming power either by parliamentary or non-parliamentary means. "That's not what I mean," the editor-in-chief snapped back at me. "Is that our problem? I was talking about Mikhail Andreyevich. Now he is going to be watching every article we print, yours in particular. That's our problem!" "He'll forget the whole thing by tomorrow," I said consolingly. "No, you are absolutely wrong about that. He never forgets anything," replied Abalin. Subsequently I had an opportunity to experience that for myself. Mikhail Andreyevich had a tenacious memory for people and words, especially those that ran contrary to his way of thinking...

Incidentally, the story of this man—I am referring to our editor-in-chief—was a tragic one. His soft, fragile soul had experienced all the waves of political infighting from the 1930's through the 1950's. While still almost a child, a simple peasant boy serving in the Red Army, he married a major revolutionary named, as I recall, Roza Markovna... She literally dragged him by the ears through a Workers' Faculty and a party school into political life, to which he felt no particular calling. He was subjected to repression in 1937. He was probably presented with indisputable proof of her "treason," as he disavowed his wife. Soon afterward he married a dear, simple woman who stayed a housewife her whole life long. Fate carried him upward until finally, against his will, he was made editor-in-chief of the party Central Committee's theoretical journal. I know for a fact that he repeatedly asked the leadership to relieve him of this role because he had a poor knowledge of theoretical matters. The answer he received was a typical one for the time: "You are a soldier of the party and you are to perform the tasks it assigns you." This unfortunate man languished endlessly in his post.

Once they did what Abalin wanted, but in a rather strange fashion. After the 19th Party Congress a broad Presidium of the Central Committee of the All-Union CP (Bolshevik) was formed in place of the narrow Politburo. As was later revealed, Stalin was thus paving the way for a new cadre shakeup, planning to change the composition of the highest leadership and either banish

or, like before, liquidate his established comrades. The Presidium unexpectedly included someone from the scientific world, D. I. Chesnokov. He was appointed editor-in-chief of KOMMUNIST, yet Abalin was not removed from his post, so that for a time the journal was run by two equal editors-in-chief. As a rule Chesnokov arrived at meetings a little bit late, after the editorial board was already seated at the long table and Abalin at his own wide desk. Chesnokov would slowly and self-importantly approach the chairman's chair, stopping only to extend two fingers to one member of the editorial board—his colleague Kammari, the philosopher—then he would take his seat, which was immediately and politely given up by Abalin. Abalin would stand around for a while, not knowing where to sit down: sitting at the long table with the members of the editorial board was uncomfortable, yet he did not rank with Chesnokov, so he sat down on a little chair off to one side, at the corner of his own desk. In contrast to Abalin, who patiently heard out all presentations, comments and suggestions, Chesnokov would usually casually blurt out: "O.K., that's just part of the job. Who has some substantial ideas?" As there were none, articles were accepted or rejected quickly, at Chesnokov's personal discretion. Incidentally, Chesnokov's reign did not last long: immediately after Stalin's death he lost not only his place in the Central Committee Presidium, but also his job at the journal. So Abalin stayed on and continue to toil.

Prior to Stalin's death everything was simpler: any section of any article could be compared with the "Short Course on the History of the All-Union Communist Party (Bolshevik)" and corrected to conform to it. But after 1953, with new ideas gushing forth, unexpected and contradictory ideas, with something happening every week, something cracking or being shattered in an ideological regime that had been taking shape for decades, Abalin was completely bewildered. He roamed around, unable to sit down; he did now know how to react to the sharp, uncompromising collisions that occurred at virtually every meeting of the journal's editorial board. Most of all he wanted to settle everything in a calm and ordinary fashion. "Well, what of it?" he would usually say. "See to it yourselves, correct what needs correcting; why argue about it and get all worked up over it?" But the arguments went on.

After rehabilitation Abalin's first wife Roza Markovna return from some distant place. He visited her in the hospital, and they talked alone for several hours. The next day Abalin was found dead in his apartment. He was sitting in a chair in the kitchen with all the gas jets on the stove turned on and all the windows and doors closed. He was buried without fanfare, with the whole thing classified as an accident. This honest man of weak character could not bear the times, which overwhelmed his conscience with the thaw.

3

My encounter with this person was so unexpected and impromptu that one could see in it either a stroke of pure coincidence or, according to one's taste, the hand of fate. It happened like this.

I was bicycling with my son on the Kurkinskiy Highway outside of Moscow. People who live in that area are probably aware that there is a well-known and amazingly beautiful bicycle route there where Soviet and international competitions are often held. People call this place Soviet Switzerland.

There between the Nagornoye House of Rest, which is called Upper Nagornoye, and a dacha village belonging to the same department called Lower Nagornoye there is a downhill stretch that is winding and very steep. Seldom does an ordinary bicyclist risk riding down it. But my seven-year-old son and I were by nature a couple of daring fellows, so we went down together on one semi-racing bicycle. The problem was that after descending the downhill stretch it was necessary to get as far as possible up the other side, which was about equally steep. Well, we almost never managed to make it all the way to the top. We usually had to get off and walk somewhere part way up.

That sunny summer day we did not get very far, either. We got off the bicycle and began pushing it up the steep hill. My thoughts were far removed from official matters. The great heat, my usual inclination to abstract thoughts as well as my constant burden of family problems evoked something like a light protest in my soul, shaded in humorous tones. So what am I doing, I asked myself, to what am I dedicating the best years of my life? After all, there is no greater slavery than the slavery of a family. I was amazed that this simple idea had not occurred to any of the great thinkers. "Man is born free, yet everywhere he is in chains." I remember how moved I was by this phrase from Rousseau's treatise "On the Social Contract" when I was studying the history of political doctrines. We was writing about social slavery. But that is the sort of slavery that a person can do nothing about: one does not determine the times in which one lives, the place of one's birth or one's social status. But there is another, more onerous and also quite voluntary form of slavery. A man is born free and submits to the absolute authority of a woman. You wind up under the total control of another human being who is foreign to you in her culture, habits and way of thinking, virtually in her every word and every motion.

No, of course, family slavery has another side as well. What can compare with the joy beyond words that one feels when looking at, touching, drinking in a tiny copy of oneself, that strange lump of a being which gradually assumes your image and comically imitates your gestures, your motions, your habits. Without the servitude

of marriage I would never have known that feeling, something natural, deep-seated and subconscious that captures one wholly, leaving nothing unaffected.

As I was thinking this that small embodiment of my "ego," my Sergunya, was striding along beside me with rapid, slightly mincing but lively, energetic steps, his dark brown eyes flashing, engrossed in some weighty thought, with a mischievousness, that somehow attracted like a magnetic force. God, how long ago that was!

Well, we had not yet made it up the hill when a Chayka stopped about two steps away from us and my old friend Ivan Sergeyevich Kortunov jumped out, limping slightly.

"Fedor, what are you doing riding a bicycle? Don't you have anything else to do, and at a time like this?" he said, smiling his broad, slightly Japanese-looking smile. "Come work for us, in our department. They've appointed me deputy chief, and my job as a consultant is vacant. I'm recommending you."

"I understand how to ride a bicycle, but working in your department is like a dark forest to me," I said, somewhat astounded by this sudden turn of events, though I had long made it a rule to not express surprise under any circumstances.

"What does a bicycle have to do with it? By the way, go ahead and ride a bicycle in your spare time, if you have any, that is!" said Kortunov, continuing to smile enigmatically. "Come to the third gate tomorrow morning; I'll have a pass waiting for you."

I did not have time to answer, and he did not wait for my reply. The elegant Chayka disappeared around a curve. I had worked with Kortunov, or more precisely on the same corridor with him. Our journal KOMMUNIST had by that time moved to the third floor of the building belonging to PRAVDA, where he was working at the time. Actually we had not even really gotten acquainted with each other, although we often played table tennis together on our floor. He and I had also discussed serious topics two or three times while strolling in the courtyard.

"Who was that, papa?" asked my son, who even as a child was noted for his curiosity and stuck his little nose into everything. "Where was he inviting you to? What's a department?"

I did not answer. What could I say, as I myself only had a dim notion of what it was like to work in a party department. I was hard enough for me to endure the minimal discipline required to work for the journal. But in a department one had to arrive at 9:00 am on the dot and sit there until 6:00, 7:00 or 8:00 pm every day. Was I capable of that? And what did I know about the business of an department? I had never been administrator of anyone or anything, and I felt no particular urge to be. At the time I was working on two books and had articles published in almost every issue of the journal; more than anything else I wanted to write, and if possible try my hand at fiction. Even the journal, where there were plenty of opportunities to write, weighed on me because I was chained to my office and to the next issue. What would it be like in a department, where I would probably not have a single minute to myself?!

In spite of the modest position I held at the journal I felt like an active participant in the tumultuous process of political life in the late 1950's. Every one of my articles (I had had several dozen published in the journal) provoked heated discussions within our collective and beyond it. "You are walking on the razor's edge, Fedor Mikhaylovich," said a certain very experienced and clever member of the editorial staff to me. "Take care that you do not cut off your fingers." But that was the last thing on my mind. People have often told me that I possess a genetic flaw: a poorly developed sense of self-preservation. And it is true: I have broken my arm three times and my leg once and I even managed to damage my spine. But that, of course, is not the problem. When I entered the political arena after 1953 I was firmly convinced that I was part of the most progressive currents in our country. Perhaps a little bit ahead, going a little bit out in front, but after all did not someone have to take this (from the standpoint of one's personal interests) dangerous and rash mission upon himself?

At the time many members of the post-Stalin generation felt the same way. The political pendulum had swung so far in the direction of an authoritarian regime and total control that it inevitably must create a tremendous impetus for movement in the opposite direction. I met more and more people in the political realm who were infected with a messianic desire to reform our ideology and our entire society. This was a sort of battle of the titans, all the more bitter because it took place in the sharpest conflict with the sentiments of the majority who continued to think and live by their old ideas on account of inertia.

Incidentally, the above episode seemed so unimportant to me that I did not even mention it to my wife when we returned to our small room on the second floor of a manor house in Nagornoye. I say "manor," but that is not quite true. The house had actually been built only a couple of decades before, but the old manor houses of the mediocre sort had served as the model—though perhaps not the best one.

I recount these mundane details so that the reader can see that I was not in the least bit prepared for a meeting with a person who would become a political legend in his own time and would to a great extent determine my fate for many years.

But my first meeting with Yuriy Vladimirovich Andropov, or with Yu.V. (as people in the department called him to his face) was quite commonplace. At that time he was chief of one of the many party departments. I had

heard almost nothing about him prior to that meeting. I had already been in the building where his department was located on more than one occasion. Literally just a few days before this visit I had come through that same third gate and been on the same third floor at the invitation of the person in the office next to Yu. V.; that person studied problems of the international communist movement. I had the job of editing his article, and he wished to meet me in person since, as he explained to me, the corrections and comments that I had made had made a favorable impression on him. Later I found out that the head of the international department also had his eye on me and wanted to get a look at me for the same purpose as Yu.V.—to find out if I would come work as a consultant in his department.

Therefore I entered Yu.V.'s office without any particular trepidation, although of course I was intensely curious: the journalistic and academic milieu in which I had moved until that time paid little attention to rank, not to mention the fact that since my childhood years I had had a rather critical attitude toward all authorities, attempting to evaluate independently the positive characteristics or shortcomings of each person and inwardly resisting being impressed. Furthermore, a sense of the game in any situation was a innate part of me. As if everything happening around me was not being done very seriously, but rather according to some purposeful secret agreement under which each person acted out a certain part, regarding it as something superficial and insignificant, while the most important things remained unsaid and took place somewhere in the secret reaches of the conscious or the subconscious.

Incidentally, this feeling often saved me in tight situations where another less playful person might have feared for his personal fate and job, thus tying his hands and preventing him from being an active participant in discussion of a problem or in action. It seemed to me that the best thing to do in any situation was to maintain a slightly aloof, ironic attitude toward what was happening. But of course this character trait also had a negative side. I was often incautious and rash in what I said and, as Yu. V. later used to say to me, "left myself open."

I remember that I did not feel intimidated when, after getting up from his desk to give me the customary handshake Yu. V. sat down again and Kortunov, who had escorted me to the office, and I took our seats on either side of a small table arranged at a perpendicular angle to the main desk. Hastily glancing around me I noticed in particular two huge windows that almost filled the whole wall, with a view toward the gate, a portrait of Lenin above Andropov's head, and a long table on his left with not less than 10 or 12 massive chairs and an armchair for the chairman. At that time I was not yet aware that on hundreds of occasions I would have to sit for many hours at that table, as a rule in the same seat, at Yu. V.'s left hand, and participate with him in the difficult, often confusing, endless, exhausting and yet so delightful process: the joint collective creation, editing and rewriting of documents and speeches for our country's leaders. But all that still lay ahead.

At the moment I was sitting there and for some reason smiling cheerfully in response to Yu. V.'s soft, kind smile. Even then he already wore glasses, but I could still see his large, beautiful, radiant blue eyes, which gazed piercingly and firmly at the person to whom he was speaking. His huge forehead, that seemed to be specially freed of hair on both of his temples, his large, impressive nose, his thick lips, his double chin, and finally his hands, which he liked to keep on the desk, playing with his intertwined fingers—in a word, his entire large and massive figure inspired confidence and sympathy from the first glance. He somehow won me over before he even spoke.

"So you work, as I have been told, in the international department of a journal?" he asked in an even voice.

"Yes, I am deputy editor of that department."

"Well, how would you feel about coming to work here for us, together with us?" he unexpectedly inquired.

This question—I remember it well—was asked at the very start of the conversation and therefore seemed completely unexpected to me. I could have expected such a question toward the end of our conversation, after the man in the office had made my acquaintance. Only later did I learn that in general that kind of question did not place any obligation whatsoever on Yu. V. It was not yet an offer. It was a means of getting to know the person with whom he was speaking. I do not think that this method expressed any sort of ulterior motive or previously prepared model of conversation or had as its objective putting a person on the spot so that his reaction could be analyzed. No. More likely this reflected one of Yu. V.'s characteristic traits: exceptionally well-developed intuition that seldom deceived him.

"I have not thought about it," I said in all sincerity, surprised by this turn of events and forgetting to use the commonly accepted phrase about how greatly I valued the confidence being placed in me. And I immediately added: "And quite frankly I am not completely sure that I would be of any use in your department. I love to write, but I do not feel myself to be especially well suited for work in the apparatus."

"Well, if nothing else, you would have more than enough opportunities to write. Actually we are interested in you because we do not have enough people who can write well and think theoretically. We have enough organizers, and purely apparatus-related work would be the least part of your job. Our consultants work with important political documents. Your work at the journal and your education—you are, I believe, a candidate of judicial sciences?—could prove very useful to us in party work."

"I have never studied the problems of socialist countries..."

"But you have written about Soviet experience, about our state, about the development of democracy," interjected Kortunov. "And that is a good foundation for mastering the experience of other socialist countries."

"Well, what about it?," said Yu. V., smiling affably. "I think we like each other, don't we?"

"As for me there are no doubts on that score."

"Good," said Yu. V. and cordially shook my hand.

I do not remember how I got back to the corridor, hurrying along after Kortunov, who despite his limp was heading for his office on the fourth floor with a swift, athletic stride.

"It would be interesting for you, Fedor," said Kortunov. "You'll see, we would work well together."

I did not know how to reply to that, so I kept on smiling the same stupid smile that had been prompted by my meeting with such an important and at the same time such a charming man, as the head of this important department seemed to me. Kortunov said goodbye to me on the staircase and I, after walking down from the third floor and leaving my pass with the guard at the entrance, a lieutenant, found myself on the street, where about 20 black and white Volgas were parked near the gate; these cars had just recently appeared on the streets of Moscow.

I was still experiencing a pleasant sensation from the conversation that I had just had, but the truth is that at that moment it did not even occur to me that all this was actually happening, that this meeting would mark a turning point in my life, would send it off on a new path which I had not even considered, regarding myself as a person made for other work altogether: literary work, scientific work, but by no means political work. Subsequent events demonstrated how profoundly wrong I was—both in my perception of myself and in my evaluation of my vocation. Or had I perhaps been right before and was making a mistake by regarding myself as a political man?

4

Ten days went by, and I did not quite forget—that would have been impossible—yet somehow shoved into the background the memory of that meeting, although in the depths of my soul it remained incomprehensible to me on account of the very sense of satisfaction it gave me. It seemed to me that that important person had like me, and that was pleasant. Suddenly at noon one day I got a call at the editorial offices. It was Kortunov:

"Fedor! Be here ready to work tomorrow morning. A pass is waiting for you. The decision has been made."

"Decision? What decision, and about what?"

"What do you mean? You have been appointed department consultant. Signed by the First personally. So don't dawdle and come to work tomorrow. We're up to our ears in work. O.K., see you later." (I could hear a second telephone ringing, and so loudly!) Yu. V. was summoning me.

I hung up the phone with such a strange expression on my face that my colleague sitting opposite me at his desk asked:

"Has something happened? Did somebody botch up the article?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that, it's just that I'll probably have to turn all my assignments over to you today."

"What do you mean? Just like that?"

"I am being transferred to a job in a party department," I said, somewhat absent-mindedly.

"Then why such a long face, old boy! You deserve it. Why don't you take me out for a farewell feast?"

"In lieu of a feast I think I'll leave you my little library. It consists of 30 volumes of the works of Stalin on glossy paper in a luxurious binding."

The next morning I was sitting at a desk by the window with a view on the closed inner courtyard. I did not like the room: it was as narrow as a pencil case and it reminded me of the very first living room in a three-room apartment that I had gotten while I was working for the journal. It was the same intestine-like structure, always drafty because the door and the window were directly opposite each other. In addition, I had painful memories connected with that room. Four of us lived there—my wife and I, our son and his nurse, and then there were five of us, after my mother retired and came to live with us.

For about three days I fidgeted in my "pencil case," not knowing what to do with myself. The whole department was busy at the 1960 Meeting of Communist and Workers' Party Representatives, and no one had time to bother with me. On the third day toward evening I heard Kortunov's familiar and almost dear voice:

"Fedor, are you very busy right now? I want to take you to a place. You will find it interesting. I was just about to leave."

Delighted, I ran down from the third floor to the gate, just as the limping Kortunov arrived. We got in a car and about three minutes later drove into the Kremlin. After

showing his identification Kortunov authoritatively said: "He's with me" and they let us pass, naturally after first carefully comparing the photo on my identification with my face.

My heart was pounding with joy: it was my first visit to the Kremlin. I proudly strode along beside Kortunov, glancing around and trying to record everything in my memory—the old, magnificent towers, the church domes and the broad parking place along an off-white drive with four cars parked there; they seemed out of place there against the backdrop of these magnificent antiquities.

We went to the upper floor and after ascending a wide inner staircase found ourselves in a huge hall with numerous tables covered with drinks and assorted hors d'oeuvres. No less than 200 people were crowded around the tables, clinking their glasses and making toasts, walking around and making such a racket that it was hard to hear anything.

My attention was attracted by a loud conversation taking place at the end of the hall, where our leaders and the leaders of other parties were gathered. I moved in closer to hear what the First was saying. Standing about ten paces away from him I got my first closeup look at him. Of course, the older generation remembers his typical figure, and the younger generation has probably never even seen his picture. At that time he was probably already over 60, but he looked very robust, energetic and mischievously cheerful. At the moment I approached he was laughing with his mouth wide open and his poorly aligned teeth jutting forward, some of them his own, others made of metal. His broad face with two warts and a huge bald skull, the large snub nose and strongly protruding ears could easily have belonged to any peasant from a central Russian village or to a burly Moscow worker breaking in line at a wine kiosk. This impression of him as a simple man of the people was particularly reinforced by his dense, heavyset figure and his arms which seemed excessively long, because he was almost continually gesturing. And only his eyes, his little dark brown eyes, now filled with mirth, now angry, one moment beaming kindness and the next imperiousness, I repeat, only these eyes revealed that here was a purely political man, one who had gone through fire, water and triumph and was capable of the sharpest twists and turns, whether in conversation, in an official speech or in decisions of state.

At the moment I first saw him he was standing there with a glass in his hand, and all the others, Soviets and non-Soviets, were seated at several tables shoved close together. He held on to the glass of cognac though it hampered his speech; he waved it in the air, splashing cognac on the white tablecloth, frightening the people seated near him and noticing none of this. Only later, after he was in a complete rage and his eyes no longer squinted, but instead widened at memories that frightened even him, did he carefully place the glass on the table, thus freeing his right hand, which was absolutely essential if he was to make his words convincing. It was there that I first heard him tell a story that he later repeated to me on two occasions in other circumstances, in a more intimate setting with only a few persons present. But what is amazing is that he retold the story almost word for word.

"When Stalin died we, the members of the Presidium, went to the Near Dacha in Kuntsevo. He was lying on a divan, and there were no doctors around him. In the final months of his life Stalin had seldom been treated by doctors, because he was afraid of them. It may have been Beria who frightened him, or else he convinced himself that doctors were hatching some kind of conspiracy against himself and other leaders. At that time he was looked after by a certain major of his bodyguard who had once been a veterinarian's assistant. Stalin trusted him. He was the one who called to report Stalin's death. We stood beside the body, hardly saying a word to each other, each of us thinking his own thoughts. Then we gradually departed. Two people got in each car. The first to go were Malenkov and Beria, then Molotov and Kaganovich. Then Mikoyan said to me: 'Beria has gone to Moscow to seize power.' And I replied to him: 'As long as that scoundrel is around none of us can feel secure.' And it suddenly came to me forcefully that the first matter of business was to eliminate Beria. But how could I start talking with the other leaders? At that time everything was overheard, if you said something to someone he might disappear. Several months later I started going around to see all the members of the Presidium one at a time. The most dangerous of all was the visit to Malenkov, because he was friends with Lavrentiy [Beria]. Well, I went to see him and started talking, just like that. We had to get rid of Beria. As long as he was among us, a free man, and holding the reins of the security organs, then all of us had our hands tied. And no one knew who he would discard at what moment, whose number would come up. Look, I said, special divisions are being deployed near Moscow for some reason. And in this respect I have to give Georgiy his due: he supported me on this issue and rose above personal friendship. Obviously he was himself afraid of his friend. At that time Malenkov was chairman of the Council of Ministers and chaired Central Committee Presidium meetings. In short, he had something to lose. After that I went to see Molotov. He thought it over for a long time, said nothing and listened, but at the end of our conversation he said: "Yes, you are right, this cannot be avoided. Only it must be done properly, so that things don't end up worse than before." I told him of my plan. This was the plan: replace the guards at the entrance to the Presidium's meeting place and plant officers loyal to us there, then arrest that vile creature right there at the meeting. Then I went to see Voroshilov. Klim Yefremovich is sitting right here, he remembers. I had to talk with him for a long time. He was very worried that everything would go awry. Am I telling it right, Klim?"

"You are, you are," loudly assented Kliment Yefremovich, all flushed either from the story or from what he

had been drinking. "If there just hadn't been a war," he added for some reason that was not quite clear.

