

The Union of Councils for Soviet Jews

SPECIAL OLYMPICS EDITION

The Olympics are over. As governments and newspapers debate the success of the boycott and the future of the Olympics, we look back over the past weeks and see that Soviet Jews were affected much as we had anticipated: Visas dried up and Jews fled or were pushed out of Olympic cities. Journalists and tourists who had expected to visit Soviet Jews were generally disappointed.

And while the Soviets were celebrating international fellowship - -

* Vladimir Kislik was put in ward 6 (for especially dangerous patients) of Pavlov Mental Hospital in Kiev. Reports say that he suffered a heart attack.

* The wife of P.O.C. Alexei Murzhenko was told to be quiet during the Olympics or she would "end up where Kislik is."

* Alexander Magidovich was reportedly interned at Serbsky Institute, a Moscow mental institution.

* Refusenik Grigory Geishus was charged with "evasion of military service," although he had already reported for duty. His trial is set for August 9.

With our information network in the Soviet Union still scattered, it is impossible to give a reliable update on the new prisoners, or to know what is happening to those few who dared to speak out during the Olympics. Instead, we are reprinting some of the more interesting articles which appeared in the press during the Olympics. They give a sense of the atmosphere, in Moscow, if not the details of the situation of the refusenik community.

A final comment to those who said that "those jocks who cover the Olympics" are insensitive to the plight of Soviet Jews: We think that Pete Axthelm's column in Newsweek, reprinted on page 3, is a model of perceptive, sensitive writing.

ANNUAL MEETING

This year's expanded UCSJ Annual Meeting, September 5 - 8, will be an exciting opportunity for Soviet Jewry activists to learn, share ideas and get recharged for the new year. The meeting, to be held at the Sheraton Washington Hotel in Washington, D.C., will begin Friday evening at 7:30 p.m. and continue through 12:30 p.m. Monday. The schedule will include sessions on U.S. - Soviet Relations, The Abuse of Psychiatry in the Soviet Union, Human Rights at the Madrid Conference, and The Future of a Jewish Movement in the Soviet Union.

A special Tribute for Congressman Robert Drinan to recognize his extensive work on behalf of Soviet Jews will be held on Monday, September 8 at the House of Representatives. Following the Tribute there will be a reception in the Cannon House Office Building. Senators and Representatives representing the districts of the UCSJ Councils will be invited to attend.

See the back page of the Alert for registration information.



A case of Red tape and endless tomorrows

By JOHN POWERS



The word was *zavtra* and I heard it every day for two weeks. *Zavtra* means tomorrow in Russian ... and tomorrow ... and tomorrow. The Soviets could have told Shakespeare all about creeping in a petty pace from day to day. "We have nothing for you today," the voice at their Washington embassy told me every afternoon at four. "Call back tomorrow. Yes. Tomorrow."

Zavtra.

All I wanted was to go to Moscow and cover what was left of the Games of the XXII Olympiad. I was sure Americans wanted to read all about the Senegal-Brazil basketball shootout and how a Scot became the world's fastest human.

My passport was in order. All I needed was the visa. I'd been scrutinized, approved and stamped by the US Olympic Committee. I was booked on Sabena flight 548 leaving Kennedy at 9 p.m. July 13 and connecting through Brussels for Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport. I'd bought new jeans, a new pair of Nike running shoes and an extra stick of spice deodorant and stuffed them all into a seasoned green duffel from Central War Surplus.

I'd mown the lawn, killed an extra three weeks' worth of gypsy moths, collected all my background notes on the modern pentathlon and spent one whole evening re-memorizing the Russian words for fruits and vegetables. *Ananas. Apelsin. Arbus.* "Goodbye," my wife had told me.

I'm still here. My wife has now said goodbye to me four times. I've missed at least one flight

on every airline that goes anywhere near Moscow. I've blown the IOC meetings, the opening ceremonies, the entire gymnastics and swimming programs, the Italian gay rights demonstrator and the food fight in the Olympic Village cafeteria.

I do not hold out much hope of seeing the 50km walk, the repechage of the women's K-1 500-meter kayak event or the Indians fall off their horses in the Grand Prix team dressage. The Games end Sunday, and my visa will probably not come through until the day after *zavtra*.

