ABUSE OF PSYCHIATRY FOR POLITICAL REPRESSION IN THE SOVIET UNION

HEARING

BEFORE THE

SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS

OF THE

COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY
UNITED STATES SENATE

NINETY-SECOND CONGRESS

SECOND SESSION

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RESOLUTION

Resolved, by the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, That the testimony of Dr. Alexander Sergeyovich Yesenin-Volpin and of Constantin W. Boldyreff taken in executive session on September 26, 1972, be released from the injunction of secrecy, be printed and made public.

JAMES O. EASTLAND, *Chairman.*

Approved October 10, 1972.

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ABUSE OF PSYCHIATRY FOR POLITICAL REPRESSION IN THE SOVIET UNION

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1972

U.S. SENATE,
SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT
AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS
OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY,
Washington, D.C.

The subcommittee met, pursuant to call, at 10:45 a.m., in room 2300, New Senate Office Building, Senator Edward J. Gurney, presiding.

Also present: J. G. Sourwine, chief counsel; Alfonso L. Tarabochia, chief investigator; and David Martin, senior analyst.

Senator GURNEY. The committee will come to order.

Mr. MARTIN. This is Dr. Alexander Yesenin-Volpin, our chief witness this morning, a Soviet mathematician and poet who has some international reputation on both counts. He has just arrived in this country.

Our second witness is Mr. Constantin W. Boldyreff who will identify himself in the course of the proceedings. He is here both as a witness, and as an interpreter, if needed.

Generally speaking, I think Dr. Yesenin-Volpin will be able to make himself understood; but to understand, he may need a bit of help.

Senator GURNEY. Would you tell both witnesses we are pleased to have them and we appreciate their coming before the committee to get their testimony; and also explain I may have to leave soon because I had a prior commitment, but I will read their testimony with great interest when it is transcribed.

Would both of you gentlemen raise your right hands, and would each of you solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

(Both witnesses replied "Yes.")

Senator GURNEY. All right.

Mr. Counsel, will you proceed?

Mr. SOURWINE. Mr. Chairman, our hearing today deals with the abuse of psychiatry for political repression in the Soviet Union, and its implications for American security.

Our first witness today is Dr. Alexander Sergeyevich Yesenin-Volpin, a distinguished Soviet mathematician and one of the most celebrated dissidents to emerge from a fraudulent confinement in a Soviet mental institution.

TESTIMONY OF DR. ALEXANDER SERGEYOVICH YESENIN-VOLPIN

First of all, Dr. Yesenin-Volpin, I should like to establish your background and your credentials, very briefly.

You were born in the Soviet Union?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. In 1924?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. You were educated at the University of Moscow?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. You graduated in 1946?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes. I terminated the university in 1946.

Mr. SOURWINE. You received your doctoral degree from Moscow University in 1949?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes, with full candidate doctoral degree I have received in 1949 from Moscow University.

Mr. SOURWINE. And that degree is in mathematics?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Mathematics.

Mr. SOURWINE. In that year you had your first of five experiences in a Soviet mental institution?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. You were placed in such an institution for expressing unpopular views, that is, views that were not popular with the Soviet leadership?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes. Just in the year 1949 I was first arrested and put in a mental hospital in Leningrad.

Mr. SOURWINE. How long were you there?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. A year.

Mr. SOURWINE. For a number of years after that you lectured at Moscow University and at other universities?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes. Strictly speaking, I conducted two seminars in those years, seminars on the foundations of mathematics, in the year 1956–57 and in the year 1962.

Mr. SOURWINE. You were never appointed a full professor?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Never.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you know why you failed to get such an appointment? Do you know why it was that you were not appointed?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes. My social position in the U.S.S.R. was such that I had no hope I will ever get an official appointment in the university.

Mr. SOURWINE. Was that because you espoused unpopular views?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Not only—simply the fact that I was once persecuted. Even after rehabilitation I was not able to receive such an appointment because the officials decided the Moscow University was a place not simply for scientists but also for perfect education in the communistic spirit. And my views would not conform with their views.

Mr. SOURWINE. For the past 10 years, that is, during periods when you were not incarcerated in Soviet mental institutions, you have served as a researcher in the All Union Research Institute for Scientific and Technological Information?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes, but I say "technical" in Russian: This is scientific and technical information; perhaps, in English it is another word. I don't know.

Mr. SOURWINE. You were the author of many major mathematics papers published in official Soviet mathematical publications?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. I have 10 or a little more of my papers have been published in the Soviet Union. My main paper on scientific work, concerning my main scientific work, a long manuscript—that was a 450-page study in mathematical theory entitled "Concerning the Ultra-Intuitionistic Consistency Proof of the Zermelo-Fraenkel System."

Mr. SOURWINE. Some of your works were published abroad?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes. This work on "consistency proof" was deposited in the Institute for Scientific Information; that means that everyone has a right to receive a copy. That is the kind of publication accepted in the Soviet Union and in this sense it was published in the Soviet Union, and now in the United States a translation is prepared. A report of it, 43 pages in English, I have sent to the Buffalo Conference in 1968, and it is published in 1970 here in America.

Mr. SOURWINE. You are recognized internationally as a mathematician of note?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Will you please repeat?

Mr. SOURWINE. You are recognized internationally as a mathematician, are you not?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes; more exactly as a specialist in foundations of mathematics and construction of natural numbers of different kinds, yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. And yet you never rose to the rank of senior researcher at the All Russian Institute, did you?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes, never. My position was junior researcher.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did your superiors ever tell you why you were never promoted to senior researcher?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes; once they have told me, "While you continue your obscure social activity you never will be a senior researcher—as long as you continue your obscure social activities." I asked, is such a discrimination in the Soviet possible? I was told not only is discrimination possible but if somebody is conducting an anti-Soviet activity he may be put in jail. So my activity was not only obscure but anti-Soviet; it was a warning. I said, "I prefer to continue these activities and to accept your discrimination."

Mr. SOURWINE. What did they mean, if you know, by "obscure social activity?"

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. It was not my expression; it was only the expression of a superior. This superior, the vice president of the institute, has used this word in this way. It is for him to know what he meant. I feel that I was always clear in what I said. What I said was written and published, as I could, without obscurity. Perhaps they found something not very clear in my views, but he did not say this.

Mr. SOURWINE. All right. Your final incarceration in a Soviet mental institution was in 1968?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. You were released as a result of protests and petitions by scientists inside the Soviet Union and abroad?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes. Strictly speaking, I was put in a chronic hospital, in a hospital for chronic mental patients; and as a result of this protest I was transferred to a better type hospital; and a little less than 2 months later I was released.

Mr. SOURWINE. I show you what purports to be a copy of a letter signed by 95 men in the field of mathematics, referring to your case and asking for your release. Can you identify that as being in fact what it purports to be?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes; it is.

Mr. SOURWINE. That is the letter which secured your release?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. May this go into the record, Mr. Chairman?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes, just—yes, yes; it is the same.

Senator GURNEY. It may be received.

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. It is the translation of the same, not the same.

Mr. SOURWINE. That is understood. This is an English translation.

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes.

(The letter described above follows:)

LETTER SIGNED BY 95 SOVIET SCIENTISTS ON BEHALF OF YESENIN-VOLPIN

March 9th, 1968, the following letter signed by 95 most prominent scientists, colleagues of Yesenin-Volpin, was sent to the Minister of Public Health of the USSR, to the Prosecutor-General of the USSR, and to the Chief Psychiatrist of the City of Moscow:

"It came to our knowledge that the prominent Soviet mathematician and well-known specialist in the field of mathematical logic Alexander Sergeyevich Yesenin-Volpin was forcibly and without previous medical investigation, without knowledge and consent of his relatives taken to the No. 5 Mental Clinic near Stolbovaya, 70 kilometers from Moscow.

Forced detention in a hospital for serious mental cases of a talented scientist fully capable to work, coupled with conditions in which he found himself due to the specific character of that hospital, heavily affects his state of mind, his health and violates his human dignity.

Having in mind the humanitarian aims of our legislation and in particular those of our public health, we consider this a flagrant violation of medical and legal norms.

We request to take urgent steps in order to create normal working conditions for our colleague."

This letter has been signed by:

P. S. Novikov, Full member of the USSR Academy of Sciences, Lenin Prize winner;

I. M. Helfand, Associate member of the USSR Academy of Sciences, Lenin and State prize winner;

Lazar A. Lusternik, Associate member of the USSR Academy of Sciences, State prize winner;

Andrey A. Markov, Associate member of the USSR Academy of Sciences;

Dimitriy Ye. Menshov, Associate member of the USSR Academy of Sciences. State Prize winner;

S. P. Novikov, Associate member of the USSR Academy of Sciences, Lenin Prize winner;

I. R. Shafarevich, Associate member of the USSR Academy of Sciences, Lenin Prize winner;

Vladimir I. Arnold, Professor, Doctor of Physics and Mathematics, Lenin Prize winner;

Anatoliy G. Vitushkin, Professor, Doctor of Physical and Mathematical Sciences, Lenin Prize winner;

Alexander Kronrod, Professor, Doctor of Physical and Mathematical Sciences, State Prize winner;

Yuriy I. Manin, Doctor of Physical and Mathematical Sciences, Lenin Prize winner;

N. N. Meyman, Professor, Doctor of Physical and Mathematical Sciences, State Prize winner;

Professors, Doctors of Physical and Mathematical Sciences: *F. F. Backstein*, *D. A. Bochvar*, *V. A. Yefremovich*, *Liudmila Keldysh*, *A. A. Kirillov*, *V. A. Kondratyev*, *A. G. Kurosh*, *Ye. M. Landis*, *A. M. Lodmich*, *A. Ya. Povzner*, *N V. Zvolinskiy*, *I. I. Pyatetskiy-Shapiro*, *V. P. Palamadov*, *Yu. M. Smirnov*, *S. V. Fomin*, *G. Ye. Shilov*, *A. M. Yaglom*, *I. M. Yaglom;*

Doctors of Physical and Mathematical Sciences: *M. S. Agranovich*, Associate professor *A. V. Arkhangelskiy*, Senior Scientific Researcher *V. Ponomaryov*, Senior Scientific Researcher *Ya. G. Siniy;*

Candidates of Physical and Mathematical Sciences (the Russian "Candidate" degree is equivalent to a Ph.D. degree in the leading Western universities) : Associate professor *B. G. Averbach*, Associate professor *B. M. Alexeyev*, *L. M. Balakina*, Associate professor *T. M. Baranovich*, *L. Vassaligo*, *N. M. Beskin*, *A. Linchevskiy*, *N. M. Brushlikskaya*, Senior Scientific Researcher *N. D. Vvedenskaya*, Associate professor *A. D. Wentzel*, Associate professor *T. D. Wentzel*, *F. Ya. Vetukhovskiy*, Associate professor *Ye. Vinberg*, Senior Scientific Researcher *L. Volevich*, *Ye. Vul*, Scientific Researcher *S. Gindiki*, *V. L. Golo*, Associate professor *M. I. Grabar*, *S. A. Kabakov*, *K. V. Kim;*

Candidate of Technical Sciences *L. Ya. Kelperks;*

Candidates of Physical and Mathematical Sciences: Senior Scientific Researcher *N. Kh. Konstantinov*, Associate professor *L. A. Kronrod*, *S. N. Kryzhkov*, *A. L. Krylov*, Senior Scientific Researcher *O. S. Kulagin*, *V. Levchenko*, *A. L. Lund*, Senior Scientific Researcher *R. A. Minlos*, *K. A. Mikhailova*, Associate professor *A. L. Onishchik*, *V. P. Orevkov;*

Candidate of Technical Sciences, *S. A. Panov;*

Candidates of Physical and Mathematical Sciences: Senior Scientific Researcher *B. Poliak*, *A. Skobeyev*, *M. A. Smolianskiy*, Associate professor *V. M. Tikhomirov*, Associate professor *L. Tutubalin;*

Candidate of Sciences, Senior Scientific Researcher *G. Tiurina;*

Candidates of Physical and Mathematical Sciences: *L. Flitman*, Senior Scientific Researcher *D. V. Fuchs*, Associate professor *Yu. I. Khmelevskiy*, *L. L. Tsinman*, *A. Chernavskiy*, *E. Ya. Shapiro*, *I. Sharygin;*

Yu. A. Shikhanovich, Candidate of Paedogogical Sciences:

V. A. Yankov, Candidate of Physical and Mathematical Sciences;

K. Babitskiy, Scientific Researcher;

F. L. Varpakhovskiy, Assistant:

N. Williams, Instructor; *Yu. A. Gastev*, Instructor; *Ye. E. Gluzberg*, Scientific Researcher; *A. Grozdiov*, Scientific-Researcher: *I. G. Christi*, Engineer for computors: *V. V. Kim*, Scientific Researcher; *G. S. Podyapolskiy*, Scientific Researcher; *V. S. Osaulenko*, Scientific

Researcher; *V. K. Finn*, Engineer; *G. Ye. Chekin*, Scientific Researcher; *G. A. Shestopal*, Senior Instructor.

Most of these scientists are on the staff of the Department of Mechanics and Mathematics of the Moscow Lomonosov University.

The signers request the Minister of Public Health and the Prosecutor-General to send their replies to any one of them at the Department's address: Moscow 234, Leninskiye gory, Moscow State Lomonosov University, Department of Mechanics and Mathematics.

Mr. SOURWINE. You were expelled from the Soviet Union 2 months ago?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. I was not expelled but it was proposed to me to make an application for an exit visa.

Mr. SOURWINE. You were told to go?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. They called me to the police and said, "You have written a letter that requested an exit permit," and I replied I never wrote such a letter. They said, "Now you can make an application and then you will be permitted to go." So they encouraged my departure.

Mr. SOURWINE. You arrived in the United States on Friday, September 15?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Ten days ago?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. You are now teaching at New York State University in Buffalo?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes.

Senator GURNEY. I understand you have a prepared statement you would like to present to the committee; is that true?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes.

Senator GURNEY. Would you go ahead with that statement now?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes. That is the translation for the text I have written in Russian. I hope that the translation is true.

I welcome this opportunity to inform the Congress of the United States and the American people of the treatment inflicted by the Soviet authorities on intellectual dissenters and persons criticizing or exposing the actions of the Kremlin. I believe that this situation has implications for the security of the United States and the entire world.

I assert on the basis of my own experience and the experience of many men and women I know that in Soviet Union such people are frequently subjected to psychiatric persecution. There are two main types of such persecution:

The first type of persecution involves compulsory psychiatric treatment, ordered by the courts for persons accused of crimes and declared insane by forensic psychiatric commissions.

The second type of persecution involves forcible hospitalization in mental institutions by order of a psychiatrist occupying some administrative position.

There exist three types of psychiatric hospitals in the Soviet Union Regular hospitals; hospitals for chronic patients—both of these are officially called hospitals of the common types; and the so-called special hospitals.

These latter are, in fact, prisons under military supervision and guards. They are used only for patients committed for compulsory

treatment by court orders or for those who are transferred for psychiatric treatment from jails.

In addition to these hospitals, there are also "psychiatric colonies" for patients who are considered incurable and socially dangerous.

Of course, mental institutions exist in every country. There are, of course, cases justifying the isolation of dangerous criminals and psychotics. But I call the attention of the subcommittee to the fact that in the U.S.S.R. it is not only the psychotics and the criminally insane who are exposed to compulsory hospitalization; also committed to such hospitals are men and women whose "abnormalities" stem from their unorthodox views, their criticism of the authorities, or from the simple reason that the investigators were unable to prepare their cases for regular prosecution in court.

There are also cases where individuals were confined to psychiatric institutions so as to make it impossible for them to meet and associate with foreigners, as happened, for example, with the well-known gerontologist, Jaurès Medvedev, in 1970.

To be objective, I wish to remark that, in the Soviet conditions, this kind of treatment has at times saved people from even greater calamities. The Soviet courts of justice have many times imposed exceedingly cruel sentences on totally innocent people; however, the frequency and arbitrariness with which individuals have been committed to psychiatric hospitals in the U.S.S.R., especially in recent years, presents special and serious dangers.

Legally, once a person has been found psychotic or "not responsible" by the Soviet authorities, compulsory treatment may be terminated only by a court of justice. The court of justice may do so if it finds that an individual has been wrongfully incarcerated, or it may do so on the basis of a determination by a medical commission that a psychiatric detainee has recovered his sanity. Such commissions are supposed to reexamine the case of each patient at least once every 6 months.

In practice, a favorable determination by the commission usually depends on the readiness of the patient to give the desired answers to certain questions; namely, recognition of the correctness of the patient's confinement, admission that his views were wrong, and the promise to conform with the established ideology in the future. It is evident that for persons free of any guilt, such admissions are often impossible on a moral basis. In such cases, compulsory treatment may continue indefinitely, even to the end of the patient's life. Soviet legislation provides no limit for compulsory treatment.

Eventually, the patient may be transferred to a "psychiatric colony" where the chances of liberation become very small indeed.

In the special hospitals, all patients are rigorously isolated. Visits are permitted as a rule only from close relatives, and supervisors carefully observe the patients and their visitors to make sure that no manuscript or letter is transmitted. In these hospitals, patients are usually denied writing materials. They usually live from 2 to 15 people in a room and sometimes more. The rooms are of a prison-cell type. Political prisoners are kept together with murderers and rapists. They are obliged to sleep with the electric light burning all night.

A great advantage for the authorities is the fact that they may sentence an imprisoned person to a psychiatric hospital in absentia. No procedural rights are granted to a person declared insane and, there-

fore, not responsible for his actions. Such rights are delegated to his assigned defense counsel who, as a matter of fact, is in no way obliged to even meet and talk to the accused.

In such cases, the question of guilt or innocence does not even arise, since this question is immaterial in the case of a person pronounced "not responsible" for his actions.

As a result, the arguments tending to justify the action of the accused are simply ignored. Accusations of engaging in anti-Soviet calumnies, which are standard charges in all trials of dissidents, should, from the standpoint of any legal procedure, include the element of calumnious intent. But in the case of those who are pronounced "not responsible" for their actions by the Soviet courts, the question of intent is disregarded. Thus, the courts have only to establish "the obvious falsity" of the statements of the accused, without attempting to determine whether or not the defendant sincerely believed his statement to be true at the point of making it. In fact, the courts automatically apply the concept of "obvious falsity" to all statements contradicting the official views or the official propaganda line.

The same practices apply to accusations under article 70 of the R.S.F.S.R.[1] criminal code, dealing with deliberate agitation to subvert the state.

The medical criteria for determining whether a person can be considered responsible or "not responsible" for his acts are extremely vague. Among the criteria employed are, first, "rationalizing or excessive fondness for rationalizing"; and, second, "difficulty in establishing contact with the accused, in cases where the accused simply refuses to answer the inquisitory questions of the psychiatrist; or third, manifestation of any tendency which might be construed as suicidal—even though perfectly sane people can be driven to suicidal actions by the unbearable conditions resulting from their imprisonment.

The juridical criteria under article 11 of the R.S.F.S.R. criminal code are simply disregarded, although they are accorded some lip service in the course of the proceedings.

This is a very serious and complicated question. The concept of mental illness is broad and vague; surely every person who may be considered intellectually or spiritually outstanding gives evidence of certain traits which might be characterized as psychologically abnormal. But this does not mean that every gifted person who displays such traits belongs in a mental institution, or that, if he is brought to trial on any charge, he should be treated as "not responsible" for his actions. This is why the legal and medical criteria are very important. Although such criteria exist in the Soviet Union, they are exceedingly vague, and this vagueness is often taken advantage of by the Soviet courts.

Going beyond the question of the fraudulent commitment of sane people to mental institutions, there are many cases of the forcible use in Soviet psychiatric hospitals of medical preparations harmful to the mental and physical health of the patients. Among the preparations used are halaperidol, reserpin—25 tablets per day, sulfasil and others.

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[1] Russian Soviet Federal Socialist Republic. In the criminal codes of the other Soviet Republics, the articles of the code have a different numeration than they do in the case of the R.S.F.S.R. code.

Many cases of the confinement of innocent people to special psychiatric hospitals have been described in the Samizdat publication, the "Chronicle of Current Events."

Thus, Gen. Pyotr Grigorenko was imprisoned in a mental institution in 1969 because, disregarding the warnings of the Moscow authorities, he journeyed to Tashkent to deliver a speech in defense of a group of Crimean Tartars who were being tried for their attempts to return to their homeland. He was accused of engaging in the act of anti-Soviet calumnies, then pronounced "not responsible" for his actions; and in the spring of 1970 he was locked up in a special hospital in Chernyakhovsk. He remains there to this day because he refuses to compromise on his convictions or to renounce his civil rights under Soviet law. He was even denied the use of writing materials.

Confined in the Leningrad Special Hospital are Viktor Feinberg, imprisoned for participation in a demonstration of protests against the occupation of Czechoslovakia; and Vladimir Borisov, an electrotechnician, because he signed a petition addressed to the U.N. Commission on Human Rights. Both have twice engaged in lengthy hunger strikes—in protest against the inhuman treatment of other inmates, as well as against the conditions of their own imprisonment and their total deprivation of civil rights. The human danger posed by the confinement of dissenters is underscored by the fact that Feinberg at one point sought to terminate his life by committing suicide.

These are not exceptional cases. In early October 1956, in the city of Gruiev, a 40-year-old engineer, Pyotr Alexeyevich Lysak, was arrested because he had sent written questions to a Communist lecturer, such as: "Why is it that in such an allegedly free country as the U.S.S.R., foreign radio broadcasts are being jammed?" On being accused of having engaged in calumnious statements against the Soviet regime, Lysak replied that this charge was itself a calumny; whereupon, he was proclaimed "not responsible" for his actions and confined to the Leningrad psychiatric hospital. There, in discussions with psychiatrists, he continued to insist that radio broadcasts were, in fact, being jammed, and this brought him into sharp conflict with the hospital supervisors. Repeated treatments with sulfasil failed to reduce the conflict. Lysak remained under treatment in this special hospital for more than 8 years and, thereafter, according to a statement by a woman psychiatrist, he was transferred to the "psychiatric colony" of Sychiovka. His further fate is unknown.

There is a serious danger that the same fate awaits Grigorenko, Feinberg, and many others—unless they die before they disappear into total darkness of the Soviet "psychiatric colonies."

Treatments in psychiatric hospitals of the common type may also continue indefinitely, especially if the patient has no relatives willing to assume responsibilty for him. However, confinement in psychiatric hospitals of the common type is not subject to the same secrecy and hospitalization of this type, therefore, except in the case of compulsory treatment, generally lasts no longer than 3 months. While the confinements are of short duration, they can be extremely damaging because they give the authorities the opportunity to ban any future intellectual or scientific activities or to deny employment.

The regime in psychiatric hospitals of the common type is not as harsh as the regime in the hospitals of the special type but the stay

in such institutions may be even more painful because patients are locked up with completely deranged individuals, who have totally lost their human personality. In these hospitals, too, chemical remedies and electroshock therapy are commonly used and the psychiatrists employ the threat of such treatment to "educate" their dissident detainees.

In many countries there are procedures under which a person who has been confined in a mental institution may appeal for his release or for a review of his case. In the Soviet Union there are no such special procedures.

People who are confined in psychiatric hospitals of the common type are often committed by the decision of a single psychiatrist, who has never previously had any contact with the person detained, or his relatives or friends, or colleagues or neighbors. Although the general norms of Soviet civil and procedural legislation at least imply the right of the hospitalized person to challenge the legality of his hospitalization in the courts, in practice the courts simply ignore this principle where patients confined to psychiatric institutions are concerned.

All these practices not only destroy the possibility of a normal life for many gifted people, but—like other forms of repression—they also instill a fear which—clearly by intent—paralyzes the will of the people to struggle for their own civil rights under the Soviet Constitution, or for the observance by the Soviet Government of its international commitments under the United Nations International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, to which it gave its signature in 1968.

Therefore, entirely apart from elementary considerations of humanity, the abuse of psychiatry for political repression in the Soviet Union cannot be ignored by other countries on the specious grounds that this involves only the internal affairs of the U.S.S.R. The seemingly unanimous public support in the Soviet Union for the Kremlin's foreign policies stems at least partially from the widespread fear of the kind of repression I have described to you.

These practices of the Soviet authorities have provoked many protests and petitions in the U.S.S.R. and abroad. I have heard the opinion expressed that protests do no good where the Soviet Government is concerned. This observation is not entirely correct. Protests and petitions have thus far not succeeded in bringing about the liberation of dissenters confined in institutions of the special type; however, they have succeeded in bringing about the liberation of a number of individuals confined in hospitals of the common type or in hospitals for chronic patients. Among those who have been liberated were the writer Valery Tarsis, in 1963; the publicist and civil rights activist, Vladimir Bukovsky, in 1966; the scientist, Jaurès Medvedev in 1970; and myself, in 1968. In citing these examples, reference is made, of course, to the inherent rights of these individuals as human beings, regardless of their social standing or professions.

It is my conviction that if the civilized world protested in a louder and more courageous voice, we could bring about the liberation of far more victims of the Soviet political-psychiatric terror.

Vladimir Bukovsky had been confined in mental hospitals of all three types. In 1970, he made a statement to an American television reporter in which he exposed the abuse of mental institutions for the purpose of political repression. This interview constituted the main

charge preferred against Bukovsky in a new trial, as a result of which he was sentenced on January 5, 1972, to 7 years of imprisonment and 5 years of banishment to a restricted area. In view of the existing administrative regulations this sentence also involves the loss of the right to live in Moscow or other large Soviet cities for a further 8 years after the termination of banishment—which, in fact, brings the duration of punishment for the act of exposing the fraudulent commitment of political dissenters to mental institutions to a grand total of 20 years.

So harsh a punishment can only be considered an act of vengeance intended to suppress further internal protests against psychiatric persecution.

I, too, have been detained in Soviet mental hospitals of all three types. Altogether, I have been detained in such institutions five times: in 1949–50; in August 1957; in 1959–61; from December 1962, to March 1963; and from February to March 1968. In this statement I shall confine myself only to my last interment in a Soviet mental institution in 1968.

I knew that I had been invited to attend a scientific conference at the New York State University in Buffalo, where, incidentally, I am now conducting a seminar. So I applied to the American Embassy in Moscow for a visa. A few days later I found myself in a mental hospital of the ordinary type, from which I was quickly transferred to a hospital for chronic patients.

My confinement on this occasion resulted in a petition to the Soviet authorities signed by 95 Soviet scientists, and in numerous protests from abroad. While my confinement this time lasted only 3 months, the Soviet scientists who signed the petition were, I regret to report, subjected to various forms of administrative persecution. Some of them were dismissed; others were demoted; virtually all of them were denied the right to travel abroad, even for scientific conferences.

Unquestionably, these harsh reprisals have discouraged further attempts at organized petitions by the academic community on behalf of their persecuted colleagues. This situation continues to this day. It causes serious damage to the development of world science.

Mr. Chairman, I understand that your subcommittee has been provided with copies of the documentation assembled by my good friend and colleague, Vladimir Bukovsky, relating to the abuse of psychiatry by the Soviet authorities for political purposes. In view of the fact that the forces of freedom in the Soviet Union are not yet strong enough, on their own, to defend the victims of the terror or to win respect for the elementary freedoms which are written into the Soviet constitution as well as the U.N. Covenant, the Soviet people deserve and must be given the moral support of the entire free world.

The suppression of freedom and the continued political-psychiatric terror in the Soviet Union, is, as I have pointed out, a matter of international concern because it destroys any possibility of public restraint over the Soviet leadership.

As the threat is international, in just the same measure the struggle must be international.

I have heard that conditions similar to those I have described in the Soviet Union exist, on a more limited scale, in some other countries. About this matter I am not in a position to testify from my personal

experience; but I maintain that it is necessary to establish international safeguards designed to put an end to the abuse of psychiatry as an instrument of political repression, wherever such abuses may occur.

The laws of every modern country, Communist as well as non-Communist, theoretically defend the individual against the danger of false commitment to mental institutions. Unfortunately, these laws and the criteria they incorporate are not always respected. The situation I have described would cease to exist if every government showed scrupulous respect for its own national laws.

There remains the question of restoring freedom to all those who have been falsely incarcerated in mental institutions in the Soviet Union. To this end it would be tremendously helpful if an international psychiatric committee could be established with the responsibility of monitoring the activities of psychiatric review boards or commissions, as well as the employment of procedures and medications which may be dangerous to the physical and mental health of patients. The Committee on Ethics in Psychiatry, which was established at the Fifth World Psychiatric Conference in Mexico in 1971, could propose valuable recommendations to this effect.

But I insist that the struggle against psychiatric terrorism must be waged with far more vigor than has characterized the several protests that have been made to date. Many of the victims are in perilous health, and they may not survive another several years of confinement.

I believe that this entire problem urgently calls for the consideration of the U.N. Commission on Human Rights and of the World Health Organization. I sincerely hope that the U.S. Government will, in keeping with its own great traditions of freedom, give such a move within the United Nations its unqualified support.

In conclusion, Mr. Chairman, I would like to call the attention of the subcommittee to two statements which appeared in the proceedings of the Moscow Human Rights Committee.

I have the proceedings here in Russian. The first statement, by Roy A. Medvedev, is entitled "On Compulsory Psychiatric Hospitalization for Political Reasons."

The second statement, written by myself, is entitled "An opinion on R. A. Medvedev's Report."

If the subcommittee can manage to get these statements translated, I would like to suggest that they be printed as appendixes to this hearing.[1]

Mr. SOURWINE. In your statement, Doctor, you said you were confined to a mental institution in 1968 because you knew you had been invited to a scientific conference in Buffalo and you had applied for a visa to come to the United States?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. How did you know you had been invited to the Buffalo conference?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. I received—at the end of January I received a letter from which I understood that earlier they sent me an invitation, because in this new letter I was informed about the dates of the conference. That means, evidently, that before that time they sent the invitation which I had not received.

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[1] The first document mentioned appears as Appendix I. The English translation of the second document was not available to the subcommittee at the time this hearing went to press. The original document may be found in the files of the subcommittee.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you receive the visa that you applied for?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. No; in 1968, no.

Mr. SOURWINE. You did not?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. No.

Mr. SOURWINE. It is your contention that the Soviet authorities deliberately concealed from you the initial invitation which was sent to you by New York State University in Buffalo?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Strictly speaking, I only know that I have not received any invitation.

Mr. SOURWINE. But you know that one was issued?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. What?

Mr. SOURWINE. You know that such an invitation was issued, but you never received it?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Of course, of course.

Mr. SOURWINE. The paper which you had intended to read at the conference in Buffalo in 1968 has since been published by New York State University as part of the conference proceedings, has it not?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes, essentially so, but it is published, of course, not by the university but by the publishing house.

Mr. SOURWINE. How were you able to deliver the paper to those in charge of the conference?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. I remember that I sent it by three different ways. One of them was official and two unofficial. I remember the date; it was in English. I was obliged to prepare a Russian translation of my English text for the censorship. I refused to send it for censorship. If I agreed, then it would arrive too late.

Mr. SOURWINE. Doctor, on the occassion of your last incarceration, were you found insane by a board of psychiatrists?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. I don't know—it is a board? Only we call it in Russian "commission." Yes, you ask concerning the 1968 confinement?

Mr. SOURWINE. I ask about the last time; that was in 1968?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. In 1968; yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. You were committed as a result of the findings of a board?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. It was very difficult to say was it a board or not because it was rather a circus of psychiatrists. They sat, three of them, in different places, and I spoke with one, and only thereafter I have understood it was the commission, because I was not told it was a commission.

Mr. SOURWINE. What diagnosis was used to justify your commitment in 1968?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. It was written as the simple form of schizophrenia.

Mr. SOURWINE. A simple form of schizophrenia?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. The last time. Generally, they changed the diagnoses, but the last two times they wrote "simple form." Before, it was—in 1968—it was "paranoid form." It is possible that one form leads to another. I don't know. And how is it possible I can stay here and speak if I had simple form paranoia in 1968? I am not completely crazy, of course.

Mr. SOURWINE. Each time you have been released from a mental institution, have you been found sane at that time?

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Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Sane, no; remission, they said. They have written in the record—in the report—that now remission occurred and I have been released, even though this illness was theoretically incurable.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you have any reason for believing that the psychiatrists who certified you insane, and who have certified the insanity of other dissidents detained in Soviet mental institutions, function as members of the KGB or under the orders of the KGB?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Or under the orders of the KGB? Rather the latter. I doubt that, at least one, one of them is really officially a member of KGB.

Mr. SOURWINE. May he not have been acting on the orders of the KGB?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Not orders, simply recommendations have been sufficient, I think so, that for them a simple recommendation of the KGB, some telephone call, may be sufficient.

Mr. SOURWINE. You said in your statement that one of the factors contributing to your release was the petition signed by 95 prominent Soviet scientists, which we have earlier placed in the record. Were there other petitions on other occasions which helped you to get out?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Before that petition, two mathematicians wrote separately on my behalf, and perhaps this fact did something according to the date of my transferring. Yes, I remember—the question was complicated because the petition is dated March 9, 1968, and I recall that the 6th of March, 3 days before, there was a commission for me in this hospital, chronic hospital, where I was; but I stayed there another 10 days until March 16 or perhaps 18—no, March 16—and so I don't really know because the decision of the commission was not shown to me. I may suppose both things—that perhaps the earlier letter was the cause of this commission—the earlier letter of two mathematicians; or perhaps this second letter caused my transferring independently of the decision of the Commission. I don't know.

Mr. MARTIN. I have a question. This petition which has 65 signatures attached to it—95—was probably organized over a period of several weeks. It took that length of time to gather all the signatures. Because of the way in which the Soviet secret police operate, it is not very likely that a petition of this magnitude involving so many prominent people could have been organized without the knowledge of the secret police—they could not have gotten very far, before the Soviet secret police got wind of it. So that there is at least a fair chance that the Soviet authorities were aware that a large number of prominent Soviet scientists were about to issue a public petition on behalf of Dr. Yesenin-Volpin before he met with this psychiatric review board?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes, I remember that my friends thought just so. It seems to me that the March 6 or even some days earlier they could see that something is preparing. They could not know exactly the number of signatures. They could not know it, but they saw some activity on the part of the mathematical faculty.

Mr. SOURWINE. Could you tell us something about the four previous occasions on which the Soviet authorities confined you to mental institutions? Specifically, could you tell us in each case why you were detained or confined, what procedures the Soviet authorities followed in committing you, and what the conditions of your detention were?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Yes, I can. But the story is too long, so I will confine myself to the main facts.

I was arrested for the first time in 1949 on charges of having engaged in anti-Soviet agitation. For several weeks I was kept in jail. From there I was sent for a psychiatric examination to the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow. There I was declared "not responsible" for my actions and interned in a Leningrad prison-hospital. I remained in this institution for about a year. In the conditions of Stalin's era, I was inclined to consider this confinement not so much as a measure of repression, but rather as a chance of escaping a much harsher punishment.

The second time I was confined was in 1957. I was picked up by a secret police agent for talking to a foreigner. I protested this arrest, whereupon I was incarcerated for about 3 weeks in the Ganushkin Psychiatric Hospital in Moscow.

In 1959 I was again arrested by the KGB. I was accused of engaging in anti-Soviet agitation and of refusing to denounce and report a person who—absolutely groundlessly—had been charged with high treason. Having found out that I was well equipped and prepared to defend myself in court, the authorities decided it would be more convenient not to deal with me in court, and, in absentia, pronounced me "not responsible" for my actions. During the psychiatric examination I insisted on the observance of procedural rights. The examining psychiatrist interpreted my insistence as a symptom of "a paranoid form of schizophrenia." On the basis of this diagnosis, the court committed me, in absentia, for compulsory treatment. I was sent to the same Leningrad hospital where I had been imprisoned in 1949. I stayed there precisely 1 year.

By the end of December 1962, when I was attacked for the publication in the United States of my book "A Leaf of Spring," I was ordered by the authorities to "chastise myself," which I refused to do. It was then suggested to me that I should apply for a permit to leave the country. Sensing a trap, I, on my part, demanded that the Government should first formally acknowledge my right to emigrate, and wrote a letter to this effect. However, even before the letter was sent, I found myself locked up in the Gannushkin Mental Hospital. In March of 1963 I was released.

Mr. SOURWINE. You say that you know General Grigorenko as a friend. Do you think the Soviet authorities will ever succeed in breaking his will to resist?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. I hope they will not succeed. I personally know General Grigorenko as a highly principled and courageous man. However, unless he is released pretty soon, I fear he may not survive very long.

Mr. SOURWINE. You also know Bukovsky well? What do you think will happen to him?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. I know only one thing: that the imprisonment will not cause Bukovsky to give in. Active, broad, and persistent international support, however, may possibly lead to a reexamination of his case by the court, and to his eventual liberation. There exists also a possibility that strong international pressure may induce the authorities to amnesty him or permit him to leave the country. I cannot

emphasize enough the crucial importance of international public pressure.

Mr. SOURWINE. You say that General Grigorenko and others have been deprived of writing materials. On the other hand, there have been some references to letters written by General Grigorenko to his wife. Isn't there a contradiction here?

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. No, there is no contradiction here. Although the use of writing materials is denied to the inmates in their wards, twice every month they are permitted to write letters to relatives under the supervision of the wardens. This is usually done in a special place, and for this purpose pens and paper are made available for a short time.

Senator GURNEY. Thank you very much, Dr. Yesenin-Volpin.

Dr. YESENIN-VOLPIN. Thank you for your attention.

Mr. SOURWINE. Now we will go to the testimony of Mr. Boldyreff. Your full name, Mr. Boldyreff?

TESTIMONY OF CONSTANTIN W. BOLDYREFF, INTERPRETER, REPRESENTATIVE, INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR THE DEFENSE OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Constantin W. Boldyreff.

Mr. SOURWINE. You were born in Russia?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. That's right.

Mr. SOURWINE. You came to the United States in 1947?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. That's right.

Mr. SOURWINE. You have lived in the Washington, D.C., area for a number of years?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Right.

Mr. SOURWINE. You have taught at Georgetown University?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Right.

Mr. SOURWINE. You function as the American representative of the International Committee for the Defense of Human Rights.

Mr. BOLDYREFF. That is right.

Mr. SOURWINE. This committee has its headquarters in Paris?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. That's right.

Mr. SOURWINE. You have provided the subcommittee with documentation dealing with the cases of a number of prominent Soviet dissidents incarcerated in Soviet mental institutions?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. That's right.

Mr. SOURWINE. Is it correct to say that these documents or papers were originally received and assembled by the International Committee for the Defense of Human Rights?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. That is right. The basic documents were received from Bukovsky by this committee and were made public at the press conference in Paris.

Mr. SOURWINE. Could you identify the papers in this folder, which I now show you, as being the papers which you provided to the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Yes, sir; these are the same documents.

Mr. SOURWINE. And the International Committee sent these papers to you with the request that you present them in the name of the Inter-

national Committee to the American Psychiatric Conference which met in the District of Columbia in May 1971?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Yes, sir; and to this effect I have a telegram.

Mr. SOURWINE. Mr. Chairman, may I ask that the text of this telegram in French, followed by an English translation, may go into the record at this point?

Senator GURNEY. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. If you will let us have the telegram—thank you.

(The telegram and translation referred to above follow:)

[Telegram, Paris, May 4]

Mr. C. BOLDYREFF,
8615 Second Ave., Silver Spring, Md.:

Vous prions transmettre psychiatres Americains documentation envoyee par nous detenus dans asiles psychiatriques en Union Sovietique. COMITE INTERNATIONAL PUOR DEFENSE DROITS DE L'HOMME. Paris.

TRANSLATION

Mr. C. BOLDYREFF,
8615 Second Avenue,
Silver Spring, Md.

Ask you transmit to American psychiatrists documentation sent by us [concerning] detainees in psychiatric asylums in Soviet Union.

INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE
FOR THE DEFENSE OF HUMAN RIGHTS.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you, in fact, submit these papers to the Conference of American Psychiatric Association?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Yes, I did so. I have submitted them to the president of the American Psychiatric Association, Dr. Garber, who was then president, and then presented them at the seminar—International Seminar of Psychiatrists for Peace—held on May 5, 1971, during the 124th Annual Congress of the APA.

Mr. SOURWINE. Mr. Chairman, may these papers, as identified, go into the record as an appendix?

Senator GURNEY. Yes.

(The papers referred to above appear in the appendix, p. 47.)

Mr. SOURWINE. What reaction did you get when you presented these papers to the Conference of the American Psychiatric Association?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Well, Dr. Garber has written me a letter later on confirming the receipt of these documents and saying that the psychiatric association will go into the matter.

At the seminar, all the participants, after my announcing the case, referred to the gist of this whole situation and said that they agreed that such practices wherever they are used are unpermissible. No mention of the Soviet Union was made even though I have stated that all this is being practiced in the Soviet Union, and that these particular people were put in lunatic asylums in the Soviet Union, and that Mr. Bukovsky, who has assembled those documents and sent them to Paris, has later been arrested and put in jail for that.

Mr. SOURWINE. You also function as a consultant to the Russian-American Committee for the Defense of Believers and Victims of Persecution in the U.S.S.R.

Mr. BOLDYREFF. That is right.

Mr. SOURWINE. That organization has been active in exposing the confinement of intellectual dissidents in mental institutions in the Soviet Union?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Yes it has. If I may, I would like at this point to say a few words about the committee by way of more clearly defining its nature and purpose.

The committee was instrumental in assembling the documents on some of the more recent cases, which have been added to the basic documentation originally transmitted by Vladimir Bukovsky. It has also helped to translate some of the Samizdat documents included in these materials, and it has helped to prepare the biographies of the prisoners involved.

The committee was founded last January, following a demonstration organized on December 12, 1971, in front of the U.N. Building in New York, to protest the inhuman treatment of believers and other persecutees in the Soviet Union. This demonstration was organized under the auspices of the Synod of Bishops of the Russian Orthodox Church in Exile.

All members of the committee are American citizens, mostly of Russian extraction. The majority of them are young professional men and women or students. In their effort to defend the innocent victims of Soviet persecution they are motivated by the call of conscience, and their moral obligation as peace-loving free citizens of the United States.

The committee strongly believes that crimes against humanity present a potential threat to peace. The committee feels that it is the duty of all decent human beings to stand up in the defense of those who are subjected to cruel persecution for their beliefs and convictions. The committee is a purely humanitarian organization and pursues no political aims whatsoever. Its central office is located at 171 High Avenue, Nyack, N.Y. 10960.

Mr. SOURWINE. I understand you have a statement on the subject of this hearing which you wish to make in their name?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Yes, if I may do so.

Mr. SOURWINE. That is in the name of the Committee for the Defense of Believers and Victims of Persecution in the U.S.S.R.

Mr. BOLDYREFF. That is right.

Mr. SOURWINE. You may make your statement, sir.

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Thank you.

Senator GURNEY. Please proceed.

Mr. BOLDYREFF. The apparent misuse of psychiatry and phychiatric institutions in the U.S.S.R. to combat all forms of dissent is clearly evidenced by the following two facts: (a) The existence in the Soviet Union of special psychiatric hospitals—prisons—run and controlled by the Ministry of Internal Affairs—that is, the police; and (b) the ever-increasing number of nonconformists and political dissenters committed to these institutions for compulsory treatment by court decisions—not infrequently pronounced in the absence of the persons concerned—in spite of the protests of the closest relatives, friends, and representatives of the scientific and intellectual communities.

There are probably very few people in the world who are totally free from any idiosyncrasies, eccentricities, or deviations from the

accepted norms of behavior. Bearing this in mind, it is not deemed appropriate to discuss here the state of mental health of the persons forcibly confined to Soviet psychiatric institutions of the special type. This matter, it seems, should be left to medical specialists to judge on the basis of psychiatric diagnoses and other pertinent documents appended to each individual case.

Judgment in this discussion should be guided primarily by the standards and procedures universally accepted and practiced in the civilized world, according to which patients may be confined to psychiatric hospitals (1) on their own request when they themselves seek psychiatric help; (2) on the request of relatives, on the basis of objective psychiatric diagnoses and in conformity with the existing laws; and (3) by court orders, based on the findings of court-appointed panels of psychiatrists and then only for persons guilty of grave and violent criminal offenses or those who by their behavior present a threat to the life and property of other people or to their own.

The misuse of psychiatric facilities in the Soviet Union is illustrated by 20 concrete cases documented in the materials submitted at this hearing.

All the persons involved are being, or were, subjected to compulsory treatment in Soviet special psychiatric hospitals: (*a*) in spite of the protests and testimonies of their closest relatives, friends, acquaintances, and in several cases in defiance of public protests; (*b*) in spite of the fact that they have not committed any violent criminal offenses and their behavior had never threatened the life or property of other people or their own; (*c*) all of them were, in fact, sentenced and committed on the basis of purely political considerations under article 190–1—Dissemination of deliberate falsehoods discrediting the Soviet political and social system—and/or article 70—Agitation and propaganda carried on for the purpose of subverting or weakening Soviet power—of the Criminal Code of the RSFSR; and (*d*) in certain instances the defendants were declared mentally ill and confined to psychiatric hospitals only to be later arbitrarily proclaimed sane and sent to concentration camps or jails, or banished into exile—V. Bukovsky, A. Yesenin-Volpin—or vice versa—Yu. S. Belov.

It is considered that such treatment of nonviolent dissenters should not be disregarded or tolerated bv decent freedom-loving individuals and governments of civilized nations for this creates a dangerous precedent of grave concern to one and all. The experiments conducted by psychiatrists and medical doctors in Nazi concentration camps and the resulting genocidal crimes should never be forgotten.

The human torch that flared up in Prague's Vaclavski square in 1968 has deeply stirred the conscience of millions of people all over the world. Jan Palach—the Czech student, who gave his life to protest violence and oppression—will long live as a symbol in the hearts of men. In making his supreme sacrifice he had conquered fear. And so did Vladimir Bukovsky.

Death in flames is horrible. But no less horrible, perhaps, is the slow death which creeps up on those who are buried alive. In the case of Bukovsky, "buried alive" is hardly an exaggeration. For 9 out of the 30 years of his life, he rotted in the Soviet dungeons and cells of psychiatric prison hospitals. As a result, his health has been undermined, his heart has developed a murmur.

And yet, he did what he knew to be his duty. He revealed to the world the crimes of a cruel and vengeful system. He brought to the attention of mankind the atrocities which take place in the Soviet Union today. Also buried alive is General Grigorenko, and Viktor Feinberg and Vladimir Borisov, and many, many other innocent persons guilty only of one "crime"—their convictions contradicted the dictates of the ruling party. They demanded the right of all people to worship God, to decry injustices, to protect the oppressed, to create and think freely, to receive and disseminate information, to travel abroad, to leave the country altogether, if they so desired, without paying ransom.

If all this were denied to us, what would we say? What would we do?

There are times when silence is a sin. The moment has arrived for decent people everywhere to speak out.

(Signed) THE RUSSIAN-AMERICAN
COMMITTEE FOR THE DEFENSE OF BELIEVERS
AND VICTIMS OF PERSECUTION IN THE U.S.S.R.

Mr. BOLDYREFF. I would like also to mention this fact, Mr. Chairman, that these documents were accepted and Dr. Garber has confirmed that they will be examined and some action will be taken. However, they were then put off for the consideration of a meeting that was to convene in June 1971. At that meeting again no action was taken and it was relegated to the executive meeting in November; and only in December a general statement was made without any reference to the Soviet Union as such.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you have anything further you wish to say?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Mr. Chairman, I would be grateful if these additional documents would be incorporated with the bulk of the materials.[1] These are the fresh cases that have come to knowledge now. They are—they were actually printed in the Chronicle of Current Events. This is the most reliable and most respected underground publication in the Soviet Union, that has been found accurate by Western scientists and observers, both in the West and in the Soviet Union.

Here we have additional—seven additional cases, one concerning Leonid Plyusch, another concerning Vladimir Trifonov, another concerning Anatoliy Ponomarev, Anatoliy Chinnov, Yuriy Belov, Vladimir Shleshnev, Boris and Galina Yevdokimov, Vyacheslav Dzibalov and six of his friends.

Mr. SOURWINE. That is more than seven cases, isn't it?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Maybe I made a mistake. There are eight. There are two documents, seven and one—eight—making a total of eight.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you have anything further to add?

Mr. BOLDYREFF. Yes, I would like to add that—having carefully studied all the documents and materials submitted at this hearing—I was particularly impressed by General Grigorenko's Diary and other testimonies presented in literary form. Specifically I refer to Nataliya Gorbanevskaya's *Free Medical Help*, Mikhail Naritsa's *Crime and Punishment*, and the *Notes from the Red House*, by G. M. Shimanov.

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[1] The documents referred to may be found on p. 234.

I believe that these firsthand reports—mostly grim, but often humorous—paint a vivid picture of the conditions prevailing in Soviet mental hospitals, and remove all doubt as to the flagrant abuse of medical ethics in the U.S.S.R.

Senator GURNEY. We want to thank you for coming here to present this testimony before the committee. We hope that this testimony, when it is eventually released, will amply illustrate this practice to the world and that there will be prompt and full exposure, and that with this type of documentation we can perhaps prod the Soviet authorities to put an end to the abuse of psychiatry for the purpose of political repression.

We thank you.

The committee stands in recess subject to the call of the chair.

(Whereupon at 11:30 a.m., the hearing was adjourned, subject to the call of the Chair.)

APPENDIX I—COMPULSORY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITALIZATION FOR POLITICAL REASONS

Excerpts From a Report to the Committee on Human Rights by Jaurès Medvedev

(Translated by the Library of Congress)

"Directive" ["Instruktsiia"] No. 04–14(32), confirmed in October 1961, was published, as we know, in vol. 6 of the "Public Health Laws" (Moscow, 1963, pp. 322–323). However, this official document is inaccessible to most citizens. In all the known cases of compulsory hospitalization, the health institutions involved have refused to show the above mentioned directive either to the person committed to the institution or to his or her relatives. Likewise, many other directives and standard regulations, such as the "Directive on the Procedure for Applying Compulsory Treatment and Other Measures of a Medical Nature to Mentally Ill Persons Committing Socially Dangerous Acts", the directive on the procedure for conducting psychiatric examination, etc., have not been made available to interested parties. This allows public health institutions to violate these directives, and some psychiatric institutions do so without much hesitation. Thus, in a number of widely publicized cases of compulsory psychiatric hospitalization (e.g. that of P. G. Grigorenko, I. Yakhimovich, Jaurès Medvedev and others) certain important points in the above mentioned directive were obviously violated. However, it should be pointed out that the directives themselves are not entirely valid from a medical and legal point of view.

Thus, none of these directives define what is meant by "socially dangerous behavior". This gives rise to numerous abuses, when socially dangerous behavior is understood to mean not only acts which immediately threaten the life of the person committing them, and those around him, but also entirely normal expressions of critical philosophy, writings of a critical nature, participation in demonstrations, the desire to emigrate to another country, attempts to publish one's work abroad, etc., etc.

Directive No. 04–14(32) states the medical reasons required for compulsory hospitalization in intentionally vague and ambiguous terms, allowing for a variety of interpretations. This very important paragraph in the directive is taken care of in just a few lines. The directive reads as follows:

"3. The basic reason for compulsory hospitalization is the danger posed by the patient to society, due to the following characteristics in his morbid state:

a. Psychomotor excitation accompanied by a tendency toward agressive behavior;

b. Incorrect behavior due to psychochemical disturbances (hallucinations, delirium, psychochemical automatism, syndromes of disturbed consciousness, pathologic impulsiveness) when accompanied by pronounced emotional stress and a desire for achievement;

c. Systematic delirium syndromes accompanied by chronic and progressive deterioration, if they indicate socially dangerous behavior on the part of the patient;

d. Hypochondriac delirious states producing incorrect and aggressive attitudes on the part of the patient toward individuals, organizations, or institutions."

One does not have to be a psychiatrist to appreciate the untenability of language so vague in its formulation as to invite the most misleading interpretations. For example, what is a "hypochondriac delirious state"? And how, or who, can determine the degree of "improper and aggressive attitudes on the part of a person to individuals, organizations, or institutions"? If some person criticizes some particular institution, bringing charges against it in court, and discloses the reprehensible acts of those in charge of that institution, could not this prompt such an institution to turn to psychiatrists for assistance?

However, even such ambiguity and superficiality of language in defining the reasons for immediate and compulsory hospitalization appeared insufficiently permissive to the authors of this directive. Accordingly, the following note was attached to paragraph 3 of the said directive:

"The above enumerated morbid states, indisputably fraught with danger, may be accompanied by outwardly correct [normal?] behavior and dissimulation. . . .The above cited reasons for immediate hospitalization are not [to be regarded as] exhaustive but represent only a list of the more commonly occurring socially dangerous morbid states."

Consequently, physicians-psychiatrists assisted by the police, can forcibly commit persons to psychiatric clinics for reasons other than those listed in this directive. It is quite obvious what freedom of action such a stipulation offers for all sorts of abuses in a matter of such great importance. This offers unscrupulous psychiatrists a great opportunity for "creativity" in discovering new syndromes requiring hospitalization, and for asserting that so-called "normal" citizens are really physically ill persons feigning "normalcy". . . .

Court actions which have taken place in various cities throughout the Soviet Union between 1966–1968 for political reasons have aroused very serious, and in many ways entirely justified, criticism in large segments of the Soviet public, as well as among friends of the USSR abroad. Under existing conditions the illegal use of psychiatry for political ends became more widespread. This situation apparently prompted the issuance of special Decree No. 345–209 of May 15, 1969, signed jointly by B. Petrovsky, USSR Minister of Public Health and N. Shchelkov, USSR Minister of Internal Affairs. In our opinion, many points in this decree are completely illegal. This decree, copies of which were forwarded to all police departments and psychiatric institutions, incorporates measures which contradict the Code of Criminal Procedure of the RSFSR, and provides complete freedom in interpreting the term "socially dangerous behavior" in the most arbitrary way. This decree, entitled "Measures for Preventing Dangerous Behavior (Acts) on the Part of Mentally Ill Persons" leaves it to

police departments, the procurator's office, and the psychiatrists to decide for themselves what is meant by "socially dangerous behavior" and "mental illness". The decree signed by the two ministers notes that insufficient use is made of Decree No. 04–14(32) of 1961, and urges that it be applied "to prevent dangerous behavior on the part of mentally ill persons". Consequently, since May 1969, not only *incorrect behavior*, but even the *possibility* of incorrect behavior may serve as a reason for compulsory hospitalization. As to persons "committing" certain acts which in the opinion of the doctors or police may be interpreted as "socially dangerous", the said decree allows mental institutions to continue the "treatment" even when the court disaffirms its decision regarding compulsory treatment after a specified period of time has elapsed, and to decline all petitions of relatives for the release of the patient.

The decree introduces a new concept, that of "*socially dangerous tendencies*" and extends to it all the measures applied to persons guilty of socially dangerous *behavior* (*acts*). As to persons "with socially dangerous tendencies", a new system of record-keeping and control is being introduced into public health institutions which are kept separately from the records of patients suffering from socially harmless forms of mental illnesses. Records on persons with "socially dangerous *tendencies*" are kept not only in local health dispensaries, but also in oblast, republic, and all-union health agencies and the bureaus of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. The term "*socially dangerous tendency*", furthermore, is in no way explained or defined.

The use of psychiatry for political ends is facilitated in our opinion by the rather low state of development of psychiatry as a science [in the USSR]; our Soviet psychiatry has obviously fallen behind the other medical sciences, as well as the world level of psychiatric development. Soviet psychiatry has not yet recovered from the administrative, political and other attacks made against it during the political campaign against "cosmopolitanism" conducted in 1949–51, the mass campaign against the "anti-Pavlovians" in 1951–52, and the campaign against the "doctors-saboteurs" in 1952–53. In all these campaigns a very large number of valuable people working in the science of psychiatry were relieved of their duties and removed to outlying districts, etc. Unfortunately, the effects of these campaigns on [Soviet] psychiatry are felt to this day.

The poor quality of Soviet psychiatry should, of course, be first of all discussed by our specialists in a series of scientific discussions, etc. We would like to cite just a few thoughts in this connection.

It is common knowledge that only a few years ago, because of the absence of accurate diagnostic criteria and the lack of sufficient information on the clinical limits of psychic disturbances, a special committee of experts at the World Health Organization (WHO) recommended the following definition of mental illness: "A pronounced disturbance in psychic activity, sufficiently specific in character that it can always be recognized and identified with a typical set of symptoms, and sufficiently serious to produce a loss in the ability to work, or to incapacitate the person in a way as to require prolonged absence from work or require specific legal or other social action."

It is also common knowledge that psychiatrists have particularly great difficulties in diagnosing such mental illnesses as *schizophrenia*.

For example 6 times as many cases of schizophrenia are diagnosed in Moscow as in Leningrad, and seven times as many cases of schizophrenia are diagnosed in the Tadzhik SSR as in Georgia. The first international diagnostic seminar held in London in 1965 recommended that the following psychopathologic symptoms be used as criteria in diagnosing schizophrenia:

1. Undeniable personality changes.
2. Autism (i.e. withdrawal, shutting oneself off from the outside world, regression into a world of internal emotional experiences).
3. Disturbances in thinking processes.
4. Emotional disturbances sufficiently serious to cause difficulties in relations with other people.
5. Disturbances in perception.
6. Disturbances in behavior.

Nevertheless, the practice in Soviet psychiatric institutions, particularly in conducting psychiatric examinations for patently political reasons, is to diagnose "schizophrenia" or "mild schizophrenia" even when the person examined has none of the above enumerated symptoms (used in diagnosing this mental illness) or, for that matter, any symptoms of any other mental illness.

Thus, scientists and scholars engaged both in scientific research and publishing activities (or political activities) are diagnosed as having a "split personality". Having a critical attitude toward the weaknesses in our social conditions is adjudged as "poor adaptation to the social environment". Consistency and strength of character in defending one's convictions and views is interpreted as a "lack of critical perception" by the psychiatrists, and so on.

The reports prepared on the basis of some "special psychiatric examinations" include such "symptoms" of "mental illness" as: "a persistent mania for truth-seeking", "wears a beard", "meticulousness of thought and insufficient insight with regard to the existing situation", "considers the entry of Soviet troops into Czechoslovakia an act of aggression", "pathologic development of personality combined with zeal for reform and initial symptoms of arteriorsclerosis of the vessels of the brain", "considers that he should devote his life to the ideals of communism". Descriptions of symptoms of "mental illness" also include such statements as "spoke much and heatedly, trying to prove his point of view and trying to impose it on his interlocutor", "the patient has no pronounced symptoms, but shows changes in the emotional-volitional sphere and insufficient insight into her own psychic condition, though retaining her memory and acquired knowledge and habits", "has dictorial ways", "his subsequent scholarly works are less important than his earlier ones", "has an exaggerated opinion of himself", "stood out in his behavior, was active . . . shouted that he would fight for democracy and truth", "is inclined to fruitless philosophizing", "is pretentious and inclined toward scriptomania [writes excessively]", and so on. The complete arbitrariness of such "diagnoses" of mental illness is apparent even to the uninitiated.* We know that many

*Providing an explanation at one of the court proceedings (in the case of O. Yoffe), a court appointed psychiatric expert from the Serbsky Institute declared that "a mild schizophrenia does not presume a personality change apparent to one's associates". Another well-known Soviet psychiatrist, responding to a question on the symptoms of schizophrenia at a seminar at the Institute for the Advanced Training of Physicians (IUV), replied that "it is no secret that schizophrenia sometimes occurs without any symptoms". Such abuse in a science so important to our society is inadmissible.

psychiatrists are strongly against such discrediting psychiatric practices.

These psychiatrists, not without reason, point to the fact that the use of psychiatry for political reasons is not only greatly detrimental to the basic democratic rights of man, but also extremely antihumanitarian from a purely medical point of view. A large number of people who really are in need of psychiatric assistance and advice are afraid to turn to physician-psychiatrists in fear of becoming the object of psychiatric blackmail in the future. Under these conditions we consider it imperative that the following measures be taken:

1. Incorporate special clauses in the criminal codes of all the republics which recognize the criminal responsibility of physician-psychiatrists for committing healthy persons to psychiatric institutions.

2. Revoke the existing laws on compulsory hospitalization so as to preclude possible abuses.

3. Revoke decree No. 345–209 signed by the Minister of Public Health of the USSR and the Minister of Internal Affairs of the USSR on 15 May 1969.

4. Introduce social control of psychiatric institutions.

5. Adopt measures to further the science of psychiatry in the USSR which would include the conduct of large-scale scientific discussions and debates.

APPENDIX II—VLADIMIR BUKOVSKY

Editor's Note: We have opened this compilation with the case of Vladimir Bukovsky because it was Bukovsky who took the initiative in compiling the documentations on the first 8 major cases (including his own). Bukovsky managed to transmit this documentation to the International Committee for the Defense of Human Rights in Paris, which, in turn transmitted them to the 124th Annual Congress of the American Psychiatric Association in Washington, D.C. on May 5, 1971.

(The remaining documents in this section were compiled and translated from *Samizdat* by the *Russian-American Committee for the Defense of Believers and Victims of Persecution in the U.S.S.R.*, which has its office in New York.)

V. C. Bukovsky (born 30. 12. 1942)

TRANSLATION OF LETTER ADDRESSED TO WESTERN PSYCHIATRISTS, FROM V. BUKOVSKY

JANUARY 28, 1971.

In recent years, several court decisions have been made in our country to place some persons in mental institutions (including specialized ones) who are mentally sane in the opinion of their relatives and friends. These persons include Grigorenko, Rips, Gorbanevskaya, Novodvorskaya, Yakhimovich, Gershuni, Feinberg, Viktor Kuznetsov, Yoffe, V. Borisov, and others—people known for their speeches in defense of civil rights in the USSR.

This situation causes justifiable concern, especially in view of the illegal confinement of biologist Jaurès Medvedev in a mental hospital, which caused a sensation.

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The conclusions of the court psychiatrists, on which the court judgments rested, raise some doubts. However, only psychiatrists can voice an authoritative opinion regarding the validity of these conclusions.

Taking the opportunity of the fact that I was able to get exact copies of the court psychiatrists' examinations of Grigorenko, Feinberg, Gorbanevskaya, Borisov, and Yakhimovich and excerpts from the examination of V. Kuznetsov, I submit these documents to you along with some letters and materials pertaining to these people.

I would be very grateful if you would take some interest in this problem and express your opinion.

I understand, of course, that it is very difficult to determine the mental state of a person and diagnose mental sickness or health by correspondence without having the necessary clinical data.

Therefore, I ask your opinion on one question only: Do the conclusions in question contain sufficient scientifically-based evidence of mental illness and do they warrant isolating these people from society?

I would be very glad if you could interest your colleagues in this problem and present it for discussion at the next International Congress of Psychiatry.

There is no worse fate for a healthy person than to be confined indefinitely in a mental hospital.

I believe you will not be indifferent to this issue and will devote part of your time to it, as physicists devote time to oppose the use of the achievements of their science that are harmful to mankind.

I thank you in advance,

V. Bukovsky.

The Case of Vladimir Bukovsky

WHO IS VLADIMIR BUKOVSKY?

Vladimir Konstantinovich Bukovsky was born in 1942, a son of privileged community party members.

His fate as a fighter for freedom and justice was determined in 1960, when he was a school-boy in his last year at the Moscow School No. 59. He published a satirical journal, "Martyr", for which the panic-stricken party authorities expelled him from his school. With him several of his teachers were also dismissed. Volodva Bukovsky's parents were reprimanded by the party committee for failing to bring up their son in the proper communist spirit.

In 1961 Bukovsky was a student of biophysics at the Moscow University and one of the organizers of "Phoenix", a group of young people, who issued a journal of the same title. He also participated actively in the readings of poetry in Mayakovsky Square. As a result of repressions against the "Phoenix" group, Bukovsky was expelled from the University. His name appeared for the first time in the Soviet press (E. Yolkin "Head over Heels from Mt. Parnassus", *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, 14.1.62, "An Impudent Zero", L. Lavlinsky, *Molodoy Kommunist*, No. 2, 1962). In the article "An Impudent Zero", the author gives Bukovsky the following characteristics: "The 19-year-old Bukovsky stands-out among the prose-writers. In this jolly crowd he is considered to be a giant of theoretical thought... Bukovsky composed a treatise in which he argues that the Komsomol does not exist."

In 1962 Bukovsky organized an unofficial exhibition of abstract paintings. The exhibition was shut down by the authorities and Bukovsky was under threat of arrest. To escape imprisonment, he left Moscow for six months with a geological expedition. On his return he continued to play an active part in the dissident youth movement and at the same time worked as a programmer in the Moscow Cybernetics Center.

In May 1963, Bukovsky was arrested. Among other things, 2 photocopies of M. Djilas's book "The New Class" were confiscated at the time of his arrest. No trial having taken place, Bukovsky was confined to the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry, where he was held till December 1963, when he was transferred to the prison psychiatric hospital in Leningrad. The fifteen months he spent there have been described by him as months spent in hell.

Bukovsky was released in February 1965. In spite of the rheumatism he acquired in prison, and a heart murmur, he returned to Moscow to plunge energetically into the dissident movement—contacting foreign correspondents, collecting information on political reprisals and violations of human rights in the USSR and passing this information to the West.

On December 2, 1965 he was arrested once again as a result of his active participation in the organization of the demonstration of 5 December 1965 in defense of Sinyavsky and Daniel. He was sent first to psychiatric hospital No. 13 in Lyublino near Moscow, later to the hospital at Stolbovaya Station and finally, once again, to the Serbsky Institute. This only proved that doctors' opinions differed and by no means everyone was prepared to declare him mentally unbalanced. As a result of this, as well as of the activity on his behalf by Western public opinion, Bukovsky was set free in 1966, with no reason given for his release.

On January 26, 1967 Bukovsky was arrested again, this time for organizing a demonstration in defence of Alexander Ginzburg, Yuri Galanskov, Alexei Dobrovolsky and Vera Lashkova, as well as for the demonstration against the inclusion of Article 190–1 into the Criminal Code of the RSFSR. In February 1967 Bukovsky stood trial for the first time. He was accused of "illegal demonstration" and sentenced to three years of corrective labor. His last speech at this trial was taken down by friends and widely circulated in "Samizdat" writings, from where it reached the West. Bukovsky served his 3-year sentence in the "Bor" labor camp in the Voronezh region.

On January 26, 1970, having completed his sentence, Bukovsky was released. He returned to Moscow where he lived with his mother and his sister's family until his new arrest on 29 March 1971.

The 14 months spent in freedom had, as he had warned his judges in 1967, been dedicated to an active struggle against arbitrariness on the part of the authorities and to the observance of human and civil rights. He collected and forwarded to the West detailed documentary material on the use of psychiatric hospitals in the USSR as places of "spiritual murder" and indefinite places of imprisonment of political dissidents. This documentation, together with his letter addressed to psychiatrists throughout the world, was given to the press in Paris on March 10, 1971. On March 29, 1971, Bukovsky was arrested, it seems, for transmitting this information to be judged by Western public opinion and the world of science.

Bukovsky believes that publicity and public opinion, in present Soviet conditions, act as pressure even on the decisions of the State Security Committee (KGB): "You must have friends in this type of work," he explains. "The KGB follows you all the time and sometimes they pull you in for questioning. If no one knows about it you just disappear.

"But if your friends know you've been arrested you're reasonably safe. They tell others. They attend the trial. They know the length of your sentence, and they know when you are supposed to be released.

"Stalinist methods don't work any more. The authorities don't want a big scandal. They have to maintain a semblance of legality."

For this reason he appeals to people throughout the world, in the belief that no person with a conscience will keep silent if he discovers the arbitrariness reigning in his country. For silence could mean complicity in these crimes.

After his arrest in March 1971, Bukovsky spent approximately 3 months in a mental institution. Apparently the government again wanted to declare him insane, and thus save itself the embarrassment of another trumped-up trial. But under pressure of public opinion in the Soviet Union and from the West (too many foreigners knew Bukovsky personally) it reluctantly changed its mind. On November 5, 1971, a psychiatric committee, disregarding the diagnoses of two earlier examinations, found him mentally sound. So—in an attempt to make it as inconspicuous as possible—a trial was staged in a small room of the courthouse in Lyublino, a Moscow suburb.

Again the procedural laws were trampled upon. Bukovsky was refused the services of the lawyer of his choice; the defense witnesses were not permitted to testify; the courtroom was packed with a hand-picked audience; foreign correspondents were not admitted; misleading reports were issued to the press.

Winding up the involved case in one day, the court sentenced Bukovsky to 2 years in prison, 5 years in a labor camp, and 5 years in exile—a total of 12 years.

In his final statement at the trial Bukovsky said:

"Our society is still sick. It is sick with the fear which has come down to us from the Stalin era.

"But the process of spiritual recovery of our society has already begun and it cannot be stopped.

"I will never renounce my convictions. Under the right given to me by the Article 125 of the Soviet Constitution, I shall continue to communicate them to all who wish to listen to me.

"I shall fight for legality and justice, and my only regret is that in the short period I was at liberty—one year, two months, and three days—I succeeded in doing too little for this cause."

The Experiences of Vladimir Bukovsky

(Full text of article dispatched from Moscow on 13 May 1970 by an AP journalist, Holger Jensen. In a note Jensen writes that Bukovsky considers his story "rather ordinary", as he claims there are about 2,000 people like him in Moscow and other cities.)

Meet Vladimir Bukovsky, dissident. He has spent six of his twenty-seven years in Soviet prisons, asylums and labor camps. He is cur-

rently free, but expects to be arrested again. Agents of KGB, the committee of state security, keep him under surveillance.

"We have a joke in the prison camps," Bukovsky says with a smile. "Show the Soviet Union a free man and they'll come up with a law to put him away."

The son of privileged Communist Party members, he was a bright and promising scholar at Moscow High School No. 59. Then he found repression and inequities in the "classless society". The teenager could not remain silent and in 1960, his final school year, he published an underground satirical humor magazine called Martyr.

The school principal and several teachers were dismissed. Bukovsky's parents received a reprimand from their local party committee for "failure to raise the boy in the proper spirit." Bukovsky was expelled and told he could never study in a Soviet university.

He registered anyway at Moscow University and studied biophysics for a year before they learned who he was. From then on he spent his days working as a museum handyman, and his nights on Mayakovsky Square meeting other young people opposed to the system.

This was "the Movement", a loosely knit group of young people who liked to discuss things they could not read about in the government-controlled press.

In 1962 Bukovsky organized an illegal exhibition of paintings by abstract artists not approved by state censors. The exhibition was shut down by the authorities and an order was issued for Bukovsky's arrest. But he fled the Soviet capital and joined a six-month geological expedition to Siberia.