"Well, as for the war, that's another story," the First continued. "O.K., then I went to see Kaganovich, told him everything, and he said to me: 'On whose side is the majority? Who is for whom? Won't there be someone supporting him?' But when I told him about all the others he also consented. So I went to the meeting. Everyone was already seated, but Beria had not arrived. Well, I thought, he must have found out. There was nothing to be done about it. No telling where we would be the next day. But then he arrived, carrying a briefcase. I immediately guessed what he had in that briefcase! I, too, had a little something"—at this point the speaker slapped the right pocket of his wide jacket—"in reserve for just such an eventuality as this... Beria sat down, leaned back in his chair and asked: 'Well, what matter is on the agenda today? Why have we convened so unexpectedly?' I kicked Malenkov under the table and whispered: 'Open the meeting and give me the floor.' He was pale; I looked over at him and saw that he couldn't open his mouth. Then I jumped up myself and said: 'There is only one matter on the agenda. It concerns the anti-party, schismatic activities of imperialist agent Beria. The proposal has been made that Beria be removed from the Presidium and the Central Committee, expelled from the party and turned over to a military tribunal. Who is in favor?' I was the first to raise my hand. Then all the others raised theirs. Beria looked green in the face, then he went for the briefcase. But I snatched the briefcase away and pulled it toward me! 'Stop fooling around and give up!' I said. Then I pushed the call button. Officers from Moskalenko's military garrison ran in (we had made arrangements with them in advance). I ordered them to 'seize this vile person, this betrayer of the Motherland, and take him where he belongs.' Beria mumbled something, turned quite green in the face and messed in his pants! This was the same hero who could take others by the scruff of the neck and drag them to the firing squad wall. Well, you know the rest: he was tried and condemned to death by firing squad. That's how it was. Now I want to have a drink"—here he picked up his glass again—"to this never being repeated anywhere ever again. We were the ones who rubbed out this putrid, filthy stain and we have done everything possible to guarantee that such things will not happen in the future. I want to assure you, comrades, that we will provide those guarantees and we will march forward all together to the pinnacles of communism! To the health of the leaders of all fraternal parties!"

At that moment I finally tore my eyes away from the speaker and, looking to one side, saw Yu. V. sitting silently, his head down, staring at one spot. Later I found out that he did not like to drink, and that he was not allowed to on account of his high blood pressure. But at that moment it seemed to me that he was embarrassed by the speaker, that he regarded the telling of this story here, in front of such a large crowd, inappropriate. Maybe I was wrong, although his face was very expressive and revealed his changing moods. (Though, of course, hardly anyone could guess his thoughts.)

As for me, I was astounded by it all, by everything I had heard and particularly by the casualness with which I had been made privy to the state's deepest secrets.

Subsequently Khrushchev repeatedly returned to his story of Beria's arrest and added new details to it. The most important of them concerned the reaction of various leaders to the suggestion that this executioner be eliminated. Voroshilov was not the only one who wavered; Kaganovich long pondered the cost, persistently asking who was in favor and who opposed, and even Mikoyan, the first person with whom Khrushchev had spoken, at first felt that Beria was perhaps not hopeless and could still work with the collective leadership. The arrest itself also came out somewhat differently. In 1960 Khrushchev did not mention the role played by G. K. Zhukov, as Khrushchev had just prior to that had him removed from his leadership posts. Later truth won out over competitive instincts. Khrushchev admitted that Zhukov, along with Moskalenko and other military men, played the leading role in the arrest. Incidentally, an interesting person, V. Ye. Lesnichiy, a party worker at one of the suburban Moscow research centers, told me about G. K. Zhukov's speech to their collective. Zhukov reminisced about Beria, whom he hated with all the power of his indomitable spirit.

According to Zhukov, at 11:00 am on the very day he was to take Beria into custody he got a phone call. "Khrushchev said: 'Georgiy Konstantinovich, please come here, I have a very important matter to discuss.' I got in my car and went there; I opened his office door and he stood up from his desk, came over to me, took my hands and said: 'Georgiy Konstantinovich, today that scum Beria must be arrested. Ask nothing, I will tell you about it later.' I sighed, closed my eyes and said: 'Nikita Sergeyevich, I have never been a policeman, but I will carry out this policeman's task with great satisfaction. What must I do?' Khrushchev said: 'Take the generals with you and conduct them through the Borovitskiy Gate; come to the foyer of the meeting room where the Presidium meeting is to be held, wait for my signal, come in, arrest him and wait until 3:00 am, when the entire guard changes, then a major will come to you and give the password and you will hand Beria over to him. That's all.' Later", Zhukov went on, "I put Batitskiy and Moskalenko in the back seat of my car and covered them with a horse blanket, because they had no passes, and drove through the Borovitskiy Gate into the Kremlin and went into the foyer. No one besides me knew why we were there. We waited. At 1:00 am there was no signal, at 1:05 am there was no signal. I imagined that Beria had arrested everyone and was looking for me. The situation was very tense. The signal came at 1:15 am. We drew our pistols, one man remained at the entrance, and Moskalenko and I went in. Beria was sitting on the left. I headed for him; a briefcase lay in front of him, and the

thought crossed my mind that it might contain a weapon. I pushed the briefcase aside, grabbed Beria by the arm and shouted: 'Beria is under arrest!' He jumped up and shouted: 'Georgiy Konstantinovich, what is happening?' In reply I shouted again: 'Quiet!' I turned around and led him out. It seemed to me that not all the members of the Presidium knew about the arrest, and I suspected that I was carrying out a military coup. We led Beria out, took his pince-nez, crushed it, cut the buttons off his trousers and sat there with him until 3:00 am, at which time he was taken away."

...That was Zhukov's version of the story. Then someone in the audience asked him: "What do you consider the most important event in your life?" And the marshal replied without a moment's hesitation: "The arrest of Beria!" Just imagine...

The episode with the briefcase mentioned by Khrushchev and Zhukov was pure Freudianism. One of them supposedly pushed it away, the other grabbed the briefcase, supposing that it held a weapon. But there was no weapon in it, as both later admitted, yet they kept on and kept on telling the story of the briefcase, since in their minds it was a concentrated expression of all the horrors of possible failure...

However, let us return to the hall, where Khrushchev continued to make revelations. He once again raised his glass of cognac:

"People often ask me how I suddenly came out and made that report to the 20th Party Congress. We believed in that man for so many years. Adored him. Created a cult around him. And the risk was enormous, too. How would this be received by party leaders, foreign officials and our own people? Let me tell you a story that I recall from my childhood, when I was just learning to read and write. There was a book called 'Reader and Reciter.' It contained many interesting things. I read a story in that book; I don't recall the author's name. There was once a group of political prisoner in a tsarist jail. There were Socialist Revolutionaries and Mensheviks and Bolsheviks. And among them was the old shoemaker Yankel, who had been thrown in jail by mistake. Well, they decided to elect a chief. Each party nominated its candidate. A great argument broke out. What was to be done? Then someone nominated shoemaker Yankel, an inoffensive man who belonged to none of the parties. Everyone laughed and then agreed. So Yankel became the chief. Later everyone decided to make a jailbreak. They started digging a tunnel. I don't know whether they dug very long, but finally they reached the outside. Then the question came up as to who would go through the tunnel first. Maybe the prison guards had already discovered the tunnel and were waiting at the end with guns. The first ones out would also be the first to die. Some pointed to the Socialist Revolutionaries, others favored the Bolsheviks. At that moment the old shoemaker Yankel got up from the corner and said: 'Since you elected me chief I am the one who must go first.' And that's how it was with me at the 20th Congress. Since I had been elected First like shoemaker Yankel I had to, I was obligated to tell the truth about the past, no matter what it cost me, no matter what the risk. Lenin taught us that a party that is not afraid to speak the truth will never perish. We have learned all the lessons from the past and we want our fraternal parties to learn the same lessons, so that our common victory will be assured. I want to drink to our unity and our loyalty to the behests of the great Lenin."

Everyone applauded, although I noticed that members of two or three parties refrained. Readers will easily be able to guess to whom I am referring. Fresh on everyone's mind were the acrid disputes that erupted following the 1960 Meeting, despite the fact that through hard struggle those attending did succeed in issuing a joint document, the Statement.

I should note that even before the Meeting people were well aware of the secret report to the 20th Party Congress. I first sensed the drama of all the things that were happening when my boss Pavel Afrikanovich Usoltsev, who was in the editorial group attending the congress, came back to the editorial offices after one session and sat down in his chair without saying a word, as grey as the ground in a salt marsh.

"Well, what happened, Pavel Afrikanych?" I asked.

But he said nothing. His lips did not even move. As if his tongue were stuck to his teeth and would not move. I sat there for a while longer. He swallowed, then swallowed again. I sat a bit longer. Again, not a sound.

"Don't worry, Pavel Afrikanych! What was it, did they fire somebody or elect the wrong person? Or are they going to shut down our journal?" I inappropriately jested.

"The journal... this has nothing to do with the journal... What they said there... I don't know what to think... Where should I go? What should I do?"

"Go home, probably, it's time. I was just hanging around to hear what you had to report."

"They should not have said that. They specifically warned us that it should not get out. Our enemies would use it to crush us completely!"

"Pavel Afrikanych, you are talking in riddles. Tell me everything, what this is all about."

"I cannot, understand me, I cannot..."

So it was that I did not find out that evening. True, within a few days' time all of us, at least the whole staff of our journal, knew what the secret report contained. Within a short time the whole world found out about it, except of course for the Soviet people, who found out

later, when a memorandum concerning the report was read at party meetings. By some means the report reached the hands of the foreign mass media and became a sensation.

One thing was clear: the party and the whole country were setting out on a new path. What was unclear was what that path would be and how soon the new decisions would take effect. Everyone wanted to advance as fast and as far as possible toward the noble objectives, but many were afraid that the search for new ways and the breaking down of traditions could destabilize the situation and capsize the boat. Of course Usoltsev was among them. Incidentally, his state of mind was typical of many officials in the 1950's. They were opposed to the secret report, and it became clear that a fierce struggle lay ahead with regard to the heritage of the past and in particular with regard to new decisions aimed at the future...

The toasts went on, one after another, and the noisy party lasted until midnight. I was introduced to many famous people, but I felt uncomfortable almost all evening. It seemed to me that I had gotten access to this high-level gathering by some illegal means and heard things that I should not have. Everyone was wearing either a black or a dark blue suit, as was the custom. People wore a dark blue suit to work in the winter and a grey one in the summer. I had neither a black nor a dark blue suit. I was wearing a miserable light brown suit with shiny spots and padded shoulders made for me once by a tailor who wanted to make a "fashionable man" out of me. I looked like a white crow showing up at an important gathering in that ragtag outfit. (Complexes of this sort and the timidity connected with them soon passed, and I started having my suits made to order in a special tailor shop: a dark blue one, a grey one and even a diplomatic one in black.).

Obviously Kortunov knew what he was doing: he immediately carried me up to Mt. Olympus and gave me an opportunity to get to know our special "consumers," i.e. the ones for whom we wrote speeches, prepared reports and documents (among ourselves we were for some reason in the habit of sarcastically pronouncing that word "doc-OO-ments").

The speed with which things were happening to me astounded me. I was particularly surprised by how fast the heads of our department, who had only seen me for a few minutes, had formed an opinion of me. Only later did I learn that they had made inquiries about me with a person in whose authority and word they had complete confidence. That person was Otto Vilgelmovich Kuusinen, one of the organizers of the Finnish revolution of 1918 and an active member of the Comintern who just prior to the events related here had become one of the highest leaders of our party and state.

5

On a clear, frosty morning in January 1958 O. V. Kuusinen's aide Nikolay Vasilyevich Matkovskiy came to the editorial offices in a ZIL limousine to pick me up. That was my first ride in a ZIL and I was very ill at ease sitting in the back seat with my companion, separated by a considerable distance from the front seat and the chauffeur. This is the way one feels in a hearse, I thought to myself, except there one's position is a bit different.

"Of course in weather like this sailors would rather be in their bunks than on deck," joked Matkovskiy, evidently wishing to help me overcome my unease. "You are not bothered by my sailor's talk, I hope? I am an old sea wolf and I cannot get used to diplomacy; I always go straight to my objective. You don't mind if I use the informal mode of address, do you? I am about 10 years older than you," he went on, confidingly placing his wide, short-fingered, red-haired hand on my knee.

"No, of course not. Incidentally, that is not just a sailors' privilege. My boss at the office speaks to me in the informal mode, though I address him formally."

"Well, I could address you formally, but you have little to gain by it," said Matkovskiy, his grey eyes with their thick white eyelashes sparkling and his toothy mouthy wearing a broad grin. Obviously he was a bit taken aback by my reply, and he was wondering how to interpret it: was this kid putting on airs, or did he just talk that way?

"Oh, no, Nikolay Vasilyevich, I just want to ask your permission to keep on using the formal form of address with you. Otherwise I would feel uncomfortable, as if it were somehow improper..."

"Suit yourself. You scientists and journalists are probably more familiar with the rituals of human relations. So you know best."

Later I discovered that I had made a major error by keeping my distance form this "open sailor soul," as Matkovskiy liked to describe himself. Arkadiy Sorin, who had obviously mentioned my name to Kuusinen, took a different course. He readily began using the informal form of address with the former sailor, and look how much he gained by it!

One must suppose that Otto Vilgelmovich knew Sorin from when they worked together at the magazine NOVOYE VREMYA, where he was for a long time a member of the editorial board. When Kuusinen was given the assignment of preparing a textbook on the fundamentals of Marxism-Leninism he enlisted Sorin to help him; Sorin later helped him establish a new authors' collective comprised of young scientists and journalists. I say "new" because Kuusinen was offered another

authors' collective with which he quickly became disillusioned. It consisted of people incapable of doing anything new, of taking a fresh and innovative approach to the problems in the development of the modern world that were of profound concern to him.

I was told this by Nikolay Vasilyevich while we were riding through Moscow and beyond, along the Volokolamskiy Highway to the settlement of Snigiri, where Kuusinen lived in a dacha.

"He's a wonderful old guy, you'll see," said Matkovskiy, flashing his toothy grin. "But I'm telling a lie if I call him old, because he's younger than either of us in spirit, no doubt about that. An innovator, a real innovator. He leaves no trace of our encrusted and stagnated perceptions, that are like a putrid puddle on deck. And not just in spirit. You will see how he skis and skates and works out on the horizontal bar. And him over 70 years old!"

Somewhat numbed by the sailor's tempestuous temperament and chilled by the car, which was poorly heated, I sat hunched in one corner, feeling like a bride being taken to an unknown but very faultfinding groom. Of course, it would not be so terrible if the groom rejected her, and no one knew whether she herself would like the groom, but it was still unpleasant to be delivered for inspection.

"Don't be so glum, kid," perceptively commented my talkative companion. "Our old man is not hasty. He takes nothing on faith and makes no instant decisions. He liked your article about how we need to develop Soviet democracy. And he will give you a chance to write a chapter on the state for his book before he makes his decision whether or not to let you join his authors' collective. So you have time..."

In order to entertain me during the long drive, Matkovskiy began telling me various stories about Kuusinen and his period of Comintern work. According to him, Otto Vilgelmovich had always been noted for his exceptionally hardworking nature. At that time it was the custom in the Comintern (and not just there) to hold meetings lasting until late in the night.

"They were drawing up plans for world revolution," said Matkovskiy. "People were making suggestions about where and when the it might be touched off. During these nighttime vigils each official behaved in a different way.

"One Comintern official, Garry Pollit, had a weakness for Armenian cognac and put away glass after glass of it without stopping to savor it, washing it down with Borzhom mineral water. And Otto Vilgelmovich had rings hanging from the ceiling in his office; he took advantage of every break to work out on them, performing all kinds of stunts. Dimitrov once commented: 'Comrade Kuusinen, this is where you learned your tactical flexibility.' 'Yes, indeed, we've never had enough flexibility in our tactics. But I never forget about our long-range strategy,' replied Otto Vilgelmovich."

I listened to Matkovskiy and tried to sift through what he was saying, not knowing whether to believe him or not.

Incidentally, it is probably true that the general style of relations between Comintern officials was not characterized only by impassioned theoretical debates, but also by a lively sense of humor in which everyone was constantly competing. As I listened to Matkovskiy I recalled how Garry Pollit had once come to visit us at the journal. He did not deliver long official speeches, but instead told us simply and cheerfully about the not-so-cheery affairs of the communist party in Great Britain. I long remembered several of what I later learned were typical Comintern jokes.

"Our whole problem was that we believed Comrade Yevgeniy Samuilovich Varga (a highly renowned international economist of that day—F. B.), who was continually predicting a profound economic crisis in the West," said Garry Pollit. "We believed that this crisis would come along and then Little Red Riding Hood (i.e. our party) would grow rapidly, become strong and devour the capitalist wolf. Crises came and went, but we stayed Little Red Riding Hood."

I remember how shocked the old staff members of the journal were by this joke. But the thing that seemed completely improper was the toast offered by Garry Pollit during a dinner in response to our well-prepared and well-practiced salutations to the communist party of Great Britain. In preparation for his own toast Garry Pollit poured himself not just a shot glass, but a whole tall wine glass of Armenian cognac full to the brim and intoned: "I fervently support everything that has been said. And now let's drink a non-party toast. I want to drink to our wives and our lovers, and to their never sitting down together at the same table!"

Our old guys almost fell out of their chairs, but the young people were in ecstacy at this mischievous maneuver that broke with the practice of stereotypical toasts.

When Garry Pollit got on the subject of the "party-Chinese slang" we used to write our articles our responsible secretary could not restrain himself any longer and whispered in a voice that could be heard by everyone at the table: "That's why the revolution didn't take place in England!" For this he got a stern look from a responsible comrade who was escorting Pollit and who later when the opportunity presented itself said to the editorial secretary: "Garry Pollit was an outstanding figure in the world communist movement when you were still an accountant on some kolkhoz."

I remembered this as I listened to Matkovskiy's cheerful tales and looked out the window of the limousine during the brief pauses.

The road passed through snow-covered fields, deep forests and patches of woods. I love this white covering, the grey-blue mist behind which the sun seemed to be detached and carried away beyond the horizon. White snow always calms me and reconciles me to that incomprehensible and intangible something that is poured out around us and from which we are always averting our gaze, turning it instead to some small daily task, as invisible as a snowflake lost in the endless snowy blanket.

Yet I was unable to focus my thoughts because we had already arrived. The car softly and almost timidly passed through the gates and stopped beside a small wooden two-story house. While we were stamping off the snow in the small foyer a stout woman in a white apron and cap told us that Otto Vilgelmovich was awaiting us in his office on the second floor. We climbed a narrow, squeaking staircase and found ourselves in an attic room, where a small table piled high with books and manuscripts stood in one corner opposite the window. There were so many papers that I had difficulty seeing the small, puny, very elderly man sitting in an armchair behind them, wrapped in a Scotch plaid robe and some kind of fur. His small head with a strongly receding hairline and his face—skin and bones—intensified his air of decrepitude. Yet as soon as you looked into his eyes and at his gaze this completely nullified your first impression. His eyes were like glaciers, not very large, dark blue, magnetic and piercing to the very depth anything that fell in their field of vision, eyes that existed somehow separately from the whole face and its expression. They lived a life of their own, directly connected with some sort of centers of mental activity hidden deep inside the skull. The head somewhat resembled Picasso's head at that age. Perhaps this was only the way it seemed when I saw Otto Vilgelmovich for the first time, but later I could not get that association out of my mind.

This thin, small old man seemed surprisingly important to me, and I felt a definitely unaccustomed sense of timidity and the desire to make a favorable impression on him. But he said nothing, this old man, resting his calm, cold, bluish gaze on me, a gaze that expressed nothing but anticipation, even vacancy, but which in fact—as I was soon to learn—reflected incessant, untiring, almost machine-like mental labor.

"Well, Otto Vilgelmovich, I have brought this person," Matkovskiy loudly began. "In my opinion he is a good fellow, although he is a bit stiff and does not want to use the informal mode of address with me. But, of course, I'm only joking." Matkovskiy turned to me. "Otto Vilgelmovich will tell you about his intention to write a chapter on the state for our textbook. This should be a completely unusual chapter, perhaps the central chapter in the book. Well, I have carried out my mission and will now be silent."

"Yes, yes, that's it, precisely," croaked the elderly gentleman. "I called you here to attempt... to attempt to take a new approach to this question. You put it correctly in your article: we must develop Soviet democracy. But what does that mean? What is your opinion?"

I was about to begin reciting the main points in my article. But Kuusinen stopped me with a look.

"Yes, yes, precisely... But what is your opinion, do we need to maintain the dictatorship of the proletariat after we have finished building a socialist society? Or do we need to make a transition to some new stage in the development of the state?"

I must say that this question took me aback. Not because I had not though about it, but rather because the answer to a question of that sort was, as they said in our office, fraught with unforeseen consequences. I wanted to say that essentially the dictatorship is no longer necessary, that it has already served its purpose—during the Civil War, at the time of unprecedented focusing of effort in the prewar period, and during the Great Patriotic War, when the strictest discipline and mobilization of both front and rear areas was required. I was well aware that during the 1930's this slogan had been used to justify mass repressions. But could I say that to a person who represented the country's highest leadership? True, the very way in which he had framed the question hinted at the possibility of some new opinion... Incidentally, I did not actually carry these thoughts to a conclusion under his attentive, curious gaze, which insistently summoned forth not a formal answer, but rather my most sincere opinion.

"Speaking frankly, Otto Vilgelmovich, it seems to me that the dictatorship of the proletariat has already played its role in our country. It should be transformed. Actually this process is already underway, and the problem is to consciously accelerate it."

"Precisely," he said, the plaid robe trembling, which, I later learned, was a sign of an extreme degree of agitation. "But here is a question: into what will it, this dictatorship, be transformed...?"

"Into a state of all the people, I think, into socialist democracy."

"Yes, yes, precisely, but perhaps an all-people's state? Marx once criticized the slogan 'people's state.' But that was a long time ago, and furthermore applied to a completely different state. Lasalle counted on replacing the bourgeois power of the Junkers with a people's state. That was an illusion. That was deception. But it is quite a different matter in our country, where the dictatorship of the proletariat has already played its role."

Here there was quite a long silence, since I did not know whether I was supposed to add something to his comments or not. He was obviously still pondering what he

had said, as if a word spoken by him, separated from him, took on some independent meaning and sound, so that it had to be evaluated anew.

Unable to contain myself, I said: "So should I write my chapter in the textbook in this vein?"

"Precisely, precisely, in that vein. You need to provide a theoretical basis for it. You need to take it from Lenin: why the dictatorship of the proletariat was essential, and proof that it has already played its role."

"Are we talking just about theory or about practice as well?" I asked. "Do you envision any major changes in the political system?"

"Yes, yes, precisely," replied Kuusinen. "First theory and then," here he pointed with his hand at some distant point, "later the practical side..."

I realized that this "later" would not come very soon, but that right now it was necessary to achieve theoretical recognition of the need for certain important changes in state institutions.

"Perhaps I should acquaint Fedor Mikhaylovich with the Note?" interjected Matkovskiy at this point.

"Yes, yes, the Note as well. But the main thing is that you must elevate all the works of Lenin, you must restore truth in order to justify the all-people's state.

Inviting me to joint the authors' collective, like the recruitment of other young theoretical workers, was for Kuusinen an easy thing to do. I realized this at the very first meeting, attended by both old and new authors. We all sat at a round table and discussed the redistribution of roles. Chapters with which the previous authors had not been successful were reassigned to the newcomers. One of the rejected "old ones," wishing somehow to wound Kuusinen, said:

"Well, Otto Vilgelmovich, they are commenting in the Western press on your election to the Central Committee Presidium."