The visa is typed and ready, they tell me. It's sitting on a shelf in the consular division

of the Soviet embassy. What I need is clearance from the Moscow Olympic Organizing Committee a.k.a. MOOC, certifying that I am a legitimate member of the international sporting press whose Papers Are In Order.

They believed me last summer when I dropped by for the Spartakiade, the Russians' own Olympic dress rehearsal. They had a complete dossier for me in the accreditation room at the Hotel Ukraina, all clipped together and neatly filed. I could take the Metro, buy soda water from the public dispensers in Red Square, get circus tickets, talk to the People. I could even poke harmless fun at Uncle Lenin.

All of this, of course, was before the *Amerikanskiy boykot*. Relations seemed to chill, as they say, after that. Still the IOC insisted that we were welcome, Jimmy Carter had no objections, and the MOOC even forwarded the necessary forms. Fashionably late, of course, which is where my tangle begins.

There were a number of forms, actually. One ran a dozen pages and went as far as demanding personal preferences — would I rather watch greco-roman wrestling or team handball? Would I be using a typewriter? English, Greek or Cyrillic keyboard?

But the crucial form, to hear *them* tell it, anyway, was a temporary ID card that came in halves. The MOOC was supposed to send it to the USOC, which was supposed to send it to me, who was supposed to send it back to the USOC, which was supposed to send it to the MOOC.

All this might have worked if the Russians hadn't delayed sending over the forms until 12 days before the deadline. Thus pressed for time the USOC pre-stamped them and sent them to the American journalists with instructions to mail them directly to Moscow.

Six weeks later some of us were told our forms had not arrived at all, and some of us (including me) were told that they had arrived very late. Too late. No forms, no clearance. No clearance, no visa. With-

out a visa, the travel agent said, don't even bother leaving Boston. This was Friday. The embassy was closed on weekends.

Monday morning I talked to Tanya at the embassy. She wouldn't give her last name because "it doesn't make any difference." There was no clearance, she said. Try again *zavtra*. Much better chance *zavtra*.

By Thursday we had a pleasant ritual going, Tanya and I. "Mr. Vinogradov, please," I'd begin.

"And who is cawling?" She had a British accent.

"John Powers from The Boston Globe. About my visa."

A long pause. "One moment." A longer pause, this time on hold. "Sorry. Nothing today."

Zavtra. We called Moscow, where the Associated Press was pleading the case. We sent telegrams to the Right People. The IOC Press Commission was said to be looking into it. Newsday, the Philadelphia Inquirer, the Washington Star, the Christian Science Monitor, the Jamestown (N.D.) Sun were all in the same morass. But myself and the Monitor's Larry Eldridge, we were told, were at the top of the list.

Then Eldridge's clearance came through the day before the opening ceremonies. Visas, word was, were "imminent." I told my wife goodbye and grabbed the shuttle for LaGuardia.

Zavtra, the embassy said.

I went to Washington on Saturday. The embassy was closed, but it was open. The Soviets are like that. Tom Callahan of the Star and I walked in and shook hands with a High Diplomatic Official. "I am sorry to say we have no news for you," he said, pleasantly enough.

"Maybe you shouldn't have punched out that Communist on the hotel steps last summer," I told Callahan on the way out.

And maybe I shouldn't have taken that refresher course in Russian. Maybe I shouldn't have snuck onto the team bus when the Russian figure skating team was staying in Wellesley last winter. They knew I wasn't really the tour guide. Or written that Vladimir Kovalev's flu was really a week-long bender. Maybe they were taking note all this time. Maybe it was all going on my summary record card Over There.

Or maybe they just didn't want that many Americans snooping around Olympic City with no Americans to cover. Maybe my application was in the pile they flushed down the toilet. "You're better off," my father told me. "They would have put you in the can over there. An international incident. Twenty years. No doubt in my mind."

Whatever. There is still time, although I have unpacked the duffel and my wife has decided we should shop for the full week. I am thinking now of Los Angeles and 1984 which is, after all, only the day after *zavtra*.

