

## The Union of Councils for Soviet Jews

### TSITLIONOK PERMITTED TO LEAVE USSR

Former Jewish Prisoner of Conscience Boris Tsitlionok has received permission from the Soviet government to leave the country within a few days.

The 35-year-old Soviet Jewish activist, arrested for demonstrating in front of Moscow's Lenin Library on February 24, 1975, after several unsuccessful attempts to obtain an exit visa, was sentenced to five years' exile for "disturbing public order". He was released last August, after spending nearly four-and-a-half years in Siberia. A plumber and locksmith by trade, Tsitlionok was originally denied permission to leave with his family when they left for Israel in 1971.

While it is usual procedure for former POC's to be granted exit visas soon after the release, Tsitlionok's friend and fellow exiled prisoner, Mark Nashpitz, is still being denied permission to leave the country. Nashpitz, arrested and sentenced together with Tsitlionok for identical reasons, has been applying for permission to emigrate to Israel since 1971. In addition to Nashpitz, three other former POCs are awaiting permission to leave. They are Isaak Sh. Anik, Dr. Grigory Goldshtein and Lev Roitburd.

### OFFICIAL DISCRIMINATION AGAINST JEWS IN MATHEMATICS DOCUMENTED

Despite the full, illustrious history of Jewish contributions to mathematics in the USSR, official anti-Semitism has reached such a pitch that rapidly increasing numbers of Jews are now excluded from higher education in this field.

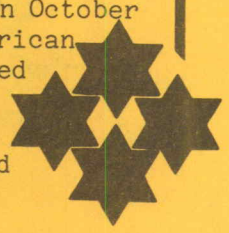
A document prepared by Jewish activists and mathematicians Drs. Alexander Yoffe, Naum Meiman, Gennady Khassin and Grigory Freiman provides a graphic example of such exclusion from the Mechanical-Mathematical Institute of Moscow University, Russia's equivalent of M.I.T. This document is printed on page 5. On the following pages there is a comment on the situation by Andrei Sakharov and a Samizdat article, reprinted from the New York Times, by Gregory Freiman.

### RESETTLING SOVIET JEWS IN AMERICA: An Eyewitness Report from the General Assembly

Once again, as in 1976, this year's General Assembly (GA) of the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds discussed the subject of Soviet Jews who come to America (the "noshrim"). And, once again, no consensus could be reached on the issue of funding their resettlement. A resolution which came from the Federation of Bergen County, which would deny support to Soviet Jews who do not already have immediate family in the United States, was tabled with the overwhelming support of the delegates.

Although the official word is that nothing has changed, we have an eyewitness report from a delegate to the Montreal General Assembly which indicates that, behind the scenes, the situation may be quite different.

Our observer notes that in two meetings which preceded the General Assembly, the issue of support for Soviet Jewish resettlement was discussed. At the quarterly meeting of the CJF in September, the Resettlement Policy Committee was unable to reach a consensus. On October 24 an ad loc meeting of specially chosen representatives of twenty-four large American communities and representatives of Israel was held in Chicago. (Our observer noted that these "specially chosen" leaders did not include such obviously interested parties as representatives of NYANA, which manages resettlement in New York). The meeting, chaired by Max Fisher, was still unable to reach a consensus, but did put out a statement that there was agreement on two principles:





1. That efforts must be made to maximize the number of Jews permitted to leave the Soviet Union;

2. That we are committed to making the maximum number of Jews settle in Israel.

It is significant to note that at the General Assembly in Montreal, delegates received a press release in their packets reporting on the Chicago meeting. The press release cited the two principles agreed upon in the reverse order (i.e., first, that we are committed to sending the maximum number of Soviet Jews to Israel), and added that the American Jewish community would cut back on funds for resettlement.

Our observer noted that, just as side-letters to a treaty have the same force as the treaty itself, so this press release must be considered to be a true representation of what the controllers of the American Jewish purse-strings intend to do. Furthermore, he notes that at least two large city federations have been told by national UJA that they must keep up and raise the percentage of funds allocated to Israel and limit money for resettlement.

Several questions remain: Does this represent, at the national level, a behind-the-scenes change in the policy of funding Soviet Jewish resettlement in the United States? If this is the intent, will local federations go along? And, most importantly, how will Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union be affected?

#### NEWS BRIEFS FROM THE USSR

\* Igor Kushrineko was forcibly abducted from his home in Kiev on November 21. Though the young man, his wife, Victoria, and son, Simon had received verbal permission to emigrate, his father arranged to have him inducted into the army.

\* On November 24 the "Banner of Communism" newspaper in Odessa printed a vicious anti-Semitic article about Lev Roitburd and his family called "Fables and Fairy Tales of Lev Roitburd."

\* In a meeting with Misha, the head of Ovir Shumilin, Natasha Rosenshtein was told that her seventeen year old son will be given permission, though she and her husband Grigory will have to wait two more year.

#### "YOU REFUSE TO RECEIVE ME. . ."

Ida Milgrom, Anatoly Shcharansky's mother, has written a "furious" letter to USSR Interior Minister Nikolai Shchelokov protesting his refusal to meet with her about her son's dangerously ill health. The following is excerpted from her letter:

You refuse to receive to receive me despite the fact that this is a matter of human life...All my letters and telegrams to the highest offices were answered in the same way: my son doesn't need to be placed in the hospital...I was only informed that Anatoly is under "active observation". The time has come to turn from "observation" to medical treatment...