He returned when things cooled off and worked as a programmer in a computer center. In May 1963 the KGB caught up with him. The charge: possession of two photocopies of "The New Class", an anti-Communist book by Yugoslav author Milovan Djilas.

Bukovsky was tried in absentia, sent to the Serbsky Psychiatric Institute and declared insane. That December he was transferred to a prison asylum in Leningrad, where he spent, in his own words "fifteen months of hell".

"There were about 1,000 men in the asylum, political prisoners and insane murderers," says Bukovsky. "The sick raved, the healthy suffered.

"I had two wardmates- an old Ukrainian nationalist who'd been there sixteen years, and a maniac who murdered his children, then cut off his own ears. The Ukrainian spent every waking minute yelling about Ukrainian independence. The murderer just sat and smiled all day."

Bukovsky kept out of their way and taught himself English from books sent by friends.

Later he was moved to a larger ward and made new friends. They included a French Communist and an Australian of Latvian origin. Both had believed Communist writings about the good life in the Soviet Union and emigrated to see it first-hand.

Shocked at the pay in a Moldavian shoe factory, the Frenchman had urged workers to strike. "Communism will never condemn the working class fighting for its rights," he argued. He was condemned to three years in the asylum.

The Australian, disillusioned by life in Moscow, had simply tried to leave. He was told that since he was of Latvian origin, he was a Soviet citizen and could not go. He persisted and was put in the Leningrad asylum for contacting foreign embassies. He spent his days shouting, "Bloody dogs! " at the guards.

Doctors were technically in charge of the inmates, but the real masters were brutal turnkeys and prisoner trustees, criminals from the regular part of the Leningrad prison.

"Only the crafty survived," Bukovsky says. "You had to be nice to the guards, you had to make friends with them, you had to bribe them. Otherwise they can beat you until you're nearly dead and tell the doctors you misbehaved. Or they could recommend medical punishment.

"They beat the Ukrainian every day, just tied him up and kicked him in the stomach. Sometimes they would put inmates in padded isolation cells and beat them almost continuously. I know of several men who died after this, and the clinic on the floor above us was always full."

The worst was medical punishment. Bukovsky describes three methods:

On the recommendation of a trustee or turnkey, doctors would inject a drug that produced severe stomach cramps, fever, intense pain and a temperature of 104. The sickness lasted two or three days and left the inmate very weak.

Another drug reserved for serious misbehavior induced sleep and dulled the brain. Inmates were punished with ten days of daily injections. They woke up as human vegetables. Some regained their senses after two months, others did not.

The third punishment was the canvas bandage. An inmate would be tightly swathed in wet canvas from neck to toes while others in his ward were forced to watch.

"The canvas shrinks as it dries. It is not a pretty sight." Bukovsky wasn't smiling now. "They usually only do it for two or three hours. A nurse is always in attendance, and the bandages are loosened when the pulse grows weak."

Asylum food consisted of thin oatmeal, cabbage soup that was "mostly water and no cabbage," bread and fish once a week. There was never any meat.

"All the inmates had stomach trouble," Bukovsky recalls. "Many suffered from the Leningrad dampness. Heating was inadequate and our clothing was thin."

Bukovsky was released in February 1965 shortly before his twenty-second birthday. He had lost weight, he had a heart murmur and rheumatism, "but otherwise I was all right. I was still sane."

In Moscow he plunged back into the dissident movement, circulating underground manuscripts, reading prohibited Western books, organizing demonstrations, informing foreign newsmen of new arrests, attending trials and keeping track of friends who had been imprisoned.

"You must have friends in this type of work," he explains. "The KGB follows you all the time and sometimes they pull you in for questioning. If no one knows about it you just disappear.

"But if your friends know you've been arrested you're reasonably safe. They tell others. They attend the trial. They know the length of your sentence, and they know when you are supposed to be released.

"Stalinist methods don't work any more. The authorities don't want a big scandal. They have to maintain a semblance of legality."

So dissidents never go anywhere alone. They never live alone and they always tell others what they are doing. All arrests and trials are recorded by 'Samizdat,' literally translated as a self-published underground document. Every person who reads one is required to type copies for his friends.

On December 2nd, 1965, after nine months of freedom, Bukovsky was arrested for organizing a demonstration protesting the imprisonment of Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, two writers, whose work was considered anti-Soviet. Again Bukovsky was sent to the Serbsky Psychiatric Institute.

"But this time the doctors couldn't agree whether I was sane or not," he says. "They spent nine months arguing."

Friends smuggled to London an account of his plight, and Amnesty International sent a representative tc Moscow to plead for his release. Bukovsky theorizes the Amnesty people "probably threatened to make a big scandal about it." He was released without explanation in August 1966. But his freedom was short. On January 26th, 1967, he was arrested for organizing another demonstration protesting that Soviet intellectuals were repressed. This time the authorities tried him in a criminal court. He was convicted of "hooliganism" and sentenced to three years at the Bor labor camp in the Voronezh region, 300 miles south of Moscow.

But Bukovsky's spirit wasn't broken. At the trial he told the judge: "No matter what you do to me I'm a free man inside. And I'll do exactly the same things when I get out again."

There are ten labor camps and two prisons in the Voronezh region. Bukovsky calls this "normal for a typical country region". The Russian Federation, which covers ninety per cent of the Soviet Union, is divided into more than sixty-five regions.

The Bor camp, with 1,500 men, was surrounded by watchtowers with armed guards, coils of barbed wire and a free-fire zone. The guards could shoot any inmate seen in the zone.

"It could have been worse," Bukovsky says. "It could have been in Siberia."

The prisoners lived in barracks and had to work for their keep. Posters admonished: "Those who don't work don't eat" and "Remember that hard work is the only way home". Bukovsky's barracks had a picture of a tearful mother beseeching: "Son, please work to regain your freedom."

Most of the inmates were country people, locked up for petty thievery, with a few strongarm toughs showing more brawn than brains. Bukovsky's bunkmates included a peasant sent up for three years for stealing a chicken, and a man imprisoned for one year for fighting with his wife.

Bukovsky managed to talk his way into one of the few "skilled" jobs at the camp, polishing the edges of tables in the carpentry shop. He received sixty rubles a month—$66 at the official exchange rate.

Half of this was deducted as a contribution to the state. Another

twelve rubles paid the monthly food bill in the camp dining room. The rest went for clothing, bribes for the guards and purchasing extra food at the camp store.

Prisoners were allowed one package from home every four months and an annual visit by relatives. When not being punished they could make one monthly purchase not exceeding seven rubles, at the camp store.

Few could afford such luxury. Most worked as unskilled laborers earning only enough for the twelve-ruble food bill. Prisoners in for theft had to repay the value of what they stole.

Those who could afford to shop bought large cans of tasteless jam for its small sugar content.

"The food was worse than in Leningrad," Bukovsky recalls. "Not even a dog could live on twelve rubles a month. And when we were punished with strict regime, which was often, the monthly ration was reduced to seven rubles and no store privileges."

Every day a phony menu would be posted, listing meat, potatoes, bread and vegetables.

"We never saw any of it," Bukovsky says. "If there was anything like that it probably went to the toadies, the informers and the kitchen workers. We lived on smelly porridge and water with cabbage leaf.

"Any man who relied just on the camp food would have been dead in six months. The only way to eat was to bribe the guards or get packages from home."

The packages usually contained cigarette lighters, pens and other trinkets unobtainable in the rural areas. These could buy 100 grams of pork fat [about 3½ ounces] a few slices of greasy sausage. On their annual visits relatives would also smuggle in money.

"One favorite method was to shake the tobacco out of cigarettes and substitute a rolled-up ten-ruble note bill. The guards who searched us were stupid and never caught on. I won't tell the other ways because I don't want my friends to starve."

Prisoners who bought extra food shared it with other inmates. The code of the labor camps, Bukovsky says is: "Those who have give to those who don't."

There were not many beatings at the labor camp.

"Whenever the prisoners heard of a man beaten up by guards we would riot. We just screamed, banged things, broke chairs and doors and made a racket. After a few riots like that they stopped beating us."

However, more refined punishments were used. Loitering "unproductively," failure to doff one's hat to a guard, talking back, all merited being placed on "strict regime".

This entailed suspension of all visiting and parcel privileges, a cutback in the food ration and a ban on shopping at the camp store. "They got you where it really hurts most—in the belly," Bukovsky observes.

More serious misbehavior earned fifteen days "confinement in solitary—small unlit cages without toilet facilities and with virtually no food. Bukovsky was in solitary five times and he insists, "I was not a particularly troublesome prisoner."

One day he received a package of warm clothing from Anna Dennis, a Los Angeles girl who had read Western news reports of Bukov-

sky's arrest and trial. The chief warden told him he could see what was in the parcel if he refused to accept it. Bukovsky said no.

The warden, enraged, then threatened to tell everyone in the camp that Bukovsky was an American spy if he accepted the parcel. Bukovsky laughed at him and said no one would believe it. After a day-long interrogation the warden agreed to let him have the parcel on his release.

Once a week camp inmates were required to attend two hours of political instruction. Most welcomed this as a break from work and dozed through lectures on communism.

Bukovsky refused to attend. The chief political officer discovered his absence near the end of Bukovsky's three-year sentence. He was promptly put in solitary. After fifteen days the political officer asked him why he wouldn't attend the lectures.

"You don't believe in God," Bukovsky replied. "If someone forced you to go to church would you go?"

This earned him fifteen more days in solitary. When it was over he had completed his sentence and so was freed January 26. Wearing the clothes sent from Los Angeles, he returned to Moscow, contacted friends and picked up where he left off.

He lives in a small apartment with his mother, sister, her husband and their baby. He earns fifty rubles a month as secretary to a sympathetic writer.

The apartment and telephone are bugged. Bukovsky feels he is trailed everywhere he goes. Every time he passes on a samizdat document or talks to a foreigner he risks arrest.

But he insists: "The people have to know what is happening here. The world has to know."

Bukovsky makes one thing clear: he doesn't want to live in the West. He does want to try to improve life in the Soviet Union. He admits he belongs to a very small minority with little chance of success.

Final Statement by V. Bukovsky at His Trial in September 1967

September 1, 1967.

I want to express my gratitude to my defense counsel and to my comrades.

When preparing for this trial, I expected that the proceedings would completely reveal all the motives for the actions that are charged, and that the court would deal with the legal analysis of the case. But the court has done nothing of the kind. It has engaged in character defamation. Besides, whether we are good or bad is irrelevant to the case.

I expected the prosecution to present a detailed analysis of the "disturbance" we made in the square—who hit whom, who stepped on whose foot. But this did not follow either. The prosecutor says in his speech: "As I see it, the danger of this crime lies in its insolence."

Judge. Defendant Bukovsky, why do you cite the speech of the prosecutor?

Bukovsky. I need it, and so I cite it. Do not interfere with my statement. Believe me, it is hard enough for me to speak, though outwardly my speech proceeds smoothly. So the prosecutor considers our actions

insolent. But I have here before me the text of the Soviet Constitution which says: "In accordance with the interests of the workers and with the aim of strengthening the socialist system, citizens of the USSR are guaranteed by law . . . the right of street processions and demonstrations." Why is such an article included? For May Day and October demonstrations? But it is not necessary to include such an article for demonstrations that are organized by the government; it is clear that no one will disperse these demonstrations. We do not need freedom "pro" if there is no freedom "anti". We know that protest demonstrations are a powerful weapon in the hands of workers, and they are an inalienable right in all democratic states. Where is this right denied? I have before me the newspaper *Pravda* of August 19, 1967, carrying a report from Paris. In Madrid there was a trial of the participants in a May Day demonstration. They were tried under a new law recently passed in Spain, which provides for imprisonment from one and a half to three years for participation in demonstrations. I see a disturbing likeness between Fascist Spanish and Soviet legislation.

JUDGE. Defendant, you are comparing things that cannot be compared: The actions of the rulers of Spain and those of the Soviet State. In court, the comparison of Soviet policy with the policies of foreign bourgeois states is intolerable. Stay closer to the substance of the indictment. I object to the abusiveness of your words.

BUKOVSKY. And I object to your infringement of my rights of defense.

JUDGE. You do not have the right to express anything you wish. In court proceedings, all must submit to the presiding officer.

BUKOVSKY. But you do not have the right to interrupt me. I have not departed from the essence of my case. On the basis of Article 243 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, I demand that my objection be entered in the record of proceedings.[1]

JUDGE. (to the secretary). Enter it, please.

BUKOVSKY. The prosecutor made unsubstantiated statements. But more of this later. Not one of those who spoke here produced evidence of a gross violation of the peace in Pushkin Square, except for a single witness. But is it really worth mentioning him if his name is Bezobrazov? [2]

JUDGE. Defendant, stop this intolerable tone. What right do you have to insult a witness? And you talk as if you are addressing a public meeting. Address the judge.

BUKOVSKY. But I do not insult him (the witness). Let me examine the essence of the case. Persons in civilian clothes, without armbands, called themselves 'druzhiniki', but only by their actions could one know that they were 'druzhiniki'.[3] 'Druzhiniki' play a positive, serious role in the battle against crime—against thieves, hooligans, and so forth—at which times they always wear armbands. A basic rule of the 'druzhiniki' requires that armbands be worn. And there is no directive that gives the 'druzhiniki' the right to break up political demonstrations. Incidentally, in regard to the directive, does it exist? It is not a law, but if it is compulsory, and if it is sufficient to refer to in court—it *was* applied, after all, because people were detained on the basis of it—then

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[1] This article stipulates: "In the event that any person participating in the judicial examination objects to actions of the person presiding, such objections shall be entered in the record of the judicial session."

[2] The word "bezobrazie" means outrage or disorder.

[3] Druzhiniki are communist youth volunteers serving as auxiliary police.

it must be made public in court on the strength of a person's right to speak up in court. The directive in my case requires that 'druzhiniki' wear armbands in the course of their duties. But they didn't even show us their documents. When the 'druzhiniki' Kleimov, who appeared here as a witness, ran up to me, he cried: "What filth are you displaying? Now you'll get it in the eye."

Without a doubt, all this had been planned earlier; the people at the square knew about our demonstration beforehand. Indeed, militiaman Gruzinov did not appear to notice any violation of public order in the square and did not approach the demonstrators until some person in civilian clothes gave the order to seize one of us. Perhaps this person was a 'druzhinik'? No. How could an experienced militiaman not recognize a 'druzhinik' if he was wearing an armband? So who could this man have been? Just why did Gruzinov carry out the request of one private citizen to seize another who had not disturbed the peace? Obviously, he has been previously instructed, and evidently his instructions were sufficiently specific.

Colonel Abramov of the KGB arrived at the square certainly not as a private citizen. It is not likely that he was out for a stroll, which is not one of his habits. Wrongfully, the court did not call him as a witness, for he could have told us things about the case no less important than the statements of the other witnesses.

Note that so far I have not used the word, but it seems that this was a provocation. In fact, what else could one call it? Imagine that on May 1st you are walking along the street carrying May Day slogans and some citizen in civilian clothes, without an armband, takes the slogans away from you. It is clear here—excuse the expression—that he may get it in the neck. Wasn't that just what the "druzhiniki" counted upon, and wasn't that why Colonel Abramov appeared at Pushkin Square? Wasn't it in order to arrive at the exact moment when there appeared to be grounds for a criminal case? These are the interesting words that Colonel Abramov uttered when Delone was brought to 'druzhiniki' headquarters: "Delone, if we had not stopped that demonstration in time, you, a young poet and an intelligent young man, would have found yourself in prison with thieves and hooligans."

And why was it necessary to make so many searches? Why search a violator of public order? Was it to take from him the means whereby he had created the disturbance? There was nothing to be moved from our houses—we brought everything to the square. What was there to look for—cobblestones which we were supposed to throw? Well, it might be understandable if only our premises had been searched, but the premises of the witnesses and those of the bystanders were also searched (enumerates their names). Why was this done? One can understand that searches facilitate investigation, finding other participants, and so forth. It is unthinkable, however, that such a large number of searches should be made because of a disturbance of the peace in a square. Why are photographs shown to us for identification of persons who were not connected with the demonstration? All this is understandable only if the searches are being conducted by the KGB.

In our country, the organs of state security play a police role. What democracy can there be to speak of when we are being watched? Let them catch spies! Why are we being questioned about our acquaintances, about what we were doing two or three years ago, and so forth?

I recognize the important role of the KGB in the fight for state security. But what is their business in this case? There were no external enemies involved here. Perhaps they had internal ones in mind. There were no grounds for the interference of the state security organs, but let's take a look at how our case was handled. Why did they have to drag it (the investigation) out for a period of seven months? And by the way, why did they put us at once in investigatory isolation cells of the KGB? I won't distract the court's attention by describing the conditions in the isolation cell block—but there certainly is a difference. In the isolation cell block there are two or three of us in a cell, whereas in ordinary prison cells there are seven to eight persons. If you have to stay there several months, it has its effects on a person's mental state. Moreover, there are altogether different rules regarding food and parcels. Why did they have to drag the case out for seven months? I see only one explanation: to trump up some means of covering over the traces of this unseemly business. When it finally became impossible to keep on stalling, the proceedings about us were made so secret that nobody would be able to penetrate (them) and convince himself of their illegality. Although the investigation of our case was started by the prosecutor's office, the order for my arrest was signed by the KGB captain Smelov.

By the fourth month, our case had been transferred from the prosecutor's office to the KGB. This is a violation of procedure: Article 125 of the Code of Criminal Procedure of the RSFSR specifically defines the sphere of the KGB's competence. There is no article 190 there. Moreover, on the same day that the decree on the introduction of this article was adopted, another decree was adopted, whereby Article 125 was supplemented by the instruction that cases falling under Article 190 have to be examined by the prosecutor's office. Now, if the KGB found that our case contained grounds for an investigation under Article 70, then it had the right to start the investigation. But what was it required to start from? A presentation of charges. This it did not do. Perhaps there was no investigation under Article 70? Yes, there was. Judging from the interrogation of the witnesses, such an investigation was conducted. And in this case there is a document proving that the investigation did take place—an order terminating the investigation under Article 70. You cannot terminate something that has not been started. (Lists the violated clauses of the Code of Criminal Procedure.)

Judge. Defendant Bukovsky, this is of no interest to us; keep closer to the indictment. What relevance does everything you are saying have, essentially, to the resolution of your case?

Bukovsky. I have already said that you have no right to interrupt me. The significance is quite simple. Do you think it was easy for me, in the isolation cell, to realize that I was accused, and in the investigation conducted, under Article 70? Because this was not made known to me. It is precisely these unlawful actions of the KGB that the prosecution is trying to cover up by attempting, without proof, to support charges under Article 190 of the Criminal Code.

There have been breaches of the law in the conduct of the investigation, and it is my duty to speak out about them, so now I am speaking out.

We demonstrated in defense of legality. It is incomprehensible why the office whose responsibility it is to safeguard the rights of citizens sanctions such actions by the 'druzhiniki' and the KGB.

Now I have to explain our slogans. The demonstration was conducted with a slogan demanding the release of Galanskov, Dobrovolsky, Lashkova and Radzievsky. But they have not been convicted yet. What if it turns out that they are not guilty? In fact, Radzievsky has already been released from custody. Then where is the criminality of our demonstrations?

Now as to our second slogan. We did not come out against laws. We demanded the abrogation of the decree of September 16 and the revision of Article 70 of the Criminal Code. Was this really an illegal action on our part? We protested against an unconstitutional decree. Was this really an anti-Soviet demand? Not we alone find the decree unconstitutional. A group of representatives of the intelligentsia, among them Academician Leontovich, the writer Kaverin, and others, have presented a similar demand to the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR.

Isn't the Constitution the basic law of our country? I shall read the full text of Article 125:

"In conformity with the interests of the working people, and in order to strengthen the socialist system, the citizens of the USSR are guaranteed by law:

(a) freedom of speech;

(b) freedom of the press;

(c) freedom of assembly, including the holding of mass meetings;

(d) freedom of street processions and demonstrations.

These civil rights are ensured by placing at the disposal of the working people and their organizations printing presses, stocks of paper, public buildings, the streets—"

Yes, streets, citizen prosecutor!

". . . Communication facilities and other material requisites for the exercise of these rights."

Now, about Article 70. We demanded its revision because it is subject to too broad interpretation. Here is the text:

"Agitation or propaganda carried on for the purpose of subverting of weakening Soviet authority or of committing certain especially dangerous crimes against the state, or circulating for the same purpose slanderous fabrications which defame the Soviet state and social system, or circulating, preparing, or keeping, for the same purpose, literature of such content, shall be punished by deprivation of freedom for a term of six months to seven years, with or without additional exile for a term of two to five years, or by exile for a term of two to five years."

Article 70 contains such heterogeneous things as agitation and propaganda aiming at the commission of particularly dangerous state crimes, and, on the other hand, slanderous statements against the social system. The range of penalties is also too wide—from half a year to seven years. In the Scientific-Practical Commentary, this article is divided into 14 points. It would seem that revision of the article ought to follow this guideline, making the penalties more specific, too.

This would lessen its arbitrary nature. True, Article 190 represents a certain step in this direction. One can see a certain tendency towards revision, but this is not enough to make it (Art. 70) completely compatible with Article 125 of the Constitution.

JUDGE. Defendant Bukovsky, we are lawyers here, and all those present in the courtroom have also been through grammar school. We realize that you have just now been exposed to problems of the law and have become interested in them. We applaud this interest, but it is unnecessary to discuss them at such length here. Understand: we must decide the question of your guilt or innocence, decide your fate. Possibly you will enter Moscow University as a student of law. There at the seminars you will discuss these questions on a higher level.

BUKOVSKY. No, I won't enter. And I object to the prosecutor accusing us of legal illiteracy and a lack of seriousness. No, I do know the laws, and I speak of them seriously. If, however, what I am speaking about is so well known, it is even more incomprehensible why the prosecutor sees criticism of the law as a crime.

The preamble of Article 125 of the Constitution says:

"In conformity with the interests of the working people, and in order to strengthen the socalist system, the citizens of the USSR are guaranteed by law . . ."

It is clear that neither legally or grammatically is it possible to interpret this preamble as meaning that the freedoms listed in this article, including the freedom of meetings and demonstrations, are permitted only on condition that they be exercised with the aims mentioned in this preamble.

Freedom of speech and of the press is, first of all, freedom to criticize. Nobody has ever forbidden praise of the government. If there are in the Constitution articles about freedom of speech and of the press, then have the patience to listen to criticism. In what kinds of countries is it forbidden to criticize the government and to protest against its actions? Perhaps in capitalist countries? No, we know that in bourgeois countries Communist parties exist whose purpose it is to undermine the capitalist system. In the USA, the Communist Party was suppressed. However, the Supreme Court declared that the suppression was unconstitutional and restored the Communist Party to its full rights.

JUDGE. Bukovsky, this does not have any relevance to the accusations in your case. You must understand that the court is not competent to decide the questions you are talking about. We must not judge the laws; we must execute them.

BUKOVSKY. You are interrupting me again. You know it is hard for me to talk under any circumstances.

JUDGE. I declare a five-minute recess.

BUKOVSKY. I did not ask for one. I will soon end my final statement. You are destroying the continuity of my final statement.

(The proceedings resume following recess.)

JUDGE. Defendant Bukovsky, continue your final statement, but I warn you that if you continue to criticize the laws and the activities of the KGB instead of giving an explanation about the case in hand, I must interrupt you.

BUKOVSKY. You must understand that our case is very complicated. We are accused of criticizing the laws. This gives me the right and the basis for raising these fundamental critical questions in my final state-

ment. But there is also another aspect; the question of honesty and civic integrity. You are judges. You are supposed to embody these qualities. If you actually embody honesty and integrity, you will render the only possible verdict in this case—a verdict of "not guilty". I understand that this is very difficult.

PROSECUTOR (interrupting). I direct the attention of the court to the fact that the accused is abusing his right to make a final statement. He criticizes the law, discredits the activities of the organs of the KGB, and he is beginning to insult you—a new criminal act is being perpetrated here. As a representative of the prosecution, I must stop this, and I call upon you to require the defendant to talk only about the substance of the charges against him. Otherwise, one might listen endlessly here to speeches containing all kinds of criticism of the laws and of the government.

JUDGE. Defendant Bukovsky, you have heard the prosecutor's remarks. I will permit you to speak only on the substance of the indictment.

BUKOVSKY (to the prosecutor). You accuse us of trying, by our slogans, to discredit the KGB, but the KGB has so discredited itself that we have nothing to add.

(To the court) I shall speak about the charges. But what the prosecutor would like to hear from me he will not hear. There is no criminal act in our case. I absolutely do not repent having organized this demonstration. I find that it accomplished what it had to accomplish, and when I am free again, I shall again organize demonstrations—of course, in complete accordance with the laws as before. I have finished my statement.

DISSENTERS IN SOVIET MENTAL HOSPITALS

(A letter to *The Times*, London, 16 September 1971.)

Sir: Since March 29 Mr. Vladimir Bukovsky, a Soviet citizen, has been under arrest on charge of "anti-Soviet agitation". On March 12, *The Times* had published an appeal by him to Western psychiatrists. He asked them to study the official psychiatric reports and other documents (which he enclosed) relating to the detention, mostly in prison mental hospitals, of persons who had protested against certain actions of the Soviet Government.

In his letter Mr. Bukovsky said: "I realize that at a distance and without some of the essential clinical information it is very difficult to determine the mental condition of a person and either to diagnose an illness or assert the absence of any illness. Therefore I ask you to express an opinion only on this point: do the above mentioned psychiatric reports contain enough scientifically based evidence not only to indicate the mental illness described in the reports, but also to indicate the necessity of isolating these people completely from society?"

The reports on Grigorenko, Yakhimovich, Gorbanevskaya, Feinberg, Borisov and Kuznetsov, and other materials relating to these people have now been translated by the recently constituted Working Group on the internment of Dissenters in Mental Hospitals (which includes psychiatrists, lawyers and people concerned with human rights), and are available.

On the basis of the evidence contained in these reports, the undersigned psychiatrists feel impelled to express grave doubts about the legitimacy of compulsory treatment for the six people concerned, and indefinite detention in prison mental hospital conditions. Four of them do not appear to have any symptoms at all which indicate a need for treatment, let alone treatment of such a punitive kind.

As for Gorbanevskaya and Feinberg, according to the official diagnostic reports they had symptoms of mental illness at an earlier period in their lives. With Gorbanevskaya these were minor, involving only a two-week voluntary stay in hospital, and there was apparently no recurrence of them for seven years preceding the demonstration (against the occupation of Czechoslovakia) in Red Square on August 25, 1968—for participation in which she and Feinberg were arrested. Feinberg's earlier illness appears to have been more serious, but there was apparently no recurrence of it for at least eighteen years preceeding the demonstration.

So if there were, conceivably, any grounds for some kind of psychiatric treatment for these two people in 1968, prolonged detention in prison conditions would certainly have been quite inappropriate. It seems to us that the diagnoses on the six-above-mentioned people were made purely in consequence of actions in which they were exercising fundamental freedoms—as set out in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and guaranteed by the Soviet Constitution.

The current widespread anxiety could perhaps be mitigated if the Soviet authorities made available further evidence on these matters. The misuse of psychiatry for political and other ends is, of course an insidious danger, not only in the USSR, but also elsewhere.

We also hope that the Soviet Government will reconsider the case of Vladimir Bukovsky, who acted with courage in making his appeal and who appears to have suffered in consequence. The information we have about him suggests that he is the sort of person who might be embarrassing to authorities in any country because he seems unwilling to compromise for convenience and personal comfort, and believes in saying what he thinks in situations which he clearly knows could endanger him. But such people often have much to contribute, and deserve considerable respect. As he has appealed to us to make some sort of statement on persons—outspoken like himself—whom he believes to be the victims of corrupt psychiatric practice, we feel that to answer with a stony silence would be not only wrong but also inhuman.

Finally we should add that material on other cases in addition to those of the six people named, lend considerable extra weight to the grave doubts we have expressed above. As noted in your excellent leader of July 12, a deeply disquieting pattern, sometimes involving the punitive and potentially dangerous use of powerful drugs, seems to be emerging in the treatment of dissenters in Soviet mental institutions. We therefore call on our colleagues throughout the world to study the voluminious material now available to discuss the matter with their Soviet colleagues, some of whom we know to have doubts as grave as our own, and to raise the issue, as Vladimir Bukovsky requested, at international conferences such as that of the World

Psychiatric Association in Mexico City from November 28 to December 4.

Yours, etc.,

Prof. F. A. Jenner, W. von Baeyer, E. F. Carr, D. H. Clarke, H. Clapham, A. H. Crisp, D. L. Davies, H. V. Dicks, Griffith Edwards, L. Eitinger, T. Ferguson-Rodger, C. Finn, J. A. Fraser-Roberts, I. R. Giessing, M. Hamilton, I. M. Ingram, Einar Kringlen, D. M. Leiberman, S. Mackeith, P. Mullin, A. Munro, Ian Oswald, Thomas L. Perry, J. Pippard, D. A. Pond, F. Post, K. Rawnsley, Derek Richter, H. R. Rollin, D. Rosenthal, P. Sainsbury, J. Schorstein, Mogers Schou, S. Shafar, D. M. Shaw, A. M. Shenkin, E. Slater, J. R. Smythies, K. Soddy, D. Stafford-Clark, E. Stengel, A. Storr, W. H. Trethowan. University Department of Psychiatry, Whiteley Wood Clinic, Woofindin Road, Sheffield.

An Open Letter by Alexander Solzhenitsyn*

This is how we live: without any arrest warrant or medical justification four policemen and two doctors come to a healthy man's house. The doctors declare that he is crazy, the police Major shouts: "We are an Organ of Coercion! Get up!" They twist his arms and drive him off to the madhouse.

This can happen tomorrow to anyone of us. It has just happened to Jaurès Medvedev, a geneticist and publicist, a man of subtle, precise and brilliant intellect and of warm heart (I know personally of his disinterested help to unknown, ill and dying people). It is precisely for the Diversity of his fertile gifts that he is charged with abnormality: "a split personality"! It is precisely his sensitivity to injustice, to stupidity, which is presented as a sick deviation: "poor adaptation to the social environment"! Once you think in other ways than is prescribed—that means you're abnormal! As for well adapted people, they must all think alike. And there is no means of redress: even the appeals of our best scientists and writers bounce back like peas off a wall.

If only this were the first case! But this devious suppression of people without searching for guilt, when the real reason is too shameful to state, is becoming a fashion. Some of the victims are widely known, many more are unknown. Servile psychiatrists, breakers of their oath, define as "mental illness"—concern about social problems, and superfluous enthusiasm, and superfluous coldness, and excessively brilliant gifts, and the lack of them.

Yet even simple common sense ought to have acted as a restraint. After all, Chaadayev did not even have a finger laid on him, but we have now been cursing his persecutors for over a century. It is time to think clearly: the incarceration of free-thinking healthy people in madhouses is Spiritual Murder, it is a variation on the Gas Chamber, but is even more cruel: the torture of the people being killed is more malicious and more prolonged. Like the gas chambers these crimes will never be forgotten, and all those involved in them will be condemned for all time, during their life and after death.

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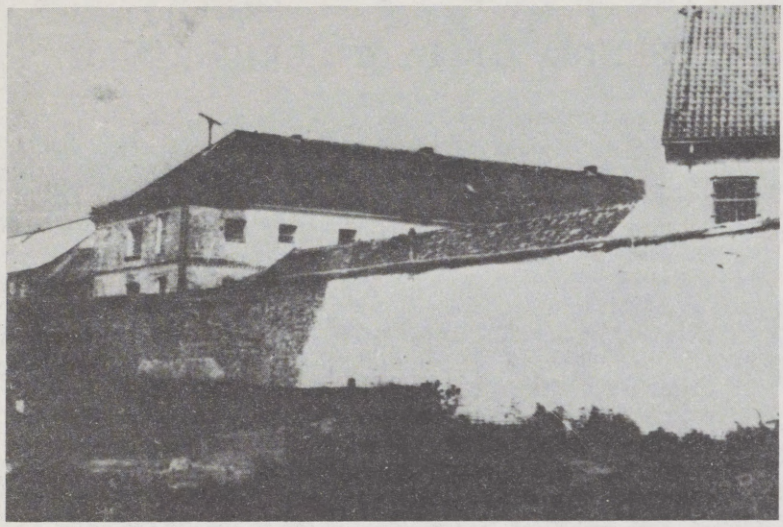
*From *Chronicle of Current Events*, No. 14, 30 June 1970.

In lawlessness, in the committing of crime, the point must be remembered at which a man becomes a cannibal!

It is short-sighted to think that one can live by constantly relying on force alone, constantly ignoring the objections of conscience.

APPENDIX III—PYOTR GRIGORENKO



Chernyakhovsk prison-hospital where Grigorenko is detained.

General Grigorenko with his wife and son.

The Case of Pyotr Grigorenko

1. Biographical Note

Pyotr Grigoryevich Grigorenko was born in 1907 in the village of Borisovka in the Ukraine and was the first one in his village to join

the Komsomol (Communist Youth League). At the age of 20, he became a member of the Communist Party of the USSR.

From 1922 to 1929 he worked in Donetsk as a locksmith while attending night school.

In 1929, Grigorenko was admitted to the Polytechnic Institute of Kharkov from which he was transferred, on Party order, as a gifted student, to the Kuibyshev Military Engineering Academy. After his graduation, he served for four years in various units of the Red Army and then was sent to the General Staff Academy to further his military education.

During World War II, Grigorenko distinguished himself as a capable and courageous soldier, and in 1959 was promoted to the rank of major-general. He has been decorated with the Order of Lenin, two Orders of the Red Banner, the Order of the Red Star, the Order of the Second World War, and six medals.

After the end of the war, P. G. Grigorenko worked for 17 years in the Frunze Military Academy, first as chairman of the Department of Scientific Research, then as chairman of the Department of Cybernetics. In 1948, he received the degree of Doctoral Candidate in Military Science and has written more than 60 scholarly works.

In 1961, at a Party conference, General Grigorenko delivered an anti-Stalinist speech. He also wrote an open letter to Moscow voters in which he strongly criticized the "unreasonable and often harmful activities of Khrushchev and his team." Khrushchev's reaction was prompt enough. Grigorenko found himself out in the Far East, but he continued to write anti-Government leaflets—with the result that in February 1964, he was arrested, declared mentally disturbed, and sent to a psychiatric asylum where he stayed for 15 months.

While in the insane asylum Grigorenko learned that he had been expelled from the Party, reduced to the ranks, and deprived of his pension. Grigorenko protested, arguing that if he was insane, he could not legally be demoted and deprived of his pension. If, on the other hand, he was sane and guilty of a crime, he should be released and brought to trial. In both cases, he insisted, those responsible for his treatment should be severely punished under the law.

After Khrushchev's downfall, Grigorenko was released, but he was never reinstated. He has written letters demanding rehabilitation to both Brezhnev and Kosygin, but has received no direct answer, except third-party threats of confinement to a psychiatric institution and of suspension of the one-third of his pension which he now receives.

After his release from the hospital, P. G. Grigorenko was unable to find a job and finally was forced to work as a porter. However, he still did not give up his fight against the arbitrariness ruling in his country. He protested against the trials of Sinyavsky and Daniel, of Vladimir Bukovsky, of Yuri Galanskov and Alexander Ginzburg. He led a demonstration before the court building during the trial of the participants of the August 25 protest march against the invasion of Czechoslovakia. He raised his voice in defense of A. Marchenko and I. Belogorodskaya and spoke strongly at the funeral of his friend, writer A. Kosterin, denouncing the totalitarian nature of the regime. He took an active part in the struggle for the rehabilitation of the Crimean Tartars and for the restoration of their republic.

The popularity of the General grew rapidly. He became a real threat to the regime. His activities demonstrated the self-defeating nature of the KGB-inspired kangaroo trials. Each trial gave rise to more protest,

more ferment among the liberals and to a further wave of police repressions. The government dared not arrest Grigorenko in Moscow. In all of his actions he strictly observed the laws. The KGB tried to set traps for him and circulated rumours about him and his war record. Finally on May 7, 1969, he was lured to Tashkent where he was supposed to deliver a speech in defense of Tartar leaders who were to be tried there. On his arrival, he discovered that even the date of the trial was not yet fixed. He decided to return to Moscow but was arrested at the airport. Again, the KGB tried to proclaim him insane, but the Tashkent Committee of Forensic Psychiatry found him of sound mind. After six months spent in a Tashkent dungeon, where the 62-year-old man was molested, severely beaten, and forcibly fed when he protested his confinement by refusing food, Grigorenko was brought back to Moscow toward the end of October 1969, for a second psychiatric examination at the ill-famed Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry. Here he was pronounced mentally ill and sent to the psychiatric hospital-prison in Chernyakhovsk (formerly Insterburg, East Prussia).

In vain his wife, Zinaida, appealed to the Soviet leaders, to U Thant, to world public opinion. The General is still behind the thick walls and bars of what once used to be a Prussian military jail. Mrs. Grigorenko and her two sons, one of them married, live in great poverty and distress, deprived of any means of earning a living.

In July 1972, Grigorenko was again brought for a psychiatric re-examination. The commission found no "improvement in his health", and recommended further "hospitalization."

As he was led back to his cell, the General must have probably thought of a passage he wrote in his diary back in Tashkent:

"Only now have I realized the special horror of the fate which overtook those unfortunate people who perished by the million in the torture chambers of Stalin's regime. It wasn't the physical suffering—that's bearable. But they deprived people of any hope whatsoever; they reiterated to them the omnipotence of their tyranny, the absence of any way out. And that *is* unbearable".

Open Letter From Mrs. Z. M. Grigorenko

FREEDOM-LOVING CITIZENS OF THE WORLD!

March 3, 1970.

From behind the prison bars and despite strict surveillance, a letter has reached me from my husband Pyotr Grigoryevich Grigorenko. The letter is a chronicle. A record of what happened to my husband during the 10 months he spent in the dungeons of the K.G.B. in Tashkent and in the prison cell of the Institute of Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow. It is a chronicle of mockery and arbitrariness. A chronicle of courage and convictions. A chronicle of suffering.

How can my husband be saved? On January 13, 1970 I sent a letter to A. N. Kosygin. I wrote of the crimes committed against my husband, of the savage reprisals which befell P. G. Grigorenko for his democratic convictions, for his criticisms of Stalinism. I ask the Prime Minister to use his influence to save an innocent person from further suffering and death.

On 7 February 1970 a court sentence on the case of P. G. Grigorenko was issued in Tashkent: guilty under article 70 and 190, clause 1,

of the Criminal Code of the RSFSR and article 190, clause 4, of the Criminal Code of the USSR; not responsible for his acts due to mental disability; subject to compulsory treatment at the prison psychiatric clinic in Kazan.

In this manner, the court corroborated the conclusions of the Serbsky Institute on the mental disability of P. G. Grigorenko (i.e., the conclusions of a second commission to which my husband was sent after the first, the Tashkent commission, pronounced him mentally fit). The second doomed Grigorenko to a terrifying experience, the worst which can occur to a normal person . . .

All who are acquainted with P. G. Grigorenko, who have read his works (military-historical analyses and open letters in defense of human rights)—all know that lucidity of the mind and sobriety of thought are my husband's distinctive traits. Furthermore, to his clarity of thought is added a rare ability to think consistently, honestly and profoundly. It is precisely for this—for his honesty of thought and conscience—that my husband has been declared mentally unbalanced. For this he was doomed to a fate as a result of which one can really become insane . . .

This has happened to him before, in the years 1964–1965. There was the finding of mental disability, followed by confinement in the Leningrad mental hospital prison. I remember the meetings in this hospital . . . A group of patients is being brought to see relatives under escort. And there is my husband. We sit side-by-side, and it seems that for one hour it will be possible to dismiss the nightmare which surrounds us. Suddenly we hear a heart-rendering cry, and one of the patients, with a distorted face, throws himself at his parents. "He killed three", my husband tells me, "during his attacks he displays great physical strength." In the same cell with my husband was a man who had slaughtered his six-year-old daughter; he acted like a beast. This was the environment: maniacs, murderers, degenerates. However, there are more terrifying things—the methods of 'cure'.

Now this hell faces my husband once more. Nobody knows for how many years. But I know well that a 62-year-old invalid will not be able to endure this hell for long.

The investigation committee gained its end: the trial took place without the presence of the defendant. Grigorenko was deprived of the right to defend himself; and henceforth—as mentally disabled—he is completely deprived of every human right. If Grigorenko would have spoken at the trial, the first consequence would have been all the lawless actions undertaken by the investigation committee would have become known (as, for example, the beatings of Grigorenko while he was artificially fed); and, secondly, the groundlessness of the accusations would have become self-evident. My husband has never lied or made slanderous statements (Art. 190, clause 1), has never agitated against the Soviet state (Art. 70), but has merely spoken openly and fearlessly against the consequences of Stalinism in our country. For this he is being punished with incomparable brutality and cynicism.

People: Pyotr Grigoryevich Grigorenko is threatened with death!

I appeal to all democratic organizations defending human rights, and to all freedom-loving citizens of the World! Help save my husband!

The freedom of each individual is freedom of all!

Z. M. Grigorenko.

Speech Prepared by Pyotr Grigorevich Grigorenko for Presentation in Court, City of Tashkent, for the Defense of 10 Representatives of the Crimean Tartar People

JUST WHO ARE THE CRIMINALS?

I have here before me the criminal "indictment" against: Reshat Bayramov, Aydor Bareyev, Svetlana Ametova, Munira Halilova, Riza Umerov, Ruslan Eminov, Izzet Hairov, Rollan Kadyyev, Ridvan Gafarov, Ismail Yazidzhiyev. They are all charged under Article 190–1 of the Criminal Code of the RSFSR, corresponding articles of the Criminal Codes of the Uzbek SSR and the USSR, and one person (the last one on the list) was even reached by the hand of the Tadzhik nemesis. He has been charged under Article 191–4 of the Criminal Code of the UzSSR,[1] 190–1 of the Criminal Code of the RSFSR and 203–1 of the Criminal Code of the Tadzhik SSR.

We will not, however, pay great attention to the diversity of codes or to the numeration of articles. In all the articles in various languages, the formulation of the crime is one and the same and an absolutely identical penalty is expected.

The "indictment" is very impressive. 78 pages of basic text, 9 pages of appendices, an impressive, sprawling signature: investigator for very important cases of Prosecutor's Office of the UzSSR, Legal Counsel Berezovsky. The top of the first page bears a formidable resolution, capable of evoking bureaucratic trembling: Indictment "Approved," Prosecutor of the UzSSR, State Legal Counsel, Third Class, K. Ruzmetov. "—" April 1969.

The decorum is violated only by the fact that the respectable "Counsel" of Justice simply forgot to place the date of the indictment over his signature. Under the name "K. Ruzmetov" the date when the indictment was approved is not given. But these are trifles! On the whole, everything looks very impressive: 10 defendants, 108 witnesses, and its overall size. The indictment comprised almost a full volume! The investigation was presented in 20 volumes. A serious case, a very serious case!

BUT WHAT IS THE SUBSTANCE OF THE INDICTMENT?

It is customary to state the substance of the case at the head of the indictment. Let us present this "head" in full. Here it is!

"The basis for this criminal case was provided by the slanderous document entitled 'Mournful Information No. 69', sent to the Writers Union of Uzbekistan by defendant Reshat Bayramov (Vol. 1. d. 1–14). It was established during the preliminary investigation that the so-called 'Initiative Groups of Tartars Formerly Residing in Crimea' were active in Uzbekistan for several years beginning in 1965. The most active members of these illegal 'initiative groups' were the defendants Reshat Bayramov, Aydor Bareyev, Izzet Hairov, and Ridvan Gafarov, who, together with defendants Rollan Kadyyev, Svetlana Ametova, and Munira Halilova, became active in the solution of the so-called Crimean Tartar question. The abovementioned persons were involved for a considerable period of time

[1] Uzbek SSR.

in the preparation and distribution of all sorts of documents, containing knowingly false fabrications defaming the Soviet governmental and social structure; in collecting signatures for these documents; in holding illegal meetings; and some of them, for instance Bayramov, in collecting money which was spent on the 'representatives' of persons of Tartar nationality. While they were in Moscow, defendants Bareyev, Bayramov, Kadyyev, Ametova, Halilova and others sent those slanderous documents not only to Party and government bodies, but also mailed them in large quantities to public and state organizations, to those engaged in science, culture or art, and to public figures and private persons. The same defendants were involved in copying slanderous documents and familiarizing with them a wide circle of the Tartar population in Uzbekistan, Moscow and other cities and regions of the Soviet Union. In documents prepared and distributed by Bayramov, Bareyev, Kadyyev and other defendants, the policy of the CPSU and the Soviet Government on the nationality question is presented in a false and slanderous spirit; they also contain assertions that persons of Tartar nationality who formerly resided in the Crimea are in great need, deprived of rights, oppressed, etc."

With that ends the general description of the criminal activity of the defendants. The characterization does not reflect particular clarity or assuredness. It stands out for its patchwork; an organic connection between different statements of the indictment is missing.

The last statement is simply a lie. There is no document prepared by the Crimean Tartars containing any such things. The Crimean Tartars are very hardworking people. Their methods of work, especially in agriculture, are far superior to those of the local population, in view of which their material prosperity is also higher; of this they are very proud, and never plead poverty.

The first statement, in short, consists of the accusation that since 1965 an illegal organization has been active in Uzbekistan, with the goal of solving the Crimean Tartar question. All the defendants were members of this illegal organization, except Kadyyev, Ametova and Halilova. According to the charges, these three took part in the solution of the Crimean Tartar question; the matter of their participation in the illegal organization is circumvented. The question of the illegal organization is not clear either, regarding the rest of the defendants. Let's take, for example, the way the charges are worded against Reshat Bayramov, who is definitely accused of being a member of an illegal organization. Here is what it says about him in the summary of the investigation (page 32 of the indictment):

". . . The defendant is accused of systematically preparing and distributing slanderous documents containing knowingly false fabrications defaming the Soviet governmental and social structure in the period from January to August 1968 in Moscow and Melitopol, i.e. of committing crimes specified in Article 190 of the Criminal Code of the RSFSR and 187–1 of the Criminal Code of the USSR."

The wording of the charges at the end of the indictment against all of the defendants who in the beginning of this document are accused of membership in the illegal organization is similar to the quotation cited above. Where is the membership of the illegal organization? What has become of this organization? Did such an illegal or-

ganization really exist? If it did, then why was no action taken against such an organization? And if such an organization did not exist, the general wording of the indictment contains a slander. It is absolutely clear that the latter assumption is true, since not only Legal Counsel Berezovsky but even the Prosecutor of the UzSSR, K. Ruzmetov himself would not risk leaving participation in the illegal organization unpunished, nor would he leave the organization itself untouched as soon as he knew of its existence. Therefore, the major question we should clarify is: Why was such flagrant and impudent slander necessary in such a document as the indictment? But in order to clarify this, we must first of all look into the following: Is there such a problem—the Crimean Tartar nationality problem—for the solution of which an allegedly illegal organization was created? If so, what is the essence of the problem?

So, let us discuss the Crimean Tartar nationality problem.

Does it exist? Yes, it does. And it did not originate with the Crimean Tartars, but with those who defamed this people, plundered them, bestially drove them out of their homeland, practically destroying half of them in the process, and put the survivors on reservations in the semi-desert territories of Central Asia, the Urals, and Siberia.

This was the greatest crime against humanity—genocide.

They wanted to wipe out the Crimean Tartars as a nation, in part, physically and then by assimilation. To wit, for this purpose they took away the age-old homeland of the Crimean Tartars. They liquidated the Crimean Tartars' national autonomy, the Crimean Tartar language, Crimean Tartar literature, the spiritual life of the people, their religion, traditions, holidays.

Genocide, which in Russian translation means *murder of a people*, is the frightful outcome of the two accursed Führers of the XX century. While the frenetic Adolph at once raised his hand against a nation numbering many millions, the "Marxist" Stalin decided "to practice" on small nations. Among them happened to be the Crimean Tartars.

For more than 10 years the bestial murder of that nation took place: their detention on reservations which, in our country, were called "Komendatury". After Stalin's death the reservations were not discontinued, only some changes in policy occurred. Starting in 1956, the classification of the Crimean Tartars as special settlers was lifted, but the ban on leaving their place of exile remained. They were turned into serfs in those places to which they were so bestially deported from their homeland.

And the people, having suffered such frightful terror, oppressed by inequality of rights, deprived even of the right to call themselves Crimean Tartars—the age-old name of their nation—began their struggle for their national rights, for the right to live in their own land, among their own people, for their own language, national schools, periodicals, literature, art, culture. This was a movement of their entire people, and their hopes were understood by the Party and the country's leadership. Their people's representatives were received many times by Party and government officials, who listened to the representatives and promised to solve this urgent matter. But at the same time, on the local level other "work" was carried on. The most active figures of the national movement were taken to court under various false charges, and slander was spread about the Crimean Tartars movement. With the help of police repression, the natural life of this nation was

suppressed: mass festivals, weddings, funerals, etc. These were all presented as subversive activities of the Crimean Tartars. For a long period of time, two tendencies co-existed: A tendency toward a just solution of the Crimean Tartar problem, and a tendency toward slander against this movement and its forced suppression.

The correlation between the two tendencies did not always remain the same.

If originally the first was given priority, then later the second took more and more precedence.

The situation became quite alarming for the Crimean Tartars in the summer of 1967, when the Party-state leadership, in assigning persons to negotiate with the Crimean Tartars' representatives, chose a group consisting exclusively of members of the state punitive bodies: Chairman of the Security Committee Andropov, Minister for the Keeping of Public Order Sholokhov, and Attorney General of the USSR Rudenko. The presence of the Secretary of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR could change the unhappy situation at a meeting of the people's representatives with those who hold the means of mass compulsion in their hands. It is only natural that after the meeting, the people awaited with special intentness and concern the decree of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, which was promised at the meeting. And then the decree of September 5, 1967 was made public.

At first, great joy, since the outrageous charge of high treason was at last removed. It was a charge which burdened the people for almost a quarter of a century. It branded those who in 1944 were infants or helpless old persons, invalids, women, as well as those who were fighting against the Hitlerite aggressors in the ranks of the Soviet Armed Forces or in guerrilla detachments, and those who gave their lives for the defense of their country, branding even the ancestors' graves.

The joy was great, but almost immediately it began to be clouded by the second, highly ominous and incomprehensible part of the decree: The part in which the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet deemed it necessary, for some unknown reason, to mention that the Crimean Tartars *had struck roots* on the territories of Uzbekistan and other Central Asian republics. The indictment charges Yazidzhiyev with saying that the Supreme Soviet apparently considers the Crimean Tartars as seedlings. But this expression does not belong to him—it derived from the people. People began to ask each other: "Why did they need to write that? What are we—seedlings?"

This question and another one is always before me: How is it at all possible to determine if a certain person has taken roots in a certain place and are there objective criteria to determine this? If one applies this question to an entire nation instead of an individual, then a negative answer to both of my questions will be quite obvious. Indeed, only in the case of seedlings can one definitely say whether they have taken root or not. The expression is not applicable to people. But then the question arises: Why put it in the decree? An explanation citing the illiteracy of the authors of the decree would be too simple, and hardly true. Therefore, the progressive-minded Crimean Tartars came to the conclusion that this was a veiled order not to let the Crimean Tartars out of their places of exile, and to continue their forcible assimilation. A seemingly insignificant fact witnessed to this.

In the decree, the Crimean Tartars were deprived of their age-old name. The decree speaks not of the Crimean Tartars, but of Tartars

formerly residing in the Crimea. With this supposedly insignificant device, the name of a well-defined nation was erased, together with its territory, language, and centuries-old culture. There is no such nation today. There are simply Tartars. True, they once lived in Crimea. But today they are rooted in Central Asia. Thus, this wilful omission of their name is a measure of genocide.

By this means they want to conceal the fact that the murder of a nation was committed, they want to erase from the people's memory the very notion of a Crimean Tartar nation, of a Crimean Tartar people. For us, it is important to establish that such an instruction really existed in the decree of September 5, 1967, and that it was carried out to the letter. The activists of the Crimean Tartar movement for national equality are tried on the basis of various falsified charges. Any gathering of Crimean Tartars, even if it is a mere national outdoor fete, is subjected to dispersal by force with the use of police clubs, fire hoses, and mass arrests of innocent people. Freely elected representatives of the Crimean Tartars going to Moscow to complain against the excesses of the local authorities are dragged out on the streets like wild beasts and are deported to exile in Central Asia in cattle cars, including even those Tartars who come from Belorussia, the Ukraine and the Northern Caucasus. Those Crimean Tartars who believed the decree and the accompanying resolution, and went back home to Crimea are subject to frightful persecution there, they are denied the possibility to work or live in Crimea. They are sought out, beaten, tied up and carted away under heavy guard. Where? Why, again to where they have "taken root" by the kindness of Stalin and his helpers—to Central Asia. Precisely this conduct of the authorities in Central Asia, Moscow or Crimea gave rise to the documents which, in the indictment, are called slanderous, and for which the defendants are being charged with their preparation, printing and distribution. Obviously, not a single document can incriminate the authors, inasmuch as no competent person to whom the documents were sent examined them or investigated the facts presented in them, or arrived at a competent conclusion as to their truthfulness.

But did the events described in the "mournful information"—in the letter "Bloody Sunday—Bring Chirchik's Ruffians to Answer," and in the other documents mentioned in the indictment, really happen? Did anyone, anywhere ever investigate, fact after fact, event after event, the brutalities inflicted by ruffians on the Crimean Tartars celebrating the birthday of V. I. Lenin in the Chirchik city park on the occasion of their national spring holiday, "Derviz"? Legal Counsel Berezovsky declared that "the militia took measures to bring public order." Pardon me, but even if you, "a counsel of justice," had been present there in Chirchik during the events, your opinion in this case—using a somewhat nonlegal expression—"would not be worth a good-sized spit." The statements of those who "brought public order" are worth even less. They are worth less, because they represent only one "side" in the case. And it is the side against which tens of thousands of Crimean Tartars are complaining—all the Crimean Tartars who took part in their national celebration in the city of Chirchik on April 21, 1968.

In the controversy between the Crimean Tartar workers and the agents of coercion of Uzbekistan, there can be only one authority (to whom the working people have already appealed)—the highest leadership of the Party and state of the USSR. Only they had the right and

obligation to have appointed a qualified state commission, which would have investigated this case and would have come to an honest and definite solution. Was this done? No! And did the Prosecutor of the UzSSR raise the question of having an investigation with the Attorney General of the USSR? Also no! But perhaps the Prosecutor of the UzSSR, believing that he himself was competent in concluding such an investigation, carried it out and gave an exhaustive report to the Crimean Tartar workers? Once again—No! The only thing that the Prosecutor's Office of the UzSSR did was that it tried to shut the mouths of the victims of the Chirchik slaughter, and brought them to a provocative trial. Not only did this not provide an answer, but it served as an indirect confirmation of the validity of the Crimean Tartar workers' complaints. In similar fashion, no one investigated the Crimean Tartar complaints against the discriminating and simply bandit behavior of the Crimean authorities, complaints that in Crimea the policy is, in effect: "Crimea without Crimean Tartars."

In these complaints, concrete dates, figures, facts, and persons were set forth. All this could be refuted or acknowledged. But without proof, one cannot classify them as false fabrications. If, after the decree of September 5th, out of 12,000 families arriving in Crimea less than 200 were registered, (although at that very time an intense campaign all over the USSR was being waged for the recruitment of labor for Crimea); and if the Crimean Tartars were thrown out of Crimea by brute force—is it possible to prove that all of this did not happen or that everyone who arrived was registered and supplied with work, that no one was thrown out by force? Could one say that something was undertaken to prevent a similar recurrence in the future, and that someone was penalized for this arbitrariness? The unlawful expulsion of representatives of the Crimean Tartars from Moscow should likewise be investigated.

ARBITRARINESS!

On the whole, not a single fact stated in the incriminating documents was checked, and the investigation does not have any documents which could refute any of the given facts. As a result, the investigation has to limit itself to unsubstantiated declarations. In the whole indictment there is not a single line, supported by facts, which could prove that the information and complaints of the defendants are slanderous. The author of the indictment groundlessly discredits the documents which he has in his hands.

Here are some examples of the "polemics" presented by Legal Counsel Berezovsky which were to counteract the facts mentioned in the documents prepared by the defendants.

Information No. 60: *Bayramov* has slandered the position of the Crimean Tartars in the USSR (page 1).

Information No. 61 . . . He again makes slanderous accusations about the position of the Crimean Tartars in the USSR, stating that their representatives are allegedly subject to coercion and arbitrariness (page 4). (Yes, indeed, Bayramov is ignorant of the modern rules of etiquette. The forcible deportations from Moscow and Crimea do not represent violence or arbitrariness, but care for the well-being of man—P.G.)

Information No. 62 . . . He again stated that the Crimean Tartars are "allegedly" in exile, (No, they went there on an excursion, but were

delayed!—P.G.), and that they suffer from lawlessness and persecution, that in Crimea racist tactics are employed—Crimea without Tartars! (page 4). (In connection with the above-mentioned, no comments are needed here—P.G.)

In information No. 63 Bareyev makes slanderous accusations about the position of the Crimean Tartars in the USSR, declaring that they allegedly are kept in places of "exile." (Apparently Berezovsky seriously thinks that by using the word "allegedly" and quotation marks, one can force the Crimean Tartars to forget that the places of their present residence are places of exile, and that they will remain such until the authorities stop detaining them there by force—P.G.)

The whole indictment is full of such a "chain of points," but occasionally one can find something more serious. Once in a while Stalinism shows its teeth. For instance, this is what is written on page 10 of the indictment: "In this letter a slanderous accusation is made about the national policy of the Communist Party and the Soviet government; the authors of the letter present the fact of resettlement of the Crimean Tartars in 1944 as a barbarous crime." Thus, the bestial deportation in 1944 happens to be the national policy of the Communist Party and of the Soviet government, and persons who call this a "barbarous crime" are dragged to court and charged with slanderous accusations about this "policy."

Now, that's something! Thank you, "Legal Counsel" Berezovsky and Prosecutor Ruzmetov, for your frankness!

Judging by your actions, we were convinced a long time ago that you were Stalinists. Now you have said it yourselves. But you showed your Stalinist nature not only by this accidental slip of the tongue. You are Stalinist, first of all, because of the way you colored the whole case. You had no right to use any of the documents with which you are trying to incriminate the defendants for the criminal investigation.

First, you had no right to do this because these documents are based on appeals to Party and state organs. These appeals set forth concrete and real facts and include definite requests. All Soviet citizens have an incontestable right to address any government or Party agency with information or requests. Who can see a crime in that? Let's take for instance, the "Appeal" to the session of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, regarding the decree of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR of September 5, 1967.

I ask you—who had the right to detain this appeal of Soviet citizens, to stop it from reaching the session, which is the only body, mind you, with the right to approve or disapprove a decree of the Presidium.

The Crimean Tartars did not like the decree, primarily because of its second part. But they could also have disliked the first part. In it, the question of political rehabilitation was not worded precisely enough, I would say not honestly enough. As it is worded, one can find a justification for the arbitrariness of 1944. This decree is also dishonest in that the question of political rehabilitation is not tied in with the problem of liquidating the after-effects of the arbitrary action of 1944.

If the deportation was unlawful, then, acknowledging this fact, the problem of returning all those who wish to go back home must likewise be solved. Perhaps it is inexpedient right now to raise the question of returning all the confiscated and plundered property, but the

question of state aid and securing homes for the returnees should be settled. These questions were not touched in the decree; therefore, the Crimean Tartars had a right to complain to the session, and no one had the right to interfere. Furthermore, you did not have the right to connect this complaint to a criminal case against its authors.

What? Did the session of the Supreme Soviet examine this document and decide to refer it to the Prosecutor's office, in order to institute criminal proceedings against the authors?

I know that the deputies of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. did not even see this document.

The same is true of the documents addressed to the Central Committee of the CPSU, to the government, and the Attorney General. Citizens have an incontestable right to write to these agencies and to receive answers from them. Those to whom they write have no right not to answer; and the organs of justice have no right to institute criminal proceedings against those who address themselves to the supreme Party and state agencies.

From this point of view, none of the documents can be used as a basis for instituting criminal proceedings. None of the documents involved in this case can serve as a basis for charges, unless it is proven by competent examination that the facts described in them did not really take place or were misrepresented. This was not done, and therefore, all of the charges are founded on sand.

The accusation is deliberately "flimsy," in order that the Crimean Tartars can see that they are tried for participating in their national movement, for their desire to leave their place of exile and return to their homeland. With that purpose in mind, the lie about the illegal organization appears in the first part of the indictment. Having shown the defendants why they are really being tried, the authorities add that, although their offense is not a criminal matter, we can so distort it that it will certainly look like a criminal offense. True, the whole thing will look flimsy, but what do we care? In the court and the Prosecutor's office—they are all our own people.

This is why we posed our question in the very beginning: Just who are the criminals? Those who are struggling for their national rights, or those who want to perpetuate Stalin's arbitrary rule of 1944, who want to continue the policy of genocide against the Crimean Tartars?

Having re-read the "indictment" once again, I see how weak my criticism is. The "indictment" is such a strongly anti-Soviet document that, in order to compromise this case and the judicial system which engenders such cases, one need only circulate the "indictment" itself, and not critiques of it.

P. G. Grigorenko.

[P. G. Grigorenko]

REPORT NO. 40

The Out-Patient Forensic Psychiatric Diagnosis of P. G. Grigorenko, 18 August 1969, on the Premises of the KGB, in the Presence of [Police] Investigator Berezovsky.

On 17 April 1964 Grigorenko underwent in-patient forensic psychiatric examination in connection with the charge against him of

offenses indictable under Article 70 part 1 of the Criminal Code of the Russian Republic. The commission of the Central Serbsky Scientific Research Institute for Forensic Psychiatry came to the conclusion that he was non-accountable, in that he suffered from a mental illness in the form of a paranoid (confusional [*bredovoi*]) development of the personality combined with the first signs of arterio-sclerosis of the brain. It was ascertained that he had reformist ideas, in particular for the re-organization of the State apparatus, linked with an over-estimation of his own personality, messianic ideas, and elements of paranoid interpretation of particular neutral facts. The patient was unshakeable in his ideas, set them forth with affective intensity and reacted to the objections of those conversing with him in an uncritical manner.

In accordance with decision 004/64 of the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the USSR and in conformity with Article 2 of the Russian Criminal Code Grigorenko was released from criminal responsibility in relation to Part 1 of Article 70 of the Russian Criminal Code and on the basis of Article 58 of the Criminal Code was sent for compulsory treatment to a psychiatric hospital of the special type, which he entered on 14 August 1964.

On 16 March 1965 Grigorenko was examined by an in-patient forensic psychiatric commission of experts at the special psychiatric hospital of the Ministry for the Preservation of Public Order [now renamed Ministry of Internal Affairs] in Leningrad. The commission confirmed the conclusion of the commission of experts of the Serbsky Institute, but pointed out also that at the time of the examination on 16 March 1965 Grigorenko was no longer in a sick condition—"he is in a condition of good remission, not requiring in-patient treatment, and shows only symptoms of sclerosis of the brain." The commission therefore considered that a further period in a special psychiatric hospital was unnecessary, and that it was possible to discharge him to be under the observation of his local psycho-neurological health center.

By decision No. 004/64 of the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the USSR compulsory treatment in the psychiatric hospital of special type was terminated as from 17 April 1965. However, in the period 1965–69, while living in Moscow, Grigorenko continued to be systematically engaged in the preparation, duplication, and circulation of documents containing fabrications slandering the Soviet political and social system, in connection with which he was again called to answer a criminal charge.

From his medical record, the documents of the case, and the testimony of the patient, the following has been established:

He was born into a peasant family, and from his early years took part in various kinds of work in the fields. At school he showed an enquiring mind, was an energetic and apt pupil. When he finished village school he worked as apprentice to a metal worker, took an active part in community life, entered the Komsomol, was enterprising and exacting towards himself, tried to widen his outlook, read political literature, and tried to increase his general knowledge. On finishing workers' high school he studied at the Kharkov Technological Institute. In 1931 he was mobilized into the army and sent to the Military Engineering Academy, from which he graduated in 1934. He was always active, took part in various discussions, fought against "slack-

ness", and for clarification of certain theoretical questions he applied directly to the Central Committee. He graduated from the Academy of the General Staff. In 1939 he received a slight contusion at the battle of Khalkhin-Gol. During the Great Patriotic War he was at the front. In 1944 he was wounded in the region of the heel and was in hospital. When he returned to the front he was confused, lost consciousness for a short time, but did not remain in hospital. During the war he showed himself to be alert, efficient and capable. In the early years of the war he was given a party reprimand for sharp criticisms about the state of our armed forces.

After the end of the war he worked in the Frunze Military Academy as a senior lecturer. In 1949 he defended his thesis for a master's degree, but his defense was held up because of his criticism of some long established principles. In 1951 he had shingles, paresis of the facial nerve, and sharp fluctuations in blood pressure were observed. From 1959 he was head of the Department on the Administration of the Armed Forces, and prepared his doctor's thesis.

The Twentieth Congress [1956] caused him to ponder a great deal on the significance of Stalin as a personality and he came to the conclusion that it was not Stalin who was guilty of everything, but the system which produced him. In 1961 he spoke at a party conference expressing criticisms and his own views. After this speech he was deprived of his mandate and dismissed from his post as head of department. He considered such measures incorrect. He complained to various party and state institutions. After an examination of his case by a party commission he decided that the government had departed from "Leninist principles." In 1962 he was given the post of head of the operations section of the Army in the [Pacific] Maritime Province. He was not pleased with this appointment, considering it to be unfair. He decided to struggle against the existing order, "to conduct an explanation of Leninist tenets among the people, and spread Leninist principles." He began to prepare leaflets, and to duplicate them on a typewriter. The leaflets issued from a self-styled "Union of struggle for the revival of Leninism." He involved his sons and nephew in the preparation of the leaflets. At this time there appeared headaches, aches in the region of the heart, a suspected myocardial attack, and minor attacks were diagnosed four times. But he remained active, energetic and persistent. In service testimonials among the documents, and in statements by his colleagues, Grigorenko is described positively, as energetic, disciplined, industrious, hard-working; and negatively as hasty-tempered, lacking in restraint, too self-confident, inclined to over-estimate his own knowledge and capabilities. Grigorenko describes himself as a very industrious and disciplined person, he had "always gone at the behest of the party to work where it was needed, although sometimes it was very difficult." In practice, his physical health had always been good. In childhood he had typhus and malaria several times. As an adult he has been to the doctor for simple ailments such as boils, gastritis, radiculitis and neurasthenic reactions.

In 1961 he was in a sanatorium for "mild athero-sclerosis of the aorta and coronary vessels and atherosclerotic myocardial sclerosis."

No significant changes in character or in his physical condition were noticed by either Grigorenko or those around him.

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During the investigation and the time he spent in the Serbsky Institute in 1964–5 he protested actively against being sent for diagnosis, showed a tendency to affective reaction, announced a hunger-strike, and complained that a "special regimen" was established in the Institute—artificial conditions to induce "psychological reactions"—and that people affecting his psyche were "placed near him" on purpose. Subsequently he became calmer, read a great deal, saw his mission to lie in the struggle for the revival of Leninist ideas, for the creation of "a generation of new revolutionaries." He considered his work, for the present, to have borne no fruit, but that it was not useless: the struggle was just, and the path he had chosen the only correct one. He was intending to use his trial as a platform for a speech. He was verbose, with difficulty turned his attention to new subjects of discussion; revealed symptoms of weak-heartedness, was inclined to tears, and did not interpret his situation sufficiently critically. In the special hospital his bearing was calm, he was polite and reserved. However, when giving explanations about his case he would begin to get agitated, would argue, become excited, raise his voice, and would become irritable, even angry. When the subject of conversation was changed he easily controlled himself and calmed down. There were no deceptions in the expression of his feelings. His thinking was of an ordinary tempo, without structural disorders, but somewhat inert, with a tendency to become struck on the same facts and disturbing experiences. Revealed obstinacy, was persistent. In conversation he tried to gain the initiative, to press his point of view on his interlocutor.

A tendency to widen the interpretation of facts and a certain incompetence in generalizing from them were noted. He did not acknowledge that he was mentally ill. He continued to think too highly of his own capabilities and possibilities, behaved with self-assurance, was demanding and captious with the staff. Criticism of his own illegal acts was insufficient. He agreed that he had "behaved foolishly", and "had caused trouble for his family", but in essence he remained convinced that the political and economic course followed was incorrect. No failures of memory or intellect were observed. Warm relations with his family were maintained. Gradually he learned to live with the idea that a return to his former post was impossible, as was discharge from the hospital without a reappraisal of his sanity; there appeared a correct critical attitude to his illegal actions, and "the sacrificial and messianic element disappeared." He agreed on the possibility of isolated shortcoming [in the Soviet system], on the necessity for patient and persevering work to overcome them. The denial to him of an army pension he considered illegal, but maintained that he would be able to earn some income until the question of his pension was decided. His plans for the future were realistic. After his discharge he refused the [private's] pension [offered him] and worked as a loader till 1967. He strove to prove in practice, that "a communist can behave as well as the deacon in Kuprin's tale, Anathema", and that he, like the deacon, "preferred to shift stones rather than forego his ideas and his human dignity." Numerous witnesses—Grigorenko's fellow-thinkers—describe him as active, a man of principle, and an educated, highly cultured person. In 1965 Grigorenko began to write letters to the highest party and Soviet departments, in which he expressed in sharp form his disagreement with the existing order and the direction of policy. He considered there was a departure from Leninist principles.

At the present time the following was established on examination:

On the physical side; he is of tall stature, and sufficiently nourished. Heart-tones muffled; arterial blood pressure—180/90 . . .

Nervous system: Pupils uniform, their reaction to light and accommodation lively. Convergence adequate. Face and teeth-ridge symmetrical. Tongue follows central line, soft palate mobile and symmetrical when speaking. No abnormality of movement. Tendon reflexes in upper extremities lively, equal. No Achilles tendon reflex whatever on the right (wound). No pathological reflexes, no disorders of sensation or coordination.

Psychological condition: Consciousness clear, correctly orientated. In conversation is perfectly well-adjusted, natural. It is easy to make contact with him. His speech is coherent, purposeful, somewhat pompous. He communicates detailed and consistent information about himself, and in doing so reveals sufficient concentration and memory, a wide and many-sided knowledge of political and social questions, and of questions both of general educational and specialist interest. He declares that all his conscious life he has been interested in the social and political sciences, "has always been an active political leader and propagandist, had struggled against laxity and lawlessness." Despite the fact that in the course of his duty he was concerned with technical military disciplines, he considers himself to be better informed on questions relating to the social and political sciences. He describes himself as persevering and active in the attainment of an aim and when "he comes to some conclusion or other, will not then give it up."