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A Card From a Refusenik

PETE AXTHELM

Mikhail Kremin was sitting at an oil-cloth-covered table in the small living room of his three-room apartment in a suburb of Moscow. On the walls around him, the display of Israeli postcards and calendars was punctuated by a child's magic slate—one of those clear plastic sheets that you can write upon and then erase by yanking it off its base. Such pads are not always for children. They are for people who want to communicate without being overheard. People such as Soviet Jews who know that their homes are bugged by the KGB.

Western journalists have often documented the private agony of men like Mikhail Kremin. But amid the glorious propaganda show of the Moscow Olympics, we should remind ourselves of their desperate plight. At his table, Kremin was addressing postcards intended for free-world sportsmen at the Games. Each was decorated with a snapshot of his wife and two sons and a plea for help in his six-year quest for the privilege of emigrating to Israel.

"Do you really think any of these will get through to the athletes?" he was asked.

"If the KGB intercepts all but one," he said with a shrug, "that one may just reach someone who will try to help me."

Desperation: Visiting with Kremin and his 15-year-old son, Sasha, I couldn't bring myself to tell him the awful truth about those cards. If one or more did make it to Olympic athletes, the cards would be read as the work of a desperate and deluded man. "Normal" folks, by Western standards, do not fire off messages to total strangers. Few visitors to Moscow would understand that desperation and delusion are basic elements of the "refusal people" or "refuseniks"—the Jews who want to leave Russia but are kept there by the state.

The Olympics have not been a good thing for the refuseniks. For one thing, the Soviet visa officials have been so preoccupied with processing Olympic visitors that the issuing of visas to would-be émigrés has virtually ground to a halt. Last year, Jewish emigration reached a peak of 50,000. This month, the number is likely to fall below 1,000. And in a particularly cruel insult, the Soviets last week welcomed Palestine Lib-

eration Organization leader Yasir Arafat. Eight years after eleven Israelis were murdered at Munich by Black September, the Arab terrorist group condoned if not directly sanctioned by Arafat, he was even invited to tour the Olympic Village.

"A bandit state welcoming a bandit terrorist," said Kremin. "It saddens me, but it does not surprise me."

That is Mikhail Kremin's style and his fate: to be saddened but not surprised. Seven years ago, Kremin's father and mother moved to Israel. Shortly afterward, his ag-

He placed his tape deck in the window and played loud Israeli songs for the agents below.

ing father became ill. Mikhail, now 43, sought to join his father before he died. He was still trying two years ago when the old man succumbed. Now he keeps trying in honor of another generation—his sons, Sasha and 10-year-old Genya.

"In three years Sasha will have to join the Soviet Army," he said. "In the army, the authorities say, you learn too many military secrets. So when you get out, there is no hope of leaving for another ten years or so. He could also choose to refuse the army and go to jail. But I don't believe

he is ready for jail. Physically, maybe. But in spirit, he is not ready for that."

Mikhail himself has served two fifteen-day jail terms on charges of what comes out in translation as "small hooliganism." The first time, in 1966, he was with a group that sat outside the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, begging officials at least to tell them how many years they would have to wait before leaving. At closing time, they dared to keep asking. The KGB arrived in a bus and took them to prison.

Banner: The second time occurred two years ago, when Mikhail's wife, Galena, took Sasha to a "mothers' and children's" demonstration. Mikhail soon received word that both might be sent to Lubyanka Prison. He rushed out to try to help, only to be met by KGB agents who told him to stay home until further notice. Frustrated, he went back upstairs and unfurled a large banner over his balcony: "Viva Israel." Then he placed his tape deck in the window and played loud Israeli songs for the agents below. "That time," he said, "my fifteen days were harder."

Futile protest gestures are part of the refusenik life. During one year alone, Kremin wrote 346 letters to the bureaucracy. By his count, he has received six answers. Each told him that he was petitioning the wrong office and should try another.

There is a tortuous Catch-22 element to Kremin's strivings. Once a radio engineer, he now works on boilers in apartment buildings so he won't be accused of knowing secrets: the old electronics job is still held against him. When he pleaded for his family to be allowed to leave without him, he was told the state believes that families should stay together. If he attends a Jewish gathering of, say, 200 people, he is greeted by precisely 200 KGB agents. "They don't bother us," he says. "They just surround us, with their faces of stone."