I ask you to receive me and hear me in person. I ask you to understand my despair. I ask you to realize your personal responsibility for the progression of my son's illness. I ask you not to send my letter to any other offices, but to find time to listen to me, and then to give the necessary order.

#### CORRECTION

In the Alert of September 26, it was incorrectly noted that Vladimir Plotkin received permission. According to a letter received recently, he has not.



## REFUSENIK UPDATE

Former refusenik Joseph Goldman, now living in Washington, D.C., reports that his wife Marina Ivanova Zurabyan (born 12/6/48) and their six month old daughter, Hannah, are still in Yerevan, having been refused permission to emigrate. The refusal is based on Marina's father's opposition to her emigration. Letters of encouragement can be sent to the couple at the following addresses:

Joseph Goldman  
3201 33rd Pl., NW  
Washington, DC 20008

Marina Ivanova Zurabyan  
ul. Tamanyana 3, kv. 40  
Yerevan 375009  
Arm. SSR. USSR

# Katzes' new life

## 'Really happy' reports Jessica's father

By Gayle Pollard  
Globe Staff

Two-year-old Jessica Katz giggled as she bit into an apple half yesterday. Her 1-year-old sister, Gabriella, bounced in a cardboard box at their home in Cambridge.

A year ago Jessica was known as "the littlest refusenik." She lived in Moscow with her Jewish parents, Boris and Natalya Katz, who were fighting for — but were repeatedly refused — permission to leave their homeland. Jessica suffered from a digestive disorder that left her at times weighing half the normal weight of a baby her age. Her ailment required a special formula unavailable in Russia, her parents said. "Tourists brought the cans for us," her father said. "It was like bringing her life."

A year ago Friday, after Sen. Edward M. Kennedy interceded with Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, and through the efforts of a local committee, Action for Soviet Jewry, the family moved here to join Mr. Katz's mother and two brothers.

"The best part is the living here together with our relatives and that I have work that I like and enjoy, and that our babies are healthy," said Katz. A computer programmer in Russia, he works at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on "artificial intelligence — to make a computer behave like a human being."

Katz, a slender, bearded man of 32, reflected on his family's first year in America.

"It is hard to explain," he said. "Everything is different." Katz said that in Russia, the family lived in an apartment that was one-third the size of the living room in their four-room apartment in Cambridge. They endured food shortages, and grocery stores were stocked principally with potatoes, bread and sometimes meat. They waited in lines and good clothing was impossible to buy, said Katz. Both he and his wife, Natalya, also 32, were clad in an American uniform of sorts — blue jeans.

But inconveniences such as lines exist in other countries, Katz said. The difference between America and Russia, he said, is in the rights guaranteed Americans. "People there have no rights at all."

The Katzes and other Jewish dissidents have for years fought to emigrate to other countries, particularly Israel and the United States. After three years, the Katzes got out. Many remain.

"There are thousands and thousands of families and the situation is worse and worse," Katz said. "Several cities refuse 90 percent of those who apply (for permission to leave). . . . I have a friend, Viktor Elistratov, wait-

ing for emigration for eight years. He was told if he won't stop, he will be imprisoned." A committee has been formed on his behalf.

The Katzes' fight to come to the United States was strengthened by Jessica's illness. "She was born a healthy baby," Katz said. "But at two months, she stopped gaining weight. She had a digestive problem for almost a year in Russia. She was weak. She couldn't even cry. Doctors there tell us there is small hope."

"The problem was she couldn't digest any milk products," he said. "In Russia, there are no nonmilk products for babies. They gave her cottage cheese, yogurt — that was like poison."

Katz's mother in Cambridge found a pediatrician who prescribed a predigested formula which was sent to the Katzes in Russia.

Jessica's arrival here was followed by charges that the child was not seriously ill and that her illness was used by her parents to pressure Soviet authorities for their release. Her father acknowledged that she had improved before the journey. He explained however, "She was still on the formula and we didn't know what would happen if she didn't get the formula. That's why it was important for us to come and for her to be seen by an American doctor."

His mother and two of his brothers — one a mathematics teacher at MIT and another a Harvard senior — had emigrated three years earlier.

At home, an energetic Jessica answers the phone in English. "Hi. How are you. It's Mrs. Katz speaking." She watches "Sesame Street," the popular children's television show. She speaks to her sister Gabriella only in English, though her parents encourage her to speak Russian.

"We want her to be bilingual. We read to her in Russian. We hope that Russian will be her native language" her father said. "It's our native language. We want to be able to communicate. We want her to learn Russian culture — a fantastic culture."

One day, he hopes to visit his homeland. "I like the country. I have friends in Russia. I hope there will be some changes in Russia. I hope to return there." But as they approach their first anniversary in the United States, Katz said, "We're really happy in this country."

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1979

## A Glint in Soviet Eyes

To Jane and John Doe's hedges against inflation — the Krugerrand, the Maple Leaf and the British Sovereign — must now be added the Chevronets, a quarter-ounce Soviet coin of gold. Investing in gold is not easily squared with Communist theory; it produces nothing people can eat or use. The price of gold has nothing to do with the Siberian labor that produces it. Nor is it an entirely wholesome way of gaining wealth even by capitalist doctrine. To buy gold is to speculate, and these days it is to speculate on fear and the dollar's decline.

So here come the Russians, instructing us that the rich "have always liked to keep some of their assets in gold." Their ad in The Times also points out how practical gold is: You can carry it around in your pocket, "and at any time, you can divide your holdings for partial sale, for gifts, or for safekeeping in different places."