At the time of the examination he is sufficiently responsive and emotionally alive. To a question about his illegal activities he has an affective reaction, is irritated, becomes red in the face, and in a raised voice tries to prove the rightness of his judgments. Evaluates critically his criminal activity before 1964, when he produced and distributed leaflets and other documents amongst the population. Considers this method of struggle to be incorrect.

In the activities relating to the present charge against him he does not see anything illegal, as he conductd them openly, spoke only for himself, and did not undertake any organizational measures. He shows no confusion, no perceptual delusions. He is painfully and sufficiently aware of the situation which has developed for him. He considers himself a mentally fit person, pointing out that he was upset by the fact of the appointment of a forensic psychiatric commission, as what he fears above all is to be declared mentally ill, to be sent to a psychiatric hospital and to have to live among mental patients. Speaking of this he showed lively emotional reaction, started to weep, but was at once embarrassed, lowered his head, tried to hide his tears, and asked the members of the commission to excuse his "weakness".

During the whole of the conversation he retained his courtesy and correctness of behavior.

On the basis of data gathered from a study of the documents of the criminal case, from the medical documents attached to it, from observation of Grigorenko in the investigation prison (all documents of his personal case), and also from data obtained by our objective investigation of him, we come to the conclusion:

Grigorenko at the present time shows no symptoms of mental illness, just as he did not show any in the period of the offenses incriminating him (from the second half of 1965 to April 1969), when he understood [the nature of] his activities and was capable of directing them.

In what he did he was of sound mind.

1) Grigorenko's activity had a purposeful character, it concerned concrete events and facts, arose from his personal convictions and in many cases from the same convictions as his fellow-thinkers, and it did not contain sick or hysterical symptoms. All his life Grigorenko has developed correctly from the neuro-psychological point of view, although he has always showed certain original traits of character, such as perseverance in the attainment of a goal, a certain tendency to over-estimate his capabilities, and a desire to affirm his own opinion.

At the same time he has revealed good intellectual capabilities, has through steady effort achieved good general development and stature in the sphere of his work and of socio-community life. He had good relationships in collectives, was a leader and an educator. No appreciable break or change in the development of his personality has been observed.

It is not excluded that in 1964 under the influence of the psychologically unfavorable situation, and having certain peculiarities of character, Grigorenko suffered a reactive illness assessed in the Serbsky Institute as "paranoid development." Subsequently, as is evident from the conclusion of the forensic psychiatric commission of experts at the Ministry for the Preservation of Public Order psychiatric hospital in Leningrad, Grigorenko was no longer in a sick condition. Subsequent observation of him in the psycho-neurological health center in Moscow revealed no symptoms of psychological illness in him.

2) Grigorenko does not require in-patient investigation, as his personal characteristics and psychological condition are amply described in the document of the case, in data acquired through observation of him in the investigation prison, and also in the data acquired through examination of him as an out-patient.

No doubts concerning Grigorenko's mental health have arisen in the course of the out-patient investigation. In-patient investigation at this time would not increase our understanding of his case, but, on the contrary, taking into consideration his age, his sharply negative attitude to residence in psychiatric hospitals and his heightened sensitivity—it would complicate a diagnosis.

Detengof (Professor), Kagan (Chief psychiatrist of the Turkestan Military District), Slavgorodskaya, Smirnova.

REPORT NO. 59/S

An In-Patient Forensic Psychiatric Diagnosis of P. G. Grigorenko

On 19 November 1969 in the Serbsky Central Scientific Research Institute of Forensic Psychiatry an examination was made of P. G. Grigorenko, born 1907, accused under Article 190–1 of the Russian Criminal Code. He entered the Institute in compliance with a decision of the investigator of the Uzbek Procuracy concerned with particularly important cases made on 13 October 1969 in connection with a doubt as to the psychological health of the patient.

From the words of the patient, from the medical records and the documents in the case it is known that the patient lost his mother in early childhood, grew up in difficult material circumstances and started heavy physical work early. He was a weak, sickly child. Began school at 8. In character he was lively and sociable; had an inquiring mind, was easily carried away, stubborn, always defended his own point of view and defended the weak. He was a good pupil. After four years of school he worked as a metal worker's apprentice. From this time onwards he took an active part in community life. He joined the Komsomol. He studied in the Workers' Faculty of the Kharkov Technical Institute. In 1931 he was mobilized into the army and sent to the Military Engineering Academy. During his training at the Academy and in the following years he remained active and purposeful, was interested in all the events that took place in the country, and as he himself observes, was energetic, "brought order" and enjoyed prestige among his comrades; but at the same time he did not like contradiction, was easily irritated, and in argument could say rude, sharp things to someone's face. In 1934 he finished his course at the Academy and, although he could have remained a post-graduate there, he managed to get directed to a building project.

He then graduated from the General Staff Academy and was stationed in Khabarovsk till 1943. In his own words he worked with enthusiasm, trying to reach the heart of any matter, always tried to understand what, to his way of thinking, had significance for the solution of this or that question.

In the early years of the war he was reprimanded within the party for critical comments on the state of the armed forces of the USSR.

From 1943 he took part in the Patriotic War. In 1944 received a wound (in the leg) and, suffered concusion, with a brief loss of consciousness. He was not hospitalized.

After the war he worked in the Frunze Military Academy as senior lecturer; in 1949 he defended his master's thesis. According to him, his defense was postponed because in discussions he expressed critical view on several points. In 1959 Grigorenko was appointed head of the Department of Military Administration.

At this time he made no complaints about the state of his health, was active, conducted scientific work, published articles, followed social and political events in the country, thought a great deal about what took place at the twentieth Party Congress, and came to the conclusion that all the consequences of the "personality cult" had not been liquidated, that there remained in the party "Bonapartist methods of work."

In 1961 he made a speech at a district party conference which contained "critical remarks," after which he was dismissed from his post. He took this very hard, was convinced of his rightness and struggled for a restoration of his rights. At this time he had headaches, noises in the head and pains in the heart. He became more hasty-tempered and irritable, and could not bear contradiction. In 1962 Grigorenko was appointed chief of the operations section of the army of the [Pacific] Maritime Province.

As is evident from report No. 25/S of the forensic psychiatric diagnosis of 1964. in which there are data relating to his period of service in the Maritime Province, Grigorenko, along with his energy and an

exceptional industriousness, suffered from "extreme conceit", and overestimated his own knowledge and capabilities; was hasty-tempered, lacking in restraint, was not in self-command. He observes that he was insulted by his transfer from Moscow, and considered that he had been "sent away" on purpose. Then he came to the conclusion that the government was "becoming rotten" and had departed from Leninist norms and principles, and that it was essential to conduct explanatory work among the people, aimed at "breaking down" the existing order. He studied Marx and Lenin and pondered over the mistakes of the political leadership, tried to map out the right course. He was engrossed in these thoughts, and considered this "a matter for his conscience and his honor."

In 1964 when on leave in Moscow he distributed leaflets with contents of this kind. He was called to face a criminal charge under Article 70 Part 1 of the Russian Criminal Code. He underwent in-patient forensic-psychiatric diagnosis in the Serbsky Scientific Research Institute from 12 March to 18 April 1964.

His psychological condition was characterized by the presence of reformist ideas, in particular for the re-organization of the state apparatus; and this was linked with ideas of over-estimation of his own personality that reached messianic proportions. He felt his experiences with affective intensity and was unshakenly convinced of the rightness of his actions. At the same time elements of a pathological interpretation of his surroundings were observed, together with morbid suspicion and sharply expressed affective excitability.

Conclusion of the diagnosis of April 17, 1964: "Grigorenko is suffering from a mental illness in the form of a paranoid confusion development of the personality, combined with the first signs of cerebral arterio-sclerosis. Non-accountable. Requires compulsory treatment in a special psychiatric hospital."

Until April 22, 1965 Grigorenko underwent compulsory treatment in the special psychiatric hospital in Leningrad. In the hospital he at first behaved with self-assurance, was obstinate and insistent in his demands, easily became irritated and then remained in a cross and angry state. A tendency was observed to "get stuck" on experiences which he affectively colored, to interpret facts broadly and to over-estimate his own possibilities; he did not show a critical attitude to his own condition and the situation that had developed. Subsequently he became calmer, and his behavior more adjusted.

As is pointed out in the hospital report on his discharge from compulsory treatment, there had appeared a critical attitude towards what he had done, towards the situation that had developed, and to his own condition. In the hospital it was established that there were variations of arterial blood pressure between 120/70 and 150/90 mm. of mercury.

On March 16, 1965 the commission came to the conclusion that P. G. Grigorenko had been suffering from a mental illness in the form of paranoid development of the personality with a background of early cerebral arterio-sclerosis. At that time he was no longer in the sick condition indicated earlier and was in a state of good remission, not requiring in-patient treatment, and showing only signs of sclerosis of the brain.

On discharge from the hospital the patient learned, as he says, that he had been deprived of his rank and his pension. According to him, he took this very hard, considering that he had been treated unfairly,

"not humanly." He wrote letters and applications, but without result. He found himself in a difficult position materially, as he could not find work, being in the second category of disablement.

In the health center he managed to be transferred to the third category. On the outpatient card V–755012 of the Lenin District psychiatric health center there is an entry stating that after his discharge from the special psychiatric hospital Grigorenko visited the health center for reexamination. At the interview his behavior was outwardly well-adjusted, but at the same time he expressed dissatisfaction with the pension of 22 rubles per month [about $25] which had been allocated to him, considering that he should be restored to the post which he occupied till he was charged. There were no active psychiatric symptoms; however a certain stickiness and concern with detail was noticed in his thinking, and an insufficiently critical attitude to the situation which had developed.

In 1965 Grigorenko, an invalid of the third category, was visited several times by a nurse from the health center, in whose notes it is recorded that he did not complain of his health and that he was sociable and hospitable.

On the outpatient card of the health center there is the answer to an inquiry from the Uzbek KBG about Grigorenko's health, in connection with his interrogation as a witness. In the answer it is pointed out that for a decision on the question about the possibility of Grigorenko giving testimony as a witness it was essential for him to have a forensic psychiatric examination. For 8 months, as the patient relates, he worked as a loader in a shop; he quickly tired, and had difficulty in managing the physical work of loading, but considered he was suffering for his ideas and so was patient.

In 1965 after a whole series of letters and applications to various departments he was allocated a pension of 120 rubles [$150]. However, considering this decision incorrect, he continued to write letters and applications requesting that the decision be re-examined; but he received no answer. As a result of this there grew in him, as he expresses it, irritability and an offended, angry feeling.

All his efforts to find work in his own line ended in failure: everywhere he turned, when certain facts of his life became known, he was refused work. He found himself, in his words, "in isolation", "he had been knocked out of his way of life", and then he decided "to fight against the injustice and lawlessness" which in his opinion exists in the state. In about 1967 he once again started to be involved in questions of "general politics" and all his energy, he says, he devoted to the struggle for truth. He soon became acquainted with people whose views he found acceptable, readily consorted with them, and worked on articles in which he set forth his ideas on various events taking place in the country. At the same time he wrote letters to government leaders in which he "openly" criticized their actions and expressed his point of view. He was enthusiastic about his work, considering it useful and necessary, and saw in it an "outlet" for the inactivity which in his opinion the KGB was trying to thrust upon him. In character he remained alert and lively but he became even more hot-tempered, irritable, and emotional. At the same time he considered it necessary to react to any events which he considered unjust, although they had no relation to him. It is precisely by his endeavor to do this that he

explains his activity at the time of the trials of certain people charged under Articles 70 and 190–1 of the Russian Criminal Code and the active help he gave to Crimean Tartars trying to return to the Crimea.

The patient's wife and son, with whom a doctor of the Serbsky Institute spoke, stated that Grigorenko had never made any complaints about his health, and alleged that there had never been any strangeness in his behavior. At the same time they remarked that he was active and purposeful, always uncompromising towards injustice, and that he had friends who, they said, valued and respected him. In addition, his wife denied the information which she had communicated to the Serbsky Institute in 1964, when she had pointed out a worsening in his condition beginning in 1961.

On August 18, 1969, Grigorenko underwent an outpatient psychiatric examination in Tashkent under the chairmanship of Professor F. F. Detengof. The commission did not observe any psychopathological disorders, and came to the conclusion that Grigorenko did not reveal any symptoms of mental illness at that time, just as he had not in the period in which he committed the incriminating offenses (1965–9). He was sane.

Among the documents of the criminal case are the testimonies of witnesses, including his relatives, in which Grigorenko is described as a man of honor and integrity, well-balanced and friendly; and no eccentricity in his behavior had been observed. At the same time, in other witnesses' testimonies it is pointed out that Grigorenko had "dictatorial ways", that he talked a great deal and with heat when he was proving his point of view, thrusting it on his interlocutor. Witnesses who saw Grigorenko near the court building on 9–11 October 1968 at the time of the trial of persons charged under Articles 190–1 of the R.S.F.S.R. Criminal Code, observe that he "stood out" by this behavior, that he was active, gave loud voice to his opinions, was abusive, insulted the *druzhinniki* [voluntary police], calling them fascists and Black-Hundreders, that he drew a crowd round him, to which he spoke about himself, shouting that he would fight for democracy and truth. In the period of investigation, as is evident from the documents in the case, when exercising and in his cell, Grigorenko would shout in answer to rebukes, insulted the prison staff, was irritable during interrogation and for a time went on hunger-strike.

During investigation at the Institute the following was observed:

Physical condition . . .

Neurological condition:

Right pupil larger than left; naso-labial skin creases symmetrical. The tongue when protruded deflects very slightly to the left. Lumbar lordosis flattened, flexibility of the spine in the neck and lumbar regions slightly limited. Right knee jerk less marked than the left. Faintly positive Marinescu symptom on each side. All forms of sensation preserved. Steady in the Romberg position. Wasserman reaction in the blood—negative.

An examination optic fundi showed traces of a partial disturbance of the circulation in the upper branch of the central retinal vein in the right eye.

From the electroencephalographic investigation: evidence of disturbances in bioelectrical activity of a diffuse nature and of a persistent asymmetrical amplitude through the presence of synchronic alpha-

waves and pathological forms of activity, more pronounced on the left, and a lowering of conductivity of the brain structures. Accent of changes in the left cerebral hemisphere.

On the psychological side:

When he entered the Institute and during the first days there, the patient protested at having to undergo the forensic psychiatric examination; was agitated, spoke in a raised voice, declared that sending him to the Institute for diagnosis was an "arbitrary act", all the more so as the previous, outpatient commission had declared him to be mentally fit. Subsequently the patient became calmer, and made contact with the doctor willingly. During an interview he behaves with a sense of his own dignity, willingly gives information about himself, getting stuck on affectively colored experiences and beginning to talk in a louder tone, his face gradually reddening, his hands beginning to tremble; and he gets into a state of affective excitement.

He relates that in 1964, when he was sent for forensic psychiatric diagnosis it was unexpected for him and so in the Institute he was in "a state of shock", was "wrought up", suspected all the doctors of not having an objective relationship to him, and was sure that the question of his condition had already been decided in accordance with a "directive from above". At that time the patient thought that even those around him were, in his words, "spies". Now he alleges he can suppose that he was then perhaps in a somewhat unusual state, which quickly passed, and when undergoing compulsory treatment he was, he says, already completely fit.

At the same time he affirms that all that he wrote during that period was perfectly correct: he does not, even now, renounce the views which he expressed then. After discharge from the hospital and subsequently he also felt quite well, and if it had not been for the unpleasant situation which developed for him, he would, in his opinion, have obtained a post suiting his qualifications and written scientific works. However, the things that happened to him "pushed" him, in his words, along the path of struggle against injustice and lawlessness. From that time on, all his energy and activity were "devoted" to the fight for "truth" and the creation of conditions which would exclude injustice in the life of the community.

He considers his struggle absolutely legitimate, and the path he has entered to be the only correct one. When attempts are made to dissuade him he becomes angry and ill-tempered and declares to his doctor that the whole of life consists of struggle, that he had foreseen the possibility of arrest, but that that never stopped him, as he could not renounce his ideas. At the present time he considers himself to be mentally fit.

He formally declares in conversation with the doctor that he does not rank himself among outstanding people and alleges that he does not consider his activity to have historical significance; he says that he acted at the behest of conscience and he hopes that his struggle will not be without effect.

But in his letters, which are among the documents of the case, one finds a clear over-estimation of his own activity and of the significance of his personality and reformist ideas, of the rightness of which he is unshakeably convinced.

In addition he distinctly reveals a tendency to write much and at length, and in his writings it can be observed that side by side with disturbances of the critical faculty he has preserved his former knowledge and ability to present, formally, a consistent account of facts. In his wing of the Institute the patient tries to behave calmly, is polite, sociable, with those around him, and reads literary works.

CONCLUSIONS

Grigorenko is suffering from a mental illness in the form of a pathological (paranoid) development of the personality, with the presence of reformist ideas that have appeared in his personality, and with psychopathic features of the character and the first signs of cerebral arterio-sclerosis.

Confirmation of this can be seen in the psychotic condition present in 1964 which arose during an unfavorable situation which manifested itself in ideas, with strongly affective coloring of reformism, and of persecution. Subsequently, as is evident from the documents of the criminal case and the data of the present clinical examination, the paranoid condition was not completely overcome. Reformist ideas have taken on an obstinate character and determine the conduct of the patient; in addition, the intensity of these ideas is increased in connection with various external circumstances which have no direct relation to him, and is accompanied by an uncritical attitude to his own utterances and acts. The above-mentioned condition of mental illness excludes the possibility of his being responsible for his actions and controlling them: consequently the patient must be considered of unsound mind.

The commission cannot agree with the outpatient forensic psychiatric diagnosis formulated in Tashkent since it has noted the presence in Grigorenko of pathological changes in his psyche recorded in the present report which could not be revealed in the conditions of an out-patient examination because of his outwardly well-adjusted behavior, his formally coherent utterances and his retention of his past knowledge and manners—all of which is characteristic of a pathological development of the personality. Because of his mental condition Grigorenko requires compulsory treatment in a special psychiatric hospital, as the paranoid reformist ideas described above are of obstinate character and determine the conduct of the patient.

Corresponding members of the USSR Academy of Medical Sciences G. V. Morozov, Professor V. M. Morozov.

Professor D. R. Lunts

Senior Scientific worker Z. G. Turova;

Lecturer and Junior Scientific worker M. M. Maltseva.

EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF PYOTR GRIGORENKO

On *3rd May* in the morning I arrived at Tashkent Airport. The ticket had been purchased under another name. From the Airport I sought to go to my sister. Not finding her home I went to Iliyassov, with whom I put up. It was established at once that the message for me to come here, purportedly to attend the trial as a social defender, was a provocation. I decided to leave at once. During the night my

temperature rose to 104°, I developed throat trouble and an asthmatic cough, my blood pressure rose and I had palpitations of the heart.

On the *4th May* my hosts realized that the flat was being watched. "Let them watch", I said, "we are no criminals". But this worried my Tashkent friends.

During the night of *5th to 6th May*, a Crimean Tartar drove up in his car and offered to take me to another and safer flat. I refused to go away—because of being ill, but principally on account of having nothing to hide. But owing to my friends' anxiety and my own feverish condition I resolved to return home.

I spent the *6th May* in trying to bring my temperature down.

On *7th May* in the morning I was bought an air ticket to Moscow, under another name. In the evening, 2 hours before departure time, a party came to search Iliyassov's flat. The first person to come in was one of my constant shadowers in Moscow, and he joyfully exclaimed: "Ah, Gregory Petrovitch". He was the one who had already confused my name during the search at my flat on 19th November 1968. His presence, and the fact that the search warrant was made out for the flat in which I found myself, whilst when leaving I had not registered at the police station, pointed to the fact that I was being closely followed the whole time. After the search, which produced nothing, I was arrested, a warrant being produced under Art. 191 § 4 of the Uzbekistan SSR Criminal Code (analogous to Art. 190 § 1 of the Russian SFSR Criminal Code).

On the *8th May* I submitted a statement to the Prosecutor of the Uzbekistan SSR Ruzmetov, with a copy to the Prosecutor of the USSR Rudenko, supporting my demand for immediate release. The same day, on being summoned to an investigation, I declared that I would answer no questions until normal conditions of conducting the investigation were instituted.

On the *15th May* I was charged under Art. 190 § 1 of the RSFSR Criminal Code. "First procedural blunder", I remarked to myself. "They counted on finding something during the search and were mistaken. Now a judicial incident has occurred: the 'crime' has been committed in Moscow: the Uzbek agents of law enforcement arrest the 'criminal', and instead of holding him for transfer at the request of Moscow, they charge him themselves as though to say: "There is no order with you in Moscow. Crimes are committed before your eyes. Well, we will take charge and bring order to Moscow."

May 26th. In the absence of a reply from Ruzmetov, (I received no more than a bureaucratic form of acknowledgement signed by the deputy chief of the Uzbekistan Prosecutor's office, without even reference to the Prosecutor's decision). I sent a complaint to Rudenko.

On the *30th May* I sent a statement to Ruzmetov, with a copy to Rudenko, requesting my release, or the transfer of the case to Moscow as would be lawful, or, failing both, to grant me an interview with my wife. Were none of my three demands to be met, I would go on a hunger strike.

On the *2nd June* I was called to a discussion on the subject of my declaration of May 30th. The group was headed by the Deputy Chief of the Prosecutor's office Nikiforov, the supervising Magistrate Naumova and the examiner Berezovsky also taking part. I insisted on being released, arguing that I could not hide anyway because of being a

publicly known figure, and principally because I did not regard myself as being guilty. I had written nothing anonymously, and everything I had signed was true. I could hardly obstruct the investigation of the case, since all documents signed by me were in the hands of the investigators. Regarding the place of conduct of the investigation, the law specified plainly that this should be the locality in which the offence had been committed. Nikiforov promised to inform the Prosecutor who had entrusted the conduct of this conversation to him. Before receiving the Prosecutor's reply, but without committing myself further as to time, I agreed to forego my hunger strike.

9th June. A reply signed by Nikiforov was received, intimating: 1) that it was not possible to effect my release, as I might hinder the inquiry; 2) that it was not feasible to accord me an interview with my wife; 3) the inquiry would be carried out in Uzbekistan, because the majority of witnesses resided there.

On the *11th June* I sent a declaration to Rusmetov, with a copy to Rudenko, notifying him that I would go on hunger strike on the 13th. I wrote to Rudenko, requesting transfer of the proceedings to Moscow and demanding my release. I showed the inconsistency of the motives for my being held under arrest, and of those justifying the conduct of the investigation in Tashkent (majority of witnesses).

From the morning of *13th June* I refused food.

On the *15th June* they began to feed me by force. At first I wondered why this was being started so soon. Then I understood that they had resolved to finally break me. While being forced into the straitjacket, I was beaten and smothered. Then began the painful process of introducing the distender. The pain was aggravated by my having two exposed teeth, without enamel. They had been treated before leaving with a view to crowning, but there had been no time to dress them.

16th to 19th June. Forced feeding daily, I resisted as best I could. I was again beaten and smothered, my arms were twisted. I was purposely beaten on my wounded leg. I was given particularly rough treatment on the 17th June, day of signature in Moscow of the documents of the International Conference of Communist and Workers' Parties in Moscow. The Fefortovo prison guards specially delegated from Moscow on my behalf took a leading part in the operations. After each "feeding" I wrote a statement describing the ill treatment to which I had been subjected.

On the *17th June* I wrote a statement to the effect that my continued hunger strike would be in protest against the bestial treatment meted out to me.

On the *18th June* I put down in writing the name of the person who would be responsible for my death. After these two statements the cruelties ceased, and I was merely introduced by force into the straitjacket. I resisted. The number of persons holding me rose from 5 the first day to 12 on the 19th June. I struggled each time for a long while, usually ending by falling down with terrible pains in the heart. But I continued to struggle the harder, hoping that my heart would give out. In my desperation I had come to the point of desiring death, believing that it would serve to denounce the oppressors.

On the *20th June*, the supervising Magistrate Naumova came into my cell and gave me to understand that, in fact, they were hoping for my death and expecting it. The thought swept through me: "Why

should I help them". "Why should I meet them half way." When she left, the words of the head of the isolation section, Major V. M. Lysenko, in a talk with me before I started my hunger strike, appeared to me in quite a different light. He had said: "Do not think that you will earn a noisy funeral. No, you will not have one like Kosterin. And we will not give your body to your relatives. They will not even learn the date of your death. They will be informed perhaps in three days and perhaps three months, or perhaps in a year and a half from now, and they will never know where you are buried."

Reflecting on this I began to waver in my resolve to "hold on to the end."

On the *24th June*, I received word from Berezovsky that the pension had been withdrawn from my family on account of my arrest. Regarding this information as a new form of normal pressure, and infuriated against my tormentors, I took my decision.

On the *25th June*, I sent a statement to Rudenko insisting again on my release, as arrest entailed deprivation of my pension, and consequently my aged and ailing wife, and my son, an invalid from birth, remained without means of existence.

On the *27th June*, I declared that I would cease my hunger strike on the following day.

On the *2nd July*, I wrote another letter to Rudenko, in which I showed in the light of my experience over this period how illegal was the conduct of the investigation in Uzbekistan. Before this, on 26th June, I had complained to him that the Uzbek law enforcement authorities had not deigned to reply to my statements. On this account I would cease to write to them.

On *3rd July* I wrote to Kosygin denouncing the cruelties and injustices committed towards me, and demanding by what right these persecutions had been passed on to my family. They were being punished worse than I, remaining as they were without means of subsistence. I asked him to intervene in the matter of the pension to my aged wife and invalid son.

On the *6th August*, I was informed of an order to undergo a judicial psychiatric examination. I wrote a request that Doctors Klopikov, Missiurov and Iliyassov be included in the Commission on my behalf.

On the *11th August*, I was notified of the decision to refuse inclusion of psychiatrists of my choice on the Commission of Experts.

On the *18th August*, the psychiatric examination took place. Composition of the Commission: Doctors Detengof, Kagan, Smirnova.

27th August. I was given notice of the results of the examination. I was declared responsible.

On the *28th August* I declared that in the interests of hastening the inquiry I would give information.

From the *28th August through October* I was called for interrogation 8 times. I was in fact asked only one question, although, true, it was related to various documents: "Is this document written by you, is this not typed on your typewriter, and have you circulated this document?" True, there were questions concerning other persons, but I refused them at once, declaring that I would answer any questions concerning myself but would reveal nothing about others. After several unsuccessful attempts, the examiner reported my declaration to his authorities. I observed that the examiner took no interest in the

interrogations. He came to them unprepared, and fumbled the same papers time and again. From this I concluded that I could expect another psychiatric examination. The time limit was running out, but the case against me was still obviously unprepared. "Or perhaps", it occurred to me, "they are planning to extend my detention period to 9 months and beyond, in order simply to hold me in prison." In short, I suffered all the tormenting doubts of a completely isolated person, to whom no contacts with the outside world were accorded, nor correspondence with relatives allowed, although I asked for this several times, and to whose complaints and statements no one even replied.

In October the examiner did not call me once.

On the *21st October* I was suddenly taken away by plane to Moscow, to the Serbsky Institute. There I continued to be detained, even after appearing before the Commission. No one mentioned the latter's decision, nor was I taken away.

On the *4th December* I raised the question that sanction for my arrest had expired since the 6th December. Panic resulted. The same day I was taken to Domodedovo by air.

On the *5th December* I was back in the isolation block of the Uzbekistan KGB. Here I also declared that without being shown the warrant for prolonging my detention I would only be taken back to my cell by force. A warrant was then produced, issued on the 21st October and extending my detention period until the 31st December. Thus I found myself back in the same cell as during my hunger strike, and in the charge of the same Lefortovo Prison guard.

SOME ANALYTIC CONCLUSIONS ON THE CHRONICLE

1. Physical action during the so-called feeding was not the only means of physical torture. Other means as well were applied to me, more subtle and more refined, but pursuing the same objective: to impair my health.

2. The worst lay not so much in physical pressure as in moral ones. I give below the principal means used to undermine my moral and psychological resistance:

Unlawful arrest in Uzbekistan, serving to isolate me at a distance of 3,000 kilometers from my relatives and friends, dealt me a severe psychological blow: "Understand," it meant, "that the laws are not written for us. We can do what we want with you."

Detention in the KGB cellars, although the law invoked specified that I should be held in prison. The result was harsher conditions of detention and worse food, the latter affording fewer calories and being particularly deficient in vitamins.

The provision of a double guard: in addition to the general guard for the whole block, there was a Lefortovo Prison guard in direct charge of my cell.

A regime of complete illegality, even in details. For instance, I was forbidden to consult the procedural law books. Not once did I receive replies to my statements or complaints to Ruzmetov or Rudenko, of which there were 15. From October onwards, the examiner Berezovsky, ceased also to reply. I was deprived of any contact whatever with my family. In 1964 I had been arrested under Art. 70, and yet

the examiner had given me news of my family almost daily. I had received a letter from my wife at the end of two weeks. I had been allowed a first meeting five days after the psychiatric examination. This time I had not even received from my wife a simple postcard giving word of her health. On the 16th December, on our birthday, my wife and I having our birthdays on the same date, my wife came from 300 km away at the cost of a great physical and material effort, and was refused even a five minutes interview with me. After the examination at the Serbsky Institute I spent 15 days in Moscow, yet was not allowed an interview either. The daily messages received by everyone under examination were refused to me. The conclusions of the Tashkent examination were notified to me only after 9 days. Knowing how anxiously I awaited the result, the delay was designed to torment me. I was taken to the second psychiatric examination without a warrant, in line with the same tactics of "We can do what we want". I was not informed at all of the result of the second examination, and at every step it was emphasized to me: "You are mad."

Preparing to make a mad man of me, Berezovsky spread slanderous stories about me. I learned by chance that these had been recounted to the KGB Examiner Obushaev and the Examiner of the Uzbekistan Prosecutor's office Rutkovsky. Berezovsky had recourse to direct provocation: on the 25th September when Berezovsky, not having prepared questions for me, was rummaging in his papers, I started a personal discussion with Obushaev. Suddenly, interrupting Obushaev, Berezovsky shouted at the top of his voice: "What are you trying to prove to him? He is ready to hang both of us from the nearest tree!" He continued to shout variants on this theme, obviously waiting for me to lose my temper. But I waited until he had finished and then said quietly: "I can only reply by paraphrasing a little the words of Lidya Chukovskaya: 'Perhaps you have deserved hanging, but our people have not deserved that they should continue to be fed with hangings.' Out of respect for our people, I will refrain from hanging you."

It is obvious to me that all this atmosphere was designed to create a feeling of hopelessness and desperation. What the chief of the isolation section had said to me on the subject of my death pursued the same objective, as it emphasized: "You are fully in our power, and not only now but even after your death." And it is not surprising in such circumstances that people do go to their deaths. I was saved from death only by chance.

Only now do I truly understand the terrible desperation of those who died in their millions in Stalin's jails. Not physical suffering, this can be endured. But people were deprived of the smallest hope, because they were convinced of the omnipotence of the dictatorship. This is unbearable.

3) The whole conduct of my case shows they were looking not for proof of any crimes committed, but for means by which to twist the law, so that I could be thrown into prison as though legally. And so that I could in no manner hinder this, they sought for ways by which to prevent me from becoming familiar with my case. In short, punishment for one's convictions by means of false and untrue accusations, isolation, and then psychiatric prison hospital for life.

The Second Commission

It is *October 21st* before supper, when the door of my cell (No. 11) in the isolation compound of the K.G.B. investigation prison in Tashkent suddenly opens. Enters the chief of the isolation compound, Major Victor Nikolayevich Lysenko. After him enter the chief warden and two other wardens.

"Pyotr Grigorevich, you haven't had a dream, have you?" I shrug my shoulders.

"Well, then, we have orders to send you to Moscow. Take your time to dress and collect your belongings. Which of your belongings have been handed in for storage?"

I reply. All leave. I began to dress. In approximately 20 minutes I am at the watch-house with my belongings. My things from the storage-room are also delivered there. Everything is packed together to be sent with me. From this I gather that I am being sent away "for keeps". If it were only temporarily, and more so to the Serbsky Institute, it would be senseless to take the things from the storage room. For at the Institute they take away from you even what one is wearing at the time.

There is a short procedure while Iam being transferred to the guards—four of them, headed by Major Malyshev—before I find myself inside the "voronka" and later in a plane. My mood is good. Whatever awaits me, the fact that I am being transferred to Moscow is a retreat from lawlessness. And it is always pleasant to see arbitrariness retreating, even in my position.

The first conflict occurs at the Domodedovo airport. Even though we are met by two prison microbuses—one for me and "my" guard and the second occupied by additional Moscow guards—I am asked to climb into a "box", a cage in which a person of my size can sit only by doubling-up and pressing his back and sides tightly against the metal panels. The temperature outside has already dropped, so the metal has become substantially cold. I am not wearing even a light spring coat. My "guardians" did not think of this in time, so I travel in a light summer suit. My first, seemingly perfectly normal, reaction is to refuse such a "comfortable compartment". There is a slight hesitation. Those who were there to meet me are greeted by my emphatic protest and are confused. For they have no other choice than to jostle me into this "box". However, we are at the airport—surrounded by people. There is bound to be a noise. Both they and I understand this. For them it is disadvantageous, not desirable. But for me?!

It is unlikely they ever understood why I, having just stated emphatically that I would not ride in the "box", suddenly climbed into it quietly, with no intervention on their part. For them it was a complete surprise. There was no doubt in their minds that I'd try, by starting a scandal, to attract the attention of those around us. And this would have been a sensible and fair step on my part. But I remembered in time that they were taking me, most likely, to the Serbsky Institute. And there they are interested in receiving information which would give them grounds for pronouncing me mentally disabled. A scandal at the airport could very well serve this purpose. I decided not to give them such grounds.

The trip was extremely harrassing. To the uncomfortable posture and cold, of which I spoke before, were added the exhaust gases which

somehow penetrated my "box". As a result I arrived at the Lefortovo prison in a semi-conscious state. On arrival there was the usual search, belongings were handed in, and bed clothes were handed out. I reached my cell (No. 46) at about one o'clock in the morning (4 o'clock by Tashkent time). In spite of this, they awoke me, like everybody else, at 6 o'clock in the morning.

After breakfast—more packing, prison property is handed back, I am led out of the cell, searched. Nobody tells me why all this is necessary. But from the way the overseer looks at me, I decide: Serbsky. However, the chief superintendent of the prison, Colonel Petrenko, who personally escorted me, did put some doubt in my mind. To my question: "Where are you sending me?" he answered unhesitatingly: "To the procurator's office. They want to talk to you there. And from the bottom of my heart I wish that you never return here." "Have you understood me?" he asked when I was already in the "voronka". I did not reply, but a happy thought passed through my mind. "Could it be that the case is closed?"

But this thought did not last long. Though I could see the road from the back of the car and only a very narrow section of it, I quickly discovered that we were not heading towards the procurator's office, for I knew Moscow well. When the Mayakovsky, Revolution and Smolensk squares whizzed by, I had no doubt: Serbsky.

There really was nothing new in this for me. I had long lost faith in the intelligence of the creators of arbitrariness. This is why I did not hope the case would be closed. I also knew that any criminal fears publicity. And a trial is publicity. Therefore, they would not put me on trial. There remained one other way—to declare me insane. A mistake in this respect had occurred in Tashkent. Berezovsky, a self-idolizing idiot, had seriously believed that he could shape a case against me. This is why he could not understand the conclusions reached by the team of psychiatrists and why he did not take care in selecting members of the team which would unfailingly declare me mentally unbalanced. As a result, a situation developed, demanding intervention from Moscow.

I had expected this intervention from the moment I read the conclusions reached by the Tashkent psychiatric commission (18/VII). I was convinced of this by the behavior of Berezovsky. Apparently, having been reprimanded by his superiors, he turned sour and lost interest in my case after the commission finished its work. This is why I expected a second commission and knew that this time they would take no chances and would direct me to the institution, which exists for this purpose, which labels people who have committed no crime and are sane as "mentally unbalanced, dangerous to society". I stress: I knew this. But who doesn't, in one's innermost self, carry some hope for a better solution! The best solution for me would have been a trial or a discontinuance of the case. The words of the superintendent of the Lefortovo prison had roused hopes for the latter. I soon understood that what he had said was a lie. Moreover, it was a mean lie intended to make reality even more difficult by creating a temporary illusion.

For this reason it was natural for me to step out of the car feeling bitter towards gaolers of all ranks and specialities and refuse to speak to the major who headed Lefortovo guards, and to the officer on duty

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from the guards at the Institute, as well as to the doctor who received me, Maya Mikhailovna.[1] I did not expect anything good to come out of it. Indeed the first steps proved that there was sound foundation for my apprehensions.

From the start, I was rushed, so to speak, into solitary confinement, placed under lock, and a guard stood at the door to keep the "politicals" away. So that the above may be understood by those who have never visited the section (section 4), I found myself in, I will give a brief description of the section's lay-out.

If you enter section 4 from the staircase leading to small court-yards used for exercising, you will find yourself at one terminal point of a wide and long corridor, with the second terminal point at the door of the room for the nurse on duty. There also is another way out of the room—through the doctors' consulting-rooms to the other stair-case. On both sides of the corridor are the criminals' (or "bytoviks" as they call them here) cells, the treatment room, the bathroom and the lavatory. The last door on the left—at the very end of the corridor—leads to the compartment assigned to political prisoners, i.e., sentenced by articles on crimes against the state. As we open the door we find ourselves in a small antechamber. Directly opposite, through the antechamber, is the entrance to a ward containing four beds. Through this ward we pass on to the next—with three beds. At the left of the corridor is a tiny lavatory with a wash-basin, on the right is the antechamber itself. At the end of it (on the left) is a door leading to still another small ward. I was housed precisely here.

The article under which I was charged is not part of the chapter on "Crimes Against the State". For this reason, those charged under this article are investigated in the ward for "bytoviks". I was interned in the compartment for political prisoners, but isolated from them. I alone in this section was placed on a strict cell regime. The rest could socialize freely: the "bytoviks" with other "bytoviks", the politicals with other political inmates. It is not permitted for "bytoviks" to mix with political prisoners. I was not allowed to mix with one or the other. Furthermore, very soon I found out that I was there under the name of "Lieutenant Kizh". Everyone else in this section lived under his proper name, be it a "bytovik" or a political. Only the doctors knew my name. The nurses and the rest of the personnel were informed only of my first name and patronymic.

All this, obviously, could not fail to place me on my guard. But I was determined not to give them reasons for pinning mental disability on me and behaved serenely. However, on every round I put forth the question: for how long are they going to keep me in strict isolation and what is the reason for it? I shall not quote their answers here. They were all absurd and one more deceitful than the other. Though I did not conceal my disbelief of what they replied, I did not argue. I usually used to say calmly: "Well, you might as well think that I believe you". On the eighth day the door of my ward was finally opened. It is difficult to say what forced them to do this. It could be they did not obtain the results they expected from keeping me in isolation; or they no longer could find reasons to explain why my case was so special and, why for example, they had deprived me of

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[1] Maya Mikhailovna is the patronymic of Dr. Maya Mikhailovna Maltseva. The name appears in both forms at different points in the documentation.

my strolls; or else, new instructions were received with regard to my upkeep.

One way or another, I was finally allowed to make my acquaintance with other political inmates. True, it was practically impossible to speak to them at that time. The nurses, who seemed to have had special briefing, persistently prevented this. When I finally did get to know them more closely, I understood that the contingent had been selected specially for me. In fact, this process was finalized during the days of my isolation. They were selected, it seems, so that subsequently they could tell me: "Do you see who it is that protests nowadays against prevailing conditions". But this is a separate theme. If I am spared, I hope one day to tell of those I met during this period. And I believe that the conclusions to be drawn from this account will be the exact opposite of what those who contrived such an arrangement wished to achieve.

During the isolation period there was no medical investigation—not taking into account the usual blood test and urinoscopy. True, once Maya Mikhailovna did invite me for a chat. But there was no chat. All ended when I stated that I do not wish that my answers to the questions put forth by the doctor be recorded freely. "I can take part in a conversation," I said, "only on condition that I write down my own replies." Past experience had convinced me that this was necessary.

The doctor supervising me in 1964, Margarita Feliksovna, recorded my replies in an extremely distorted way. This she did not so much because she wanted to pronounce me insane, but more because of her political illiteracy and philistine psychology. The latter, perhaps, prevented her more from understanding me correctly. For example, she asked me this question: "Pyotr Grigorevich, at the Academy you received about 800 rubles. What then incited you to your anti-State activities?" I looked at her and understood that whatever the answer it would be in vain, that to her a person who risks material comforts is insane, no matter what high ideals had prompted him to act. This is why I gave her a short reply.

"You won't understand. I could no longer breathe." And you should have seen the happy expression in her eyes, how quickly she jotted down my reply in her notebook, a reply which, in her opinion, was proof that in front of her stood a total madman.

So it was in 1964. And since I had no reason to believe that during these past years changes for the better had occurred in the political and moral outlook of psychiatrists at the Serbsky Institute, I deemed it to be more advantageous for me not to give them a chance to produce their own version of my replies to their questions.

The isolation ended and the investigation began. The very next day the ward was opened, I was invited to talk to the head of the department, Prof. D. R. Lunts. Maya Mikhailovna was also present. I will not reproduce the conversation here, firstly, because after it, and in accordance with the agreement reached with Lunts, I wrote down what I had said. Consequently, this record must exist in the files and, when necessary, can speak for itself. Secondly, the conversation was similar in text to the one recorded below, which was with the chairman of the commission of experts. The sole matter not raised in the letter to Lunts, nor in the conversation with the chairman was the reason why such arbitrary government reprisals befell me in 1964 and in the years that followed. I told Lunts that the only explanation I could

find was that the Serbsky Institute had produced two reports on my case. One, which declared me insane, for the court; the other, for the government. In the latter, presumably, they stated that I had been declared insane for humanitarian reasons, taking into account my services to the country, my age and state of health. Actually, I was quite sane. Lunts argued persistently that I was mistaken, that the Institute had produced only one report—for the court. When he finished stating his argument, I asked: "How do you then explain the fact that a mentally unbalanced person was deprived of a well deserved pension and subjected to exceptionally cruel reprisals? For only people who themselves had a traumatic mind could act in this manner. However, I wouldn't like to think that we are governed by mad people. I, therefore, insist: the government had a different report from that of the court. Don't you agree with me?" But he only muttered sullenly: "The Institute gave no other report."

The conversation with Lunts cost me dearly. The day of my arrival at the Institute I began to feel a pain—hitherto unknown to me—at the back of the head. I spoke of it then and was told: "The therapist receives tomorrow, we shall show you to her." But for some reason, they did not do it. As the therapist receives patients once a week, I had to become accustomed to bear the pain. The tension of the conversation with Lunts upset me. The pain became intolerable and I fell. The nurse on night duty, having tested my blood pressure, gave me an injection of magnesia, and I managed to get some sleep. That day (October 30) I was finally seen by the therapist and given treatment. In a couple of days the pain subsided, and the investigation continued. The psychological test is considered here to be a serious part of the investigation, as is the conversation with Lunts. It was carried out by a heady and decrepit man of approximately my age. Maya Mikhailovna, who was present, called him professor. Another woman was also present, probably an assistant, who uninterruptedly scribbled in her notebook.

Our conversation with the professor was extremely foolish in substance. Perhaps such a conversation is needed when dealing with a cretin or a dotard, but, in this case, it did not require great intelligence to understand its irrelevance. No doubt the professor understood this, for he behaved in a confused manner and felt embarrassed. I was no less embarrassed. From the previous investigation I knew what a psychological test meant, and wanted to refuse going through with it. But the same thought—not to give them reason for pinning insanity on me—pressed me on. It was awkward, especially for the professor. I will not reproduce our entire conversation, but for the benefit of those unacquainted with such a procedure, so that they may have a superficial knowledge of it, I will list two of the questions asked by the psychologist, which to me seemed the most intelligent.

1. I was asked to make successive subtractions of seventeen from two hundred, and read out loud the result of each subtraction. This I did, and when I reached the final result (13) it seemed to me that it was wrong and said:

"I think I made a mistake somewhere."

"Can you check?", asked the professor.

"Yes, of course," I replied. And having divided 200 by 17 realized that the final result was the correct one.

2. I was shown a picture, seemingly from "Krokodil" [1]: a woman and a man sat opposite each other at a table; both were looking at a man

standing by the chairman's seat, who in his extended hand was holding a paid passage for a health resort. Under the picture was written: "For whom is the fourth?". The professor asked me what the picture was about. So as not to offend my readers, I will not give my reply here. I will just point out that I replied seriously, in the manner of a pupil at school. Maya Mikhailovna summoned me twice after this. I do not know what she wanted to talk about the first time, as Lunts asked her to come over before she had finished limbering-up verbally. I was sent back to the section. The second time she informed me of the forthcoming commission. This ended my preliminary meetings with the doctors, not counting the medical rounds, which took place twice a week. At each round the same stereotype question was asked: "How do you feel?" The reply matched the question: "As usual." On this we parted.

Apart from the conversations with the doctors and the laboratory analysis mentioned above, the following medical tests were performed: an X-ray of the chest, and X-ray of the vertebra (on my complaint)—for the purpose of finding accumulation of salts—and encephalograms (twice). The second, actually, took over one hour (usually this takes no more than 15 minutes). They stopped only when I said that I could stand it no longer. I really could not endure it any more. From the clamps deep dents formed on my bald skull, giving me severe headache. My feet drooped about 20 centimetres beyond the edge of the couch and felt numb.

In this manner, during the 28 days of so-called clinical investigation, i.e., from the day of my arrival at the Institute (22 October) till the day the commission met (19 November) the latter was in possession of only one additional item not possessed by the Tashkent commission—my last encephalogram. Was this worth bringing five people to Moscow? Or was the Tashkent commission right when it stated in its report that a hospital committee will not produce anything new, but might even distort reality when taking into account a possible sensitive reaction on the part of the accused in respect of the investigation of his case being conducted in conditions of a special psychiatric forensic institution. There is no doubt in my mind that the Moscow commission was not in possession of information other than that in possession of the Tashkent commission. With this in view, it is the more important for me to reproduce perhaps more accurately the session of the forensic-psychiatric expert commission at the Serbsky Institute.

A large room, tightly furnished with office desks. One of them, in the center. Four sit at this desk. The chair is occupied by a fairly young-looking, plump man with brown and slightly curly hair. This is, as I found out later, the director of the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry and member of the Academy of Medicine of the USSR, Morozov. On his left is Lunts, on his right, a man in a brown suit, the only person in the room not wearing a white apron. This is why he is immediately nicknamed by me the MWA (man without an apron). Opposite the chair is Maya Mikhailovna. I am shown a seat across from the desk—not far from the chairman. I sit down. Look around.

"Many familiar faces, what?"

"Yes. But of my old acquaintances, there is only Daniil Romanych and the doctor who is sitting over there by the window. I met him in

[1] "Krokodil"—leading Soviet humor magazine.

Leningrad when, in 1964, the matter of my discharge from the Leningrad Hospital of Forensic Psychiatry (LHFP) was being decided. The rest," I say, pointing to the doctors of Section 4, "are current acquaintances."

It was clear to me that at the control table were the members of the commission; the others in attendance were learning. They settled down at the desk standing by the wall in order of rank, starting from the left: Zinadia Gavrilovna,[1] Yakov Lazarevich,[2] my Leningrad acquaintance, Lubov Osipovna, and right by the door—Albert Alexandrovich. His duty is to see transport is available for the experts. In any case, he brought me here and will escort me back to the Section. I wish to point out that Lunts is the only person who is mentioned by surname. This is a particular feature of this institution. According to the law, it was their duty to inform me of the full name of each expert and I even have the right to reject some and petition for the inclusion of others. This was so in Tashkent. Here we have pompous prophets and you, worthless being, have no right—not even the right to know who they are. But let us return to the commission. The conversation is started by the chairman:

"Well, how do you feel?"

"I do not know what reply to give you. Probably about the same as an experimental rabbit, if it could realize its position."

"No, not that. I would like to know if there is any difference in the way you feel in comparison with the session here in 1964?"

"There is."

"In what way?"

"You see, at that time this method of investigation, transforming the defendant into an insane person, was completely unexpected. I was shocked, in the literal sense of the word, and looked upon the personnel of the Institute as a specially selected group of deep-rooted criminals. I believed that I had been brought here to be "registered" in a lunatic asylum for the rest of my days. For this reason, my attitude to the people working here was one of hate, as a result of which I was extremely excited, irritable, not prepared to accept the rules established here, and gave a great deal of my time to the political enlightenment of the experts surrounding me. Altogether, it seems I made a strange impression on those around me, and this may help to explain why I was declared insane."

"As Daniil Romanovich,[3] told me, it seems that in your conversation with him you said that all that was happening to you then seemed to you to happen in a haze."

"In fact, I say the same now. My discovery then shocked me so deeply that what happened to me then seems a nightmare, a terrible nightmare."

"And now?"

"The situation is different now. Firstly, the psychiatric inquiry was not unexpected. Secondly, since then I have sought to remember that even when dealing with a criminal institution, one should not forget that people work there, and among them, some very decent ones—so

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[1] Zinadia Gavrilovna is the patronymic of Dr. Zinaida Gavrilovna Turova. The name appears in both forms at different points in this documentation.

[2] Yakov Lazarevich is the patronymic of Dr. Yakov Lazarevich Landau. The name appears in both forms at different points in this documentation.

[3] Daniil Romanovich is the patronymic of Dr. D. R. Lunts. The name appears in both forms at different points in this documentation.

I decided to direct my attention to the latter in my personal contacts. I hope that the experts will try also to find the human side of me." (I smiled at him.)

"Yes, but all you say relates to the events of the session itself, whereas there were actions which, even without the help of doctors, forced one to doubt your sanity."

"I don't know of any such action on my part."

"Here, in the records of the commission determining the possibility of discontinuing your confinement in the Leningrad Hospital for Forensic Psychiatry it is stated that you admitted your actions to be erroneous."

"I also admit it now."

"Well, how is it possible to harmonize your first statement with the second?"

"Very simple. Not every man-made mistake is a result of a sickly mind. My mistakes were the consequence of my incorrect political development—too much a downright, Bolshevik-Leninist education. I had grown accustomed to think that Lenin's precepts alone were the correct ones. Therefore, when I stumbled across the discrepancy between what Lenin had written and what happened in real life, I only saw one way out: back to Lenin. However, this was a mistake. Irreversible changes have taken place in our life, and no one is capable of turning life back to 1924, nor even to 1953. Further accomplishments can be achieved only on the basis of present-day life, using Lenin's theoretical heritage creatively, but taking into account experience amassed in the past. This I did not understand then, and it was my greatest mistake: I realized it for the first time when I admitted to have acted mistakenly. I did not divulge the nature of my mistakes at that time. They did not demand this of me. For this reason, the fact that my mistakes had nothing to do with mistakes requiring psychiatric intervention remained unexplained."

"How can it then be explained that for a year or a year and a half following psychiatric intervention you behaved as you should, normally, and subsequently turned to your old ways?"

"The psychiatrists have no bearing on my so-called 'normal' behavior. I presume you are implying here that I did not write anything for distribution. (The chairman nodded.) I did not write in 1965 and 1966 for two reasons beyond my, or the psychiatrists' control.

First. There was no time. I worked loading and unloading goods for two shops to earn a living for me and my family. I earned 132 rubles for doing this kind of work, i.e., nearly as much as I paid in income tax on my salary at the Military Academy. The work was strenuous. The working day lasted 12 hours, there was no day-off. For this reason, I felt exhausted. When I came home I only had enough strength to reach my bed. I lost weight to the point where my clothes hung on me as on a hanger.

Second. During these one and a half years, I still had hopes in a possible restoration of a well-deserved pension, unlawfully taken away from me. If this had occurred, you and I wouldn't be talking here, for while in the Leningrad hospital, I had already contemplated writing the history of the Great Patriotic War when freed. My heart was set on this work. But experience showed that unlawful reprisals merely pile-up with time, instead of terminating. Being barred from any kind of work—thus forcing us to lead an existence of semi-starvation,

Leningrad when, in 1964, the matter of my discharge from the Leningrad Hospital of Forensic Psychiatry (LHFP) was being decided. The rest," I say, pointing to the doctors of Section 4, "are current acquaintances."

It was clear to me that at the control table were the members of the commission; the others in attendance were learning. They settled down at the desk standing by the wall in order of rank, starting from the left: Zinadia Gavrilovna,[1] Yakov Lazarevich,[2] my Leningrad acquaintance, Lubov Osipovna, and right by the door—Albert Alexandrovich. His duty is to see transport is available for the experts. In any case, he brought me here and will escort me back to the Section. I wish to point out that Lunts is the only person who is mentioned by surname. This is a particular feature of this institution. According to the law, it was their duty to inform me of the full name of each expert and I even have the right to reject some and petition for the inclusion of others. This was so in Tashkent. Here we have pompous prophets and you, worthless being, have no right—not even the right to know who they are. But let us return to the commission. The conversation is started by the chairman:

"Well, how do you feel?"

"I do not know what reply to give you. Probably about the same as an experimental rabbit, if it could realize its position."

"No, not that. I would like to know if there is any difference in the way you feel in comparison with the session here in 1964?"

"There is."

"In what way?"

"You see, at that time this method of investigation, transforming the defendant into an insane person, was completely unexpected. I was shocked, in the literal sense of the word, and looked upon the personnel of the Institute as a specially selected group of deep-rooted criminals. I believed that I had been brought here to be "registered" in a lunatic asylum for the rest of my days. For this reason, my attitude to the people working here was one of hate, as a result of which I was extremely excited, irritable, not prepared to accept the rules established here, and gave a great deal of my time to the political enlightenment of the experts surrounding me. Altogether, it seems I made a strange impression on those around me, and this may help to explain why I was declared insane."

"As Daniil Romanovich,[3] told me, it seems that in your conversation with him you said that all that was happening to you then seemed to you to happen in a haze."

"In fact, I say the same now. My discovery then shocked me so deeply that what happened to me then seems a nightmare, a terrible nightmare."

"And now?"

"The situation is different now. Firstly, the psychiatric inquiry was not unexpected. Secondly, since then I have sought to remember that even when dealing with a criminal institution, one should not forget that people work there, and among them, some very decent ones—so

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[1] Zinadia Gavrilovna is the patronymic of Dr. Zinaida Gavrilovna Turova. The name appears in both forms at different points in this documentation.

[2] Yakov Lazarevich is the patronymic of Dr. Yakov Lazarevich Landau. The name appears in both forms at different points in this documentation.

[3] Daniil Romanovich is the patronymic of Dr. D. R. Lunts. The name appears in both forms at different points in this documentation.

I decided to direct my attention to the latter in my personal contacts. I hope that the experts will try also to find the human side of me." (I smiled at him.)

"Yes, but all you say relates to the events of the session itself, whereas there were actions which, even without the help of doctors, forced one to doubt your sanity."

"I don't know of any such action on my part."

"Here, in the records of the commission determining the possibility of discontinuing your confinement in the Leningrad Hospital for Forensic Psychiatry it is stated that you admitted your actions to be erroneous."

"I also admit it now."

"Well, how is it possible to harmonize your first statement with the second?"

"Very simple. Not every man-made mistake is a result of a sickly mind. My mistakes were the consequence of my incorrect political development—too much a downright, Bolshevik-Leninist education. I had grown accustomed to think that Lenin's precepts alone were the correct ones. Therefore, when I stumbled across the discrepancy between what Lenin had written and what happened in real life, I only saw one way out: back to Lenin. However, this was a mistake. Irreversible changes have taken place in our life, and no one is capable of turning life back to 1924, nor even to 1953. Further accomplishments can be achieved only on the basis of present-day life, using Lenin's theoretical heritage creatively, but taking into account experience amassed in the past. This I did not understand then, and it was my greatest mistake: I realized it for the first time when I admitted to have acted mistakenly. I did not divulge the nature of my mistakes at that time. They did not demand this of me. For this reason, the fact that my mistakes had nothing to do with mistakes requiring psychiatric intervention remained unexplained."

"How can it then be explained that for a year or a year and a half following psychiatric intervention you behaved as you should, normally, and subsequently turned to your old ways?"

"The psychiatrists have no bearing on my so-called 'normal' behavior. I presume you are implying here that I did not write anything for distribution. (The chairman nodded.) I did not write in 1965 and 1966 for two reasons beyond my, or the psychiatrists' control.

First. There was no time. I worked loading and unloading goods for two shops to earn a living for me and my family. I earned 132 rubles for doing this kind of work, i.e., nearly as much as I paid in income tax on my salary at the Military Academy. The work was strenuous. The working day lasted 12 hours, there was no day-off. For this reason, I felt exhausted. When I came home I only had enough strength to reach my bed. I lost weight to the point where my clothes hung on me as on a hanger.

Second. During these one and a half years, I still had hopes in a possible restoration of a well-deserved pension, unlawfully taken away from me. If this had occurred, you and I wouldn't be talking here, for while in the Leningrad hospital, I had already contemplated writing the history of the Great Patriotic War when freed. My heart was set on this work. But experience showed that unlawful reprisals merely pile-up with time, instead of terminating. Being barred from any kind of work—thus forcing us to lead an existence of semi-starvation,

the continuous insulting and unlawful surveillance clearly demonstrated that the time to climb into an enamel tower in pursuit of 'pure science' had not yet come. As long as arbitrariness in our country is not resisted by a dedicated minority it is the duty of each honest person to participate in creating such a minority, no matter what dangers threaten him. And I joined the ranks of fighters against arbitrariness.

But you are mistaken when you say I reverted to my old ways. What I have done during these last two years does not even externally resemble my old ways."

I was interrupted here by MWA, who threw in a question-remark:

"Where is the difference? Tactics only differ, but in substance it is the same thing."

"No! There also is a difference in substance. Then, it was a typical Bolshevik decision: the creation of a strictly underground illegal organization and the distribution of illegal leaflets. Here, there is no organization and no leaflets, but open and fearless protests against what clearly are unlawful actions, against lies and hypocrisy, against the distortion of truth. Then, it was a call to overthrow the regime of that time, and to turn back to what Lenin taught. Here, it is a call to destroy obvious evils within our society, a struggle for a strict observance of the existing laws, for the implementation of the constitutional rights of our people. Then, it was a call for revolution. Here, it is an open struggle within the framework of the law for a democratization of our social life. In substance, what do these tactics have in common? Certainly, if one considers a normal Soviet citizen to be only that man who submissively bends his head when faced by an arbitrary act on the part of the bureaucrat, then, of course, I am 'not normal'. I am not capable of such obedience, no matter how much I am beaten.

I have said it before and will say it again: in the years 1963–64 I committed mistakes. I had begun to understand my mistakes before my arrest. Ample free time abounds in prison, so I carefully analyzed the course taken in the past and, having read all of Lenin once again, saw how many crude mistakes I had committed. However, any mistakes in my actions are not proof of mental disturbance. It is precisely the normal people who commit the most mistakes. Particularly so if they are bold, talented, and searching. There also are mistakes in the actions of these last years, but, again, it is not for psychiatrists to remedy them."

"What are your present mistakes?"

"It seems to me that this is not a topic for our conversation today. To make a proper analysis of my mistakes in recent years, I would have to discuss them with a person sharing the same views. I do not think we share the same views. To speak of them in a confession-like manner is something I cannot do. Even if I did regret an action, I would not repent when under the executor's axe. It is unworthy of man to repent when under the threat of punishment or death."

"Well, thank you, Pyotr Grigorevich, everything is clear to me. Have you any questions?" he asked turning to the man without an apron (MWA).

Throughout the entire conversation the latter had sat facing me sideways. *At the same time he turned his face away skillfully to one side and covered it up with his left hand.* For some reason, this man had roused my interest and during my conversation with the chairman, I constantly tried to look into MWA's face. When in his reply

to the chairman he declared that he had several questions to ask, I was glad: "I am going to see his face at last". Far from it. Even when asking his questions he managed to conceal his face. He bent low over the table and looked at me through under his left hand. It was as if one could see his face, but could not describe it. Involuntarily, I thought: "He is not MWA at all, but MHF (man hiding his face). However I tried during the entire session, I never had a clear glimpse of his face. The interest in his face prevented me from noticing the rest of his features. I do not know his height, nor complexion, nor the color of his hair. I only remembered the brown color of his suit.

"How do you see your future," came MWA's, or better, perhaps, MHF's first question.

"It is difficult for me to answer this question. No matter how I try, I cannot see beyond the trial."

"It is your wish to face trial?"

"I regret that the decision in this matter does not rest with me. I would, of course, prefer the case to end with the preliminary investigation. However, I repeat, this does not depend on me."

"But the treatment could spare you a trial."

"There is nothing wrong with me that would require treating; and I don't intend to simulate in order to disclaim responsibility. I am prepared to answer fully for all my actions."

"But if you are sentenced, you will be deprived of your pension."

"There is a good Russian proverb: 'A person who has lost his head does not cry on account of his hair'. Whether I am sentenced or confined in prison called hospital of forensic psychiatry, I will, first of all, lose my freedom. This cannot be replaced by pension. Why should I grieve over it? And why think I will be sentenced? I do not consider myself guilty and I will try to prove this in court."

"Do you plan to defend yourself regardless of everything?"

"I do not quite understand what you mean by 'regardless of everything'. I do not intend to lie or shift. I will speak sincerely and honestly of my actions and I will give the motives for taking these action. By and large, I will consider truth as I see it. However, if I fail to prove my innocence, the maximum sentence I can receive under the article they will use to indict me is 3 years. This means that by the time the sentence comes into effect, there will remain about two years of the sentence to serve. The so-called treatment will take no less. These two years, however, will not be spent in a concealed prison but in a labor camp, working in the fresh air among normal people. I could be given less than three years, or even exiled (the precedent exists), in which case I will not be deprived of my pension Finally, an amnesty on occasion of Lenin's 100th birthday anniversary cannot be excluded. If I am sentenced, the amnesty could apply to me. Under the 'treatment' this is out of the question. For a crazy person is not given an amnesty from his illness."

This ended my second forensic psychiatric session this year with the commission of experts, and the second at the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry. The results are still unknown to me. When I shall know them, I will be able to decide for certain whether the Institute is merely a criminal institution remaining from the cursed past,

or if the people there are also mean, criminals who are dangerous for humanity, and who conceal themselves behind white gowns.

PYOTR GRIGORENKO.

Written at the Serbsky Institute immediately after the meeting of the commission of experts, in the period between 20 and 25 November 1969.

A COMPARISON OF THE TWO COMMISSIONS

On *August 6* I was shown the resolution under which the investigator assigned an expert psychiatric commission to my case. Up to that time no interrogation had taken place, and out of the blue came: "Aren't you crazy, old chap?". But this should not be of primary concern. The most important factor was that the investigator of my case saw nothing abnormal in my behavior. Furthermore, while proving to me that this resolution had been adopted only because I had been declared insane in the past, he read out loud the article from the Criminal Code of the UzSSR, according to which the investigator is in his right not to inform the defendant of this kind of resolution. And he added: "As you see, personally, I consider you to be quite normal, but according to the law, this has to be certified by experts." To my request to include in the committee three psychiatrist acquaintances of mine, he replied that this was not advisable, as the experts listed in his resolution, who were highly qualified specialists and quite objective people and had already begun studying the material; the inclusion of new ones would only lead to unnecessary delay. It is clear from this fact that the experts selected without my participation by the investigator had, towards the beginning of the session (18 August), 10 days to study the subject matter. What material was at their disposal?

1. Data on the clinical investigation of my case at the Serbsky Institute in 1964, including a psychological investigation and an encephalogram;
2. Material provided by the Leningrad special mental hospital;
3. Observations of the psychiatrist at the health center of the Leningrad borough of Moscow;
4. Observations of the prison administration and laboratory analyses done at the prison clinic;
5. Material on the preliminary investigations of my case.

Sufficient material, it seems to me, to reach an objective judgment.

Having studied all this, the commission, which included an honored scientist, Prof. F. F. Detengof, the head psychiatrist of the Central Asian military region, medical Colonel E. B. Kagan, and two doctors expert in forensic medicine, Drs. Smirnova and Slavgorodskaya, conducted an examination of my case on August 18th. The session lasted approximately 3 hours. They talked to me at length. They then examined me. All four participated actively in the course of the conversation. During the examination, each deemed his duty to test my reactions personally. At the same time, they had long discussions, even arguments among themselves, using Latin words. At one time, while examining me Prof. Detengof made a statement. Kagan immediately stepped in—performed the same examination and said:

"You don't say, Professor. Nothing of the sort." The two women doctors then approached me to perform the same examination, followed again by Detengof, and they all agreed, as it seemed to me, with Kagan's opinion.

I had approached the commission with apprehension, feeling certain that my insanity had been predetermined. However, the business-like and friendly atmosphere throughout the examination unwittingly made me feel at ease, and I even began to believe in a possible objective conclusion.

On *October 22nd*, on the other hand, I was brought to the Serbsky Institute unexpectedly, without previous familiarization of the investigator's resolution with respect to the second commission. Two absurdities stand-out clearly from this.

1. It may be considered natural for the defence to request second or even third and fourth commissions to be set-up for a defendant who has committed a grave crime, meriting capital punishment or maximum prison term. But why should an investigation committee require a second commission if sufficient criminal evidence had been collected to sentence the defendant for a term of no more than three years? It would need it, evidently, if doubt existed whether a crime was committed at all, or the evidence was very thin indeed.

2. On what grounds did the investigator, who had had no doubts with respect to the defendant's sanity before the latter was directed to the forensic-psychiatric commission, suddenly began to doubt it so strongly after the commission had declared him completely sane that he even considered it unnecessary to substantiate his resolution on the setting of a second commission? Would it not be correct to assume that the investigator was avoiding an open confrontation on the basis of the experts' report, knowing well beforehand that the defendant could very well challenge him? In other words, the investigator had created the necessary conditions to obtain the conclusion he needed that I am insane.

A few words about the committee of experts at the Serbsky Institute. Apart from the data at the disposal of the Tashkent commission, this commission had an additional psychiatric investigation and an additional encephalogram. Are these so important when judging sanity? Finally, with regard to this committee's session: after what I had observed in Tashkent, this session was but a mockery of what is understood to be a "committee of experts". No medical examination. A mere interrogation, conducted by only one man. Maya Mikhailovna scribbled in her notebook, while the two remaining members of the committee sat by half-dozingly. Daniil Romanovich had wandered off so far in his thoughts that when the chairman addressed him with a question, the question had to be repeated. And the one who conducted the conversation, as a matter of fact, did not pay attention to the replies. The general impression: a decision had already been reached, the happenings at the session serving simply for "putting an official stamp" on what had been prepared beforehand.

Thus, the most important conclusion which can be drawn when comparing the two commissions is the following: the commissions had absolutely the same facts at their disposal—an additional encephalogram, an additional psychological investigation, and the replacement of qualified land objective examiners by semi-educated ones, plus

squabbling and gossipy nurses could hardly enrich the second commission. Consequently, a difference exists only in their names: the first was called a laboratory commission, the second, clinical.

However, there is one essential difference: the first committee worked as a medical team, spending nearly three hours with me, whereas the second acted as a committee of inquiry; the members of this last committee saw me for 20 minutes and its members were totally indifferent to our conversation with the chairman.

As a general conclusion it can be said that in Tashkent, the subject matter was studied carefully, the examination was thorough and the conclusions drawn were valid and objective; at the Serbsky Institute there was no examination: the principle "to defend the honor of the uniform" lay at the basis of this commission. It is natural, therefore, that they should merely have put a new stamp on their 1964 conclusion, and have covered this stamp with an apparent examination.

PYOTR GRIGORENKO.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE FOR STATE SECURITY OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS OF THE USSR

To Y. V. Andropov

YURIY VLADIMIROVICH: It is not my custom to repeatedly address people who, holding a high post, disregard the basic moral principle of any decent person, by not answering those who appeal to them. But right now I have no other way to express my indignation and declare my vigorous protest against the provocative activity which, for several years, has been conducted against me, recently reaching a totally unbearable nature and dimension. In order to give it the widest publicity possible, I am writing this letter.

In my first letter, I already told you about the secret shadowing by the agents of the KGB which has taken place since 1965, the time I left the prison; about monitoring my conversations, the examinations of my telephone calls, and of my mail. All this continues still, only more insolently and brazenly. It has gone so far that, when I expressed my indignation to an agent about his impudent shadowing, he answered: "This is not your business! I have my orders to shadow you, and that is what I'm doing!" The police where I took this character, understanding that he is with the KGB, refused to disclose his name to me. This happened September 29 last year. Two weeks later, on October 12, a gang of drunken agents, apparently wanting to teach me a lesson for exposing and unmasking them, ruthlessly attacked me and my guest, Altunian, a major in the Corps of Engineers. Not counting the driver of the official car who drove the drunken ruffians to the place of attack, the gang included five persons altogether, two women among them. Meeting a rebuff, they, with the help of the police, tried to present us as the ones who were hooligans. Since this turned out to be a worthless attempt, the chief of the seventh precinct started to "cover up the traces," protecting "his kind of people." In spite of my repeated, persistent demands to take the drunken ruffians to court, or to give me their names and addresses so that I could do it myself, the police wilfully avoided doing either. Recently I noted several cases of photographing persons visiting me, which has been done openly and insolently.

People who are busy reading my mail and eavesdropping on my telephone conversations also have become unbelievably impudent. Some of my correspondents on my request began to put a cross in ink on the envelopes where they are sealed. It is hard to match the cross back once the envelope has been opened, so the agents began to leave the envelopes open or even torn, apparently wanting to show me that they do not give a hoot about it. Many letters, among them some registered and with return receipt, simply disappeared without a trace. Even telegrams do not reach the addressee, or are delivered with considerable deletions. The telephone often is disconnected for a considerable time. A telephone conversation already in progress is not infrequently interrupted and never resumed. Especially long-distance calls.

My apartment and the people who visit me are under 24-hour surveillance, visually and by special equipment. Two apartments in the house across the street facing my window are being used by your agents. Another room in the same house is reserved for the "Shadows." And all that when there is such a lodging famine!

You and I are not kids any more, and we know that all this costs plenty. You would know exactly how much it costs the Soviet people. But since, of course, you will never do so, I will try myself to make a rough estimate of the amount.