Kremin is a quiet man. He speaks haltingly in English, referring to a dictionary for the right words. He has a voice that makes visitors listen carefully and think hard. And wish that it could be amplified to compete with the Olympic songs of the people who welcomed Yasir Arafat.

Kremin's family snapshot: Sasha, Genya and Galena



Competition In Soviet Life Is Less Than Olympian

By CRAIG R. WHITNEY

MOSCOW — With only 80 countries competing in the Olympic Games that began yesterday, there's not much suspense about who will win most of the medals. The Soviet Union, which has a monolithic system of sports schools, clubs and institutes to turn out its professional amateurs, will outclass all less-organized opponents, and only countries like East Germany, which have copied the system, have a chance of even coming close.

But surprisingly, since it works so well, sport is one of the few areas of life where competition has important influence on results, advancement and careers. For most Russians, the pressure of competition ends when they finish school. The race to get into institutes and universities that are the key to higher social status and privilege is fiercely contested. There are 18 applicants for every opening in Lomonosov University in Moscow or Zhdanov University in Leningrad. Even less prestigious institutes are hard to get into, with strict examination requirements. Education frees a student from a life of drudgery on the ravaged Russian farms or the stultification of the assembly line, and the young flock to it — more than five million students in the last academic year. But after graduation, few people have to worry about a job, since unemployment theoretically does not exist. Career and social advancement, for all but those on the dangerous pinnacle of the Communist

Party leadership, becomes dependent not on high performance so much as on conformity, on "blat" (pull), and on membership in such right-thinking institutions as the Komsomol youth league or the Communist Party (now swollen to more than 17 million members in a country of 264 million people.)

The second half of the Marxist principle "from each according to ability, to each according to need" has been amended to read "to each according to his work." This is still inimical to the law of the jungle but, even in its imperfect Russian realization, the idea has its costs. The Soviet economy is in a parlous state largely because central planners never found a replacement for the stimulus of competition in the marketplace as a guarantee of high performance.

The promise of higher wages is no stimulus. Russians compete — hard — for scarce consumer goods, but not for rubles, which are plentiful but not good for much in poorly supplied stores. Anyone who has seen Soviet consumers fighting for a shipment of bananas or foreign shoes will recognize the abundant competitive instinct channeled into wasteful activities.

Crafty Buying and 'Thing-ism'

Many Russians spend the equivalent of one working day per week elbowing to the head of lines, not all of it on their own time. So obsessive has the search become, philologists complain, that the Russian word for "getting" has largely supplanted "buying." You don't just buy something, you achieve it after a crafty struggle. The authorities call this "veshchism" ("thing-ism") and try to discourage it, partly by leveling incomes. Wage differentials have been reduced until, in 1975, according to the American scholar Jerry F. Hough of Duke University, the top 10 percent of Soviet workers and employees earned only 2.9 times as much as the bottom 10 percent. In Communist terms, this is a healthy social achievement. But it is also an economic liability. As the party newspaper Pravda said, "the difference between the wages of a lazybones who just puts in his time and an outstanding worker who puts his heart into his work is not very great at present. It is hardly surprising," Pravda wrote, "that unsatisfactory workers don't try very hard to raise their labor productivity to the level of the best ones."

The article produced a flood of concurring letters. "In any factory," said one, "there are thousands of people; and dozens of divisions. Half the divisions overfulfill the plan, the other half fail to make it. But

the result for the factory as a whole is 101 percent of planned production, so everybody gets a bonus, from the director to the cleaning lady. Why?"

Such situations undermine the principle of "socialist competition" at the factory — artificially created contests to see who can overfulfill the plan first. A long article in Pravda last week conceded that it was difficult to make this sort of competition work. If one part of the assembly line overfulfills its plan, that fouls up the work of the rest unless they do too. Something is needed, Pravda said, to get workers to compete to produce better, not necessarily more.