"And what are they saying?" calmly inquired Otto Vilgelmovich.

"They write the following, and I quote: 'The CPSU Central Committee Presidium has elected old party member O. V. Kuusinen, who is known for his unorthodox views and for his struggle against dogmatism."

At this point the speaker looked victoriously around, seeking the support of the others, but he only got it from two or three of the outsiders.

"Yes, yes, precisely, precisely," drawled Kuusinen in his usual manner. "But there is one thing I do not understand: they are writing about my struggle against dogmatism, but how did they find out about my disputes with you?"

Friendly laughter was the response to this subtle, "typically Comintern-like" joke...

At that time the practice was to give the authors of this sort of party textbooks a temporary sabbatical from their regular jobs and assemble them at some dacha so that they could focus their full attention on their one common task. We, too, were housed in a dacha in Nagornoye on the Kurkinskiy Highway, which was a branch off the main highway to Leningrad.

It was a small two-story wooden house, and each person had his own room with a desk, a nightstand and a private toilet. Three times a day we walked as a group to a nearby building to take our meals; there we sat at common tables with the members of another authors' collective that was working on a CPSU history textbook. The table conversation often became quite heated when our leaders were not present; the positions of the two groups of authors differed widely on very many issues.

Kuusinen was not often present, and in his absence two persons were the de facto leaders: Arkadiy Sorin and Stepan Chernyakov. One was, as I have already said, a journalist, and the other worked in the International Department and later worked as an aide to Otto Vilgelmovich. They complemented each other well. Sorin was remarkable for a completely unique trait: he wrote as fast as a machine, throwing page after full page on the floor. It was nothing at all for him to churn out 15-20 pages in this manner within a couple of hours. He was not very keen on new ideas, but he was able to put the thoughts expressed by Kuusinen or other members of the collective into a light literary style. As for Chernyakov, he wrote virtually nothing at all. One got the impression that he actually disdained that activity. Yet he was an exceptionally good talker. His opinions always differed from commonly accepted ones, and they often were astounding in their innovativeness and seriousness of approach. Furthermore, he was a master at making outlines. The subject did not matter; he made outlines for the entire textbook, individual chapters, specific problems, research methodology, almost anything at all, and all with the same degree of satisfaction.

Sorin was a dignified man, large and massively built, with a heavy and (according to us) brooding face, a huge nose and a steeply sloping though quite impressive forehead. At the time he was interested in yoga, and we often found him standing on his head in his room. When he did this his very disheveled hair fell across the floor, prompting continual jokes that did not bother Sorin in the least. Some sort of inner, inborn sense of importance and significance was characteristic of him.

Chernyakov, on the other hand, looked morose. He had trouble getting to know people, yet once he did feel close to someone he could sit for hours pouring out his philosophical thoughts, caring little if you agreed with him or not. He was handsome and well-built, dark-haired and overall quite attractive. He was always a favorite with our female typists, and he could spend hours chatting with them in their room even when he had pressing work to do.

I was quite surprised when I met his wife. She was a small, astoundingly ugly, grey-haired woman about 20 years older than Chernyakov. He married her as the result of a strange coincidence. They were sent together on a travel assignment as lecturers and traveled together in a two-person berth. No one knows what happened between them there, but when the train stopped in Yerevan Berta introduced Chernyakov to her friends and relatives as her husband and colleague.

I had been enamored of Chernyakov as long as I could remember, so much that I named my second son after him. He was also kind to me, condescendingly allowing himself to be liked, finding in me a listener who was willing to sit for hours absorbing his revelations. Although he was much older than I was, I noticed his naivete about marital and sexual matters; once while playing billiards with him I gathered my courage and asked him: "Have you ever done it with any woman besides your old lady?" Chernyakov was embarrassed and mumbled something about how he and his wife had a truly profound intellectual and spiritual bond, which elicited a fit of unrestrained, diabolical laughter from me. It seems that my laughter sealed his fate. He started courting an attractive young typist who had been assigned to us by the Administration of Affairs, and they ended up getting married, though he had to undergo some severe trials to accomplish it. His deeply spiritual Berta, who incidentally about that time was becoming a doctor of philological sciences, deluged the party committee with letters demanded that her errant husband be returned to her or, failing that, be fired from his job. But by that time Chernyakov had become Kuusinen's aide, and Kuusinen gave these demands a very cool reception...

The report for the highest leaders prepared by Kuusinen with our help had, as I recall, a somewhat provocative title: "On Replacement of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat and Transition to a State of All the People." It had the effect of an exploding bomb. The overwhelming majority of the leaders not only rejected this idea but were also highly displeased with us. Kuusinen merely smiled with his eyes; as an experienced apparatchik he had gotten the First's prior approval and was confident of his support.

We were in Kuusinen's office while he listened to the comments of several leaders with regard to the Note. Otto Vilgelmovich held the receiver of the official phone so that we could clearly hear what the person on the other end was saying.

"Otto Vilgelmovich!" shouted the receiver, "what is all this? What have you written!? Why all these distortions? Lenin regarded the dictatorship of the proletariat as the most important part of Marxism. Now here you are coming up with some purported new quotes from Lenin that no one has ever heard of..."

"Yes, yes, precisely, precisely, never heard of them... Never heard of them because these very important statements by Ilich were kept secret. You are probably aware that even now many of Lenin's works remain unpublished..."

"I do not know that. I had not heard it. We were taught quite a different Marxism," boomed the voice, followed by a click.

"Yes, yes, that's right," remarked Otto Vilgelmovich, turning to us, "he was taught something completely different. I am afraid that even the teachers at the trade technikum from which he graduated may not have known these statements by Lenin."

At that moment the official phone rang again.

"Hello, may I help you?" asked Kuusinen in his customary polite manner.

The line was silent for a while, and then a woman screamed: "How could you, Otto Vilgelmovich, attack the holy of holies, the dictatorship of the proletariat!? What will become of our state, of our ideology, if we ourselves tear away at their foundations!?"

"I think that our state and our ideology will become even stronger," cheerfully replied our old man. "In fact, if the state becomes a state of all the people while still maintaining the dominance of the working class, then it only stands to gain by this, not lose, and as a result no one will be able to justify reprisals against you, against all of us, by citing the dictatorship of the proletariat!"

"Well now, this is going too far! What are you insinuating? Now we have collective leadership, and no one is planning to put anybody in prison!"

"That's precisely it, precisely," chortled Kuusinen. "Collective leadership—that is a direct transition to socialist democracy."

"Not, Otto Vilgelmovich! You have not convinced me! And no one will convince me. So I would recommend that you withdraw your Note before it's too late. It has not come up for discussion yet."

"Not too late," mimicked Otto Vilgelmovich with a slight tone of mockery in his voice. "It is never too late to restore the truth. As for the discussion, for some reason I think that by the time this is discussed you will have modified your own position..."

"Never! Not for anything in the world! I imbibed this dictatorship with my mother's milk and I will support it to the death!"

"Oh, now, why to the death? This is a point of theory. We'll wait and see, discuss it and arrive at a collective decision."

Kuusinen was right. Not a single one of his opponents took the risk of expressing opposition to the Note when it came up for discussion. By that time everyone knew that the First was in favor of it and had recommended that the idea of a state of all the people be included in the Party Program.

We talked with Otto Vilgelmovich about how this new perception of our state would change the entire political system in the direction of democratic principles. About how reliable guarantees against a personal power regime would be created, about how new political institutions of public self-government would appear.

The foundations of our political system had not changed substantially since the revolution. They had been maintained in the same form as in Lenin's time. This did not prevent a change in the political and ideological regime under Stalin. What was the problem? How could we safeguard the country against a return to an authoritarian regime in the future? That was the subject of our discussions and agonized musings. Later I wrote a book entitled "Gosudarstvo i kommunizm" [The State and Communism] based on my discussions with O. V. Kuusinen.

However, my membership in the authors' collective ended not quite as I would have liked. I did my job fairly well, and all the sections devoted to the state were included in the textbook as I wrote them. But I incautiously made some satirical remarks about Sorin. Perhaps that was the reason he got Kuusinen to agree to send part of the collective home prior to the completion of the general editing. I was one of the ones sent home.

"It's a pity that it had to be this way," said Sorin to me as I was leaving; he hated to be on bad terms with anyone. "I thought that you would stay in the core collective, but the old man decided to reduce the editorial group in size as much as possible, so that people would not be getting in each other's way. But you can be sure that all the chapters written by you will be credited to you. We won't touch them."

I am grateful to him for that. After all, it was Sorin who had recruited me for the collective. Perhaps I was not very well suited for the final stage of the job; in any event I should not have made fun of a good person. We parted friends.

My time in Kuusinen's authors' collective was not without effect. That was because Yu. V. was a good friend of his on account of their work together in the Karelian Republic. And he valued his opinion. Evidently this was the reason I received such an immediate and at first completely undeserved positive reception from Yu. V.

6

I got my first experience preparing documents in connection with our delegation's trip to a party congress in Albania. This was soon after the 1960 Meeting of Communist and Workers' Parties. We already knew that Enver Hoxha and his closest ally Mehmet Shehu had a negative opinion of our latest party congress and in fact did not accept the ideas contained in its resolution. Therefore the trip coming up was a hard one, and it required especially painstaking preparations. The drafts of speeches to be delivered at the congress were drawn up in advance, as well as speeches for a mass rally in Tirana if we were given an opportunity to speak.

One morning Kortunov stuck his head in my office (in contrast to the other deputy chiefs he paid no attention to rank) and said that Yu. V. was waiting for us. We found him in an extremely agitated state. He had just read the materials we had prepared and he was displeased.

"You people have been pottering about on this for almost six months, and the materials you have prepared are garbage," said Yu. V. without any other preface. Obviously he had not yet calmed down from the tongue-lashing he had given some other staff members just before we arrived. "This situation must be rectified immediately," he said, speaking more to Kortunov than to me. He did not yet know what I was able to do, and he naturally relied more on his deputy.

"Don't worry," said Kortunov. "Fedor will get on it and have everything rewritten soon."

"It doesn't have to be soon. We still have at least 10 days before we have to send the materials out. The main thing is to do a good job. So that all the proper emphases are made. This is an unusual trip. The situation will be difficult," said Yu. V., looking at me through his glasses.

Then he described the situation in a few short, clear sentences and gave us the approximate theme for the speeches.

"All the rest," he said in conclusion, "is up to your imagination."

Easy enough to say "imagination," I thought, sitting at my desk. Specialists had worked on this job. I did not know either the country or the party or the situation. I read through the text of the speeches and was most surprised of all at the language in which they were written. Furthermore, they contained virtually nothing on topics pertaining to the recent meeting, although it was obvious to me that we should in some way clarify and propagandize our position.

Then I had an inspiration: I decided to redictate completely the whole speech as if I were the one who had to give it. Then I would edit it, smooth out the rough spots and give it a more generally acceptable appearance. I called a stenographer and began to dictate. Prior to this I had had little experience working with a stenographer. I wrote my dissertation in longhand, but I wrote quite rapidly, meeting my self-assigned quota for each 10-hour day: 12-15 pages of text. But I only wrote, not dictated, although on two or three occasions I had tried dictating lead articles for the journal. At first I was greatly bothered by the presence of another person during my creative struggle, especially when I paused, when something in me seemed to stick and would not budge.

However, strange as it my seem, my first try went very well: I dictated about 20 pages. I edited the text the same day and took it to Yu. V. the next morning. He was more surprised than pleased. He read the text carefully and even leafed through it a second time.

"Did you have some work done on this already? You seemed to have done it very quickly."

"No, I didn't have anything done, I simply dictated it to a stenographer," I said, not without a certain pride at being the best pupil in the class.

"Well, this is better than before, but I think you realize that you still have some work to do."

Then he called Kortunov (who later told me about it) and said: "You look over the material. Fedor has done some work and it is better. But the job is far from finished."

I left his office somewhat discouraged. Not because I had thought my text was a masterpiece. I was well aware that an official speech cannot and should not be a masterpiece. I had been instructed to keep working on the text. But what did that mean? I wanted to get some clear instructions as to what was suitable and what unsuitable, what paragraphs to delete, what thoughts to add, what to edit and how. That was the way it had always been done at the journal. None of us would put up with general comments and requests, and the customary form of discussion precluded them.

I did not yet know that the style for preparing documents was the exact opposite. Here the task was set in a most general form, for example: we need a speech on a certain topic; we need a TASS statement; we need a newspaper editorial; we need to excoriate our opponent over something. The execution, searching and creativity were left to the writer—let him rack his brains and afterwards we can decide if it turned out right.

There was another thing I did not know: this entire process was something very complex, highly repetitive and terribly agonizing for everyone involved. This style was often explained by citing the collective principle of document preparation and collective consideration of documents. To a great extent it resulted from the fact that the consumer had not completely thought through the content of the document, satisfied at the initial stage with a description of the general idea, a global idea (as people later came to call it).

As for Yu. V., the matter was even more complicated (and also perhaps simpler in a way). I very quickly concluded that no matter what kind of text you brought him he would still rewrite it from start to finish by hand, letting every word pass through him. All he required was decent starting material containing a selection of all the essential components, both substantive and verbose. After this he called several people to his office, sat us down at the long table, took off his coat, sat down himself in the head chair and took his fountain pen in hand. He read the document aloud, testing each word, inviting each of us to take part in the editing, or more precisely the rewriting, of the text. This was done collectively and quite chaotically, as if it were an auction. Each person could suggest a new word, phrase or idea. Yu. V. accepted or rejected the suggestions. If an idea required a more detailed exposition he usually sent its author to another room so that he could bring back a completed paragraph or half-page of text which, once they were on the table, were subject to the same fate: rewriting, cutting, reediting. Often it turned out that the new bits prepared in this fashion by me or by someone else were finally rejected after lengthy efforts to make them fit the text and were thrown either irritably or laughingly into the wastebasket.

Therefore the term "into the wastebasket" was very popular. No one wanted to work "for the wastebasket," although this was the fate that awaited a large portion of our work.

When I first attended one of these discussions I was amazed and daunted by what according to my opinion and taste was a very inefficient work method. Accustomed in our editorial office to individual preparation of articles which in the worse case would be excoriated by one or two editors, I insistently suggested to Yu. V. that we adopt that method of document preparation. The consultants would prepare a text, he would make his comments, we would take it back and rework it, and finally we would bring him a finished product. But Yu. V. merely frowned in response to my suggestions and complaints and kept on doing things his own way. Essentially in all the years I worked with him I cannot recall a single instance in which he released a document without putting his hand to it and reworking it completely. What was the reason for this?

After giving the matter much consideration I arrived at the conclusion that the underlying cause was a huge, completely unbelievable sense of responsibility. I never met a man in whom that sense was developed to such a high degree. Whether the subject of discussion was the preparation of major strategic documents that would

determine national policy or the most trivial organizational matter, Yu. V. approached it with the same tenacity, trying to weigh everything and leave nothing out.

But there was also another reason, and I realized that later. Yu. V. loved intellectual political work. He simply liked to take part personally in the writing of speeches and guide the process by which political thoughts and words took shape. Furthermore, these were very merry "dinner conversations," although all there was to eat was the traditional tea and crackers or sandwiches (the latter after 9:00 pm). The exhausted "aristocrats of the mind" (as Yu. V. called us) often got off on unrelated topics toward the end of these evening vigils: we traded jokes and rhyming epigrams, drew caricatures. Yu. V. permitted all this, but only up to a certain point. When it bothered him he usually exclaimed: "We're here to work!" and pointed at the text rewritten in his large, round, legible script.

The preparations for the Albanian trip were my first lesson. I realized that I was dealing with a man with an astute and tenacious mind who was far above his peers not only in his boundlessly responsible attitude toward his job, but also in some innate, intuitive sense of the weight and significance of political words or actions. Taught since my childhood to have a critical attitude toward authority, there I was obedient and even enraptured. Incidentally, it was typical of me to fall in love with masculine intellect and charm. I was deeply moved by composer Aleksey Kozlovskiy in my student days. I was truly in love with Chernyakov while I was working on the textbook. But now life had thrown me together with a personality of a different order. He knew and was capable of things that I, for all my self-reliance, did not think that I would ever know or be capable of doing. He was a man of action, a man created to make decisions and to take responsibility for them. He was sensitive and evidently very soon noted my attitude toward him and, I must say, repaid me in kind.

But now our evening sessions were over and we were flying to Tirana in a small plane. The plane was set up like a drawing room inside: just a few armchairs, a table, a large divan around the table and velvet-covered Empire-style foot stools.

There were five or six of us, the members of the delegation and the individuals accompanying it: an Albania specialist, a modest young man named Ivan Korshun; S. Suyetukhin, head of the Services Sector; a speech writer ("hack writers," as real members of the party apparatus called us to our faces) that was me. Each person killed time as best he could during the seven-hour flight. I reread the speech; Suyetukhin looked over a list of gifts which he had to distribute; Yu. V. spent most of the flight looking at some papers and talking quietly with Petr Nikolayevich Pospelov, the head of the delegation. Petr Nikolayevich, a short man, looked even shorter when he stood beside the very tall Yu. V. But even people who stood a foot taller than the head of the delegation could sense his importance. For a man of his size he had an unusually strong voice, a baritone bass, somewhat muffled and even not quite distinguishable when he gave speeches, but very expressive when he sang songs of the Volga, as I had opportunity to hear during the trip. He was not quite clear on the situation at the Albanian congress, and his greatest concern was how to add a few fresh quotes to his speech. Looking over the text of the speech he was to deliver at the congress, he quickly found a place where I should insert an appropriate quote. I immediately gave him what he wanted, writing it down on a scrap of paper.

"Are you sure that this is really a correct quote?" he asked me hesitantly.

"Absolutely sure, Petr Nikolayevich."

"Perhaps you could even name the source?" he went on, slightly sarcastically.

"I can," I replied. And I cited both volume and page in the works of Lenin.

After we had arrived in Tirana and driven to the embassy evidently one of the first things that Petr Nikolayevich did was check to see whether the source I gave him for the quote was correct, so that he could teach this overconfident boy a lesson. What must have been his surprise when it all checked out. Then he went into an unaccustomed rapture, smiled gleefully, gestured with his arms and even ran around the ambassador's office.

"Well," he said, "Fedor Mikhaylovich! I know Lenin quite well myself. I have studied him all my life, and I was the head of my class at the IMEL [CPSU Central Committee Marxism-Leninism Institute]. But this is the first time I have ever met anyone who could choose the proper quote just like that, from memory!"

I felt very uncomfortable. I regretted not having immediately acknowledged the random nature of my success. Just prior to the Albania trip I had signed my book to press and discovered that this very quote had been incorrectly cited. The editor and I went round and round for two days before we found the right footnote. Well, after that I could have repeated the ill-fated quote in my sleep.

For my part I was curious to get a look at this person, at his impassive face, tinny eyes, and his strange habit of pronouncing the most banal words with an air of great importance. How had it happened that Pospelov was one of the principal authors of the book "Iosif Vissarionovich Stalin: A Short Biography," and had been one of the main figures in the preparation of the famous CPSU Central Committee resolution entitled "On Elimination of the Personality Cult and Its Effects" (30 June 1956)?

And was he not the one who had amended the resolution to portray Stalin as an outstanding theoretician who engineered the defeat of the opposition and the victory of socialism? In conversation he often repeated: "emphasize successes more," "do not neglect continuity," "do not exaggerate shortcomings" and that holy of holies, "Marxism-Leninism teaches." But what does experience teach? Experience... what is experience, he would say. What could he say?

The situation at the Albanian Workers Party Congress was, as Yu. V. put it, nasty. The party leaders pursued a firm course toward a split with us. Enver Hoxha's report was worse than had been expected. It subjected everything our party had done in recent years to almost unalloyed criticism. True, when pronouncing words and sentences that were offensive to us Enver Hoxha—a well-built, handsome man with a military bearing—could not maintain his harsh tone and even became teary-eyed. But this did not keep him from completing his speech. And, of course, virtually every paragraph in it was interrupted by applause, sometimes spilling over into a standing ovation and chanting.

Then the first incident occurred. During one of the especially crude reproaches against the 20th Party Congress our delegation refrained from applauding. We were sitting in one of the side boxes of the auditorium where the meeting was being held, in view of all the delegates. They noticed that we were not applauding while the whole audience was chanting in voices that sounded like drumbeats: "Enver Hoxha! Enver Hoxha!" What was going on? Everyone leaped to their feet. They began screaming praise for their leader's name even more loudly and applauding even more furiously while looking in our direction. Some people began beating on the seats of their folding chairs.

You should have seen Yu. V. at that moment. It seemed to me that his large figure, motionless and erect in his chair, and his deepset blue eyes, clearly visible through his glasses, made a strong impression on the congress delegates. Glancing at the audience I saw certain groups, primarily military officers, who were scarcely participating in the bacchanal at all. Their applause was merely a formality, and they looked around in embarrassment, looking at Yu. V. and all of us. Gradually the tumult began to subside. Everyone sat down. The speaker poured himself a glass of water, and you could even hear the gurgling sound as he drank. Then he continued reading his speech.

But I was shaken to the depths of my soul by the fury which shone in the eyes of the hundreds of people gathered in that auditorium. Just imagine: just yesterday, just a few weeks before, they had demonstrated and, I am certain, felt love or at least gratitude toward our country and our people! How could everything have been turned upside down so quickly? Did a leader really need only wave his conductor's baton to make something that yesterday was bright and white into something dark and black? Where did this power over human souls come from? Was this nothing more than fear for one's position, the fear of being an outsider, of falling from the political bandwagon? That cannot be. The people sitting there fearlessly braved fascist bullets and survived jails and prisons. They were people whose feelings of friendship toward us were inseparably interwoven with the idea of their homeland's independence and its future. What a magical force power has! What currents run through people when they gather together and form a crowd. Do not touch our god!

Not everything about the gods was clear, either. Well, maybe they did not like some of our decisions. Maybe that would have some effect on the established regime in their party and country. Yet can they not understand that isolation from our country and from the other countries around them will be fatal to Albania, that their struggle against the overwhelming majority of communist and workers' parties is pointless and even ludicrous? It is nothing more than a pose. Can they really sacrifice the interest of their country for the sake of a pose, no matter how beautiful it may seem to their leaders?

During the break I left the building where the congress was being held and walked to a little square to get a breath of fresh air. I looked behind me and saw that an Albanian was following me.

I sat down on a bench. He sat down opposite me. I opened a newspaper and he pulled out his own. Then I got up and sat down on the other bench where he was sitting. Like a machine he got up and did the same. Once again I got up and sat down next to him.

"Well," I said to him, "brother, what does it say in your paper?"

"I no understand Russian," he said, shaking his head and hands.

"How long have you not understood Russian?" I said to him.

"Long time, very long time," said my interlocutor with a smile.

"And I," I said to him, "no understand Albanian. And it would probably do me no good to start learning it now. Soon it won't be much use."

The Albanian kept nodding his head, either in agreement with me or because he really did not understand what I was implying.