From time to time I tried to shake off my shadows, and thus I could establish that each time four to six agents were following me. Shadowing is not limited to my person only. My family and our visitors are shadowed too. It is clear that some reserves are needed for that purpose. However, in order not to exaggerate, I will take as an average for one shift the smallest number I am certain of. Since the shadowing is on a 24-hour basis, I can estimate on good grounds that during 24 hours four shifts are serving me, four men in each. But taking into account the possibility of reduced night shifts, I will count only three shifts. That is twelve men in 24 hours.

In the two apartments, there must be at least one man per shift on duty at the equipment in each apartment; consequently, not less than eight men each 24 hours.

Almost every time I took a cab, I was followed by an official car. Understanding that it is called only when needed, I assume that only one driver and one official car are serving me daily.

All told, this makes 21 men. But this platoon needs a platoon leader, and probably a deputy. So, altogether then, 23 men. For convenience' sake, and again to emphasize that I am not exaggerating, let's put the final number of the group of observers attached to me and my family at 20. For the same reasons, I will decrease the average salary. Let's put it at 200 rubles. We both precisely know that, counting the cost of clothing, this figure is obviously understated.

So, 20 times 200 makes 4,000 rubles—such are the monthly costs of the secret surveillance. 48,000 rubles per year. The surveillance has been conducted almost four years. This brings us to 200,000 rubles. Where, why, for what reason is this money thrown out? Only to prevent a communist from sharing in the political life of his country? Maybe this at least will set the people thinking about what good, for our country, comes out of this internal political shadowing. I think that many will understand why the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia, in its "Program of Action," was contemplating canceling this

item of the budget, planning to limit the activities of the KGB only to the fight against the enemy agents, infiltrated from outside. The need to solve this problem is evident from the above calculations. But I haven't yet considered everything. Where are the costs of the technical means of surveillance in the two apartments, the rent for the apartments themselves, the letter inspection, the telephone monitoring, the depreciation of the equipment? Without counting this 20 healthy men and women are not only consuming what they did not produce, but do not produce a thing themselves either, inflicting on our society great material damage and unacceptable moral damage.

It costs me personally a great deal too. The nervous tension created by all these illegal actions can hardly be measured. I am not a cruel man, but I wish you could experience this for one month at least. And I have suffered it for four years now. Not only that, I have been exposed to an unbridled campaign of slander, which was greatly intensified over the past year.

As the starting point of this compaign, there was the sending to me in June, 1968, and to the Bolshevik writer A. Ye. Kosterin, similar, typed, malicious and slanderous anonymous letters, which simultaneously have been widely distributed among the Crimean Tartars in Central Asia. From the substance of the slander one could make a fairly founded assumption that they were born in the depths of the KGB. We stated so in a special letter on this subject addressed to you, mentioning that such assumption can be wrong only in one case: if somebody had access to the official secrets of the KGB, has used this opportunity and borrowed from the secret files information for his slander. We asked you, in case the KGB had nothing to do with this dirty concoction, to find the culprit and make him answerable for trying to smear the KGB by dispatching slanderous, perverse secrets. You deemed it unnecessary to expose the authors of the anonymous letters, and by this very fact you confirmed that one should look for culprits among the officials of the KGB. Otherwise one should assume that nobody, by examining the typing, was able to pinpoint from where the letters were sent. My personal experience convinces me that such cannot be the case.

The beginning of the next stage of the above-mentioned campaign must be set at November 10 last year. On this day the KGB agents carried out an illegal search of my home, and confiscated some material summarily, without making any inventory, which they had no right to do, not even a formal one. I have in mind, in the first place, my manuscripts, where I have set down my system of ideas. For you and your kind these ideas are absolutely inadmissible, but since you cannot possibly refute their communistic and democratic nature, you have no ground for criminal proceedings. So a hopeless situation arose for you. To return it would mean that you gave your blessing to what offends you. Not to return—on what grounds? The only way out of this situation: put me under arrest. From an arrested person anything can be confiscated, and the unpleasant problem will be solved. I think this exactly explains the sharp increase after the search, of the slanderous campaign. It has been known for a long time, you see—if the KGB is dispatching slander about you, await arrest.

Just what lies about me didn't they dream up? It is quite impossible to tell even what I personally know. I will therefore give only some examples.

In one of the secret orders of the Minister of Defense, it is stated that I am conducting "fierce anti-government propaganda." Some high-ranking officials are singing the same tune. So, March 21 this year, Col. N., at the meeting of the Party committee of the main political administration of the Soviet army and navy, asserted that I conducted anti-Soviet activities and urged the overthrow of the Soviet regime. In the army, where my previous scientific and pedagogic activities are still remembered, they do not shrink from dirtier ways to compromise me. In one of the lectures before a military audience, it was maintained that I, after serving my whole life in the army and being promoted to the rank of general, have painstakingly concealed my Jewish nationality, posing as a Ukrainian. Apparently the moral level of this apology for a lecturer did not permit him to understand that I never would conceal, but would be proud to belong to the nationality of Marx and Einstein, Sholom Aleichem and Mandelstam in the same way that I am proud of belonging to the nationality of Skovorada and Paten, Shevchenko and Ivan Franko.

Lectures and meetings containing slanderous inventions about me and my family are made not only by persons briefed by unknown agents, but also by high-ranking KGB workers, among whom Col. Abramov is the most distinguished. I think this very fact best of all points to the source of the dirty slander. Indeed, these very representatives, especially in their "educational" discussions, call me an anti-Soviet element, alleging that my wife and I are collaborating with the foreign press. I see nothing reprehensible if Soviet citizens write in the press abroad. I mentioned it in my first letter to you. What is more, I undertook steps repeatedly, in order to contact the communist press abroad, but all my attempts were suppressed by your mail-intercepting service. In this particular case your workers apparently had in mind our letters sent to various Party and Soviet organizations, which went unanswered, but were possibly sent abroad by your workers without our knowledge for a special, provocative purpose.

Just whom didn't your collaborators draw in to help them, so the slanderous campaign against me could be strengthened! Included in this business was, for instance, the widow of my close friend, Bolshevik writer A. Ye. Kosterin, a man of inflexible courage and crystal honesty—Mrs. Vera Ivanovna Kosterin. Driven almost to insanity by threats and blackmail, she is spreading the sheer nonsense that I allegedly handed out abroad some works of her husband. With Vera Ivanovna's help your collaborators are trying to take away from me copies of his works which I received as presents during his lifetime. Through Mrs. Kosterin, your representatives are also trying to put their hands on the works by the writers who, most of all, hated your agencies. The father of Kosterin's grandson Alex Smirnov, is drawn into the case against me. This man never did anything to bring up Alex, and in the last three years has not even communicated with him, and did not even know that Alex graduated from ten years school and entered a university. And so, this man with a criminal past, who changed his name to avoid paying alimony, became your main fulcrum in the "educative" work your agents are performing. What was said to this "educator" by your agents can be judged, for instance, by the fact that, coming home after a session with them, he was yelling to Alex: "I will go to that Grigorenko and wring his neck!" The baseness

of the methods employed by your workers may be judged from their attempt to spread rumors among my close friends that I am an undercover agent of the KGB.

The other day I got acquainted with a new anonymous letter of slanderous content which was sent to me by my Central Asian friends. There it is circulated among the Crimean Tartars. The content, in a sense, does not differ much from the one I mentioned at the beginning of this letter. The only difference appears to be that the first one was addressed to me personally and to Kosterin, and the later one to the Crimean Tartars. Here is what is written in his anonymous slander typed on an excellent typewriter, on good paper, by a highly skilled typist. About my past: "P. G. Grigorenko, a former major general. In 1961 he organized an anti-Soviet group, into which he inveigled his own sons. The group was engaged in slanders against the Soviet social system. The group was unmasked in full. Grigorenko was expelled from the CPSU, demoted to the ranks, and he remained free only because he is suffering from a grave disease—schizophrenia."

Tell me in all sincerity, could anybody besides the KGB write such concentrated "untruthful truth"? One must be thoroughly acquainted with the evidence in my 1964 case, in order to present all the facts in a manner which so closely resembles the truth, and is at the same time so biased. How do you think a group of Crimean Tartars, who are scared even to sign their names, could find out about my case? The materials of that case were published nowhere, you see. Moreover, the case was examined in strictly secret sessions of the military board of the Supreme Court of the USSR. Even I, the defendant in this case, was not allowed to be present at those sessions, and never was acquainted with the materials. That's why I kept silent about it until now. You desired to spread lies about it. I tried to stop them in my letter to you on the subject of the first anonymous letter. You did not stop the lies. On the contrary, they increased. Your action in doing this gives me the right to tell what really happened to me in 1961–64. I think that my truth will turn out to be stronger than your lies, although your lies are supported by an enormous apparatus of coercion and deception and by a mighty machinery.

The anonymous letter concocted by your men alleges that I founded an anti-Soviet group in 1961. This is an outrageous lie! Here is the only thing which happened on September 7, 1961. At the Party conference of the Lenin district of the city of Moscow, I took a stand against exalting the personality of Khrushchev which was favored at the time by the Party, against a new personality cult. For this, through Party channels I received a severe reprimand with a warning, and with this official line I was removed from my post as dean of the faculty and, with a considerable demotion, was transferred to the Far East. The organization was founded by me only in 1963 (November 7). Your makers of slanderous documents write that it was an anti-Soviet group, but they do not risk announcing the name of this group. Well, I will do it myself. The name of our organization was Union for the Struggle for Revival of Leninism. And our aims were not the overthrow of the Soviet government, but the elimination of all perversions of Lenin's teaching, the rehabilitation of Lenin's standards of Party life, and restoration of the Council of Working People's Deputies in its real power. That which was said by this organization in the very short time of its existence still reigns over my thoughts and deeds

today. Incidentally, my fight against the persecution you have inflicted upon small nations, the Crimean Tartars among that number, originated at that time.

Let those who call the documents of the organization anti-Soviet dare to publish them! And if, at any open meeting of working people, in my presence, even one of the documents is recognized as anti-Soviet, I will be ready to accept that I am a schizophrenic. But you do not dare to publish, my dear gentry. You would not dare publish not only our exposing of the anti-people nature of the string of shootings of working people's demonstrations in 1958–1963, but you will not even publish our leaflet "Why Is Bread Missing?". This is the leaflet about which one of the participants in the lawless repression haughtily said after the March plenary session of the Central Committee of the CPSU in 1965: "Presented here is the same thing as in Brezhnev's report, only shorter and more clearly. The trouble with Grigorenko is not that he said it, but that he said it one and a half years earlier than the Party said it." The power of the documents of our organization was such, that Khrushchev's justice did not risk taking it even to a closed court trial. Therefore, all arrested members of our organization but me, after four months of brain-washing "for repentance," were set free. Without any trial, I was put in the prison psychiatric ward on the basis of findings of specially selected expert committee of criminals, with diplomas of Doctors of Psychiatry from the so-called Professor Serbsky Scientific Research Institute of Forensic Psychiatry.

All was done "legally." To the uninitiated it looked as if a man were stricken by a grave mental illness and had committed all kinds of anti-Soviet acts. At the same time he lured some politically green youth with no experience in life. It is obvious that, since a disease was involved, the sick person should be sent for treatment, and the rest, after being "put on the right track," should be set free with their whole skin. Everything looks right, wise and human. Everything, except that the bureaucratic machinery is so darn stupid and so recklessly cruel, that it cannot bring even the smartest of its intentions to an intelligent end. The highest-ranking Party and government employees were so angry over our writings about them, that they forgot that a sick person can be punished neither by a court, nor by an extra-judicial decision. Having forgotten this—after the military board already had legalized the findings of the expert committee, suspended the criminal proceedings against me and sent me to the prison's psychiatric ward,—they committed a savage and illegal extra-judicial reprisal. It came out as if I were punished for being ill, because no one who is mentally incompetent can be made responsible for what he has done in a state of insanity. This was an act of arbitrariness, a lawless reprisal!

As the authors of anonymous letters present it, everything looks nice and proper. "Grigorenko was expelled from the CPSU, demoted to the ranks, and was left free only because he suffered from a grave disease, schizophrenia." Why do you need such an impudent lie? If Grigorenko, you see, really was suffering from a hidden disease, schizophrenia, then what is the reason for his degradation? In this case, even if he killed somebody he couldn't be made responsible for it. Yes, according to the folk tradition, a mentally ill person is "God's subject,"

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whom only the scum of society can jeer. And he who punishes the mentally ill is not worthy of the name of "beast." How can you punish a man who is already punished beyond measure? What can be worse for a person than loss of reason? That is why even our laws not only call for the freeing of persons who commit crimes in a state of mental incompetence, but prescribe care for them after their recovery. According to the law they had no right to expel me from the Party. According to the law I was out of it till I recovered. According to the law, as a mental case they can dismiss me from the army only because of illness, paying me the discharge allowance and salary until the day of discharge, and the allotted pension from the date of discharge. According to the law, after a person has recovered nobody has the right to speak about anything done by him while he was insane in a manner which accuses him of committing a crime. Why, then, in Grigorenko's case, were all these laws violated? He was expelled from the Party "for acts discrediting Party membership." He was thrown out of the army as a hostile element after 34 years of irreproachable service, having taken part in two wars, twice wounded and once suffered concussion, demoted to the ranks without being paid either the discharge allowance or salary (for seven months). No pension either. And in addition, they spread slanders, convincing the people that I committed anti-Soviet acts. No, this is not the way to treat the mentally ill! On the contrary, it's proof that the very mental illness was invented, in order to punish, as savagely as possible, a man who committed no crimes.

From this point of view, the anonymous assertion that ". . . he remained free . . ." looks particularly nice. I sat in prison more than 15 months. More than eight months of these—in the so-called special psychiatric ward. Since it is not called a prison, the anonymous authors apparently consider the time I spent in it as the time I was free. But I would not wish even people I hate heart and soul to experience such freedom. If your power of imagination is still intact to think how you would have felt had you been put in prison (in prison, Yuriy Vladimirovich, not in a hospital), but together with mentally disturbed people instead of healthy ones. I can only be grateful to destiny that I had doctors, understanding my true position and trying to make it easier for me, especially after the lawless reprisal administered to me. They said: "We have had sane people here before. But never before was a person officially recognized as mentally ill punished without any court order, and especially as savagely as you have been." There is no better testimony to my complete sanity, to my soundness of thought—thus, the savagery which has been inflicted on me. It is also a testimony to the fear which my thinking inspired among those who stood then at the very summit of power.

The shadowing you established after my leaving the prison also confirms that nobody in your office ever considered me mentally ill. So, your anonymous letters are used for creating an atmosphere around me which the KGB needs. Slander—heavy, turbid, suffocating—has filled everything. Even in the backyard among my neighbors, some characters are spreading rumors about me having some reprehensible, almost spy connections. All of this more and more points to the preparation for my arrest. But it is inconvenient for you to bring me into court for the real reason which makes you hate me, and this is the loyalty to the ideas of communism and democracy; for my irreconcili-

ability toward Stalinism in all forms and manifestations; for my fight against the violators of law, and the arbitrariness of the establishment; for following the policy of generally recognized norms of the Declaration of Human Rights, so that a Soviet citizen may enjoy the rights which are given him by the Constitution of the USSR.

You would like none of this to figure in a trial, but you would like for me to be tried for the simple crimes everybody can understand, like betrayal of country, or at least for connections with NTS.[1] Apparently, it was precisely for this purpose that your men, on Saturday, April 19 of this year, attempted to organize a meeting for me, at the commission shop of Komsomol Avenue, with a "liaison man of the foreign intelligence," or maybe with NTS. Friends helped me to defeat this provocation. Among these friends were people whom I didn't know, those who, without naming themselves, warned me early enough about the planned provocation, and thus helped me to be better prepared to counter it. I admire the noble act of these people, but I should say that my associates and I are always on our guard, always ready for any provocation.

I can assure you, Yuriy Vladimirovich, none of us will allow ourselves to be caught as a spy. If the decision is made to arrest me, you have to put me in prison for what I am really doing, that is, for my communist and democratic convictions and acts. It is for these things, too, that you will have to try me. True, the Justice Department has in reserve now the Professor Serbsky "Institute." But I hope that there will be a few people left in the USSR and abroad who believe that everything I have said, or done, or written are the ravings of a madman. The years 1964–65 provided a lesson. Today it will be impossible to hide what I have written or have done, as you were able to do during those years, because all of this achieved wide publicity.

However, nobody, including me, can be guaranteed against arbitrariness. Experience demonstrates that an individual is weak to resist arbitrariness of the KGB. Tens of millions of innocent people were tortured to death in torture chambers, shot, liquidated in death camps, only because they came out one by one against the organized savage power. In order to avoid this in the future, people should organize to defend their civil rights. This is precisely what I will do in the future, based on the Constitution of the USSR and the laws in force. I will organize people for a collective defense of those, who are the victims of the lawless court and extra-judicial repressions.

Right now, all over the world Stalinism is widely talked about. Is it or is it not reviving? The weekly magazine of the Central Committee of the Italian Communist Party, *Rinascita*, started a discussion on the subject. I will be glad if this letter reaches *Rinascita* and is published as an example of the rebirth of Stalinism in the USSR.

In conclusion I bring up a question which has no direct connection with the subject of this letter. I appeal to your conscience, and I ask you to do everything in order that the family of my friend A. E. Kosterin be left in peace.

I do not have to tell you what Alexey Yevgrafovich himself endured, thanks to the agency you now head. Tortures in the torture chambers of the State Security, 17 years of Stalin death camps, and savage persecution of which he was the victim for the rest of his life, in my opinion,

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[1] Narodno Trudovoy Soyuz: An anti-Soviet underground organization.

is enough of a price to acquire the right to a peaceful journey to the other world. However, he has been deprived even of this. It is hardly an appropriate place to relate in this letter that the funeral of this courageous communist-Leninist-internationalist of crystal honesty, a staunch defender of small nations, was attended by the agents of the KGB. This last picture I described as well as I was able to in a collection of writings dedicated to the memory of the writer. It is widely spread along the "Samizdat" lines, and was printed as a separate book on the order of the Flemish Committee for Cooperation with Eastern Europe by the Possev publishing house. I do not send you copies of these since I know as a certainty that they are already in the files of the KGB and are doing nothing there. We—friends of Kosterin—have a very small number of these Samizdat copies, and they are constantly in circulation. Kosterin is dead now, and out of respect for his memory, considering his Bolshevik record of more than half a century, it would not be right to wreak vengeance on his family. Neither Kosterin himself nor his family can do any more harm to you, and it would be simply inhuman to persecute helpless people.

P. Grigorenko.

P.S. I have written nothing about the greatest and most vile provocation against my friends in Moscow and me—that is, the illegal investigation conducted against us without our participation in Kiev and Kharkov, and the secret investigation in Leningrad, Moscow, Simferopol and Tashkent of the documents we had worked out. I do not write, about this here not because I do not know about it, and not because I am not indignant about the arbitrariness, but because this will be the subject of another letter.

True, this letter will not be addressed to you any more.

The expert psychiatrist at the trial referred to this letter as a clear indication of P. Grigorenko's illness.

Mrs. Z. M. Grigorenko: Open Letter to the World Federation of Mental Health About the Case of Her Husband, P. G. Grigorenko

Moscow, November 2, 1971.

(Source: Russian text in Possev, Frankfurt, No. 5, 1971, pp. 5–6)

To the World Federation of Mental Health

This is the story of my husband, Pyotr Grigorevich Grigorenko, who has twice been sent by a court for compulsory treatment in special psychiatric hospitals—that is, in hospital prisons.

Pyotr Grigorenko was born in 1907 in the village of Borisovka, Zaporozhskyaya Region. He began to work [for his living] at 15 years of age, as a metal-worker at a depot. Simultaneously, he completed workers' high-school.

He was the first Komsomol member of his village. He was a member of the Soviet Communist Party from the age of 20.

He graduated from two academies: the Kuybyshev Academy of Military Engineering, and the General [Frunze] Staff Academy. He is a veteran of the Khalkhin-Gol campaign and of the Patriotic War.

He was twice wounded. He has six decorations, including the Order of Lenin, and six medals. His military rank is that of major-general; he is a Master of Military Sciences and has more than 60 learned works to his name.

In 1961, for an anti-Stalinist speech at a party conference he was suspended from scientific work and sent to a post in Ussuriysk. However, neither in the Far East nor subsequently in Moscow did my husband conceal his views. So on the 1st February, 1964, he was arrested.

On 17 April, 1964, a forensic psychiatric commission declared him nonaccountable. The diagnosis: "Paranoid development of the personality, with reformist ideas arising in the personality, with psychopathic features of the character and the presence of symptoms of arteriosclerosis of the vessels of the brain".

At that time I asked the K.G.B. investigators, Kuznetsov and Kantov:

"When did my husband go out of his mind?"

The answer: "The illness is a subtle one, not everyone would notice it. But his ideas (your husband's) are socially dangerous."

Not believing in the diagnosis, I demanded an open trial. The answer:

"A sick person is not tried."

On 17 April, Pyotr Grigorenko was declared mentally ill; on 29 August degraded to the rank of ordinary soldier; and of course—expelled from the Soviet Communist Party.

According to the law: an officer declared mentally ill after examination by the chief psychiatrist of the army is designated a pension according to his rank. So it was with Colonel Shevchenko—who murdered his daughter; and with Col. Burkov, who shot three people.

According to the instructions of the Soviet Communist Party, membership cards are withdrawn from the mentally sick until they recover; then, on recovery, they are returned to the holder.

For my husband neither the law nor the instructions proved to be effective.

In the Leningrad special mental hospital my husband was put into a cramped ward: with a tiny window and a W.C. in it. Here, in a "lavatory with a window" he also had his meals. My husband put up with this.

On 23 May, 1965, he was discharged. A war invalid, an invalid of the second category, according to the certificate from the hospital, he earned his living with work by the day as a loader.

On 29 December, 1965, he was removed from the category of mental invalid by a decision of the Expert Medical Commission for Labor Matters. The Ministry of Defense allotted him a pension for "long service". The amount of the pension did not correspond to his rank (a third of what it should have been).

Of this period in his life, from 1966 to May 1969, Pyotr Grigorenko has said:

"I struggled for legality. I do not like many of the laws, but I have not broken a single one. Everything I have said or written is founded only on verified facts. I have expressed my views publicly and openly, never once anonymously." (P. G. Grigorenko's open letter entitled "I cannot be silent".)

More than once he was summoned to the K.G.B. for "warning" talks, and once to the city office for military registration, where he was threatened with the withdrawal of his pension if he did not keep quiet.

He was not summoned to the psychiatric health-center. However, when, during the trial of Ginzburg, Galanskov and the others, in January, 1968, barrister Kaminskaya petitioned for my husband to be called as a witness, Mironov, the judge, refused her petition on the grounds of my husband's "non-accountability". However, even according to his documents, my husband was healthy. A propagandist in Construction Bureau No. 20, he was in charge of officially sponsored classes in politics there.

On 7 May, 1969, my husband was again arrested, in Tashkent, where he had been invited to be a defense witness in the forthcoming trial of Crimean Tartars. His arrest in Tashkent was explained on the grounds of the great number of local witnesses. However, out of 106 witnesses in my husband's case—8 were from Uzbekistan, and 84 from Moscow.

Pyotr Grigorevich announced a hunger strike. The barbarities he experienced at this time are well-known; he was severely beaten up, deprived of exercise, and deprived of his rights laid down in the Criminal Code and the Code of Criminal Procedure.

On 18 August a Tashkent expert psychiatric commission declared my husband to be sane; noted the clarity of his thinking, the ease with which he made contact, and the harmfulness for him of an in-patient examination. However, he was sent to Moscow (in the cold—it was by then October—in only a jacket) to the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry, where they repeated the diagnosis of 1964. In the Institute my husband was detained with special rules. All those undergoing examination were allowed weekly parcels; all, except Grigorenko. To my protests, the answer came:

"Your husband is a 'political': so for him there must be a prison regime."

On 26 February, 1970, the trial took place in Tashkent. The judge was Romanova. Defense counsel was refused an interview with the accused before the trial. My husband was not at the trial: he was "too ill." The day after the trial his defense counsel, Kallistratova, managed to obtain an interview with Pyotr Grigorevich "at the expense of an interview of Grigorenko with his wife."

The trial lasted two days, 12 hours in all. The case materials took up 21 volumes. 300 documents were declared criminal; only three, however, were examined—Grigorenko's speech at the funeral of A. E. Kosterin; Grigorenko's letter to the president of the K.G.B., Andropov; and a summary of the speech [he was to have given] at the forthcoming trial of Crimean Tartars, titled "Who then are the criminals?" Five witnesses were questioned. Three of them were Muscovites (Nikolayev, a plater in a car-factory; Bietagorov, deputy workshop superintendent at the Institute of Theoretical Cybernetics; and Pichugin, a fourth-year student at the Moscow Institute of Chemical Engineering, who began his testimony thus: "I have seen Grigorenko once . . .", and continued " . . . he gave the impression of being either mad, or anti-Soviet."

The fourth witness was the accused's sister, N. G. Grigorenko, who lives in Tashkent. To the judge's question: "Your brother is which—

mad, or an enemy of the country?" she answered: "Neither. He is normal." The fifth witness, the Crimean Tartar Ilyassov [1] described Pyotr Grigorevich as an honorable man and a patriot. The Muscovites who had known Grigorenko for years and been ready to come to the trial at their own expense were not allowed into its sessions. The principle of openness and of oral communication (Articles 280 and 223 of the Uzbek Criminal Code [2]) was violated.

Before the beginning of the session, the court announced that the case had been reclassified—from Article 190–1 of the Russian Criminal Code to the more severe Article 70. In spite of two diametrically opposed psychiatric diagnoses, the judge refused counsel's petition for a third.

In her speech Kallistratova, the defense counsel, declared she was profoundly convinced of Grigorenko's mental normality, and pointed out the numerous procedural violations and the fact that Grigorenko's "non-accountability" had been decided at the start of the investigation.

After the trial, the judge, Romanova, refused me my lawful interview with my husband. On my request was written: "In view of the interview accorded to defense counsel, an interview with you is not possible"—signed: "Judge Romanova."

Transported in the usual way for convicts, under guard, my husband was taken to Chernyakhovsk on the Polish border. On the way, he was in Moscow for 10 days. My request that I should be told of his arrival in Moscow and allowed an interview was not granted.

On May 26, 1970, he arrived in the special prison mental hospital at Chernyakhovsk. It is a gloomy building, a former Prussian convict prison.

On 16 June I arrived for a visit. The commandant of the hospital, Major Belokopytov allowed me my first visit after I had waited for ten hours. He gave as an excuse for the delay the departure of the doctor to the office of the regional party committee. While I waited, I saw doctors go up to the relatives of other patients and give information about the patient's health, and heard them say that the number of visits and parcels was practically unlimited.

At last my husband and I met. The captain of the M.V.D. police who was present during the visit announced "You must talk only of family matters". I asked my husband "How are you getting on?" Immediately came the shout "Not allowed!" All the same, in spite of threats that the visit would be stopped, my husband told me the following:

When he arrived at the hospital he was summoned to the commandant, where two men in plain clothes suggested to him that he should announce his rejection of his convictions, pointing out that it was the only way to freedom. My husband refused. After that they began to take him out for exercise with aggressive patients—those violently disturbed. He also takes his meals with them. Writing materials are taken from him; he is only allowed to write letters—and then only in the presence of a doctor.

On the following day Major Belokopytov refused to allow me to see

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[1] A psychiatrist; see Grigorenko's prison diary.
[2] Equivalent to articles 301 and 240 of the Russian Code.

my husband.[3] Reason: we had disregarded the warning to speak only of family matters. I answered that in any case it was very difficult to talk when under the observation of an officer. It was my duty to learn in what conditions my husband was being kept. Why was it necessary to hide this from me? . . . As a result, I was allowed a 20 minute meeting with him, said good-bye and went away. Before I left I saw the doctor in charge of my husband, M. I. Mobylev. Both he and the chief physician, V. A. Bychkov, referred me for the most part to the commandant, when I asked questions.

When I arrived back in Moscow I wrote a complaint to the K.G.B. and the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party.

On 3 July three of us went for a visit: my son and his fiancee (it was just the day before their wedding) and I. Belokopytov refused to allow us to see my husband. Only on the second day did they take our parcel for him. What must my husband have felt, knowing that we were there, and that he could not see us?

After a time a second lock was put on the door of Pyotr Grigorevich's cell, and the key given into the keeping of the officer of the watch. It became difficult to go to the lavatory, and a bucket was not allowed in the "ward". My husband began to suffer from cystitis, colitis and insomnia. On 16 October when I visited him my husband said "I wear urine compresses. My body is sore with them. The skin is burning as if it had been scorched. The nights are torment." Many days passed before, at last, I received a letter: "I'll begin with the good news. I've been given a bucket, and for the first time for many days I slept at night. . . ."

In his letters and during visits my husband complained of the cold, from which his wounded leg suffers especially. It took me three months to obtain permission to bring him warm underwear.

Somehow he found a tiny piece of slate-pencil. Gripping it with his fingernails he made marks in books. The bit of slate-pencil was taken away. He made book-marks out of newspaper. These were taken away. He asked for some kind of work to do, as occupational therapy, even if it was just sweeping the yard. Refused.

On 17 January my husband was summoned to an interview with the usual six-monthly commission. One of the first questions asked by the professor was:

"Pyotr Grigorevich, what is the state of your convictions?"

My husband answered:

"Convictions are not gloves; they can't be easily changed."

To his request for a fountain-pen and paper he received the reply:

"What do you want a pen for? You will have thoughts which you will then write down, and for you that is counter-indicated."

The commission's decision: "The treatment to be continued in view of the sick condition of the patient."

Have I written about my husband's fate to our own responsible authorities?

Yes, I have written to them. The answer is the same: "There are no deviations from the norm".

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[3] Because of the huge distances they have to come, relatives of prisoners in the Soviet Union are usually allowed visits on 2 or 3 consecutive days. The intervals between such extended visits may be very long, sometimes months, depending on circumstances.

On his side, Major Belokopytov has asked Pyotr Grigorevich to "influence" his relatives and friends, so that the international radio stops broadcasting information about the situation of Grigorenko.

Who will stop this slow murder?

Evidently in our country there is no such authority.

That is why I am turning to you, and passing on to you the request of my husband, which he expressed at our last meeting:

"Demand the cancellation of the false diagnosis and my immediate release. Demand that a representative commission, with full powers, investigate the conditions in which patients are held in the Chernyakhovsk special hospital. These conditions are inhuman."

Z. M. Grigorenko.

Statement Regarding the Combat Activities of Guards Colonel Pyotr Grigorenko

1. In 1939, from July 24 to September 15, I took part in combat operations in the area of the river Khalikin-Gol in the capacity of senior assistant to the chief of the operational section of the staff of the First Army Group. The nature of the combat operations of the First Army Group, which was part of the front group and which operated directly in the Khalkhin-Gol area, was as follows: at the end of July and in the first half of August—defense; in the second of August and the first half of September—offensive. As a result of our offensive, the 23rd Japanese Army, which had invaded the territory of the Mongolian Peoples Republic, was surrounded and destroyed. Military operations were carried out under the conditions of desert-steppe terrain, and thus I obtained some experience in the matters of organizing and carrying out defensive and offensive operations under the conditions of desert-steppe terrain. In addition, as a worker in a large staff unit I received experience in running and materially and technically supplying an army operation at a great distance from headquarters (about 1100 km) and from supply bases (about 800 km.).

2. In 1944, from January 13 to February 28, I took part in the offensive operations of the 10th Guards Army of the 2nd Baltic Front in the area of Nevel, Novol-Sokolniki, and Pustomka (Velikolutsk oblast) in the capacity of assistant chief of staff of the 10th Guards Army. In all its operations the 10th Guards Army operated in the direction of the main thrust of the Front under conditions of mildly rugged and swampy weeded terrain, and with bad roads. In all operations a significant tactical success was achieved—the enemy's defense was overcome in its entire depth—but the tactical success did not grow into an operational one. The enemy was able to organize a defense on his main lines and stop the advance of the army. In the course of these operations I personally acquired some experience in organizing the penetration of the enemy's prepared defensive positions in a mildly rugged terrain, in winter, and with bad roads, and also in controlling troops in a breakthrough penetrating the depth of the enemy defenses under conditions of wooded-swampy terrain, in winter, and with bad roads and in regrouping the army from one direction to another.

3. August 1944–May 11, 1945. I took part in the Carpathian opera-

tion and all succeeding operations of the First Ukrainian Front, in the capacity of chief of staff of the 8th Yampel Infantry Division. The division formed part of the 17th Guards Infantry Corps of the 18th Army of the First Ukrainian Front. The basic nature of the division's combat operations was an advance in the wooded mountainous terrain of the eastern Carpathians and the mountainous, rocky terrain of the Skalistiye Tatry. In the course of its offensive operations, the division frequently took part in the penetration of prepared and hastily occupied enemy defenses in wooded and rocky mountainous terrain and was able to pursue the enemy under these conditions. Once the division broke through the enemy's defenses and pursued the enemy in a terrain containing a developed irrigation system, with the enemy widely using flooding tactics. On one occasion the division broke through the enemy defenses in a wooded, swampy area, and once forced a river of medium width (the Ondava, about 100 m. wide) and twice it took part in breaking through the enemy defenses as part of the attack group of the army in a mildly rugged area. In the course of its mountain combat operations, the division was twice on the defensive and once (for 48 hours) was surrounded. At the final stages of the war (April–May 1945) the division, for a considerable length of time, pursued the enemy through a thickly settled part of Czechoslovakia which had a developed road net.

All the combat operations of the division, with the exception of two cases of participation in break-throughs as part of the army attack group, usually took place under conditions in which both of the division's flanks were uncovered; less often, one flank was open.

During all these battles I received significant experience in organizing and carrying out break-throughs of enemy defenses and in pursuit of the enemy in wooded and rocky mountainous terrain, and also some experience in organizing and carrying out defensive action, combat while surrounded, and getting out of encirclement in wooded mountainous terrain, in the forcing of a river, and in advancing through wooded, swampy and flooded country, in breaking through defenses in mildly rugged terrain and in longterm pursuit of the enemy in thickly settled country with a well-developed road net.

Guards Colonel Grigorenko.

List of Certain Scientific Works of Pyotr Grigorevich Grigorenko on Military Theory, Tactics and Cybernetics

1942

Manchurian Theatre of Military Operations (Parts 1 and 4).

1945

The Peculiarities of Winter Operations. Instructions for Officers (Participation and revision).

1946

Sudden Attack (article in *Voyennyy Vestnik*, No. 1).
The Reinforced Rifle Battalion in Maneuvered Defense.

Preparation of Troops for Winter Operations (Article in *Voyennyy Vestnik*, No. 21).

The Defense of A Populated Point by an Infantry Regiment (Tactical problem and methodical study).

1947

The Infantry Battalion in Defense.

Attack from Movement (Article in *Voyennyy Vestnik*, No. 6).

The Advance of a Reinforced Rifle Company and the Overcoming of a Water Obstacle.

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13. A shorthand report on the meeting of the representatives of the Crimean Tartars in Moscow, and of Grigorenko's speech at the meeting, March 17, 1968.
14. The Open Letter of Kosterin, Grigorenko, Pisarev, Yakhimovich and Pavlinchuk to the Communists of Czechoslovakia, to all the People of Czechoslovakia, July 28, 1968.
15. Statement of 5 (Grigorenko, Litvinov, etc.) in defense of Marchenko, July 30, 1968.
16. Open letter of 8 (incl. Grigorenko) in defense of Marchenko, July–Aug. 1968.
17. Statement of 5 (incl. Grigorenko) on the arrest of I. Belogorodskaya, Aug. 12, 1968.
18. Letter by Grigorenko and Kosterin "To All Soviet People . . . ," protesting the arrest of Litvinov, Bogoraz-Daniel, Delone, etc. (the Aug. 25 demonstrators against the invasion of Czechoslovakia), Sept. 29, 1968.
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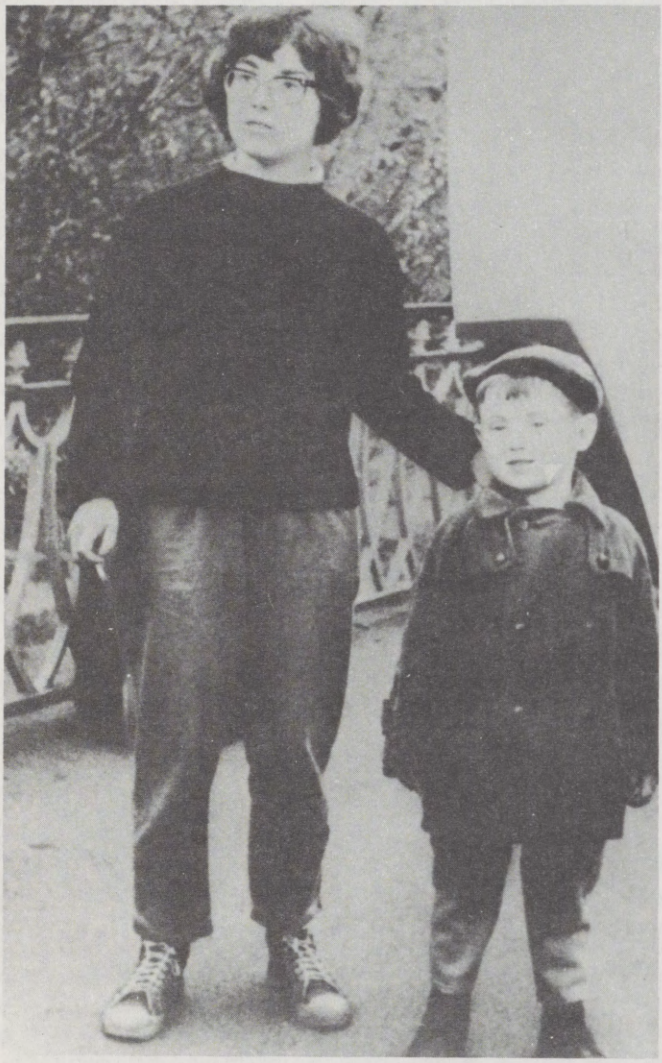
20. Protest letter of Grigorenko *et al. to* Brezhnev, Kosygin, and Podgorny against the *in camera* trial of the above, Oct. 9, 1968.
21. Grigorenko's telegram to Sholokhov on the same issue, about Oct. 9, 1968.
22. Grigorenko's open letter, "I Cannot Remain Silent!", Nov. 19, 1968.
23. A collection of speeches and essays in memoriam of Alexei Kosterin in connection with the latter's funeral. Editor and one of the contributors, Grigorenko, Nov. 1968 (*Possev*, No. 4, 1969). This was probably Grigorenko's most militant speech. There—for justice (including the defense of the exiled Crimean Tatars and Volga Germans) and had paid for it by 18 years in Stalin's concentration camp—Grigorenko promised that the struggle for freedom will go on, the present order of things will sooner or later be destroyed and a system of democratic freedom will be victorious one day in the Soviet Union.
24. Protest letter of Grigorenko to Rudenko against the search of his apartment by the KGB and the confiscation of his archives, including even typing paper and a typewriter, Dec. 4, 1968.
25. The letter of 11 to the Moscow City Court Chairman on the Belogorodskaya trial, Jan. 10, 1969.
26. Grigorenko's and Yakhimovich's open letter to the Citizens of the Soviet Union on the invasion of Czechoslovakia, Feb. 28, 1969.

27. Grigorenko's commentary on two documents on the deportation of the Crimean Tartars in 1944 to Central Asia and Siberia, March 10, 1969.
28. Grigorenko's letter to the electoral commission on his decision not to vote in the conditions of one single candidate per seat, March 16, 1969.

APPENDIX IV—NATALIYA GORBANEVSKAYA



Nataliya Gorbanevskaya and her son, Yassik (Yaroslav)

The Case of Nataliya Gorbanevskaya

Nataliya Gorbanevskaya was born in Moscow in 1936. During the war, in 1943, she was enrolled in a primary school and placed directly

into the second grade. She finished her secondary schooling in 1952 and entered the Leningrad State University as a student of philology. Upon graduation in 1963 she was offered employment as editor and translator in one of Moscow's publishing houses. In 1965 some of her poems were published in the magazine *Znamya* and the newspaper *Molodoy Komsomolets.*

A person of conscience, she could not silently observe the frequent violations of human rights in the USSR. Her courageous statements in the defense of the persecuted, however, brought the wrath of the government upon her. Brutally separated from her two small children and her old mother, she was locked up in the grim psychiatric prison hospital in Kazan, from which in February 1972 she emerged a broken person.

Her first criticisms of the regime's injustices came in the form of poems which aroused extreme disapproval on the part of the government. Her poems were declared "decadent" and "totally unrelated to life". While still a student, Gorbanevskaya took an active part in the compilation of the uncensored student magazines, *Syntaksis* and *Phoenix.* There she became acquainted with Yuri Galanskov and Alexander Ginzburg, who were later put on trial and sentenced for their writings. Gorbanevskaya openly demanded that their trial be public and vigorously protested the cruel and totally unjustified sentences. She signed various appeals and petitions and persisted relentlessly in her fight for decency and justice.

On August 25, 1968 she joined her friends in a demonstration in Red Square in Moscow, protesting the invasion of Czechoslovakia by Soviet troops. With the other demonstrators she was assaulted and beaten by KGB agents. However, she refused to budge, and stood there with her three-months old infant in her arms. Finally she, too, was thrown by force into a waiting police car. The protesters were tried and severely sentenced. Gorbanevskaya, however, was declared to be of unsound mind and released into the custody of her mother. She escaped relatively lightly, most probably due to the fact that she was a mother of two small children.

As the only member of the group not sentenced to jail, she began to write a book which she finished in August 1969. This book, entitled "*Noon: The Case of the Red Square Demonstration of August 25, 1968,*" appeared in *Samizdat* and received a wide circulation. (In the West it was published in Russian by *Possev-Verlag*, Frankfurt, West Germany, 1970, and the English version, *Red Square at Noon*, is about to be published by *André Deutsch*, London). This work, composed of a prologue and four parts (*The Red Square, A Case of a Breach of Public Order, The Kangaroo Court*, and *The Fate of Viktor Feinberg*) contains a verbatim description of the trial, as well as a sketch written by Iliva Gabai, *At the Closed Doors of an Open Trial*, and an article by P. G. Grigorenko, *Notes on the Special Psychiatric Hospitals* (*Madhouses*). The epilogue is devoted to the task of showing that the demonstration of August 25 was not an isolated case of protest against the invasion of Czechoslovakia but one of several, and cites many examples extracted from the underground *Chronicle of Current Events.*

On December 24, 1969, Nataliya Gorbanevskaya's apartment was searched. She was arrested and charged with slandering the Soviet Union under Art. 190–1 of the Criminal Code. Her poems, personal

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letters, manuscripts and Samizdat materials were confiscated. She was locked up in the Butyrki prison, where she awaited sentence.

Seven months later, on July 7, 1970, she was sentenced in absentia. The court found her of unsound mind and confined her for an unlimited term to the prison hospital in Kazan.

It was only on February 24, 1972, that Gorbanevskaya was finally released. Her friends and admirers were elated over her release, but at the same time they were appalled by the changes that had taken place in her. Her personality appeared to have been considerably altered during her "treatment" in an institution where patients are humiliated, molested, and victimized in an atmosphere of utter sorrow and despair.

The late poetess Anna Akhmatova predicted a brilliant future for Nataliya Gorbanevskaya, whose exquisite talent she valued so highly. Of course, she did not reckon with the "schooling" Gorbanevskaya was to receive at the hands of the KGB psychiatrists.

[Natalia E. Gorbanevskaya]

Conclusion of a Commission presided over by the [Moscow] City Psychiatrist I. K. Yanushevsky, 19 November 1969, (on the condition of N. E. Gorbanevskaya):

On the basis of a study of the history of the illness, of her medical record over more than ten years and of an examination—there are no grounds for a diagnosis of schizophrenia. Psychopathic personality with symptoms of hysteria and a tendency to decompensation. At the present time, she has no need of treatment in a psychiatric hospital.

Report No. 28/S: the Forensic Psychiatric examination of N. E. Gorbanevskaya, 6 April 1970

Chairman of the Commission: G. V. Morozov, (Corresponding Member of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the USSR)

Members of the Commission: Lunts, Pechernikova, Martynenko

We have the following information from the patient herself and from the legal and medical documents in the case:

No hereditary handicap . . . Grew up and developed normally . . . Learned to read early, started school in the second class. Up to the 7th class her school-work was excellent; she was very active in community work. In the 8th class there was a falling-off in her work, she began to be "lazy", there were frequent "excesses", and her mother was sent for. At home, because of this there was conflict with her mother. Entered the philological faculty of Moscow State University. Worked well. But in her second year she was not allowed to continue as she had missed physical instruction classes; she was afterwards expelled. She herself says in relation to this that from 1955 she experienced a fear of heights and could not perform on the [physical instruction] apparatus.

Her sister-in-law Gorbanevskaya, a witness, says that in 1955 "some psychological disorders" could be observed. She (Natalia) did not tell her mother about her expulsion from the university. She went to Kaliningrad to study cinema technology in a technical school, but returned home after four days.

For a year she did not study, and was in a restless mood. Sometimes she would leave home without any particular motive. Her mother . . . observes that her daughter was slovenly, careless about things and about her appearance. In that year she made the acquaintance of a Georgian and after a week went away with him to Georgia. In two weeks she returned: "Not the right man."

In 1956 Gorbanevskaya for the second time entered Moscow University School of Philology after a competitive examination. In 1957 she was once again expelled "for missing classes".

In 1955, for some months before her expulsion, she was in a depressed state, felt no desire to live, and attempted suicide. She gave as the reason for this attempt at suicide the "coldness" of the man she loved. Her fear of heights intensified, she could not go upstairs. For two weeks she heard "voices from the ceiling". She herself notes that from that time there were changes in her character—she began to be rude to her mother, was irritable, often went away from home to other towns, and there appeared, in her own words, a tendency to "impulsiveness, to reflex action".

Her sister-in-law states she was extremely rude to her mother, would tolerate no contradiction, and would throw things at her mother during quarrels. At home she did nothing. Went about untidily, "shabbily" dressed. After her second expulsion from Moscow University she tried to work, but could not stay anywhere for long. In August 1958 she started work as a librarian at the All-Union Book Centre and in the same year became an extramural student at Leningrad State University.

At the end of 1959 "after overwork" the condition of the patient worsened. She began to have an unpleasant sensation in her finger-tips. She could not touch paper or cards and began to be afraid that she would be unable to work. At work she did nothing, would sit for a long time in one position, her hands clenched. Everything irritated her, especially the rustling of paper. She began to suffer from "a dreadful internal irritability" and insomnia. Then she went to the district psycho-neurologist. Her outpatient card, dated 10.15.1959 states: "Since August the patient has had an unpleasant sensation in the finger-tips, cannot bear to see others touching paper—it makes her 'feel ill inside'. She gives the unhappy family life of her friend as the reason for her absenteeism, saying that it upsets her and she does not feel like seeing people. During consultation she moralizes; she is not on good terms with her mother. Diagnosis: Schizophrenia. Psychopathy with obsessional features." (The outpatient card is in the possession of the commission.)

From 15 to 30 October 1959 she was in the Kashchenko psychiatric hospital. In the hospital she showed emotional coldness towards her mother and brother, experienced an unpleasant sensation in her finger-tips, could not touch the bedclothes, lay with her hands held upwards. Apart from that: insomnia; and she took the patients for healthy people who had some malady through auto-suggestion. She did not mind the hospital surroundings, but suddenly asked the doctor for her discharge, saying she was afraid she would become mentally ill through auto-suggestion. After her discharge from the hospital the patient's obsessive thoughts and fears did not leave her, and she visited the outpatient department, receiving hypnosis treatment. She was classified as an invalid of Group 3. In 1960 she did not work or

study. Her sleep was superficial; at home she could not take part in the household chores.

Subsequently her condition improved. In 1961 she gave birth to an illegitimate son. From 1961 to 1968 she visited the outpatient department very rarely. When she did she complained each time of excessive tiredness. She was working very hard—on translations by contract. From 1969 onwards she did not have a permanent occupation, but gave private lessons, wrote reviews, and did translations. In February 1968 she received treatment in a gynecological department for a threatened miscarriage. In connection with her refusal of food she was examined by a psychiatrist and transferred to the Kashchenko hospital, where she remained from 15th to 23rd February 1968.

From the documents in the case concerning the history of her illness it is known that during her period of treatment in the hospital no active psychological disorders were observed, but an emotional coldness, languor, and a tendency to moralize were noted. After examination by the chief doctor of the hospital the diagnosis was: "Mild chronic schizophrenia."

In May 1968 a second illegitimate child was born. On August 25 she took part in a demonstration on the Red Square, taking her three-month old baby with her. For this demonstration she was accused under Article 190-1 of the Criminal Code of the Russian Republic. Sent for outpatient examination at the Serbsky Institute. The medical team pronounced Gorbanevskaya to be non-responsible with the diagnosis: "Deep psychopathy, the presence of a mild, chronic schizophrenic process cannot be excluded." The criminal case against the patient was closed, and she was placed under her mother's care. However, she did not cease her activities and was once again called to account.

Physical condition: normal.

Neurological condition: divergent squint on the left, naso-labial skin fold on the left slightly smoothed out, tongue—slightly to the right. Tendon reflexes—equal.

Psychological condition: The patient is outwardly correctly orientated in relation to the conditions surrounding her, and understands the purpose of her being sent for diagnosis. Converses willingly, calm bearing, a smile on her face. Considers herself a mentally fit person. Is sure that she was sent for diagnosis "so that there would be no noise", "because it suited the public prosecutor." At the same time she does not deny the psychotic episode in the past, considering that she was "at that time, suffering from a nervous illness." Her thinking is at times paralogical and inconsistent. Does not renounce her actions, but thinks she has done nothing illegal. Unshakeably convinced of the rightness of her actions, she moralizes a great deal, in particular saying that she acted thus "so as not to be ashamed in the future before her children." She reveals no anxiety about her own future or the fate of her children, believing that "her friends will help the children" and "nothing bad threatens her." As for writing complaints to the Public Prosecutor, she can't be bothered; to bear the consequences will not be difficult. She talks about everything—her life, her activity, her children—in a monotonous voice. Reveals an unfriendly attitude to her mother, without giving reasons for it. There is an absence of a critical appraisal of her own condition and of the situation which she is now in.

Conclusion.—Gorbanevskaya is suffering from a chronic mental illness in the form of schizophrenia. Her illness began early in the form of a temporary psychotic episode: fear, auditory hallucinations, motiveless actions. Subsequently it took on a slowly progressive course without evident aggravation but with the gradual growth of personality changes.

The present psychiatric examination reveals in Gorbanevskaya the presence of changes in the thinking processes and in the emotional and critical faculties, which are characteristic of schizophrenia. Therefore, as a mentally sick person, and in relation to the actions incriminating her, performed in a state of illness, she must be considered non-accountable. Because of her mental condition and in connection with the persistence of the pathological experiences which determine her conduct, Gorbanevskaya should be sent for compulsory treatment to a psychiatric hospital of special type.

Open Letter to Soviet Psychiatrists

Natalia Gorbanevskaya, the mother of two small children, a translator and a poet whose talent was acknowledged and confirmed by Anna Akhmatova, has now been in Butyrka prison for a year.

For six months now she has been confined there in a cell for the mentally ill. She was arrested in December, 1969, and in July 1970 was tried for the preparation and distribution of pamphlets allegedly of slanderous content.

It was declared in the diagnosis conducted at the Serbsky Institute that Natasha was psychologically ill, that is, that she was non-accountable in respect of the activities incriminating her. Although in the statement of the diagnosis not one concrete symptom of psychological illness was indicated, apart from an unfounded reference to indifference towards her children and hostility towards her mother, the Moscow City Court, on the basis of this conclusion, prescribed for Natasha compulsory treatment in a special psychiatric hospital—that is, in a prison-hospital.

It is our deep conviction that what has been done to Natasha is gross victimization of her. We, her close friends, have known Natasha well for a long time, her character, her way of thinking and acting. And we affirm that the diagnostic conclusion is not true. We have not noticed in Natasha any symptoms whatever of mental illness; and if such symptoms had appeared we would have been the first to take the necessary measures for her treatment. We know, contrary to the affirmation of the diagnosis, that Natasha's relation to her children and mother was and is one of deep affection and care (her letters to them bear witness to this); and that her literary translations from various languages made it financially possible for her to keep herself and her family. For example, not long before her arrest Natasha completed, on contract with the publishing house Iskusstvo, a translation from Polish of Tatarkewicz' work of art criticism, and received for it a fee of more than a thousand rubles, which is still a source of support for her family.

The barrister Kallistratova who defended Natasha was able, even without being a specialist in psychiatry, to point out the contradictori-

ness, the incomprehensibility, and the plain incorrectness of the diagnostic conclusion. But the court took into account only the signatures under the medical diagnosis: it did not refute the arguments of the defense, did not examine them: it simply ignored them. We may be told that we are not specialists and cannot therefore dispute the diagnosis of experts. But after all it is known that on 19 November 1969, i.e. only a month before her arrest, a qualified commission of psychiatrists under the chairmanship of the chief psychiatrist of Moscow City declared that Natasha was not suffering from a psychological illness and did not require hospital treatment.

Besides this, a psychiatric specialist has no right to ignore the opinion of people close to the "patient"; he is bound to give a reasoned answer to serious questions and objections relating to the substance of the diagnosis, whoever puts forward such objections—in the present case the responsibility and the risk of making a mistake are too great.

What has happened to Natasha unfortunately convinces us not that our psychiatrists are insufficiently qualified doctors, but that they can make a wrong diagnosis *on purpose*. After all, there have been similar cases: it is known that when the crimes of the period of Stalin's personality cult were exposed there was exposed also the practice of making false psychiatric diagnoses on purpose. It is known that certain doctors whose crimes of this nature were exposed have remained at their posts, and have subsequently even been raised in rank and position.

Natasha Gorbanevskaya has been torn from her children—possibly for ever. Confinement in a prison-hospital may become for her permanent imprisonment, an unbearable existence in an atmosphere of *genuine* madness, possibly of aggressive madness. On the basis of a bogus diagnosis Natasha may be submitted to treatment that will destroy both her talent and her personality.

And the activity of doctors who are psychiatrists may then become a terrible weapon turned *against medicine itself:* it may become medicine that kills and does not heal. Remember that one of the chief commandments for a doctor is this: if you cannot help, at least do not harm a patient.

November 1970.

T. Velikanova.
V. Lashkova.

Our addresses: Moscow, ul. Krasikova, 19, Flat 86, T.M. Velikanova; Moscow, ul. Kropotkina, 13, Flat 9, V.I. Lashkova.

N. Gorbanevskaya's Letters From the Butyrka Prison

My sweet Mummie! I am addressing myself to you last in this letter—don't be hurt! On the contrary, I wanted to write to everybody, and then to write to you with plenty of time, without having to hurry, remembering everything that I forgot to ask or say during your visit, etc. In the first place, I completely forgot to ask about Mishka's affairs. Has he entered, and if so where? Write me about it without fail. Also, coming back from your visit, I realized that I did not really understand what happened to Uncle Grisha. You merely told me that he was hit by a streetcar and I understood that he was hit, but he was still alive, but then I began to doubt it. Write me.

My life, as I told you during the visit, is a sad and lonely one. There is almost nobody with whom I can exchange a word. There is also almost nothing to read. In general there is no intellectual work, you don't know what to do with yourself. If I were in a camp, I would immerse myself in the study of languages. I have very broad plans: if, after all, I go to that miserable Kazan, I'll study English and Swedish, so prepare the grammar books (I do have three Oxford volumes of English.) Also I want to study Estonian again—I have forgotten everything I knew already. I have still other ideas: Latvian, Georgian, Hungarian. But I have a flicker of hope that I won't go there after all, and I will not be fated to become a polyglot.

Mummie! I asked you to try to get a special order, or an individual order. I am afraid it will be difficult for you because you will have to go to some office (I don't even know which one) of the MVD (Ministry of the Interior). Secondly, the main thing, don't start any action about a special order until *all* possibilities of obtaining freedom for me are exhausted. I hope you have already written to the Supreme Soviet. Now, probably, the defense lawyer will file an appeal.

I have the following proposal: let her send the inquiry here, to get the opinion of the doctor who is treating me, under whose observation I have been for half a year since April 16, concerning my diagnosis, psychological state, necessary treatment, etc.

Mama! Write me, please, every week. Let Yassik write on Saturdays or Sundays, and you write on Mondays, after having sent the children off to school. And if you mail the letter on Tuesday, I will get it on Thursday or Friday of the same week. Try to find out the fate of my missing letters—the letters which I sent from here before the appeal had to go through the court, I don't know whether it was the city or supreme court. You have to find out if they came to the court and, if so, whether they were detained or sent on. If they were sent on you must inquire at the post office, and, in case they were lost, you must write to the prosecutor's office, and at the same time write about the lost money. By what right could money, earned by me and essential to my children be held up? It is a pity that so much time has passed.

Mummie, give my regards to Yura and Veronika and their little girls, and congratulations to their brother-in-law. (I can't possibly sort out the degree of relationship and connection.) I heard on the radio that he received a prize and I am very glad. And at the same time tell them all that it would be good if they did not forget their old friend and write her. Let them understand how hard it is here without letters.

Finally, did you get the encyclopedia? It is so necessary to Yassik. I am not ending the letter yet, dear one. I should write more, but once I started to write everything flew out of my head.

October 19. I waited until this evening, hoping, maybe I would get a letter from you or at least from somebody else. But it seems that there won't be anything today, and I have to give the letter in soon. Please write me. The letters get here, and very quickly, write in detail about the children and yourself, write about all sorts of news, and let everybody write me, let them write in as much detail as possible about everything, everything. I am interested to know how everybody is living; I want badly to know what there has been of interest in the magazines in my absence, and in general what there is of interest to read.

Mummie, in the last two letters I congratulated you on your birthday, but forgot to do it during your visit, because I was preoccupied with Ossya and his pranks. So now I belatedly congratulate you. I kiss you and the children warmly. Be well and don't forget me.

Your daughter NATASHA.

I had already finished the letter when I got something from you and Ira Kesunskaya (the second postcard, but she writes that it is the fourth or fifth, the one where the things from Lynda are included) I haven't read it yet. If an answer is required, I will add it. No I won't.

October 16. Yasen'ka, my dear one, I am continuing my letter. It's a great pity that all my preceding letters were lost. Maybe I will remember and repeat some of the things I wrote about. In one of the letters I remembered the time that you and I had dinner after the show about Tsar Max-Emelayan and a man sitting at our table asked you: "And who is your best friend?" and you answered him very seriously: "Mama." I still remember that with Joy. I am sure that you still have not changed your opinion and consider me your best friend. Whenever it is that I come home, we still have our whole life ahead of us, and I am certain that it will be an interesting life. It will contain everything: books, and music, and expeditions, and trips to distant places. We will go to all the places we wanted to: Leningrad, Novgorod, Vilnius, the Crimea, and, of course, Yaroslavl'.

I am very happy that you went to Zagorsk. Did you visit the Kolomensky while you were there? You and I love that place. When Ossyenka gets bigger. He will travel with us too. And in Leningrad we will definitely go to the Hermitage and the Russian Museum and look at the gorgeous pictures there—after all, during our last trip you were still too little and I decided not to take you there. Today is Pyotr Grigorevich's birthday, and I remembered it. In general I remember everybody all the time, regardless of birthdays, and you—you, Ossyenka and Grandmother always. How are you helping Grandmother? Have you learned how to use your time well so that there is enough of it for everything: schoolwork, pleasure, and household work? Here is an assignment for you. Before your next visit (it will be in December) arrange matters so that you won't waste any time pointlessly. When you come back from school, change your clothes quickly, do your homework quickly, and please, read, stroll and listen to music. And of course help Grandmother, particularly in her chores with Ossik. And when you come for the visit, you will tell me how you carried out your assignment. Do you agree? I am already waiting for this visit with impatience. I was so happy to see you and want to see you again soon very much. Write me letters every week, choosing time for this on Saturdays or Sundays. Send drawings. I kiss you tenderly, tenderly.

Mama NATASHA.

November 4. My sweet Yassyenok, my wonderful, wise Yaroslav!

I congratulate you on your joining the Pioneers. Grandmother wrote me that they were going to take in only those who were ten years old or soon to be ten, but then you also were among the ones considered worthy. Be careful not to get conceited! You, of course, do well at school, but with your brains and abilities you could do even better. And you know what interefers with this: vagueness, lack of organization.

Well, I think that now you feel yourself to be more grown up and you can get rid of bad habits.

I can't wait for a letter from you, my little friend. And not a line from you in any of Grandmother's three letters. Could it be that you really have so little time? I write you every time, and it is not my fault that the letters don't get there. Now that such a serious event has taken place in your life, I decided to write you separately. (I also wrote a few more letters to my acquaintances.)

In my last letter I again sent you a story, but, as it seems, the letter got stuck somewhere. So I am adding it again here.

My little one! Don't forget that you are a big boy already, that you are the chief man in the house. Look after Grandmother, so that she doesn't cry or worry, protect her tranquility, don't annoy her. Be a considerate older brother, not only kind, but wise; play with Ossyenka, read to him, pity him, but don't spoil him, don't cater to his whims. I kiss you, my bright little son. Kiss Grandmother and Ossyenka.

Mama Natasha.

Mummie, I am very sorry that my letters have not been reaching you. I will try to say the most important things in short form. I consider that everything that I am doing is correct and justifiable. But I suffer because you and the children have to pay for my correct activities. The weight that has fallen on you—this weight I only realized in full in prison; before that it seemed to me that only I would have suffering and deprivations. For this reason, believe me: no matter when or from where I get out, I will do everything so that you may live the remainder of your years in tranquility, and I will abstain (sad as it may be) from all this activity. I miss home and the children terribly, and you too. I think that in many cases I should have been more patient and tolerant. But I have learned patience now. I am healthy, it's not cold, I am not starving, everything is alright, but I worry a lot about your health. As soon as I get out, you will immediately go to a sanatorium to be properly treated. I miss the children so very much. Do they remember me? Ossya, probably, has forgotten. Find some photo of me for him. Mama, please, don't completely bar my friends from the children, particularly Vera—she loves them both so much. Don't believe everything that they try to frighten you with. I approve your plans for the summer. The trial, probably, will be in June, and Yassik will still be in Moscow, so that he can visit me. After the trial one will be able to write, and let him write me from the country, and you forward his letters to me.

I kiss you all tenderly, tenderly.

Regards to all, all, all!

Mama Natasha.

[In the conclusion of the Serbsky Institute on the case of N. Gorbanevskaya it is stated that she "shows hostile attitudes toward her mother" and "does not demonstrate worry concerning the fate of her children." Her letters from prison in the period after the trial and during the period of the expertise refute this "symptom," and it is not by chance that the experts refused to examine her letters.]

"Free Medical Help" Excerpts From Letters and Statements of Nataliya Gorbanevskaya

"As long as arbitrary actions of this kind continue uncondemned, no one can feel secure."

(From the letter protesting about the trial of Galanskov, Ginzburg, Dobrovolsky, and Lashkova.)

The letter from which the above quotation is taken was signed by 170 people and sent by me on February 5 to the Procurator General of the USSR, the Supreme Court of the RSFSR, as well as to N. V. Podgorny, A. N. Kosygin and L. I. Brezhnev. For the return address I put my own on all the envelopes. My address was also given at the end of the letter with four others, including A. S. Volpin's.

Two days later I fell ill, and several days after that the doctor at the clinic suggested that I should go into hospital. On February 12 I was admitted to a maternity hospital, into the department dealing with the pathology of pregnancy, with the diagnosis: 'pregnancy of 25–26 weeks, anaemia, danger of miscarriage.'

I wrote notes to my friends from both hospitals in which I spent the next twelve days. They are about what happened to me, as well as about my mental state at the time. It is these notes (in part or in full) that I shall be presenting with the necessary commentaries and explanations. The notes were addressed to various people; sometimes, as I did not know in advance who was coming to see me, I simply chose one or other person as addressee for the convenience of correspondence. For this reason I have removed all forms of address from the notes. Nobody could possibly have thought these letters might be of use to me some day—and so the first has been lost. In place of Note No. 1 I have therefore given an account of how I felt in the hospital and how I tried to get myself discharged (which is mainly what I wrote about in it).

I have scarcely ever been in a hospital. The one occasion was in October 1959, when as a result of extreme fatigue (at the time I was working and studying as well) I spent two weeks in the Kashchenko psychiatric hospital. During those two weeks I became so ill that when I finally got out, I swore never to go into a hospital again. I should add that in spite of the diagnosis 'schizophrenia', in all the years that have passed since I have never had cause to contemplate further treatment (God grant I never will), nor has any doctor ever suggested it to me.

And so, the same thing started happening to me in the maternity hospital as did in 1959, when after two weeks in the hospital I lost all peace of mind and began to suffer from insomnia (unusual for me). The light, the conversations—everything stopped me going to sleep. I wanted desperately to—so much so that my eyes hurt—but I couldn't. Again I lost my appetite, which had been poor throughout this pregnancy and which I had only recently recovered. Conversations in the ward (there were eight of us there) not only stopped me sleeping, but irritated me. Anyone who has been in a gynecological ward will know what I mean. Others can doubtless imagine the level of conversation and the topics discussed: tales of difficult births or deformed children; a detailed analysis of the case of a fifteen-year-old girl who had a child by her father (the girl was in the next ward). All this is hard to take, especially when you are about to give birth yourself.

But when the conversation turns from gynecological to sexual subjects, it's quite sickening.

In general the situation in the hospital had an utterly depressing effect on me, the fact that I was forced to be in company I had not chosen, obliged to listen to everything that was said and to suppress my feelings. There was also the fact that, apart from an exchange of notes, no contact with those close to me was possible. I remember writing that the maternity hospital itself was not so bad—it was a normal one—it was just that the hospital evidently did not agree with me. Being in a hospital after the birth is another matter. It is not just that the psychological atmosphere is different; there is not even the time to write notes—it is as much as one can do to get in one's sleep between feeds. Even the conversations are different and everyone is kinder to one another.

Here I felt dreadful the very first evening. I used to thrust my head under the blanket and weep, trying not to make a sound. This isn't easy, and on one occasion someone said to me: 'Don't cry—or your blood pressure will go up'. I don't like strangers telling me what to do, and I cannot bear anyone noticing my tears, so I snapped back: 'Don't interrupt your conversation on my behalf.' 'Well I never, we've a comic among us', responded the woman who had offered the advice. But this was the only time in four days when there was any kind of clash with the other women in the ward. The rest of the time relations with them were easy enough.

I cried and cried, and then started to reflect more calmly: what should I do and where would it be better? I came to the conclusion that it would be better at home: I could get leave from work, stay in bed, go out for walks (incidentally they did not allow people out for walks from the hospital, and there were endless arguments about whether or not to open the window). At home I could take my medicine, eat and sleep, and everyone would look after me, do the shopping, etc. In the morning I explained all this to the doctor doing the rounds, and asked her to discharge me 'with a note'. 'Of course you must be discharged if you want to go, you can't be forced to stay. But the head of department is not in today. I'll tell the doctor who will be doing the round tomorrow and she'll speak to the department head; then you'll be discharged. WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW.'

I was upset, but what could I do, except wait? The next day it was a different doctor doing the rounds. No one had told her anything, of course, but when she heard my story she said the same thing: 'You won't be forced to stay' and promised to speak to the department head. She vanished. When at last I met her in the corridor she answered calmly: 'The department head thinks you should not be discharged.' 'What do you mean?' I tried to understand her. 'Yesterday and today I was told I'd be discharged if I wanted. Let me talk to the department head.' 'She has already gone home. WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW.' I got very worked up and at that moment ran into the head of the post-natal department, as our ward was on the same floor. (There were not enough wards in the pathology department). I cannot tell one department head from another. I asked her: 'Are you the department head?' 'I am'. So I complained to her, and she told me she knew nothing about it, but would look into it. It seems it was as a result of this that the deputy to the chief doctor came to talk to me later that day. She—

again—asked me to wait until the following day, but promised to discharge me herself if I did not change my mind. Consequently I telephoned some friends and asked them to call the hospital the next day, to find out whether I had been discharged. If I had, they were going to come and fetch me. One of my friends suggested coming and talking to the doctor—they had already received my first note, and as they knew me well, they did not consider my request a mere whim. On the contrary, they were convinced that I needed help.

The beginning of the letter which follows was written before the telephone conversation, and the end—after it.

The addressee of the letter is an active participant in the protest movement against violations of legality. This accounts for my anxiety about him, and my words about a 'civil cross'. Incidentally my anxiety turned out to be not entirely unjustified: the next day I received a note in which I learned that several people I knew well had been summoned to the KGB literally in the previous two or three days, and that on the morning of February 14 A. S. Volpin had been arrested and forcibly committed to a psychiatric hospital.

NOTE NO. 2

February 14, late evening.

Today I am quite stunned at not being discharged. It has been put off until tomorrow, and they are trying to persuade me to stay at least a few days more. 'We can't let you out with a haemoglobin count like this.' To which I replied, 'It won't get any higher here.' I don't know if you have read the long letter I took two days to write—in it I explained in detail why I don't want to stay in the hospital.

Of course tomorrow I will get my discharge, but in spite of the fact that for two days now the doctors have been saying, 'You won't be forced to stay', I am beginning to believe them less and less. They can quite easily force me to stay. Or perhaps by 'forcing me to stay' they mean physically catching me if I physically run away?

The main thing is that as a result of all this I cannot sleep and have lost my appetite. Today I did not have lunch or supper, and have only just persuaded myself to be sensible and to eat a bit of the food they have brought me. Everything sticks in my throat.

Why are they keeping me here? My belly does not hurt, they cannot cure me of anaemia. Even if they were trying—medicines on their own aren't enough in the case of anaemia. What is important is the kind of food, and it is not possible to bring everything. The main thing, however, is the effect on my nerves: there is no quiet, no peace, nothing to occupy the mind. I listen to conversations, about what mother-in-law gave to whom and how much it cost, about the experiences of a twenty-one year old she-elephant on her wedding night (and on all the following nights), about how they cheat you in the shops. And so on and so forth.

This is not contempt for the people. These are not the people. I have just enough Christianity to enable me to remain silent, patiently.

In any case nothing will ever be really right as long as I am without my cross and my little icon of the Saviour. That's yet another reason for getting out, to get them back as soon as possible. My one consolation is that the old ward attendant and the nurse, when they took my

things, were very moved. ('Clever girl,' said the nurse; evidently, what particularly moved them was that a young, educated person like myself had not left the faith.) When I said, 'The only things I really don't want to get lost are these', they answered, 'Don't even think about it; things like these never get lost'. This is a consolation, not in the sense that they will look after the things, but in a more important sense.