Once again a pragmatic and slyly exploitive foreign policy prevails in the Kremlin over mere ideology. All that is left of Communist virtue is the picture on the coin — a typical Soviet peasant sowing seeds. The Chevronets is socialist realism indeed

Available from the Union of Councils:

A story of love  
and hope behind one of the most  
celebrated international trials of our time...

# NEXT YEAR IN JERUSALEM

Avital Shcharansky  
with  
Ilana Ben-Joseph  
Translated from the  
Russian by Stefani Hoffman

Next Year in Jerusalem  
is an intensely moving personal story. Avital's stirring memoir, interwoven with her husband's letters from prison, is both a valuable document of Soviet life and a stirring examination of the plight of all Russian Jews who want to emigrate to freedom in Israel. Illustrated with photographs, \$9.95

William Morrow  
105 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016



**HM:** From Warsaw you went on to the Soviet Union, to Kiev. This was your first trip since 1966, when your book *The Jews of Silence*, was published, wasn't it? Did you have problems getting a visa?

**WIESEL:** Oh, I wouldn't have received one had I not been chairman of the President's commission. Even so, when the head of the Russian Desk at the State Department received the visas, mine wasn't there. I don't know who did what in the White House, but six hours later the phone rang and they were telling us they were sorry, it was a bureaucratic error.

**HM:** How were you received in Kiev?

**WIESEL:** The Mayor must have had instructions to receive us well. He gave us an official reception, with important Party members present.

**HM:** What did they say?

**WIESEL:** They began as usual, saying we all had suffered, 20 million had died. I said, yes but three million Jews were killed here, only because they were Jews. The Mayor said, "I want to show you something, something special." He found a film which I believe is the most important cinematic document about the Second World War.

**HM:** What do you mean by cinematic document?

**WIESEL:** When the Russian Army liberated the Ukraine, the film division was there taking pictures. Everything was still there, and of course we saw what they found especially the corpses. The word "Jew" wasn't mentioned in this film, though we saw that most of the victims were Jews—the Magen David, the yellow star, still on the clothes.

We didn't see the whole picture because our time was limited, so I asked the Mayor if I could have a copy for the commission to look at. He gave us the film and even sent two engineers to be with us for four days until we had time for a showing in Moscow. And we will get a copy here.

**HM:** Tell us about Babi Yar. Your speech there made the papers here.

**WIESEL:** There I really was overcome with anger and outrage. I told them I was here 13 years ago and there was no monument, and I was very sad, and now there's a big monument and I am even sadder. After all, who died here at Babi Yar? Day after day, 10,000 Jews were being killed in the middle of Kiev, so that the shooting was heard all over Kiev. They died not as citizens of the

Ukraine or as inhabitants of Kiev, but they died as Jews because they were Jews. "Why don't you remember them as Jews?" I demanded.

**HM:** The monument says, "victims of fascism," doesn't it?

**WIESEL:** Yes. "Here 350,000 Soviet citizens died," and so forth—and nothing about Jews. Their TV reporters debated with me, but nothing was shown on TV. Then something else shocked me very much. Many Jews wanted to meet us, but they were not allowed to do so.

**HM:** Some were arrested?

**WIESEL:** Some were arrested in Kiev. Another thing: I found out only at the last moment when we left Russia, at the airport, that for two weeks before we arrived there had been an orchestrated campaign in the Soviet press against Zionism and Jews and all the rest, equating Zionism with racism, showing pictures of so-called Jewish collaborators with the Nazis. I am sorry I didn't know about it. The American Embassy should have briefed us. I would have made a scandal. You know, we met with prominent Soviet officials. We spent two hours with the Soviet Attorney General Rudenko.

**HM:** Were you able to meet with the *refuseniks* in Moscow?

**WIESEL:** Yes, first of all outside the synagogue. Inside I was honored with *refuzit* and allowed to speak from the pulpit. It was Shabbat Nahamu. I spoke in Yiddish, and again I thought about the symbolism—Tisha B'Av in Auschwitz, Shabbat Nahamu in Moscow.

It was extraordinary, 800 people sitting in front of me repeating with their lips, silently, every word I said. Like a pantomime. They wanted to be sure I was saying it and when we carried the Torah back to the Ark, Elisha walked with me. They wanted a way to show their feelings. So, after kissing the Torah, they grabbed Elisha's hand and kissed it.

Outside, there were young people waiting, and I told them, "Nahamu, nahamu, you are the ones to comfort us, because you remain Jews in spite of the pressures."

**HM:** That's the Jewish Club that meets every Saturday on Arkhipova Street outside the synagogue. *Refuseniks* and activists meet there with *amkha*—the Jewish masses. I spent a harrowing but inspiring afternoon there in 1973.

**WIESEL:** Yes, you coined the term *refusenik*.

**HM:** No. It was coined while I was there by a couple of the *olkazniki*, those who have been refused exit visas. I brought it out to Israel and the United States. We almost lost it. Lea Ben Dor, who edited my first report for *The Jerusalem Post*, didn't like the term "*refusenik*." She said it reminded her of garbage. She changed it to "*refusnik*." But "*refusenik*" caught on in the United States. Did you have any private meetings with the Moscow activists?

**WIESEL:** Yes. We had a meeting at Professor Alexander Levin's with thirty to forty leaders of all the *refusenik* groups. You have been there. You know them. They are the most beautiful people in the diaspora.