I returned to the hall where the Albanian leaders and their foreign guests were strolling about during the break. Unexpectedly I heard Yu. V.'s familiar, loud and author

itative voice, already so dear to me. Looking Enver Hoxha straight in the eyes he said in a clipped voice-:"Comrade Enver Hoxha!"—the pronounced the word "comrade" particularly energetically and sharply, stressing the letter "r"—"On behalf of the communist parties of the socialist countries I resolutely protest your arbitrary actions. You have expelled the representative of the Greek Communist Party from this congress without any grounds or justification whatsoever. We completely dismiss as nonsensical and unfounded the accusations which you have levelled against him and his party. We demand that you rectify this situation at once and return the Greek representative to the congress."

The hubbub in the hall ceased instantly, and Enver Hoxha, pale and agitated, began to scream:

"We reject dictates! We fear no one! This is an agent of Karamanlis and the other Greek monarchical fascists. We do not permit anyone to give orders at our congress!"

Then Yu. V., drawing himself up to his full height, said to him:

"We reserve the right to take all appropriate actions in view of this incident, which is without precedent in relations between fraternal parties."

The congress continued, but now we felt like we were in a besieged fortress. Someone asked: "Won't they try to throw us out of the congress tomorrow?" Someone jokingly replied: "Oh, no! More likely they'll plant a bomb under the embassy or hide one in our plane." Yu. V. curtly cut short all such chatter and requested us all to be extremely attentive and collected. Not a single unnecessary word or gesture that could create grounds for provocations.

On the final day of the congress and after it was over we were given an opportunity to go sightseeing in Tirana and the surrounding area, naturally accompanied by a member of the Albanian security organs. We walked along the shore of the Adriatic and recalled how Khrushchev had suggested that the Albanians build a resort on that splendid seacoast for representatives of all the socialist countries. This proposal greatly irritated the proud Enver Hoxha, who dreamed of transforming Albania into a highly developed industrial power rather than attracting capital to the country with the help of something so demeaning (in his eyes) as tourism.

I still have a photo taken on that trip showing Pospelov, Andropov and myself. Yu. V. is wearing a long black overcoat and a black suit. I remember how I made a clumsy joke upon his appearance in this outfit: Oh, Yuriy Vladimirovich! In that suit you like a typical pastor!"

Later I terribly regretted my lack of tact. But Yu. V.'s restraint was astounding. He did not say a word, but his look told me that my jest had irritated him greatly.

I do not know the reason for it, but in all the years I worked with him he never, not even once, scolded me. His polite, cordial tone was in marked contrast to the style of other leaders. Incidentally, this seemed to be a privilege accorded only to consultants. Yu. V. had not had an opportunity to complete the usual course of study and was in fact always studying in the course of his practical work. Perhaps this was the explanation for his somewhat exaggerated opinion concerning the erudition of those whom he call the "aristocrats of the mind." He cherished the elements of knowledge and culture which we were able to bring to our work. As for the abstractors and other staff members in the various sectors, ofttimes they really caught it from him. He absolutely would not tolerate disorder, lack of discipline or clumsiness and reacted very harshly to all these things.

We flew back from Tirana in the same plane, but in order to relax a bit we decided to stop off in Hungary. There I was particularly cognizant of what Hungary meant to Yu. V. and what he meant to the Hungarian leaders. Several years had passed since the tragic year of 1956, when Yu. V. played such an extraordinary role for an ambassador in the constructive resolution of an acute problem. (I will tell of this later, when I discuss a special trip made by a delegation headed by Yu. V. of which I happened to be a member.) I saw the warmth and sincerity with which Yu. V. was greeted by the Hungarian leaders, I heard him speaking with them in Hungarian and the way they joyously responded to their native speech from his lips.

In the evening our Soviet delegation gathered around one table; everyone was exhausted after the long, tense visit to Albania. It was then than Pospelov brilliantly displayed his unexpectedly strong bass voice, performing complex roulades of Volga songs. And Yu. V.—once a sailor on the Volga—accompanied him in a strong, pure and deep baritone...

The flight from Budapest was a long one. There was nothing to do. Petr Nikolayevich suggested a game of dominoes. There were not enough partners for everyone so I was drafted to be a fourth, though I could not stand the game and almost never played it.

But by then I had already discovered the very important truth that at that time playing dominoes was regarded as as much an obligatory ritual as wearing a dark blue suit in the winter and a grey one in the summer.

Shortly before the Albania trip I was vacationing with my wife in Varna, on the splendid Bulgarian Black Sea coast. We were part of a small group including Lesechko, a very renowned economic figure of that time. He was a tall man and very dignified in appearance. I believe he was a chemist by training, and he was marvelously well acquainted with many economic matters. During our visits to Bulgarian plants he usually shoved aside the

plant director accompanying us and started telling us in an informed and interesting fashion about the enterprise and about its capabilities and problems, as if he had built and managed it himself.

But he had two weaknesses: dominoes and fishing. On the first sunny that morning we went down to the shore of the warm, inviting sea Lesechko sat down at a little table under a tent along with two other members of our group and insistently called to me, as they needed a fourth for their domino game. I politely refused, saying that I planned to go spearfishing. To prove it I showed him my mask, snorkel and spear gun, specially bought for the purpose before the trip. "Forget that!" he said reprovingly "You're acting like you're some kind of intellectual. One would think you were the only one who went to the university." (He pronounced the "g" in the word "intelligent," as was then in fashion, gutturally, with a breathy sound, so that the word had a disparaging sound: intelli-KHENT.) Still I did not take a seat at the table; what did I really care what someone else's boss thought?...

My reputation in Lesechko's eyes was ruined beyond repair by something that happened while we were fishing. It happened early one morning on a lake in bad weather. A very strong wind was blowing and the waves around our boat were half a meter high. My companion and I were in one boat, and Lesechko and a sailor were in another. The trick was somehow to stabilize the boat, otherwise it was quite useless to cast a line. We had a weight, a large stone attached to a board, which we prepared to throw in the water. At that moment Lesechko rowed over in his boat and said to my companion: "Give me that stone." I protested—perhaps the storm had put me in a playful mood, or else our previous clash. "Don't take away our stone, uncle," I said, "you have a sailor, he can hold your boat steady for you." "I said give me the stone!" yelled the renowned fisherman angrily, completely beside himself with rage. He leaned over the gunwale of our boat, grabbed the stone with his powerful hands and dragged it over into his own boat.

These little incidents later cost me very dearly. Lesechko tattled on me to the First in Yu. V.'s presence at some reception. He said that I had allegedly been chasing some Italian woman while on vacation. But I was vacationing with my wife, and the Italian woman was as ugly as mortal sin. Yu. V. said nothing about it, but instead turned the matter over to Kortunov, who gave me a small friendly lecture with his usual smile. And it all started with my refusal to behave the way I was expected to!

Denunciation. What tremendous power it has in the life of the apparatus. Pondering the reason for this fact I have often thought: is this perhaps a characteristic of the Russian political man? I observed the same two weaknesses in many of our leaders, including some who were highly intelligent and astute. The first was a fondness for crude flattery. Probably all leaders through the ages have loved flattery. But for some reason ours in the 1960's preferred direct, unconcealed, obviously exaggerated flattery. A cultlike flattery. Perhaps the content, i.e. what was said about oneself, was not the most important thing, but rather the pleasant sensation of seeing a human being degraded and forced to grovel so shamelessly in front of oneself. The other weakness was an irresistible tendency to listen to denunciations. They wanted to know something very personal, intimate and secret about a person and they attached much greater significance to this than to that person's open and explicit statements or his speeches and actions. You could write a dozen books in defense of a certain political course and then have someone relate to your boss a single sentence said by you at dinner with friends somewhere. And that one sentence would, if it wounded your boss's vanity, change all his impressions of you, and everything that you have done for him personally up until that time would become meaningless... Yet the sentence itself may have not been uttered in that form; it may have been distorted and twisted as it climbed the ladder of denunciations. Nonetheless it will stick firmly in his memory. Perhaps this is a purely physiological phenomenon: a negative comment, especially one that hits the mark, affects the nervous system so strongly that one will not even listen to any attempts to refute it. It is probably for that reason that at one time the bearers of ill tidings were killed, though they were in no way at fault themselves. In my time hushed whispers have crushed more than one political career...

After this bitter lesson I did not make any flip remarks and meekly sat down to play dominoes with Pospelov. But I made one condition: the winner had to drink a glass of cognac. We had taken a case of this drink with us; it was intended for receptions in Albania that had never taken place, so the cognac was untouched. However, the condition I made returned on me like a boomerang. With beginner's luck I was astoundingly successful: I won game after game. Although Yu. V. did not approve of excessive drinking he, too, watched me with amusement. Finally I was so thoroughly sloshed that I literally fell into the arms of my astounded relatives after we landed in Moscow.

The trip to Albania brought me much closer to Yu. V., and this was cause for much jealousy on the part of certain other members of our department. Suyetukhin was especially displeased. "I'm sick of these hack writers," he said of us disdainfully. "What do they know about real matters?"

I was foolhardy enough to make him the butt of what I felt were innocent jokes during the trip. He was amazingly similar to his name [suyetukhin means "vain one"]. He was forever running about trying to catch the bosses' eye, asking for instructions on every little point, with only one goal in mind: to bask in the rays of higher-ups' gaze. Well, I could not pass up the opportunity to draw attention to these qualities. This, it turned out, pleased neither Suyetukhin nor Yu. V.

Not just Suyetukhin but also several others went to Yu. V. with a complaint against me, but to no avail. I still cannot understand why this amazing privilege was accorded to me. Many people said that he simply had a personal liking for me.

The Albanian trip taught me a lot. Above all it demonstrated to me the distance that separates an adviser and a person who is genuinely capable of making decisions and reacting properly to acute political situations.

7

I had not previously been acquainted with Khrushchev, but I often watched him and listened to him when I was near him. Later I accompanied him abroad to European socialist countries on six occasions, as a rule together with Yu. V. These were primarily official visits filled with pomp, ceremony and pompousness, which prevented us from really seeing and evaluating the business matters which were handled during these trips; often these were very urgent and important matters.

I actually made the personal acquaintance of the First during a trip to Bulgaria. Today it is hard for me to imagine the excitement I felt: a young man with an academic bent who had unexpectedly landed on the political Mt. Olympus. But I can well remember that I hardly slept at all the night before we were to depart on a special airplane for the delegation and those accompanying it. I tried to sleep a bit during the flight, but without success: the plane encountered quite a lot of turbulence over the mountains, especially just before we landed in Sofia.

This was one of the first high-speed Tupolev jets, and it was still in need of long and persistent refinements. The plane, designed for approximately 150-200 passengers, was bursting at the seams: in addition to security men it also held journalists and a large group of party and state officials who were serving the delegation. Aides and consultants were seated in the second cabin, where we could not hear but could at least see what went on in the first, where the delegation was sitting. Occasionally they would need some papers from our cabin or would summon people up front; those called would hurry into the first cabin with a folder of documents pressed under their arm just in case. All this bustling about seemed slightly contrived and even ridiculous to me, since the speeches and documents had been prepared in advance, looked over many times and officially approved. Sometimes the illusion of activity originated in the second cabin, with aides or other accompanying personnel who took the risk of intruding into the first cabin. All this kept me from falling asleep. I was also afraid that if I did so I would not be on the ball when it came time to make swift amendments in or edit press statements uttered impromptu. This was my simple function, which was however one to which the First attached great importance. He was very fond of deviating from the text of his speeches, speaking completely out of sequence and attempting by any means possible to impress his principle idea on his listeners, therefore often returning to that idea; of course this created some difficult puzzles for editors.

I was familiar with his style before the Bulgarian trip and knew that one had to have a clear head and a well-sharpened pencil at all times. In addition we were often given his so-called dictations, things that he had said to a stenographer for inclusion in his next speech. Processing these bits of dictation was an especially difficult task: one had to preserve the meaning, but in order to do so one had first of all to uncover and clearly define that meaning from amongst a heap of superfluous words, then polish it, often simply rewriting the whole thing, yet in such a way that the author could easily find his own thoughts and expressions—the things which he cherished and which were the reason for dictating the material in the first place. Usually I redictated the whole thing myself after first going over the text and underlining the most important parts.

Therefore one can easily imagine my excitement over this first trip. Now my work would not be filtered through Yu. V., who was familiar to me and guaranteed that it would hit the mark. I myself would have to take responsibility for the final reworking of the text. The text prepared by me would later the looked over by the First's aides, who mostly relied on others when it came to literacy and literary reworking.

The plane landed and for the first time I found myself in the atmosphere that surrounds a foreign trip by a supreme leader. Huge crowds bearing flowers, people rapturously waving little flags and loud shouts of "hurrah" and greetings. The motorcade of black automobiles—no less than 25-30 of them—was extremely festive and elegant. It turned out that I was to ride in the fourth car with one of the First's aides, when suddenly there was an odd reaction from the crowd to my modest personage: as soon as they saw me the shouts and applause rose to a particular crescendo. In bewilderment I turned to a comrade accompanying us and he explained with a laugh that they took me for one of their own, a Bulgarian. I mention this because that evening a similar misunderstanding occurred, but this time not on the Bulgarians' part.

During a dinner given by the Bulgarian leaders in the delegation's honor the consultants and aides were seated at the same table as our leaders, but on the opposite side. By coincidence my seat happened to be directly facing the First. Then he got up, as was his custom, to make a toast to Soviet-Bulgarian friendship and—also his custom—digressed from the toast and began reminiscing about the past. It was there that I once again heard the story he had already told at the reception given at the end of the 1960 Meeting of Communist Parties, about Stalin's death, the arrest of Beria, about the morals of the highest leaders under Stalin, about 1937 and many other political events. He spoke for not less than two hours; I

sat frozen and enchanted, listening to this confession that was not delivered in an accusatory tone, but rather in a tone of sadness and suffering. I could not tear my eyes away from the speaker and he, noticing my unusual attention, turned more and more often as he spoke to me personally, gesticulating, explaining, offering proofs and delving ever further into emotion-packed recollections. Everyone else sat quietly, silently, patiently waiting for the end of his speech. And each person was probably thinking his own thoughts inwardly. I was moved by these revelations, these thunderous passions on the political Olympus, these tormented agonizings—the fate of those who surround the highest leaders. "Closer to the tsar, closer to death," I thought at that moment. "How that closeness turns one completely inside out... That is the price of power."

I do not remember how the evening ended, but I remember that I was unable to go to sleep for a long time, going over in my agitated brain page after page of this somber confession by a participant in and victim of times past... In the morning I was unexpectedly summoned by one of the First's aides. It turned out that Khrushchev wanted to make the acquaintance of the "interesting young Bulgarian" who had listened to him so attentively. Imagine how surprised he was to learn who I was and where I worked! He asked me two or three formal questions, shook my hand for a long time and laughed at his own mistake. Later, during meetings in Bulgaria, particularly at the Yevstenogradkiy Palace of Tsar Boris at Varna he nodded in my direction and shook his head with a cheerful smile, as if to say: what an idiot I am!

In general he was simple and courteous in his contacts with his "intellectual servants." He especially recognized and valued his speech writers, as he was aware of his own lack of education and culture, using them to polish and prepare his speeches for the press. Many people exploited this weakness to their own advantage. This was especially true under his successors, when speech writers stooped so low as to ask for payment for their services, and generous payment: academic titles, laureate's badges, bonuses or high-level jobs. Yu. V. taught us modesty and honest, pure service to the interests of the state. And those who remained true to this ethical principle instilled in us by him never strove for bonuses or titles, which required more cunning than outstanding results in the fields of science or public affairs. Incidentally, the First often gave speeches without any notes whatsoever. Sometimes they were muddled, especially when he was very exited and moved. But in Bulgaria I heard a speech of his that was obviously impromptu at a club in a miners' settlement. Returning from a visit to the mine, he walked out on stage and made a 40-minute speech without even taking off his hard hat and miner's clothing first. Nothing was hampering him or hurrying him. And that was an exceptionally well-delivered speech with simple but clear-cut thoughts and conclusions, given in a clear and literate form. It received a strong positive response from those who heard it and presented no difficulty for those who edited it for the press.

I also noted this characteristic among others of our political leaders. Glued to the paper before them, they would read a text written by someone else in bored, often dismal-sounding voices. But when an unusual situation requiring improvisation came up they would suddenly throw off their chains and deliver a good, clear-cut and literate speech. Even then I realized how agonizing was the tradition of reading speeches, how it made individuals seem the same and reduced even a brilliant person to a mere prop. Because reading someone else's text that has not passed through your consciousness and your soul is something that is essentially intolerable; the whole time you feel somehow alienated from the text, artificially joined to it. You realize that for some reason you have to do it that way, that it is dangerous to challenge tradition, but you feel constant embarrassment and a feeling of hostility toward that tradition, toward the text and toward yourself. I have met very few officials who were able to give a speech written by someone else well, without bellowing like a soldier or muttering like a sexton. In most cases this was when the speaker himself had transcribed the entire text in his own hand.

I should note that none of this was a problem for the First. He was a man of profound self-confidence, uninhibited and even mischievous. When he began speaking no one, not even he, knew where it would end.

In part this was just his nature, but in part he used this as a political ploy. He expressed outrage and used words which in a printed text would have very likely elicited an outburst of displeasure from his interlocutor, partner or opponent. Yet people overlooked this, ascribing it to an excess of emotion. Sometimes it seemed to me that he had misspoken, so turbulent and unbridled was his speech at certain moments, but then he would gradually calm down and, feeling the bottom, return to the subject of his conversation, keenly observing the faces of his audience with his small, mischievous, merry eyes. "He is an actor!" I thought as I watched this transformation. "He's just what Oleg Yefremov needs at the Modern Theater."

During a rally on Dimitrov Square in Sofia he repeatedly digressed from his text. I was sitting at a table on the podium from which he was speaking, marking down the digressions and attempting to take down the new text. Then his wife, Nina Petrovna, a woman with a kind, wonderful peasant face, said to me: "The orator is forgetting that the people are standing in the hot sun and is lengthening his speech unnecessarily. It was too long to begin with."

It was the first time I had heard her make a critical comment about her husband and I said to myself that he probably often consulted with her and perhaps even tried out his speeches with her for an audience. Subsequently I found out that that was indeed the case. The First's wife had worked for a long time as the chief of a party office and had a pretty good knowledge of lecturing.

A funny thing happened during a reception given by the Soviet Embassy in honor of the delegation's arrival. When the First entered the large hall where the reception was being held he advanced a few steps and then froze in his tracks. Tables literally sagging under the weight of an abundance of drinks and food had been set up in the hall. In the center of each table was a gigantic sturgeon two or three meters long garnished with shrimp, vegetables and who knows what else. Then the First played out a scene which I believe had been prepared well in advance. "Do you think we have already achieved communism? Who authorized this? Who is financing you?" he exclaimed to the ambassador, who stood there scarcely daring to breathe. The ambassador starting mumbling something about supplementary funding set aside by the Council of Ministers for this reception, about how the food had been flown in fresh, but the First was not listening. He turned to Todor Zhivkov, who nodded his head in agreement. But nothing could be done about it, and after some slight hesitation everyone began cutting up and devouring the incredible fish.

I should note in passing that I never could understand why he so stubbornly insisted on pronouncing the word "communism" with a distinct "s" instead of a "z" sound. Probably he really was incapable of correcting his guttural "g," though I do not preclude the notion that this, too, was a ploy. As for the word "communism," I am one hundred percent certain that he pronounced it that way intentionally, creating a kind of standard that should be followed all those who were initiated, like augurs. And one after another the people around him, including some who had been educated at a university or the Moscow State Institute of Foreign Relations, started tending to pronounce it that way. This slang sort of opened the way upward into a small circle of people closely interconnected not only through their work, but also through their common level of culture...

During our stay in Varna we stayed at the Yevstenogradskiy Palace of Tsar Boris. I had never known such luxury: a bathtub in the middle of a huge room. Truth to tell, I had a terrible feeling: why all this for the new leaders, born of the common people? Probably in that case this could be explained as a desire to preserve conditions which were of interest for their historical significance. But in other cases in other countries there was no explanation. There was an inexplicable attraction on the part of people who grew up in poor families—more often peasant than worker families—to luxury, and archaic luxury rather than modern.

How could one explain this taste among normal and not very well educated muzhiks? Where they first saw these benches and love seats is hard to say. But the Empire style became a standard component of political life and long barred the way to a more modern style. Probably one of the first breakthroughs in this regard was the Palace of Congresses in the Kremlin. Later this style—less extravagant, more economical, employing glass, concrete, plastic and artificial carpets—began to replace the palatial style that had entered socialist life from who knows what source.

I was shocked by this, but I was not typical. I was young and moreover had been raised in an impoverished academic milieu where it was a great rarity even to have a decent desk. At the USSR Academy of Sciences State and Law Institute I worked at a little table in a reading room. My family and I lived for a long time in communal apartments and tiny rooms sublet by apartment owners. Perhaps that was why I was embarrassed by the simplest services performed for me on account of my position. When I was taken by car to "Sosny" [The Pines] and other places where documents were being prepared I always felt like an "exploiter" of other's labor and, attempting to in some way compensate the driver for his service, told him entertaining stories as we rode along.

In the palaces where we stayed while abroad and in the elegant chambers which I generally received not on account of my rank but rather, so to speak, in my capacity as courtier I had the feeling that I was appropriating something that did not belong to me, that had been given me by mistaken and could be snatched away at any moment.

That feeling was especially strong in Yugoslavia. Yu. V. was a member of a delegation headed by the First, and I was accompanying the delegation, but in a fairly close relationship to it. So close that usually I stayed in the same quarters as the members of the delegation and took my meals with them. Incidentally, I am only joking when I refer to these places as "quarters." They were royal palaces, which in keeping with tradition were occupied by Josip Broz Tito.

I had visited Yugoslavia before with a group of journalists. We went almost everywhere in the country, visiting all the republics, both the more-developed ones—Serbia, Croatia and Slovenia—and the less-developed ones—Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Macedonia. That was the first country on the Adriatic that I had visited, and my delight was boundless.

During that journalistic tour I visited about 15 enterprises and state farms, scientific and medical institutions and creative unions; upon my return to Moscow I wrote an article about all that. That was the only time I ever got a real scolding from Yu. V. One of my friends at the journal (we used to play volleyball and table tennis together) happened to run into Yu. V. in the elevator and during the short ride managed to inform him that I had written some "seditious" piece on Yugoslavia. Yu. V. demanded to see the article and actually read it lying in the hospital, where he had been admitted for a time for some tests. From there he sent me a long memorandum consisting of several pages written in his characteristic large handwriting, neat and legible. In the memorandum he asked me not to publish the article, considering the

nature of our relations with Yugoslavia at that time and the assessment given of the actions of the Yugoslav League of Communists at the 1960 Meeting of Communist Parties. He did not dispute the substance of what I had written in the article, he merely pointed out the political inappropriateness of publishing it.

I was somewhat discouraged, as in the article I had not touched on any disputed ideological issues, it being in the nature of an overview. Perhaps the mere description of real experience with plant self-management with all its particular features, achievements and difficulties could seem unexpected and unheard-of. The article discussed decentralization, workers' soviets, free access to foreign markets and cultural pluralism. Of course, I heeded Yu. V.'s instructions, asked the journal for my article back and tossed it in a box—to remain there forever.

I did not agree with him, but I assumed that in contrast to us young specialists who came from a scientific or journalistic milieu Yu. V. perceived politics as the art of the possible. He knew not only what needed to be done, but also how to get it done under specific conditions. In other words, perhaps he sensed and was conscious of the harsh political limits in the path of urgent transformations better than anyone else among our leaders.