How about you, have you definitely given up all thoughts of the cross? Or do you consider taking up the cross of civil causes sufficient for Salvation? It's your affair. I place freedom of conscience too high (higher than all freedoms), so I shall not actively regret your *lack of Christianity*. (I deliberately wrote that incorrectly, as properly spelt it means something terrible, which moreover bears no relation to you.) [1]

Incidentally, why did they publish the proceedings of the major political trials in Czarist times? [2]

February 15, morning.

Yesterday after the telephone call I calmed down: not only because I thought that your conversation with the doctor might improve the chances of my being discharged (although it is so easy for them to deceive me, when I have no one to support me), nor was it merely that I no longer felt abandoned; on the contrary I felt positively overwhelmed by the general concern shown me.

No, here is the real reason. The very first day you were supposed to come to see me, and did not come. Yesterday A. came, and did not say a word about you. And so I thought, 'so that's how it is: I am in the hospital while there. . . .' Then I started to write that letter as though no such thought had occurred to me,—as though by not saying it I would work a kind of magic to prevent it happening. When I telephoned (especially as I called from the interns' telephone and they told me to be quick), I was not even going to ask about you (I didn't want them to have to lie to me). I was just about to hurry through what I had to say when they called you to me, and I felt better at once. After the call I had a long talk with the elderly sister, telling her that I had made an enormous effort to eat, and had actually eaten something. (She had come to me before, trying to persuade me to eat, and I had promised to after supper, which I did.) She asked me how I was sleeping, and gave me some bromide and valerian; whether it was the bromide or the valerian or inner peace (how long will it last? If they deceive me again, that's it), whatever the reason, I s'ept well. That night I had one of the best dreams I could have had because it was about one of the best things in my life. I was hitchhiking from Tartu to Leningrad, still in Estonia and approaching the town of Mustve, when the lovely Chudskoye Lake appeared on my right. There were fishing villages with those dear Estonian names: Aya, Raya . . . In one of them there was a cemetery, a beautiful Lutheran cemetery with pine trees and iron graves. Just before it, at some gates, a dog barked at me. In reality this happened in 1964, when I was travelling to Tartu for the first time.

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[1] This is a play on the spelling of the prefix "bez" (without) which before certain consonants is spelt "bes". "Bes" in Russian means devil (Translator's note).

[2] This phrase came of my reading *State crimes in Russia in the nineteenth century. (A compilation from official publications). Vol. 1 (1825–76)*. St.P. 1906. This book compiled by B. Bazilevsky (V. Bogucharsky) contains a great number of detailed accounts of political trials.

It was in October, when after torrential rains and freezing cold, quite unexpectedly a truly 'golden autumn' arrived. Just before, I had spent three days in Tarusa, going crazy about the golden autumn during the day and *Ashes and Diamonds* in the evening.[3] (I still read slowly at that time, but I took just three evenings to read the 400 pages of that book, and when I returned to Moscow I caught myself thinking in Polish.)

The road to Tarusa is dreadful. Up to Serpukhov, it is dull, but passes quickly: the road is busy, with lots of cars. After Serpukhov you can walk for two or three hours without a single car passing, and it is deserted and bare all round. Worst of all, you can see the bends and twists in the road ahead and you feel like cutting across country, but you know that it will not be any quicker and you might miss a car. Incidentally, on the bends you can see the road behind you as well, with no traffic on it. It's not like an ordinary road where at any moment you might hear the gentle sound of an engine, followed by a long-awaited lorry.

Up to last year hitch-hiking was one of the greatest pleasures of my life. Now I shall have to wait until my little child is big enough to go to the country with the nursery school or the kindergarten; then Yassik and I—he will be nine or ten years old by then—will set off on my old itineraries.

Enough of emotional outpourings about hitch-hiking.

If you come to talk to the doctor, it would be better to talk to the head of the Pathology department, and not the duty doctor (but it does not matter—the duty doctor will just send you to the department head). The chief doctor is supposed to decide on my case today.

Yesterday I had an apparently civilized conversation with the deputy chief doctor. It seems that she had checked up on my case and found out about my 'schizophrenia'. So I explained it to her, and also told her why I had decided to have a second child, and why I was not frightened that my children would turn out psychopaths, and why I was not scared of any aggravation of my condition as a result of my pregnancy. I explained how well I managed, and how I would continue to do so on my own, and how well set up I was to provide for my children by means of translations.

(*End of letter.*)

The next letter was written after my friend had spoken to the doctor. At first they were very vague, then promised definitely to discharge me TOMORROW. I received a note from him saying that he was going, that he would come next day at 11 o'clock, and asking me to write down all my arguments, in case they should not discharge me then. His note came, and I did not manage to hand him what I had written (Note No. 3). Note No. 4 was in answer to his request to explain my case in detail. Note No. 5 describes what happened next.

NOTE NO. 3

I disappeared because the doctor was doing his rounds. (Perhaps this was the doctor you spoke to?) It's not that I think all's well with me—I know it's not—but I will only get better at home. Each day

[3] Novel by the Polish author, I. Andrzejewski (Translator's note).

here makes me worse. Today they will say "We took a sample yesterday, and it will not be ready until tomorrow, so wait until tomorrow'. After each 'Wait until tomorrow' I collapse like an empty sack. If they tell me to wait until tomorrow this time, I shall not believe them, and will not be able to rest easy.

They still have not settled whether or not to discharge me—so don't go away for heaven's sake. I feel bad about making you hang around so long on my account, but please be patient a little longer.

If they tell you definitely they will not discharge me, ask to see the chief doctor and try to exert some pressure there.

February 15, afternoon.

There you are, you left. I had just written a note asking you not to go, and you went. They probably told you they would not discharge me today, but they will tell me later: 'We would have discharged you, but he didn't wait, and we can't let you out alone.'

Oh well, never mind. In case they don't discharge me today, and try to delay things tomorrow again, here are the main facts of my case, so that you can talk to them.

1. Anaemia. Haemoglobin 54%.

At the clinic they prescribed haemostimulin, which I forgot to bring with me, and an infusion of iron, which I did not bring because I did not want to spill it on the way. In any case I was convinced that they would give me all the medicines I needed here. (Fortunately I at least brought some of the simplest things with me—multi-vitamins and calcium gluconate.) Besides the notorious bromide-valerian, they have yet to give me anything.

Apart from the medicine, I was told to eat apples, which I can eat here, and to drink apple juice; carrots, which should be grated and liquidized—nobody here is going to do that for me; liver, lightly fried, half raw—here there is no liver at all; cabbage, raw and sour—well, sour cabbage could be brought to me, but I am not going to eat raw cabbage straight off the stalk. At home I prepare it with onion (which I also need) and mayonnaise; at home this is easy, here it's impossible.

Furthermore there is little enough to eat here, and in particular there is not much meat which is essential for anaemia. The women here are mainly in the last months of pregnancy, with oedemata or high blood pressure, and have to lose weight. They all have 70% or more haemoglobin, so the diet is not, nor can it be, planned round my anaemia.

2. Danger of miscarriage.

At the time of the trial, when I walked a great deal, my belly occasionally hurt. Since then everything seems to be all right.

Just now the matron (?) came to me and asked: 'Have we got your things? What kind of a coat have you got? I have to get them ready as they are preparing to discharge you.' I asked her whether it would be today or tomorrow. She did not know, but all the same I felt better. I will continue the story of my illness, however, even if you won't read it tomorrow.

At the beginning of last week I spent a couple of days going round the shops looking for various odds and ends. (I had just been

paid.) I spent an evening in Detsky Mir[4] and another on Leninsky Prospekt. I got very tired, and it was very slippery underfoot. All the time I felt contractions and a kind of pressure downwards. I thought that was how it should be. On the third day, Wednesday, I went to the doctor and both things were diagnosed. She did not say a word about my going into the hospital. She told me to lie down all the time and to walk for two or three hours only. I found that when I walked a lot my belly would begin to hurt, but one does not have to walk the way I do—there are seats to sit on. Vitamin E—the only treatment for threatened miscarriage—was got for me only the day before they suggested hospitalization. Here they gave me injections twice a day, but now I have to take it as medicine because they have no more in ampules. At home I have ampules (and injections are better than any other method).

So, purely from the point of view of treatment, it will be better for me at home, not to speak of the effect on my nerves.

It is true that they put out the light at night, but rather late, and at home I sleep much more. Firstly I need a lot of sleep. Secondly, here, when I am not sleeping, I use up an enormous amount of energy shutting out the stupid conversations, pathetic stories, gruesome medical histories. Even now when I am concentrating on writing, I can hear almost everything that is being said. Reading does not shut it out at all. In any case, I get tired reading and writing all the time. My eyes get tired. At home, without switching the light on, I turn on my transistor radio—which is very soothing. I listen and listen, my eyes begin to close and already dozing I switch it off and fall asleep. There is no tension at all which would be bad for my nerves, and dangerous for the child.

Can it be good for me to hang about the corridor here, wondering if anyone is going to come? At home the telephone is by my bed; I ring up whomever I want, chat with whomever I want, ask for whatever I want.

I have already put down everything about my nerves—how I cry and how I cannot eat. At home, as soon as I wake up, I eat.

NOTE NO. 5

February 15, later, horrified.

The duty doctor has just said something terrible, and what is more without realizing the full horror of it. She came on some other matter and the conversation went like this:

'What about me? What has been decided?'

'The chief doctor has not left yet; it looks as though you are going to be discharged, or transferred to another hospital. I did not even see your card—the chief doctor has it.'

Transferred to another hospital.

Do you realize what that means?

The examination was not an examination but a conversation—only

[4] Detsky Mir is a large Moscow department store selling everything for children (Translator's note).

now did I realize that it was with a psychiatrist,[5] a very unpleasant character of the pale, faceless, KGB kind.

I now see that it is quite possible that they will put me away in the same place as Alec.[6] In view of all that has happened these last few days it would be too much of a coincidence. In any case if they come and tell me that I am being discharged *today*, I shall not go until I have rung someone up and arranged to be met. If it happens tomorrow, you will be here and they will not be able to get rid of me. I suppose that if they have said they will discharge me tomorrow, they probably mean it. If they tell me straight that they are transferring me, I shall refuse to go, and they will have to use force. I am terribly on edge. The worst of it is that you may not get this note, and no one will know where I am. Heaven spare me that!

Supper interrupted my writing, and then—I don't know whether it was because I was full up, or because I could hardly believe anything so ridiculous—I suddenly felt quite cool and collected and began to laugh with everyone else at some silly woman. She has been carrying on a shouted conversation through the window, and been told off for it by everyone, and now is shouting to her husband: 'Shouting isn't allowed!' All the same she'll go on talking to him for ages just as loudly—obviously nothing gets through to her at all. It's the same 21-year-old, who weighs 90kg. [216 lbs.]

No, they are not really likely to use force or deception. It is past six already and no one has said anything to me. Tomorrow you are coming at eleven. Then I will not be frightened any more. I shall not ring today—firstly I don't know whether anyone will be in, secondly I have nothing in particular to say and thirdly it is very difficult to get permission to ring.

(*End of letter.*)

The next day, February 16, two of my friends came to the maternity hospital, convinced that they were going to take me home. My name was not among those who were being discharged. Moreover, there was no one of that name in the maternity hospital, they were told. It was not on any list. No one wanted to talk to them, no one explained anything. All looked away. Eventually they managed to talk to the deputy to the chief doctor who told them that I had been taken to the Kashchenko psychiatric hospital the previous evening.

'Why?'

'Well, you see, she was behaving rather strangely.'

With great difficulty they managed to discover what was meant by my 'rather strange behavior'. 'She kept asking to be discharged and refused to eat.' And on these grounds, in consultation with the chief doctor (who had not seen me at all) and of the duty psychia-

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[5] It transpired later that it was the duty psychiatrist for the Timiryazevsky district. In a rather short conversation he asked me not so much about the state of my health as about when I was last in hospital, where my case was registered, whether I live alone, etc. About my condition he asked, among other things, why I had "refused to eat" the previous day. I said that I had simply been upset and had not wanted to eat, but that later I had in fact eaten. I mentioned this to the nurse in the evening and to the department head the next morning.

[6] The reference is to A. S. Volpin.

trist, it was decided to transfer me to a psychiatric hospital, with the diagnosis on account of which they had refused to allow me home, though they were now transferring me to a place where it would be quite impossible to give me the necessary treatment. The deputy to the chief doctor said casually: 'They'll sort it out there—maybe it will be necessary to terminate the pregnancy . . .'

The same day my mother came to the maternity hospital and learned about my 'transfer'.

As for myself, I tried to let people know what had happened to me. I gave a woman who was being discharged in the morning several telephone numbers and asked her to ring and say where I was.

That day I wrote two letters—the second after my mother and lots of friends had been to see me. We talked through a closed door: I was in the corridor and they were standing on the stairs, but we could hear everything. I gave them the previous notes (the ones I had not managed to hand over in the maternity hospital, and the one I had written in the morning).

February 16.

NOTE NO. 6

I don't even know if anyone will come, but I am writing just the same, as I had decided to write. No one would let me near a telephone—not even to phone my mother. Yesterday evening they summoned me into the examination room—'The duty doctor wants to examine you.' When I got there, there were two hefty orderlies who looked as though they were cut out to be prison camp warders. I won't go into details now—the very thought of it starts me weeping.

Probably only my mother can get me out of here. But they won't let me ring her—at reception they promised to ring her, but I don't believe anyone any more. If she does not come, I shall have to send one of the girls to her.

Here they took away even the multi-vitamins and gluconate. I am afraid they will use force to inject something into me, and then things will look really bad for my child.

I must be got away from here as quickly as possible, as any barbarity is possible.

I shall send everything I managed to write over there—it is quite clear from my notes how I was both expecting this and not expecting it.

Ball-points are not allowed, nor any other kinds of pens. The pencil I'm using belongs to someone else.

I have just had a talk with the doctor. She asked my mother to come tomorrow (or the day after tomorrow, Sunday). The question of a discharge, even with a 'note', can only be decided on Monday when the chief doctor will be there. If no one else has had a hand in this, and if my hospital tour has no particular cause, then maybe everything will be all right. But I am quite convinced of the presence of another 'hand', which, moreover, deemed it necessary not only to remove me, but to remove me to a lunatic asylum, so I am sure they will think up some excuse and not let me out.

For the time being it is not worth making a great fuss, but if one of you could come and talk to the doctor, it would be a good idea.

Perhaps under the surface of normal conversations there is an under-

current of terrible, evil plans? After all, it was like that yesterday, in the other place.

Here I am less protected than alone on the Sivtsev Vrazhok.

Here I really will go out of my mind.

NOTE NO. 7

February 16, evening.

What a spectacle! There's a recreation room here, with a television and radio-phone. I glanced in, thinking I might pass the time watching television. The television was not yet switched on, and two couples were moving round to the radio-phone, to the sound of some post-war tango: poor, miserable women, in frightful gowns, twined together, languorously swaying their hips. Lord, how little it takes to make people happy!

This might sound strange, but my morale has really improved here. In the maternity hospital they tormented me with their eternal 'Wait until tomorrow'. Here they told me straight away 'Not before Monday', and this seemed more realistic. This must be the way it is as regards psychiatric treatment, I suppose? If I were really ill now, I could not take any medicines at all, because of my pregnancy, so it means I could not be treated anyway. In principle they have to release me to my family with a 'note'—this is particularly so when I cannot even be treated. However, everything's in the air.

I've realized how important is tomorrow's conversation with the doctor. Even my intention to keep the baby might be regarded almost as a symptom of schizophrenia by most doctors. 'What! On her own! A second child! It's not possible! How will you cope? Others can't permit themselves this even in the best of conditions!' And so on. Fortunately today I did not lay any particular stress on the fact that I was alone. That is, I told them I was alone and that I could manage, but when they asked me if the decision to have the baby was accidental, I put on a very serious expression and told them that it was not an accident, that the decision was taken seriously, and that I would prefer not to talk about it. From the last part they can infer almost anything, as for example that the question is not completely settled, but that I have always had and always shall have 'moral and material support'.

It feels as though my belly has got stronger. Maybe I shall not need to take leave from work after all. If they don't give me sick leave, I shall go back to work. I don't think they will dare to take disciplinary action against me.

I seem to have got rather carried away, whereas what I need is to keep a sharp ear open, as night draws on. It's quite possible, in view of the diagnosis 'danger of miscarriage', that they might drag me off, give me a scrape and then say that the miscarriage began itself. It would be impossible to prove anything: after all I'm a 'psycho-schizophrenic'. What if that's why they got me here?

Yesterday evening too I was calm and cheerful, and look how many tears it cost me. But then it was only tears, what might it be this time? Only, not a word of this to the doctors, or they will say that I'm suffering from obsessive fears, persecution mania. (And don't say anything about the KGB either, for the same reason, even if they themselves know all about it.) I have only three nights to go until Monday.

If the KGB did organize this whole affair, then probably nothing will come of it. No one can get Alec out. Of course, he's not pregnant. When I do get out, I shall probably really start swearing in earnest.

February 17, morning.

You know why they decided so readily to bring me over here? When I was talking to the psychiatrist in the maternity hospital, that odd one who was suspiciously unlike a doctor, he asked with whom I was living. I told him that I lived alone, separately from my mother. Perhaps if I was registered [7] as not living with my mother, she would not have the right to take me away from here. Evidently they decided that I was alone in the world, that no one would take up my case, that they could lock me up without fear of consequences and keep me as long as they liked.

(*End of letter.*)

On February 17 the consultant doctor told my mother that *I did not need any treatment* and that they would discharge me not later than Thursday. And so 'Not before Monday' and 'Not later than Thursday', on Friday February 23 I was discharged. Furthermore I was discharged by the normal procedure, not with a note for the relatives; in other words they as good as admitted that I should never have been sent there. As far as I can make out, they had put off discharging me for a week just to be on the safe side: the doctors waited until there were as many of them there as possible—the chief doctor, the department head, the doctor who saw me and another doctor from the same department. They studied my 1959 case history, talked to me and asked in astonishment, 'Why were you sent to us?' I replied: 'I should like to know that myself.'

At that they fell silent.

There was no talk at all of terminating the pregnancy. 'Good heavens', they said to my friends, 'That's very rarely done and only in the most extreme cases: if the illness takes a violent turn and the treatment will be harmful to the child anyway."

I was quite calm those days. I gathered all my inner strength so as not to harm the child, and not to lose my grip by tormenting myself and getting all worked up. When I considered the possibility of their not discharging me, of their holding on to me for weeks, maybe months, I told myself with unexpected firmness: 'People give birth in prisons, don't they? What does it matter? And without visits, without parcels, without apples and oranges. So if they had not released me, in other words had openly declared war on me, I would have come out of it with honor, and victoriously. Fortunately I did not have to go to war.

I did not write any more notes: I talked to everyone through the door, and on Sunday had a two-hour meeting. As before, I didn't have the energy to give a detailed account of how I had been brought to the hospital, and as I was afraid I might forget everything apart from the sensation of horror, and wouldn't be able to explain to anyone why it was so dreadful, I wrote a final note on Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

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[7] Every Soviet citizen is obliged to register himself and his address (Translator's note).

NOTE NO. 8

February 17.

Things I only mentioned in passing and did not write down.

(I am hurrying to put it down now while I can still remember it all.)

That evening—it was Thursday February 15—I was completely calm. Only later did I remember how neither the doctor, the nurse, nor the matron could look me in the eye when I questioned them.

At about 9 o'clock (I don't know the exact time as all the clocks in the corridor had stopped) a ward attendant came to tell me that I had to go to be examined. 'The duty doctor wants to have a look at you.' Still calm and not suspecting anything, I went down in the lift with her to the ground floor. Immediately I was summoned from the examination room into the reception room; I stopped short in the doorway. Inside were several nurses and ward attendants, the duty doctor, a bundle with my things and two distinctly brutal looking men who were obviously waiting for me. At first I did not realize just who they were. The duty doctor told me to get dressed and announced that it had been decided to continue my treatment in another hospital, and that I was going to the Botkinskaya hospital. I said, 'I won't go', and went back to the lift. I knew how pointless this was, but as everything that was happening to me was pointless, I decided to resist as far as possible. The more repulsive of the two orderlies (I'd realized by now that the two men, whose coats and hats singled them out in the crowd of white smocks, were orderlies) took a few steps after me and twisted my arms behind my back. I returned. Should I really try to resist them? Of course there would be a marvellous scene—two bull-like orderlies tying up a small, ill, pregnant woman. But I was both frightened for my child and afraid that they would throw me into some terrible ward for the violent. (I was sure they were not taking me to the Botkinskaya hospital.)

All further opposition therefore took a purely verbal form.

'Get undressed.'

'No, I will not.'

'Get undressed.'

'I'm not going anywhere.'

'Get undressed.'

'I must phone my family and let them know.'

'Get undressed and then you can phone them.'

The duty doctor shouted indignantly: 'Do you want them to undress you by force? These men will do that right now!'

The nurses and attendants looked on in silent horror, especially the one who had brought me from the third floor. At some point (I think it was near the beginning of the conversation) I said to the doctor: 'I've been deceived in day after day. I was promised a discharge and now you've got me here by pretending the doctor wanted to examine me.'

'I didn't know either', said the ward attendant sadly.

'I realize that,' I told her. Later, when I was actually leaving, she looked what they call broken-hearted. I tried to give her a comforting smile, but I'm afraid it must have appeared rather mournful.

In the end I went into the examination room and everyone began to help me dress (not the doctor of course).

There was yet another reason which evidently made these simple women take my side. While I was still in the reception room they handed over the 'valuables' which were being kept in storage: my watch, money, and most important to me, my little icon and cross. The icon of the Cheringov Virgin Mary and my christening cross. And here they were in the paws of an orderly—fat paws, with fat, greasy fingers, it seemed to me. Every day I had yearned for my icon and cross and felt defenseless without them. Even now I feel that they would have protected me if I had had them with me. I stretched across the table to take them, but he moved his hand away. When I cried out something like: 'How dare you lay hands on them!', and he saw how painful it was for me, he gave a grin and began to roll and crush the icon and the cross in his fingers, saying that as an atheist he just couldn't care less.

I am quite cool now as I write all this, firstly because if I begin to weep as I did yesterday I shall not be able to write anything, and secondly because I simply haven't the words to describe what I felt. I remember repeating over and over again that they'd tricked me and forced me. I also told the duty doctor that she was condoning this behaviour, but it had no effect on her. A tall, rather beautiful woman of about my age, she clearly considered me a creature of a lower order, a small, dishevelled, shortsighted woman, dressed in the preposterous hospital smock and slippers. There was not only the physical inequality, but also the attitude so common among our doctors that the patient is completely in their power and that he must be treated like a silly baby with neither mind nor will of his own. I used to think that this attitude was common only among psychiatrists, but it seems this is not so. In short, just let them get their hands on you . . . (I have to admit, however, that even among psychiatrists I have met some humane people who neither hunger after power nor wish to repress others.)

I do not think I started to cry once during the whole of this protracted scene, which was much, much longer than it appears in the telling. When I began to strip and then get dressed, one of the women remarked that I was trembling all over.

And in fact my hands were trembling so much that they would not obey me. The women helped me to fasten my many buttons; but what was important to me was not that they helped me to dress, but that there was someone who pitied me—not everyone had become totally dehumanized.

As I dressed I said to the doctor: 'You know very well they're not taking me to the Botkinskaya hospital.'

'Well, if you realize that yourself, then there's all the more reason.' (All the more reason not to resist, not to speak out, to let yourself be herded wherever they want—her contemptuous silence finished the sentence.)

Of course even when I had dressed I was not allowed to phone ('There's no time, the ambulance is waiting! You can phone when we arrive. *I give you my word.*') This was the chief orderly, the more awful one—huge and fat with a round face. I kept on trying to classify him, and in my first note from here I described him as looking as though he was cut out to be a prison camp warder. This evidently did not satisfy me as I continued to think about it. He was more like

one of those criminals who are put in charge of the political prisoners in the camps. His appearance suggested a criminal type with sadistic inclinations. He could even have been a high ranking KGB officer or head of a department anywhere where there is the possibility of humiliating human bodies and souls. He obviously enjoyed his work.

The second was simply a rank and file thug. I had a 'conversation' with him in the ambulance. The first sat with the driver, separated from us by a glass partition, while the second one pestered me roughly as follows:

'You believe in God, do you?'

'I've no intention of discussing that with you.'

'Now, how would you explain that', he said with a smile. 'It's surprising after all, a cultured person with a higher education and she believes in God.'

'Well I find it surprising when people don't believe in Him.'

I, of course, said this as nastily as I could, while he looked at me like an inquisitive, over-familiar companion.

Or else (later, and in a different tone).

'Have you got a husband?'

'None of your business.'

'I asked, have you got a husband?'

I fell silent, but he kept on at me.

On the way we passed by Staropetrovsky Passage and collected (actually from her bed) a sad, pitiful, little old woman. They told her too that she was going to the Botkinskaya hospital. She kept complaining about her neighbors—probably they were sending her to the psychiatric hospital as well.

The whole way I sobbed quietly in the darkness of the ambulance, facing the window and clinging to the steel bars. Occasionally I wiped the thawing ice from the window or rubbed my glasses which were wet with tears. When we got near to the Botkinskaya hospital, I began to feel anxious all the same, and it was only when we had gone straight past, along Leningrad Prospekt, without turning off towards it, that I smiled bitterly through my tears. They thought they could fool me, as if I didn't know where Botkinskaya was and where Kashchenko was! Then I passed the houses or streets where my friends lived and at the thought of each of them a fresh stream of tears poured down my cheeks. From the Sadovoye ring road into Lyusinovskaya street, more twists and bends, onto the Zagorodnoye highway and on to Kashchenko.

(That is enough for today, I am writing in bed with an ordinary pencil and it makes my heart weary to remember it all.)

Just one more incident which I forgot. When the orderlies went for the old woman I investigated both the side and rear doors. Had it been possible to open one or the other. I would have run away and the driver would never have caught me. But one cannot escape from such a vehicle. I didn't even find a crack to slip a note through.

February 18.

I am hurrying to finish this before you arrive.

One other thing I missed out yesterday, although I'd remembered it right up to then, even when I started writing yesterday.

In the ambulance, on one of the many occasions when the orderly was pestering me (I mean 'the rank and file thug'), I said:

'The whole world will learn what has been done to me.'

'The whole world!' He burst out laughing mockingly. '*Just who needs you anyway?*'

Right. So we arrived and got out of the ambulance. In the porch stood a wreck of a man (not a patient though, but an orderly). He said:

'Come here, you!'

I flared up, as I usually do in such circumstances, and demanded that he invite me in more politely.

What fun they had! 'We haven't been brought up properly, we're not used to talking politely and it's a bit late to change our ways!' And such like.

There were three of us in the ambulance: besides the miserable old woman and myself there was a girl who had been in the ambulance before me and with whom, in the absence of the orderlies, I had approximately the following conversation:

'Where is the ambulance going?'

'Where do you want to go?'

'I don't want to go anywhere. I am being taken by force. But I see that you are going of your own free will.'

'I'm also being taken, but I did agree to go to a hospital.'

There was a morbid self-conceit in her voice. (She did not actually name the hospital.) She seemed to feel superior to me, with my tears, my refusal to submit, my pulling at the doors, as if she thought that I, lacking her conscientious attitude, was repaying those who were trying to do me good with ingratitude and unreasonableness.

Then on the road approaching the hospital the orderly threatened that I would be put in a 'bad' section for my misbehavior while the girl would go to a good one.

'They're all the same', I said spitefully.

'No, why say that', retorted the girl. 'The thirty-third is good, that's Doctor . . . (she named a doctor, but I don't remember exactly, so I'll leave it blank.)

'Right', the orderly supported her gleefully, 'we'll put you in there, but we'll put her (that was me) in the violent ward.'

We sat in the reception room and the old woman, who had at last realized where she had been brought, started crying.

'They've tricked us both, grandma', I said. 'Only I knew from the very beginning, but you didn't.'

Then I talked to a doctor and explained what was wrong with me and asked to be allowed to phone; it was like talking to a blank wall.

While I undressed, washed and got dressed again, they were going through my bag. As I was not wearing my spectacles (they were not returned to me until I was in the ward), I did not know what they were leaving me and what was being put in store. Later I found that they had taken even my multi-vitamin tablets and my calcium gluconate.

Hospital clothes! Another way of crushing and humiliating one. Knickers (knitted ones) down to the knees, stockings without elastic which keep falling down and which, although they have been mended so often that they have become different sizes, still have undarned holes in them. The smocks are simply impossible. And under no circumstances may one wear something of one's own. Are they frightened of people here becoming fashion conscious? So we all go around looking uniformly awful, scarcely even human in appearance, let alone

feminine. It requires a great effort to notice occasionally a pleasant woman's head protruding from these scarecrow rags.

I got dressed and tried to return to the doctor, so that I might telephone. The human wreck grabbed me by the elbows and pulled me back. I kicked up a fuss: 'How dare you touch me and push me about!' Of course they didn't let me near a telephone, but in place of the human wreck they sent a polite young fellow to take me to the ward.

On the way I began to lag behind and said that I could not go any faster.

'Why?'

'Firstly because my shoes are five sizes too large for me and secondly I am pregnant.'

'Well, take your time', he said, and went somewhat slower.

Thirdly, it was slippery and fourthly I was carrying a heavy bag. (It was filled with jars of juice and preserved fruit which I hauled around with me). But I was reluctant to mention that. After all, could one really expect someone to carry a heavy bag for a pregnant woman and even give her a helping hand on the slippery, hard-packed snow?

I was put on a couch in the corridor (not until morning, when someone had been discharged, was I moved into the ward) and there, again without anybody seeing me, I cried for several hours on end. I did not cry like Wesley Jackson—about one thing after another until I felt better. No, I cried over my misfortunes, because of my children, because of Yury Galanskov who had suffered two years before in this very Kashchenko hospital. I remembered lines of poetry and cried even more, and the more I cried the more difficult it became for me to stop. In spite of everything, however, I finally went to sleep.

(*End of letter.*)

The poetry which I remembered was my own. In March 1966, shortly after the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel, and before the twenty-third Congress, Yury Galanskov had been taken to this hospital with the help of the police, probably to stop him from demonstrating in front of the Palace of Congresses (as he had once demonstrated in front of the American Embassy). I rarely write poetry to order, but when I was told how Yuri was tortured, how, after he had been 'treated' with stelazine, he could barely stand upright, and as I was very depressed that spring, I wrote the following verses:

To Yu. Galanskov

In the mad house
Wring your hands,
Press your pale forehead against the wall
Like a face into a snowdrift.

Into the hosts of violence
With cheerful face
Russia falls
As if into mirrors.

For her son—
A dose of stelazine.
For herself—
The Potma convoy.[8]

[8] The Potma complex is one of the main prison camp complexes in the USSR (Translator's note).

And now the 'Potma convoy' and camp in Potma await Yury, while I, just as unexpectedly, find myself forcefully placed in the same Kashchenko hospital.

Of course I was luckier than Yuri Galanskov two years ago, and Alec Volpin now.

I am often asked why I was set free.

Certainly, I sometimes wonder if there really were instructions from elsewhere after all? Maybe the doctors in the maternity hospital took this crazy decision themselves? That would actually be worse: unrestricted, arbitrary behavior is almost natural in the KGB, but that it should appear natural to every doctor, to what is the most humanitarian profession, is quite frightful. Imagine the doctors in a maternity hospital—in their hands are the lives of our unborn children! It is too ghastly.

It is much more likely that they were subjected either to direct pressure or given a gentle hint, while the duty psychiatrist was given a direct order. It is possible that no one took any further action, or gave the doctors instructions, considering that things were already well under way. It is possible that it was easier to exert a little pressure on the doctors of the maternity hospital, who are inexperienced in such matters, than on the psychiatrists, who know just when they have to submit and when they can afford to act decently. (I think I must have fallen into the hands of doctors who were decent people.)

If I had not been pregnant, it could have turned out much worse. When they were about to take me away I overheard part of a telephone conversation between the orderly and the hospital. 'Seven months! No, no, not seven months, 26 weeks!' The second orderly said to me in the ambulance: 'Look how hard we've tried to help you, we could hardly get them to take you, and . . .' Obviously the hospital was not very keen to get mixed up in such a dubious affair. And there would have been a much worse scandal if they had continued to hold me there.

If I had not been pregnant I would not have been taken from the maternity hospital but straight from home in the first place, brutally and openly, as was done with Volpin. But now I don't know for certain and all this is pure supposition.

I do not know whether my conviction that the KGB was mixed up in this convinces other people. Whether it was or not, and whoever may have inspired the affair, the arbitrary nature of it all is obviously a crying injustice.

The final thing which I ought to say is that if they did want to frighten me, knock me off the rails, traumatize me, they did not succeed. I am awaiting the birth of my child quite calmly, and neither my pregnancy nor his birth will prevent me from doing what I wish—which includes participating in every protest against any act of tyranny.

Moscow, March 1968.
(*translated by Elizabeth Elliot.*)

APPENDIX V—VIKTOR FEINBERG

The Case of Viktor Feinberg

Viktor Feinberg was born in 1931 to the family of a State employee. During his years in the University of Leningrad, he earned his living as a metal craftsman in a factory. In 1968 he graduated "cum laude" and received his degree in philological studies with a major in English literature. Later he worked as a museum guide in the former Imperial Palace at Pavlovsk. He was married in 1953 and has a 17-year old son.

Viktor Feinberg had his first collision with the Soviet system in 1957 when he become involved in a heated argument with a Soviet official. The latter abused him, calling him a "dirty Jew". Feinberg struck the official and was arrested, tried, found guilty and sentenced to one year in prison conditionally.

On August 25, 1968, Feinberg and six others quietly and peacefully walked onto Red Square in Moscow with banners to protest the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. This resulted in a confrontation with Soviet undercovermen who brutally assaulted him and his friends with physical force and foul language, beating and kicking them. Feinberg received his share of blows which resulted in numerous cuts, bruises, and missing teeth. The demonstrators, within minutes after entering the square, found themselves inside police cars and under arrest for disturbing the peace.

Nataliya Gorbanevskaya, one of the participants of this demonstration, in her book *Red Square at Noon* writes: "Four of his front teeth—the upper jaw incisors—were knocked out, and—of course—in such a state he could not be permitted to appear at the trial where it had to be proven that it was the demonstrators who were guilty of disturbing the peace, and not those who assaulted and battered us, grabbed our signs, and tried to incite the crowd against us. They, it was maintained, acted according to and in the interest of the law."

On December 2, 1968, Viktor Feinberg was tried without appearing in court. The presiding judge, Monakhov, and the prosecutor, S. L. Aria, using psychiatric reports as proof, pronounced him to be mentally ill, suffering from schizophrenia. It was noted also that he was afflicted with an exophthalmic disease, which as a matter of fact he had developed during his stay in Lefortovo prison, to which he was sent prior to his transfer to the psychiatric ward. The court had determined that the basis of his schizoid personality stemmed from his "reform delirium".

In February, 1969, Feinberg was transfered to the Leningrad Psychiatric Institution (Arsenalnaya 9, Leningrad). The same year, by the end of May, after being treated for a thyroid ailment in Ward 11 he was transferred to the more cruel Ward 4, noted for the intolerable conditions that existed there. This section of the hospital was under the supervision of orderlies with criminal records. Here Feinberg

even lost the right to receive letters, money, news or visits from his family or friends. He was totally isolated from the outside world.

On March 13, 1971, Feinberg and another victim of "reform delirium", Vladimir Borisov, went on a hunger strike, and sent an appeal to "the progressive elements of world society and to all persons of good will". The hunger strike continued for 70 days and was discontinued because the administration promised to satisfy some of their demands. The concessions, however, were short-lived, and on December 26, 1971, Feinberg and Borisov again resumed their hunger strike. As their motives they cited: the administration's refusal to punish the orderlies who had savagely beaten inmates Valeri Afanasiev in Ward 4, and Averianov in Ward 1; exposure of three other healthy patients to harmful injections; and breach of all promises given to themselves.

Recently a doctor told Feinberg: "Your release depends entirely on your behavior. And your behavior, to us, means your political views. In all other respects your behavior is perfectly normal. Your illness consists of your dissenting opinions. As soon as you renounce them and adopt a correct point of view, we will let you go."

But Feinberg refused to give in. Since January 3, 1972, he has been subjected to regular injections of aminazine. After Feinberg's unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide, a guard was placed in his cell to keep a 24-hour watch over him. Even though he was forcibly fed, he had lost about 25 lbs. in weight, which, considering his thyroid ailment, had seriously affected his health. Yet, neither he, nor Borisov have received any medical help. Feinberg was separated and totally isolated from Borisov who was also subjected to the same kind of treatment.

On January 14 Feinberg's and Borisov's relatives sent urgent telegrams to the Soviet Ministers of Health and of Internal Affairs but received no answer.

On January 21 Feinberg's parents had a 10 minute interview with the prison-hospital warden, who for the first time admitted officially that Feinberg was on a hunger-strike. However, the parents were not permitted to see him.

On February 21, 1972, Feinberg and Borisov were transferred to the notorious Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow for observation and examination. Here, too, both of them continued to refuse to take food. On February 28 Feinberg's and Borisov's relatives were, at last, permitted to visit them. By that time Feinberg's condition had become critical. He had lost altogether 45 lbs. The next day Feinberg and Borisov decided to discontinue their strike. It had lasted, this time, for 2 months and 2 days.

In April 1972 a Psychiatric Committee of the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow had examined V. Borisov and V. Feinberg and found them competent to stand trial. However, by the end of April both Borisov and Feinberg were sent back to the psychiatric prison-hospital in Leningrad.

Appeal to Human Rights Organizations

(By Viktor Feinberg)

[Note: Mr. Feinberg was confined, without trial, to the KGB-run Mental Institution in Leningrad for having participated in a demon-

stration held in Moscow's Red Square on August 28, 1968, in protest against the occupation of Czechoslovakia by Soviet troops. This appeal is addressed to the International Organizations for the Defense of Human Rights.]

I appeal to you, the organizations whose mission is to defend the rights and dignities of man, from an institution in which, perhaps in the most concentrated form, all the vices inherent in a system of arbitrary power and coercion of the human personality are linked; from an institution in which all the types of mockery of a human being are brought together—from the crudest to the most refined and sophisticated, from the arbitrary restriction of liberty for an unlimited period to physical assault, torture and murder; from an institution whose very existence is illegal both juridically and morally.

I appeal to you over the heads of the 'competent' legal and administrative organs of my country mainly because all my appeals to them up to now have remained, and could only have remained, without reply.

Lastly, I appeal to you because my fellow-citizens who call on you for help in connection with illegal arrests and other infringements of the rights of man are sent precisely here, to these torture-chambers.

In particular, here in this hospital at the moment, together with other political prisoners diagnosed as [mentally] ill on account of their convictions, there is Vladimir Borisov, whose entire 'guilt' consisted of an appeal to you in connection with the illegal arrest of Grigorenko and Gabay in Tashkent (as is known, Grigorenko is being kept in another prison psychiatric hospital in Chernyakhovsk, where the conditions are many times worse than here).

It was in Stalin's time that our government invented a new means of rendering its political opponents harmless. A device not thought of even by the organizers of the Inquisition or the monsters of Hitler's and Stalin's terror. In our country at present the fig-leaf of psychiatry is used as a reliable cover for the imprisonment of people who have minds of their own for an unlimited period of time. Unlimited, because if one excludes more or less accidental occurrences (e.g., the fall of Khrushchev, after which political prisoners who had been sent here for protesting against those of his political decision which were officially condemned by his successors, were suddenly pronounced 'healthy'), imprisonment can be ended only by the physical or moral death of the prisoner, i.e., by his repudiation of his own convictions.

A colonel of the engineers, Lysak, sentenced to compulsory treatment for a 'disloyal' speech at a meeting of his institute, has been here for nine years!

But the system of excessive caution [on the part of the authorities] and arbitrary power does not involve only us [political prisoners]. Here, cut off for many long years from their homelands and those who are dear to them, hundreds of genuinely ill people lead a wretched existence in conditions of the strictest prison regime and with virtually no chance of recovery, and [there are] also people who recovered long ago but who are nonetheless still kept under guard, without any hope of liberation, 'just in case', for fear of a relapse.

First of all [I must speak] about the presuppositions of [the system of] arbitrary power. They are linked in the first place with the contradiction between legal practice and the existing legislation concerning compulsory treatment. The sentence of the court, (usually: 'The

case is dismissed. Free [the accused] from guard. Send for compulsory treatment.') is itself contradictory as in 'special' hospitals patients and political prisoners are kept under guard and subjected to all the restrictions (if not more) established for detainees in closed prisons: prison diet plus supplementary invalids' food; with rare exceptions smoking is forbidden (in prison it is permitted); the exercise period lasts for one hour a day for nine months and one hour 45 minutes a day during the summer (prisoners who are ill have two hours for exercise throughout the year); one meeting lasting an hour per month, but only with close relatives (prisoners can have four hours with anyone); private meetings are forbidden (prisoners have a right to these); two parcels or packets a month weighing up to five kilograms and with restrictions as for prisoners; letters twice a month (not more than two letters at a time), with correspondence limited to close relatives (prisoners' correspondence is unrestricted and they may write to anyone not under guard); [and] appeals to higher organs, [e.g.] the inspection section of the procuracy etc. are forbidden, as are any petitions, including appeals to [higher?] legal organs and meetings with [one's] lawyers (according to the law, letters addressed to the procuracy may not be withheld, stopped or opened [in transit]).

In addition, the above-mentioned sentence conflicts with the law, as Soviet legislation states that 'Compulsory treatment may be prescribed for a period of not longer than two years', whereas in actuality the period of sojourn in a special hospital averages out at four to five years, many people spend seven to nine years here, and some even more than ten. People are discharged from this hospital only by a court order which reviews the case after receiving the decision of a special Commission of experts, which meets twice yearly, to the effect that the patient is no longer a danger to society because of his psychic condition. But the court frequently refused to grant a discharge, and without giving any reasons for its decision (which is obviously unnatural, as members of the court cannot judge a patient's state of health).

Not having the chance of appeal [against the court order] (especially in the absence of relatives or because of their lack of education), the inmates of the 'hospital' are obliged to await the next Commission (which in its turn, under the influence of the Court decision, usually refuses [to admit that the prisoner is fit]), then the next, followed by another refusal by the court, and so on, in theory *ad infinitum* and in practice for years. For years fit, healthy people are kept under guard in a psychiatric hospital. How many broken lives, family tragedies and crippled souls are covered by these words! Not for nothing do the doctors rarely agree to sanction a meeting between a patient and his wife, knowing full well that by no means every woman is capable of withstanding many years of separation.

As for the Commission, it may be doubted whether it is in a position to take any sort of responsible decision when its work tempo requires it to deal with 15–20 people an hour. Nevertheless it frequently refused to certify as healthy patients who are stated by the doctors in charge of them to be ready for discharge. A lottery of this sort, in which many of us have in advance lost all chance of a winning ticket, is arranged every six months. Not infrequently discharge depends more on the mutual relations between the patient and one or another of the doctors than on the state of his health.

One doctor in Section 7, a lover of aphorisms, said to a patient, 'We'll keep you here till the Second Communism!'.

And as for the chances of the political prisoners! Their discharge is of course conditioned by many factors not dependent on the local doctors, Commission or Court. But even these latter instances have an interest in keeping them [the 'politicals'] under lock and key for as long as possible—just to be on the safe side.

Political prisoners in the camps at any rate know the date of their release, but here [in the mental asylum] the detention can last for ever if the prisoner does not buy the 'right' to discharge at the cost of renouncing his views, i.e. by committing moral suicide. But even then he will be detained for at least two years from the time of his 'repentence'. Only then is it considered that he has 'recovered'.

As soon as a political prisoner arrives at the special hospital the doctors—at the very first examination—give him the choice: either indefinite imprisonment or renunciation of his convictions.

The woman in charge of section 11 didn't beat about the bush: 'You are suffering from a dissident way of thinking'. Moreover no one is embarrassed by the fact that for one and the same political act some people are sentenced to a camp and others (their co-defendants at the trial) to compulsory treatment.

'We cure you with walls', say the doctors. But this is still the better type of 'cure'. Sometimes the doctors warn a political prisoner that if he 'persists' the next commission might prescribe a 'cure' 'outside the walls' for him. In this [veiled] way they threaten to subject a psychically completely healthy man to 'treatment' by drastic medical preparations which can undermine or even destroy the psyche, i.e. subject it to the most refined form of torture which hangmen in the past could not conceive of. The situation of the [genuine] patients is only a little better. A person conversant with the conditions obtaining in special hospitals would first find it difficult to guess the status of the people kept there for compulsory treatment—who is the political prisoner, who is [really] ill and who is somewhere between the two?—for those [in the middle] suffer the restrictions imposed on, and are deprived of the rights granted to, both or either of the two main groups. The complete dependence on the personnel, the impossibility of appeal and the ambiguity of their legal position make an appetizing broth for the wielders of arbitrary powers, who can display their skills here in every conceivable form.

Without any fear of reprisals they can ban the meeting of an inmate with his relatives, withhold letters to and from his home without even letting his correspondents know. One can imagine the anxiety of the relatives and the worries of the patients, especially the gravely ill ones who think their near ones have rejected them!

What is known as 'discipline' is maintained by a deliberately created atmosphere of intimidation. Cases of orderlies, warders and block superintendents beating up patients are frequent. Beating is considered a normal phenomenon here. As a rule it takes place with the silent approval of the nurses and obvious connivance of the doctors. Here's an example of a doctor's 'instruction' to orderlies: 'Don't you know you're not supposed to beat people, especially if you don't know how to do it?'

When a patient, Semenchuk, was beaten up by orderlies and a duty warder on the staircase and then in his cell (in 1967) the duty doctor,

Tatyana Alekseyevna made the following wise comment on the beating to the patient: 'Come on, stand up, you won't break your head!'

On March 24, 1962 the orderlies brutally beat up a patient, Vasily Ivanovich Alekseyev (b. 1927) in Section 4. There were clear signs that blows had been inflicted—bruises and bleeding. When he spoke to his doctor, Ekaterina Ivanovna Kuznetsova, about this, she replied imperturbably, 'They haven't beaten you much yet'.

Viktor Valeryanovich, a male nurse in Section 7 regularly beats up patients when they go to the bathroom. A patient called Semenchuk was beaten up in the presence of a nurse. According to the instructions orderlies and warders do not have the right to go into a cell unaccompanied by middle-rank medical personnel. However this rule is continually broken to simplify the use of physical force. In the summer of 1969 two orderlies from Section 8 went into a cell without a nurse or duty officer and beat up a patient called Stanislav Arbuzov. At the end of April 1970 in Section 4 a nurse, Anastasiya Alekseyevna, gave an injection to a patient called Vladimir Alekseyev (b. 1946) and then left the ward in order to give the orderlies the chance to beat him up while keeping her own hands 'clean'. Sometimes, for the sake of 'convenience', the patient is first tied to his bunk and then beaten up. In August 1970 in Section 3 the orderlies beat up a patient called Yefimov, first of all pushing him down onto his bunk. Duty officers and block superintendents don't lag behind the orderlies in 'feats' of this sort. In June 1969 in Section 1 a patient called Vladimir Stepanov was roughly dragged into a different 'cabin' from the one he wanted (seriously ill inmates take their exercise here in cabins, i.e. minute yards more like wooden boxes without lids), and the patient, trying to resist, struck Georgy Russky, the block superintendent who, together with the orderly, took hold of him, led him to his Section and went on beating him up in his cell. Such beatings sometimes end in tragedy. One patient was taken to the bathroom and brutally beaten up by the orderlies, warders and doctors' assistant [feldshers]. He was thrown onto the tiled floor and kicked, as a result of which his shin-bone was fractured and he had to be sent to Moscow for an operation. The 'inquiry' into the affair culminated with the explanatory note of the orderlies which was considered a quite sufficient document for the investigation to be called off.

In 1966 a patient called Aleksandr Georgyevich Nikitin (born in 1932) had his arm dislocated and collar-bone injured. He was crippled for life. (Now he is in Section 11).

A patient by the name of Ivan Ivanovich Grigoryev (born 1925) was brutally beaten up in Section 11. As a result he lost the sight of an eye.

In 1964 orderlies and warders brutally beat up a patient called Nikolay Petrovich Ivanov in the corridor of Section 2. He was knocked to the ground and kicked: two of his ribs were broken. Ivanov could not recover after this assault and died three months later, and it is widely known that for the last 30 days he was continually spitting blood.

Naturally no-one was made to answer for these and other cases of injury and murder: not even a proper investigation was carried out, and the death of the patient was ascribed to irreversible physical deterioration.

If a case of assault and battery becomes too widely known the reaction of the doctors is merely to transfer the patient to another section. On May 13, 1963 three orderlies of Section 11 brutally beat up a pa-

tient called Zhal [?]. Bruises appeared on his face and his jacket was soaked in blood. A nurse called Natalya Pavlovna, well-known for her sadistic tricks, was present at the beating. The next day Zhal [?] was transferred to Section 3 and the orderlies, encouraged by this outcome, doubled their mockery of the patients, openly boasting about their impunity. [Questlion marks indicate smeared copy.]

Second place after physical assaults goes to another type of violence—the prescription of drastic injections for 'disciplinary misdemeanors' such as, for instance, a remark or protest about the arbitrariness [of the authorities]. Frequently these prescriptions are unsuited to the patient's illness and therefore lead to a marked deterioration of his condition. For instance, injections of sulphanilomide are used almost exclusively as a punishment; the patient's temperature then rises to 40° C and for three days it is painful for him even to stir (not surprising when they give him a fifth injection two days later!)

For the same purposes they use the so-called 'roll-up' or 'warm-moist roll', when the patient is tied up in damp sheets and not only fastened down to his bunk but cocooned as tightly as possible with strips [of the sheets] placed almost touching one another. The sheets dry out and squeeze the entire body as in a vice (the patient often loses consciousness), and the whole Section can hear the wails of the tortured victim. There have been cases when patients have been 'rolled up' on ten successive days!

Prisoners work as orderlies in special hospitals—it is considered that they are being re-educated here. And in fact 'educational work' and some sort of instruction, if it can be called that, is provided for them in the orderlies' hostel and the main block. However, the orderlies get their real education in the blocks where the patients are kept. Here they are quietly given to understand that the best way to maintain discipline among the patients is to intimidate and beat up the most stubborn of them. One can easily imagine the moral condition of these people when they are released after serving their term. Thus the terrorization of the patients is successfully combined with the corruption of the prisoners who work as orderlies.

It is also well-known that the food-ration for patients is a little higher than the ration for the prisoners used as orderlies. Apart from this there are more restrictions on what [extra] food the orderlies can order and on the parcels they are allowed to receive. This 'contradiction' is easily resolved by the orderlies (in several Sections) taking some of the patients' food and adding water to their milk and compote so that they can't complain.

In fact, the rations we are supposed to receive quickly diminish at every stage of their progress from the kitchen to our bowls. In the Sections in Block 2 they even steal food sent to patients in parcels and packets or ordered from the stores and paid out of our own savings. Some of the nurses indulge in this robbery and share out their booty with the orderlies. When a patient called Kozhevnikov who worked in the stores in Section 6 made a critical remark to a nurse whom he discovered to have a far from platonic interest in the patients' food, she put a hand in one of the drawers, pulled out a handful of sweets and started to force them onto Kozhevnikov. After frequent complaints the doctors forbade the nurses to open the cupboard without the knowledge of the person in charge of the stores, but this hardly

improved matters. The same thing happened in Section 7 with the patient who ran the stores (Chalidze) and a political prisoner named Komarov.

Sometimes the orderlies get food out of seriously ill patients by threatening to beat them up unless . . . Stanislav Arbuzov, a patient I mentioned earlier, was beaten up by orderlies for refusing to share the contents of his parcel with them.

In a special hospital there is a system of double subordination or double control, which results in two lines of supervision: (1) the chief physician, the head of the section, the doctor directly in charge, the nurse; and (2) the hospital duty officer, the block superintendent and the warder; they are all supposed to control one another. At the bottom of the two lines of subordination is the orderly, who is subordinate to both of them, but immediate control over him is exercised by the warder, i.e. by a person who has no connection whatsoever with medicine. Such a system not only fails to prevent arbitrariness but, as a result of the system of mutual 'covering up' [of one another's misdemeanors] and of [other] well established hospital traditions, actually encourages it. There are cases of orderlies being instructed by the warder to force their way into a ward and tie up and assault a patient without the knowledge of the nurse. The system at present is such that even people who feel some human sympathy for the patients are in practice unable to help them. Thus a doctor who really wishes to protect a patient from the mockery and blows of the warders and block superintendents is not in a position to do this. A nurse can only ask a warder to refrain from rudeness and physical violence.

Throughout both lines [of authority] there is a flourishing system of denunciations, the results of which (regardless of the source) are felt primarily by the patients. For instance, warders who allow themselves to talk to a patient for an extra minute or two, or sit down and pass the time of day with a seriously ill man, will be transferred to another Section on the denunciation of their colleagues or the nurses, or, if they are lucky, get off with a black mark in their record or a telling off.

'Here you've got to be a dog for the high-ups to like you', an old warder told me a few weeks before he was pensioned off. In July this year [1970] a young warder called Yermak was transferred to Section 4 after he had been denounced by a nurse in Section 3, Nadezhda Vladimirovna, for talking too long and in an impermissibly friendly way to the patients. It is typical that the orderlies who still retain some conception of morality try for all they are worth to move to another job. Some orderlies purposely commit some misdemeanor in order to avoid 'the hospital', are put in a punishment cell and then sent off to a camp (as a rule that is the only way out). 'To work here you've got to be a monster', an orderly in Section 4, Robert Sazhdava told me when his comrades had informed him that a patient called Alekseyev had been beaten up. Shortly after this Sazhdaya was lucky enough to move to a new job (as a janitor).

While Alekseyev was being beaten up by the orderlies (Viktor Darydov and 'Slavik') another orderly, Koretsky, put his arms under the blows to try to protect the patient. He was so shaken by this assault that he intended to demand a transfer to other work the following day, and remained only because his sentence was due to expire a few days later. In the prisoners' hostel the orderlies threatened Sazhdaya and

Koretsky with reprisals if they tried to come forward as witnesses to the beating.

In the same way the orderlies 'got to work' on a patient called Vinokurov who was also a witness of the beating and told me about it. And from the other side Vinokurov was subjected to a 'going over' and 'trial by ordeal' by the nurses and doctors. And so unbridled hooligans serving their sentences were acting in consort with medical workers defending their own skins, the 'honor' o their Section and the reputation of the hospital.

It is obvious that with such 'reliable' guarantees and in conditions where all the authorities from top to bottom cover up one another's misdeeds, the patients are left completely dependent on the character or mood of their nurse, warder or block superintendent.

And this is considered natural when patients complain about the fault-finding or provocations of the nurses the doctors support the latter by saying that each person has his own character and this must be reckoned with (thus Mariya Nikolayevna, in charge of Section 4). Taking advantage of this some nurses and block superintendents provoke patients who have somehow or other aroused their 'displeasure'.

For instance, when a patient in Section 4, Vladimir Alekseyev, had the misfortune to ask a nurse, Anastasiya Alekseyevna, why her attitude to him changed drastically depending on her mood, she began to feel a grudge against him and since then has continually been trying to drive this poor man into a fit of anger, knowing full well the nature of his illness (Alekseyev is an epileptic). When she finally succeeded she organized the beating up of Alekseyev.

Sergeant-Major Viktor Yakimovich Pchalin, the most repellent of the block superintendants, felt himself 'insulted' by a remark of a patient called Velimenko (who pointed out to him the impermissibility of using physical force), and twice arranged provocations against him and brutally beat him up. As a result of the second beating Velimenko was confined to bed for several months.

After a patient named Knyazhin (Section 8) was beaten up the warder told him it wasn't worth getting excited: it was a 'test' to see how he would react—and as his reaction was violent he was moved to Block 1.

Naturally, all the complaints and protests of the patients are fruitless, unless one counts the transfer of the protestors to other sections. Pchalin, the guard who has earned his laurels as a champion in beating up and rough handling, is transferred to other Blocks after particularly scandalous achievements, but left in the same job. Thus, after Velimenko had been beaten up for the second time Pchalin was sent over from Block 1 to Block 2, then back to Block 1 after his next prank and finally, in July this year, after he had practically crippled the same Velimenko, to Block 3. But this is exceptional. Usually it is not the perpetrators of the assaults who are moved but those who try to make the facts of the case known or defend the victims.

After Feinberg had written a statement to the chief doctor about the assault on Malyshev he was immediately transferred to Section 1 and his statement was 'lost' by the doctors. At the end of April 1970 he wrote a statement about the beating up of Vladimir Alekseyev and insisted on a meeting with the chief doctor, Leopold Nikolayevich. After the talk the latter and his deputy stated that 'it would be im-

possible for such a thing to happen in our hospital', (although, quite apart from witnesses, there were bruises and other signs of blows on Alekseyev's body), and then came the 'judgment of Solomon'—Feinberg to be transferred to Section 1. Naturally the orderlies were not punished, as in the case of the assault of Malyshev, although [after that incident] the chief doctor later tried to assure Feinberg of the contrary. It is typical that one of the men who beat Alekseyev up was Dymov, an orderly who a year earlier had participated in the assault on Malyshev.

In 1968 a patient called Gutarev was moved from Section 7 to Section 4 for defending a patient whom the orderlies had knocked to the ground and were kicking about. When the orderlies were brutally beating up a bed-ridden patient in full view of the whole ward, accompanied by the laughter of the warder (of Section 7) standing in the doorway, Smenchuk criticized them for this. The next day, after he had told the doctor about this, he was moved to Block No. 1. In July this year Semenchuk was transferred from Section 6 to Section 4 for protesting about the misappropriation by the orderlies of goods intended for the patients.

Appeals to higher authorities are also useless. If a letter contains any information about some outrage it is absolutely certain that it will either not reach the addressee or have everything 'compromising' carefully obliterated. And those letters which successfully reach their destination, surmounting all the obstacles, are usually sent on to 'the authorities concerned', i.e. the administration of the hospital [from and about which the criticism has been made]. And we continue to live in a sealed "antiworld" with its "antilaws". The promotion of warders and block superintendents here is directly proportional to the quantity and "quality" of their feats of physical force. For instance, the "warder" Pchalin enjoys the special favor of the authorities. It is said that he has a "hand" in the administration of the hospital—one of those unclean hands which decide our fate! The same criterion applies to nurses and orderlies. The nurse called Anastasiya Alekseyevna not infrequently works as a doctor's assistant [feldsher], the hooligan Dymov became the senior orderly in section 4. But all the same we are in a better position than patients and political prisoners in other special hospitals, as the Leningrad personnel is more cultured. After the stories of ill political prisoners who have spent some time in Chernyakhovsk, for example, we realized that hell can be even more hellish [than it is here].

In connection with the above exposition one cannot but inquire about the rightness and expediency of the very existence of an institution like the special hospitals. From the juridical standpoint it is illegal and senseless, while from the standpoint of humanity and the effectiveness of the treatment you can decide for yourselves. After all, a psychically ill person is not a criminal and he should not be subjected to punishment. The purpose of compulsory treatment is to cure the patient. Why then this unnatural symbiosis of prison and hospital? Can an effective course of treatment be carried out in prison conditions with one hour's exercise [a day] (as in ordinary regime prisons), restrictions on parcels and meetings, accommodation in prison-type rooms under the "guard" of MVD [Ministry of Internal Affairs] sergeants who have no connection with medicine and orderlies serving sentences for hooliganism, theft and other crimes?

There is a very high mortality rate after operations in this hospital, as the patients are usually deprived of the qualified care and attention of specialist doctors during the post-operation period. The post-operation wards, like all the others, are the usual prison-type cells. The absence of control over the doctors encourages them to undertake experiments which cost the patients dear. For instance, a patient in Section 6 was given an injection of insulin to induce a state of shock, and could not be brought out of it. Yet the therapeutist had warned that the use of insulin was counter-indicated for this patient. The very situation of the hospital, encircled by factories with their din and smoke, is bound to have an effect on the health of the patients.

The food here is much worse than in ordinary-regime prisons, and in this respect the interests of the patients are least of all taken into consideration. The food we are allowed to order at our own expense from the stores is very often wrongly priced both as to weight and quality. When the people in charge of the stores go on leave (for two months) or are ill (two or three months a year as a rule) the patients have no chance to order supplementary rations which are absolutely necessary for some of them because of their state of health. This year the leave of one woman in charge of stores coincided with a quarantine period so that patients could neither order extra food nor receive parcels.

Finally, the restrictions on meetings and letters not only traumatize the patients and lead to the break-up of families but also encourage arbitrariness, since the relatives of patients are, as a rule, deprived of the opportunity to come to their defense in an organized way. This is also helped by the selection of patients, most of whom come from other towns, and by the atmosphere of secrecy which surrounds the hospital.

The only argument in favor of the existence of the hospitals of a special type is the assertion that the patients who have committed crimes do represent a danger to society. But surely physically ill people who have *not* committed a crime don't present any danger to society? Incidentally, it is well known that there are no such institutions abroad, where absolutely all psychically ill people are kept in ordinary hospitals. It goes without saying that no one beyond the boundaries of our country has yet had the idea of putting healthy people in a mental asylum because of their political convictions.

Much has been written of late in our journals about democratization, extending the rights of representative institutions, etc. On the pages of newspapers there are arguments about the rights and functions of the commissions of the USSR Supreme Soviet. In this connection I would like to recall an episode which took place last year in Westminster Abbey [i.e., the Palace of Westminster]. When cases came to light of physical force being applied and patients' food stolen by the staff of several psychiatric hospitals [in Britain], Parliament appointed a special commission which visited these hospitals and in the most thorough manner investigated all the cases of abuse on the spot and then presented a pretty voluminous report before the representatives of the people. This report was published in many British newspapers, including the Communist *Morning Star*. The appropriate decisions prompted by the report were taken.

I do not intend to refer the Supreme Soviet to the procedures, forms and interests of the thoroughly rotten bourgeois parliamentary system.

I used this example merely to stress that in our country there isn't a single official body to which an appeal can be made concerning the questions which form the content of my letter.

I hope that the UNO Human Rights Commission, guided by the sublime principles of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, signed among others by representatives of the USSR, will exercise all its influence to save the thousands of prisoners in the special prison psychiatric hospitals from their sufferings. I also hope that among the readers of this letter there will be many people with sufficient civic courage to raise their voices in protest against the very existence of hospitals which are really prisons and the shameful practice of using psychiatry for the indefinite imprisonment and mockery of people who have minds of their own, and [will speak up] in favor of the immediate investigation of the crimes which have been committed here and the punishment of those guilty.

V. Feinberg.

July 1970.

APPENDIX VI—VLADIMIR YEVGENYEVICH BORISOV

VLADIMIR BORISOV

The Case of Vladimir Ye. Borisov

Vladimir Yevgenyevich Borisov is an electrician by profession. He was born in 1943.

From 1964 to 1968 he was incarcerated in the Leningrad psychiatric hospital prison, charged under Art. 70 of the Soviet Criminal Code. (Agitation or propaganda carried out for the purpose of subverting or weakening Soviet power or of committing dangerous crimes against the State). Here Borisov became acquainted with General Grigorenko, who left a very deep impression on the young man.

In the spring of 1969 Borisov joined the newly formed *Action Group for the Defense of Civil Rights in the USSR*. Along with other members of this group he signed an appeal to the United Nations and a letter in defense of General Grigorenko. Although in all of its activities the group has always meticulously observed all Soviet laws, it soon became the object of KGB persecution. Seven of its members were arrested. One of them was Vladimir Borisov.

He was taken into custody on June 12, 1969. An ambulance with two doctors from the out-patient psychiatric clinic appeared at Borisov's place of work. He was escorted into the ambulance and driven to the clinic. The *Samizdat* materials he was carrying were confiscated without any explanation. Once at the clinic, one of the doctors stepped up to him and said: "Listen Borisov, you're a normal fellow and I am sure you don't want to be sent to a madhouse. Why don't you change your views?" The other doctor commented, while looking through the confiscated literature: "This I have seen, but this here is something new. I must look through it". His colleague called out to him: "Leave that alone, or you'll end up in the same place as him".

When Borisov's wife arrived at the clinic and asked for the materials confiscated from her husband, she was told that the literature would be appended to his medical record.

At the clinic Borisov was informed that he was hospitalized on special orders and was to expect transfer to the Leningrad Psychiatric Hospital No. 4. The following day the Chief Psychiatrist, Dr. V. P. Belyayev, had a discussion with Borisov in the presence of other doctors and orderlies. Borisov was questioned about his views and beliefs, and about the reasons for his confinement in 1964. At the end of the discussion, Belyayev informed Borisov that his fate would be decided by a committee which would review the records of his previous hospitalization.

On June 23rd Borisov was called to the office of the Chief Physician of the Leningrad Hospital No. 4, where a top-level psychiatric commission was in attendance. Again he was questioned about his past confinement, and told that he had been brought to the hospital because of the *Samizdat* materials and the protest letters he had signed. The latter, in the opinion of the commission, could only be regarded as evidence of mental disorder or hooliganism.

The commission's decision, that further treatment was essential, was announced not to Borisov, but to his wife. When she protested that Borisov was held for his personal opinions, the doctor replied: "Maybe, but he was unlucky; he is down on our register. What may be a symptom of opinions in a normal person is a sign of illness in your husband".

In the meantime, criminal proceedings were instituted against Borisov, this time under Art. 190, clause 1 of the Criminal Code (Systematic dissemination of deliberate fabrications discrediting the Soviet political and social systems). At the trial, which took place on November 19, 1969, Vladimir Borisov was declared insane and the court decreed that he should undergo compulsory treatment in a psychiatric hospital of special type, i.e. a prison hospital.

He was sent to the Leningrad Mental Hospital at Arsenalnaya 9 where he is now held in solitary confinement for having joined Viktor

Feinberg in two hunger-strikes (for details see preceding section on Viktor Feinberg).

Official Psychiatric Diagnosis

REPORT NO. 575 (OUTPATIENT) [1]

We, the undersigned, on 14 October 1969, on the premises of the Skvortsov-Stepanov Psycho-Neurological Hospital (Psycho-neurological Hospital No. 3) in the City of Leningrad, have, on the basis of a decision by the senior investigator of the Leningrad Public Prosecutor's office, made an outpatient diagnosis on Vladimir Yevgenyevich Borisov, born 1942, accused of crimes under Article 190–I of the Russian Criminal Code.

Circumstances of the case: V. Ye. Borisov was working from January to June 1969 in the Kalinin Workshops of Experimental Mechanics. He systematically circulated among the workers by word of mouth deliberate fabrications defaming the Soviet political system, and also distributed written matter of similar content.

Typed texts of nine different documents containing such fabrications were taken from Borisov's flat. It was established from the case history that in 1964 Borisov had been called to answer a criminal charge under Articles 70, 72 and 218 of the Criminal Code; but that he had been, on 23 January 1965, declared of unsound mind by a forensic-psychiatric commission of experts.

By a decision of the Leningrad City Court on 19 March 1965 Borisov was sent for compulsory treatment to a psychiatric hospital of special type, from which he was discharged on 15 December 1967 by the TsSPEK [central forensic-psychiatric commission of experts] which judged that Borisov had no further need of compulsory treatment in a psychiatric hospital of special type. In connection with the above a forensic-psychiatric commission was appointed.

According to a special reference document Borisov had no previous convictions.

According to the testimonies of Petrov and Kanovsky, Borisov showed his colleagues at work typed texts in defense of the allegedly wrongly sentenced Grigorenko; and they said he went to Moscow to give some letters or other to a foreign delegate at the Communist Party conference. The patient's mother—Borisova—testified that she did not consider him to be mentally ill. Among the documents of the case is the statement of the in-patient forensic-psychiatric commission which examined Borisov in the special psychiatric hospital of the Russian Ministry of the Interior in Leningrad from 3 December 1964 to 23 January 1965. In the statement there is an excerpt from case-notes No. 117 . . . 3758, relating to the period 10 January to 5 March 1964 when Borisov was undergoing examination:

His psychological condition and behavior were characterized by lack of mobility, languor, slowness in reactions, insufficient contact, an expression of fear and anger in gesture and features, an inability in orientation and an incorrect understanding of his surroundings. The

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[1] There was no in-patient diagnosis. V. Borisov was at first confined to an ordinary [psychiatric] hospital, but later transferred to one of special type. [Note by Vladimir Bukovsky.]

hospital, for instance, he took for a concentration camp, the doctors for sadists; he examined the palm of his hand, drew his finger over it, and [as if] telling fortunes, prophesied for everyone "the grave".

Diagnosis: "Effects of an organic cerebral disease with a schizophrenic syndrome." By a decision of military recruiting commission of 4 March 1964, No. 316, he was pronounced unfit for military service in peace-time under Article 5.b. Para. 1 of the Ministry of Defence order No. 275 of 1961. In the statement there is an excerpt from case-notes No. 248/4782 of the Kirov VMOLA Children's Clinic, where Borisov was from 9 May to 23 May 1951, with the diagnosis: "viral influenza with meningeal symptoms". Investigation by an in-patient forensic psychiatric commission revealed fears and visual hallucinations. The patient did not develop his confusional ideas, did not relate well. At the examination, when under amytal-caeffin, he told of his hallucinations in detail. He rarely [or sharply: typescript not clear] expressed anti-state attitudes, but was unable to formulate his own positive program.

Conclusion: V. Ye. Borisov shows signs of organic cerebral disease with a personality change (a psychopathological syndrome and intellectual deterioration) to a degree that amounts to mental illness; at the present time he cannot understand or control his actions. During the period when he performed the actions incriminating him, Borisov was suffering from the same mental illness and was of unsound mind. He requires compulsory treatment in a hospital of special type.

According to the report of the Central Forensic Psychiatric Commission of 15 December 1967, Borisov had undergone compulsory treatment since 30 March 1965. At first he experienced anxiety, fear, and hallucinations; but in the process of treatment all these symptoms disappeared. For the last year in the hospital he was calm, but showed some deterioration of memory and intellect, a moralizing wayof thinking. He regretted the offense he had committed, although there was not a fully critical attitude towards his sick condition.

The conclusion of that commission was: Borisov is suffering from a mental illness in the form of an organic cerebral illness with psychotic symptoms and a personality change. Taking into account that at the present time the patient is in an improved condition without acute psychotic symptoms, that his behavior is adjusted, without conflicts and anti-Soviet utterances, with industrious attitudes, but without a sufficiently critical attitude towards his illness, the commission concludes that Borisov does not require further compulsory treatment in a hospital of special type, and can—for treatment of a normal sort—be put under the care of the psychiatric hospital of the Ministry of Health at his place of residence.