These competitions have a hollow ring. In every Soviet city "honor rolls" show the month's best workers, looking like aged high school seniors posing for a yearbook. At ritualistic conferences, workers are berated for their failures and urged to do better — but they laugh at these "letuchki," or "flying meetings." Workers pledge improved results for artificial reasons, in honor of the Olympics or next February's 26th Party Congress. Taxi drivers in Riga, Soviet Latvia, have pledged to fulfill their five-year plan goal by Aug. 15 and save 500 liters of gasoline "for the Congress." In the professions, more meaningful competition survives. Hairdressers compete for trips to Eastern Europe or the right to buy a car without waiting for years. Railway construction engineers on the Baikal-Amur mainline in Siberia competed for trips to the Olympics. Musicians and actors vie for titles. "People's Artist," a higher rank than "Merited Artist," guarantees higher fees and better engagements. Lenin Prizes and other awards recognize academic achievements. Membership in the Soviet Academy of Sciences is regarded as a signal honor and brings privileges including a high salary, a chauffeured limousine to academy meetings and a spacious apartment in Moscow.

Even greater privileges accrue to the leadership elite, and its membership guards them jealously. Mr. Hough calculated that 89 percent of the Communist Party Central Committee re-elected itself in 1976, which put quite a damper on competition from younger party secretaries and functionaries waiting to move up. The average age of the Politburo is now well over 70, but Leonid I. Brezhnev, who is 73 years old, and his ailing septuagenarian colleague, Aleksei N. Kosygin, give every sign of being prepared to accept new five-year mandates at the Party Congress in February. In the Soviet Union, competition does not necessarily produce survival of the fittest.

Cookies, Cordons, Unsettling Scenes

THE WASHINGTON POST

Monday, July 21, 1980

This Morning

By Ken Denlinger

MOSCOW, July 20—Security at the Moscow Games is stifling, the most elaborate of any Olympics, designed to detect the most minute hint of danger. But a chocolate chip cookie?

That was part of my Soviet survival sack, tucked inside a jacket on arrival the other morning at the press center checkpoint. During those stops, which also happen at the hotel and Olympic Village, bags are searched and everyone must pass through a door-like device present at almost every airport in the world.

Out of force of habit, I emptied all change and keys into a nearby container and walked through the door. It beeped. I went around behind, removed my watch and walked through again. Another beep. Next trip I removed a comb, passport and plane tickets. still another tilt.

It began to seem like strip poker, with several hard-faced guards, dressed in the sort of mass-produced light blue suits Robert Hall surely sent here before ceasing operations, starting to take serious notice. What could be next? Fillings? Underwear?

My hand felt the cookie. Why not? It went into a container, by now overflowing with criminal tools, and I walked through the door once more. Silence. In a flash, I grabbed the evidence and swallowed it.

As if the boxers were incapable of protecting themselves, the row of spectator seats nearest the ring today was taken by police. In each of the 105 seats on three sides of the ring an emotionless officer in an olive-green uniform sat at attention.

Each officer had his cap facing forward in his lap. Each would not have changed expression if the Soviet Rodney Dangerfield had done 30 seconds on each side of the ring—or faced any direction but straight ahead if Candice Bergman had happened by.

When the Soviet favorite, Viktor Demianenko, entered the ring the crowd stood and cheered. The sour olives stayed stuck to their chairs. When the referee stopped the fight early in the second round to make certain the poor opponent from Sierra Leone could leave the ring in one piece, they did not join in the merriment.

It was the most chilling view of sport since Montreal in '76 when the guards carried rifles inside the Olympic Village and as they escorted athletes to their competitions. Few guns are visible here, though the lasting impression lingers that a dozen men with foul tempers are poised to pounce on anyone flashing more than a chocolate chip.

Some other observations, odd and unsettling to a stranger from the States:

There are few places here where a left turn is allowed. Frequently, a motorist must drive as far as an extra half-mile to obey the law and reach his destination . . . The streets are exceptionally wide and park areas abundant, but there are few places to sit. It once took 10 minutes and nearly a quarter-mile walk to find a civil spot to conduct an interview . . . The English translation of messages over the loudspeaker in the press center begins, "Ladies and gentlemen. Comrades."