An incident described to me by people who worked with him at the embassy in Hungary in 1956 will give you an idea of how politically astute he was. For several months prior to those events Andropov insistently warned the Hungarian leaders and informed Khrushchev that an explosion was imminent and proposed effective measures that could prevent it. Incidentally, it was for precisely this reason that Andropov was appointed chief of a CPSU Central Committee department following the events in Hungary. However, the year 1956 also ties in with a certain "Hungarian complex" on Andropov's part. We always looked with great caution and even suspicion on phenomena in socialist countries that did not fit the Soviet mold.

During our stay in Yugoslavia the delegation, headed by Khrushchev, visited an enterprise in Belgrade. There the members of the delegation were familiarized with the characteristic features of the Yugoslav system of self-management. We were told in detail about the functioning of the administration, about the competitive system for filling administrative vacancies, about the work of workers' soviets, about the difficulties and friction that were being encountered in the latter's relationship to enterprise management, and even more often about the inability, due to a lack of competence, to have a significant effect on production life or the production process.

Then the First began to speak. His sensational statement later made the rounds of all the Yugoslav newspapers and got into the bourgeois press yet seems to have never been published in our country. He said: "The experience of Yugoslav self-management seems interesting to me. Each country chooses its own path in accordance with its own traditions and its own culture. There is nothing wrong with workers' soviets, but in our country we are following a different path by expanding the rights of trade unions and labor collectives." This statement was met with thunderous applause, especially from the Yugoslav leaders who were present.

I glanced at Yu. V. to see his reaction. He kept on conscientiously noting something down, his eyes fixed on his notebook. I still do not know whether the First got his approval for this statement or simply made it extemporaneously. Considering my experience with the article on Yugoslavia I felt uncomfortable talking with Yu. V. about this subject.

Briony is a very beautiful place, an island that had been wholly converted into an official residence for President Tito. The summer weather was clear and sunny. The entire delegation and we mortals—the entourage accompanying it—went swimming in the sea every day and then, sitting on the beach with the Yugoslav leaders, would drink Coca-Cola and Schweppe's, at that time already being imported into Yugoslavia from Western countries, or simply drink tea from a samovar brought along specially for us by our thoughtful hosts.

Finding myself at the same table with Edvard Kardel, I got into a conversation with him about the recently published book "Sotsializm i voyna" [Socialism and War]. I asked him whether he really felt that war between socialist countries was possible. When he replied in the affirmative I continued: "Between what socialist countries do you consider war most probable?" He replied perhaps not a war but a serious military clash between the Soviet Union and China. In this connection he quoted Engels, who assumed that the victorious proletariat would not be immune to mistakes, as well as the fact that great power ambitions and nationalism had to be taken into account. "Within what time frame would such a war be possible?" Kardel said that it was hard to give a specific time frame, but that we would witness it within a decade.

At that time everyone was worried about the China problem. I had to do a great deal of work on it and write articles and even books on China. Nevertheless I never took such a pessimistic view, and in my conversation with Kardel I tried to present my conclusions to him.

Several years later, when Kardel was visiting Moscow, I reminded him at a reception given by the Yugoslav Embassy of our conversation on Briony. Recalling the occasion with difficulty, he claimed that he was right on all points. (That was the time of worsening Soviet-Chinese relations during the "Cultural Revolution" in the PRC.) But I kept on trying to prove to him that there would be no war.

Almost a quarter of a century has passed since that debate on Briony, and fortunately we have turned out to be right. I say "we" because at the time I told Yu. V.

about my conversation with Kardel. For a long time he sat silently, thinking, and then he said: "Kardel is wrong. I do not think that things could go so far as war. We will never start that war. And China is too weak to venture it, and it also has no serious motives for going to war."

Various rumors are still circulating concerning the Sino-Soviet conflict during that period. Some people blame Khrushchev for everything, others blame Mao Tse-tung. Mistakes were probably made by both leaders. Specifically, even then we felt that it was a mistake to recall Soviet specialists from China, although they were truly in quite intolerable conditions during the initial period of the "Great Leap Forward" policy pursued by Mao. Without going into this specialized subject in detail (especially as I have written on this subject in a number of books), I would like to relate just one episode that sheds light on the underlying causes of the conflict and represents one of the turning points in postwar history (and perhaps in the whole history of mankind). I heard this story at the time from a prominent Soviet diplomat who had just returned from a trip to Peking with Khrushchev in 1958.

Khrushchev deemed it necessary to go to Peking to explain to Mao Tse-tung the nature of our new policy toward the United States and other Western countries. Here is the diplomat's story: the two were sitting together, Nikita Sergeyevich and Mao, on the edge of a pool wearing wide, soccer-style bathing trunks. They had an interpreter with them, and advisers of various ranks were on the other side of the pool. It was then that an historic dialogue worthy of Shakespeare's pen took place.

"How many divisions do you have, Comrade Khrushchev?" asked Mao.

Khrushchev crooked his finger in the direction of an adviser, who swam over to them, and Khrushchev asked him in a whisper: "How many combat-ready divisions do we have?"—winking at him at the same time, as if to say, tell the truth, but not all at once... The adviser gave a figure.

"And how many divisions do the Americans have?" continued Mao; after receiving an answer he then said: "So it seems that together we have more divisions than the Americans do, so why do we not strike and resolve the problem of world revolution at once?"

"How can you talk like that?" Khrushchev replied. "That's not a revolution, that's war! And people no longer rely on divisions, they rely on atomic bombs, Comrade Mao. One bomb like that can wipe out an entire city."

"And how many atomic bombs do you and the Americans have?" asked Mao.

The scene was repeated, another adviser swam up and gave some approximate figures.

"Well, you see," Mao placidly continued, "the difference is not so great, and our combined population is much larger. Let one-third perish, or even one-half, but we will build a communist civilization on the ruins of imperialism."

"How can you reckon like that?" shouted Khrushchev in a rage. "We know what war is, twenty million of our people died, and our people would never do it. We will not do it and we will not let anyone else do it! It is easy for you to talk about the death of half of all Chinese, but what about the small peoples, the Hungarians and Czechs and Poles: they could disappear from the earth altogether, have you thought about that?"

"Revolutionaries must be able to make sacrifices for the sake of the victory of communism," said Mao didactically, and it remains unclear to this day whether he was seriously pressing for war or was simply trying to provoke our leaders.

Yet Andropov, to whom extremism on the China question was subsequently ascribed, did not believe in the possibility of a serious clash with China, although he did reject the Chinese policy of urging the USSR into a conflict with the United States. But let us return to the trip to Yugoslavia.

...Well, the official residence of Marshal Tito on Briony was a relatively small three-story rectangular white building with a flat roof; it is reminiscent of a Greek structure. On a small terrace paved with marble stood a statue of a naked woman in an erotic pose. During our delegation's talks with the Yugoslavs Tito once came out on the terrace where we were sitting. Approaching the figure, Tito gently patted it on a tender spot and the statue began to twirl around slowly and alluringly. "Good trick, huh?" he asked us. Then he told us that he had looked Briony over as the site of a possible official residence back when he was fighting with the partisans nearby. My face obviously gave evidence of some strong emotion. I was surprised by what the supreme commander of the People's Liberation Army had been thinking about during the war. Tito obviously did not interpret my look that way and said: "Yes, indeed, young man. Not for a moment did I have any doubt that we would be victorious and that I would be the one to lead the country."

Lying awake that night in an elegant bed in an attic room in a small house (a hunting lodge, it seems, where the "entourage" was housed), I tossed and turned for a long time as I pondered what I had just heard. Was there really such a thing as predestination?

Later I wrote a book about Mao Tse-tung with the secret intention of answering that question. But Tito's life probably would provide a somewhat more interesting and striking example, providing ample food for thought concerning the role of the individual in history.

Who seeks out whom? Does man make history or does history make the man? This elementary yet unanswered question inevitably arises when you think about the people who have made or have at least assumed they were making the political history of our century. One is particularly amazed by the sense of destiny which those people felt themselves and therefore were so successful in instilling in those around them. Is this the magic of a personality? Or the magic of power? Or mass hypnosis?

I did not find an answer, although I have met many leaders of the modern world, including some of the outstanding ones. The ancients gave an unambiguous answer to this question: what are required are fortune and the valor of a human being who takes advantage of the chance offered by fortune and rises above the crowd, thus leaving a mark on history. What about us? What answer do we give?

Could the appearance of Lenin's personality have been a coincidence? Can you imagine that anyone else could have replaced him as the leader of the revolution and the founder of our state? Could anyone else have so precisely determined the date for the uprising (the 24th—too early; the 26th—too late; the 25th—the only day when the small Bolshevik Party could lead a seizure of power)?

No, no matter what we may say the historical process needs individuals, needs a powerful political will, needs the ability to exert a magical influence on the masses of people. Then and only then is success assured.

During the talks on Briony a humorous incident occurred. We were in the hall on the first floor. Suddenly an agitated Yu. V. came down the stairs. "We have a problem, comrades, a serious problem! Who among us is responsible for the press besides you, Fedor?" he asked me. I gave him the name of an MFA official and reported that among our friends the former ambassador to the USSR was in charge of that area. "Summon them all here quickly," said Yu. V.

When we had gathered he asked whether a report on the talks had been dispatched, and if so whether it indicated the composition of the Soviet delegation. The Yugoslav ambassador said that a dispatch had already been sent off and that the composition of the delegation was indicated to reflect those who actually took part.

"Did you include Khrushchev's son among the participants?" asked Yu. V. Receiving an affirmative reply, he asked us to correct the dispatch. But it turned out that it was too late—it had been sent by telegraph and would inevitably find its way to the Yugoslav and other foreign papers. "We must at all costs keep this dispatch from reaching the Soviet Union so that we can delete the reference to Khrushchev's son and his aide," ordered Yu. V. "I have received very firm instructions on this point from the First. He has come out of the negotiations twice and repeated it to me."

The MFA representative said that he had already handed the dispatch over to a TASS correspondent and that it had contained a reference not only to the members of the delegation but also to the two other persons, since they were sitting at the conference table.

"That was a mistake. That was a terrible mistake, inadmissible for an MFA official. They are not part of the delegation," exclaimed Yu. V. "Find that TASS representative immediately and correct the error!"

Thereupon commenced a search for the TASS correspondent. Briony Island was very small; one could ride around it on a bicycle in half an hour. Yet despite the fact that members of two countries' intelligence services were sent out to search it took over an hour to find the TASS correspondent. He was covered with straw; it had been difficult to rouse him from the haystack where he was sleeping. I can still recall that correspondent: huge, with a ruddy, inebriated face, wearing disheveled clothes, he stood there weaving back and forth in front of the high officials, in no state to comprehend what was going on.

"Did you send off a telegram about the talks?" asked Yu. V. sharply.

"I se-ent it. Like I was supposed to. I sent it at once, just as soon as I received it from him"—the TASS man pointed at the MFA official, causing the latter to shrink to one side.

"And what text did you send?"

"I sent the one I was given."

"And which delegation members did you list?" asked Yu. V.

"What do you mean which ones? The ones there are. The whole delegation."

"And what about the last two names?"

"The last two? I crossed them out; they aren't part of the delegation."

How relieved we all were! The cold and majestic MFA protocol specialist was, I could see, on the point of kissing the correspondent's ugly, drunken mug.

Yu. V. also sighed with relief, smiled and said: "O.K., go back to sleep, and don't let this happen again!"

"But what happened?" the correspondent asked me after we had left the others.

"Oh, nothing in particular," I told him, "you just missed a rare opportunity to lose your party membership card."

The correspondent started a bit despite his intoxicated state, but later, after I had told him everything, he calmed down and even became cheerful, praising his sense of intuition.

To Yu. V. nothing was trivial. Any job that he did had to be above reproach, complete and, if possible, brilliant. Yu. V. would not tolerate unfinished jobs, hated sloppiness and was physically incapable of tolerating the slightest sign of irresponsibility. In such cases he could be merciless. If someone could not, then that was understandable. But if someone did not try—that person he would never forgive. And I must say that everyone around him really did try very hard, not so much out of fear as out of conscience. There is a saying that, "as is the priest, so also is the congregation." With few exceptions Yu. V. gathered around himself the kind of "congregation" that was capable of meeting his high standards.

One other curious incident stands out in my mind. The Yugoslav leaders invited us out to a nightclub. There was music at the club, and the youngest of us danced with a young and beautiful woman, the wife of the elderly Yugoslav ambassador to the Soviet Union. One of the Yugoslavs began kidding the ambassador. He replied with a joke: "Back home in Montenegro they say that it is better to share a young chicken than to eat an old hen alone." The next act was a striptease. Yu. V. immediately got up and announced that he was leaving, saying that he had some things to attend to. The Yugoslavs tried to convince him to stay, but he was not to be dissuaded, though he did allow those of us who so desired to stay. Well, I stayed and saw the first striptease of my life, performed, by the way, not by a Yugoslav woman but instead by an Austrian, a plump, pale, wide-eyed and basically very beautiful woman.

For a first time this was of course a very spicy dish. When I met Yu. V. the next morning I tried to tell him about it. However, he firmly shifted the conversation to a different subject. In general he was puritanical, even according to the strict standards that prevailed within the party at that time. He virtually never drank and no one ever heard him compliment a woman (at least at work). He could not stand movies with sex scenes, though of course he did not dictate tastes to anyone. Everyone knew that in his presence it was necessary to behave more strictly and that one should not get into any sort of uninhibited conversations with him. I myself observed how uncomfortable he was at times in the presence of the First, who liked to have a glass of cognac or two. The First also enjoyed telling risque stories and liked to hear them from others, and he eagerly employed juicy, unprintable words. I often saw Yu. V. shudder at this style, but like the experienced diplomat he was he contained himself and hid his feelings.

As for the First, he was always looking for an excuse for a good laugh.

The wart next to his nose—a sign that one had been selected by fate, according to Chinese superstition—seemed to be constantly twitching with the desire to laugh or to provoke laughter from others. I remember how on the way back from Briony Island we had lunch in the captain's quarters of the sailboat "Galeb," which belonged to Tito. A sailboat, and one with a motor to boot, sailing across the almost unruffled surface of the Adriatic Sea: all this put the First in a festive mood. He was constantly telling jokes over lunch and bursting out laughing before anyone else, as if he could not help it. Tito was sitting on his right in a brilliantly white admiral's uniform and also laughed politely. Oranges were served for dessert. Caught up in his latest story, the First did not notice the elegant little knife that was placed next to him and began tearing the orange apart with his hands while still telling some juicy story in a rambling fashion. But drops of juice from the crushed orange were spraying in all directions. Unfortunately several drops fell on the admiral's jacket worn by the President. What to do? The jacket needed attention, but one could not offend the First. Then Comrade Tito inconspicuously pulled a handkerchief from the upper pocket of the jacket and began wiping off its snowy white front with a slow motion of his hand...

In general there was much that was childlike in him. For example, I observed how during after-dinner walks in the park he would hold a tiny radio to his chest; it had been given to him as a gift somewhere, I believe in America. They say that at that time the heads of our radio and television broadcast peasant melodies that the First loved especially for his benefit. And during his talks with Tito, while Tito was eloquently describing the objectives and results of his economic reform, the First would from time to time pull a tiny watch in a metal box shaped like a camera out of the side pocket of his jacket. He held the little watch under the table so that he would not give the impression that he was trying to hurry up the speaker. He would look at the watch and then put it away, then pull it out again, look at it and put it away again. He was not interested in the time. He was obviously interested in this unusual toy, which he had evidently recently received as a gift.

On more than one occasion I saw this joyous amazement at modern technology on the First's face. Military men would tell how delighted he was with new military toys...

Yu. V. was not like that. Since he was a young sailor he had been accustomed to working with technology and only devoted as much attention to it as it deserved. In addition he devoured a tremendous amount of information on technical and military progress and constantly kept up with new developments, especially abroad. As for technical toys, he was completely indifferent to them. Everyone in our department knew that he and his family were noted for their amazing modesty: none of his children drove a Ford or a Mercedes or lusted after foreign tape players, television sets and blue jeans. This puritanism even seemed excessive for the taste of some

people in our circle, but it elicited everyone's profound respect. We also knew that the First had given members of his family three Fords presented to him by the President of the United States... This wounded us, especially since at that time a private car was a great rarity among party functionaries. At the time I heard rumors of these excesses I thought: "Children are truly vengeance on political leaders." At that time I could not imagine how fateful my guess would turn out to be.

If the Albania trip showed how dangerous it is to exhibit intolerance and ambitiousness in relations with the leaders of different countries, the Yugoslavia trip, on the contrary, revealed to me how much can be achieved by taking the requisite broad approach, understanding the diversity of historical circumstances and the differences in personal traits and individual human lives. "Culture is tolerance," someone has said. That is absolutely true if, of course, you do not sacrifice the moral principles that form the basis of your personality and the society to which you belong.

8

In 1963 I had my first meeting with M. A. Suslov. While working in the department I often heard Yu. V. talk about comments that Suslov had made concerning materials we were preparing. And those comments were very consistent, which quickly formed an rather clear impression of Mikhail Andreyevich in my mind. Say, for instance, we wrote in a document about the possibility of peaceful transition to socialism in other countries—he would point out that we also needed to say something about armed uprising; if we wrote that world war is not absolutely inevitable he would comment that we should say that neither is peace absolutely certain; if we underscored the importance of democracy he would recommend that we mention discipline; if we noted the mistakes made during the period of the personality cult he would recommend that we note that there was no such period, as the party always stood upon Leninist positions; if we hinted that not everything was well during the period of collectivization he would say that we should note the historical significance of that great turning point. Generally he watched to see that we took an all-round approach, so that we would not, so to speak, throw out the baby with the bath water, even if the baby was all spotted with Stalinism. Our group of consultants particularly amused by his comments on the question of whether to write "Marxism-Leninism and proletarian internationalism" or "Marxism-Leninism-proletarian internationalism." Every time we wrote "and" in this phrase Mikhail Andreyevich crossed out the word "and" in his thin, neat hand and inserted a dash, as it was supposedly impossible to juxtapose the two concepts: Marxism-Leninism is in fact proletarian internationalism. I should note that our department demonstrated a certain amount of stubbornness on this point. We continued to write the improper "and," whereas our fraternal International Department wholly adopted Mikhail Andreyevich's form and obediently put dashes where they were required. Suslov did not like Yuriy Vladimirovich and was afraid of him, suspecting that Andropov would replace him; at the same time he was always drawing the director of the other international department closer to himself, albeit keeping the proper distance, and resisting inclusion in the highest leadership. Thus he remained forever a candidate member of the Politburo.

I first met Mikhail Andreyevich during talks with a Chinese delegation in 1963. Incidentally, as an adviser at these talks I had an opportunity to make quite a close acquaintance with the leaders of the Chinese CP. I was most impressed by the aristocratic Chou En-lai and the lively, unconstrained Deng Xiaoping, about whom I subsequently wrote a long article entitled "Mezdutsarstviye" [The Middle Kingdom] (NOVYY MIR, No 4, 1982) and an as yet unpublished biography. During the talks, which were held at the Reception Palace on the Lenin Hills, taking advantage of a break Suslov (who was head of our delegation) together with other Soviet leaders summoned us to a meeting. He said that we had to prepare quickly, literally within one day, a document that would express the CPSU's position in the dispute with the Chinese leaders. He sketched a rough outline of the problem: the personality cult, peace and peaceful coexistence, the means of transition to socialism. At that meeting the decision was made to entitle it "An Open Letter." But what mainly caught my attention was the expression on Mikhail Andreyevich's face when he said: "We must strike an unexpected blow when they are not looking and are not prepared." As he said it he chortled very sweetly and very quietly... We worked all night and wrote the document, which was approved and printed immediately. Everything in it was correct, but we only had doubts about one thing: was it necessary to write it when the talk were still underway? Later I realized that this was Suslov's personal style, whereas Khrushchev was always more inclined to open, impulsive and not very well planned moves and actions.

The relationship between these two leaders always remained a mystery to us. Why did Khrushchev tolerate Suslov in his circle of leaders for so long when he got rid of a great many of his opponents? It is hard to say; either he wanted to maintain continuity with the Stalinist leadership, or else he felt a sense of respect for Mikhail Andreyevich's alleged Marxist-Leninist erudition, but he definitely did not like him. I was present at one meeting where Khrushchev made sharp and even improper attacks on Suslov. "Now they are writing abroad that I have the old Stalinist and dogmatist Suslov sitting at my back just waiting for the right moment to get rid of me. What do you think, Mikhail Andreyevich, are they right?" Suslov just sat there, with his thin, ascetic, sickly, pale-yellow face downcast, not saying a word or looking up.

At the February 1964 CPSU Central Committee Plenum Khrushchev made Suslov give a speech on the Stalinist personality cult. This assignment was passed on to me

and to Chernyakov, coauthor of the article that Suslov had criticized. The speech had to be prepared in a single night. We sat in Chernyakov's office for about 12 hours without a break. At first we tried to dictate to stenographers, but nothing would come. And it would not come because we did not know how to write for Suslov. His position was well known: a cautious position, well thought-out, all-round, balanced, without extremes or sharp tones. But Khrushchev's assignment was unambiguous: a decisive condemnation of the personality cult coming from Suslov's mouth. We went round and round on this question half the night. Then we sent the stenographers home and set to work ourselves. Chernyakov took a pen and I dictated while he encouraged me: "All right, come on, come on, O.K., it's flowing now, come on!"

By morning the speech was finished and neatly retyped in triplicate, and we sent it to Mikhail Andreyevich. He sat us down at a long table and took the chairman's seat himself, with Chernyakov seated closer to him and myself farther away. He began reading the speech aloud, pronouncing all his "o's" distinctly just like Gorki did and interjecting: "Good, that was well put. And this part is good, too. Well expressed." At one point he stopped and said: "We need to reinforce this with some quote from Vladimir Ilich. A quote would be good." So I, in a stupor after a sleepless night, assured him that we would find a quote, a good quote, that a quote was no problem for us. At that point he glanced quickly at me for the first time, a swift glance and very keen, and said: "I will do it myself, I'll find one right now." And he jumped up agilely and ran over to one corner of his office and pulled out the sort of tray that one sees in library card catalogs, placed it on the table and began rummaging quickly through the cards of quotes with his long, thin fingers. He pulled out one, looked at it—no, not the right one; he started reading another one silently—again, not the right one. Then he pulled one out and said in a satisfied voice: "There, this one will do." He read it aloud, and it really was a good quote. It was then that I made the greatest mistake of my life; obviously a result of a sleepless night and my inappropriate inclination to make jokes. I could not restrain myself and laughed out loud to see our country's most important ideologue choosing among quotes like beads, or like monks in times of old used to count their rosaries. My face must have been most unpartylike as I did so, because Mikhail Andreyevich cast a second rapid glance at me, his small grey eyes blazed and then he turned to the catalog again. Even at that instant I thought to myself: "Oh, he'll get you for that, Fedya. Sooner or later, he'll get you back!" Indeed, he did get me back. That happened during the following era. He was directly involved in the reprisal against me at PRAVDA in connection with an article I wrote. But I will tell of that later...

Then Suslov finished reading the text, thanked us and shook hands with us. And he read the report unchanged at the party plenum. He read it with an expression that met with the First's complete approval. But he did not forgive us, who were merely following orders, for the fact that we had participated in this act of ideological violence against him. He was forced to say things against Stalin about which he had not thought and which he did not believe.