**HM:** Tell me, Elie, as the author of *The Jews of Silence*, which really started the Soviet Jewish movement in this country, how do you feel about what has happened to Soviet Jewry in the last 12 years?

**WIESEL:** First of all, it was a miracle. If anyone had told me that one day we'd see the Russian Jews emigrating in such numbers, I would have thought they were crazy. Nobody would believe it could happen in my time. Would anyone have dreamed they would face the problems of the Russian Jews that we face now? Who would have thought it? Thank God for the problems.

**HM:** What changes did you see among the Russian Jews since your visit of 1966?

**WIESEL:** The great courage I found in many, many places. In 1966, it was a one-time courage. They would come out at Simhat Torah and show themselves at the synagogue, and then disappear for another year.

Now, a *refusenik* knows that for at least five years he will be a *penah*, a marginal human being whose former colleagues turn their backs on him, whose job will be taken away, who will live in the shadows. I would not have that courage. How many five years are there in a lifetime?

**HM:** From Russia, where did you go?

**WIESEL:** We went to Denmark, to say thank you to those who saved many Jews. There we had a place to breathe. We had a very pleasant and rewarding time. We met the King, members of his Cabinet and the Parliament, members of the resistance movement, newspaper editors—the entire delegation met them.

The Boston Globe Friday, November 16, 1979

# A long battle for his family

By Jerry Taylor  
Globe Staff

Edward Lozansky had to divorce his wife Tatyana in Moscow three years ago before the Soviet authorities would let him emigrate to the United States.

"We don't split up families," she said the authorities told her in 1976.

Her 37-year-old husband, or ex-husband, teaches physics at the University of Rochester in Rochester, N.Y., but the Soviets have so far refused her and her daughter exit visas.

"He is not your husband any more so there is no question of your being allowed to join him," she said the authorities told her when she sought permission to leave.

Two months ago, Edward Lozansky said, after a year in Boston, his wife lost her job as a research chemist at the Moscow Institute of Organic Chemistry after she made a third attempt at emigration.

"Now they say her father, a three-star general in the Soviet Army, must sign a paper that she can support him if he returns," Lozansky said at the Sheraton Boston Hotel, where he is attending a meeting of the American Physical Society.

Lozansky, who is Jewish, said he borrowed \$10,000 from friends and had the sum deposited in his father-in-law's name in a Moscow bank but he said this will hasten a reunion here with his wife, 27, and their child, Tanya, 7.

"Son, Kennedy is my only hope," he said. Kennedy last year helped win exit

visas for 18 Russians during his visit with Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow. One of them was Lozansky's one-time physics professor, Benjamin Leivich, now teaching at City University of New York.

A letter-writing campaign — recipients include Pope John Paul II, Brezhnev, President Carter and the Queen of England — and a veritable news media blitz having failed so far to win his wife's and daughter's release, Lozansky is embarking on a new strategy.

On Thanksgiving he will visit the Soviet embassy in Washington and next month will visit Soviet embassies in London, Paris, Rome, Bonn and other capitals in Europe for a series of one-man demonstrations.

"I'm going to distribute leaflets," Lozansky said. "I'll try to bring as many reporters as I can with me. They'll make pictures and TV interviews. It'll be an embarrassment for the Soviets. I plan to attract attention."

Lozansky, a former researcher at the Institute of Atomic Energy and teacher at the Soviet Military Academy in Moscow, was asked why he emigrated.

"I hated the lack of freedom," he said. "We had a nice apartment and a car. We used my wife's father's dacha (cottage) on the Black Sea. We would fly there in a military plane on weekends. But I felt restricted. Every day they expect you to lie."



MATHEMATICAL TESTS GIVEN TO JEWISH APPLICANTS AT THE ENTRANCE EXAM OF MOSCOW UNIVERSITY

In 1978, only two Jewish applicants were admitted to the Mechanical Mathematical Dept. of Moscow University, out of a total of four hundred twenty-five students who were admitted. Among the applicants there were twenty-one graduates of the specialized Moscow mathematical high school No. 57 - seven of them were Jewish, fourteen non-Jewish. All fourteen non-Jewish applicants were admitted. Out of the seven Jewish applicants, only one was admitted despite the fact that all twenty-one high school applicants had the same grade in their diplomas ("5" - the highest grade in the USSR). Most of the twenty-one competitors had won various awards in mathematical competitions. The only Jew who had been admitted is absolutely outstanding. He won the second prize at an international mathematical competition. For the next three years he took first prize in the All-Union Mathematical Competition.

The undersigned mathematicians - mostly refuseniks - checked (during their seminars held in Moscow and Leningrad) the special mathematical problems that were presented to Jewish competitors and compared them with those problems which usually are chosen for oral examinations. We came to the conclusion that the Jewish competitors had been deliberately subjected to discrimination:

1. All problems which were presented to Jews were extraordinarily complicated. They were much more difficult than those given to non-Jews.
2. The examiners chose those problems deliberately in order to lower the grades thus excluding the possibility of admittance.
3. It is completely impossible to suppose that the examiners were not aware of the extreme difficulties of the problems presented to Jewish applicants, since most of these problems were given as tests at high school and university competitions (the so-called "mathematical olympics") and were published in the collected problems for these competitions. (Some of the examiners were the authors of these publications.)
4. Among the problems presented to the four Jewish high school graduates there was not a single one whose level was not much higher than that of a standard oral examination. It should also be emphasized that the above-mentioned four competitors were not given additional questions, except some of those extremely difficult problems. We are refraining from mentioning the names of the four Jewish high school competitors.