According to case-notes No. 3663/54 of the Skvortsov-Stepanov Hospital, Borisov has undergone treatment from 3 July 1967 to the present time with the diagnosis "Organic cerebral disease with personality change. A condition of decompensation." He was brought here by ambulance from Leningrad Psychiatric Hospital No. 4. Had been admitted as an urgent case on 12 June 1969. In Psychiatric Hospital No. 4 he behaved with an over-high opinion of himself, without any self-criticism, spoke of his previous spells in hospital as if he had intentionally simulated illness, and announced that in future he would fight for his convictions. In Psychiatric Hospital No. 4 he was examined by a commission including the psychiatrist V. P. Belyayev,

Professor N. N. Timofeyev, and the chief psychiatrist of Psychiatric Hospital No. 3, Consultant F. I. Sluchevsky. Diagnosis: "Organic cerebral disease with personality changes, a condition of decompensation."

On 12 March, 1969, V. Ye. Borisov was transferred to the Skvortsov-Stepanov Hospital. In the reception ward he announced that he would not be silent, that "the [security] organs had an interest" in having him declared "mad". The next day when examined by the doctor he gave anamnestic information about himself. There had been no mental illness in his family. At seven years old he had had influenza with meningeal symptoms. In his early teens he had received a head wound without losing consciousness when he fell from a roof. He completed ten years of schooling. From 1962–3 he served in the army, and was demobilized with the diagnosis "Organic cerebral illness". He received treatment at the Murmansk City Hospital. He was twice interned in the Psychiatric Hospital of the Ministry of Public Order [now MVD] and afterwards in Psychiatric Hospital No. 3. After discharge he was employed. Recently he began to attend trials frequently. He expressed his opinion concerning the conduct of the judicial investigation at these trials in numerous letters, and "engaged in agitation against the Soviet authorities."

He married in 1969. His wife had been expelled from her Institute for anti-social behavior and evicted from her living quarters. In the hospital he kept himself apart, spoke little to the patients and read a great deal. Talked to the doctor in a condescending tone, showed off somewhat in his behavior, hinted at some "things" that he had not "done", but did not finish his remark, saying that it was no concern of the doctors. Spoke of having deliberately simulated mental illness in the past. No confusional state or hallucinations observed. Showed a certain deterioration of memory and intellect. In the hospital he more than once tried to have letters of unpermitted content conveyed outside through patients or visitors. On 11 October 1969 he was examined by the chief psychiatrist, F. I. Sluchevsky, who came to the conclusion that Borisov showed the effects of organic cerebral disease (meningoencephalitis) with a personality change of hysterical type. During the investigation it was established that he had no complaints. The case-notes No. 3363/64 of the Skvortsov-Stepanov hospital confirm the anamnestic information quoted above.

Physical condition: Height below average; sufficiently nourished. Heart sounds clear. Crepitations in the lungs. Tongue moist, clean. No abdominal pains.

Neurological condition: Pupils slightly unequal, the right one larger than the left. Reaction to light and convergence adequate. The right palpebral fissure wider than the left. Tendon reflexes lively, equal, apart from the Achilles (the left stronger than the right). Slight muscular atrophy of the left shoulder girdle..

Psychological condition: Correctly orientated. No hallucinations. Reveals an over-estimation of his own personality, talks to the doctors in a condescending, derisive tone. Declares that no one can shake his political convictions, but of what they consist—he cannot formulate. He has an uncritical attitude to the anti-state utterances of the mentally ill who have had compulsory treatment in hospital with him, and is sure that it was because of his relations with them that he was

shadowed; however, he does not develop his ideas on persecution any further. Memory and intellect somewhat deteriorated. Judgments superficial. With difficulty recalls elementary information from the secondary school syllabus, at the same time declaring that it is not necessary to know all that—"I can work out a diagram for building a bridge without that." Shows off considerably in his behavior. He intentionally does not finish what he is saying about himself and his role in certain "matters", hints that he has allies, and emphasizes his "peculiar situation" in the hospital. Does not consider himself to be mentally ill.

Conclusion:

V. Ye. Borisov reveals the effects of organic cerebral disease (meningoencephalitis) with a deterioration of the intellect and a personality change to a degree that amounts to mental illness. As a mentally sick person, in relation to the actions incriminating him, he is not accountable.

Taking into consideration the repeated and active attempts to circulate anti-state fabrications, and also the absence of criticism of his own sick condition, Borisov should be sent for compulsory treatment to a psychiatric hospital of special type.

Signatures: N. K. Svetlanova.
L. B. Broverman.
Shcherbatov.

Excerpts From the Letters of Vladimir E. Borisov Written in Psychiatric Hospital No. 3 (Skvortsov-Stepanov Hospital, Leningrad) and the Special Psychiatric Hospital of the MVD (Ministry of Internal Affairs) of the RSFSR in Leningrad, (Probably to His Wife)

Leningrad 13.7.69 to 25.2.71.

(Russian text as yet unpublished, footnotes added by translators)

NO. 1

. . . I have practically nothing new to say. At one time the doctors were promising to send me hay-making, but they do not mention it any more. Have they forgotten?

I have been having "treatment" since Monday: besides ascorbic acid I have been having injections of glucose and magnesia, and intramuscular injections of aloes. It was on Monday that my doctor saw the superintendent [F. I. Sluchevsky] who has returned, and cheered me with the news that I will soon be discharged. They will tell me when, at the end of the month. Since then no one has prevented me from lying on my bed, no one has disturbed me.

The company here is quite varied—besides a few mumbling idiots there are even . . . Brahma Krishna and . . . Hitler's son, Vladimir Ilich [Lenin] and Leonid Ilich [Brezhnev] in one person, although in turn. What a combination!

I have been given permission to use paper and a fountain-pen, but I am obliged to give every line [I write] into the safe keeping of my doctor, (in my own interest of course), lest one of them find its way

out of the hospital without having been inspected. And as I believe in my doctors and know that they only wish me good, I comply strictly with their requests, and so as not to overload them with work, of which they have more than enough without me, . . . in general I don't write anything.

That is all my news. I lie on my bed, read, occasionally watch the television or play chess. I get up-to-date newspapers regularly . . .

P.S. Do you know, by the way, that the Bey of Algeria has a bump on his nose?! [1]

13.7.69.

NO. 2

(From Skvortsov-Stepanov Hospital)

. . . Today I got your third letter. It came more quickly than the others, and from the postal section to me took only . . . two days. Progress! We will soon reach the good old times when the post covered the distance from Moscow to St. Petersburg, with stage-horses, in only three or four days! Progress of this kind is visible in nearly everything. But the main thing is that they do arrive . . .

. . . There has been after all some result from my talk with the doctors. I was prescribed a wee dose of aminazine for the night. When they asked me about the treatment I was given in Arsenal St [2] I answered: "Six weeks of aminazine, then over three years of stone walls." Well, lest I should say anything like that again—be so kind as to [accept the medicine?]. As for the magnesia, I don't take any notice of it. After an injection, heat diffuses through the body for a few seconds, then stops—and afterwards I don't feel anything. Let them do their pricking, if it amuses them . . . but that it is a childish amusement, although vile and mean—they know, I think, as well as you and I do. 22.7.69.

NO. 3

Who says I don't believe in the concept of "soul"? In that case, what do I believe in, generally speaking? My own soul is hurting me (it's not for nothing that I am described as "mentally ill", or "soul-sick" [3]). My soul is being split up in sections (that's real schizophrenia for you!), and a considerable section of it is in Roslavl. I have faith, a very strong faith: I believe in men, in the future, in the soul, in the world, and in the stars . . . I believe indeed! For that very reason they have imprisoned me . . .

A month or so ago we had a case of self-immolation in the 21st section: a patient poured "triple" eau-de-Cologne over himself and set fire to himself in the "procedure" room. That is a section of the sanatorium type, which you can leave at will . . . where patients even have free days when they visit their homes and where they do not keep "isolation" cases. The attendants took some time to come to and to start trying to put out the flames . . . They say he's given up the ghost in the end . . . 5.8.69.

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[1] Quotation from Gogol's *Memoirs of a Madman*.

[2] I.e. in the Special (prison) Psychiatric Hospital of the MVD—Arsenalnaya Ul. 9, Leningrad.

[3] The Russian word for "mentally ill" is, literally, "soul-sick".

NO. 4 [4]

Now I have acquired all the "rights" of a madman. The verdict of the Court has been received, and two days ago I was transferred to the "general section". This section is identical with the one where I was so bored last time; only it is one floor down and the street can hardly be seen. But the arrangements and the ways are, of course, the same. The people, too, are of the same kind. True, for the time being I am kept in a "closed" ward, but they promise a transfer in a few days' time . . . From this section I cannot be taken out to work . . . A few words about the Court [case]. I gather that "the expert" had falsified the whole of my conversation with her, but it is a matter of no importance . . . My advocate's objections will be examined in the Higher Court [or "Supreme" Court], but this is, no doubt, just a sop to calm their conscience . . . You're asking what they show us at the cinema? To everyone's joy and with the mutual consent of half-wits and cinema-distributors, they reel off films about the last war, or about crime detection, or a combination of both—"how one man succeeded in 'surrounding' a whole army detachment." We see good films once or twice a year, and that not every year. Anyway, they are not such frequent "visitors" outside prison walls, either.

I'm behaving like a good child at present: am reading Capek, Shakespeare, travel books. For how long? I don't know, but so far I'm behaving like an obedient child. At least, I'm not inclined to waste time . . .

14.12.69.

NO. 5

I have no news of any kind. I lie about and read. I have not been taken out to work, so far, but this doesn't upset me over much. At least I don't have the slightest wish, and certainly no urge to paste together little cardboard boxes . . . We are granted only an hour's walk, but at least every day. We cannot boast of our fresh air—this hospital is about the only inhabited building among factories in the most industrial part of the town; all the chimneys belch fumes and smoke, but the weather is really marvellous. The temperature is between three and fifteen degrees; fluffy, almost weightless snow comes down quite often, and there has not been a single hour of thaw, so far . . . Here, there is no limit set to correspondence, but there is no point in sending money, because the food is quite adequate, and I'm not pernickety . . . we are set limits not by the number of letters, but by the time allowed for writing them—twice a month, so that you can't spread yourself out . . .

28.12.69.

NO. 6

. . . from last Monday onwards I started working with a nurse on domestic chores. I am already entrusted with darning socks, but I am a modest man and won't put on airs. What else new is there? Hardly anything worth noting, or suitable for passing the censorship of this establishment. Yesterday, to mark a holiday we were given a concert, organized and performed by our male nurses. I don't know whether they were guided by their idea of our intellectual level, or by their

[4] Letters 4 to 15 were written from the MVD hospital prison ("special" mental hospital) in Leningrad.

own, but it wasn't up to much: they sang half-a-dozen songs (thank God not the hurrah-patriotic kind) into an abominable microphone, which registered, like many of us, only the minor part of what was said, and played several melodies. It was, however, an entertainment...

10.1.70.

NO. 7

... Today I have procured, illegally, a refill for my ball pen, and decided to beguile the time a little ... There's 'flu in the town, and quarantine in the hospital. All visits are forbidden, and only those who live outside the town are permitted fifteen minutes' interviews [with patients] ... My case has already been heard by the Supreme Court—my advocate went to Moscow for it. The sentence remains as it was; they only recommended that my state of health be examined and the forcible treatment countermanded if the report on my health justifies this. In the legal sense this means absolutely nothing, because every commission does nothing except examine the patients' state of health and report on it to the Court. Nevertheless, my advocate is optimistic, but I regard this as his "illness"...

I have just finished reading de Gaulle's Memoirs. A somewhat self-over-appreciative personality! I have never come across so many "I's" in any memoirs, though one expects that letter to predominate in this kind of writing. Despite the inevitable tendency to self-justification, enormous power-drive [love of power] stands out ... Now I intend to begin Brusilov's Memoirs. Zhenia [5] is reading them at present. He says they deserve to be read. He [Zhenia] sends huge greetings to everyone ...

1.2.70.

NO. 8

... The Central Commission paid us a visit. They released, it seems, a fair number: about 10% from our section. The doctors promise me an examination by the hospital staff when all the documents are brought together (they are going to make inquiries at Murmansk, at the 4th and 3rd hospital). There is just a chance that the original diagnosis will be dropped and that I shall be sent before the Court again. But it is also possible that they will send me to the Serbsky [Institute], and from there, five or six months later (there are not enough places and masses of people at the Butyrka prison are waiting for a transfer here), I shall be returned here with the diagnosis of "schizophrenia", the best liked diagnosis in that establishment ... It is possible they will arrange for a commission here, when a representative of the Institute comes. That would be better: I shall be spared a jolty drive in a "*stolypin*". [Black Maria]

There's no other news of any kind. I continue working with the domestic nurses. In addition to sock darning, they put me on to sorting underclothes and issuing them at the bath house, also on tidying up the room where people undress, etc. They transferred me to the "open" ward (I put it in inverted commas because the ward is open only when everyone is out at work, but I continue working in my

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[5] "Zhenia'—presumably a resident of Leningrad, Engineer Yevgeny Shashenkov, sentenced to forcible treatment at the Skvortsov-Stepanov Hospital in Leningrad, by the decision of the Court dated 10th or 11th month of 1968, arrested 1.8.68, at the same time as Liev Kvachevsky, the brother of Jemma, Borisov's wife.

section, all the same). The new ward is much better: more room, better air and healthier companions. I've managed to get Riazanov's publication [6]—do you remember my being upset about it? Interesting articles about Chernyshevsky. Now I'm reading about the followers of Martov. I'm becoming angelic—true, a kind of angel with a pair of little horns, but don't blame me—I'm not capable of a greater effort.

14.2.70.

NO. 9

. . . And on this earth it is already evening. The day has been splendid. The sun—the rarest visitor down here—shone all day, and even the grim brick walls we saw when exercising were singing. The walls here are indeed amazing. Put together with old, oven-fired brick and joined with putty that turned into stone, they transmit sound extraordinarily well; unacquainted with the house-painter's brush, they glisten in the sun; made of brick alone, they have a very subtle, complex and expressive architectural quality. It is hard to believe that all this beauty could be made of brick alone! The masons of antiquity knew how to use it. Only they? If I'm not mistaken, this "hospital", as well as No. 5, on Levebev's Street (both former prisons for women) were built in 1905 by an Anglo-American Company. Yes, perhaps the masons of antiquity! No, just look how far I've got in becoming sentimental—I've begun to sing praises to the walls of my prison! . . .

. . . As for the psalm, it is very, very doubtful that Josephus Flavius [7] could write free verse. As far as I know, it was unknown not only in his days, but even in the Middle Ages, while translators, as a rule, endeavor to render not only the meaning, but also the rhythm of the verse . . . This is confirmed by a mass of intangible anachronisms in the meaning, which—true enough—might depend on the translation. The psalm itself, however, is very powerful.

28.2.70.

NO. 10

. . . As a rule, there isn't enough time . . . At Murmansk we used to arrange a secret collective perusal of newspapers (we could not read them openly, for it would have clashed with the concept of "a madman" which existed then). So here, during my first stay at this place, I was deprived even of that—you have to ask the personnel for a newspaper, you know . . . In six months I learned to deal with large numbers, in the head (true enough, with the speed of a convict walking to a place of [forced] labor). At present, there's no question [of that]: we read as much as our soul wishes . . . I miss people, I miss birds (secretly, I feed pigeons, but a pigeon is not a real bird), I miss the sun, the forest, the physical movement—here, you tend to lie about, like a badger . . .

. . . Who, do you imagine, is going to get me out on the anniversary? [8] Rather the reverse, the last commission had promised to put up Zhenia's name for release, but this was postponed until the local

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[6] *On Chernyshevsky.* Presumably, Riazanov David Borisovich, 1890–1938, a Marxist theorist, the founder of the Marx-Engels Institute; so far, only one article by him about Chernyshevsky has been located: "Marx and Chernyshevsky" in the Chronicles of Marxism, 1928, No. 7, pp. 46–52.

[7] Iosiph ben Matafie, ab. 37–95, an ancient Hebrew historian: for biography, see *Soviet Historical Encyclopaedia,* V. 6, p. 189.

[8] The Lenin centenary.

commission meets again—and that *because* of this glorious anniversary . . .

27.3.70.

NO. 11

. . . Really! What kind of amnesty can be applied to someone sentenced under my sort of article of the law? (There hasn't been such a case ever, though there have been quite a few amnesties.) And is it possible to grant a man an amnesty from illness?—Because that is what my legal position is. Consequently, there can be no argument about any term of confinement. If one talks of the term of forced labor, it begins from the moment the sentence is pronounced, but until my case was brought before the Court, I was regarded simply as a sick person, on general grounds. My "term" of confinement begins from the moment of my admission here. Until my case came before the Court, I was kept here on no kind of grounds, simply on the verbal orders of the prosecutor[9] given by telephone. And anyway, all this refers only to the beginning of some sort of "term", while its end dissolves in the world ether, as they say about the space inside a "*bublik*" [a ring-shaped Russian roll]; it is not defined by any limits . . .

In the new section the position concerning periodicals is much worse. But, so far, there has been a sufficient supply of books. The other day we were permitted to borrow pencils if we returned them in the evening, but paper came to an end. It's bad again: you've got to use little bits . . . I spend Saturday and Sunday learning English. It's quite amazing how I've managed to forget the very small amount I used to know such a time ago.

15.4.70.

NO. 12

. . . I've asked the doctor about the out-of-turn commission (I mentioned it in my last letter). Nothing new. They still consider me "organically affected". As for the flu, out of which I tried to make a lot some time ago, they made it out to have been meningitis-encephalitis. The truth of the matter is that they were clever enough to find a whole pack of typical symptoms pertaining to an organic illness, besides those that I simulated. This is the most convenient stand to take, after all: even if they admit the fact of simulation, it is possible to assert that the patient simulates additionally, not knowing that he is, in fact, ill. Very well, let them do the most risible thing. By the way, did you know that the muscles of my left shoulder (the lower part) are atrophied? I had no idea, yet they were clever enough to diagnose this, even without examining me. Miracle workers! I shall not be very surprised if my other symptoms prove to be of a similar kind. Yes, a "citizen from the legal profession" was present at the sitting of that commission. But who he was and what he was after—is completely unknown. In any case, the doctors of this section, if one believes them—had no information about him. I suppose he was just a "citizen in civilian clothes" . . .

28.9.70.

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[9] Presumably Solovyov, Sergey Yefimovich, the prosecutor of the city of Leningrad.

NO. 13

. . . Speaking seriously, Leningrad, central heating, water on tap and "metro" are not the only bright lights for me and I would gladly wave good-bye to them . . . But . . . I am very reluctant to leave Mamma alone, again . . . It is hard to understand the whole horror of loneliness for a mother whose footsteps arouse only an echo in an empty flat . . . I don't think I would accept "wardship", even if I go to the Kamchatka . . . To live without a passport and deprived of all civil rights . . . ugh! No, this is no light for me. Although they say "wardship" can be countermanded, I think it will be difficult in my case. It is also very doubtful that this is likely to speed up my release even by a small amount. Some time ago I asked the doctors about the effect wardship could have on release, and was told that the effect was almost nil. This trick could in some way or other influence the KGB, but, as my advocate assures me, they are no longer concerned with my case and would not object to my release. I've been shoved into a hospital; as for the rest, it is a matter for the local hospital administration . . . There's no more time for this letter: no more stuff in the refill; I shall have to write like all the others whose time for letters is rationed, and the ration is of "starvation" size . . .

12.12.70.

NO. 14

. . . As for "wardship", one or two things depend on my decision. Without my consent neither you, nor Mamma, nor anyone of our relatives can make the wardship formal, and I doubt that I will give my consent. In any case, the procedure is of the silliest. The relatives of the man have to go before a Court and ask the Court to declare the man incapable of looking after his own affairs, while they themselves regard him as mentally healthy. I look upon such hyprocrisy as utterly pointless, to say nothing of the fact that such an action would constitute an official confirmation of my illness and of the correctness of the psychiatrists' diagnosis.

13.1.71.

NO. 15

. . . The Commission has already arrived, is already working. Several sections have already passed through it. Our section expects them tomorrow. Of course, I'm hopeful, even very much so. Everything here bores and disgusts me dreadfully.

25.2.71.

. . . I received both your letters enclosing flowers. The lily of the valley is simply gorgeous!

This flower I always liked very much—it is so delicate, fragile, yet at the same time so graceful in its simplicity. As I look at it, I seem to feel a forest glade, sunlight and the scent of grass. You don't see it, you literaly feel it with the whole of your body and with some other, special, inexplicable sense. Perhaps that is what they call the sixth sense?

But perhaps it is the tenth, the twentieth. . . . Sometimes I think that man has many more kinds of "senses" that are ascribed to him, than he himself suspects . . .

I was a little envious of your children: you're starting a two days' expedition with the youngsters, freely, on your own initiative. Once I had to act as a pioneer-guide when in a Pioneers' camp, and we were not permitted to make an expedition even with an older group! Even a two days' expedition—and the boys were between fourteen and sixteen years of age. The camp regulations were idiotic, to say the least. They seemed to be designed in the fear of "something that might happen." I was put in charge of an older detachment (I was only just eighteen at the time) and the boys were ordered to call me by my name and patronimic! Of course, we agreed between us that they would call me that only in the presence of hypocrites. . . . (To your advice to "have patience" I can only reply: "I've more of it than of anything else: the Lord has provided me with plenty. . .")

I was given a new neighbor (more exactly, I was allotted to a new person). A nice young fellow, well informed. An architect.[10] He draws remarkably well, and is amusing. What else can you want? . . .

28.6.71.

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[10] So far unidentified, but presumably Oleg Smirnov, one of the architects belonging to Fetisov's group.

APPENDIX VII—VIKTOR KUZNETSOV

The Case of Viktor Kuznetsov

Viktor Vassilyevich Kuznetsov, born in 1936, is an artist by profession. His father perished in a concentration camp, his mother works as a saleswoman in a store, his wife is a laboratory technician. The Kuznetsovs have two children born in 1961 and 1964.

In 1960 Viktor Kuznetsov received his degree from the Arts Department of the Moscow State Pedagogical Institute, and until 1966 he worked for the *Novosti* News Agency.

In March 1965, Kuznetsov took part in a debate at the Moscow State University. The topic was: *Cynicism in Social Life*. His remarks were taped. After the discussion he was illegally searched by plainclothesmen, who seized his notes and passed them on to the KGB (secret police). Later the KGB summoned him several times for interrogation, and he was harassed by his superiors at work.

In October 1966 Viktor Kuznetsov spoke at a meeeting of an international student discussion group called *Time and Thought*, in Moscow's House of Friendship. The discussion was devoted to the *Problems of Freedom in the Contemporary World*. Kuznetsov had barely finished recounting the consequences of his previous public appearance, when he was interrupted and the meeting was closed. As a result of this incident he was arrested and confined to a psychiatric hospital for observation, and was kept there for two months.

His wife protested vigorously, and sent a letter to the newspaper *Izvestiya*, describing how the police dragged her husband out of his bed at 6 a.m. on March 13, took him to the Moscow District Psychiatric Hospital, and confined him on the basis of an illiterate note of the police physician. This note read:

"Viktor Vassilyevich Kuznetsov.—Expresses delirious ideas of action and relationship. Considers the attitude of his relatives wrong. Has divorced his wife on the grounds of delirious interpretation of the relationship. Finds that he is badly treated at work. Reacts in a delirious way all the efforts of his neighbors to speak to him. Makes critical remarks about the government. Criticizes various measures of the government. Changes jobs because of his delirious attitude to work".

In her letter Mrs. Kuznetsov wrote:

"Since when has the practice been established to send patients for examination on the basis of such illiterate notes, full of shameless lies?

"This, in fact, appears to be a diagnosis formulated *before the patient has even been examined.*

"Just read this: 'Has divorced his wife because of delirous interpretation of the relationship'.

"I am V. V. Kuznetsov's wife and the mother of his two children, and I declare: this is a lie! As flagrant a lie, as everything else in this note—from the beginning to the end!

"I consider all this to be inspired by the KGB. All this is a horrible misunderstanding, an unfortunate echo from the time of the personality cult.

"Free my husband! I demand that this letter be published."

Needless to say, the letter had never been printed by *Izvestiya*, but it was widely circulated by *Samizdat*.

After his release from the hospital, Kuznetsov had a hard time finding a permanent job. He worked as a design engineer for a factory in Sofrino, painted a number of murals at the Yaroslavskaya Railroad Station, and did some graphic work for the *Intourist* and *Sovexport* agencies.

Kuznetsov had a considerable collection of *Samizdat* materials.

On March 20, 1969, his apartment was searched by the police. Many books were confiiscated, and Kuznetsov himself was arrested. At a trial on July 16, 1969, the court confined Kuznetsov to a mental hospital of the special type. The Supreme Court of the RFSR upheld the decision of the lower court on August 26, 1969. But three days earlier, on August 23, *even before the appeal was heard*, Kuznetsov had been sent to the Kazan special psychiatric hospital.

It is important to emphasize that Kuznetsov had never before been under psychiatric treatment, with the exception of the two months he had spent in a mental hospital on the orders of the police.

In August 1971, after two years of incarceration in Kazan, Viktor Kuznetsov was released.

Decision in the Kuznetsov Case

On 16 July 1969, the judicial board of the Moscow Regional Court consisting of the chairman, Makarova, the assessors, Maksimov and A . . . . . , the public prosecutor, Sorokin, and the barrister, Kogan, examined the case of V. Kuznetsov, charged with an offense under Article 70 Part I of the Russian Criminal Code, and established that for a number of years Kuznetsov had been expressing dissatisfaction with the Soviet system, saying we had despotism and that the people were downtrodden, and that he therefore considered it his duty to spread what he called "the truth". He circulated "Samizdat" literature which he kept at his home, including Arzhak's pernicious and libelous "Moscow Speaks", Tertz's "What is Socialist Realism?", Varga's "The Russian Road to Socialism", Tarsis's "Ward No. 7", and Moroz's "Report From the Beria Reserve".

This literature is a libel on the Soviet social and political system. He enaged in these activities with the deliberate intention of causing harm to the Soviet system.

References to the testimony of witnesses . . . . . [who stated] that Kuznetsov gave them . . . . . to read.

Kuznetsov had in his possession a card-index of the people who borrowed literature from him. When [his flat] was searched 46 [of these cards] were taken. Five of them are filed with the documents of the case.

The forensic medical diagnosis has established that Kuznetsov has been suffering for a long time from a mild chronic form of schizophrenia which deprives him of the capacity to understand his own actions and bear criminal responsibility [for them].

Therefore, the judicial board has decided to close the case under Article 70, to release Kuznetsov from custody, and to send him to a hospital of special type.

An appeal against the decision may be lodged with the Russian Supreme Court within seven days.

In-patient Examination From 10 April to 12 May

(Extracts from the conclusion of the Serbsky Institute's diagnosis)

He had tried "to find what would make him a better person"—critical attitude towards the social system.

Tried to give out a questionnaire to his pupils about the living and financial circumstances of their families.

"There is no moral code in communism, the credit for its creation belongs to the Bible."

Witness . . . "He is talkative and has a taste for conversations on political subjects—all of it diffuse, vague—it is difficult to conclude what he is talking about and what he means by it. Conclusions and generalizations very obscure, vague, without depth or common sense". . . . "He allowed himself to say things contradicting common sense and logic."

Explanatory talks had no positive results. He spoke in public discussions. His utterances were of an anti-Soviet character.

He drew up an unofficial plan for a Constitution.

From 1 November 1966 to 4 November 1966 [1] he was an in-patient at the Psychiatric Hospital No. 1.

Diagnosis: "Schizophrenia".

While there, he was difficult to talk to, strained, suspicious, and did not have confidence in the doctors. Considered himself the bearer of the truth.

Fragmentary, confusional, reformist ideas. Paralogical nature of his thinking. Criticism of his own utterances absent.

4 November transferred to the Yakovenko hospital, [where he was] till 26 December. Willingly entered into conversation, talked about the concerns he had at heart . . . "Cannot be at rest while one person on earth lives in poverty."

Called himself a man of principle. Attitude towards being confined to hospital—calm. Took part in games. Studied foreign languages.

Nadzharov,
Consultant, Institute of Psychiatry of the Academy of Medical Sciences, Deputy Director, Professor.

Diagnosis: "Paranoid Development of the Personality"

Behaves with a sense of his own worth. Calm, smiles. Willingly enters into conversation. Tends to be argumentative.

"His part in drawing up the plan for a constitution was small". "His ideas do not flare up quickly, so they will not quickly be extinguished."

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[1] On 1 November 1966 V. Kuznetsov was forcibly confined to hospital. Against the wishes of his relatives and wife, he was taken from home at night by the militia and placed in a hospital. He had never had recourse to psychiatrists before. Unfortunately, it was not possible to obtain the full text of the diagnosis of the Serbsky Institute.

In his behavior there are ambivalent features. Agrees that he had literature of anti-Soviet content, but considers himself innocent.

He does not comprehend the situation, is untroubled . . . "How can one justify the food served in the institute?"

Emotionally flat, inadequate. In 1966 he said only one thing worried him—that his hospital bill had not been paid. Outwardly expresses concern for his wife and family. However, his mood is cheerful, he smiles, sings gay songs, studies language[s]. Not worried about his situation. A critical appraisal of the situation lacking.

The commission has come to the conclusion that Kuznetsov is suffering from a chronic mental illness in the form of mild chronic schizophrenia.

This is indicated by changes in the emotional sphere, accompanied by a flattening and a disturbance of the thinking process, immaturity, paralogism in judgments, which are combined with concusional ideas and an absence of criticism concerning his own condition and the situation which has developed.

Witnesses: Headmaster of School—Prikhodko (the questionnaire, code). Rubtsova (talkativeness). Work reference from the Academy of Medical Sciences. Case-sheet of Yakovenko hospital (more than once allowed himself to say things not consistent with common sense or logic).

Spoke several times at student debates at Moscow University and the House of Friendship.

The reformist ideas which he expresses are of a vague, diffuse character.

On the basis of the above the commission comes to the conclusion that Kuznetsov is suffering from a chronic mental illness in the form of mild chronic schizophrenia. This is indicated by the gradual changes in the emotional sphere characteristic of the schizoprenic process, accompanied by a flattening [in the emotional sphere], a disturbance of the thinking process characterized by diffuseness, loss of contact with reality, immaturity and paralogism in judgments.

The disturbances in the thinking process and the emotional sphere are combined with the presence of confusional reformist ideas and an absence of criticism towards his own condition and the situation which has developed. Therefore, this mental patient must be considered, in connection with the actions incriminating him, to be of unsound mind. Because of his mental condition, he requires compulsory treatment in a hospital of special type.

APPENDIX VIII—IVAN YAKHIMOVICH

Ivan Yakhimovich

The Case of Ivan Yakhimovich

Ivan Yakhimovich was born in 1931 in the city of Daugavpils, Latvia, of a strictly proletarian family. His father was an unskilled worker, his mother a laundress. Yakhimovich was educated in Latvia, and from childhood speaks three languages: Russian, Latvian, and Polish.

After graduating from the School of Philology of the Latvian State University in Riga, he worked as a high school teacher in a village and later, as a member of the Communist Party, was given the job of School Inspector in his district. In 1960, Yakhimovich gave up his teaching career to become President of the collective farm *Yauna Gvarda* in the Kraslavsky district. While running the collective farm Agricultural Academy. The newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravada* then wrote about Yakhimovich in glowing terms, extolling him as one of the best collective farm presidents in the USSR.

In January, 1968, Yakhimovich wrote a letter to M. A. Suslov, chief Soviet ideologist and member of the Communist Party Presidium, protesting the trial of Yuri Galanskov and Alexander Ginzburg. The Party reacted swiftly. In March, 1968, he was expelled from its ranks and dismissed from his job in the collective farm. Unable to find permanent employment, he moved with his family to Yurmala, where he secured a temporary job at the sanatorium "Belorussia" as a heating furnace attendant.

However, the Secret Police would not leave him alone. He was kept under constant surveillance, and was called three times to the Prosecutor's Office in Riga to explain his political views.

On July 27, 1968, as clouds began to gather menacingly over Czechoslovakia, Yakhimovich and General Grigorenko addressed an open letter to "the members of the Communist Party and all the people of Czechoslovakia," condemning Soviet interference in that country's internal affairs. This letter was delivered personally by them to the Czech Embassy in Moscow.

On September 27, 1968, a search was conducted in Yakhimovich's apartment on the basis of an absurd allegation that he had stolen 19,654 rubles from the Yurmala branch of the State Bank. This is an example of the "methods" used by the KGB to smear political dissenters.

Refusing to be intimidated, Yakhimovich produced in October, 1968, another pamphlet entitled *A Specter is Hovering over Europe—a Specter of Catastrophe* in which he decried the occupation of Czechoslovakia.

When the news of Jan Palach's self-immolation in Prague reached the Soviet Union, he and General Grigorenko released an appeal to the citizens of the USSR, warning them against "rash and thoughtless action" but urging them "to resort to all possible legal means to induce the government to withdraw all troops from Czechoslovakia and stop meddling in her internal affairs." The authors stressed that "we are all partially responsible for the death of Jan Palach. By our approval of the invasion, by justifying it, or by simply keeping silent we are actually promoting the conditions which cause live torches to continue to burn in the streets of Prague and other cities."

Sensing his imminent arrest, Yakhimovich on March 24, 1969, put out his fifth public statement, *Instead of My Last Plea*, in which he explains his actions "since torrents of lies and hyprocrisy may soon flow out from behind the closed doors of the court room." On March 25 he was arrested.

Immediately after his arrest, a "White Paper", entitled *Ivan Yakhimovich—Punishment for Dissent* was published by the underground press (*Samizdat*) and widely circulated in Russia.

On April 1, 1969, a forensic psychiatry committee declared Yakhimovich incompetent to stand trial and sent him to a psychiatric hospital in Riga for observation. There he was diagnosed insane and committed to a KGB-run psychiatric institution of a special type. On January 12, 1970, he was examined for the third time and again recommitted to the psychiatric hospital in Riga.

His wife, Irina, also a university graduate, was fired from her job and had to support her three children by working as a teacher's aid in a kindergarten in Yurmala.

On April 27, 1971, Yakhimovich was released from the hospital. The psychiatric committee declared him an "invalid of the second category," and effective form of blacklising in the Soviet Union.

Official Psychiatric Diagnoses

Report No. 163–69

OUT-PATIENT FORENSIC PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATION OF I. A. YAKHIMOVICH

We, the undersigned, on April 1, 1969, has performed out-patient evaluation at the Republic Neurological Dispensary in the City of Riga of the patient by the name of Ivan Antonovitch Yakhimovich, born 1931, and charged in accordance with paragraph 183–1 of the Criminal Code of LSSR.[1]

This patient was referred for out-patient forensic psychiatric evaluation by the prosecutor of the Lenin District of the City of Riga on the 25th of March, 1969, because the trial had raised doubts concerning his mental health.

In accordance with the examinee's own statements and with the submitted trial materials, it is evident that the examinee was born and raised in a large family of laborers. The examinee has no knowledge of any mentally ill person among members of his family and relatives. During his childhood his development was normal. Since the age of seven, he attended school and was a good student. He completed higher education and in 1956 graduated from the L.G.U.,[2] majoring in History and Philology. He taught Russian language and literature in the Dagd District. Since 1960 after his appointment by the government he began working as the chairman of a collective farm. In 1963 he started a correspondence course in agriculture at the L.S.A.[3]

He considers himself as being an energetic, persistent, and sociable person. He rarely used alcohol and only in small amounts. The exam-

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[1] Latvian Soviet Socialist Republic.
[2] Latvian State University.
[3] Latvian Agricultural Academy.

inee is married since 1960. He has three children born in 1961, 1962, and 1964. He has a good relationship with his wife. Since 1961 and up until March of 1968, he was a member of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Prior to that he was a member of the Communist Socialist Youth for ten years and was recommended for his membership in the Communist Party by that organization. The examinee states that he was always interested in political affairs and events in our country and in the world, and read avidly political literature, newspapers, journals and the classics of Marxism and Leninism.

According to objective information, he spoke frequently at public meetings, making critical remarks on various issues, sometimes in an odd, inappropriate and narrow-minded way. Since January, 1968 the examinee began spreading slanderous and defamatory statements blaming the Soviet Government and social system. In March of 1968, the examinee for the above reason was expelled from the Communist Party and dismissed from his position as chairman of the collective farm. Nonetheless, the examinee continued to spread his defamatory fantasies—articles and letters of similar nature, which were subsequently transmitted to capitalist countries and published there in newspapers as well as in radio broadcasts in Latvian and Russian languages.

The examinee does not deny his error and considers himself as being mentally healthy.

Physical Health: According to the examinee, during the years of 1964 and 1965 he had been suffering from the duodenal ulcer. During the examination no signs of acute afflictions of internal organs were observed.

Neurological Status: The function of cranial nerves was normal. Deep tendon reflexes on all extremities were lively and bilaterally equal. There were no pathological reflexes.

Mental Status: The examinee is well oriented. His attitude is presumptuously superior. He is somewhat manneristic. His outward appearance is odd—has a beard—as is his clothing. His emotionality is monotonous—he speaks of his acts with pathos. There is no impairment of memory. His thought processes show detailistic style and he is prone to be argumentative.

His political thinking is grossly contradictory. He minimizes his actions and does not comprehend their criminal, treacherous nature.

He considers himself to be a political figure of world-wide significance, who will be defended by the Commission on Human Rights of the United Nations.

Conclusion: On the basis of the material presented above, this committee forms the conclusions that the examinee, Yakhimovich, should be hospitalized for inpatient forensic psychiatric treatment at the Riga Psychiatric Hospital for the purpose of making a more precise diagnosis that would permit a decision on the question of his mental competence. Preliminary diagnosis of this committee is "Schizophenia, paranoid syndrome?" The experts were notified of the responsibility according to Paragraph 174 of the Criminal Code of the Latvian S.S.R. Signed A. A. Brischke, Chief Psychiatrist, Committee Chairman; L. A. Ligure, Psychiatrist, Committee Member; Z R. Vittenberg, Psychiatrist, reporter.

Official Psychiatric Diagnoses—I. A. Yakhimovich

Report No. 96

We, the undersigned, the forensic psychiatric committee of experts at the hospital ward, consisting of the Chairman, Chief Psychiatrist of the Republican Psychiatric Hospital of Riga, Z. G. Rusinova, and the following committee members: Vice-Chairman who is consultant in internal medicine, L. A. Markis, and the Chief Psychiatrist of the psychiatric section of the Invest. Bureau #1 of the City of Riga, O. A. Krasniasky, on June 3, 1969, at the premises of the psychiatric section of the Invest. Bureau #1, have examined the examinee, Ivan Antonovitch Yakhimovich, born in 1931, and who is charged with spreading slanderous defamations censuring the Soviet Government and social system, the charge being in accordance with Paragraph 183–1 of Criminal Code of the Latvian Soviet Socialist Republic.

This forensic psychiatric evaluation at the observation ward is being performed on the basis of a decision of the investigator at the office of the prosecutor of the Lenin District of the City of Riga, Kakitis, Counselor at Law of the second class. The decision was made on the fourth of April, 1969, in connection with a doubt cast on the examinee's mental competence.

The examinee, I. A. Yakhimovich, had entered the psychiatric division of the Riga Republican Psychiatric Hospital at the Trial Division #1 of the City of Riga on April 16, 1969.

Anamnesis: The examinee made the following statement about himself:

He was born in 1931 in the City of Daugavpils, as one of many children of a laborer father. His heredity and the family history as far as psychopathology is concerned is unremarkable. Both parents of this patient are dead. He grew and developed normally. He states that he had no illnesses during his childhood, not even the usual childhood diseases. He entered school at the age of seven. He was a good student. Learning was easy for him.

Characterwise, he adhered to principles of fairness, honesty and justice and could not tolerate seeing weaker ones being hurt. Since the 7th and 8th grades, he developed an interest in problems of economy and philosophy. Aside from Philosophy and Economy, he was interested in politics even as a student in school. He considers that such a political, philosophical and economics orientation is a traditional interest pattern in his family, as his uncle and older brother were underground revolutionaries in Latvia during the Czarist time. In 1951 he graduated from high school and in the same year was accepted as a student at the Latvian State University, majoring in History and Philology.

During his university studies he was actively engaged in public activities and work of Komsomol.[1]

His character did not change and he continued to be a sociable person, but with a keen sense of justice and responsibility in relation to himself and his peers. He successfully graduated from the Latvian State University in 1956 and became an expert instructor in Russian language and literature. He was assigned to a high school in Dagd

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[1] Communist Youth League (Komsomol).

District, where he worked as instructor of Russian language and literature for two years. He was an unpaid secretary of Komsomol and participated actively in public activities of Komsomol. According to submitted material, during the period of time devoted to the above activities this patient in general was characterized in negative terms, as not being methodically and sufficiently prepared, and displaying no sustaining effort and accuracy in correcting written work of students; and was described as overconfident and conceited. The same references also point out poor self control, rudeness, explosive temperament, unjustified absences from work, and allowing rudeness to enter into his relationships with his peers and with school administration. In the report of the Director of Prenemal High School, I. G. Nazaroff, the supervisor of Dagd School District mentioned an incident occurring on the 29th of November, 1957, when I. A. Yakhimovich, slapped a 6th Grade student, Theodore Nikitin, in the face during a choir practice. However, in spite of such references given by the administration of the school where he taught, I. A. Yakhimovich was appointed as an inspector of public education division at the former Dagd District Executive Committee, where he worked until February, 1960. Since that time and of his own will, Yakhimovich, considering, according to his statement, "the need for energetic people with principles in agriculture," began working as chairman of "Red Guard," collective farm remaining in this position until March 28, 1968. In his own words, the state of economy of collective farm he took over was extremely poor because of a shortage of money to pay the collective farm workers and because of a shortage of feed and sowing-seed.

Throughout the entire time of his stay as chairman of the collective farm, his relationships with workers were business-like and co-workers respected him and helped him in restoring an extremely neglected farm. Devoting much energy and time to his work, he managed to achieve a significant improvement in economic welfare of collective farm workers. The improvement was so significant that after a lapse of a certain period of time it became possible to pay the workers roughly two rubles for one working day. However, the reference letter of the party's District Committee of Kraslavsk of February 13, 1969, points out that Yakhimovich, during his work, was not a good organizer, the economy of the farm expanded only slowly, and the economic welfare of collective farm workers showed only insignificant gains. The reference letter points out willful acts of the former chairman of the collective farm, Ivan Yakhimovich, who, without permission of the executive council and of the membership meeting of the collective farm workers, sold 40 cubic meters of construction lumber material to the Ulianov Collective Farm in the province of Kirovogradsk. He received as reimbursement 20 tons of wheat, which was divided among the collective farm workers as their work's pay. Besides that, the reference letter indicates that he openly condemned the policies of party and government in the area of agriculture. For this reason the Bureau of the District Committee of the Communist Party reached the decision on August 21, 1963 to expel Yakhimovich from the Communist Party. However, by the decision of the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Latvia of January 8, 1964, the above mentioned expulsion was reversed and instead it was replaced by a strong notice of reprimand written down in his records. Nonetheless,

Yakhimovich continued his activities against Party and the State, which consisted of spreading and publicizing among the population of anti-Soviet literature, which is being used for capitalist propaganda against our country. For this reason, the Bureau of the District Committee of Communist Party of Latvia of Kraslavsk District made the decision on March 13, 1968 to expel Yakhimovich from the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Also, by the decision of the membership meeting of collective farm workers of the 28th of March, 1968, he was dismissed from his position as chairman of the collective farm. According to the submitted trial materials, the activities of Yakhimovitch during this period of time are characterized in the following way:

He listened to and made notes of BBC broadcasts, and distributed the transcripts, through the mail and through personal contacts, to students he knew and students he did not know, at Daugavpils Teachers College. He distributed to his acquaintances and friends, but also to people unknown to him, typewritten copies of Pavel Litvinov's appeal "To World Public Opinion," which had been broadcast by BBC. After his dismissal as Chairman of the "Red Guard" collective farm, Yakhimovich and his wife and three children (he was married in 1960; has three girls born in 1961, 1962, and 1964; his wife is a school teacher; marital relationship is good) moved into the town of Urmala to his mother-in-law's place, where they lived in very difficult circumstances (six people in one room eight square meters in size) until the time of his arrest.

During the period of time following his dismissal from work and up until the moment of his arrest, that is from October 21, 1968 until March 25, 1969, Yakhimovich was employed as a stoker at the "Belorussia" sanitarium on Riga's seacoast. In a reference letter of the medical director of the "Belorussia" sanitarium, the patient was described in positive terms.

During this period of time Yakhimovich, while reacting to events in Czechoslovakia, made notations in his two blue colored notebooks, which are being attached to his case material. In the above notebooks he sharply criticizes the foreign policy of the party and government, offering numerous quotations from the classics of the Communist movement, supposedly supporting his views. In analogy to the content of his letter of January 22, 1968, addressed by Yakhimovich to the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, in the above mentioned blue notebooks Yakhimovich sharply criticizes and offers suggestions for changing foreign policy of our party. Following a search at his apartment, during which some documents were discovered which misrepresent the policy of our party and government, Yakhimovich was arrested.

Mental Status: Patient is completely oriented. Personal contact is easily established. In some detail and with certain circumstantiality, he gives account of all the details connected with his arrest. He is completely convinced that he is right. However, he indicates that were he treated with the same humane understanding and cordiality as he was treated by the Assistant Minister of the M.V.D. of the L.S.S.R., Comrade Seia, he would not be broadly propagating his views. This is because he considers his activities to be the result not only of his political convictions, but to a significant degree also of his reactions to

the nonsensical behavior of many government officials, who are in his opinion, completely in the wrong in considering him to be an anti-Soviet element. He declares that never and under no circumstances would he betray the Communist system and Socialism.

The patient is observant, relates with abundant details characteristics of his neighbors in the confinement chamber, and sharply defines features of their characters and personalities. He talks much of absence of any educational meaning in the institutions where arrested prisoners are confined—such as jail and reformatory camps. He believes that political prisoners should not be deprived of their freedom and instead should be re-educated by methods of persuasion, clarification, and propaganda of an explanatory nature at the places of their work.

The patient has an excellent knowledge of literature, of classics of Marxism and Leninism, and also has an excellent knowledge of works of many philosophers and political figures.

He does not feel burdened by his confinement in jail and believes that in contemporary circumstances he is being punished for his political convictions and views, which he has no intention of parting with.

He believes that his ideological and political duty as well as his obligation towards people counts significantly higher on his scale of values than his obligation toward his family. He is convinced that he and persons similar to him are fulfilling an important mission for their people. In making the above statement, he purports to assume some sort of extraordinary role in the struggle against a supposedly existing injustice.

The wide range of his interests, encompassing economics, politics and philosophy he explains by the fact that all these phenomena are interconnected and interdependent and cannot be understood in isolation from each other. Besides that, he believes that with his advancing age, culture, and knowledge certain acts and measures of Soviet government aimed at economics, interior and foreign policy, naturally could not help being upsetting to him. Patient indicated that since his childhood he was called a daydreamer and romantic and such romantic disposition is part of him even today, in spite of the fact that he is around forty years old.

During the interview with the psychiatrist, patient was polite, gentle, and showed no evidence of delusions and hallucinations, and displayed adequate memory.

Neurological Status: There is no evidence of any organic pathological signs of the central nervous system disturbance.

Somatic Health: According to the examinee, in 1964–65 he suffered from a duodenal ulcer. At the present time in connection with the change of his dietary regimen, patient notices again some pain in epigastric area. Otherwise, there is no evidence of any pathology of internal organs.

On the basis of the above findings, the committee reaches the conclusion that Yakhimovich shows development of a paranoid system in a psychopathic personality. The patient's condition must be equated with a psychiatric illness. Therefore, in relation to the incriminating acts, I.A. Yakhimovich must be considered as mentally incompetent.

The patient is in need of compulsory treatment in the hospital of special regimen.

Z. G. Rusinova,
Chief Psychiatrist, Latvian Psychiatric Hospital, Riga.
L. A. Markis,
Assistant to the Medical Director, Latvian Psychiatric Hospital, Riga.
O. A. Krasniansky,
Chairman of the Phychiatric Division of the City Bureau of Investigation, Riga.

Forensic Psychiatric Evaluation of the Examinee, I.A. Yakhimovich

Report No. 33

We, the undersigned, on the 12th of January 1970, in the Central Scientific and Research Institute of Forensic Psychiatry, called Professor Serbsky Institute, have examined Yakhimovich, born 1931, and who is charged according to Paragraph 183–I of the Criminal Code of the Latvian SSR. He was placed for hospital observation for the purpose of forensic psychiatric evaluation in this Institute following a decision of the judicial college of the Supreme Court of the Latvian SSR of August 29, 1969, in connection with the doubts being cast upon the correctness of the conclusions reached by the previous in-patient forensic psychiatric expertise.

He entered the Institute on December 10, 1969. According to his own statements, the examinee has no illness. He began attending school at the age of seven and was a good student. He was a hard worker, persistent, adhered to principles, and under all circumstances strove "to ascertain the truth and obtain justice." Since the 7th—8th grade, he began revealing a particular interest in philosophy, and problems of economics and politics. In 1951, after graduating from high school, he attended the Latvian State University, majoring in History and Philology. There, aside from studying, according to him, he was actively engaged in public activity and wrote articles, which were printed in the student newspaper.

In 1956, upon graduating from the university, the examinee was assigned to work in one of the districts of Latvia as a high school teacher. His relationships with co-workers and colleagues were "normal." However, not infrequently, according to statements of the examinee, he was in open disagreement with the school administration regarding many problems involving principles of school practices. However, in work references for this period of time it was noted that the examinee, in spite of his good knowledge of the subject matter, was considered to be methodically unprepared, showed poor persistence, lacked in neatness, ignored directives of the administration, stood out for his overconfidence, and periodically was rude with his colleagues in and outside of his work at school. There were instances of unjustified absences from work. Once, during a choir practice, he slapped a 6th Grade student in the face. Nonetheless, it is noted also that the examinee applied a great amount of energy and incentive in his public work.

Later the examinee was appointed an inspector of RONO.[1] According to his statement, his new duty "possessed" him and he believed that by virtue of correcting shortcomings he would be able to accomplish much for "public education." He showed irreconcilable attitude in relation to observed shortcomings and always considered his own point of view to be the only correct one.

One of the witnesses noted that the examinee developed a "peculiar activity": It was very difficult to dissuade him from something and everywhere he noticed only shortcomings. In assemblies and in the office he attempted to impose his own opinion, creating the impression of a person with "psychic deviations."

The examinee states, that his work as an inspector soon became uninteresting to him because he "found it impossible to activize his accumulated knowledge and experience."

In connection with this, he decided to devote his attention to problems of agriculture in order to erase the shortcomings in this area. On his own incentive he expressed a wish to work as the chairman of one of the backward collective farms, because he considered himself to be a person with principles, capable of solving problems of economics in the field of agriculture. Striving to get acquainted with collective farm workers and in order to establish a rapport with them and thus become a spokesman for them, the examinee requested that he be assigned a low pay (30 rubles).

He believes that with his appointment to the collective farm the life of the workers immediately improved. Meanwhile, in the work reference attached to the case material, it is noted that there was only an insignificant gain in economic welfare of the collective farm where the examinee worked as the chairman. Also, the examinee willfully sold to another collective farm 40 cubic meters of wood in exchange for 20 tons of wheat to pay the collective farm workers for their work days.

He married in 1960. His wife considers him to be an honest and just person, a good family man. The mother-in-law of the examinee indicated that he was always a good provider, defended justice, always stood up for his opinions.

The witness Ignatov in his testimony indicated that the examinee revealed "careless" attitude in relation to his personal life. He appeared at meetings in neglected, dirty clothes; however, at the same time was energetic, and stubborn. As is evident from the criminal case materials, the examinee in 1963 began openly voicing his independent criticisms regarding the condition of the agriculture. In connection with this, on the 21st of August, 1963, he was expelled from the Communist Party by the decision of the party committee. Thereafter, this decision was reversed and instead the examinee was strongly reprimanded.

According to the statements of the examinee, he was "shaken" by the reprimand. He considered it undeserved, while his own criticisms he considered to be correct. Meanwhile, however, suffering from his hurt feelings, he continued his previous criticisms. As is evident from the protocols of the meeting of the LAA, where he took a correspondence course, the examinee while in the company of students attempted

[1] Regional Board of Education.

to prove the correctness of his views, and in response to objections reacted viciously, "to the point of physical attacks."

In January of 1968 he made notations of a radio broadcast of the BBC heard by him, and distributed the contents partially through mail to students whom he knew and whom he did not know.

Along with that, he wrote a letter containing ideas suggesting reforms pertaining to an extremely wide range of questions relating to the state and public life. He has addressed and sent this letter to the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

According to the statements of the examinee, the ideas expressed by him in his numerous articles and letters have "obsessed him" to such an extent that he was unable to prepare himself for his university exams, could not concentrate because he was constantly reflecting and thinking over problems of statewide importance, and experienced a flood of thought. The surrounding situation seemed to be an "unusual" and a new one to him and he wrote at night being convinced that he is capable of persuading people of his own correctness.

As is evident from the criminal case materials, the examinee in March of 1968 was expelled from the party and dismissed from his position as chairman of the collective farm.

From October 1968 and up until March 25, 1969, he worked as a stoker and a machine fireman and his work references then are formally favorable.

All this time, he continually reflected on the fate of the country and the state and in August of 1968 he wrote his next letter in which he expressed his discontent in connection with the events in Czechoslovakia; however, he did not mail this letter.

During the search of the apartment of the examinee many manuscripts were uncovered. In his notations in separate notebooks, the examinee touched on many events currently occurring in the country, and, as he himself indicates, brought up many of his suggestions pertaining to change of foreign and internal policies of the government.

In his testimony during his trial, the examinee indicated that the only goal he pursued through his actions was the triumph of truth, because the truth "must be worked up by your own brains, must be keenly felt by your own heart, by every single cell of your body." The examinee concluded his testimony with a poem by Yevtushenko.

With respect to his case, the examinee was subjected to out-patient forensic psychiatric examination at the Republican Psychoneurological Dispensary in Riga on April 1, 1969. In the description of his mental status is noted that during the interview his attitude was presumptuous, his behavior was somewhat idiosyncratic, and he spoke of his actions with pathos and tended to be argumentative, focusing excessively on details. The committee's recommendations, after making a preliminary diagnosis of "schizophrenia, paranoid syndrome," was to refer him for in-patient hospital observation by psychiatric experts.

The evaluation at the hospital was performed at the Riga Psychiatric Hospital. It is evident from the original historical account of his illness that the behavior of Yakhimovich was ostensibly organized Yet along with this he considered himself an extraordinary personality and made a statement that at the present time he devotes his attention to study of "philosophy of various criminals" and this represents for him his spiritual food.

While remaining indifferent during the conversation related to his family, saying that care for his children and family is of secondary importance and is of little interest to him, he declared at the same time that he is troubled only by "worldwide problems." Thereby, with excitement and in detail he laid out his ideas, called the letter he wrote a "work," and was convinced that his cause was just and correct. The examinee's statements could not be changed by corrective comment.

On June 3, 1969 the examinee was presented to the committee which concluded that he revealed the development of a paranoid system in a psychopathic personality. He was diagnosed as being mentally incompetent.

During his court trial a number of witnesses were questioned. Among them were the relatives and acquaintances of Yakhimovich. By all the witnesses the examinee was characterized favorably. They pointed out the examinee's adherence to principles, his striving for justice, energy, and conscientiousness.

Emphasizing his conscientiousness, one of the witnesses gave an example of how the examinee, in the absence of an automobile, was "inspecting the entire collective farm barefoot."

A psychiatrist present at the court trial recommended to refer the examinee for a repeated forensic psychiatric evaluation.

The examination at this institute revealed the following: physical somatic status—normal. Neurological status: The pupils are bilaterally equal. Reaction to light is lively, accommodation and convergence preserved. The right nasal labial fold somewhat flattened, the right side of the mouth is lowered. The deep tendon and periosteal reflexes are lively and hyperactive. There is no evidence of any pathological reflexes. Romberg Test shows good balance.

MENTAL STATUS

The examinee is correctly oriented in his surroundings, he understands the purpose for which he was referred for this evaluation and emphasized that, as a "psychiatrically healthy person", he has no need for such an expertise. During conversation, his attitude is relaxed, and he is sitting in a negligent pose. He verbalizes in a somewhat presumptuous, condescending, ironical tone.

At first, he willingly, punctually, and in detail talked about problems which were upsetting him and which he is trying to work out. In this, he revealed the ideas of exaggerated self-worth, overvaluing himself as a personality and a reformist. He insisted that problems that he has brought up are of "statewide" importance, and will be accepted by the government and will lead to changes in the whole country. He emphasized that for the sake of truth and justice he mobilized all of his resources and this represents the goal of his life. His behavior prior to his arrest he considered to be correct. He declared that it was impossible for him not to react to his environment, and he considered it to be his duty to appraise everything transpiring around him, and frequently at night in his written productions he critically analyzed all the errors supposedly existing in the government's administration of the country.

The judgments of the examinee in this respect were categorical and in response to any attempt to express objection he declared that conversation of this sort he considered to be pointless.

Subsequently the behavior of the examinee changed somewhat. During his interview with the doctor he became more on guard, tense, showed an anxious attitude toward his conversations, and tended to evade topics connected with his past activities; in response to concrete questions, he began to talk as though he considered his past activities frivolous and neglectful of the scientific method of cognition. While speaking of the fact that he had apparently become confused in his own affairs and had acted hastily, he simultaneously declared that he is devoting his attention to a cause useful to society.

He focused the attention of the psychiatrist on the fact that his actions should not be appraised as acts of a mentally ill person, and gave undisguised expression to his apprehension and fear of being declared mentally ill.

With worry he related that he noted that the psychiatrists of the Riga Psychiatric Hospital appeared to have a special "interest" in finding him mentally ill. The proof for this he sees in the fact that the doctors have changed frequently, and while meeting him "looked down" and experienced a feeling of "discomfort."

Behavior in the ward is outwardly orderly, but every time he approaches his interview with the doctor with apprehension. While afraid to be declared mentally ill, he at the same time showed no noticeable apprehension with respect to incriminating charges and the consequences of the latter.

His thinking is somewhat circumstantial, with elements of argumentativeness, with tendency towards fixation of attention on experiences which are affectively colored for him. The attitude towards his own condition is non-critical.

On the basis of the above observation, the committee concludes that Yakhimovich represents a psychopathic personality, which shows a morbid disturbance of psychic processes which have acquired a form of pathological (paranoic) development.

As is evident from the criminal case material, and from the current clinical psychiatric examination, the examinee throughout his entire life showed psychic trends which were emotional liabilities, including tendency to create conflict, persistent striving to prove himself right in everything, and overinflation of his capabilities.

Approximately since 1963, in the conditions of unfavorable circumstances, the examinee developed morbid ideas about reforms pertaining to problems of economics and public life, and these ideas were accompanied by marked affective preoccupation and obsession, uncritical appraisal of the situation and his own behavior, with obviously overinflated self-appraisal, and the latter has determined the examinee's behavior in its entirety.

This current examination indicates that the examinee, along with outwardly orderly behavior, reveals circumstantiality and rigidity of thought, tendency towards pathological misinterpretation of isolated facts, tendency towards dissimulation of the existing psychic disturbances and uncritical appraisal of his condition and concurrent situation. Within the period of time during which the incrimi-

nating acts took place, and as a result of the above mentioned morbid disturbance of psychic processes, he was not in a position to give himself a full account of his own actions, could not control them, and therefore must be considered as being mentally incompetent.

In view of his psychiatric condition, he is in need of a compulsory treatment in a psychiatric hospital of general type.

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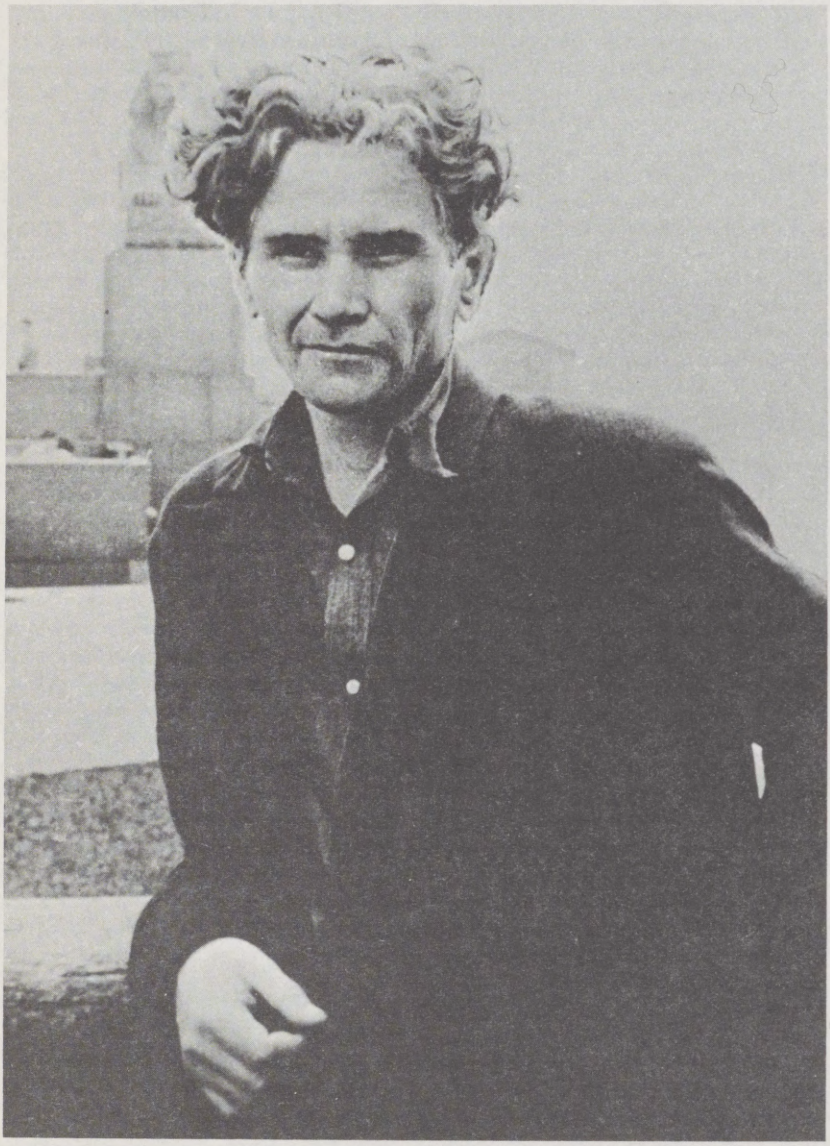
APPENDIX IX—MIKHAIL ALEXANDROVICH NARITSA



M. A. Naritsa

The Case of M. A. Naritsa

The editors of the Russian-language magazine "Grani" called a Press conference in Paris March 15, 1962 in connection with the arrest in Leningrad of the writer and sculptor Mikhail Alexandrovich Naritsa, whose story: "Unsung Song" was published in the #48, 1960 edition of "Grani". The author was born in 1909 into a peasant family in Pskov Province, Russia. Mikhail's father, Alexander, to whom the boy was deeply attached, died when Mikhail was very young. When Mrs. Naritsa remarried, the youth left home in protest, stayed with his aunt for a time and was then transferred to an orphanage.

From his teens Mikhail Naritsa was strongly attracted to the arts and to sculpture in particular. He enrolled at a technical school of art in Leningrad, continuing there as a teacher after his graduation. In 1933 he married a Leningrad student and they settled in Arkhangelsk. Within a year, they were back in Leningrad where their first son, Theodore, was born. In 1935, Mikhail Naritsa was accepted into the Department of Sculpture at the Academy of Arts in Leningrad. At that time there was a nationwide wave of arrests and Naritsa was among those swept up. Five years prior to this first arrest, in 1930, Naritsa had turned in his membership card in the "Komsomol" (Communist Youth League). After spending six months in solitary confinement, he was finally tried and sentenced to five years hard labor which he completed in the Ukhto-Pechorsk concentration camp. His wife, baby and mother-in-law were victimized and sent to the north. Without a permit to work, the three began to starve after all their possessions were sold. Mrs. Naritsa wrote to Andrei Vishinsky, asking that she be given the opportunity to work or else be confined with her family in a forced labor camp. The letter brought results—the N.K.V.D. got her a job as a book-keeper at a lumber mill.

In 1940, Mikhail Naritsa was released from concentration camp and, in spite of acute ill health, was forced to join a labor team as an ex-convict. Within six months he was released to undergo surgery for a stomach ulcer. The Naritsas were living in a kolkhoz near Arkhangelsk when their second son, Peter, was born in 1941. In 1948, all ex-convicts who had been convicted under Article 58 of the Criminal Code of the R.S.F.S.R. (for political anti-Soviet activity), were forbidden to live in the Province of Arkhangelsk, and so the Naritsas settled in the city of Luga. In 1949, M. A. Naritsa was again arrested and spent a year in jail. He was then exiled to Karaganda where his family followed him.

After 1954, it became possible for all ex-convicts to gain rehabilitation. However, Naritsa refused for a long time to file the necessary appeal papers, viewing such an act as a sign of servility before the authorities. Only upon the insistence of his wife did he finally concede and file his appeal. He received his rehabilitation papers in 1957.

Naritsa spent eight years in writing his autobiographical story: "Unsung Song". After many unsuccessful attempts, he finally succeeded in having his manuscript smuggled out of the country in 1960, and the story was published in the Russian language quarterly Grani (published in West Germany), thereafter being translated into many languages. Simultaneously, he sent a copy of this manuscript to Khrushchev with a covering letter in which he boldly raised his voice in

defense of freedom of expression, fearlessly exposed the totalitarian nature of the U.S.S.R., and demanded exit visas for himself and his family to any Western country. He was arrested.

In December, 1961 the authorities attempted to declare Naritsa insane and transferred him to a prison hospital for "appropriate examination". The sculptor insisted on an open trial, but this was denied, and on March 1, 1962 he was convicted of not being in control of his faculties . . . "on the basis of this investigation and evidence of the medical panel" . . . and confined to a prison for the insane. He was released in 1965.

Later in 1965 M. A. Naritsa and his wife once again applied to the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet for permission to leave the U.S.S.R. This was denied, and since then, they have been subjected to constant harassment.

Crime and Punishment

BY M. A. NARITSA

Leningrad. Start of summer, 1960. "Voir et Connaître" ("To See and to know")—this was written on the bus in which arrived tourists from France. My meeting with them took place in the Hermitage. After the talk, one Frenchwoman fell behind her group. I understood. She had agreed to accept the package containing the manuscript, but the sleuth never left me and I couldn't shake him. I was also watched by the museum guards (most assiduously by some). Today I was even photographed. Perhaps I would be detained upon leaving the museum. At times I imagined this and this strengthened my desire to deliver the package, while at the same time increasing my agitation. I tried to relax by watching the sleuth. He looked very ordinary, with a dull appearance. How boring it must have been for him to look at the paintings! Yet he had to maintain an intelligent mein, to stand in front of a painting for no less a period of time than I did. His efforts to impart to his primitive features a knowing look was worthy of being registered on film. The Frenchwoman finally rejoined her group, perhaps not understanding my behavior.

I caught up with her on the stairway leading to the upper floor. I was already holding the package in my hands. The sleuths were behind me. I made the most minute movement and the package was in her hands, under her shawl. The main movement was accomplished well, but then followed an unforgivable blunder. Acute exhaustion made itself felt. Instead of continuing to move forward with the French group, I gave in to a desire to turn around and found myself in the embrace of the sleuth. I threw him aside, but was grabbed by another sleuth. I could have thrown him aside as well, since he was no stronger than the first one, but it was evident all this would be senseless. A third sleuth began shouting. This was a woman who yelled to her "fellow citizens" to assist in holding me.

I was led ahead of the Frenchwoman, who was being escorted behind me, while following her was the entire French group which had arrived on the bus "to see and to know." They were most concerned for a member of their own group. They protested loudly. These were people from another world unknown to us, accustomed to dull submission.

Forgive me for a lyrical aside. I once had occasion to fill out certain documents in a notary office on Vassilievsky Island. I was amazed to read on the printed form that they were to attest to not only my signature but to my mental capacity as well. I had never come across anything like it before (it was in 1965). How would they be able to check whether I was sane or insane? I put some question to someone who had arrived before me. He replied with great annoyance. He had already gone through this examination. When my turn came, I entered a room in which sat a few notaries, all women. I approached one of them. She pointed out an insignificant error which I had made in filling out the form, and demanded I fill out the same form anew. When I had done this and entered the room a second time, I was directed toward another woman notary, who, in turn, picked upon some other trifle, about which the first notary had not remarked at all. Finally, I was forced to fill out that same form as many times as there were women in that room. Each time I was directed to see a new woman notary. This was the ultimate in mockery. But I passed this examination with flying colors, not having uttered a sound to express my dissatisfaction. That is what is considered as evidence of mental health in the U.S.S.R.

Let us return to the Frenchmen. They accompanied us to the very end of a long and winding corridor, right up to the room where we were interrogated. Over there, they were finally persuaded to remain outside the door, being allowed to have their representative from their own group at the hearing.

They were awaiting the arrival of important people. It was too terrible to think that this was probably the end of my attempts to save my manuscript, that this was the end of me. If I had only known then that the only copy of my manuscript which I believed to have delivered successfully was already in the hands of the KGB! It was well that I did not know this at that time. On the surface I was calm and angry and tried to calm the Frenchwoman with my outward appearance. Finally, they put the question to me. "Is this your package?" I replied in the negative, more by a gesture than in words, so as to tell the Frenchwoman how to behave. She said that she did not see the person who had pushed the package into her hands, and that she had immediately thrown it to the floor not knowing what to do with it.

I flaunted my composure. I was not in the least concerned that I be believed. But they were soon convinced that I would say and sign only what I considered necessary. They watched me like hawks, when they put this question to me: "What if we search your home?" "What do you think about that?" I replied calmly, smiling: "It's not for me to teach you." I, myself, was surprised at my unimpeachable composure, which threw them off guard. Especially today, as I had allowed myself another carelessness. And if they had only searched my quarters that evening, they would have uncovered another packaged copy of "The Unsung Song". That day could have been fatal. In conclusion, they tried to convince me that there was nothing criminal in my actions and that I had no reason to be afraid to admit it. Finally, around three o'clock in the morning, or four o'clock, they let me go, having forewarned me that they might soon need me. It was self-explanatory—they *would* need me.