But I am getting ahead of myself. Before these meetings I was for a long period of time assigned to the group preparing a draft Party Program; I worked under Boris Nikolayevich Ponomarev, the head of the group and at that time chief of the Central Committee's International Department.

I had previously met the head of the working group for various reasons, but only on a few occasions. Now I had an opportunity to see him almost daily for a whole year. He and all the group members took part in discussions, editing and other jobs. A Comintern official, head of the USSR Council of Ministers Soviet Information Bureau, deputy chief and later chief of the International Department and chief of the authors' collective that wrote the CPSU history textbook, he evoked respect from those around him. He spoke unhurriedly, weighing every word, and he worked on a text thoroughly, making marginal notes in large, pointed letters. He loved to take walks with us around our quarters at "Sosny," the nicest place I ever saw in the area outside Moscow. "Sosny" was a sanitorium located in a unique pine forest; one branch of it, a small two-story house with balconies and terraces, was occupied by our group. As he walked with us in the woods along the Moscow River the group leader would usually tell us interesting stories about the years he spent working for the Comintern. Obviously that times held the fondest memories for him.

The most colorful member of our collective was Yelizar Ilich Kuskov, who worked at that time as a consultant in the next department. Despite the fact that he looked like a typical village muzhik, actually one from old prerevolutionary Russia, with his massive, almost square face with a big, meaty nose, a harelip and a few big teeth, despite the fact that he had not received a degree in higher education, he was with full justification not only the organizational but also the intellectual center of our group. He had a natural Russian mind: thorough and unhurried, keen-witted and somewhat sly, boundlessly kind and inclined to stir things up. He was like a stone from among the people, not polished by civilization yet civilized by his very nature. I have never met anyone kinder or more sympathetic. None of us had as subtle a feel for political language as he did. And no one knew more merry or bawdy village rhyming couplets than Yelizar. And, of course, I should note that he was a pretty fair drinker, too. It was this weakness that in the end sent him to a much earlier grave than should have been the case. Because of certain circumstances I was unable to attend his funeral and I am still distressed by that because he and I were the closest of friends in spite of our opposite natures and backgrounds; we built an illicit bridge between two departments that were somewhat in competition with each other.

Yelizar was chief of staff and regulated the whole process of document preparation and the endless turnover of participants, who always made the trip from Moscow to "Sosny" in shiny new black Volgas. He scheduled meetings after consulting with the group leader, when possible going even higher. The other person working there on a permanent basis was Chernyakov, with whom the reader is already acquainted. He played his usual role: he talked a great deal and well and was noted for his rare ability to spot logical contradictions and flaws in any text. By that time I had already grown somewhat cool toward Chernyakov and was concentrating my feelings on Yelizar, who delighted me with his complete dissimilarity to my image of a theoretician and a propagandist or of a thinking, writing human being in general. It is really not necessary to graduate from a university and be a candidate or doctor of sciences, I realized, to think profoundly and write well: a truly natural mind and intuition are worth more.

Quite a few well-educated men worked with us, and their usefulness was only relative...

I was assigned to work on a chapter devoted to the state. My task was to provide a theoretical foundation for a transition of the proletarian dictatorship state to a state of all the people and from this draw the appropriate conclusions relative to the development of party and soviet democracy. In general this was not a difficult task for me, since at that time the textbook "Osnovy marksizma-leninizma" [Fundamentals of Marxism-Leninism], which contained all the necessary arguments, had been published. Furthermore, I had a copy of the Note drawn up under the supervision of O. V. Kuusinen. But then Yelizar, clever as a fox, "dumped" me into another chapter, one on the development of countries in the socialist commonwealth, and later he got me involved in the general editorial process for the entire international section. I had quite firm instructions from Yu. V.: in the chapter on the socialist camp I was to express our fundamental positions as set forth in the Statement [adopted at the conclusion of the 1960 Meeting of Communist and Workers' Party Representatives] and at the same time leave out any phrases which other countries might interpret as dictates on the part of their "big brother."

But then I encountered someone who had a completely different opinion. The bearer of a glorious name in the academic world, Vladimir Vladimirovich Krasilshchikov at that time held the post of deputy chief in our department. I had first met him about 10 years prior to that time at a party for scientists and journalists. We were sitting at different ends of the table and both of us were very bored until he quoted a passage from "The Golden Calf." I finished the quote and thus began a game between the two of us that lasted all evening. We went through not only "The Golden Calf" and "The Twelve Chairs" but also got onto Ilf's feuilletons and notebooks and had a wonderful time, terribly pleased with each other and ignoring the protests of the other guests. We left there as fast friends, of course. When I ran into Krasilshchikov many years later at the department and afterwards at "Sosny" we reestablished with ease the amicable relationship that we had formed many years before.

Yet very soon I realized that Krasilshchikov was quite an exceptional human phenomenon, a combination of profound natural intelligence and deeply-rooted conservatism which was exacerbated by unshakable stubbornness. He loved Stalin deeply and sincerely and had a particular regard for his role in the formation of the socialist camp. In the first draft of the chapter on the socialist system two-thirds of the text were devoted to criticism of the Yugoslavian League of Communists, which had published its own program just prior to that time. The remaining one-third was written so clumsily and pitifully that it was also completely unfit to use.

In a very difficult position, I turned to Yelizar, who replied: "Pay no attention to him; go ahead and write your own text and we'll take a look at it." I made a rough draft and went to see Krasilshchikov to try, as Yelizar was fond of saying, to "marry" our two texts. Krasilshchikov flew into a rage that was close to a state of shock. He fought for every line, defending every comma in his material as if it were Holy Writ. What could I do? I went back to Yelizar, set out determined to reconcile the two sides, taking a bottle of white wine along. But the attempt failed. Krasilshchikov rudely refused to drink with him, though up until that time he had been most punctilious about drinking with everyone alike. Extremely agitated, he demanded in a thunderous voice that we leave his room. Yelizar, who had seen it all, threw up his hands and said with amusement: "We are not appreciated here, Fedor, let's go somewhere else." The next morning Krasilshchikov left and never showed up in our collective again. This was the only incident of this sort, though of course we all felt the pressure of nervous stress: the materials were repeatedly rewritten and reedited and the instructions received from higher up were often vague, or else they reflected a behind-the-scenes battle over pressing problems of our country's development.

Later Krasilshchikov was to play a major role in the events that occurred in Czechoslovakia in 1968. Working at our embassy in that country, he more than anyone else insisted on the introduction of Soviet troops to "crush the revisionists." By a strange coincidence Suyetukhin, an economic specialist who knew neither the language nor the country, was in charge of all Czechoslovakian affairs at that time. The two of them joined forces, sent tendentious reports on the events in Czechoslovakia to our leaders and opposed a political solution to the problem.

Perhaps the most exotic character among the people who came to "Sosny" was Aleksandr Ivanovich Sobolev, whom we have already met. He was notable for his amazingly keen destructive mind: it was child's play for

him to destroy any text, finding its contradictions, imprecisions and unclarities. Yet he found constructive work very difficult. Every time he came out he tried to topple the whole edifice we had constructed, trying to convince us that the whole text needed to be rewritten.

"What do you mean, the whole text?" asked Yelizar, not without some malice. "In what direction?"

"That should be the subject of serious discussion," Sobolev evasively replied.

Generally he behaved like a small child who has been allowed to have his way in everything: he ran around the house naked in the rain, tried to break into the female typists' room at night and would get up and wordlessly leave meetings without the slightest warning. As for the draft Program, he excoriated it from start to finish. For some inexplicable reason Boris Nikolayevich had a weakness for him, was firmly convinced of his extraordinary theoretical abilities and demanded that we listen to his comments. Kuskov did not like Sobolev's visits, because after each one the leaders got a feeling that the material was still very rough and unfinished, that the work was going only so-so and that discipline needed to be tightened at once. Fortunately for us Sobolev once again disappeared for a long stretch, leaving a heap of destruction and disillusionment behind.

Academician P. N. Fedoseyev was Sobolev's exact opposite. He was often invited in at the stage of general revision before the latest text was handed over to the head of the working group. He gave everyone a sense of stability, although he attempted to simplify and straighten out virtually every text to bring it into line with previously adopted documents and delete any rough edges or any formulations that either digressed or got too far ahead. He had a keen eye for that sort of thing and it was very difficult to pass through that sieve.

Sometimes Petr Nikolayevich brought two or three philosophers along with him for insertions, i.e. to evaluate specific proposals on the basis of their professional orientation. One of these philosophers, an Armenian who had married a Russian, tormented us with his amendments on the development of ethnic relations in our country through encouragement of interethnic marriages. This seemed to him to be the principal means of bringing about convergence or even blending of nations. He persistently and even obstinately attempted to push through his amendments at the common editorial table and began to thoroughly annoy everyone, even the even-tempered and placid Petr Nikolayevich. He once asked me to take the proposed insertions, edit them and return them to the common table. But I, instead of working on the text, which I considered completely unacceptable, decided to play a joke on him. I added the following to the author's sacred formulation that "the best means of bringing about convergence of peoples is development of marital relations": "and other forms of sexual relations between members of different peoples." When this phrase was read aloud at the common table it provoked laughter of truly epic proportions and Petr Nikolayevich, ignoring heated protests, mercilessly threw out the entire text.

I relate these details in order to show that the atmosphere was quite unconstrained and, overall, very creative. No one would have thought of accusing other people of deviations or "isms," as had until quite recently been the practice in theoretical work. But the principal problems were of course in connection with the Program's content, its new ideas, conclusions and formulations.

One of the central points of debate during preparations of the draft Party Program was the issue of peaceful coexistence, amicable relations and cooperation with all states and peoples. This was supposed to reflect a new strategy developed by the socialist countries in their relations with the West—an orientation toward long-term peaceful economic competition through which all the advantages of socialism would be manifested. This would serve as an example for the workers' and democratic movement throughout the world. Discussion centered on what conclusions should be drawn from the new situation created by thermonuclear weapons: on the nature of war and its catastrophic consequences for all peoples and states, on peace as the only alternative to mutual destruction, on an end to the Cold War and confrontation, on radical improvement of the whole international atmosphere.

This approach elicited strong resistance from our scientific community, whose members felt that this was in contradiction to the principles of world revolution. In memoranda prepared by them as well as in articles the proponents of this position juggled quotes from the works of Lenin written during the Revolution and the Civil War, completely ignoring his absolutely clear-cut and unambiguous instructions and ideas from the 1920's, after the country had entered the stage of peaceful construction and had begun normalizing its diplomatic, economic and other relations with capitalist states.

It is paradoxical that an entire historical era was required for these Leninist ideas to be reflected in the party's programmatic document in their original form, without later interpretations, concentrated and developed to apply to the present day. Yu. V., with whom I constantly consulted, specially recommended that the nature of interstate relations between socialist countries and capitalist countries and the problems of ideological struggle be clearly delineated. That struggle should not prevent the development of interstate relations for the purpose of preventing a devastating war and laying the groundwork for mutually advantageous cooperation in the economic, scientific-technical and other realms.

Later he said the following in one of his speeches: "The threat of total catastrophe has hung over humanity since the development of nuclear missiles; this has required of

communists a specific program of struggle to prevent another world war and an ability to link the struggle for peace more closely to the struggle to achieve the victory of socialism." This seems to have been one of the first mentions of the catastrophic consequences of world war in any speech by our leaders.

Quite a lot of discussion has centered on forms for the transition of the capitalist world to socialism. Specifically, to be more precise, on the possibility of a peaceful, non-violent transition by parliamentary means. It is well known that Lenin first posed this question; in our time it was first widely presented and advocated in the British communists' programmatic document "Britain's Path to Socialism," which at their request Stalin helped edit. Later this question was raised in documents issued by the French, Italian and many other West European parties. This was the form in which it appeared in our party's documents, because on this point we naturally had to orient ourselves primarily based on the opinions of communist parties in capitalist countries.

Of course, the matter of guarantees to prevent a repetition of the personality cult and its negative effects was an important question during preparation of the Party Program. Specifically, even then a process of updating Soviet legislation, all codes and fundamental laws was underway, as were preparations for a new Soviet Constitution. This matter has remained timely for a number of communist parties in socialist countries; for some of them it is not only timely, but also extremely sensitive. The latter have regarded any criticism of the personality cult as a direct attack on the situation in their parties and countries and even as an attack on the authority and role of certain leaders. This issue has been the source of many disputes among our theoretical cadres and politicians as well, often resulting in particularly bitter arguments. Therefore all the time we were working on the materials for the Program we listened to a great number of the most contradictory and diverse recommendations. In the end the viewpoint which triumphed was one that Yu. V. had expressed in private conversation on a number of occasions. He said that there is no problem with greater potential for splitting up the communist movement then the issue of Stalin, and therefore he recommended that we limit ourselves to brief formulations taken almost verbatim from the now-famous 1956 resolution entitled "On Elimination of the Personality Cult and Its Consequences." This was the position that prevailed after a lengthy tug-of-war.

One practical conclusion drawn from the experience of the past concerned more consistent implementation of the principle of cadre replacement. This thesis, if memory serves, generated the most arguments. The idea of cadre rotation, which came directly from Khrushchev, underwent a number of changes. No less than 10 alternate formulations were devised to embody it adequately. The first would have established guarantees against excessive concentration of power in one person's hands, excessive length of tenure among leaders and aging of cadres at all levels. This did not cause any argument with regard to primary party organizations. But opinions differed wildly when it came to rotation in the upper echelons. On this point even he, for all his authority, obstinacy and persistence, had to give in.

The original draft set forth principles according to which a person could not remain in the upper leadership for more than two terms. This evoked loud protests from the younger group of leaders. It seemed to them extremely unfair that the members of the older generation, who had already served their time, would try to limit their opportunities and their active careers. In the next draft the two-term limit was raised to three, but in the end even that formulation was rejected. The final text included the entire idea of creating a completely new procedure for cadre rotation had been tinkered with to the point where it was unrecognizable. What remained pertained almost exclusively to low-level structures and soon proved to be unworkable in practice. It is hard to say what caused this failure. Perhaps the fact that the most rational and acceptable forms of cadre rotation were not found, or the resistance of persons protecting their personal interests, but the fact remains that we did not succeed in embodying Lenin's important instruction regarding excessive concentration of power in one person's hands in the Program. It seems that Yu. V. was one of the few young leaders who consistently supported the idea of cadre rotation in the form in which it was originally proposed.

Yu. V. once said to me that a certain member of the highest leadership had said to him something to the effect that he had no knowledge of or experience with economics. This greatly irritated Yu. V., as over the entire course of his previous career—both as secretary of the Yaroslavl Komsomol Obkom and in the party leadership in Karelia—he had always worked with economic matters. Furthermore, he had accumulated a wealth of experience as ambassador to Hungary, where even then the struggle over the problem of economic strategy and economic reform was beginning. Of course, heading the department in charge of relations with communist parties in socialist countries also constantly involved him in the discussion and solving of economic matters, which were becoming an increasingly important part of those relations. He took an interest in the problems of our country's economic development, realizing their decisive significance not only for Soviet society, but also in terms of their effect on the international communist movement.

The worst arguments erupted over a proposal to include in the Program statistical materials on the development of our country and the status of economic competition in the world arena. A. F. Zasyadko, an important economic administrator, brought this proposal to one of our meetings. As far as I can recall, the members of the working group—economists and non-economists, including myself—resolutely opposed this proposal. The report given by Zasyadko before the working group on this question seemed to our group leader and to all of us to be

frivolous and unscientific. Its calculations on the growth rates of our economy and the U.S. economy were simply plucked out of thin air—they expressed wishful thinking rather than reality.

However, Zasyadko himself easily brought the heated discussion to an end. He turned to the first page of a red-bound booklet containing a typewritten text roughly 80 pages long and pointed to the notation "include in Program" and the First's familiar signature. Thus statistical calculations on how we would surpass the United States in the 1980's were included in the Party Program, in spite of the opinion of an overwhelming majority of the participants—not only in our working group, but also at the political level. The enthusiasm for those goals was great but, as the saying went within the apparatus, along with ambition you also have to have ammunition.

True, hopes for accelerated economic development were linked to implementation of economic and administrative reforms which did not occur. Furthermore, at that time even the leading economic specialists could not really foresee rapid development of a scientific-technical revolution.

One also needs to attempt to imagine the general spirit of those times. Although few people believed Zasyadko's figures everyone was caught up in the enthusiasm and optimism. And there was some basis for those feelings: we were all convinced that the new Program would usher in a stage of major structural transformations and progress; otherwise why was there any need to adopt a new Program?

In fact the idea was to find forms, means, methods and mechanisms for attaining a new industrial level and catching up with the more industrially developed countries, to bring about fundamental improvements in agriculture, to supply the people with enough food products and high-quality goods and to create a standard of living worthy of our long-suffering people.

By that time it was becoming evident to some thoughtful theoreticians that this could not be achieved by merely making qualitative changes: producing more natural gas, steel, coal, oil, electric power, automobiles and clothing. That kind of development did not promise any qualitative changes and condemned the country to continuing backwardness in the area of new technology and equipment. No, the question was how to change the structure of production and management.

Unfortunately the First was surrounded by advisers who squashed many reasonable, pressing transformations or replaced them with purely administrative solutions that were often unbalanced, untested and poorly planned.

Therefore the system of new economic relationships remained undefined. Everything was done hastily, with great resistance on the part of many members of the economic apparatus who did not understand the objectives of these transformations or the breaking down of traditions and who were concerned about changes in their own careers, as they often had to leave their long-held posts in Moscow and transfer to distant regions. The situation with transformations in the fields of state administration and the party leadership structure was even worse.

We used to say about a weakness that was typical of the First: "He has gotten used to walking in well-worn slippers." This was said of him when he was still working in the Ukraine and later in Moscow. This meant that he preferred to work with the apparatus that he had inherited from his predecessors and seldom replaced people in his inner circle. Therefore he was often a prisoner of the information he received from them, as well as of their suggestions and recommendations. Stuffed to the bursting point with a hunger for transformations that was like an explosive, he nevertheless often became a victim of his own low level of culture and in particular of the incompetence and prejudices of the people around him. The infamous press group that formed around him had a tremendous influence on his decisions and often urged him from one extreme to another, exploiting his emotional nature, hastiness and excitability. Yu. V. was very well aware of all this. He did not attempt to join this press group or get any of his coworkers into it. He possessed independent "access" to the First and preferred to present the documents prepared by us directly to him or to other members of the highest leadership.

In addition to working on the Program, our group also had the job of preparing a report for the party congress devoted to the Program. At first it was assumed that there would be no separate report and that the question of the Program would be included in the Accounting Report. Then another instruction was sent down, although little time remained before the congress was to begin. The group worked feverishly to prepare a draft of the new report. A substantial portion of the group took part in this, but only two were left and the final stage: Yelizar and myself. We had been given the task of livening up the text, giving it a more conversational tone and padding the purely theoretical exposition with some brilliant political and even literary digressions. I recall how Yelizar and I sat through those hot summer days in the gazebo near our house and competed with each other, eagerly dictating to a stenographer.

The final stage of work on the Party Program actually came during the 22nd CPSU Congress. Discussion of the draft version by party organizations, in the press and at the congress itself required that at least 20 editorial and fundamental amendments be made. Unfortunately no consideration was given to the suggestions made in several letters that the statistical materials on economic competition between the two world systems be deleted from the Program. On this point the speaker could not be swayed. Nevertheless the new CPSU Program was greeted with enthusiasm in the whole party and among

the people, with hope and faith that within a short historical time span we would achieve the greatest results in our country's economic and social development and would radically improve the people's standard of living. Everyone was certain of this, including Yu. V.

Everyone knows how the CPSU Program was discussed and adopted. The few details that I would like to add to the picture will perhaps give people a better understanding of which processes and personalities influenced its strong and weak points. In particular I would like to compare the view of N. S. Khrushchev and Yu. V. Andropov.

And in conclusion to the first part of my narrative a few words on the problem of our country's principal leader. Undoubtedly this is one of the key problems of democracy. The foundations of our political system have not changed substantially since the revolution. But the political and ideological regime changed radically, passing from Lenin to Stalin, from Stalin to Khrushchev, and then from Khrushchev to Brezhnev and from Brezhnev to Andropov. Regardless of the posts he held in the state, the head of the communist party became the leader of the country. In the process it became evident that it took every new party chief roughly five years to become the one leader who predominated over all the other high party leaders: from 1924 until 1929 for Stalin, and from 1953 until 1959 for Khrushchev. The struggle to attain real power as leader of the country threw the party and the state into tumult, led to the making of hasty, one-sided decisions and gave rise to the personality cult and a personal power regime.

Khrushchev was the one who raised the banner of struggle against this tendency. He primarily emphasized the ideological aspect, the need to expose the personality cult completely and to tell the truth about the crimes of the 1930's and other periods. But unfortunately even this truth was only a half-truth, an incomplete truth. From the very start Khrushchev ran into the problem of personal responsibility, since many people in the party knew of the role that he himself had played in the persecution of cadres in the Ukraine and in the Moscow party organization. Without telling the truth about himself he could not tell the whole truth about others. Therefore information about the responsibility of individual officials, not to mention the responsibility of Stalin himself, for the crimes that had been committed was of a one-sided and often ambiguous nature. It depended upon the interplay of political forces at a given moment. For example, when he exposed V. M. Molotov and L. M. Kaganovich at the 22nd CPSU Congress for slaughtering cadres in the 1930's, Khrushchev failed to mention that A. I. Mikoyan, who later became his faithful ally, was also involved. When speaking of the 1930's Khrushchev carefully avoided any mention of the collectivization period, because he had himself been involved in the excesses of that time.

Khrushchev strove to instill a common attitude toward the Stalin cult in all the members of the Central Committee Presidium. He instructed every member of the leadership who spoke at the 22nd Congress to define his stance on this fundamental issue. However, after the congress it turned out that many of those who had unleashed thunder and lightning on the personality cult easily reexamined their position and essentially returned to their former views.

The problem of safeguards that would regulate personal power ran into an insurmountable obstacle: the limited political culture of Khrushchev himself and of that generation of leaders. In many ways it was an authoritarian and patriarchal culture drawn from traditional perceptions of the forms of leadership within the framework of the peasant home. Paternalism, arbitrariness, interference in any and all matters and relations, the infallibility of the patriarch and intolerance of others' opinions—all these comprised the typical range of age-old perceptions of power in Russia.

The events that followed the June 1957 Plenum are indicative in this regard. At that plenum the representatives of the Stalinist "old guard" tried to drive Khrushchev out by means of their so-called arithmetical majority. As a result of a vote of the CPSU Central Committee Presidium the decision was made to relieve him of his duties as First Secretary. However, this decision was successfully reversed through the efforts of Khrushchev's ardent supporters. Marshal G. K. Zhukov played the decisive role in the defeat of the Stalinists. As the story went at the time, during a meeting of the CPSU Central Committee Zhukov uttered his historic phrase to them: "The army is opposed to this decision, and not a single tank will move without my orders." In the end that sentence cost him his political career. Soon after the June Plenum Khrushchev had G. K. Zhukov removed from his post as CPSU Central Committee Plenum member and USSR Minister of Defense. This was done in a way that was traditional in those times: while the marshal was on official business abroad. He was not given any real opportunity to argue his case, just as no proper explanation was given to the party or the people as to why the most outstanding commander of the Great Patriotic War had been driven from the political arena. And the reason he was driven out was again a traditional one: fear of a strong man.