The Hotel Rossiya is the largest in the world. Two Kennedy Centers would fit nicely inside. But the eastern and western entrances are almost exactly alike. A guide and driver waited for me at one entrance and western entrances are almost two hours once, none of us brave enough to venture to the other side of the hotel . . . Jaywalking is a major sin. There are underground passageways at many intersections for pedestrians to get from one side of the street to the other.

Soviet officials ask themselves reasonable questions and then offer implausible answers. "Moscow made two bids for the right to host the Olympic Games," a subsection of a pamphlet begins. "Why was it so eager to have them?"

"Because, the government news

agency Novosti replies, "In a letter addressed to the International Olympic Committee by a group of leading Moscow athletes . . . (the athletes) wrote: 'We are sure you will appreciate how we Olympic veterans feel. You will understand the part played in our lives by sport, which has given each one of us so many happy moments. You will understand our excitement every time a new Olympic site is selected, because the Olympic Games are an unforgettable festival of friendship among peoples and of the beauty and health of man, a triumph of the ideas of peace. All this accords with the aspirations of the Soviet people'."

At his daily press conference today, the first deputy chairman of the Moscow Organizing Committee, Vladimir Popov, was asked if he was offended by members of the Los Angeles Organizing Committee leaving town before the opening ceremonies Saturday.

"Personally," he said, "No."

Attendance was mandatory at the performance of the first Afghan athlete. And the applause for lightweight Rabani Ghulam was second only to that for the Soviets in warmth when he entered the ring. He seemed fit enough, especially thick through the chest, though he was pummeled by a North Korean, Jo Ung Jong.

The referee stopped the bout with 47 seconds left in the second round, after Ghulam suffered his third standing eight count. The round lasted 133 seconds—and Ghulam was judged senseless during 24 of them.

KGB 'housecleaning' Moscow of activists before Olympics

The KGB used the last few days before the Olympic Games to complete their "housecleaning," taking extra precautions to get rid of any "undersirables" still visible in cities holding Olympic events.

Among those classified as "undersirable" were Jewish activists. Many had been told that July and August were good months to "take a vacation." Others had been flatly ordered to leave their city of face prosecution. Included among those listed were two Hebrew teachers, Pavel Abramovich and Boris Gurevich, both of whom were called in last month by militiamen. Both men have since left.

Hanna Elinson, 63, a Jewish refusenik and activist from Moscow, also received a formal request from Soviet authorities to leave the city during the Games. Her answer: a resounding "nyet." Two other Moscow refuseniks, Mikhail Kremen and Evgeny Liberman, were requested to sign their names to an official document promising to "behave accordingly" during the Olympics.

Of all the five Olympic cities, the persecution of Jewish activists has been most severe in Kiev. In April, Ivan Oleinik was sentenced to one year for alleged "hooliganism." In May, five Kiev refuseniks — Knizhnik, Makhilis, Kanevsky, Bernshtein, and Zubko — were arrested by the police. Kanevsky was taken to prison. Zubko and Knizhnik were sentenced to 15 days, and the rest were released after one day. Most recently, Valery Pilnikov was arrested and sentenced to five years of hard labor for "assaulting" his neighbor.

Effect on Jewish Emigration

The last few months were extremely difficult for Jewish activists, refuseniks, and Jews applying to emigrate from the Soviet Union. Soviet authorities have already indicated that OVIRs in the Olympic cities, as well as in some major

Soviet cities with a high concentration of Jews, will neither accept applications for emigration, nor process applications already submitted, from now until September.

For example, in Riga and Kishinev, those families who received permission to leave were instructed to complete all necessary documents by the first week in June or face a departure delay of several months.

In Minsk, no applications will be accepted until September. No one will be allowed to leave or enter the city from June 15th on. In Zhitomir, in the Ukraine, the OVIR office will remain closed until October. As of July 10th, Moscow has been off limits for all Soviets except those who can prove they live and work there.

Last week millions of Soviet television viewers were warned of alleged Western plans to use the Moscow Olympic Games for espionage and the distribution of subversive literature. An hour-long documentary entitled "Lies and Hatred" said Western "Zionist and pro-fascist" groups, directed by the Central Intelligence Agency in the United States, were planning acts of psychological warfare, subversion and sabotage. The program attacked movements in defense of Soviet Jews, including those on behalf of Anatoly Shcharansky. It also berated human rights activist Andrei Sakharov for "shielding" Shcharansky.