In the appendix [not yet translated from Russian - editor] the problems presented to the Jewish competitors are enumerated (the solutions are given too.) In order to give the reader an opportunity to compare the problems presented to Jews and non-Jews, some of the latter category are to be found in the appendix.

Since most readers are not familiar with the procedure of the oral entrance examination at universities, a brief description of this type of exam and of its decisive importance for being admitted to a university are set forth below.

In the USSR, there is a five-grade system in existence. At the Mechanical-Mathematical Dept. of Moscow University there are four entrance examinations - an oral and a written examination in mathematics, an oral examination in physics, and a written examination in Russian. The minimal admission requirement in 1978 was: 18.5 for Muscovites and 20 for non-Muscovites (this difference is obviously motivated by the lack of available rooms in the student dormitories). The minimal admission requirement includes also the average grade of the high school diplomas.

Consequently, for high school graduates whose diploma grade is "5" (the highest grade) and who are Moscow residents, it is enough to get a total of only 13.5 in the four above-mentioned university entrance examinations. One would think it would not be too difficult to get such a total (grade '3' is regarded as 'fair'). But only two of the Jewish competitors were able to be credited with such a total.



The written tests are worked out in such a way that nobody should be able to get a higher grade than "3" (fair). Besides, the grading of the Russian examination is completely arbitrary. There are no objective criteria, and the examiner can give the competitor any grade he intends to. Thus, it is evident that the oral examinations are of decisive importance.

[Signed] Dr. Alexander Yoffe, Prof. Naum Neiman, Prof. Grigory Freiman, and Dr. Gennady Khassin

ON THE TESTS GIVEN TO THE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

AT THE MECHANICAL-MATHEMATICAL DEPT. OF MOSCOW UNIVERSITY

The selection of the material for the tests make a rather strange impression. In my view, it is intolerable to give such mathematical problems to high school graduates at an entrance examination. The problems are extremely complicated and their solution requires an extraordinary capability of concentration and precision in extremely difficult computing.

The knowledge and experience that is necessary for solving these problems are far beyond the level of high school graduates, even the most talented. It is especially intolerable to give such mathematical problems at an oral examination where there is a time limit of twenty minutes for solving the problem and where the psychological atmosphere is usually tense.

I picked out one problem that was to my taste (a high school graduate naturally has no such option). It took me more than an hour (in a quiet atmosphere) to find a rather unconventional solution.

I have, of course, much more experience in solving difficult mathematical problems and considerably more knowledge in this field than high school graduates. I imagined what a student would experience sitting at such an examination whose results could determine his future. One should be aware too of the tremendous psychological stress which results from the hostile attitude toward the examinee by the examiner. Such a traumatic experience can easily become a lifelong shock. The young people who had to undergo such an examination felt the insidiousness and cruelty of the test which turned out to be a trap. We experience the same feelings.

If we compare the mathematical problems under consideration with those given to other examinees who were not doomed to failure, we had additional proof of the discriminatory character of the examination.

In conclusion, it should be mentioned that this kind of discrimination is aimed not only at Jewish high school graduates, but also at other categories of examinees, in particular at dissidents' children.

As to non-residents of Moscow, the official grades necessary for passing the test is considerably higher than for Moscow. Also that practice is an intolerable discrimination.

[Signed] Andrei Sakharov, Member of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR



Prof. Grigori Freiman has charged that his Government is systematically discriminating against Jewish math students.

Grigori Freiman's samizdat article, which originally appeared in Jews in the USSR, is reprinted on the next page from the New York Times Magazine, Sunday, November 25, 1979.



## By Grigori Freiman

This year of 1976, I will turn 50. Mathematics has always been the most important thing in my life. I have enjoyed studying it, teaching it, writing about it. After finishing one article, I would go straight on to the next. When I had put the finishing touches to one book, I would begin thinking about the next.

And now the train, whose sole function is to keep going forward along the rails, has come to a standstill. I no longer organize collective research projects, and, in any event, no one even asks me. I carry on teaching out of inertia. Most important, I have lost interest in solving problems and proving theorems.

Why? Simply because, as a Jew, I am victimized in my work.

I have been dismissed from my post as a department head. The dissertation of one of my most brilliant students has been arbitrarily rejected. I have had problems publishing my work and participating at conferences. And in such matters I am far from alone. Young Jewish mathematicians are not accepted in many universities and graduate schools; they find it difficult, at best, to obtain appropriate work.

The problem is increased a hundredfold because, like some shameful disease, one cannot discuss it openly. One cannot speak of something which ought not to exist. If I do, I risk everything — my work, my profession, my family, even my life. And all I want is to live and work in peace. I have amassed so many theorems which I have to prove. I spent many hours with such thoughts. Finally I made the decision to write about my

# A SOVIET TEACHER'S 'J'ACCUSE'

The article below is adapted from a longer work, two years in the writing, that appeared in the summer of 1978 in the Moscow samizdat journal *Jews in the U.S.S.R.* Its author, with publication of the article, became a Soviet dissenter — but he is far from the public notion of a dissident.

Grigori Freiman fought in the Soviet Army in World War II and went on to win an international reputation in his field with the publication of three books and more than 40 research papers in mathematics. He is a professor of mathematics at Kalinin State University near Moscow and holds a Soviet doctoral degree, which is considerably more advanced than the American Ph.D. He has not applied to the Government to emigrate; he continues to hold his teaching post; his position in Soviet society remains quite comfortable, though he has used his own name in publishing the work.