Our train tickets were already purchased. I badly needed rest. I rested uneasily. When saying goodbye, I roamed over fields I had once plowed, now overgrown with trees. I crossed abandoned roads, over-

grown with fern or grass as high as myself. This wasn't bad land! Beautiful climate! But Khrushchev was sending young men and women to till the semi-deserts of Kazakhstan, while here insignificant lumps of arable land was being taken over by weeds, so that even at five paces it was impossible to tell what had been sowed. The last meadows were being taken over by bushes. There were few young men and women, and even they were all moving to the city. After the army, the boys do not return to their families. Girls, too, were departing overcoming all obstacles. They don't want to abandon all hopes of ever getting married.

All that has remained of a majority of villages is clumps of lilac bushes. They stood, like sentries, side by side with the foundations of houses and the mounds which remained, where once there were stoves. Everything was overgrown with weeds. Scorched poplars were trying to cover their half dead trunks with the verdant green of young twigs. That's all that remained of the dwellings. And only the memory of people remained; there was none to remember. How many suffered and died here, merely so that this land remained ours? So that this land would remain deserted!

There was a village in which lived a girl who for a time occupied my imagination. Her personality provided the subject of my story. As I stood on familiar grass-covered ground, which was as difficult to recognize as an old woman is whom one has seen last when she was a girl, it appeared as if I could hear rifle shots. Two guerrillas have killed a ploughman here—a fine strong man—simply because someone overheard him cursing the guerrillas considering them to be the cause of all troubles. To shoot a man from a clump of bushes as he stood behind his plough is no difficult accomplishment; and yet for this act of "justice" two men were sent. One of them was my cousin. The wife of the dead man complained to her relatives from another band of bandits, calling themselves guerrillas. These appeared on the scene to take vengeance on my cousin's family. His mother saved herself by fleeing.

My sister, Shoora, remained in her house. On top of everything, she was careless enough to say irritably: "You fight against women, not against the Germans!" One of the guerrillas, without giving it a thought, wanted to riddle her with his submachine gun. The only thing that saved Shoora was her action in picking up her baby daughter who would have perished anyway without her mother. This stopped "the avenger of the people". How great was the suffering of the Russian people, merely because Stalin wanted to create an unsettled rear for the Germans. The Germans occupied these parts very quickly without a battle. In addition, they did not mistreat the population prior to the appearance of the guerrillas. Consequently, all were liquidated later very skillfully. For what reason? It is impossible to teach people anything. My elder sister helped the guerrillas very actively. What for? People are too lazy to think. This, then, is what determines the actions of the majority. Her brother and her uncle were behind barbed wire. Her grandfather died in prison. In her own life there was nothing comforting. She, herself, was a little later killed by the guerrillas for her harsh words. But would she have risked her life for me? Would she have gone to the Hermitage with my manuscript? Who would help me? The more a road is walked upon, the more people follow it.

I look at the dead branches of the poplars, protruding above the green ones. Like skeletal hands, they reach toward the sky, seeming to say: "We remember everything."

Lucy stands next to me. I know she is thinking about the same things. She helps me as much as she can. She is not afraid to take risks, but today both of us need help. We walk slowly. We step onto the road. Along this road, once upon a time, the guerrillas had destroyed the bridges which crossed every waterway. The road became very difficult for drivers and their machines. The Germans had a hard time traveling along this road for approximately three years, but we will have to endure it for no less than thirty years. By the roadside there was a circle of trampled grass, covered with dirty gasoline. Someone had left his trail—repairing a motorcycle. This was something recent. Then a second sign of civilization: flying quite low over the overgrown hills swept a squadron of planes, passing ahead of their terrible road. It seemed as though the planet had become smaller from this roar.

At the Institute, two students invited me to work together with them.

The idea was to earn a few rubles. Usually, work was very difficult to find. I agreed, not forgetting to thank them. The work in their own words was very urgent. We worked until the last tram-car left. I soon noticed that my own efforts were mostly responsible for the work that was finished. Both of them together did less than I alone. There was nothing surprising in the fact that they did not know how to work and were slow at understanding things. But the fact that they kept urging me on while not hurrying themselves was not in keeping with even their conscience and impudence. Something else was very odd: after work (at such a late hour) they made a 'phone call every time. I would walk out into the street exhausted. My next door neighbor one day awaited me at the tram stop. That morning he had deeply insulted my wife and had threatened to poke out her eyes. At the tram stop where I was in the habit of picking up my tram and where I had never before come across him, he attempted to attach himself to me. Luckily, the tram arrived very soon after I arrived at the tram stop. We sat down in the same compartment. We rode for a long time. We got off together. He was waiting for me to walk ahead of him, but I stood waiting also, demonstratively and for a long time. Finally he moved off first. After a while I crossed to the other side of the street, doubling my speed. He did likewise. Whenever I walked very slowly, he would do the same. Crossing over to my side, he again determinedly tried to stay behind me. This means he is afraid to attack me from the front, although, of course, he knows I am exhausted. After an unsuccessful encounter last year, he became more careful. It was important for him to be able to answer that he had done everything possible. It would appear, however, that his assignment was not given in a very clear and categorical form. Bureaucrats love to hide behind the backs of others and not to take too much upon themselves. Who knows what may happen—one might break one's neck instead of earning a promotion. All too often they chew up each other, especially during changes in cults of personality.

When the charges against me were presented, I inquired: "This means that according to you I have committed even two crimes?"

"Yes, you are also being charged with making a request to be allowed to travel abroad."

"I am not familiar with the law which prohibits Soviet citizens from making application to Soviet institutions."

"The important thing is not the application itself, but what motivated you to make it."

"You mean, the aim of my application was to inflame against the Soviet Government no more, no less than the Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet?"

"Well, he has a lot of secretaries..."

"I am not responsible for your bureaucracy. To me your secretaries appear as obstacles. Certainly not as suitable partners for the struggle against the Soviet Government."

How convinced were they that I would "split"! They had prepared themselves for such an outcome. At first, they assiduously tried to frighten me, probably thinking that the cause of my "obnoxious" behavior was mere flippancy, as though I did not believe that many tortures awaited me, which is—they thought—why I had no desire to mitigate them.

"You will receive the severest sentence possible under the statutes covering your case," the prosecution threatened me. I replied: "But I hope you will take into consideration the time I have already spent in confinement."

"That's understood," he replied, not yet guessing what I was driving at. "Imprisonment before trial is being taken into account."

"Beginning with 1935?"

"Oh no!"

"Why not?", I asked. "Of course, in a normal State a man first commits a crime, and only after that takes his punishment, but in your State everything has to be back to front. Why do you have the impudence to demand that I should answer for my behavior. And who will answer for your crimes?"

"I committed no crime. Those were other times, and other people", said he.

"You have remained the same as always. The differences are minute, while the similarities are striking. You have not increased one iota in honesty and love of truth. Yesterday the interrogator told me: "If only we had known your frame of mind, we would have never rehabilitated you'. And you will now confirm his words."

"Yes, you should not have been rehabilitated!," he interjected.

"Indeed, and who will rehabilitate you? And is it at all possible?"

I have the habit of only glancing at the person with whom I am talking. This is a needless nicety—I don't want to embarrass—and altogether a liability in relation to face. I do not avert my eyes at all from the face of my interrogator. My interrogator, Yelesin, also tries to confuse me with his stare. But his position is worse. The gazing at my face tires from doing nothing, from senseless exertion. My stare at his face is working. I am a sculptor—I study the hated features. He feels this. He poses so as to enable me to create Judas.

He walks around me. He gives me no rest with his questions. But I begin to gain composure. I explain to myself that here my position is better. Silence suits me, while he *has* to speak. He has already run out of breath. I am amused by his difficulty.

"Well, shall we talk"? I remain silent, trying to guess his next words and gestures. You sure will have to make a lot of fruitless efforts! I continue to stare at his face. (After all, a face is a more interesting object than the wall or the grating on the window.) He would like to scream out, to register anger on his face, but he tries to be restrained. Finally, he almost screams that I have no right to remain silent; that I must speak; I reply: "I don't have any rights at all in your State."

"What kind of an expression is this: 'in your State'?"

"Simply this: I have nothing in common with your State. I am forbidden to take part in its changes. I am your slave . . . your prisoner . . . captured without a fight!"

But the main field of battle for me now is not in the offices of prosecutors, but in an isolation cell where I am not alone. The last stool-pigeon is the worst of them all. He sleeps perfectly well in the day time, but tries to prevent me from sleeping at night. He snores with such perfection that he is sincerely surprised I don't complain. At night, he tries to cough as often and loudly as possible. As if he has something hopelessly stuck in his throat. With little result. Finally, I began to awaken at every knock. One night I awoke to find in his hands a plate and spoon, which told me where the knocking was coming from. I warned him that next time there would be a serious fight between us. The guard, attracted by the noise, took part in this squabble, and so heartily, that it seemed he would begin beating me without waiting for the next time.

By day, the stool-pigeons try to hinder one's walks up and down one's prison cell, to prevent one from thinking one's thoughts; instead, they strive as often as possible to relate the horrors which take place in concentration camps and prisons, of all those horrors which await you. This had little effect on me.

The last time I found in my interrogator's office three middle aged persons: One woman and three men. They were physicians–psychiatrists from the prison's insane asylum. Having introduced themselves, they began to ask me questions, while I, looking at them in amazement, kept silent. My silence evoked their increasing disquiet. The interrogator, wishing to end the impasse, began to explain that he had decided to have me medically examined. I continued to keep silent. The interrogator left the room, returning after a few minutes. He apologized to the doctors and announced that I had been allowed a visitor, that my wife, Lucy, was even now expecting to see me.

My discussion with Lucy involved the choice of a defense attorney for me. Lucy said that she had found me a good one. I replied that no lawyer would dare to prove that my writing "The Unsung Song" and passing it to the West was not a crime. Then why spend money? Lucy wouldn't listen to it. "We must do everything even the smallest things to ease our lot." I was told that if we do not take a lawyer, they, themselves would appoint one. Then Lucy expressed some concern about reports of the inquest of her youngest son. He was quite sick, after the poisoning. It appears that soon after my arrest, Petya poisoned himself by taking a few dozen of luminal tablets. For a week he was unconscious and Lucy was at his bedside all this time. Now he is in a psychiatric hospital and he is begging to be freed.

Lucy is taking all the steps she can. Up to now, without any success. They wouldn't let him out. He is sick, they say. However, they let him leave the hospital to go to questioning and gave the examining magistrate a statement that he was well. To be sure, this news startled me.

The physicians asked questions again. I again kept silent. I was digesting all that happened. At last it appeared to me that I may answer many questions in a way that would not be advantageous to them. I don't drink, I do not smoke, I have a good inheritance, etc.

However the questions soon changed. I was asked why I could not find themes for my literary works which wouldn't be against the people's interests. I replied that "The Unsung Song" was not at all directed against the people's interest but that the communists do not seem to be able to understand this obvious fact.

"Do you deny that the party has a leading part in the arts?"

"One can lead only by using one's brains, but leading with guns simply destroys all kinds of activity", I answered.

It was a difficult night—the first night in a mad-house. I thought of Petya. It is clear that they chose him as a weapon to strike at me. Awful! It will be loathsome for Lucy. These people were capable of any villainy from the greatest to the tiniest. They are inventive and he is too credulous to understand all this and to be on his guard in every detail. He will not have enough will power to oppose the great variety of pressures. He was too cheerful a child, but now he won't be cheerful any more. They will change his life into a garbage pit. They already made the girl he is fond of a secret collaborator. They fired him and will fire him from all the jobs. They will not accept him in any university.

However, I must sleep. This is the foundation of every victory. Instead of sleep, pictures, one after another, were passing in my mind. I remembered the filthy smell and cold of the bathroom. It is also cold here. I try to cuddle up even more. Is my neighbor sleeping? Oh! how many nightmarish things he has told me today. This is a torture prison. Under the pretext that there are insane people here they have the right to do all they wish. They strike, they give harmful medications. They inquire under the influence of injections. I also had an injection. After I came to, I saw she had a whole page covered with writings, and I did not remember what they asked and what I answered. Then I pictured how they fastened me to my cot with wet sheets. They fastened me very tightly. They didn't care whether I was an old or a young man. They left, and my arms and legs were without blood circulation. I wanted to blurt out: "What about the gangrene, you scoundrels!" But the most frightening thoughts is not this. That paralyzed man shouted so dreadfully, like a corpse from his grave: "You destroyed me, this is your fault." My neighbor explained: "The spinal injection was a failure." I thought about myself. What would I do in that case? Fight? Yes, fight until my last breath.

I should sleep, but instead, I am all enraged. My innards are all in turmoil. No, up until now I did not know the depth of degradation of human dignity. It is here! An ordinary jail . . . a camp . . . tortures of the body, execution . . . all these are less degradating. Why do they wear white coats and not brown shirts? Stupid, rude people will try to refashion my soul with a dull axe. A house painter will remodel an artist to his own fashion,—kill the soul, leaving the body alive. Will this be the end, or will I be able to preserve something which I have

not given to people yet? Will I also still have the ability to give it in a digestible form?

Sleep, before all; I must win the fight here, on my bed. The rest is easier. Why should I anticipate these sufferings and even exaggerate them? This is exactly what they want. They have just to raise their hands to strike and he is already dead of terror. Wonderful! They have not even soiled their gloves. No, they won't get me by terror. I try to convince myself, but inside there is nothing but fear, a cruel merciless terror. It possesses me despite my will. It annihilates me—it covers everything as if with dung—it has left nothing comfortable to which I can cling. But I am clinging. I happened to see in camps how guards only made believe that they would strike with a fist or a knife, enjoying the fear caused by their act, considering it sharper than the stab itself. No, I am not going to give in to those pretended blows. Either your hands will be covered with blood, or you will suffer a defeat.

It seems that the pressure of fear from within myself is not lessening, but growing greater. Is it possible that I am giving in? Am I worn out? What I feel is not merely fear, it is despair. No! No! I must also maintain hope, even though it be small. One can even fight without hope, getting satisfaction in the fight itself. One must find satisfaction in the fight independent from hope; and I will find this satisfaction. Let this awe press upon me from everywhere—even from the stains on the wall—fear subsides very slowly, sometimes it seems to swell inside; No, it nonetheless decreases. At last I fall asleep, I fall asleep abruptly, as it seems to me.

A couple of times I speculated whether I was going to answer if the physician asked me where I had received the information to depict Anton's psychic illness in the "Unsung Song". From books? Observations? Or have I experienced it all myself? Come on, they haven't even thought about it! A gross negligence and a complete misunderstanding of my psychology has astounded me, although I was already used to dishonesty and laziness. A couple of times the physicians asked me if I had hallucinations, which was absolutely impossible, considering the substance of my soul. But their eyes flashed when I expressed my displeasure because of the noises during the nights.

"We cannot shut up the sick people's mouths."

"But you could tell the wardens not to slam the doors with force if you pretend to be a healing institution, a humane one, as you said."

"It is probably impossible to shut a heavy iron clad door without any noise", said the lady doctor.

"But couldn't you find this out for yourself", I asked, "by using your own hands for this scientific experiment? Let me demonstrate. It can be shut like this, but they do it this way!"

"I have never head anybody here banging the door like that. You have hallucinations." She tried to give the impression to others that I "hear" things which really do not exist.

It is astounding how much experience and resourcefulness one should have to deal with the representatives of the Soviet justice. And this for the simplest of things: just to discourage them from lying!

The expert physician talked to my wife too. It was very important to them to get her agreement. But Lucy stated, without leaving them

any hope, that she did not consider me either sick or untalented. After that, the "humane" woman in a white coat told the representatives of the court and investigation that my wife was also sick. At the same time they did not make any decision as to what was to be done with my wife. The investigator, Valdeytsev, attempted to secure the warrant for her arrest, considering that she had already said enough against herself during the inquiry to get a term, adding to this the fact that she helped me type. By the way, the typewriter was taken away at my arrest, and later the court brought forth the decision to confiscate it.

I was thinking with anguish and anxiety about the way my work might be accepted on the other side of the "Iron Curtain". There, too, it will not please everyone.

The committee was composed of about twenty physicians seated along the walls of the room. My manuscripts were there. One copy for all of them. As I entered, they were distributing the pages among themselves. Several pages for each one. One could hope they would have had time to read a few words. At the end of the room the elderly professor Sluchevsky was solemnly sitting. . . . Dignified in appearance, which was quite appropriate, but he made a pitiful impression on me. . . . A white goatee which seemed glued to his chin . . . the smell of naphtalene would fit the picture.

He asked me in a weak voice: "How do you consider all that is happening to you?" I answered: "I do not know yet what will be the end of this show, therefore, I consider your question somewhat premature." He continued: "Well, you have written a literary work, however, you don't have either erudition or enough talent for this. You have undertaken a task which is not yours . . ." I took advantage of the pause: "May I ask you a question?" He got slightly confused and said: "Please." "Has anyone of those present here read my work from the beginning to the end?" He became confused even more, exchanged a few words with the expert and answered: "Your work was read by the expert-physician."

"You have not read it, nonetheless your conscience lets you state that it is without talent and stupid; that it is nothing but a delirium of a madman."

"We trust our expert, she has much experience and vast knowledge."

"Even in the field of arts?" I interjected.

"We have a review of your work written by specialists . . .writers."

"Do you still believe that in our country there might be people able to have their own opinions, able to express them in every case?"

I was silent. He asked colorless questions, without getting any answers. Lastly, he asked me whether I considered myself sick.

"I was healthy up to the present time; I don't know whether you will be able to make me sick."

"What are you taking us for?"

"For what you really are. I used the words of Romain Rolland as epigraph to my work: "Three times a killer is the killer of ideas". These words refer to Stalin; we shall see in what measure they will refer to you."

Thus, I am officially proclaimed insane. Along with me all my publishers and readers are recognized as feeble minded. Our humane government doesn't punish me, but treats me, because at the time of the crime I was irresponsible. All this took a long while. The first lines

were written in 1949, the last in 1959, (not counting many years of thinking). They will not send me to a camp, I was already there. I need new impressions to strengthen my health. Such a cure is necessary, not to me, but to the government. The court has to bring forth the decision to send me for forced treatment. Until the first arrest, I did not have anything against the Soviet government. But they lied to me, they were not ashamed to lie to such a witness as myself, telling me that I was an enemy. When I became sure that they were my enemies, they started lying without embarrassment, saying that I was not an enemy, but sick. The cause of the disease is the undeserved punishment. They won't treat me in spas, but in jails as before. The main method of treatment is intimidation. The main symptom of healing is repentance. The treatment may last as long as they wish. One can always say, "he is not well yet."

I had not been transferred from the experimental ward yet when a great concern about my health became apparent. I was transferred (without any reason) to a cell of a big, strong man who was known as an untamed bully. I saw him several times attacking others with fists. The first night was spent quietly; the next night he got wild. It was not me, but he who knocked at the door and asked for help.

A little later I was transferred to the Department 7. I started, of course, from the 25th ward. There are two or three such wards in each department. The newcomers are sent there under the pretext of observation of their behavior. These wards are called, "observatories." Sometimes patients are sent there for punishment. Something like a penitentiary, if one can compare this kind of a prison with others. After spending some time there, patients usually become more docile. There was not much room in this ward, so it was difficult to walk back and forth. A dozen living beings, however, were moving, somehow, trying to keep busy. One of them was stealing slippers and throwing them through the casement window. A man who had duties of a "bailiff" and who considered himself the landlord of the place, came to me first. He asked me a few questions, then introduced the others saying disdainfully, "Here we don't have a single normal man—all are nuts." The headboard of his cot was covered with candy wrapping paper, and on the wall there was a strange figure which looked like a rocket. It was made of multicolor tags and cut out pictures. Another man approached and asked me several more sensible questions, but he was quite annoying and I stopped paying attention to him. Not everybody was moving. Three men were absolutely motionless, sitting on their cots from one meal to the next, one in very awkward positions, tense, as if they were constantly expecting a blow. It was very painful to watch them, because one could not conceive their patience. A model, even a very conscientious one, would change position once or twice every 45 minutes to rest. The only sensible distraction here was food. Everything else which exists in the world was on the other side of the iron bars.

There were also very noisy exuberant beings. One of them was still a young man—a former military man—and was extremely thin. His food was eaten by others while he was busy performing his "duties." He was constantly shouting at his subordinates. With an angry expression on his face, he constantly swore and reprimanded his subordinates. Then he, too, would freeze, his hand raised for many hours.

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Looking at him, I thought: Were his words more intelligent and harmless when he was yelling at his not imaginary, but real, subordinates? Still, it was possible not to pay attention to him. The other one at the other end of the cell was much worse. He would silently make faces, trying to express threat. All of a sudden, he would shout loudly with the intention to scare. He was doing it at regular intervals just like a clock mechanism. He never stopped doing it, so it was impossible to concentrate. He would sometimes jump to his feet, run up to someone and, with both fists, would quickly beat him without touching. Several men were roaming around the other cots inventing some dirty tricks, or trying to steal the uneaten food. One of these enterprising guys liked to rummage in other people's hair. He woke me up, when exhausted, I dozed off.

The most annoying person finally happened to be the "bailiff." He, too, often loudly and redundantly called down one of the inmates after another and preached, preached, preached . . .

I would rather be among corpses than among such live beings. I understood that in order to keep up my morale I must feel as little pity as possible. As a matter of fact, I thought what was there in common between me and that military man who enjoyed insulting others—let them be unreal. The people I was watching now were causing more inconvenience to others than they suffer themselves. They haven't the slightest idea of what real sufferings are. Why should I see in them the variety of myself? Let's look at them with a magnifying glass. Let's learn indifference from the physicians.

There is so much shouting and moving! I am exhausted. I begin to have a headache, which happens very seldom. I can close my eyes, but what about my ears? That night I did not reveal that one could plug the ears with small rolls of bread. It's time to sleep. I must sleep. Of course, they can mutilate me in my sleep . . . poke my eyes out . . . there is no sense to think about it. That night, one of the enterprising guys woke me up. He got the idea to dance.

In the morning they wanted to know how I felt. A young man, wearing not even a white coat, but a uniform, "honored" me with a talk. He came during breakfast and could see that my appetitie was normal. Instead of imploring eyes full of terror, he saw an angry and sarcastic face.

APPENDIX X—G. M. SHIMANOV

The Case of G. M. Shimanov—Notes From the Red House

BY G. M. SHIMANOV

(Translated from *Samizdat* by the Russian Orthodox Church Outside of Russia in Canada)

In the middle of December 1968, a postcard arrived: "Comrade Shimanov: your presence is requested at the psychiatric clinic in connection with . . ." I turned it over in my hands, thinking: "Hm . . . They seemed to have forgotten me since [I was in] Gannushkin hospital six years ago . . . and now suddenly, they've thought of me. There must be something behind it . . . Of course, it could be some trifle, a simple formality . . . But hardly that . . . It seems more like some kind of provocation . . . Well, strength is on their side . . . However, at least I won't walk voluntarily into their jaws . . ." I tore up the postcard and threw it into the W.C.

But a month later, when I was already beginning to forget about it, a young woman called, introducing herself as Ira from the clinic. She asked kindly after my health, gently reproving me:

"Why did you not come when you got the card, Gennady Mikhailovich? You have made me come to you for a thing like that . . . and in this cold".

It was indeed bitterly cold.

I am a soft-hearted, conscientious fellow. I was almost put to shame by her words. But I remembered in time: she was, after all, luring me to the madhouse.

"I consider myself to be well", I answered, "and that I don't need to go and see the doctor".

"But doctors know best if you are well or not. Just pay a call. It doesn't cost you anything. It is the usual formality. Patients come to us for registration every year".

"But I am not a patient. That is my opinion and the opinion of my wife and the people round me . . . If the doctors need me, let them come to me. I repeat—I don't need them".

The nurse turned to my wife.

"What do you think—is he quite well?"

"Yes", answered Alla, "Not only I, but our relatives and friends have no doubt about that".

The nurse was somewhat discouraged, but went on trying to persuade me. Getting a firm refusal she went away without having achieved anything.

After about six weeks she came again, and again tried to persuade me, with the same result.

The third visit was on 24 April. This time the nurse told me that there had been inquiries at the clinic from the KGB and from my

place of work in connection with my incorrect behavior. The doctors, not having had any contact with me, did not know what to answer . . . It seemed as if the decision had already been taken in a certain organization to put me into a psychiatric hospital. But this could be forestalled, if the medical commission came and examined me at home . . . Would I agree to this, and would I be at home on a definite day when the doctors could come?

I answered,

"If you leave me alone afterwards, they can come".

Monday, 28 April at 2 p.m. was agreed upon with the nurse. She went away.

Soon afterwards I went out for a walk with my son. Alla would not be returning from the Institute for some time, not till about eleven at night—it was a very busy time for her, as she was preparing to defend her diploma [thesis]. So I had to look after Cyril: he was a year and two months old.

We returned from our walk. In the door was a note from our friend: "Gennady! I called but you weren't in. The ambulance came, they rang your doorbell. They said Cyril had a temperature. Then they turned round and went away."

Well, well . . . So the ambulance men had already been . . . The nurse must have told them that I was at home so they could take me. And what would have become of Cyril? How would he have felt about the strangers coming in, twisting his father's arms behind his back and taking him off? He would probably have been terrified. And what would they have done with him? Taken him to madhouse too? . . . Or to the police? Or have left an orderly with him? I could just imagine how he would have howled all day till eleven at night, with a stranger. I hoped at least that they would not take me away before Alla got back.

I locked and bolted the door. I looked out of the window. Was that them again?

Opposite our house there is a little square, where cars are often parked: sometimes police cars, sometimes doctors'. Not far away are the police station and some medical establishment or other . . .

I put Cyril to bed . . . I lit the lamp and opened the Bible . . . Outside it gradually began to get dark.

Just after ten Alla came home, and I told her about everything, and showed her the note. Yes—It wasn't just that they were trying to take me to the madhouse: on top of that it could not have been at a more inopportune moment. It was Alla's busiest time, she was at the height of her diploma work. It was I who had to stay with Cyril; occasionally my ailing mother did so. And now there would be no one: mother by herself could not manage. We would have to ask someone; but there was nobody to ask. To be worried and have to rush around just when she had so little time for her diploma work. And there was no knowing what those crazy doctors would do to her husband.

In the morning I said goodby to Alla, and kissed my little boy. I walked to work, looking to right and left lest those bandits should appear from somewhere. I arrived at work and started on my jobs. For the time being everything was as usual.

I was working as a watchman. In the daytime I opened and closed the gates, letting in vehicles. In the evening I locked up, and walked

round the yard with a dog in case anyone had got into our storage and dispatch depot. Not a very lucrative post—only 65 rubles (a month) but there were free days when I could stay with my son.

It was about two in the afternoon when a "Volga" turned round by our gates, and two men got out—the chief of the "special department" at the USSR Ministry of Geology, Comrade M. I. Balinsky, and one of his subordinates. I knew them both by sight: it was after all only a week since I had stopped work at the Ministry. (I had been working at two jobs: there and at the depot.) They both went past me without greeting . . . and up to the first floor, to the office.

"Well," I thought. "Here we go . . ."

However, after an hour they both went away, without having set hands on me. After a while Alla rang up "Well, how are you, Gennady? Still alive?"

"For the time being!" I answered.

But after a quarter of an hour that damned "Volga" arrived again and those two men again went to see the director. Soon I was asked to go up to him too. There were four of us in the office: the director of the depot, Comrade Ivan Iosifovich Cherednichenko; the driver, Anatoli Petukhov—he was the representative from the party district committee,—my immediate superior Vassily Markovich Ilyenko, and I. The two from the "special department" had evidently disappeared into a neighboring room. Ivan Iosifovich, usually good-natured, on this occasion looked at me grimly:

"What's all this, Comrade Shimanov? We considered you here a good, disciplined worker, and you have been misbehaving?"

"To what do you refer, Ivan Iosifovich?"

"Why don't you go to the clinic? There have been complaints about you. What is your excuse, why do you refuse?"

"I don't consider myself to be ill, Ivan Iosifovich, and I don't need to see any doctors. If they need me, let them come to my house,—I haven't time to go about seeing to other people's business. As a matter of fact the nurse has already visited me, and it was agreed between us that the medical commission would come and see me on Monday".

"But is it really so difficult for you to go yourself, as requested? . . . How is it that when I am summoned to go anywhere, the polyclinic included, I don't have complaints made about me to my boss, but can give up ten minutes and there's an end to it?"

"It is different for you, Ivan Iosifovich. You see they want to put me in a hospital forcibly, although I am quite well".

"Rubbish!—It's not true! I assure you the doctors will talk to you, examine you,—it won't take more than ten minutes—and let you go. Look, I'll let you have my car, Ilyenko and Petukhov will go with you and bring you back, and then you can go on with your work".

And supposing they did not, in actual fact, put me in the madhouse? It was scarcely possible . . . But if the decision had already been taken, sooner or later they would seize me in any case. It would be better for them to take me, a healthy person to the psychiatric clinic, now, at work, before witnesses.

"All right", I said. "Let's go".

We went out of the office, got into the "rafik",[1] and drove through

[1] A type of car, no doubt.

the busy streets of Moscow. It was the end of the working day. Lermontov street, Sadovoye Koltso, Leningrad Avenue, Khoroshovka.

"Listen, what's been happening to you?" asked Petukhov. "I didn't understand".

"Oh, it's too long a story", I answered. "It would take some time to tell it. Anyway it's connected with the KGB. They don't particularly like me".

"What are you then,—a spy? There's something I don't understand".

"Judge for yourself. If I had committed a crime, I wouldn't be taken to a clinic. I would have been arrested . . . But there is nothing to arrest me for—they want to give me a fright, and so they are taking me to the psychiatric clinic . . ."

"Is it really to a psychiatric clinic?"

"Didn't they tell you then?"

(In the head doctor's room at the clinic on Khoroshovsky Avenue doctors at once surrounded me. My companions remained in the corridor.)

"Comrade Shimanov, why have you so obstinately refused to come in answer to our summons?"

"I do not consider myself to be ill."

"But you are obligated to come! You think you're the only patient we have, do you? . . . If doctors had to visit everyone at home, there would be no time left for work!"

"That isn't my business. I've already explained to you that I don't need to see any doctors . . . And there is no law obliging me to come and see you. If you are so sure you are in the right, send your orderlies, send the police: they can tie me up and take me to the madhouse; I don't intend to go there voluntarily."

"That's just silly . . ." the usual wrangling began.

"You say you're well. But inquiries are coming to us from the KGB . . . It seems you have been behaving incorrectly. What have you to say?"

"I can only say that I am a loyal Soviet citizen and that I have committed no criminal actions. If I had, the KGB would have arrested me long ago."

"But all the same there are inquiries about you. It means there must be some reason for them to turn to us."

"You tell me exactly what the reason is. Then we can talk properly".

"They don't tell us anything concrete".

"Well, I don't know. Why don't you find out from them? Wouldn't it be natural?"

"We'll have time for that . . . But all the same you must have done something. Been in demonstrations, perhaps?"

"No".

"Leaflets?"

"No".

"Well . . . All right. We'll sort it out afterwards. Are you a believer?"

"Yes, I believe in God".

"Ah . . . And what faith do you profess? Or do you have some faith of your own?"

"I am an Orthodox Christian".

"And how does your faith express itself, so to speak?"

"I go to church, I communicate, I say my prayers and observe fasts".

"You probably read a lot of religious literature?"

"Not very much. I do sometimes".

"You have some theories of your own?"

"No, I don't have my own theories. I accept the Church's teaching in its entirety".

"But you must have your own ideas about God?"

"Yes, of course . . . But they coincide completely with the ideas of the Church".

Orderlies came in.

"So you are putting me into the hospital?"

"Yes, but not for long. Just for a few days. We have to tell the KGB something, and we can't tell them anything when we have no idea if you are well or not. Please don't think that we as well as the KGB are against you . . . On the contrary, our duty is to help our patients and to defend them."

"But I protest against being placed unlawfully in a madhouse!"

The orderlies took me firmly by the arms and led me out into the street. The "rafika" with my former companions had gone. I was pushed into a "plague-cart". There were already three schizos inside—I was the fourth; an orderly got in and made five. The other orderly shut the door from outside, got into the driver's seat and the ambulance drove off.

In the reception room of the Kashchenko hospital there was a dismal half-hour wait. I sat on a leather-covered settee. I felt there was something missing . . . But what? . . . Ah! There were no portraits of the leaders nor placards with slogans. Clearly—quiet surroundings were required . . . Now it was my turn—I went into the doctor's room. A tired woman in a white overall asked me all the same questions as at the clinic, and I answered her in practically the same words. "All right, we'll sort it out afterwards", she said, and took me into an adjoining room where I was told to undress, and where, in spite of my protests, my cross was removed. The doctor sounded me, examined my skin and then I found myself sitting in a dirty bath, not properly washed out after the previous patient. I soaped myself and a nurse douched me with water. I put on a hospital garment. All complete! . . . Now I was a proper lunatic.

Once again, accompanied by an orderly I got into the plague-cart.

"Where am I being taken?" I asked him.

"To ward No. 4".

"What is that? Violent or quiet?"

"Not exactly very violent . . . but not quiet either. Well . . . middling . . . semi-violent. What are you here for?"

"For my religion".

"No, that's not true. People aren't imprisoned for their religion . . . For their politics—that's a different matter . . . But for religion . . . No, you've got things mixed up".

The ambulance drove up to a two story red building. In it were housed the first four wards of the hospital. We went up to the first floor, keys rattled, and doors were opened. There were a lot of people in the ward, but fewer, all the same, than in the semi-violent ward of the Gannushkin hospital. And the air was much better. I was given a bed in the "cheerful" half of the ward. My glasses were taken away.

I was hungry, but supper was already over, I would have to wait till morning. Patients came up to me, interested to know who I was and where I came from. But I was in no mood for conversation. I answered in monosyllables, made my bed, lay down, and covered myself completely with the blanket, — "morning is wiser than evening". O Lord God, . . . if I have sinned today in thought, word or deed, in Thy goodness and loving kindness forgive me, give me quiet untroubled sleep . . . Send your guardian angel to shield and defend me from all evil. For Thou art the guardian of our souls and bodies and to Thee I give praise—to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Have mercy on us, O God, have mercy on Alla and Cyril, on my mother and all our relatives, on my spiritual father and on my brothers in the faith, on all Christians and on all those who seek Thee but have not yet found Thee. And have mercy on all our enemies . . . Amen . . .

* * *

In the morning an orderly pulled the blanket off me. "Get washed!" I said my morning prayers, and went to the bathroom; there some patient or other attacked me, but the others pushed him away from me. "Do you want to get it in the neck, or what?" My attacker went off glaring at me with hatred . . . In the bathroom a man with an exalted expression came up to me.

"Do you know the poet Vladimir Volgin?"

"No".

"He is a marvelous poet, everyone knows him".

"Perhaps . . . I haven't been reading poetry for some years".

"Would you like me to recite some poems to you? I am Volgin!"

After listening to several poems and praising them, I tried to slip away, but it was not so easy to get rid of the "graphomaniac". From time to time he would sidle up to me with ever new poems and even write them down specially for me, giving them to me with his autograph.

"Keep them carefully, Gena. In time they will be very valuable".

After a time he asked:

"Gena, do I look like a Georgian?"

"Well, how shall I put it . . ."

"It's true, isn't it, that I have Georgian eyes and a Georgian nose?"

"Perhaps".

"I'll tell you a secret, Gena . . . I am . . . the son of Stalin . . . Vladimir Alexandrovich Stalin . . . My mother was a singer in the Kiev opera . . . You understand? . . . When Volgagrad is called Stalingrad again, I'll reveal myself. But for the time being—shsh!"

"Hi, Sirov, go and have your injection!" shouted a nurse to my companion; and with an important air he went off to the treatment room.

"You have to have an injection too"—an orderly came up to me, and I followed Sirov dejectedly. I stood waiting for my turn.

"Why have you come here?" asked the nurse.

"For an injection", the orderly answered for me.

"But the doctor hasn't prescribed one for him yet".

"Well, go back" said the orderly. "When the doctor comes, we'll begin your treatment . . ."

I sat on my bed, waiting for lunch. A young roundfaced lad come up and began to talk.

"What are you here for?"

"My religion".
"Do they really put people away because of their religion?"
"Well, you see they do".
"So you believe in God?"
"Yes".
"And you wear a cross?"
"Yes".
"They took a cross away from someone else here . . . Is there a God?"
"There is".
"Really?"
"Yes, certainly".
"You're not lying?"
"No".
"Word of honor?"
"Word of honor".
"Then why does no one believe in him?"
"In the Bible it is written that in the last days many will stop believing. But there are many who believe even now".
"My mother is a believer".
"Well, there you are".
"But I am not".
"You are still young . . . you don't know much about life yet . . . When you know more, perhaps you will believe too".
"Am I handsome?"
"? ! . Yes . . . you're a nice lad".
"Everyone loves me — mother, father, my sisters, the folk at work—but here I am—for beating up my father".
"How did that happen?"
"Well—why does he beat my mother? . . . My head aches. I'll go and lie down for a bit".

I lay down too . . . How was my family getting on just then? Cyril would be awaking up at seven, Alla would be dressing him, making porridge, giving him his breakfast. Usually I came home at nine in the morning. Today I would not come. Alla would guess that I had been taken away.

For lunch, potatoes with "sultanas" as the loonies say, jokingly (they are peeled in a potato-peeling machine, which takes off the peel but leaves the eyes. So they come to table like that—you do the rest yourself), a big piece of salt herring, and white coffee; a small piece of butter and 9 lumps of sugar. You have to divide the lumps of sugar, putting some into the coffee, and some into your pocket for supper. You can't put butter in your pocket, so you eat it all at once. Altogether—not too bad, but very dirty: [mental] patients are slovenly, and the nurses cannot be bothered to wipe up after each one. Anyway, one is not in a restaurant, one should not be fussy. Only it is not pleasant when someone sneezes into your plate—there are many with colds,—you have to leave the table before finishing . . . But I am going on too fast, I will return to the first day.

"Shimanov—go to the doctor!—I was taken to his room . . . At the desk sat a round-faced man—the head of ward 4—Herman Leonidovich Shafran . . . After the first unimportant questions:

"Gennady Mikhailovich, how do you interpret your being in hospital?"

"I have landed up here because of the KGB".

"Why do you think so?"

"They didn't make a secret of it at the clinic".

"But what was the reason for it? Demonstrations? Leaflets?"

"No. I am not concerned with politics. I am loyal to the Soviet authorities".

"Well then, why is it?"

"I would like to know myself".

"Have you ever had trouble with the KGB before?"

"In 1967 I was summoned for questioning as a witness in the case of Bukovsky, and Dobrovolsky".

"Who are they? Your friends?"

"No, just nodding acquaintances. But evidently my telephone number was found in their diaries".

"Well, what happened at the questioning?"

"The investigator shouted at me, swore at the top of his voice and pressed me in every way to tell him not only about the accused but also about my other acquaintances . . . So I was obliged to register a protest . . . And then I was dismissed from my job".

"Where did you work?"

"At the Kuybyshev Academy of Military Engineering".

"In what capacity?"

"At first as a gunner (in VOKHR),* then senior gunner, then patrol commander, and finally detachment commander".

"So you managed your work all right?"

"Yes".

"And you got on all right with people?"

"Yes, I was on good terms with people".

"Did you take part in social work?"

"For some years I was trade union organizer . . . edited the wall newspaper . . . was 'a shock worker of communist labor' . . ."

"But they didn't know that you were a believer?"

"Of course I didn't tell them about that".

"Well, why did they dismiss you then?"

"There was an order from above. I was called to the officers' section and told quite straight . . . 'Excuse us, it is not our fault . . . You're a good fellow, but we can't do anything about it. You'll have to go. It would be foolish to resist—it is a military organization after all'. In short they made me make a declaration that I had left of my own accord".

"Well, they acted decently towards you on the whole . . . O.K. . . . And why did you refuse to come to the clinic?"

"In the first place, I consider myself to be well, and not in need of doctors . . . there's not much pleasure in that . . . If they need me, they can come to me themselves".

"Well, that's logical".

"Secondly, as I knew about the relationship of the KGB to the psychiatric clinic, I had grounds for fearing some kind of provocation".

"What, for instance?"

"For example, I go to the clinic, I am seized and taken to the asylum, and afterwards I and my relatives are assured that I have had a fit of

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*VOKHR—Internal Guards Corps.

madness, been violent, had hallucinations, but do not remember it for understandable reasons".

"I see. Now tell me this. You probably have a lot of acquaintances?"

"Yes, I suppose so".

"And you often meet and talk?"

"Well, naturally".

"What about?"

"About everything, of course. It would be easier to say what we don't talk about".

"And do you sometimes have conversations about dangerous subjects?"

"We try as far as possible not to talk about politics".

"I want you to understand me correctly. I am not an investigator, and this conversation of ours is not an interrogation. It is simply that you and I must get clear what the reason is for sending you to hospital. I will also phone the KGB to find out what you are accused for. But first of all I must know from your own words what could have been the motive or the cause. You have already said that you are a loyal Soviet citizen; . . . and I think you spoke sincerely . . . But the Soviet government, the socialist system, the constitution of the USSR are one thing, while particular activities of the authorities or of some organizations or other are another thing. The latter can make mistakes, as we know from history. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, of course".

"I am inclined to that view. What do you think—maybe one of your acquaintances—of whom you have too many—might have misunderstood something you said?"

"People are constantly misunderstanding each other . . . But I am answerable only for what I have said, not for the interpretation put on my words by someone else. You know yourself how the Chinese interpret Marxism. Should Marx, in your opinion, be responsible for what is going on in China today?"

"I agree with you of course . . . But this hypothesis explains the reason for sending you here. Probably some misinterpreted words of yours came to the knowledge of the KGB. They already know you there a little, and no doubt don't love you very much . . . An inquiry was made at the clinic, and the clinic responded with superfluous haste, sending you here before the holiday".[1]

"I cannot agree with you. There was no superfluous haste. On the contrary. This story began last December, when a postcard came for me from the clinic. And the KGB was bringing pressure onto the clinic all the time, demanding that steps be taken, until at last I was brought here. It is true that something was also said about a letter of enquiry from my place of work. But I do not doubt that that enquiry was also inspired by the KGB".

"Why are you so sure about that?"

"Because I learned what the contents of the inquiry were".

"What did it say?"

"It went roughly like this: 'Comrade Shimanov seems to be an efficient, conscientious worker but he has certain oddities: he cares too much for his beard—does not want to shave it off, and he is also

[1] May 1.

somewhat withdrawn and does not take part in public activities . . . We would like to know if he should be allowed to work with weapons . . .' You will understand yourself that it is not likely to enter anyone's head to send an enquiry to a psychiatric clinic about a man simply because he wears a beard, is somewhat withdrawn and does not take part in public activities . . . But the KGB is capable of inspiring such an enquiry, and it is even very characteristic of them".

"Well, . . . Perhaps that's enough for today. All the same, I think there will be nothing unpleasant in store for you . . . Next time we will talk about everything in more detail. In particular, I will have to write down the history of your illness from what you can tell me. Please don't think that we, together with the KGB are planning to bring some pressure on you here. You are for us, first and foremost, a sick person whom we must help. It is this that will guide our actions".

"I can only repeat that I do not consider myself to be ill, and that I protest against my illegal confinement in an asylum".

"As far as concerns your opinion about yourself, I of course take it into consideration, although I do not share it . . . You will have nevertheless to stay for a while in the hospital. For a very short time however. After the holiday we will discharge you at once. I can even tell you on what date. It will be on 4 May. You have no doubts about that. I do not think that you need treatment,—you behave correctly, you think logically . . . So be patient till 4 May. Tomorrow a bed will become vacant—you will be moved from the disturbed section to the quietest ward, where there are only those about to be discharged . . .".

"Tell me, please, is there any library here? Without books it is absolutely wretched here".

"We have no library, but your wife can bring you some book or other . . . On one condition: it must not be a religious book . . . Read one of the classics".

So our first conversation ended.

* * *

Next day was visiting day.

The whole room was full to bursting with patients and their relatives. Provisions were being unpacked, jars opened. The patients were absorbed in the process of eating: their relatives watched them, hiding their sadness. Not by any means all of them were talking: there were too many with nothing to say to each other . . . In spite of that it was noisy: parcels were being undone and done up again; jaws were at work, nurses shouted from one end of the room to the other; some patients were trying agitatedly to convince their relatives of something.

Alla and mother came to see me, with another girl. Only one person was allowed in at a time, so they had to come one by one. I told them how I had been taken, what it was like here, and they told me what they thought about it all. The time flew by too fast—the visit ended, and we, the lunatics, were once more herded back to our territory.

The hospital existence continued. I was transferred to a ward for comparatively quiet patients. In the daytime there were dominoes, some played draughts; there were no other amusements. I read Tacitus and could not get over the similarity of life today with that of the ancients. In the evening—television, with programs of exasperating futility, as if we were being fed some sort of chaff. You watch and want to spit;

and you turn your attention to the loonies—they are more interesting; they are live people, after all. From somewhere, from another ward, a guitar appeared, and a fat loony began to play it. And—where were the orderlies, where was the madhouse?—Everything disappeared, receded before the wonder of an ordinary song, but of a song sung from the depths of the heart:

In the deep gorge of the Daryal,
Where the Terek rushes in the mist
An ancient tower stood,
Black upon the black cliff.

In that high narrow tower
Lived the Czaritsa Tamara,
Beautiful as an angel of heaven
Evil and cunning as a demon.

I felt like going up and kissing that fat man's hand to thank him for the song. Idiot myself! His voice was powerful and he had a remarkable ear . . . but it was not that. There was something in his singing whether he sang of Georgian Tamara or Khaz-Bulat [a legendary character]—something that touched the soul and plucked at the heart-strings of a barrack-bound Russian. One cannot explain talent in words . . . One must see and hear it . . . Yes, we, the lunatics, the orderlies and nurses gathered round the fat man and lived, in those moments, a full and wonderful life . . . Then, an evening or two later, one string broke, then another, and the guitar was taken away: and a few days after that, Fatty himself was discharged. But I have run ahead again.

The day after visiting day there was another conversation with the doctor. At first Herman Leonidovich asked me about my childhood and youth, about my conversion to God, about my time in Gannushkin hospital and recent life. I did not hide anything: what would have been the sense? All the facts were in my favor. And Herman Leonidovich wrote down what I said, on sheets of official paper . . . but what he wrote, or with what emphasis, I do not know. Then, when he had done with the story of my life he went on to another subject after a warning.

"It is possible that in the second half of our conversation there may be things you do not particularly like . . . You told me just now how you came to religion and joined the Orthodox Church. Well, and of what does your present life consist?"

"Well, in the first place, of my work; especially as until recently I was working at two jobs. It is difficult to manage on 65 rubles a month when one has a child . . . And as you will understand, there is plenty to do at home . . . I go to church, of course; say my prayers, go to confession, communion; when there's a fast, I observe it: it is very good for one. That is just about all my life consists of".

"You said, I think, that you had a lot of friends?"

"Yes, I can't complain of loneliness".

"And no doubt you have some authority among them?"

"I don't know, I never asked".

"Your wife says that people even come to you for advice".

"She didn't express herself very well. We have a normal kind of relationship. What I know, I don't hide, and what I don't know I myself ask other people".

"Is it only acquaintances who come to see you, or strangers too?"

"Sometimes strangers come, and they become acquaintances".

"And do you talk to everyone about God?—I mean, both with those who believe and with those who don't?"

"It depends. I don't have rigid rules".

"Of course, you, as a believer, try to convert others to religion?"

"Yes, of course".

"Well, that's it, Gena. We have come to the point of our discussion. You see, what you do is called religious propaganda. Of course, we have freedom of conscience and freedom to conduct religious services . . . but freedom to make propaganda for religion is something we have not got. Such activity is stopped by law".

"Everything I do, Herman Leonidovich, is completely within the law. The fact is that the words 'religious propaganda' can be understood in different ways. It is possible to interpret the mere presence of faith in someone as propaganda; wearing a cross, also. Every kind of confession of faith also breaks the calm of atheist existence, stimulates thought, and in so doing makes propaganda in God's favor. And if you consider that with a believer, all his words and actions in the final count, ought to be determined by his religion; it means that he cannot utter a word without that in itself being propaganda. If religious propaganda in this wide sense were forbidden in our country, we would inevitably arrive at a violation of the principle of freedom of conscience, which in a socialist state is absolutely inadmissible. Therefore, 'so that the wolves may be satisfied and the lambs safe', the legislature uses the words 'religious propaganda' not in the wide but in the narrow sense, giving them the meaning of strictly specified actions. It is precisely these actions which cannot be laid to my charge. As for conversations about religion over a cup of tea, you won't find a word forbidding them in any code of laws".

"I agree. Perhaps you have not been going outside the framework of the law. But what significance does that have? In actual fact you do harm to the existing regime, all the same, by bringing back straying sheep to the Church. And you know yourself, Gena, that this regime is pretty strict . . . and will not put up with such activity. Here you are talking about laws. Don't you realize that the Committee of Public Security (KGB) doesn't give a damn for laws! Looking at you, I am sorry for you, Gena. Because you will inevitably be crushed. And it will be cold comfort for you that you are not the only one. Don't think I am trying to frighten you. I'm not directly involved . . . You do understand me? But I know something of life. I myself worked for five years in Kolyma—as a medical expert. And I am sorry that you are preparing for yourself a martyr's crown. This time I think you will get out of here all right. But afterwards perhaps quite soon . . . much sooner than you think, you will turn up here again. And it will be for good and all—for compulsory treatment".

"But compulsory treatment can only be prescribed by a court".

"Well, what of that?—They'll fix a closed hearing. And what will you be able to prove? Especially with such a diagnosis".

"But I can't be shut up forever in an asylum. In Leningrad I understand there's a psychiatric prison where you're put for up to two years, and in Kazan one for up to five".

"Somebody has been misleading you. The point is that the court does not specify the length of the treatment. Every six months you

will be examined by a medical commission—suitably selected you understand—and if it finds that your condition has not improved, you will be kept for further treatment. And so on, ad infinitum, or, to be more precise, until you are no longer a danger to society. And as you are a person of integrity and will scarcely be likely to give up your religion . . . well, you can understand yourself . . ."

"Y-yes".

"You see, Gena . . . as I have already said, I'm not directly involved . . . I am not asking you how you intend to live in the future . . . That is your business. But you must reflect. It is not only that you are making with your own hands a martyr's crown for yourself . . . you are destroying the life of your family . . . And for what? You won't be allowed to do anything . . . have no doubts about that. You are face to face with an enormous power. It will crush you, and not notice that it has crushed you. Yes, I am sorry for you, very sorry, Gena . . ."

"Well . . . I am not putting a martyr's crown on voluntarily . . . but I have no right to refuse it either".

"You want to be a martyr . . . you really do".

Pause.

"But why, having weighed everything up carefully, should you not choose a way in which you can keep your life, your freedom, and the welfare of your family? After all you only have to give up what is really not essential, what may destroy you without doing anyone else any good . . . just bear in mind that the forces are too unequal, that in this situation any struggle means suicide . . . And what has religion to say about suicide? . . . It disapproves? . . . You see . . . But it's your affair. I don't want to influence your decision. If you want to destroy your life, and with a clear conscience, I've already told you how you ought to arrange your life . . ."

Pause.

"I have an acquaintance who is a priest—my neighbor, we live in the same block. Incidentally, he is quite an important person in the Moscow hierarchy. An educated person, a wise fellow . . . of course he's trusted . . . He goes abroad in delegations and that sort of thing . . . You know what he once said to me? 'Religion', he said, 'is one thing . . . life is quite another . . . and one should not confuse the two!' Clever fellow, very clever. I can introduce you to him. Perhaps you have some doubts because of what I have been saying . . . He has the power to permit you what you cannot decide for yourself . . . You don't want that? You prefer the crown, then?"

I was sitting outwardly calm, but inwardly gathered into myself. The prospect before me was not particularly rosy . . . Oh, how lovely a quiet life would be! To go about one's work in tranquility, come home in tranquility, without trembling at each ring of the doorbell. No one to bother you, no psychiatrists, nurses visiting the neighbors, asking "How's that beardie? You haven't noticed anything about him? . . . Who calls on him?" To bring up one's son without anxiety for his fate, to buy him interesting books, take him to the zoo, to concerts . . . To have friends of an evening . . . to talk in tranquility, and laugh . . . If they were believers, one could talk about God, and if not—well, weren't there other subjects of conversation? But then an unbeliever might ask: "Gennady Mikhailovich, you believe in God . . . I respect religion and would like to believe, too . . . but I can't! There is too much evil in the world . . . How can a good and omnipotent God allow it?"

What should I answer? Explain that the presence of evil, even of a cosmic nature, not only does not undermine the Christian religion, but on the contrary, brings one to it? But by such an answer I might sway the questioner towards faith. It wouldn't do. It could be found out. What should I answer? Tell the truth?—for instance:

"You see . . . I could, as a matter of fact, dispel your doubts. But the doctors forbid me to persuade unbelievers . . . "

It would be embarrassing, of course. But what wouldn't one put up with for the sake of a quiet life? After all, the main thing is to keep the nucleus of one's faith. All that is so . . . But . . . one couldn't speak like that, either. They would hear about it in the KGB and be annoyed—it would seem as if I was complaining about the doctors. No, it would have to be more subtle, so as not to prevaricate with my conscience, and make the curious lose all desire to ask questions. For instance when someone spoke about evil and its incompatibility with the existence of God, I could pretend not to hear and start talking about the weather or about Pushkin. What a poet! A genius, an absolute genius! What a life he led—complex, astonishing, deep . . . He knew both the sweetness and the bitterness of life, began with Voltairianism, and came to religion, dying a Christian! . . . Hm . . . religion again . . . Whatever one starts to talk about, if one is a Christian, any road will always lead to God. There's a mania for you! There's your religious delirium!—will say the doctors. Yes, they are ignoramuses, but theirs is the power . . . and an energetic leadership. No, it would be better to throw the questioner out by the scruff of the neck:

"Get out, you skunk, don't disturb my soul!—I have to keep the nucleus of my faith!"

. . . "You think you are the only one?" It was Herman Leonidovich speaking again. "Nothing of the sort . . . You know, perhaps, the producer, Galich?"

"I've heard of him".

"Well, this Galich has a hobby. He composes songs and sings them to the guitar. There are some songs which, I can tell you, sail pretty near the wind. They are pleasant to listen to. His popularity is perhaps somewhat greater than yours. Well he was called, of course, to the KGB. Politely, tactfully . . . offered a cup of tea . . . And as he stirred his tea, they said "Comrade Galich . . . we've heard your songs . . . and, you know, we've nothing against them, if you really feel that way. But just one request: there's no need to tape them. Otherwise there might be unpleasantness". And what do you suppose? Galich sings as before! Only, when he goes to friends and starts to sing, he says 'Please turn off the tape recorder . . . Shove it away, or I won't sing!' What do you think of that, eh? Oh, well . . . Here have I been going on talking to you, and I have a mass of work . . ."

Herman Leonidovich opened the door to let me out. I said to him:

"Herman Leonidovich . . . the devil's cunning . . ."

Shafran looked at me for a moment and then began to roar with laughter, flinging back his head:

"So . . . I am the devil?"

"No, of course not, I wasn't talking of you . . I was talking of the real one . . . Old Nick himself".

When I returned to the ward, the rest hour had not yet ended. I flopped onto my bed. Hardly anyone was asleep, but it was quiet in the ward. Only in the corner by the window my neighbor was still

laughing. He just could not stop. No one paid any attention to him any more, every one was used to his constant laughter—some centers or other in his brain were playing pranks . . . We were bored . . . Then a bass voice was raised:

"It's dull, friends, isn't it? Someone tell a funny story".

"Funny story? . . . Certainly . . . Listen. Vassily Ivanovich Chapaev went to take his entrance exam at the Frunze military Academy . . . He came back gloomily and didn't want to talk to anyone. But Petka kept on bothering him. "Well Vassily Ivan'ch, did you pass?" But Vassily Ivan'ch only sighed and turned away. At last, he could hold out no longer and said in a mournful voice. "I passed water, Petka, and solid matter too. But . . . I didn't pass maths . . ."

"Ha ha, ha!" giggled the loonies, shaking on their beds. It was a long time before they quieted down. And when they did, they went on to other funny stories. There were fifteen people in the ward, each a character apart, with his own illness. There were two or three epileptics the rest schizos, alcoholics, cretins and many other kinds of people—some sort of wanderers; truth-lovers, criminals being investigated.

The rest hour ended, and from the corridor could be heard already the voice of Volgin-Stalin-Sirov.

"O, magpie, white-flanked magpie,
Teach me to fly!
O, not high, nor far,
Just to my beloved's bed!"

He walks down the corridor, his arms round some youth, and charms nurses with his singing. He would sing for a while and then go up as if by chance to one of them, and pass his hand over her thigh. They were used to him, and could not be bothered to shake him off.

"K-kh-kh" bursts by my ear. But I no longer jump. It's always the same fellow who runs past, a slovenly chap with a degenerate face. . . . He would be walking along almost calmly, and then suddenly puff himself up, become all tense, his face would go red and he would utter "K-kh-kh!" He would give vent to his feelings in a great burst of sound, and the tension was released. A few minutes later it would all begin again. And so he would walk, almost run, down the corridor, trumpeting for half an hour, sometimes more, several times a day. And sometimes as he ran, he would raise his hand like an orator, and from his mouth came scraps of sentences, "They have no right!", "Comrades!", "Time is running out . . ."

A tall, dark-haired youth, the son of some general or other, walked silently in the corridor, with an inspired but somehow fixed expression on his face. He had the fine, long fingers of a pianist. Sometimes he would indeed open the lid of the piano and play a few bars. . . . He was an onanist.

One patient lay on his bed and roared from time to time. His hands were tied, and his face sweating: he was in a delirium.

On another bed a man sat unraveling a tangled ball of thread. The thread was invisible to us—we were too healthy—but he saw it clearly, and the movements of his hands were astonishingly precise. We would stand round him and try to imitate him, but what we did seemed unbearably false, while he did it so naturally that at times it really seemed that he had some thread in his hands.

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O, white-flanked magpie . . . it would indeed be good to fly away from here to some uninhabited island, in a warm sea—to build a hut there and catch fish . . . for Alla and Cyril to be there too . . . and all our folk. . . . Well; not all, just those who'd like to be. . . . Fairy-tales! . . . Reality is . . . science, doctors, the KGB, the madhouse. . . . It's like a fairytale too.

"Are you a priest?"—near me was standing a man with anxious eyes.

"No".

"Oh, I thought you were . . . I heard you saying prayers".

"No, I am simply a believer".

We introduced ourselves.

"I go to church too", he said. "Before, I wasn't a believer, but then Satan entered into me".

"Satan?—How was that?"

"In a dream . . . I dreamt about a woman . . . with short black hair. . . . She had terrible eyes. As soon as I saw her, I was frozen with her. She came up to me and lay on me . . . and came into my eyes. . . . I screamed with terror and woke up . . . but when I woke, she was already inside me, and crying out with my voice. I was in a very bad way. And even now she often torments me. Oh, Gena, it is dreadful for me, if only you knew—It's the devil, you see. He speaks with my voice, when he wants to, and knows my thoughts, and teaches me everything . . ."

"What does he teach you?"

"Oh, Gena, I didn't know this before, but now I see: there is a devil inside everyone. Only very very rarely is it not so. But people don't know this. They think it is themselves talking and doing things . . . but it is the devil in them . . ."

"And what does this woman say with your voice?"

"Oh, different things . . . 'I'm going to live in you and be your hob-goblin!' That's what she cried out at the beginning. And I prayed and prayed. Gena, how I prayed God to save me from her! For almost whole days at a time I was on my knees . . . It made no difference. A priest said special prayers over me, too. Nothing helped. It seems I'm doomed to be tormented by her . . ."

* * *

It was sometime just before May Day, during his rounds (they were not every day) that Shafran came up to me and said:

"Well, the KGB haven't phoned us about you yet . . . It is clear they don't think your case urgent. We'll wait a bit longer. I'm sorry for you. You're a martyr, an absolute martyr—making a crown of thorns for yourself . . ."

On 2 May Alla told me that I was not to be released on the fourth, as Shafran had promised me. It seemed that the superintendent had had a phone call from the KGB who had said I was not to be discharged before the tenth. That is what Herman Leonidovich, whom she had just been with, had told her.

Oh well . . . How was she getting on with her diploma work? . . . Sometimes friends came to be with our small offspring, but not often enough. Clearly I would have to get out as soon as possible, to help Alla. What was it that well-disposed old wolf had said?—I should give up preaching? Well, I would do so. Anyway I would be too busy for a couple of months. Afterwards we would see. When running with the wolves, one must howl as they do. One sometimes has to. That

was it. There was no other way out. I must write an account of everything that happened to me here, and then—let them do what they want with me . . .

* * *

After a few days, on 5 or 6 May, there was another doctor's round. this time during the rest hour. Herman Leonidovich came up to my bed, and touching my shoulder, said:

"Well, how are things? Have you been thinking over what I said? In a few days there will be a discussion about what to do with you—whether to discharge you or give you treatment. Personally I'll insist on discharge, as I don't think any medicines will be able to change your way of thinking. But unfortunately my opinion isn't the deciding one . . ."

He was already beginning to use the familiar form of address—"ty" [cf. "tu" Fr.]: why stand on ceremony? But of course the familiarity could not be mutual: it would not be proper for me to address him, the head of the section after all, in this way. It would be imprudent. Well, well . . . I was in no situation to consider my pride, I had to get out of here . . .

"Herman Leonidovich—I have been thinking a great deal during this time about what you said to me . . . and have not been able to come to a decision easily. I cannot say that I have willingly chosen my decision; but circumstances, evidently, are such, that I am obliged to accept it. I feel that I will have to give up what you call 'religious propaganda' ".

"But you understand that if you are just saying that so as to get out of here, you will turn up here again very soon?"

"Yes, I understand; and I hope I will not turn up here again".

"In that case you must repeat what you have just said, and sufficiently firmly, during the talk which you will have in a few days' time with the deputy medical director. Your wish to change your way of life may influence the decision of the doctors' council".

* * *

After a day or two I was called to Shafran's office. I went in. Shafran himself sat at the desk, and two doctors who worked under him in Section 4, Nikolai Pavlovich and Maya Merzhidovna, sat at each end of the room. There was also a middle-aged woman, unknown to me, in a white overall. I said 'Good morning' but nobody answered. The unknown woman addressed me:

"Gennady Mikhailovich, how do you explain your presence in a psychiatric hospital?"

"First of all I would like to know who I am speaking to".

"The Senior Physician of Kashchenko hospital".

"Thank you. I was sent to hospital on the instructions of the KGB".

My answer did not please her.

"Who told you that it was on the instruction of the KGB?"

"They made no secret of it at the clinic".

A silence. She had nothing to use as a cover up of course. Well, someone at the clinic would get it in the neck. Was it really permissible to be so frank? State secrets should be kept . . . Blunderers . . . They should just have sent him as quickly as possible to the hospital for us to sort out . . . They were in too much of a hurry, the slackers . . . Now the cat was out of the bag . . . And on the form sent with the patient some-

thing had been written about "religious activity" and "socially dangerous" and in the reception room remarks had been made about the KGB. Of course papers could be changed, no problem there. But then two men from the special department came to his place of work and everyone saw them—What could one do about that? Say that it was a collective hallucination? . . . Such things happen . . . All the same, what botched work . . . We study, and study, and labor and labor, and still cannot create even the appearance of legality. Disgraceful.

The senior physician asked me how I felt, and how I had been in the years since I had been in the Gannushkin Hospital; what my relationships were like in my family, at work, with my friends. Nothing to find fault with here—my relationships with everyone were good, I felt very well. It was true I did not much like living in a madhouse, but I thought that was the natural reaction of a healthy person . . .

"This is not a madhouse. It is a hospital. Before, there were madhouses where there was no treatment; but we give treatment", she answered.

"Well you are not giving me any treatment here, you know, but are just keeping me under arrest. Besides Herman Leonidovich told me that it wasn't possible to change my way of thinking with any medicines . . . Medical science has not reached that far, yet".

Herman Leonidovich fidgeted in his armchair. Ah, Herman Leonidovich! See how familiarity with patients gets you into the soup. Now you are forced to blush . . .

The conversation was clearly departing from its prearranged course. But there would be no sense in my being stiff-necked, either. On the contrary, I ought to show that I was somewhat cowed.

"Tell us, please, how it was that you came to believe in God?"

And once again I repeated my story.

Those who have had occasion to be in madhouses or psychiatric hospitals know that the doctors in them are a clever lot: you have to watch your step with them. A moment's carelessness, the slightest tendency to indulge in confidences—and wham! aha! You're caught!—and its down on paper. They paint you up in such colors that your own mother would not recognize you. And what they write down, of course, is there for keeps. But I had already been mixed up with psychiatry once before, and there was nothing for me to hide. I tried only to give my answers accurately to the questions that interested them, and in a way that ignorant minds could understand. "Accurately"—because they were ready to seize on any word, any sentence, if it could possibly, even with a little straining, be interpreted as a sign of illness. I was speaking to them about things for them incomprehensible, about the meaninglessness of life with God deleted from it, about its aragedy—and in the eyes of the doctors I caught a certain interest . . . could not all that be interpreted as a disintegration of the consciousness? (See any psychiatric textbook). In order to explain what I meant, I began to speak of Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky and Pushkin. The doctors frowned: that was not "it" . . . They asked questions in which it was easy to see a simple-minded desire to hear and record that "it" of which I was devoid and which my doctors were trying so hard to foist upon me. Throughout these conversations I had an almost physical sensation that they were straining in a desire to squeeze me into a pattern understood by them, and

that I was not fitting into it, and did not want to fit into it, because it was not made for me, and that this somehow made the doctors irritated inwardly, as happens with any work that does not turn out properly . . . But all the same they were cooking up come legend or other about me, that was quite clear. Otherwise what sort of patient was I, and they—what sort of doctors?

So we exhausted the subject of my conversion to faith. The senior doctor went on to ask if I had services at home.

"No", I answered. "Only the usual family prayers".

But where had they got this information from? Had they been questioning neighbors, or had there been eavesdroppers under the windows? . . . Alla and I like to sing "Our Father", "The symbol of faith", "Behold Christ's resurrection", "I have no other help but Thee" and other Orthodox hymns—we sing them when a suitable occasion arises, or just any time—had this singing been taken for services? . . . Or . . . we have some records: Yurlov's singing old Christian hymns, the masses of Bach and Mozart . . . Perhaps they had not been able to distinguish? It was not possible after all to look in through the windows: we live on the second floor . . . but something suspicious had been heard . . . And now, perhaps, they wanted to find out exactly.

What was it that Ilf wrote in his notebooks?—Life isn't easy in a land of frightened idiots! Ah, my dear fellow! And do you think it is easy for the idiots to deal with us?

* * *

A preacher unexpectedly appeared in the section. That is, he had been there before, but had been silent and did not stand out from all the other patients; but now he suddenly began to speak.

"You believe in God?" someone asked him. "You believe in Christ?"

"Who is Christ? A man?—A man! And so, a god. And every woman—is a goddess . . . They think you're worthless—they push guns, machine-guns, and mortars into your hands, they've invented airplanes, rockets, nuclear bombs—go on, shoot, kill your brothers, kill gods! But I say to them: I won't allow it! I forbid you to! I've abolished parades—What are they for?" "For peace, peace—disarmament!"—but they go on to the square, with their rockets and tanks and machine-guns. To make war again? I won't allow it! To truss people up, to rape, to rob . . . Oh, that's not the way to communism! Not the way at all! You know what's needed? All that should be done away with, that's what!—Guns and plans should be melted down, armies disbanded. Let the Americans and French come to us—they are our brothers! Why should we fight? Are they worse than we?—They want to kill me?—But I'm immortal! I've already been killed—a thousand times! And I've risen again!—I'm older than Marx! There are many of us—We'll conquer! We'll make motor-cars out of your rocket-carriers! Everyone will have a car! Everyone will have an airplane! That will really be communism! As for guns and rockets . . . !"

"First of all one must get rid of the imperialists, and then communism will come," someone corrected him.

"Did you hear? . . . Did you hear what he said?" cried the pacifist indignantly. "That's how Hitler went on! First we'll conquer the whole world, and then we'll make everyone happy!"

"Yes, that's just how we'll do it", insisted the other, "By local wars. Only when we've abolished imperialism will we be able to abolish wars! That's what's written . . ."

"Did you hear!—What a fool! Knock him on the head!" Most of the loonies were clearly on the side of the pacifist. The latter rolling his eyes threateningly, triumphed over his discomfited opponent:

"It's out of slaves like you they make armies! They're mad! They've watered the earth with blood!"

"You're right! Absolutely right! All wars are because of the Jews . . . Oh, those Jewish mugs . . . , Russians should be brothers!" A country lad, Seryozha, was supporting the pacifist. He was an excellent fellow, a believer, suffering from hallucinations.

What had the Jews to do with it? The pacifist was a little taken aback. Then, recovering, he went on:

"No, Seryozha, you're wrong. The Jews are our brothers too. If you only knew how they suffered at Essentuki . . ."

Seryozha hesitated for a while, he was embarrassed, and did not know what to do—He had intended to say the right thing. But then he gave in:

"Forgive me," he said to his teacher, of whom he was terrible in awe—

Gradually the knot of people dispersed, the conversation died down, and it was the sound of dominoes which predominated.

* * *

In the evening there was a conversation:

"She said to me, 'Volodya,' she said, 'if I'm too old for you, you can carry on with whoever you like, only not so that I know about it'."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wise woman!"

"What do I care?" the story teller continued. "She provides me with food and drink, she washes my underclothes . . . Do you think I'd live with her if she didn't? I'd do her properly once a week—and that's enough for her . . . She's past forty, you see, just on the point of change . . . any time now . . . As for the young ones, I can always find one for myself . . . and not just any sort . . . nice and fresh . . . With everything she ought to have . . ."

"And how much older than you is she, in fact?"

"By thirteen years. I'm twenty-eight, and she's forty-one. . . D'you imagine she'd have put up with my goings-on otherwise? By Hell, she wouldn't. The simple fact is that no one would want to mount an old witch like her".

"How d'you know that no one would?" someone expresses a doubt.

"Would you? . . . Give me an honest answer".

"I? And why not? I would".

"Ha-ha-ha!"