Boycotting the Games

In reaction to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, less than half of the nations with National Olympic Committees formally decided not to send their teams to the Soviet Union. No more than 82 nations participated in the Olympics, the fewest teams since the Melbourne Games of 1956. Although originally 20,000 American tourists expected to show up for the events, fewer than 2,000 attended.

As a result of the boycott, competitions in

equestrian and field hockey were not held. Competitions in yachting will also be cut sharply. The absence of the boycotting Americans, West Germans, Canadians and Japanese were felt heaviest in the traditional sports of running, jumping, throwing and swimming.

Also affected were American sports journalists. Visas for 41 American journalists seeking to go to Moscow were stalled for weeks. Furthermore, the list of names was sharply cut, with little or no explanation from the Soviets.

The Washington Post Magazine

July 13, 1980

INSIDE THE KREMLIN, NO ONE IS QUAKING OVER OLYMPIC BOYCOTT

What does the Kremlin leadership really think about the American-led boycott of the Moscow Olympics?

Here's the opinion of Dimitri Simes, the Soviet-American relations expert profiled in last week's column: "America's reaction to the invasion of Afghanistan only reinforced Moscow's feeling that the U.S. is hostile . . . that the U.S. hesitates to hurt the Soviets where it really counts."

What would hurt? Simes cites three maneuvers: arming Afghan rebels, "building real bridges with Western Europe so the Soviets would not hope to have a separate detente with Europe," and working toward a genuine solution of the Palestinian problem that would stabilize the Middle East and undermine Russian influence there.

Simes thinks the Olympic boycott was "an unpleasant necessity" that made clear "business as usual is no longer possible." But, he notes, "No expansionism was ever stopped by linkages—you can't use a carrot as a stick."

Women exiled from USSR talk

WORLD PRESS/
By ALAN BERGER

"In the Soviet Union, woman is the slave of slaves."

Thus read the headline to an article in last Saturday's Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung about three Soviet feminists who arrived in Vienna aboard a special Aeroflot flight on July 20, after being expelled from their homeland and stripped of their citizenship. The three women, who were editors of a feminist publication called "Women and Russia," described themselves to journalists as "the first conscious feminists to come out of Russia."

Editor-in-chief Tatiana Mamonova, who termed herself a Marxist, Tatiana Goricheva, a Leningrad philosophy graduate and Russian Orthodox believer, and Natalia Malakowskaya were all given one week to choose between prison and exile.

Goricheva called official claims about the Communist emancipation of Russian women "empty semblance" and labeled as a "great error" the belief that the party and the government were even seeking to liberate women. The Allgemeine Zeitung reported her saying that "60 years after the revolution, the situation of women in the Soviet Union is worse than ever; practically speaking, a woman is the slave of slaves."

She explained that the equality granted women in the Russian constitution and economy has actually led to women having imposed on them "a three-fold obligation: occupation, housework, and child care." Women, she said, are most affected by all the hardships of daily life in Russia. "Until now Russian women, under the influence of official propaganda, have borne these burdens mutely. They must be made aware that they could have another, better lot in life."

The result of a "false emancipation," according to the feminist editor, has been the creation of a "type of woman . . . suited to career competition with men, and who is to be found especially in office jobs. These women are not liberated, but rather uprooted; from their neurotic, negative reaction against the traditional image of women they develop the worst character traits. Many dissidents have been condemned by female judges who, in their severe reactions, often exceeded the bounds of duty."

The expelled editors told Western reporters in Vienna that, "as a result of contraceptive failures, each Russian woman is confronted with the problem of abortion, on average, between 8 and 15 times in her life." According to the exiles, abortions in Russian hospitals are "performed barbarically, painfully and cynically, and are consequently humiliating to the woman."

Reporter Viktor Meier was told by Goricheva that "the real clash with a nervous state power came this spring, when her Leningrad group of feminists took a position against the war in Afghanistan and issued appeals calling on Russian men to accept imprisonment rather than fighting in Afghanistan."