The original article was made available to *The Times* by the Committee of Concerned Scientists. The complete text will be published by the Southern Illinois University Press in April.

every day for a year and a half.

In September 1952 I passed the examinations for entry to the graduate school at Kazan State University, and the university accepted me. However, I still needed the approval of a Government ministry, and it was not forthcoming. I protested and wrote one official after another. I had received straight A's on the entrance exam, published seven scientific works, received satisfactory references from my workplace regarding my character as a worker and as a member of the Communist Party; I was a veteran of the Fatherland War.

Oh, the energy and time I wasted on that whole drawn-

out business! To get any official letter or testimonial meant days and weeks of arranging for interviews and hours of hanging around in lines. There was, for example, the interview with the powerful rector of Moscow University, Ivan Georgievich Petrovsky.

A spare man with a shrewd and understanding mind, Petrovsky was himself a mathematician. He had made a most pleasant impression on me when we had met briefly upon my enrollment at the university years before. And now Petrovsky had agreed to see me about my plight.

In his large office, I spoke of my great desire to pursue mathematics. He listened carefully and, I thought, with some concern. Then he announced his decision: "It is too late now to change the decision of the selection committee."

I offered alternatives, but I finally realized that he was not prepared to see anything my way, this seemingly omnipotent man who, of all people, should have understood my strong desire to work at the thing we both loved.

"I don't understand what's going on," I shouted. "If I go to the left, you send me to the right. If I go to the right, you send me to the left. Where am I supposed to go?" I showed him a document he had dispatched weeks earlier that contradicted what he was now saying.

He sat silent and motionless, as did I. This went on for at least three minutes; to me it seemed an eternity. At last, in response to some uncontrollable impulse, including perhaps some feeling of pity, I got up,

took the paper from him, folded it, put it in my pocket and walked out without saying a word. He did not even stir.

I met him on one other occasion, exactly 10 years later, when I went to his office with some request concerning the allocation of rooms in the student dormitory at Moscow University. He had aged and put on a lot of weight. But more than that, he seemed harassed, nervous and preoccupied. He did not listen to what I was saying. He did not even try to get to the bottom of the problem at hand. With scarcely an idea as to what the request was about, he turned it down on the spot, rudely and brusquely.

Why did I persevere those long years ago, going from one such interview to another? It was not only that I was dedicated. My insistence was rooted in a deep conviction that everything was aboveboard. Any rejection seemed to me a purely random phenomenon.

My application for graduate school was finally approved; the document was dated Jan. 11, 1953. Two days later, the affair of the "doctor-assassins" — nine doctors, most of them Jews, were charged by the Government with murdering high Soviet officials — broke out. It cast a long shadow, but it affected me personally very little. I was admitted to graduate school at Kazan State University and realized my dream.

Yet even then, there were not so severe, and because of this past laxity, there are still today many more Jews in higher education, relative to their numbers in the total population than there are Russians. However, now things are rapidly changing; the quotas are getting worse all the time.

As concerns mathematics, I am acquainted with all the details. At Moscow University, one-fourth of the students in the Faculty of Mechanics and Mathematics (Mech/Math) were Jews. Later on, in the 1950's and 1960's, the proportion scarcely ever fell below one-fifth. Two years ago, among the several hundred names on the register of admissions at the Mech/Math faculty of Leningrad University, no more than two or three were Jewish. The other day I looked through the register of second-year students in the Mech/Math faculty at Moscow University, and I did not find a single Jewish name.

Moscow, Leningrad and Novosibirsk universities turn out the lion's share of creative working mathematicians; the trend at these institutions is clear and indisputable. The journal *Kvant* contains the names of schoolchildren who have won prizes for solving mathematical problems. How many of these children, Jewish children, who could become the pride of our science will end up doing some humdrum job in the office of a small, rural factory?

Where do I derive the conviction that examinations for admission to advanced mathematical study are being conducted unfairly? My first impressions were the result of an accumulation of verbal testimony.

Z. received the first prize in an All-Union Mathematics Olympiad. The winner of such an Olympiad is the best mathematician among millions; the problems are so difficult that by no means all the professors

I had heard glowing reports of Yura Sorokin. He received the first prize in the All-Union Mathematics Olympiad, but did not go to the International Olympiad because of some strange administrative problems. And for similarly

trative problems. And for similarly

can solve them. Yet in the entrance exams in mathematics he was given one of the lowest grades.

I could give many more such examples — I know of hundreds — but I grant that all this is hearsay. I wanted to get closer to the process, to see how it was actually done. In August of this year, I frequently visited Mech/Math at Moscow; I was acquainted with many people preparing to take the entrance exams. A day before the orals, I again heard the rumor that Jews were being concentrated in special groups.

On the surface, the exam seems straightforward enough. The students are asked some problems. However, some of the problems are more difficult than others. Is that where the discrimination takes place?

What constitutes a difficult problem in mathematics? Can it be measured? I have examined thousands of schoolchildren, taken part in and presided over numerous olympiads and I have also set questions for entrance examinations. Thus I can work out a scale of difficulty — say, from a level of 1, rising to a level of 5 — with which all conscientious specialists would be in agreement; the layman can trust it.

During the oral exams in mathematics, crowds of school leavers and their anxious, curious parents were milling around the corridor outside the examination room. They immediately accosted those coming out, and showered them with questions, so it was possible to note the difficulty of the problems faced by a random group of more than 20 people.

In half of the cases the grade was higher than in the written exams; in no case was it lower. The difficulty of the problems, in the majority of cases, was that of level 2; there were no problems more difficult than between 2 and 3.