In the atmosphere of toadyism and self-interested grovelling that subsequently prevailed Khrushchev himself began to put more distance between himself and the other leaders, to soar above them, above the whole party and the people. Within a few years following 1959 Khrushchev's perception of his role underwent a rapid evolution before our very eyes.

It seems to me that it was during the Khrushchev era that we established the strange tradition of judging a leader's authority on the basis of how many words he uttered. In

Lenin's time such a tradition would have been impossible, because besides him other members of the leadership were constantly voicing their opinions, in reports, commentaries, articles and often in books as well. As for Stalin, he preferred to speak rarely and with great significance, in accordance with the famous line from "Boris Godunov": the voice of the tsar "should only proclaim great mourning or a great celebration."

In general Khrushchev really loved to talk and even to chatter. On more than one occasion I was present when he met foreign leaders; during these meetings he would literally not let anyone else get a word in. Reminiscences, jokes, political comments, personal sketches (often quite astute and incisive) of various officials and anecdotes (often quite vulgar) all served to create the image of a person who was personal, lively, uninhibited and not very serious or responsible with regard to what he said. Thirty years have passed and people still talk about the tactless joke he made in the United States: "We only have one disagreement with you, the question of land: who will bury whom." Just as people in China still remember how he, flying into a rage during talks with a Chinese representative, screamed that he would send "the coffin with Stalin's body right to Peking..."

Therefore during the period when the draft Party Program was under discussion Andropov was most concerned about the theoretical underpinnings for the principle of a state of all the people and in particular about statements concerning the development of democracy. This was all the more important because this idea met with overt and hidden resistance not only within the party but also among scientific specialists who had worked all their lives trying to prove that the dictatorship of the proletariat was "the most shining democracy on Earth." Therefore immediately after publication of the draft Party Program I wrote a special article for the journal KOMMUNIST in defense of the idea of a state of all the people. Then something happened that still gives me a strange feeling of bewilderment and uncomfortableness.

Back when I was working with Kuusinen at Nagornoye we were sitting around a table together with the members of the authors' collective that was writing the party history textbook, and among them was I. I. Mints. He got everyone's attention and unexpectedly proposed a toast to me. "This young man," said Isaak Izrailevich, "had the courage to defend me when I had been declared an outcast." He went on to tell of an episode that I had almost forgotten.

While working at the USSR Academy of Sciences Presidium I was once summoned to the party committee and asked to collect material on a seminar for academicians conducted by Mints. It was 1952, and the campaign against cosmopolitanism had not yet died down. When I attended the seminar I was not thrilled with the style or the content of the rather stereotypical lessons that Mints was giving. But I did not collect any material on him, and I turned in a positive report. The party committee was outraged: "What is the matter, didn't you understand your assignment?" But I stubbornly stood by my report. Mints was left alone and probably later heard about my clash with the party committee.

But here is the rest of the story. After my article on the state of all the people was published I got a call from the deputy chief of the CPSU Central Committee Propaganda Department. "Fedor," he said, "someone had sent a denunciation of you. They write that you have distorted Marx, who was opposed to the idea of a state of all the people." "And who wrote this denunciation? It's anonymous, right?" "What do you mean," he said, "it's signed by an authoritative individual: Academician Mints." I almost fell out of my chair: "That can't be!" "It can, it can. Come over and we'll read it together."

Later on one occasion I ran into the academician at the third gate on Staraya Square. He was embarrassed and mumbled: "I did not write against you, just for the sake of truth [istina]." "Admit it: not for the sake of real truth [istina], but rather for the sake of the kind of truth [pravda] we had in 1937, when people exiled each other to distant places." The older generation imbibed this passion for denunciation with their mother's milk. And passed it on to others. I still tremble every time I approach my house on Pavlik Morozov Street. Because Pavlik Morozov was the little boy who did in his own father for political reasons and became an example to be emulated by millions of boys and girls...

But I digress. The main events of the Khrushchev era still lay ahead. And of those events the most dramatic of all was the Cuban Missile Crisis, when the world was unexpectedly brought to the brink of the nuclear abyss.

Church Fills Void in Society by Serving as Charitable Institution

*18000095a Moscow OGONEK in Russian No 38
17-24 Sep 88 p 30*

[Article by A. Krylov and V. Likholitov: "Mercy"]

[Text] The Church and the hospital. At one time, not long ago, these words were closely related. Almshouses, nursing hospitals in monasteries, sisters of mercy and fraternal communities—these concepts a mere several generations ago were the very essence of mercy, a social institution which often took on the job of rendering aid to a person who came to grief, a stricken elderly person, or a helpless cripple. Are many people capable of rendering the mercy that is shown by the people in this article? They go to the hospital evenings, after work. They feed the seriously ill, change their clothes, take care of them as they would relatives or friends. So far there are only a few people working in hospitals without pay. But they do exist.

The clergy shared the same bitter fate as the intelligentsia, toward which the "leader for all times and peoples" was especially intolerant and cruel.

For generations it was instilled in us, starting in childhood, that our main quality was strength. Have nothing to do with humanism or mercy! Mere carry-overs...

But we all know that where there is a soul there is conscience. And conscience cannot exist without ethics, essential principles, without artistic and literary reference points which are life-long beacons of goodness and love. Who can be a friend in search of the lost and hidden goodness and spirituality that were so manifest and characteristic of our people?

"I am convinced," said Patriarch Pimen in an interview, "that in this area, which is extremely important in the spiritual and ethical sense, the Church could be highly beneficial to our society, for the mercy which we see as compassion and truth is an integral part of each Christian's life."

With the magnificent Epiphany Patriarch Cathedral (better known to Muscovites as the Yelokhovskiy Church) in the background, the old Basmannyy Hospital looks especially decrepit. Years and years have passed. A countless number of feet have worn down the marble stairs; plaster is falling off the walls and ceilings; the once fancy facades have sunk to one side. The hospital has also not been spared the troubles common to our health service—a weak material and technical base; inadequate medical staffing; in other words, the prevailing opinion relative to medicine is one of an unproductive and unprofitable aspect of our society.

This was running through our minds as we toured the hospital in the company of Yelokhovskiy Church Archpriests Nikolay, Gerasim, Daminian, and Senior Physician A.N. Solovyev.

In the wards we asked patients and their relatives how they felt about being visited by priests and whether they would accept aid offered by believers. We must confess that we thought that many would be apprehensive, interpreting such a visit as a bad omen. Nothing of the sort! No one refused. Father Nikolay, in conversing with the exhausted and gravely ill patient T., instead of saying that the end is close at hand, spoke of life as the greatest gift, to be fought for to the last breath with all the forces of one's soul.

Right Reverend Matvey Savvich Stadnyuk, rector of the Epiphany Patriarch Church, referred to the assistance extended to hospitals by the Orthodox Church as a sacred matter.

"Matvey Savvich, the hospital is located next to the Yelokhovskiy Church. What has kept priests and parishioners from extending practical aid?"

"If you want to put the blame on us, we cannot accept all of it. For a long time we appealed to various organizations, trying to prove that in many ways we are more of an ally than fellow-traveller. We are also part of the socialist society! But beyond the usual "The matter is under review" there was no progress. It takes two sides to clear an impasse. So we clergymen became more insistent in our demands to participate in matters of mercy. And our voice was heard. However, to tell the truth, everyone had doubts about whether we would be understood correctly, before Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev met with Patriarch Pimen. Now we know that the time has come for personal participation in the service of mercy; henceforth, what is required is definite action instead of words. This is expected of us not only by believers, but also by all of society, which has taken the road of all-cleansing spiritual renewal."

A few years ago the clergy offered its aid in an approach to the Main Administration of Health of the Mosgorispolkom. Time passed. It must be confessed that many rectors of Moscow churches entertained doubts: "Perestroyka may be in progress, but hospital doors will not be open to us. Our extended hand will be ignored."

This time the extended hand was not ignored. In June the press published an explanation by the chief of the USSR Minzdrav Main Administration of Therapeutics and Prophylactic Aid: health service organs will accept assistance offered by believers to care for patients—in any form it may be offered.

We phoned Professor Archpriest Vladimir Sorokin, rector of the Spiritual Academy in Leningrad.

"Our mercy appeal brought in about 400 responses, but only four people agreed to work in the hospital. 'Many are called, but few are chosen.'"

We phoned several Moscow hospitals: the Sixth Basmannyy, the Botkinskiy, and the Hospital imeni Kashchenko. In each one there are still only a few believers taking care of patients. We contacted the rectors of a number of Moscow churches. Everybody is waiting for some kind of instruction. We were struck by the habit, akin to an ailment, of awaiting permission, an order, a telephone call. Yes, people can be forced to honor the subbotnik, and they have become used to responding to that call. But can anyone be forced to render mercy? Hardly.

The editors recently received a letter written by labor veteran M.A. Chernyshev, who lives in the settlement of Pyra in Gorkiy Oblast. He wrote: "I told the head physician of our hospital that I can work for no pay as a stoker. He could not understand how I could do this. Does this mean that one needs written permission to render mercy?"

The first steps have been taken; ahead lies a difficult and thorny path. It can be negotiated only by combining the efforts of atheists, believers, physicians, and priests. We should know that we share the same purpose—helping our neighbor.

Some parishes in Moscow and the Moscow Diocese and the Baptist community have already taken up charitable activity in therapeutic institutions. Believers are assisting medical personnel, and priests are finding it possible to satisfy the spiritual needs of patients.

For a long time we considered the word "mercy" to be archaic, and we banished thoughts of mercy from our lives. The time has come to look around and notice that it still exists. We should know that mercy is the norm of human existence. In returning to it, we are simply returning to normal living. Nothing more.

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Priest Lectures Highschoolers on Moral Values

18000095b Moscow IZVESTIYA in Russian 22 Oct 88 p 3

[Article by Ye. Isakova:"Priest Men Talks to Highschoolers"]

[Text] Senior students of capital General School No 67 were given an unusual talk by Father Aleksandr, who comes from a suburban parish in the village of Novaya Derevnya.

The hall was full to capacity. Everyone was curious about seeing a live person who serves the Church, not merely a priest, but one who is also a philosopher, a candidate of theology, and a trained biologist.

"The command approach: think like this, not otherwise; believe this, not that, is not the way to teach the young generation," said School Director Ye. Topaler, who was responsible for the talk. "Children should learn how to pick out the good from the bad, determine their own position in life and their own world outlook. They should think and evaluate for themselves what they see around them. Only in this manner is personality formed."

In our school the students like history. The widely celebrated Millenium of Christianity in Russia gave rise to many questions relative to Christianity on the part of the students. And Aleksandr Vladimirovich Men is not merely an archpriest. He is the author of many books, a person of high erudition.

Aleksandr Vladimirovich spoke of culture, of moral values. He discussed the history of Christianity and touched on philosophical questions. He then answered a wide variety of questions, from the trivial, such as "What team do you root for?," to the deeply philosophical.

How do you define the concept of "human spirituality?" What is the ultimate purpose of human existence? Aspects of perestroyka were also brought forth.

In all likelihood, not every school would find this kind of talk interesting, but this is the case in this one, which is famous for its excellent teachers and where there are special classes for youngsters who dream of becoming historians, philologists, philosophers, chemists, and physicists.

Legal Scholar Questions Citizens' Equality Under Law

18000178 Moscow ARGUMENTY I FAKTY in Russian No 47, 19-25 Nov 88 p 3

[Article by Professor V. Savitskiy, head of the Department of Law, USSR Academy of Sciences State and Law Institute: "Are We All Equal Before the Law and Court?"]

[Text] Today, there is much talk about social justice, and correctly so. It is also lacking in the material sphere especially. But there are also quite a few problems in what would seem to be a primordially fair area of state activity such as justice.

During the course of discussing draft laws and on the threshold of judicial and legal reform, now is the time to talk about how best to ensure implementation of the constitutional principle of citizens' equality before the law and the court.

Now, of course, the number of leaders of oblast, republic, and perhaps union rank who could say with self-confidence that the laws are not written for them is becoming increasingly smaller. The supports created by the position itself are falling.

Thus, the deputy chairman of the Council of Ministers of a union republic, a number of ministers of the RSFSR, Uzbekistan, and Kazakhstan, the head of a union committee for petroleum products, deputy ministers of the fish industry and internal affairs, and many others have found themselves in the dock. Responsibility under the law, regardless of the person, is the true sign of a legal state, and it must be made a permanent factor.

However, it is quite difficult to institute criminal proceedings against high-ranking officials. As a rule, concurrence of the appropriate party committee must be obtained in order to do this. Although no one formally obliges law-enforcement bodies to do this, the practice of concurrences remains as before. This occurs because the procurator, the investigator, the militia official, and the judge are all so dependent upon representatives of authority that any independence in resolving this problem threatens them with the loss of their position. For example, it is difficult to imagine that under our conditions the procurator's office would allow an investigation against the current Vice President (as happened with S. Agnew in the U.S.) or a current minister for economics (remember the case of O. Lambsdororaf in the the FRG). First of all, we must have a party decision on removing the accused from his post, and only then can an investigative authority use its powers.

As long as such a situation remains and as long as our law-enforcement agencies are not able to act independently, the principle of citizens' equality before the law and court will remain curtailed, limited. That is why a ban on "any interference" in administering justice, which is now being proposed to be entered into the country's Basic Law, must be applied without the slightest exception.

I would like to say something more. Citizens' equality before the law and court assumes an equal right of accused persons to qualified legal assistance. Our law has a fairly strange situation here. For example, if proceedings are instituted against a juvenile or a person suffering from some defect (blind, mute, and so forth), the law gives him the right, on the spot, to seek assistance from a defense counsel. But if the accused is an adult, physically healthy person, he can receive help from counsel only after completion of the investigation. That means, throughout the investigation of the case he will have to defend himself against the charges independently. Is such a differentiation of rights just?

I am convinced it is not. If a juvenile were offered the help of a teacher and a blind person the help of a guide, this would all be understandable. An adult and healthy person, of course, does not need such help. But we are talking about legal assistance, which is absolutely necessary for every accused person, regardless of his age and state of health.

This inequality of rights must be eliminated. It is necessary that every person who is arrested or has charges brought against him immediately have the right to turn to counsel for assistance, as is provided for in many foreign countries. It is during the initial days following the arrest that abuses occur, and involvement of counsel during interrogations, examinations, and searches could prevent many violations of the legal interests of an individual. I believe we must immediately make an appropriate amendment to the current criminal procedural law, without waiting for a new code to be passed, since this will take a minimum of 2-3 years.

We should also pay attention to another circumstance. In addition to the accused, there is another, I would say, specially interested party—the victim, who has been beaten by hooligans or who has had things stolen. He has quite a few rights under the law to see that the guilty party is punished and to be compensated for damages. And this is right, of course. But it is bewildering that the victim does not have the right to speak out in court and state his opinion as to whether or not he considers the accused to be guilty and what punishment he deserves. The procurator, the public prosecutor, the defense counsel, and the defendant himself (if he has no counsel) all can participate in the pleadings, but only the victim, for some reason, is deprived of this natural and so needed right. Is this really fair? Does this not really violate the principle of citizens' equality before the court?

Finally, it is written in the International Pact on Civil and Political Rights: "Every person convicted of any crime has the right to have his conviction and sentence reviewed by a higher judicial instance." Our law also

grants the accused the right to appeal—the Fundamental Principles of Criminal Legal Procedure. However, Article 44 of this law has a stipulation: "Verdicts of the USSR Supreme Court and union republic supreme courts are not subject to appeal." Why? As a result of this ban, people convicted by union republic supreme courts (about 3,000 annually throughout the country) end up in an inequitable, more precisely, a worse position than those who are convicted by a rayon or oblast court and who, consequently, have the right to appeal the verdict.

This injustice is exacerbated still further by the fact that in union republics which are not divided into oblasts (Armenia, Latvia, Lithuania, Moldavia, Estonia), their supreme courts hear cases on those crimes which in other republics come under the jurisdiction of oblast and kray courts. A person convicted, say, of premeditated murder by the Voronezh Oblast court has the right to appeal the verdict (in this case to the RSFSR Supreme Court), but a person convicted of the same crime by the Supreme Court of Moldavia does not have the right of appeal. Here it turns out that a citizen's rights can be broader or narrower depending on which union republic he lives in. How is this equality of each before the law and court?

Now we have finally concluded that it is time to put an end to this injustice which has existed for several decades already. It would seem that the only method for this is to give a person convicted by a union republic supreme court the right to appeal to the USSR Supreme Court. But the only argument being raised against this is that it will place an additional load on the country's highest judicial body. Some people believe that it is simpler and, more importantly, cheaper to form a in the supreme court of each union republic a temporary or permanent board which would consider verdicts pronounced by the same supreme court.

There is no argument that this is both simpler and cheaper. But how long will we economize on justice? How long will the interests of a person be sacrificed to preserve the peace of mind of officials? After all, it is important to the person convicted that the verdict is not simply checked by someone, but that it is checked by a higher, that is, a more authoritative and, so to speak, wiser court. If we indeed want to ensure observance of an individual's legal interests, we must not refuse a person this last hope he has.

Proposed Lawyers Union Plans Broad Agenda

18000179 Moscow IZVESTIYA in Russian
18 Nov 88 p 6

[Interview by TASS correspondent V. Zadere with the dean of MSU [Moscow State University], M. Marchenko: "Lawyers Union Is Being Created"; first two paragraphs are IZVESTIYA introduction]

[Text] The participants of the meeting representing the legal community recognized the necessity of creating a new mass organization, namely, the USSR Lawyers Union. The chairman of the preparatory committee for carrying out the union's constituent conference, dean of the department of law at the MSU, M. Marchenko described the new public organization to TASS correspondent V. Zadere.

The creation of a Lawyers union is necessitated by the life itself. The majority of the world's countries, including all socialist countries, have such associations or national unions for a long time.

The Soviet legal community unanimously welcomed the idea of creating a union. According to the statute, not less than ten founders are necessary for its creation. However, already now, not waiting for the appeal of the preparatory committee, larger number of organizations expressed their desire to serve in this role. The USSR Ministry of Justice, USSR Supreme Court, USSR MVD, All-Union Council of Labor Unions, USSR Academy of Sciences, MSU, and other organizations are among them.

[Zadere] How do you see the purpose and tasks of the new public organization?

[Marchenko] It will serve, firstly, for uniting the forces of the legal profession in order to stir them up in creating a legal State, that is, developing the issues of the judicial and legal reform, increasing professional level, organizing a judicial education of the whole population, and propagandizing the law for increasing the legal conscience of the toilers.

The union will also help to develop cooperation among the specialized professional and legal groups, to protect the rights and interests of lawyers (they need such protection more often than one may think), and to take care of improving their material and living conditions.

Finally, it will establish and maintain ties with colleagues from other countries, firstly, the socialist ones, in order to develop and observe the principles of international law and human rights.

[Zadere] It follows from your words that the sphere of activities of the union will be substantially broader than that of, let us say, creative and professional unions, and existing different legal associations.

[Marchenko] The question of what the union should be will require a special discussion, but, in general, we may say that it will be a voluntary All-Union public organization uniting a wide circle of lawyers on a professional basis (theoreticians, practitioners, workers of law and order organizations, etc.). This is its difference from associations of lawyers, which, as a rule, are specialized and are uniting researchers.

The issue of membership in the union will be discussed during the development of its charter by a special commission. It is contemplated that each of more than

300,000 Soviet lawyers will be able to become a member of the union. The mass character of the union stipulates creation of sections involved in different legal activities, both theoretical and practical. The union intends to establish broad ties with the presently existing associations, namely, the Association of international law, Association of Soviet jurists, and the Association of the Soviet advocates, which is being organized at the present time.

[Zadere] When will the first congress take place?

[Marchenko] The constituent conference will presumably take place in December. It will determine the place and time of the congress. The conference will also form on a broad democratic basis the preparatory committee for carrying out the first congress of the union and the commission for developing its charter.

East-West Police Ties Examined

18000164 Kiev RABOCHAYA GAZETA in Russian 14 Oct 88 p 3

[Interview by APN correspondent Gennadiy Leonov with the chief of the Department of organization and inspectors at the USSR MVD Vasiliy Ignatov: "Militia And Police: Is Cooperation Possible?"; first two paragraphs are RABOCHAYA GAZETA introduction]

[Text] We are talking more and more often about international cooperation. Finally, we have understood (at least, the majority of us) that this is not a whim and not a next fashion, but an urgent necessity, because to invent a bicycle, when a car is already built, is a little bit too late and above all, unprofitable. While it seems that everything is known about cooperation in economy, science, technology, and ecology, the problem of cooperation with public and state institutions is more complicated.

APN correspondent Gennadiy Leonov asked the chief of the Department of organization and inspectors at the USSR MVD Vasiliy Ignatov to describe cooperation between the USSR MVD and other countries.

[Ignatov] For the time being, those are very few. Of course, our ministry cooperates mainly with colleagues from the socialist countries. This includes exchanges of experience and technology, direct assistance in solving crime, and information exchange.

We have examples of coordinated actions with police forces of the capitalist countries. For example, not long ago together with Canadian colleagues we carried out a successful operation of intercepting a large shipment of drugs in transit through the territory of the USSR. In February of this year we signed with Great Britain a memorandum concerning fighting the spread of drugs. I may add that we adopted from our foreign colleagues the use of dogs to find narcotics and certain aspects of traffic control...

Recently I was in Vienna, where I got acquainted with the chief of the Austrian justice department. On my request he had shown me the city's central prison and the excellently equipped operations control board of the city. I learned many interesting things.

[Leonov] Why is not the USSR an Interpol member?

[Ignatov] The matter is that Interpol with its headquarters in France is a large data bank on international organized crime, mainly, on narcotics business. In order to become its member, it is necessary to pay a fee and to take certain responsibilities.

I cannot say that the leadership of the USSR MVD is against becoming a member of Interpol, but we must assess the expediency of such a step.

[Leonov] At the present time, the USSR MVD faces a problem, which was never discussed before, and no preparations were previously being made to solve it. I mean the actions of the law and order authorities during demonstrations and meetings.

[Ignatov] Indeed, we have found ourselves absolutely unprepared for this type of activities. The events in Nagornyy Karabakh forced us to learn literally on the move.

[Leonov] In this sense your Western colleagues have a lot of experience...

[Ignatov] Yes, this issue may also become a field of cooperation. True, first of all, we should learn not to disperse demonstrations, but rather to assist in their peaceful conduct, and, if necessary, to protect peaceful citizens from hooligan elements in order to prevent a repetition of the regrettable events in Sumgait and the Yerevan airport. To do it, a clear-cut order of conducting demonstrations and meetings is necessary, and we are going to carry it out very strictly. By the way, such an order is determined by an ukase of the Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet.

[Leonov] What were the technical means used by the MVD during the mentioned above disturbances?

[Ignatov] The MVD people we protected by helmets, shields, and vests. They were forced to use the means of active defense only after they were subjected to a direct assault.

Clear regulations for using technical means by the Soviet militia necessary to maintain order during demonstrations and meetings are being developed at the present time. These means will be used only as a last resort and only those will be used that would not maim people. We do not have plastic bullets. Naturally, we have not used and do not intend to use them in the future.