Goricheva acknowledged that "the majority of Russians, lacking information, are under the influence of official propaganda and do not often take a position against the intervention." But she also said that "more and more facts are beginning to seep out, mostly through the tales of returning soldiers and the wounded. In this way we have learned that the Russians in Afghanistan are in fact using chemical agents and dum-dum bullets."

Asserting that "the casualty reports were beginning to cause uneasiness in the (Russian) population," Goricheva disclosed that: "Recently 15

coffins with fallen Russians arrived in Leningrad from Afghanistan. The KGB called the mothers and forbade them to say anything about the circumstances of their sons' deaths."

In connection with the expulsion of the three feminists, Le Monde published an interview with their editorial colleague, Loulia Voznessevskaia, who had been deported in June and who was waiting at the airport to greet her friends. Voznessevskaia had been sentenced to five years' internal exile for writing three articles about the situation of painters and poets in the Soviet Union — articles judged under article 193 of the penal code to be "mendacious documents defaming the Soviet regime and social order" — and she served two years in a prison camp for common criminals.

In her interview, she described a judicial and penal system based on the principal of "equal cruelty for all," yet she contended that in actuality, the system treats women even more harshly than men.

"In the Soviet Union," she explained, "nine convictions out of 11 are not prison terms, but it is extremely rare that women escape going to prison." This is because of a "paradoxical law" decreeing that "a woman who has a child of less than seven cannot be sent into internal exile . . . These humanitarian measures thus have the contrary effect, as is

the case every time one is humane in the Soviet Union."

Voznessevskaia said that, "from what I was able to see about 70 percent of the women (in the camps) are absolutely not delinquents. The state puts them away because it has not been able to create humane or normal conditions of life. And when women do not have normal conditions of life, that is to say that they have neither work, nor lodging, nor the possibility of living in another town where they would obtain a roof over their heads and work, the state punishes them."

She went on to describe most of the state functionaries working in the camps as "sadists" and "thieves" who have "small salaries, but enormous possibilities for filling their pockets thanks to the unremunerated work of the detained women. All these conditions debase people in every way, but imagine what it means that in the women's camps the employees, the bosses and the guards are almost always men. The women are thus subjected to all sorts of coercion to have forced sexual relations."

She told her interviewer that, "in our country, in the Soviet Union, there are not only concentration camps for women, but also this absolutely scandalous thing: camps for women with their children, and children's concentration camps."

UNION OF COUNCILS FOR SOVIET JEWS ANNUAL MEETING REGISTRATION

September 5 - 8, 1980 - Washington, D.C.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS (inc. zip) _____

PHONE: _____ AFFILIATION: _____

Do you plan to stay at the Sheraton Washington Hotel? _____

When will you arrive? _____ When will you leave? _____

Please complete this form and return to the UCSJ office with a check for \$65.00. The registration fee includes Friday dinner, Saturday breakfast and lunch, Sunday lunch and the reception on Capitol Hill. (Arrangements can be made for Shabbat observers for Saturday dinner.)

Hotel reservations must be made directly with the Sheraton Washington Hotel, 2660 Woodley Road at Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008, (#202/328-2000). All reservations must specify they are for UCSJ meeting. Arrivals at the hotel after 6:00 p.m. must have a room guarantee.

UNION OF COUNCILS FOR SOVIET JEWS
24 Crescent Street — Suite 3A
Waltham, MA 02154
(617) 893-4780

August 5, 1980

INSIDE THIS WEEK'S ALERT

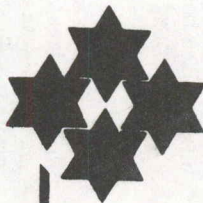
A review of press coverage during the Moscow Olympics:

- "A card from a refusenik" reprinted from Newsweek on page 3.
- "Cookies, Cordons and Unsettling Scenes" from the Washington Post on page 5.
- "Women exiled from U.S.S.R. talk" from the Boston Globe on page 7.

And a preview of the Union of Councils for Soviet Jews annual meeting on page 1.

**** STOP PRESS! ****

Kislik released from hospital according to message received from his father in Kiev.



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