A little man, who had landed up in the madhouse because of drunkenness, almost danced round the window, looking out of it to see if his wife was coming. He was utterly fed up with the madhouse, and was being discharged, but his wife still had not been to fetch him. Sometimes he could not contain himself and in a trembling, weepy voice would say for all the ward to hear:

"My bitch hasn't come yet. . . She hasn't come!"

"Don't worry, Misha", his companions comforted him—"You've probably got a friend?"

"Yes", answered the simple-minded Misha. "Kolka Prosvirin".

"Well, she's probably busy with your Kolka".

"Probably", agreed Misha in a quivering voice.

"And she's sent you here, so that you shouldn't be in the way at home", put in someone else. "It's quite clear. Why else should you be here?".

And the baiting drew in more and more jokers.

"So she won't come for you, Misha. It's no use you worrying. She'll amuse herself with him for another week or month. That's how it is, mostly likely".

"Of course", agreed the others. "Do you think she is a fool?"

"But they work in two shifts", Misha began to object. "So they can find the time, if they want to".

"No, Misha, you're wrong. This way there is nothing for them to worry about. After all they know you can't run away from here. What's the pleasure when you're in a hurry and on the alert?"

"That's true", agreed Misha, almost crying.

"But don't take on so, old chap. There won't be any less of her, will there? Besides, you should not be selfish. Your friend no doubt would like a turn too".

"Friends indeed", cried Misha. "They're friends as long as there's vodka to drink. When the vodka's finished, you can go to hell. . .!"

Misha swore at the top of his voice. After a time his wife arrived and he disappeared from the madhouse.

* * *

On Saturday, 10 May, a conversation took place between me and the deputy medical director of the Kashchenko Hospital, Haslayeva, in the presence of Shafran.

I went into the office and sat down on the chair offered me.

"Tell me, Gennady Mikhailovich, why have you grown a beard? Was there a reason for it, or did you grow it for no reason?"

"I just like it that way".

"Goodness me. Are you a *stilyaga?* [beatnik]".

"Do I look like one?"

"Look at us, atheists: for some reason we don't deceive anyone, but you believers are doing it all the time".

"Allow me to disagree with you. I won't go back very far, but just refer to this business of putting me in a madhouse. The first time I was deceived was when I was told that no one was going to put me in a madhouse, that I only had to talk to the doctors for ten minutes".

"But it wasn't doctors who told you that".

"It was atheists who did. And then the doctors began to deceive me. At first they said that they would only keep me in for a few days; then Herman Leonidovich assured me that on the 4 May I would definitely go home, then that date was postponed to the tenth, that is till today. I don't know how often I am going to be deceived again".

"So, according to you, we are quits?" laughed Herman Leonidovich.

"No, I think the prize for deception belongs to you".

"Hm . . ."

After a silence:

"Gennady Mikhailovich, you told us that you've committed worse sins than that of deception. So you are a sinner?"

"Of course".

"But religion, as far as I know, teaches you to strive towards saintliness?"

"Yes".

"And you strive towards it too?"

"As far as I can".

"Do some people already consider you a saint?"

"No, nobody. Of course not".

"But they may do so in future?"

"I don't think so".

"Why not? . . . After all, as far as I understand you are a very religious person, you already have some authority, you strive towards saintliness; why shouldn't you become a saint?"

"Well, not really. But you've grown a beard".

"It's becoming. My wife likes it".

"Is it your wife who likes it, or you?"

"I like it, and so does my wife".

"When you were married, did you have a beard?"

"No, not then".

"So your wife fell in love with you without a beard? Then it's quite incomprehensible. If she liked you without a beard, why did you grow it?"

"So that she would like me even more".

Pause.

"Gennady Mikhailovich, it is not the first time you have been in a psychiatric hospital, is it?"

"I was in the Gannushkin Hospital in 1962".

"And not since?"

"No".

"And why did you go there?"

I briefly explained the circumstances.

"So you were already a believer then?"

"Yes".

"Then why did you deceive the doctors? Haven't you a commandment telling you not to lie?"

"Yes, of course. But at that time I was still a heathen in practically everything. My faith had only just begun and had not yet changed my way of life. And I stayed in the hospital precisely so as to be able to think at leisure about the right relation of my life to my faith".

"But that is disgraceful! Aren't you ashamed?"

"Of course I am ashamed. But all the same, if that were the biggest sin of my life, I think I would be a saint".

"There are thousands of people like me, if not millions; but saints are rare".

"Why shouldn't you become one of the rare ones?"

"One would like to enter paradise, but one's sins hold one back".

My answers did not please the doctor, I could see that from her face. "How can we catch out this schizophrenic?" At least, she asked with a cunning expression:

"Saints have visions, don't they? What do you call him?—Christ?—He appears to them, doesn't he?"

"It sometimes happens, but very rarely. People more often have hallucinations, that is, not genuine visions. I haven't had either visions or hallucinations. I have no talents whatever in that direction".

"You consider yourself deficient in something then?"

"No, why should I? I'm just like everyone else—like the giant majority of people".

"No, Gennady Mikhailovich. If you were like everyone else, we wouldn't keep you here. How many days have you been here now?—Have you seen a single normal person here?—There you are. Well, all right. Now tell me please about your 'conversion to God' as you call it."

After my brief account:

"You see, Gennady Mikhailovich . . . Everything that you just told us confirms us in the view that illness lies at the root of your 'conversion'. Of course you yourself cannot understand this; but you must have confidence in us: we are specialists. If you had grown up in a religious family or had lived somewhere in the West, well, then we could have looked at your religiousness in another way . . . But you were educated in a Soviet school, and were brought up in a family of non-believers . . . You are an educated person, I am ready even to admit that you know more about philosophy and religion than I do . . . And suddenly . . . wham! . . . you're religious! . . . It's very odd indeed . . . and makes one wonder if some abnormal processes were not already developing in you in your youth, which later on brought you to religion."

I answered.

"In the last number of 'The Literary Gazette' there was an account of an interview with Metropolitan Nikodim — perhaps you read it?"

"No—what about it?"

"Well, Nikodim himself was brought up in a Soviet school and in an atheistic family, I think it was even the family of an important party or government official . . . He studied dialectical materialism in an institute . . . and suddenly . . . wham! . . . he announced his belief in God, gave up his studies at the institute, causing a great scandal, and entered a theological college . . . And now he is second to the Patriarch . . . What do you think, is he a schizophrenic too?"

"It is you we are talking about . . . at the moment we are not interested in Metropolitan Nikodim. Tell us how you manage to combine your religious faith with life in Soviet society. After all these are, so to speak, diametrically opposite things".

"How do I combine them? . . . It is very simple. According to our constitution, we are allowed freedom of conscience".

"Oh yes, of course . . ."

"Well then, I enjoy that freedom".

"No, no! I'm not talking about that".

"Then I don't understand you. Please explain your question".

"Certainly. The whole of our society is built on Marxism. And Marxism and religion are mutually exclusive. So I am asking: how do you manage to live under our state system which excludes religion?"

"It seems to me that you are confusing different things: the state and ideology. Marxism does indeed deny religious truths, but the state,

even when built on Marxist principles, allows freedom of conscience to its citizens".

"No, no. I am not talking about that. How do you manage to live in a society inimical to religion? How do you manage to combine your own life, built on religious principles, with the principles of a society diametrically opposed to any kind of religion?"

"Well, in just about the same way as all other believers in the Soviet Union. If you are really interested in this question, ask the Moscow Patriarchate—They will be more competent to give you an answer".

"We're not interested in the Moscow Patriarchate. We want to know how *you* combine your life with our society's principles".

"It is quite simple. I work, I earn money. I come home from work, hurry to the shop, buy bread, milk, butter . . . Nobody there asks me about my religion . . . Then I rest, look after my son's upbringing . . . I travel by tram, underground . . . No one there asks me about religion either . . . And if they did, why should I not answer? . . . What have I to be afraid of? At the moment religion isn't forbidden in this country . . . So I don't feel any particular conflict with society".

"How can that be? All Soviet citizens believe in Marxism. After all Marxism is a scientific philosophy . . . You agree?"

"I do not consider Marxism scientific".

"What?—Marxism not a scientific theory?—That's news!"

"You must agree, that if I considered Marxism to be a scientific truth, I would not be a Christian".

"All the same you must concede some significance to Marxism?"

"Oh, of course".

"Well, what is Marxism, in your opinion?"

"One of the many Utopias".

"Well I never did! For such thoughts you could be . . ."

"But you must admit that if I cannot consider Marxism to be a scientific truth, I must perforce consider it to be a Utopia".

"Hm . . . It's always the same with you people. Outwardly you seem very logical, but in actual fact it's nonsense, what you are saying. At the root of your logic is an illness".

"I can only repeat to you that I consider myself to be mentally fit".

"You are incapable of looking at your own condition critically".

"But my wife, my mother, and my friends consider me a healthy person".

"They are not specialists. Only a doctor can diagnose an illness".

"But an illness must have some symptons".

"Your symptoms are a one-sided fascination with religion. You have cut yourself off from life. After all, how do healthy believers behave? An old dear drops into church, crosses herself, goes out and carries on with her affairs, having forgotten God already. We still have such people, but in time there will be fewer and fewer. But it is quite different with you. That is what worries us".

"According to the Church's teaching faith should indeed come before everything else and determine the whole life of a person. So those old dears about whom you speak cannot be very good Christians".

"You mean to say that you are a good one?"

"I try to be one, at any rate".

Pause.

"So . . . the people around you could call you a saint?"

The woman's stupidity was getting past endurance. But . . . calm, calm . . . I answered politely:

"I don't know . . . Perhaps some idiot . . . But there aren't any idiots among my friends".

After a short silence:

"Tell me, Gennady Mikhailovich, you have a lot of friends?"

"Quite a few".

"And are they all believers?"

"No, of course not. There are believers and non-believers among them".

"And I suppose you meet sometimes?"

"Yes, they call on me, I call on them".

"And you arrange meetings?"

"We simply sit over a cup of tea and chat. I suppose you do the same sometimes".

"Oh, if anyone calls on me once in a month. I'm lucky . . . But it seems people come to you often . . . What do you talk about? God?"

"Sometimes".

"You said that unbelievers sometimes visit you . . . But I suppose there are fewer of them than there are of believers?"

"Yes, fewer Although we don't separate them according to religion; it does happen that the believers are in the majority".

"And no doubt you try to draw unbelievers to faith?"

"Yes, of course".

"You argue with them? After all as Marxism maintains, truth is born of argument. Do you agree with this?"

"How shall I put it . . . Truth seldom comes out of argument. Much more often it is concealed by passions and resentment. So we do not lay special hopes on victories in arguments".

"How do you preach then?"

"I cross myself in front of an icon. That is far more convincing for those who seek faith. And those who do not seek it—you will not convince by anything".

"You arrange services at home?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, do you pray all together?"

"Yes. Before meals, according to Church teaching, one should say a prayer. The same in the morning and before going to sleep at night".

"Before meals people cross themselves, they don't say a prayer".

"I see that you know more about Orthodoxy than I do".

"Not more. But I know for certain that people cross themselves and don't say a prayer. It's the Baptists who have meetings and services in their houses. It's for this reason that we have doubts about you. You say that you are Orthodox but your way of life suggests something different".

"Ask the office of the Moscow Patriarch if it isn't a custom to say a prayer before the meal when there are guests. Or invite an Orthodox expert . . . You really do not know anything about it, and are just guessing, as if from a teacup as to whether I'm Orthodox or Baptist".

"All right. We'll clear this up later. But in any case, answer the question now: how do you reconcile two irreconcilables: religious belief with the atheistic society in which you have to live?"

"I have already answered you. I do not feel any conflict with society".

"How can that be? All Soviet people are Marxists, everyone acknowledges only a scientific philosophy; but you believe in God, so you are out of harmony with society".

"Allow me to contradict you. I wasn't born yesterday, and I know that most people don't care at all about Marxism or any other ideology. They lead a purely empirical existence. And among those who are interested in philosophy it is not all, by a long way, who accept Marxism. I would even go so far as to say that those who do not accept Marxism are the majority. And it is only because Marxism is the official doctrine of our country that it seems as though there is a general acceptance of this ideology".

"Well, well, well! Whatever will you say next! In the first place, if the majority of our people don't, perhaps, know the Marxist philosophy well enough, at least they believe in it? . . . But deny it . . . only our potential enemies could deny it . . . And one can't consider them Soviet citizens . . . they are corrupt people whom one must fight against . . . It's the same with religion . . . It can be comparatively harmless if it's on the decrease, if it's dying . . . But if it turns to the attack, if it wins more and more recruits, then it is a socially dangerous phenomenon . . . We are building communism, we are educating people to be more and more socially aware and you are corrupting them!"

"And do you know the opinion of many European communists on this subject?—They think that it's not worth while for the Soviet Union to wage a struggle against religion, because religion will continue to exist even in a Communist state".

"Religion in a Communist state?! Ha, ha, ha!! I've never read about that anywhere! Where have you got your information from?"

"If you are in doubt, you can make enquires. It is, in particular, the official position of the Italian Communist party".

"That's interesting. Now let us return to the matter on hand. As a result of your illness, Gennady Mikhailovich, an illness which began when you were still quite young, you have become a person dangerous to society. So we must give you a little treatment . . . in the interests of society . . . and in your own interests, of course . . ."

"You mean that you intend to give me compulsory treatment?"

"Why compulsory, necessarily? I think that you yourself will adopt a responsible attitude to this . . ."

"No, I will not give my consent to 'treatment' ".

"You see, you cannot look at your own illness from a critical angle, so your opinion has no decisive significance."

"But my wife and my mother will protest against 'treatment' ".

"They don't understand anything about medicine, and we don't need their consent".

"But according to the law, compulsory treatment is allowed only by the decision of a court".

"There are special hospitals for such cases. Ours is an ordinary hospital and for you the decision of the court is not necessary".

"Of course you have strength on your side. But I tell you that I will protest against any such experiments in the most energetic manner!"

"What do you mean by 'experiments'? We don't make experiments, we are going to give you treatment".

"No, you are making an experiment . . . the experiment of frightening and baiting people who think differently from you!"

After a silence

"And how do you intend to protest?"

"I will protest with all means at my disposal. For a start, I give notice that if I am not released today or tomorrow . . ."

"Oh, don't you give us ultimatums!"

"No, you hear me out. If you don't release me today or tomorrow, on Monday morning I will start a hungerstrike. And you may be sure I will keep my word".

"And what will you gain by a hunger-strike? What will you prove by that?"

"It doesn't matter! Perhaps I will gain nothing. All the same, it will be better than submitting to you!"

"You can go, you can go. Our conversation is at an end."

Shafran opened the door for me and accompanied me down the empty corridor to the ward.

"Why were you so sharp?" he reproached me with slight vexation.

"What was left to me?" I answered.

Shafran went away and I sank on to the divan by the table. Yes, that's how it was. Struggle . . . struggle . . . "How awkward it was for me to be born in Russia . . . Pushkin wrote that even in those days . . . but now-a-days it was even harsher . . . Yes . . . If I'd been born in France, I would be living quietly somewhere now . . . preaching Christ to my neighbors . . . and nobody would touch me . . . To talk freely, unafraid that someone would put you in a madhouse, . . . and give you injections there . . . All kinds of sergeant-major bullies in medical overalls . . . Yes . . . but isn't that a blessing in disguise? If one had to choose between France and a madhouse, I would, of course, choose France . . . But if Russia were part of the choice . . . Wasn't I, all said and done, of the same flesh and blood as my people, . . . a foolish, impossible people . . . Now there was struggle ahead . . . a very cruel one . . . But it depended on how you looked at it . . . In reality, there was nothing really terrible . . . It was the unknown that frightened one as a rule . . . It was unpleasant, of course . . . hellishly unpleasant, because of Alla and Cyril . . . Otherwise, would I be scared of their injections? Or of death? In life you go round and round . . . and get tired and irritated, . . . sometimes you indulge yourself—. . . but you know, right inside you, all the same, that all that is just the husk; . . . and underneath it is only hope in God . . .

About ten minutes later Shafran came back and asked me to go back to his office. My tormentor was no longer there.

"Well, you've nearly messed things up for me completely", he said. "When you mentioned a hunger-strike, it made her take the bit between her teeth. You really went too far. It would have been enough simply to refuse treatment—and you would have been discharged on the eleventh. Now the eleventh is impossible—do you think you've frightened us with your hunger-strike? . . . So I must disappoint you. You will be discharged only on the thirteenth. You've landed on an unlucky number".

"Atheists may be bothered with such superstitions. We Orthodox don't believe in them".

Shafran laughed. Then, to dispel my doubts, he concluded confidentially:

"This time it is definite. You see I am giving instructions now (he wrote something in a thick exercise-book) for your things to be got ready".

I returned to the ward in a more cheerful mood. Some new patients had already arrived. One of them, lying on his bed, called me:

"Hey, beardie!"

"Well?"

"Say something!"

"I can't"

"Why?"

"I'm an idiot".

The other raised himself on the bed:

"Hey, beardie!—I like you".

"I like you too".

"Let's be introduced".

We shook hands, introducing ourselves.

"You're probably an artist of some sort?" he asked me. "Musician?"

"You've guessed wrong".

"Writer?"

"Me, a writer!—And what are you—a writer?"

"Some writer . . . I've only written one letter . . . To Kosygin . . . I sent it to "Pravda", but they didn't print it . . . Why?"

"They can't print all the letters . . . If they did, everyone would begin writing . . . Besides, they have their own policy. What corresponds to it, they print . . . the rest . . . they don't".

"That's probably it. But why? . . . Supposing I wrote the truth?"

Pause.

"Did they send you here for that?" I asked.

"No, I gave concerts".

"What concerts?"

"In the street, in buses, in the metro. I sang songs, cheered up Muscovites. I like singing!"

* * *

In the evening a middle-aged orderly stopped me in the corridor. He had had one over the eight.

"Well, when are they discharging you?"

"On the thirteenth".

"That's fine, fine . . . I came into the office when you were talking to the superintendent. So they're having a talk, I thought, like learned people. I noticed you when they brought you here. Do you remember who took your glasses away?—I was on duty that evening. There now, I thought, here's someone not like our usuals—he's kinda polite, educated. Why, I thought, has he landed up here? He must have been a bit tight . . ."

"No, not that. The KGB sent me here".

"Who?"

"The KGB".

"Well, well. One knows the sort of thing. You've probably got a wife?"

"Yes".

"Well, that's it. She split on you. I know".

"?!"

"But don't drink, just don't you drink. Sober up and you'll be a man. Vodka never led anyone to any good . . . Well, in moderation

. . . and on occasion . . . who doesn't drink? But one mustn't get drunk . . . no, take my word, one mustn't . . ."

Someone called him, and he went off.

* * *

On the eleventh, Sunday, I had a visit. Mother and Alla came. They were let in to me one after the other. Both were, of course, wrought up, but were trying to keep themselves under control, so as not to upset me. Mother was quite ill. My first concern was to cheer them up:

"They're letting me out on the thirteenth—it's definite this time!"

Mother willingly believed me, but Alla was skeptical.

"Who knows whether they'll let you out or not? One can't believe what they say. Last time, too, that Shafran of yours assured me that you would be let out on the fourth. And he also wrote something in that exercise-book, in front of me, saying that he was giving instructions to get your things ready. Ready, indeed! They are wearing us down, that's what they're doing! You had better be prepared for anything, I think".

Her lack of confidence irritated me. Not let me out?—It was definitely decided! I wanted so much to believe in the thirteenth . . . I was cross with Alla, and said something harsh to her although in my heart of hearts I knew she was right. Yes, the madhouse can make anyone behave childishly . . .

The twelfth came and went. On the morning of the thirteenth I was called to Shafran. I went in.

"Well, Herman Leonidovich, what good news have you for me now?"

"Sit down, I'll tell you everything. You see, I am insisting on your discharge from here; the deputy medical director (the medical director is away) appears to support me, but the senior doctor (you remember the woman who talked to you?) insists on treatment, and we have to take her opinion into account. A definite decision will be taken today, before half-past one, and I will let you know immediately".

"Herman Leonidovich, can the doctors really give me compulsory 'treatment' without a court order, even if my relatives protest against it?"

"Yes, they have that right . . . But you see, for ethical considerations it is not advisable to give treatment to a person, if it is known beforehand that it will not have results. What is the sense of giving it, if, moreover, you resist? We would have to truss you up when giving injections—do the same, when forcibly feeding you. If I myself believed that we could cure you with the medicine we use I would be the first to insist on such treatment . . . But as, unfortunately, not everything depends on me, we must, I am afraid, wait for the decision of the deputy medical director. However, I think that the chances are that you will be discharged as not yielding to treatment. But who knows?"

"And in the event of 'treatment' being decided on, what will I be treated with?"

Shafran named some drug which I cannot remember and asked:

"You know some chemistry?"

"No, unfortunately".

"It's a compound of biological substances . . . in ampules, . . . the injections are not very painful. Aminazine is much worse . . . It reduces tension, calms, dissipates confusional ideas if they are of recent origin—not more than six months say . . . As you see, you can't be cured with this drug—because your trouble began in 1962, if not earlier . . . Besides, this drug has an unpleasant characteristic: the (desired) medical effect is obtained together with certain side effects . . . trembling and twitching of the hands, dribbling from the mouth . . . Usually these effects are averted by the taking of other tablets, but as you will probably refuse them, it will be necessary to stop the treatment after 3 or 4 sessions if these symptons appear . . ."

After a silence:

"Your wife was here . . . She isn't very sensible . . . She hasn't acted in a sensible way—she has decided to go to court . . . That won't lead to anything . . . And the medical staff of the hospital—I will be frank with you—views her with some hostility and mistrust, and will try to avoid contact with her as she is completely under your ideological influence. She has as uncritical an attitude to your illness as you yourself have. You understand me?"

"I understand you".

"So it would be better if your mother (wasn't it she who came to visit you last time?) and not your wife would act as a representative of your interests. Your mother, in 1962 also, showed a certain amount of understanding of your illness . . . and that allows the doctors to have more confidence in her".

"My mother has always considered me (mentally) healthy and will confirm this any time. She too is indignant at the behavior of the doctors and will protest against any 'treatment' as well as my wife!"

"Are you sure about that?"

"You need be in no doubt whatever about it".

"I can phone her and talk to her in your presence".

"Please do".

Herman Leonidovich dialed my mother's number, but it was a neighbor who answered, and said she was not at home.

"All right. I'll tell Maslyayeva that your mother is also against treatment. And now we will wait till half-past one and if Maslyayeva doesn't phone me, I'll phone her myself. In any case I'll let you know at once what decision has been taken . . ."

"I can only remind you again that if I am still here this evening, I will start a hunger-strike".

"Yes, yes. As to the hunger-strike, I don't advise you to go ahead with it. But of course if you want to . . . Only let me tell you frankly, a tube is a very unpleasant thing . . . and you will have to be moved to another section . . ."

Neither at half-past one, nor at two, nor at three, nor at half-past three was there any news of the decision. I was almost getting used to this way of carrying on . . . Alla had said . . . they wear you down . . . That was just about it . . . Obviously, a decision had been taken not to let me out . . . Presently, before supper, orderlies would appear and take me to the violent section, would twist my arms, feed me through a tube and tomorrow they would start the "treatment". Yes, they certainly knew how to wear you down. But worst of all was that Alla had not come today. She had promised to come, and hadn't. Those skunks

were capable of anything—they could seize her, take her away to a clinic, label her with a diagnosis, and send her to a mad-house. Would their consciences worry them? Husband a schizophrenic, wife mad—do what you like with them! Splendid for the KGB!... They could get the whole population registered in this way . . . except of course, the most reliable . . . but as soon as there was any deviation . . . "Aha! Treatment needed!"

"Shimanov!" shouted an orderly. "Go to the doctor!"

In the doctor's room was Shafran, and thank God!—Alla. So the worst had not happened. Alla told me that Herman Leonidovich had just now, in her presence, recorded the history of my illness on a dictaphone and that there at the very end was the date of my discharge: 15 May. "Why on a dictaphone?" I thought "What sort of nonsense is this? Is he fooling me again?"

"I don't believe in any date now", I said. "This evening I am beginning a hunger-strike".

"They can deceive us again, of course", said Alla. "But Herman Leonidovich assures me that the decision about your discharge has now definitely been taken, and there will be no further changes... You will, according to him, be discharged in the morning of the fifteenth".

"All the same I am going to begin a hunger-strike and will end it only when I am set free".

When I returned from the doctor's room supper had already begun. An orderly came up.

"Go and have supper".

"I am not having any supper".

"Why?".

"I am on hunger-strike".

"Give over. Go and have something to eat".

"No, I am not going to".

"Have you really announced a hunger-strike?"

"Yes".

"Why?"

"I am being kept illegally in a madhouse".

"Give over. Whatever do you want to ruin your stomach for".

"Never mind. It won't be ruined. And if it is—it is the doctors who are forcing me to ruin my health!"

The orderly left me in peace. The next day none of the medical staff came up to me, either at breakfast, dinner or supper. Only one of the patients, the kind-hearted, most gentle youth, Volodya Litvin, kept coming up to me begging me to leave off the hunger-strike and submit to the doctors:

"Do have something to eat, please!"

"Thank you, I've decided firmly not to eat".

"But all the same, they'll feed you through a tube".

"Let them".

"They're keeping me here for nothing, too. But I'm eating in sign of protest".

"?!"

"Yes, I am. They tell me not to smoke, but I smoke and eat. One can protest that way, can't one?"

"Yes, of course. Each protests in his own way".

"Well, do eat then!"

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The other patients—those who had heard about my hunger-strike—looked at me with curiosity. "How many days will he hold out?"

My head was spinning slightly, but not from hunger. I had simply had a slight temperature for about ten days, a chill, probably through standing too much by the window admiring the May greenery, although it was not very cold outside.

"Are you reading the wanderings of Odysseus?"

A quiet youth was standing by me—judging from his looks, obviously ill. Sometimes, without any reason it seemed, he would suddenly whistle deafeningly, sticking two fingers in his mouth: and then, embarrassed, go off somewhere else, a stony expression on his face.

I was, as a matter of fact, reading Homer.

"An amusing story, no doubt?" he asked.

"Not bad".

"You'll never get out of here".

"Out from the madhouse?"

"Yes".

"Oh well, we'll see".

"No, you won't get out".

* * *

Now it was the fifteenth. After dinner I would be in the third day of my hunger-strike. I was finding it quite easy. But something else was difficult: to try to get rid of the inner anxiety, the shameful worry about what was going to happen to me. "Will they let me out or not?" That was what I was wholly engrossed in: not outwardly, but inwardly. And however much I realized that my faint-heartedness was not sensible, that God in heaven saw everything, I could not entirely concentrate on eternity and become quite calm: the madhouse, anxiety for my family, nerves . . . all these things had their effect . . . A nurse came up and asked me to help her with her "social study": she had an exam tomorrow, and had not been to lectures nor looked at a book. I told her about Campanella, about surplus value, and about Lenin's theory of revolution: but inside something was gnawing at me all the time: would I be let out or not? . . . Now they had let out all those due for discharge today . . . It was already two o'clock . . . three . . .

A patient whom I knew ran up:

"I've just seen the list of those going out, you're not on it!"

Well, if it isn't, it isn't! Oh, the skunks . . . the torturers!

It was four o'clock now. They were getting ready for exercise, and I was putting on my coat too. No one was discharged at this time of day. I went into the yard with everyone else.

"Gennady!"—I heard Alla's voice. Where was she? I looked round. She was sitting on the bench at the entrance to our red house.

"Gennady! Herman Leonidovich told me that perhaps they would still be able to let you out today. He's with Maslyayeva—has taken her some papers about you . . ."

They wouldn't allow me to speak to her any more, they took me away with the other patients to the enclosure used for exercise. I walked in this enclosure, sometimes bumping into someone, irritated, tired, anxious.

Would those skunks let me out? After about 20 to 40 minutes a window on the first floor opened and someone shouted:

"Shimanov—go and get dressed quickly! In a quarter of an hour the office will be shut!"

"Shimanov! Shimanov! Run to the doctor! Get dressed!" The nurses walking with us shouted.

But I didn't feel like running. I went slowly up the stairs to the first floor, to "my" ward, a sister coming after me.

"Run to the office," said Shafran in his room. "Your wedding ring and money are there. Hurry, it will be shut in ten minutes". He was once again, it seemed, addressing me as "vy" [polite form of address. Cf. Fr. "vous"] . . . at least in Alla's presence. She was there too.

Accompanied by a nurse I went to the other block, where the office was. I got my ring and money and went back. In the section I was given my clothes. I dressed in the empty corridor. From the "cheerful" half a sound of loud crying was coming—a new patient had been brought in in the morning—he had thrown everything off, and sat on his bed stark naked and howled without stopping. I dressed and went into Shafran's office to get the medical certificate.

"Well, I hope you will remember what we've talked about here?" said Herman Leonidovich as he held out the certificate to me.

"Yes, of course, Herman Leonidovich—I will remember those conversations".

Alla and I went out of the hospital. Everywhere there were people; it was the end of the working day. The sun was still warm, there were queues for kvass,[1] ice-cream sellers. . . . There were the little tubs filled with the cold white ice-cream, 48 kopecks each, which once we had to make.

I was unpleasantly hot in my warm pullover, and still under the strain of the past days. . . . In my pocket were papers, notes from the red house, which I would have to get into shape and publish. I had written them, hiding them as well as I could from the doctors and nurses, because these notes were my only weapon. . . . If I landed up here again, they would allow no message to get through to the outside world.

Alla would come to visit—they would bring out an imbecile Gennady, dribbling, giggling. . . . "There's been some progress!" the doctor would say. "He no longer believes in God. He can only think with difficulty, of course, and can hardly speak . . . but even before, his logic was only on the surface. In reality he talked nonsense".

Who knows? Perhaps this is it, the longed-for and unique happiness on earth—to become just such a dribbling, giggling idiot who has risen above all misfortune, suppressed all sadness, found the ultimate wisdom in the simplest and most pathetic idiocy. To look upon one's doctor as one's priest, to confess to him one's feelings and thoughts and receive in exchange miraculuous pills . . . wasn't it all an alluring prospect?

God's will be done in everything! Let them drive me out of my mind, or leave me in my senses, all is well and good under the High Heaven. I accept everything that God sends, as a child accepts from the hands of his father: sweetness and bitterness; reason and madness; light and darkness; any evil and every good.

In the madhouse I often thought how everything in our world is done through the will of God, which is so wonderful that it preserves absolutely human freedom, but at the same time leads a man and all humanity along its own mysterious paths. It is not possible to explain

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[1] Slightly fermented drink made from bread, popular in Russia.

this completely by intellectual effort; but sometimes one has insights and can believe it.

So it was that wicked people put me, a defenseless person, into a madhouse, thinking to frighten me in this way, and to stop the preaching of Christianity . . . Naturally the question arises: are they all-powerful? It seems, at first glance, that they are . . . But . . . they did not succeed in frightening me . . . On the contrary, they disgraced themselves once again before everyone who reads this account . . . Well, they will shut me up again, and it will have the same effect . . . And if they do destroy me, a saint may indeed be made of me, for all I know. Not by my merits—I have none—but through the crimes of my tormentors. And it is not even certain which would be worst for them—to kill me, shut me up in a madhouse or leave me in peace. Where is their absolute power?

This tiny example will not explain the infinite mystery of everything, but it gives me a transparent hint about the relation of human freedom to the Divine Purpose. Every activity gives birth to a mysterious counteractivity, which one may not understand, may not even notice, but which nevertheless balances and directs the course of things, so that everything goes along the mysterious path pre-ordained by God.

APPENDIX XI—

THE CASE OF VASSILY I. CHERNISHOV

(Translated from *Samizdat* by *The Bell*, Birmingham, England)

Appeal to the Soviet Public

When you are buried, it is difficult to prove that you are alive—unless a miracle takes place and malefactors dig open your grave before you really die. It is difficult, from within the walls of a lunatic asylum, to prove that you are of sound mind.

I graduated from the Faculty of Mechanics and Mathematics of Leningrad State University, and worked as an assistant lecturer in the Leningrad branch of the Moscow Technological Institute. I became interested in collecting books and records, and wrote, for my own benefit, verses, stories and philosophical essays, typed out all my compositions and bound them in three volumes: verses and aphorisms; stories and abstract reflections; philosophical essays and the exposition of some thoughts of an anti-communist character. In the last work, entitled "Spiritual Liberation and Russia", I wrote "In a free society, the activity of all political parties should be allowed, including that of the Communist party". I have begun to doubt the correctness of the latter assertion for the following reason. In five years of writing philosophical essays, I gave them to only two people to read, and in March 1970 I was arrested on the charge of anti-Soviet propaganda. One of the readers of my composition gained his freedom by his sincere repentance and abject persuasiveness. The other, V. Popov, a graduate of the Academy of Arts, whose guilt consisted in drawing a bookplate in that volume, was arrested.

In prison I was examined for 30 minutes and this diagnosis was made: chronic schizophrenia of a paranoid type. I did not meet my defense counsel, was not present at my trial, and for 1½ months did not even know about the diagnosis or the trial. It was my wife who, after the trial, told me about it when she visited me. She represented me at the trial, but had not been informed of the nature of the case—a flagrant breach of the law.

The same diagnosis was made on Popov.

As proof of my irresponsibility, two facts were brought forward: allegedly unmotivated actions—leaving the University in 1962 and a suicide attempt in 1963 because of an unhappy love-affair. It is true that in 1963, after the suicide attempt, I was subjected to a psychiatric examination for four days and the conclusion arrived at was that I was healthy and normal, and I was not put on the psychiatric register. But seven years later a more "careful" examination was made: lasting a whole half-hour!

I was excluded from the University for failing to pass examinations and documents about this are in the keeping of the dean's office. Every

year 10 to 15 people are excluded—are they all schizophrenics? My suicide attempt was a pretense: it was made with the aim of arousing sympathy in the object of my unrequited love.

At the psychiatric examination I was given a lesson on "morals", as it was declared that in a relationship with a girl he was fond of, if a man did not have, and achieve, a certain aim—the reader will guess which—he was not normal. Other vulgar and dirty remarks were made which I will not repeat.

What can the psychiatrists say to society to prove my madness? And, I wonder, will society say anything about me? Will those who for me have always been the ideal of honor and courage, the writer Solzhenitsyn and Academician Sakharov, say anything?

In the composition "Spiritual Liberation and Russia" I expressed the following ideas: as Russian culture is alien not only to representatives of other nations in the USSR but also to "Huns", i.e. those who have lost their nationality although they were Russians by birth—Russia ought to be separated from the USSR as an independent state. Again: the basis of every kind of repression is spiritual repression. If the Soviet people agrees to live in conditions of unfreedom, it is spiritually repressed. Again: people usually talking of freedom in general and chattering about the attainability or unattainability of absolute freedom deflect attention from the essential. There exist completely real freedoms and in the West they have been attained: freedom of expression, and freedom for political activity. But the principal freedom is spiritual freedom, and that is absolutely attainable. Another essential freedom is national freedom.

The Russian spirit is a kind of spiritual reality, which should be the foundation for creating a free Russian state—and a state governed by the Russian spirit. The doctrine of spiritual freedom and of a state governed by the Russian spirit make up the greater part of my essay. These are ideas which I have never renounced and never will.

In Burgos, behind closed doors, a great trial of 16 Basques is taking place and the USSR is outraged. But at the same time in the USSR a great trial is taking place of 11 Jews, guilty only of wanting to go to Israel. Why is the Soviet people silent?

In America, Angela Davis is under arrest. The whole world knows about her fate, she has barristers defending her, protests are made on her behalf. But I am deprived of any rights, I have not once met the defending counsel, I was not present at my trial, I have no right to make a complaint, I have no right to go on hunger-strike. I myself have seen protesting political prisoners in mental hospitals who refuse to take food or "medicine" tied up, given injections of sulfur, after which a person is motionless, and I have seen them forcibly fed and given "treatment".

A certain V. Borisov has been protesting for two years; he is "treated" with aminazine, as a result of which a person loses his individuality, his mind is dulled, his emotions destroyed, his memory lost. But the most terrible thing is that, as a result of the treatment, all the subtle distinctiveness of a person is wiped away. It is death for creativeness. Those who take aminazine cannot even read after taking it. Intellectually they become more and more uncouth and primitive.

Although I am afraid of death, let them shoot me rather than this. How loathsome, how sickening is the very thought that they will defile and crush my soul! Just imagine an innocent and pure girl being put

in a cell and told "Wait. Soon someone will come and rape you". What would she feel? But it would be only her body they would defile, while with me it is my soul.

I appeal to believers. Here N. I. Broslavsky, a believer, suffered for more than 25 years. And Timonin, whose only crime was that he poured ink into the ballot-box. They mock Timonin's religious feelings, and demand that he give up his faith, otherwise they will not release him. Christians! Your brothers in Christ are suffering. Intercede for my soul! Not for my body: it is my soul they want to crucify—let them, rather, crucify my body. Christians! Do not allow a healthy person to be given a substance which destroys his soul.

It is impossible to disprove that I am mad, because no one has proved, nor will prove that I am mad. If according to Criminal Law the guilt of the accused must be proved in court in the presence of the accused and his defense, the decision of a psychiatric commission has to be proved to nobody and is not subject to appeal. Why, it was never even shown to me. The communists have invented a powerful means of dealing with those who think differently from themselves: not content with internment in prison hospitals, they are engaged in a terrible, criminal activity. They introduce various chemical substances into the organism of political prisoners with the object of suppressing their normal mental life and destroying their intellect. The statistics are gloomy—political prisoners are held, on average, for longer terms than murderers or rapists. I have met murderers who are here for the third time. That means it is not considered so dangerous to let out a murderer as someone who is a dissenter.

What proofs of my madness can the psychiatrist have? All my acquaintances bear witness that it never entered their heads that I was mad; but for the psychiatrists half an hour was enough to decide on it.

The man in the street will say: all lunatics consider themselves normal. Did he not say the same in answer to the cries of the millions of innocent people imprisoned in Stalin's days? But the time has come for rehabilitation, not posthumous but in their lifetime of marshals and ministers, writers and scholars, diplomats and engineers! The great scholar and academician Vavilov was destroyed. And no one dared to lift his voice to defend him. The KGB has the blood of millions on their hands—what can stop them? Every hour I am waiting, with terror, for them to come and tie me up in order to give me injections. Oh, fearful and unprecedented wickedness! I demand an objective examination! I demand an open trial.

If there are wise people among psychiatrists, let them study my case. The testimonies of witnesses are at their service, my works too (apart from those that are hidden within the walls of the KGB—but my examining psychiatrists did not read them either). It is true, the psychiatrists will not be able to talk to me; but did the psychiatrists appointed by the court talk with me either?

For the past seven years of my life I have lived quietly; I completed my studies at the university, got married, was working and bringing up my son, was writing a dissertation. And—I am obliged to blow my own trumpet—I was popular with the students, was well regarded by my superiors and colleagues. In short, the psychiatrists will not be able to point out, in these years, a single oddity in my behavior. Three ignorant psychiatrists, without any knowledge of philosophy, make

judgments on the complexities of my philosophical constructions—perhaps they could pass judgment on Einstein and contemporary physics, and also point to some "crazy ideas"?

In prison I had already renounced all my views, but they still intend to "treat" me. After my "treatment," I have been told, I will be able to work even as a bookkeeper, but I will be incapable of creative work. They are about to take away not my life, but more—my soul. Did the Fascist regime in Germany practice the "treatment" of healthy people with the object to turning them into submissive cattle?

Political prisoners, placed in lunatic asylums are deprived of all rights, and they find themselves amongst madmen and murderers. Everything I write is checked, every five minutes a warder looks through the peephole in the door. There is one [political prisoner] who has been here since 1952. Another—N. I. Broslavsky—as I said, has been here for 25 years 4 months. A group of seven people, amongst whom was Chepula, has been imprisoned in its entirety in the mental hospital. Will this shock the Soviet public? Feinberg, participating in the demonstration of August 1968, is kept in isolation. Soviet vivisectionists have brought along the ax—the fatal moment is at hand.

It is not probable that my voice will be heard again in the world. If they shot the great poet Gumiley. If they destroyed in prison Vavilov, an academician and scholar known throughout the world—just a flicker of the eyelashes of the KGB will be enough for me. Chernishov, to disappear—I am not great and I am not well known. Unless some milkmaid sends curses in my direction from a rostrum.

I am afraid of death, but I will accept it. I am terribly afraid of torture. But there is a worse torture, and it is waiting for me; the interference of chemical substances with my brain. The vivisectionists, the cannibals of the XXth century, who claim to know their fellowmen—know them only to devour them—will not hesitate to seize my soul; perhaps I will remain alive, but after this I shall not be able to compose a single poem, and I will not be able to think. Can one imagine anything worse? Our radiant humanitarian communist society has appropriated the right to destroy the souls of dissenters with the help of chemical substances. Whether I am silent or not—the same fate awaits me. The decision to give "treatment" has already been announced to me. Farewell.

VASSILY IVANOVICH CHERNISHOV.

JANUARY, 1971.

NOTE.—The "treatment" of Vladimir Vassilyevich Popov, which is mentioned in Chernishov's appeal, has already begun. The diagnosis is the same: chronic schizophrenia of paranoid type. The doctor suggested to his wife that documents should be made out to show the disablement of her husband, telling her at the same time that after his discharge Popov would have to be transferred to another qualificatory grade, as, after "treatment," he would not be able to work as an architect.

APPENDIX XII—
THE CASE OF VLADIMIR GERSHUNI

Oryol prison-hospital in which Vladimir Gershuni is confined

(Translated from *Samidzat* by *The Bell*, Birmingham, England)

Vladimir Gershuni Writes From the Special Psychiatric Hospital in Oryol

Vladimir Gershuni is a 40 year old worker. In 1949 he joined a small Leninist youth group, was arrested and sent for ten years to the same camp where Alexander Solzhenitsyn was held. In October, 1969, Vladimir Gershuni was arrested once more, and after several months of imprisonment and examinations, including a "forensic medical team" from the Serbsky Institute and an "ideological diagnostic team", was found to suffer from "chronic schizophrenia". The evidence consisted of 20 copies of a leaflet found in his flat about Major-General Grigorenko published in Paris. After 8 months in the Butyrka prison he was sent to the hospital in Oryol.

"March 9: It has been announced that letters can be sent off only twice a month. This is just the same as in Butyrka prison. On the 27th of February the latest party of prisoners arrived from Butyrka, the cells are full—before there were 7, now 8 people to a 16 by 17 meter cell—that is, 2 square meters per patient. This is all intentional. There is no room to move. One is allowed to go along the corridor, but only if it's absolutely necessary—to the toilet, to get items of food from the nurse, or to smoke in the toilet. The toilet here is a cess-pit: four holes in the ground and two taps for 54 people, very reminiscent of station lavoratories in the worst sense of the word. Less than half of all patients work at weaving and making nets. This is a type of work which is far from dynamic. The exercise period amounts to an hour in tiny exercise yards far smaller than in Butyrka. There isn't a single locker in the cells, you can only write by squatting beside your bed on the floor. The light is poor.

"March 10: We were warned that pencils and fountain pens would be taken away and that they would only be issued if this was absolutely necessary—to write letters, that is, just as in the case of Pyotr Grigorenko. A smooth routine is gradually 'being established' and will be like the routine in Chernyakhovsk, but even harsher, in the best traditions of the Central Prison at Oryol.

"What of the medical treatment? Any phrase spoken incautiously to a doctor or nurse can serve as a pretext for a series of aminazin injections. Sometimes these injections are prescribed without any pretext, simply because of some doctor's whim. The head of the medical department is an oculist. Another doctor is an ear-nose and throat specialist, a third is a therapeutist. As far as I can see the Head of the hospital. Lt.-Colonel Barishnikov, is himself supremely qualified to become a patient in a psychiatric hospital. It is by sheer and absurd chance that he is in charge of the hospital, for before we came, he headed a sanatorium for tubercular patients—in fact, in the very same building. By training this Lt.-Colonel is a surgeon.

"When our party of prisoners arrived from Butyrka, all 60 of us were prescribed treatment, without undergoing any medical examination. For instance, they took my blood pressure, but the others were not given even that much attention. Almost all of those who arrived were given aminazin, both orally and by injection. No one showed any interest in either a patient's heart or his liver or anything that was wrong with him, if these had no bearing on psychiatry. Only two ar-

rivals, whose clear allergy to aminazin had been established at the Serbsky Institute, were saved from the injections. One had serious liver trouble—the result of injuries sustained at Butyrka. Because of these injuries, he had had to be operated upon—they took him to the Sklifosovsky Institute on the morning of March 11.

"March 11, morning: During rounds, just by way of an experiment, I complained about feeling poorly after taking haloperidol, and asked that the dose be reduced. This led to my being prescribed even more aminazin than I was already receiving. The head physician, Evgeni Vladimirovich Kozich, the oculist I have referred to already, being in charge of my case, made this decision. During a hunger strike in January (I had been given aminazin since my arrival), I felt steadily worse and worse, and after making a complaint, I began to get aminazin injections in the maximum dose, or very close to it (approximately 6 cc). I couldn't sleep at all, yet the same dose was administered to me for twelve days in a row, until they became convinced that I was still not sleeping, and that the injections had not made me give up my hunger strike. I was given two injections a day, from the 7th to the 18th of January, and from the 19th of January onwards I have been given two tablets of haloperidol twice daily, that is 4 tablets in all (and Kozich assures me that this will go on for a long time). This medicine makes me feel more awful than anything I have experienced before; you no sooner lie down than you want to get up, you no sooner take a step than you're longing to sit down, and if you sit down, you want to walk again—and there's nowhere to walk. By the way, I'm not the only one who's had this sort of thing happen to him.

"Everybody here has their life made miserable by triftazin (trifluoperazine/stelazine), aminazin, and other powerful drugs. The doctor who used to be in charge of my case, Leonid Timofeyevich Petrov, and who saw Galanskov in Moscow (I think in Kashchenko Hospital), said to me in an attempt to justify the use of aminazin, that the vast number of new arrivals made it difficult to ascertain what was the matter with each one of them, and that because of that errors occurred—in my case, the prescription of aminazin. Just now, during his round, Kozich assured me that everything was being done properly, and there were no doctors who'd wish to harm their patients. 'I haven't met any doctors like that,' he said, 'I've only read about them.' And so once again I am prescribed aminazin. There you have it: the defenselessness of a prisoner in a special hospital, totally at the mercy of a doctor's whim, constantly in danger of being prescribed some new medicine or injections, whenever the doctor takes exception to some remark or glance of his. What has happened today has convinced me that if one complains that a medicine has an adverse effect, one will earn oneself either an increased dose of the same medicine, or an extra prescription of a new one. This has happened often enough.

"From 7 to 8:30 in the evenings, we are allowed to use the dining-room: we can write letters, or play dominoes and chess. The bedlam is indescribable. Your head feels as if it's about to burst. The letters you write in this atmosphere are horrible: just compare my letters that I wrote in Butyrka with the ones I sent from here, and you will realize the sort of life I lead here, and the effects of drugs prescribed in a completely haphazard fashion.

We only have an hour's exercise (we had two in Butyrka); the exercise yards are so cramped and crowded that it makes your head swim once more. Today, when Kozich heard my warnings that he would have to answer for the patients being treated in an arbitrary and unceremonious manner, he threatened to put me in a cell with severely disturbed patients; I have already savored the pleasure of such neighbors, and at some length at that—for more than a month, in fact. This happened just at the time when they were giving me injections in order to make me stop my hunger strike, but they didn't succeed, although sharing a cell with severely disturbed patients and having injections into the bargain is more than one can put into words. I finished my hunger strike at the very end of January, when I was told that I would not be allowed any visits.

"My teeth are firm again, but one is still a little loose—and that's two months later. If you have any doubts over what brought about this clash, I'll describe it in greater detail. January 17th was a Sunday. After my injection, I wasn't allowed to take exercise as the warden did not wish to take the responsibility for anything that might happen to me during my exercise period (my hunger strike scared him). Fairly calmly, I demanded the period of exercise due to a prisoner and tried to join those who were being led outside. They grabbed me, twisted my arms behind my back, forced me back into the cell, and in the doorway the exercise warden dealt me a blow on the jaw. My gums were rather tender; after all, this was the 42nd day of my hunger strike. Blood gushed forth. Once I had been locked up again, I broke the small pane of glass in the door, shoved my hand through the opening, drew back the bolt, ran out with a piece of glass still sticking in my hand, so as to settle accounts with the Chekist [secret policeman]. But he managed to nip out onto the staircase, and slam the door.

His name is Ivan Ivanovich—I didn't succeed in learning his surname. He still works in the same job—he hasn't even been transferred to a different part of the prison! As for the official record of the 'tooth' incident it states that this occurred when I, in a fit of insanity, smashed the pane of glass with my head, cutting my mouth and breaking my jaw at the same time. A lot of people in the hospital have trouble with their teeth, but they are not taken to the dentist. They're given pain killers, and advised to take more care in eating.

"Those overcrowded cells are mockingly referred to as 'the little wards' and anyone who calls them 'cells' is threatened with punishment. Tender diminutives are coming into fashion; one talks of 'a little bit of aminazin', and so on. There you are: the Yudushka Golovlev syndrome. Here we joke about these things: a 'baby dungeon', 'teeny-weeny injections' . . .

"Friday, March 19: For my birthday, there were heaps of letters. I was overwhelmed with joy. Only getting letters and reading (and it's not easy to read here) make one feel really good. The rest of the time: depression, complete exhaustion. More and more noticeably I'm losing my memory.

"The story of Victor Prikhodko, who was born in 1936, is also not without interest. He was a gifted lad, who could even reel off Dostoyevsky's family tree, a dancer, singer, tremendously alive and alert (in July he was in the next cell to me). He used to entertain Ira

Lavrenteva and Natasha Gorbanevskaya by singing at their window—and he sang superbly. Before he was arrested, he had worked as a driver. In September, he was hauled off to the Butyrka hospital, where he had massive doses of aminazin and God knows what else pumped into him. And so it happened that one day he woke up—but not completely, and thereafter he remained in this half-awake state—his head on one side, his speech languid and indistinct, his eyes glazed. He sank into apathy, and all his reactions slowed down. Only now, since he's been taken off medicines, has he begun to come to himself. He was thus canceled out for five whole months. Hail to Soviet 'special psychiatry'!

"I kiss you all."

APPENDIX XIII—

SUMMARIES FROM "SAMIZDAT"

Some Other Cases of Intellectual Dissidents Confined in Mental Institutions

LEONID IVANOVICH PLYUSHCH

L. I. Plyushch is a mathematician, and a member of the Action Group for the Defense of Human Rights in the USSR. On January 14, 1972 his apartment was searched by the KGB and Plyushch was arrested. The police have confiscated all his manuscripts and the *Samizdat* materials found in his possession. On January 17, 1972, L. Plyushch's wife was informed that charges had been preferred against her husband under Art. 62 of the Criminal Code of the Ukrainian SSR (corresponding to Art. 70 of the RSFSR Criminal Code).

L. I. Plyushch was born in 1939. His father was killed in action during World War II. In his youth Plyushch suffered from bone TB, was hospitalized for 5 years, and remained an invalid for the rest of his life. Having graduated with a gold medal from high school, L. Plyushch entered the School of Physics and Mathematics of the Odessa University. His graduate work he accomplished at the Kiev University School of Mechanics and Mathematics. Until 1968 he worked at the Institute of Cybernetics of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences. He specialized in bio- and psychocybernetics. L. Plyushch is the author of three scientific studies.

He was fired from the Institute in 1968 for having signed a collective letter in defense of Y. Galanskov and A. Ginzburg. On this occasion the Institute's Director said about Plyushch that "he was behaving like Dubchek!"

In search of means of subsistence Plyushch—father of two small children—had applied for employment to more than 20 enterprises and organizations, declaring his willingness to accept any kind of work. All these attempts were unsuccessful.

The state employment agency assigned him the job of furnace attendant at the barracks of a military unit, but the commanding officer refused to accept him as an invalid. Finally Plyushch obtained employment in a printing shop as stitcher, but was later dismissed for having signed a petition addressed to the UN by the Action Group. Until his arrest Plyushch was unemployed.

In May 1972 he was sent to Moscow for a psychiatric examination. There are reasons to believe that the diagnosis was already formulated beforehand. During the investigation the officer conducting it declared to one of the witnesses: "Plyushch is just as crazy as Grigorenko". In February an official of the KGB, named Sur, told another witness, F. A. Didenko, that the KGB has received a letter from Plyushch's

mother in which she referred to certain "oddities" of her son. However, she had never sent such a letter.

On June 4, 1972, L. Plyushch's wife, T. I. Zhitnikova, has submitted a complaint to the Procurator of the Ukrainian SSR in which she vigorously protested against the improper way in which her husband's case was handled.

Sources: Chronicle of Current Events, Nos. 24 & 26.

VLADIMIR ILYICH TRIFONOV

V. I. Trifonov was born in 1938 in the Kalinin oblast' (province). In 1966 he studied at the Kalinin Pedagogical Institute majoring in physics. As a student he often argued with the professors of the Political Economic Department. Finally he was sent to the Kalinin Medical Institute for a psychiatric examination. The examination lasted 5 minutes. The questioning was conducted by the Institute's chief psychiatrist Dr. Viktor M. Shpak. On the basis of Shpak's diagnosis Trifonov was expelled from the Institute. In March 1968 for "anti-Soviet statements" he was arrested. Half a year later he was sent to the Leningrad Special Psychiatric Hospital, where he remains to this date.

The address of his mother is: Vera I. Trifonova, Kalininskaya oblast', Ostashkovskiy rayon, Shirkovskoye p/o, der. Orlinka.

ANATOLIY DIMITRIYEVICH PONOMAREV

A. D. Ponomarev was born in 1933 in Leningrad. He worked as an engineer in the Leningrad branch of the All-Union Research Institute for the Development of Medical Equipment. In October 1970 he was arrested and accused (under Art. 190–1 of the RSFSR Criminal Code) of distributing his own satirical verses and reproducing A. Solzhenitsyn's letter to the Congress of the Union of Soviet Writers. The Forensic Psychiatric Commission, which examined him in the 2d Psychiatric Hospital at Pryrazhaka, proclaimed him insane. On January 29, 1971, the Leningrad City Court committed him for compulsory treatment to the Leningrad Special Psychiatric Hospital. He remains in this hospital since March 11, 1971.

The address of his family is: Lesnoy prospekt 34/36, kv. 125, Leningrad.

ANATOLIY FEDOROVICH CHINNOV

A. F. Chinnov was born in 1938. In 1967 he graduated from the Leningrad University School of Chemistry. In December 1968 he was arrested while attempting to cross the USSR state border. In early 1969 a psychiatric board found him mentally deranged. At the end of 1969 he was subjected to a second examination at the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow. Diagnosis: schizophrenia. At the present time he is incarcerated at the Leningrad Special Psychiatric Hospital.

The address of his brother is: Valeriy F. Chinnov, Mayakovskogo 2, kv 27, Moskva, D–4.

The address of his sister: Raisa F. Chinnova, 15-aya lininya 68, kv. 9, Leningrad, B–43.

YURI SERGEYEVICH BELOV

On the basis of Art. 70, cl. 2, of the RSFSR Criminal Code Yu S. Belov was sentenced to 5 years of hard labor in a concentration camp of special regime. First he served in Camp 10 1/p in Mordovia, and later was transferred to the prison for strict punishment in Vladimir. In the fall of 1971 proceedings were instituted against him for the third time, again on the basis of Art. 70 for "internal agitation" (conducting propaganda within the camp).

From December 1971 until February 1972 he was held at the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry for observation, and pronounced insane. He was returned to the Vladimir jail and transferred from there in May 1972 to the Special Psychiatric Hospital in Sychevka (Smolenskaya oblast).

VLADIMIR SHLESHNEV

In 1971 V. Shleshnev was put on trial in a Moscow court. He was charged under Art. 64 (high treason) and Art. 15 (preparation to commit a crime and attempt to commit a crime) of the RSFSR Criminal Code. The "attempt" and "high treason" in fact consisted in his effort to illegally cross the Soviet border. The court committed Shleshnev to compulsory treatment in the Kanzan′ Special Psychiatric Hospital.

BORIS AND GALINA YEVDOKIMOV

On June 14, 1972, the Soviet news agency TASS announced that a trial was held in Leningrad of Boris and Galina Yevdokimov. In fact, however, only Galina was present at the trial. Her husband—who was declared unfit to stand trial—was sentenced in absentia.

Boris Yevdokimov, 49, is a journalist. He and his wife were charged under Art. 70 of the RSFSR Criminal Code. The indictment, among other things, stated that Boris was guilty of publishing his writings in the Russian-language magazine Possev, which is printed in West Germany.

The Psychiatric Commission of the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow found him of unsound mind.

At the trial, Galina Yevdokimov was given a 3 years suspended sentence and released on parole for a period of 5 years. Boris Yevdokimov was committed to the Leningrad Special Psychiatric Hospital for compulsory treatment.

At the hospital Boris Yevdokimov went on a hunger strike in protest against the inhuman treatment he was exposed to there.

VYACHESLAV DZIBALOV AND FRIENDS

In March 1971, seven persons were arrested in Leningrad: Vyacheslav Dzibalov (senior engineer at the Institute of Mechanical Treatment of Metals), Sergey Sergeyev, Andrey Kozlov, Maria S. Musienko, the brothers Ivan and Sergey Purtov. The name of the seventh defendant is unknown. All seven were charged under Art. 70 of the RSFSR Criminal Code. The actual contents of the indictment is unknown. Known only is the fact that the defendants allegedly professed the following "credo": "our society is sick; it must be helped to regain health; Lenin's policies must be reinstated in order to build Communism".

In January 1972 the seven were brought to trial. The details of the proceedings are still unknown. Established, though, was the fact that four of the accused were committed to psychiatric hospitals, and the remaining three were sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment.

Source: Chronicle of Current Events, No. 26.

Appendix XIV—Psychiatric Hospital-Prisons in the Soviet Union

(Translated from *Samizdat* by *The Bell*, Birmingham, England)

During these past few years there has been a disturbing increase of information coming from the Soviet Union on the Soviet practice of confining perfectly normal people in psychiatric hospital-prisons, as a form of reprisal against their political dissent.

One of the first documents to reach the West was the much talked-of book by Valery Tarsis "*Ward 7*", published in 1965, in which the author described his personal experiences during his confinement in the Kashchenko Psychiatric Hospital.

News of more frequent cases started to arrive after a series of trials which began with the trial of the four—Yu. Galanskov, A. Ginzburg, A. Dobrovolsky and V. Lashkova. Following a wave of protest in 1967–68, the mathematician A. Yesenin-Volpin and the poet Nataliya Gorbanevskaya were arrested and forcibly interned in mental homes. However, after a firm protest by many well-known scientists, including the mathematicians Kolmogorov and Alexandrov, they were both released.

Towards the end of 1968 and beginning of 1969, this method of reprisal started to acquire a more widespread form.

In their appeal to the United Nations Human Rights Commission, dated May 1969, the Action Group for the Defence of Civil Rights wrote, among other things: "We also would like to draw your attention to the extremely inhuman form of reprisal of placing normal people in psychiatric hospitals for their political convictions."

In 1970, in his interview with the American journalist William Cole (reproduced in this issue), Vladimir Bukovsky vividly described his experiences during his confinement in mental hospital-prisons. At the beginning of this year Bukovsky sent to the West a large quantity of important doumentation which he had collected, together with an appeal to Western psychiatrists to study and pronounce their opinion of the cases there described.

On March 10, 1971, the International Committee for Human Rights in Paris gave this documentation to the Press. It was also forwarded to well-known psychiatrists, whom Bukovsky asked to put this question on the agenda of the next International Congress of Psychiatry.

The psychiatric section of the British Columbia Medical Association (Canada) under the chairmanship of Dr. Norman Hirt was first to respond to Bukovsky's appeal. A resolution was issued strongly condemning the Soviet practice of incarcerating political and civil rights protesters in mental asylums, stating that there was now much evidence of the abuse of psychiatric hospitals in the Soviet Union. Other medical associations were asked to join in the protest.

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On April 2 the Swedish radio broadcast a program in which Dr. Goedfrits from the Eastern Hospital in Malmo gave the following comments:

"I have read several diagnoses of the cases, which have been brought out from Russia. Firstly, I am amazed that many of the patients are treated in the special forensic psychiatric clinic—the Serbsky Institute. In one of the cases it was directly stated that the patient had been transferred to Serbsky because he was a 'specially important case'. It is amazing that some of the patients had been previous examined in, so to speak, ordinary psychiatric hospitals and had been found to have no serious ailment. In one case the patient was even judged to be completely healthy. Then they were transferred to this special forensic-psychiatric clinic and in a new examination, the first diagnoses were replaced by others, and in all cases it was decided that a forcible confinement in a special hospital was necessary. If we look at the diagnoses given to the patients we see that the poet Gorbanevskaya, who distributed leaflets in Moscow's Red Square, is described as suffering from a "chronic psychiatric ailment in the form of schizophrenia'. In reading the history of the case one does not find any symptoms to confirm this diagnosis."

Dr. Goedfrits continues his analysis with the cases of General Grigorenko and Ivan Yakhimovich. In the history of their cases they are described as "persons with a highly developed sense of justice, intelligent and stubborn". Their diagnoses are totally unjustified.

We probably all remember that unique document, General Grigorenko's diary, in which he described all the experiments and mockeries to which he was subjected by sadist "doctors". This document was remarkably well interpreted by the television documentary "The Man Who Wouldn't Keep Quiet" (Granada production in Britain).

On May 5 a representative of the International Committee for Human Rights (Paris) presented the documents collected by Bukovsky to the American Psychiatric Association in Washington. His appeal to the association to engage itself with this tragic problem got a sympathetic response. All the psychiatrists present (including a representative from Yugoslavia) strongly protested against this phenomenon and urge others to struggle against it.

We are therefore dedicating this issue of *The Bell* entirely to psychiatric hospital-prisons in the USSR. We have tried to bring together some of the more important documents on this matter, which have not appeared in previous issues, or which were only mentioned.

In issuing this number, we appeal to all people of good will to distribute these documents widely and do whatever is possible to help stop this anti-human practice. In the words of Mrs. Zinaida Grigorenko: "I appeal to all democratic organizations which defend the rights of man and to all free citizens of the world! Help save my husband! The freedom of each is the freedom of all!"

Psychiatric Prison-Hospitals, Perpetrators and Victims

PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITALS OF SPECIAL TYPE (PHST)

These hospitals are intended only for compulsory treatment in conditions of strict surveillance.

PHST in Kazan—existed before the Second World War. Postal address: Kazan-82, p/b UE 148.

PHST in Sychyovka—Smolensk region, opened immediately after the war.

PHST in Leningrad—opened in 1965 on Arsenalnaya Street.

PHST in Chernyakhovsk (*ex-Insterburg in Eastern Prussia*—opened in 1965. Postal address: Kaliningrad region, Cheryakhovsk-216.

PHST in Minsk—opened in 1966.

PHST in Dnepropetrovsk—opened in 1968.

PHST in Oryol—opened at the end of 1970 (Razgradskaya Street 3). Postal address: IZ 55/1 "a."

PHST in Blagoveshchensk—Amurskaya region in the Far East, opened in 1972.

PHST in Kzyl-Orda (Kazakhstan)—opened in 1972.

Special Psychiatric Sanatorium in the Poltava and Kiev districts. Political opponents of the regime are sent there, but what makes them different from the PHST is not known.

GENERAL PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITALS (PH)

Apart from catering for the needs of the population of that town or district, these hospitals have special departments for compulsory treatment under surveillance.

Moscow

Kashchenko PH—Psychiatric Town Clinic No. 1, Kashchenko—Zagorodnoe Road 2.

"*Seaman's Silence* ("*Matrosskaya Tishina*"): Psychiatric Town Clinic No. 3, Matrosskaya Tishina Street, 20.

Gannuskin PH—Psychiatric Town Clinic No. 4, Gannushkin—Poteshnaya St., 3.

"*Stolby*": Psychiatric Town Clinic No. 5—Stantsia Stolbovaya Moscow railway station, s. Troitsa (from Kursk station)—about 70 km. from Moscow.

S. S. Korsakov Psychiatric Clinic—Rossolimo Street, 11.

The Serbsky Central Research Institute of Forensic Psychiatry—Kropotkinsky per., 23.

Leningrad

The Skvortsov-Stepanov Hospital. Hospital of Psycho-neurology No. 3—Fermskoye Chaussee, 36.

Psycho-neurological Hospital No. 5.—Academician Lebedev St., 39.

The Bekhterev Research Institute of Psychoneurology Minzdrava RSFSR—Bekhterev St., 3.

Psycho-neurological Hospital No. 2—nab. r. Moiskij, 126.

Psycho-neurological Hospital No. 4—Ligovsky pr., 128/71.

Riga

The Republican Psychiatric Hospital of the Latvian SSR—Aptekas St., 1 (before the Revolution it was a state hospital).

The Town Psychiatric Hospital of Riga in Sarkadaugav (Krasnodvinsky district of Riga). Before the Revolution it was Hospital on Red Hill; during the period of Latvia's independence it was the University Clinic; during the German occupation it was "Am Rotenberg". Found-

ed 120 years ago it was a model priviledged hospital for the German aristocracy.

Institutes of Psycho-neurology in Minzdrava USSR in Kharkov and Odessa.

PSYCHIATRISTS—EXECUTORS

Banshchinkov, V. M.—Professor, Director of the Korakov Psychiatric Clinic.

Belokopytov—Major, Head of the PHST in Chernyakhovsk.

Belyaev, Vladimir Pavlovich—Head Psychiatrist of Leningrad, Chief doctor of Psycho-neurological Hospital No. 4 and associate of the Bekhterev Institute.

Blinov—Colonel, Head of the PHST in Leningrad.

Bobylev, Mikhail Ivanovich—psychiatrist, PHST in Chernyakhovsk.

Broverman, L. B.—psychiatrist, Skvortsov-Stepanov Hospital in Leningrad.

Brischke, A. A.—Chief Doctor of the Latvian Psycho-neurological Dispensary in Riga.

Bychkov, V. A.—Head Doctor of the PHST in Chernyakhovsk.

Krylov, L. N.—psychiatrist, associate of the Bekhterev Institute in Leningrad.

Krasnyiansky, O. A.—Head of the psychiatric department of the investigation center No. 1 in Riga.

Kuznetsova, Ekaterina Ivanova—psychiatrist, PHST in Leningrad.

Landau, Yakov Lazarevich—psychiatrist, Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry.

Lingure, L. A.—psychiatrist in Riga.

Lunts, Daniil Romanovich—professor, Head of the Diagnosis Department of the Serbsky Institute, Colonel of the KGB.

Maltseva, Maya Mikhailovna—junior assistant, Serbsky Institute.

Markis, L. A.—Deputy Head of the Latvian Psychiatric Hospital in Riga.

Marynenko—associate of the Serbsky Institute.

Maslyayeva—Deputy Head of the Kashchenko Psychiatric Hospital.

Morozov, Victor Mikhailovich—member of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, associate of the Serbsky Institute.

Morozov, Georgy Vasilievich—member of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the USSR, Director of the Serbsky Institute.

Morkovin, V. M.—Head Doctor of the Kashchenko Institute.

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Rusinova, Z. G.—Head Doctor of the Latvian PH in Riga.

Shafran, Herman Leonidovich—Head of Department 4 of the Kashchenko PH.

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Sluchevsky, F. I.—Head Doctor of the Skvortsov-Stepanov PH in Leningrad, associate of the Bekhterev Institute.

Svetlanova, N. K.—psychiatrist, Skvortsov-Stepanov PH in Leningrad.

Tabanova—psychiatrist, Serbsky Institute.

Taltse—psychiatrist, Serbsky Institute.

Telnyakovsky, L. N.—psychiatrist, associate of the Bekhterev Institute in Leningrad.

Timofyev, Nikolai Nikolaevich—Head Surgeon of the Red Army during the war. Head of the Psychiatric Department at the Bekhterev Institute in Leningrad, pensioner.

Turova, Zinaida Gavrilovna—senior assistant at the Serbsky Institute.

Vittenberg, Z. R.—psychiatrist, Riga.

Warders—PHST in Leningrad—Davydov, Victor; Dymov; Ermak, Koretsky; Pshalin, Victor Yakimovich; Russky, Georgy; Sazhdaya, Robert; and "Slavik".

LISTS OF DRUGS USED IN THE SPECIAL KGB-RUN MENTAL HOSPITALS.—(BUKOVSKY DOCUMENTATION)

1. *Aminazin*—hydrochloride 2-chloro-10-(3-dimethyl-aminopropyl) of phenothiazine.

2. *Triphtazin-dihydrochloride* of 10-[3-(1-methyl-4-piperazinal)-propyl]-2-trifluoromethylphenothiazine.

3. *Haloparidol*—4°-fluoro-4-(1-[4 oxy-4-(4° chloro)-phenyl-piperidino] butyrophenone.

4. *Tizertsin*—3-methoxy-10-(2°-methyl-3°-dimethylaminopropyl) of phenothiazine.

5. *Melipramin*—hydrochloride N°-(γ-dimethylaminopropyl) of iminodibenzyl.

6. *Cyclodol*—hydrochloride 1-phenyl-1-cyclohexyl-3-N-piperidyl of propanol.

All references, instructions and directions point out complications and side effects which appear after therapy with derivatives of phenothiazine and butyrophenone (aminazin, haloperidol and their analogues): toxic inflammation of the liver, elevation of intraocular pressure, fluctuations of arterial pressure, increased tension and cramping of the muscles, headaches, malaise, depressive moods, dryness of the mouth.

Similar phenomena could be observed after therapy with melipramin and other derivatives of iminodibenzyl.

Cyclodol and its analogues are usually employed in treatment of muscular disorders, which appear after therapy with aminazin, haloperidol and other drugs of this group.

Sulfrazin—1% sterile solution of purified sulfur in peach oil—after intramuscular injection produces a sharp rise in temperature, high feverish state. Its use is only justified in certain difficult cases of schizophrenia and progressive paralysis.

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Possev-Verlag, of Frankfurt, Germany, has granted permission to the Subcommittee to reprint translations from the original Russian of four documents to which it holds world copyright. These documents, which are parts of the larger documentation smuggled out to the West by Vladimir Bukovsky, are: (1.) General Grigorenko's Diary; (2.) Free Medical Help (Excerpts from Letters and Statement of Nataliya Gorbanevskaya); (3.) Crime and Punishment by Mikhail Naritsa; and (4.) Notes from the Red House by G. M. Shimanov.

INDEX

(NOTE.—The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee attaches no significance to the mere fact of the appearance of the name of an individual or organization in this index.)

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