Now for the special cases. One of the problems Rubenstein was given had a difficulty of 4. He worked on it for 15 minutes, and the examiner came up and asked if he had finished. He was then given another problem, a complicated variation of a level-3 problem. Finkelstein was asked the same questions. And so forth.

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tee: the discussion lasted all of 10 minutes. And thus, in spite of all my efforts, the board of VAK rejected on Dec. 22, 1976, the work that had been an integral part of my life for many years.

And where am I?  
I am writing these concluding lines in the spring of 1978.

Last autumn, in Dushanbe, a conference was held on number theory, at which its organizer could say with satisfaction: "For the first time — *Judenfrei!*" I did not even get an answer to my letter asking to participate — never mind an invitation.

In the autumn, I wrote to Academician Nikolai Bogolyubov that all was not well with Soviet mathematics. Bogolyubov did not answer. Recently, I tried to see the president of the Academy, but to no avail. Even his assistant would not see me. I must publish my notes.

But where am I?

Karatsuba, a professor in the faculty of Mech/Math, knows.

At the end of the Vilnius conference on number theory, a banquet was the scene of several toasts to Lithuanian and Russian mathematicians. Then a toast was proposed to all Soviet mathematicians.

"Fine," Karatsuba said, for all to hear, "but without the Yids!"

A Polish joke: The householder goes home to find the lodger in bed with his wife. He looks around at the unbearably cramped conditions in his room. He asks himself: "But where am I?" He answers: "Standing in line."

I do not want to stand in line. Over and over, I ask myself the same question:

And where am I? ■

The conversation unfolded slowly. Knowing his manner, I had expected that. So the finale was all the more unexpected.

I reminded him of our last meeting and of my work in additive number theory. He began to develop his favorite topic — the relationship between form and content in mathematical research. Then I made reference to a particular theory, and his confused response made it clear that his mind was no longer so powerful as it had been. He was finding it more difficult to disseminate.

The theory had figured in B.'s dissertation. Vinogradov's reaction made it clear that he was aware of that fact, that he had been privy to the decision to reject the paper. I was at the board, making the point that B. had made a major contribution in the area, when suddenly the atmosphere in the office changed radically. The silence and calm disappeared. The door was flung open and shut.

Into the room came his special assistant and his deputy director. It seemed as if a whole crowd had burst in. They opened some files and handed papers to Vinogradov for his signature. They crowded around the table.

When I moved toward him, Ivan Matveyevich's satellites circled around the table in a mute dance as if I were about to harm their beloved boss. They were willing to prevent my getting to him with their lives, if need be. I was just able to force my way through to pick up my books, which I had put on the table at the beginning of the conversation. I pointed out to Vinogradov the material we had been discussing.

"I will look at it," Ivan Matveyevich said. "You must excuse me." And he made a gesture in the direction of the new arrivals and the papers awaiting his signature.

As I headed for the door, he rose from the table, a huge, hunched-over figure, and offered me his hand. I shook it, again barely managing to push through the close formation of his vassals. Then I retired from the battlefield.

Not until I was out in the corridor did I understand what had really happened. When he heard the name B., Vinogradov had realized what I was leading up to and had furiously begun pressing buttons on his desk, calling his assistants. They knew what to do when the moment came to get rid of me.

There was a review of B.'s dissertation by the so-called Expert Commit-

tee. The conversation unfolded slowly. Knowing his manner, I had expected that. So the finale was all the more unexpected.

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good, far above average. I studied the elaborate mechanism of rejection and I met people who had taken part in the rejection process. At the same time, I became acquainted with dozens of similar cases.

Ivan Matveyevich Vinogradov, director of the Steklov Institute of Mathematics of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, is a fine administrator and politician. For several decades he has held in his hands all the reins controlling mathematical life, including elections in the Academy, awarding of prizes, sending people abroad. The other mathematicians, no matter how famous they are, have little voice.

A hatred of Jews has long been one of the mainsprings motivating his energetic nature. He has always spoken aloud of his attitude toward Jews, albeit behind their backs. His other basic passions are a thirst for power and a love of mathematics. He is, indisputably, a remarkable mathematician. We share the same area of scientific interest, and I have drawn much from his work.

When I found out that B.'s dissertation was about to be rejected at a lower level, I decided to go and see Vinogradov — for the third time in my life. I had met him first at a mathematical congress in the summer of 1956, where I delivered a paper. He came over afterward and praised the paper.

Our second meeting took place shortly before the defense of my doctoral dissertation at the beginning of 1965. I had been invited to the Steklov Institute and had been waiting for a long time on the second floor outside the director's office. Finally, Vinogradov appeared, his short, massive, stooping figure and his large clean-shaven head bending forward, his arms hanging almost to the floor. He looked just like an orangutan. We went into his office and I was given the royal treatment for over two hours.

Now, after some maneuvering, I was once more waiting to see him. Ivan Matveyevich was enthroned behind a writing table between two large windows. On the other side of the huge office hung a large board. When I entered, he got up, offered me his hand and invited me to be seated in a chair at the right of the big table. An old man, established, he spoke clearly. His large clean-shaven head, his broad figure, the unsharpened movements of his large purplish hands — as imposing as ever.

One spring day, three women from my department came up to me to report that there was an announcement in the local paper of a job opening for the head of the department of computational mathematics. My job. Following a faculty meeting, I approached the rector of the university and asked to speak with him. He hesitated, but I insisted, and he eventually agreed to see me in his office. The secretary of the party committee came in as well, but he sat silently throughout the interview. I asked the rector to explain the announcement of the vacancy.