Readers Confirm Extent of Pension Fraud

18000156 Moscow SOVETSKAYA ROSSIYA in Russian 15 Nov 88 p 2

[Article by V. Arsyukhin under the rubric "Readers Reflect on an 'Angry Letter'": "Was the Pension Earned?"]

[Text] It comes irreversibly, that hour. Not asking permission, it comes to each of us. It seems only yesterday that you were strong and could handle anything. But now your heart grows cold when they tell you, "You should take a well-deserved rest." It is bitter, that hour of parting with your native collective, with working life itself. It is a good thing if your comrades embellish it with flowers and a modest, sincere gift. But it can happen that after being sent off to a "well-deserved" rest in this way, your heart aches for a long time afterward. And it will completely ruin your attitude to find out that your comrade has a significantly larger pension. How can that be? You worked on the same job, put in the same number of years, and he was no more successful; but look how different the pensions are.

Comrade Petrova, our reader from Moscow who, unfortunately, did not give her first and middle names, tried to figure out this problem. She shared her thoughts in a letter to the editors which we published on 21 September under the headline "A Pension, at Someone Else's Expense".

This short letter caused a sharp response among readers. We received dozens of responses. M. Batalova, who lives in the Bashkir ASSR, for example, writes: "You were wrong to publish Batalova's letter under the Rubric 'Angry Letter.' It should have had a better rubric, maybe 'Justified Letter.'"

Yu. Nizhnikova reports from the city of Balashov in Saratov Oblast, "I want to talk in detail about the subject of Batalova's letter to you. We had a certain woman working as a custodian at our rayselkhoztekhnika. The time for her to go on pension was approaching. At that time, she was receiving wages of 70 rubles. A pension on this amount did not suit her. She wanted more. And so this woman gave the foreman a bribe. He transferred her to a highly paid job, although she did not have the right specialization or any experience in this work. The woman spent just 1 year in this job. But when she began her well-deserved rest, her pension was 120 rubles. She used every kind of trick to get something to which she really had no right. She even forced her son to work in her place and she was not above falsifying reports.

"Social security is one of the vitally important spheres for society. And if the disease of injustice strikes society, it will inevitably turn up here too. Suppose that a person has spent his whole life catch-as-catch-can, a whole life on the run. How many of these drifters we have! And they dash from place to place until the time comes to go on pension. These drifters and loafers get their pension cards not by work, but by outright deception and trickery. It is useless to try to shame them and reproach them. If you give them a justified reproach they answer with a grin, 'You yourself do not know how to live and you try to prevent others.'"

V. Osipova of Orel Oblast notes that many ways of getting illegal pensions have become common. She tells about some of them in her letter. For example, to get a larger pension the claimant makes a deal with a manager to have the bonus, 13th month payment, or other monetary incentives from family members, relatives, or neighbors counted in his own pay. They make deals with the accounting department, for an appropriate bribe, and the accountants do everything that is necessary. The claimant returns the money. It is not that important to him. On the accounting records he shows an amount which, in the near future, will give him a pension of 120, not 60 or 70 rubles.

Many readers report cases like this: Comrades Petrikova and Zhukova (Smolensk Oblast), V. Zaytseva (Krasnodar Kray) Ye. Peshko (village of Lyubovsha in Bryansk Oblast), P. Zolotnikov (Ufa), and others.

However, while there are many letters supporting Comrade Petrova's position, there is one letter whose author does not agree with her. This is the invalid G. Lyubinskiy, who lives in Moscow. He simply refuses to believe that such things happen in our country. The case cited by Comrade Petrova did not convince him. He asks the editors to give more proof, or he will be inclined to consider the material published in the newspaper a fabrication.

Our readers have answered your request, Grigoriy Yefimovich. They have given numerous examples where unsavory people have not hesitated to use doubtful means and have applied unauthorized, so to speak, techniques to try to get larger pensions. Is it permissible, however, to paint them all with the same brush? After all, it is no secret that we have categories of workers and employees in our country whose wages are low, often below the mean subsistence level. And how can we condemn those who, gathering their strength, take up the difficult path of holding two jobs, sacrificing free and leisure time, and search for other honest ways to increase their basic wage just so they can get a little larger pension?

We can also understand those managers who unselfishly help out such people, giving them double jobs and rewarding their diligence with monetary bonuses. After all, what would happen if they refused them, the working people with low wages? Then, naturally, their pension would be correspondingly low and it would be, speaking bluntly, very difficult to live on that pension with the current cost of living, rising prices, and decline in the purchasing power of the ruble. This is a problem that has come to a head and demands a solution. And we think it

can be seen above all in raising the wages of those categories of workers and employees whose wages are below the mean subsistence level at the same time as pensions are revised.

Today, as we know, a draft of a new pension law is being prepared. The readers who responded to Comrade Petrova's letter express the hope that this document will be put out for public discussion, and say that only this kind of glasnost will make it possible for the future law to stop those who are not above taking unearned money. The new pension law should be based, and on this point essentially all our readers agree, on social justice. Many of them suggest that the pension should not be calculated on the last year of work, but on the preceding 5 years. But there are objections to this. A. Petrenko from Donets Oblast has worked as an electrical welder for many years. But now, he writes, his health has broken down and he was forced to move to light work by doctor's recommendation. He now receives 90 rubles. And he still has a long time until pension age. "So how am I to blame," he asks, not without reason, "if they grant me a pension, which of course will be small, based on this wage, for the last 5 years of labor activity?"

Veterans of the Great Patriotic War also expressed doubts; they are unhappy with the fact that the war years are not counted as grounds for privilege in granting a pension. S. Yelagin (Rostov-Yaroslavskiy), for example, writes about this in his letter.

Readers also criticize the procedures for granting personal pensions. None of them is against such a pension being given to a person who has performed special services for society, who has earned it by a conscientious life. Yet it also happens that some bureaucrat will hold an executive job for a long time, undistinguished by anything except unfortunate failures, but all the same will be granted the rank of personal pensioner.

And there is no question the readers are right when they raise the question of the need for effective monitoring of granting pensions. "The Rayon Social Security Departments," I. Pestrikov (Kuybyshev) observes, "must watch more carefully so that all of these machinations that take place today around pensions do not occur. But it would be even better if the law on this were strict. I think that the new law should prohibit any kind of questionable addition to the primary wage and calculate the pension strictly according to rubles earned." I. Zhitalkin from the city of Georgiyevsk in Stavropol Kray insists: "Money received unfairly in the form of pensions must be collected back and transferred to the charity fund."

There is no question that the will of the labor collective can be a barrier to all kinds of machinations and unclean "tricks" with pensions. After all, the collective knows best what the working person has put in to get the pension. And the cover of administrative and accounting secrecy counts for nothing there. Let the collective itself decide who gets what kind of pension, needless to say within limits established by law. And let it decide openly and publicly.

Despite the diversity of opinions taken from real life that are expressed in the letters, all of the authors agree on one thing: The pension, like any monetary benefit, should not be simply a grant to live on; it should indicate something more, how the person lived, how conscientiously he worked, and what his attitude toward society was. This should determine the amount. The equivalent of labor, of the conscience—that is what the pension is, the readers conclude.

Belorussian Official on Measures To Improve Environment in Soligorsk

18300008a Minsk SOVETSKAYA BELORUSSIYA in Russian 27 Jul 88 p 4

[Letter to the editor by A. Steshits, construction engineer, Soligorsk, and response by V. Potemkin, chief of the Department for Air and Water Conservation of the BSSR State Committee for Natural Conservation: "A Wound Which Needs To Be Treated"]

[Text] There is a great deal of talk now about the deterioration of the ecological situation in Soligorskiy Rayon in connection with the working of potassium deposits. Some periodicals (LITERATURNAYA GAZETA and the journal POLYMYA) compared the problem to the Chernobyl tragedy.

We live in this region, and we are very disturbed by the situation that has come about. How problematical is it? What steps are being taken to improve the ecological situation in Soligorskiy and neighboring rayons?

[Official's Response]

We will put it straight: the Soligorsk problem cannot be compared to the Chernobyl accident. But a fact remains a fact, all the ecological problems related to construction of potassium combines have not been solved, and time has altered little. This has unquestionably had an adverse effect on the environment. Take what are called the Soligorsk mountains as an example. Millions of tons of mining waste, which have been accumulated for dozens of years in three salt dumps have been poisoning not only the air, but also the water and the soil under the influence of the wind and precipitation. This has to be admitted. And the subsidence of the surface and bogginess of soils over large areas? These and other problems do exist, and they need to be solved. Let us examine some of them.

The working of the petroleum deposits has built up an immense amount of hard and liquid salt waste. The liquid waste in the form of brine and sludge is a particular threat to the environment. Why? This can be seen quite well from the example of what occurred at the Stebnik Potassium Combine when more than 40 million m^3 of "escaping" brine and sludge poisoned the Dnestr and the adjoining storage reservoir. The consequences of the accident were combated for many months, in which hundreds of people, specialists, and scientists were activated. Immense damage was done to nature and to the economy.

Today, we put the question: Could something of the kind occur in Soligorskiy Rayon? Unfortunately, no one can guarantee complete safety. After all, more than 45 million tons of clay-salt sludge has now accumulated there, that is, as much as escaped human control at Stebnik. All of that sludge is stored at the Production Association "Beloruskaliy" in earth pits specifically caved in for that purpose. They were built according to specific designs that included an antifiltration shield. Unfortunately, our science has not done its duty by either nature or man. Thus it did not altogether perform the task that was set. The sludge remains as before on the surface, and it is an active source of salinization of groundwater and surface water. Can this problem be solved?

The characteristics of salt sludge kept in earth pits are such that it gets steadily denser and loses its liquidity unless fresh brine or sludge is fed into the sludge pit. From this standpoint, then, disused sludge pits do not represent a direct threat to the environment. Today, the shields are the most vulnerable point; they allow both solid halite waste and also sludge to pass. And this represents a direct threat of salinization of groundwater and surface water, which is practically impossible to stop.

Is there a way out? Yes, there is. This problem has to be solved either by using the sludge and solid waste or by burying it in a special way. But performance, I will be so bold to say, smacks not merely of footdragging, but even of sabotage. Water conservation services have been waging a "battle" with the USSR Ministry of Fertilizers and the PO "Beloruskaliy" for more than 25 years now. We have to admit that so far we have not managed to break down the departmental barrier.

On the order of 400 million tons of halite tailings have accumulated over the entire period the potassium deposits have been worked. They now occupy an area of about 1,500 hectares of good farmland. The immense waste piles of salt not only make one sad, they lay bare departmental helplessness. What is to be done with them? That question remains open at the present time.

The USSR Ministry of Manufactured Fertilizers, I would say, is guilty of consumerist exploitation of the environment in the Soligorsk region on the principle of "take without payment of compensation." I recall in this connection the beginning of the working of potassium deposits. The ministry, its main administrations, and its scientific-technical institutes forecast creation of a low-waste and ecologically harmless technology for mining potassium fertilizers. But it all turned out the other way around.

Now the problem of liquid waste has begun to be solved. In order to safeguard the environment, especially water bodies, from the brine (every year 3.6 million m^3 of it goes to the sludge dumps), tests were run on pumping it to deep levels. The experiments proved successful. During the period 1988-1990 the necessary number of wells are to be drilled, and the surplus liquid brine will be collected from the surface into underground levels. Possibly the hardened brine and sludge will also be pumped underground after being turned to brine.

To be frank, the mining industry in the Soligorsk region has dealt a blow not only to living nature, but even to the very heart of thousands of people, whose destiny has been bound up with the land here. After all, many of them had to leave their homes, the places familiar to them, and move to the city and other settlements. And how many other people are waiting their turn?

An important problem which still has not been altogether solved is protection of the rivers and the Soligorsk Reservoir against salinization from surface runoff. Whereas in certain mining administrations storm sewer systems have been built with treatment installations, this is extremely inadequate to prevent salinization and pollution of adjacent water sources. It is a scandalous fact: for many years measures have not been taken to build storm sewers in Soligorsk. The management of "Beloruskaliy" takes the position that this is not its concern: let the municipal authorities, they say, see to it.

Meanwhile, the polluted effluents go to the reservoir along with rain and other precipitation. Inspections and monitoring analyses conducted by BSSR Goskompriroda indicate that the PO "Beloruskaliy" and its natural conservation service have not been as disturbed as they should have been about abiding by water legislation.

The managers and officials of the PO "Beloruskaliy," who have been attempting to gloss over the acute problems, take a surprising position. Is that why USSR Minudobreniy looks at the troubles of the Soligorsk region through the prism of the favorable reports and accounts of the PO "Beloruskaliy"? The incident that occurred last 13 January indicates where that kind of complacency can lead.

Through the fault of operating personnel and lack of supervision by supervisory personnel of the first mining administration salt sludge was discharged into the Soligorsk Reservoir, polluting it. And although now, according to surveys conducted by our central hydrochemical laboratory, the content of chlorides in the reservoir in the area where the sludge entered does not exceed the maximum permissible concentration (300 mg/liter), the concentration reached a very high level at the time when the discharge occurred.

This case of flagrant violation of water legislation has been taken up in a session of the BSSR State Committee for Natural Conservation, where the incident was thoroughly evaluated. The decision was made to fine the PO "Beloruskaliy" the value of the loss suffered by the state.

Specialists have come to the conclusion that further working of potassium fertilizers beneath the sludge dumps and salt tailings and the Soligorsk Reservoir could destroy the embankments and violate the integrity of the shields. A decision was therefore made that the ore under these places is not to be worked until reliable protective water conservation measures are taken.

What is more, the BSSR State Committee for Natural Conservation adopted a specific decision stopping the PO "Beloruskaliy" from developing at newly prospected deposits. Once the normal ecological situation is brought about, the ban will be removed. Now the potassium people are drafting a target program for natural conservation over the period 1988-2000.

In February 1988 the problems that have arisen in the Soligorsk industrial region were taken up by the Commission of the Presidium of the USSR Council of Ministers for Environmental Protection and Optimum Utilization of Natural Resources. USSR Minudobreniy has been ordered to take urgent measures to repair the adverse consequences of the working of potassium ore at the Starobin deposit. This includes reclamation of land that has been flooded, reconstruction of the Soligorsk Reservoir, movement of settlements out of the hazardous zones, construction of injection wells to pump brine out of the sludge dumps. Progressive systems will be widely used to work the deposit, including returning the waste ore to the space that has been worked.

As we see, the solving of ecological problems that have occurred around Soligorsk is under the oversight of natural conservation authorities and the state. There is hope, then, that the Soligorsk zone will become cleaner and less hazardous to human beings.

Scientists on Measures Needed To Improve Environment in Estonia

18200008b Tallinn SOVETSKAYA ESTONIYA in Russian 14 Jul 88 p 2

[Article by T. Kallaste, senior scientific associate of the Sector of Environmental Economics of the Economics Institute of the ESSR Academy of Sciences, candidate of economic sciences; Kh. Khedreyarve, docent of the Department of Inorganic and Analytical Chemistry of the Tallinn Polytechnic Institute, candidate of chemical sciences; and A. Viytak, scientific associate of the Department of Experimental and Clinical Toxicology of the Institute of Experimental and Clinical Medicine of ESSR Minzdrav, candidate of biological sciences: "The Barrier to Self-Assumed Department Power"; first paragraph is excerpt from the Resolution of the 19th All-Union CPSU Conference]

[Text] The conference deems it a most important task to carry out unconditionally the programs that have been adopted for health care and environmental protection, for improvemenet of the ecological situation in the country. People's interests and the orientation toward social welfare must be the basis of all measures in these areas.

Does the farmer need fertilizers and all those chemicals at the price of his health? This question has been put by inhabitants of the village Saka, located near Kokhtla-Yarve, 4 km from a fertilizer plant, to those who participated in the extraordinary field session of the Ispolkom

of the Kokhtla-Yarveskiy Rayon Soviet of People's Deputies, which took place right in the village. The grounds exist for such a question. Everything living in Saka is in serious danger. That is how severe the air pollution is there.

Managers of the chemical plant located nearby, who attended the meeting, consoled the audience by saying that in their opinion there are no plants anywhere in the world that are ecologically clean (although in the world and in Europe there are quite a few such "clean" plants). Over the last 7 years the local chemical plant has noticeably reduced emission into the atmosphere of sulfur compounds, carbon monoxide, and hydrogen sulfide. But ammonia, polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons, and other substances that poison nature are still being emitted into the atmosphere. After all, these are the cause of many diseases. Scientists of the Tallinn Scientific Research Institute for Epidemiology, Microbiology, and Hygiene have counted about 80 different organic compounds that cause diseases in the air of Kokhtla-Yarve.

At the Fourth Republic Ecological Conference in Tartu, biologists forecast that the bogs of northeastern Estonia—our principal water reserve—will disappear over the next 30 years. The reason lies mainly in the ever growing air pollution. Whereas the forests are threatened above all by acid rain, the marshes are ruined by alkaline clogging—the fly ash from power stations. At the Pribaltiyskaya and Estonskaya GRES's, they burn 22 million tons of shale in the average year, half of which remains in the form of ash. One of its principal components is a strong alkali—lime, which easily dissolves in surface water and from there goes into the marshes. According to the estimates of specialists, approximately a third of the vegetation typical of the marshes has already disappeared. We are losing reservoirs of clean water extremely necessary for nature, sources for replenishment of the oxygen in the air, cranberry plantations which up to now have been abundant, places where peat is formed, and the last protected corners of nature.

There are heavy metals in the shale ash: lead, cadmium, mercury, strontium, vanadium, chromium, and uranium. The danger lies in their ability to accumulate in living organisms, and as a consequence even microscopic everyday doses accumulate to substantial quantities over the length of a life. Medical examinations of inhabitants of Kokhtla-Yarve have shown that their blood contains twice as much lead, cadmium, and mercury as inhabitants of the Mustamyaz area in Tallinn. Recent research has shown that heavy metals are partially passed on from the mother to the child even before birth.

Nor can we forget the smoke gases with a high content of sulfur, nitrogen oxides, hydrogen chloride, and dozens of toxic organic compounds and mercury vapors that are emitted into the atmosphere when shale is burned. These substances are poisons for the environment and have a pernicious effect both on man and nature. Lengthy research at the Tallinn Scientific Research Institute for Epidemiology, Microbiology, and Hygiene has revealed that many indicators of the state of health of inhabitants of Kokhtla-Yarve are noticeably worse than those of inhabitants of Rakvere, which was taken for comparison. The miners and chemical workers in the city who complain that in general they do not feel well is 2.7-fold higher, and visits to physicians for headaches, cough, and insomnia are 1.8-fold more frequent. In Kokhtla-Yarve there are 2.4-fold more bronchitis sufferers, 2.7-fold more people who complain of high blood pressure, 1.7-fold more premature births, and 2.2-fold more cases of anemia in pregnant women. A third of the inhabitants suffer from allergy, and there are 1.5-fold more people there with bronchial asthma.

The Economics Institute of the ESSR Academy of Sciences has worked out a comprehensive estimate of the air pollution in the form of indices that take into account the average annual simultaneous content of many pollutants in the air. Experience shows that the index of air pollution calculated for Narva by only three pollutants—sulfur dioxide, the nitrogen oxides, and carbon monoxide—every year exceeds the public health standards.

In a public discussion of the problems of energy held in Narva, Prof P. Kropp of the All-Union Thermal Engineering Institute emphasized that in the interests of the people of Narva the effectiveness of gas- and dust-catching and the actual pollution of the environment must be strictly monitored.

A decision on reconstruction of the Pribaltiyskaya GRES was taken in 1986. The original designs did not include gas scrubbers to catch the sulfurous, nitric, and other gaseous pollutants of the atmosphere, since we have no economic mechanism for natural resource conservation, and departments are not motivated to develop and manufacture these devices. It is simpler and less expensive to do without them! That obviously was also the thinking of the managers of "Estonenergo" if one is to judge by their failure to take radical steps to protect the population and nature of Virumaa from the pernicious impact on the environment.

Incidentally, 2 years ago, in view of the fact that under the international convention on prevention of the spread of pollutants over borders, the USSR is supposed to reduce the emission of sulfur compounds in 1993 by 30 percent as compared to 1980, the Union ministry decided to "...include the shale-burning power stations of 'Estonenergo' among the 22 largest power stations located in the European part of the Union where sulfur emissions could be reduced by installing appropriate cleaning installations."

The question is this: Why has a decision so important to us all been carefully concealed for an entire year from us in Estonia? It is difficult to understand the position of

the top officials of our fuel and power industry during the present period of universal glasnost and the appreciable increase in people's ecological awareness.

Now, as the design for reconstruction of the Pribaltiyskaya GRES is being reexamined, the state of affairs is changing so fast that possibly by the time this article is published a considerably more sensible decision will already have been made than the one that was in effect even as late as February-March. It is clear that it takes time and a great deal of money to solve technical problems.

The following are necessary to preserve an environment for life that is worthy of man in Virumaa:

- put a stop to the preference given to departmental interests over the interests of the state;
- introduce new technologies for mining shale that preclude large losses and also adopt a strategy aimed at reducing the use of shale as a fuel;
- reconstruction of the Pribaltiyskaya GRES according to a technically outdated and ecologically dangerous design should be considered impermissible. Reconstruction of all shale-burning power stations should be considered a priority task in order to furnish them with equipment that catches fly ash and sulfurous and nitrogen compounds that meets the world level;
- an environment acceptable for life should be restored in Virumaa (especially around the cities of Kokhtla-Yarve, Kunda, and Narva). Air and soil pollution on a scale exceeding the maximum permissible standards of public health and hygiene should be prohibited;
- all managers of industrial enterprises should be required to institute regular monitoring of the health of the population living in the zone affected by industrial pollution and above all discover the impact of the most dangerous pollutants, which must unfailingly include the heavy metals;
- the volume of harmful industrial emissions must be radically reduced through more sensible organization of industrial production;
- when the established permissible emissions of pollutants are revised upward, the level of environmental pollution that has already occurred in Virumaa should be taken as the basis and forecasts should be made of the results of the additional load;
- measures to protect the marshes of northeast Estonia should be broadened in view of their uniqueness and ecological importance.

Let us preserve a clean environment for our children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren!

Writing System Compiled for 500-Speaker Nationality

18300187 [Editorial Report] Moscow SOVETSKAYA ROSSIYA in Russian on 14 December 1988 carries on page 6 a 900-word article by V. Khodiy writing from Irkutsk, entitled "Learning the Tofa Language" which relates how an alphabet, texts, and learning aids are being created to bestow literacy on one of the smallest nationality groups in Russia—the Tofa people [tofalary]. The linguist V. Rassadin from Ulan Ude, who studied their language for 25 years and compiled a 13,000-word dictionary of Tofa, told a TASS correspondent that Tofa is related to the Turkic, Ket, and Samodiy languages. Rassadin was helped in his efforts by local native Tofa speakers like V. Shibkeyev, who selected the texts and became the first teacher of the experimental course at the Alygdzher middle school. His study aids are due to be published early next year at the same time that training will begin for pedagogues and kindergarten teachers knowledgeable in the language.

"Equal rights to their own language is only one of the ways of developing minority nationalities. It is important to take the initiative in confronting problems, without waiting for the resolutions of the [nationalities] plenum of the CPSU Central Committee scheduled for mid-1989" says chairman of the Nizhneudinskiy Rayon executive committee G. Krivenko.

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