The rector held all the reins of power in the university firmly in his hands. He was generally regarded favorably among his colleagues as intelligent, decisive and not disposed to bow down to the authorities. He had never interfered in my work, and I was grateful to him.

"I won't hide the fact," he told me now, "that we are looking for a new man to head the department. But you know, you asked for this yourself. Only recently you were telling me how you would willingly give up applied mathematics in order to devote yourself to your beloved number theory."

At this point, I raised my voice for the first time. Yes, I had agreed to start looking for a suitable young specialist and gradually to hand over the job. But the sudden removal, without discussing it with me, was something different. It looks, I said, as though I had been relieved of the job because I had made a mess of things and was no good at my job.

The rector allowed that perhaps he had "overlooked something," but there was no change of decision. And that was the outcome.

What role did the fact of my being Jewish play in all of this? A very substantial role. The number of Jewish people in top positions is diminishing everywhere, including the Union State University. Just five years ago, there were dozens of Jews who were heads of department; now there are two or three.

Would the rector have fired me if I were not Jewish? Possibly. However, he would not have done it so portentously, so much by the clearly felt that he was dealing with a powerful person.

mysterious reasons, he failed to pass his orals. (Imagine if Olga Korbut were ruled ineligible for an athletics institute because she failed an exam in athletics. Olga would be accepted and the unfortunate examiner given the sack.) Yura was presented with three problems of the fourth level of difficulty. One of them actually was presented by Yugoslavia in the International Olympiad.

Yura Sorokin is a Russian. His father is only half Jewish and in his passport is registered as a Russian. His mother is purely Russian. However, the boy was considered Jewish, and the appropriate procedure was applied. He was not passed.

Others who failed the orals were named Beskin, Lipkin, Fleishman and the like. All of their problems were of the fourth level of difficulty. In these particular cases, and as a rule when such "special" cases were involved, the results of the oral exams were lower than the written; they were never higher. In normal cases it was the reverse.

How do the authorities manage to give problems of the fourth level to preselected individuals? I went to the office of the selection committee at another institution. Large notice boards carried lists of graduates who had passed the written entrance exam in mathematics — over 1,160 names. I made a list of 36 candidates whose first and last names suggested a Jewish background, and I wrote which of the 60 examination groups each had been put in.

Now if 36 people are divided among 60 groups randomly, then in any single group, as a rule, we should not find more than one person from our list. A cluster of two or more would be an improbable phenomenon. But I discovered that in my group of 36 names, 28 of them were in a cluster of two or more. In fact, two groups contained a total of 13 names from my list. There could, according to the laws of probability, be nothing coincidental about that.

Then, after the exams were over, I checked on the results. Half of the 1,160 candidates had passed the entrance examinations. Only three of the 36 on my list passed. The probability of that happening with a random group of 36, given the overall results, is 1 in 100,000. Clearly, mine was not a random group.



Nov 5, 1979

# FEAR OF BEING FORGOTTEN

## Rosh Hashanah in Kiev

BY SELWYN RAAB

IT WAS THE evening rush hour in Kiev. On a main street hundreds of passersby clogged the sidewalks while long queues gathered in front of bus and trolley stops. But even in the thick crowd a man whom I had never met recognized me. Acting as if he were seeking directions, this middle-aged man whom we shall call Yuri stopped in front of me, whispered my name and then added in German: "Follow behind me, but we must not talk."

I was on vacation, traveling in Russia. Before I left New York, a friend familiar with the emigration problems of Russian Jews had asked me to contact Yuri in the Ukrainian capital. He was a "refusnik," a Jew who had been refused permission to emigrate by the Soviet government. My friend in New York, without news about him for many months, was concerned for his safety.

On my first night in Kiev I telephoned Yuri. After asking if I wanted to meet with him and other refusniks, he arranged a rendezvous for the next evening at a designated stop.

Now, following him as discreetly as possible, I boarded a trolley for a brief ride to Kiev University. There, we made the enormous descent into the spotless Kiev Metro, or subway, for a 20-minute ride in a packed train, away from the center of the city, across the Dnieper River. Emerging from the subway trip, I again followed—at a decent 20 paces—for still another trolley ride. Finally, some five minutes later, we both alighted and entered one of the identical-looking housing complexes that dominate the outlying landscape of the city.

From the outside, the apartment building looked fresh, sturdy and modern. Inside, however, the vestibules were shabbily spartan; the elevator groaned and lurched. As it carried us upstairs, Yuri, who spoke in German and crippled English, said he was uncertain who would be at the "gathering." Because someone there might be a government informer, he advised me against distributing any Western books or magazines. Such reading material could be considered anti-Soviet propaganda, he warned.

Finding the right apartment, Yuri knocked. The door opened a crack, there was a smattering of Russian and we were inside.

It was the eve of Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, one of the most solemn of Jewish observances. Squeezed into the living room of the small, one-bedroom apartment were more than 30 people, mostly in their 20s or early 30s. All of them said they were refusniks.

While Jews elsewhere would be attending services in synagogues, none of those present knew how to pray in Hebrew. None had any religious education, which is virtually impossible to obtain in the Soviet Union. Groping for some way to express their Jewishness on a holy day, they decided to celebrate together. This also gave them an opportunity to comfort each other over the mutual problems they faced for having applied for emigration visas.

Many had brought different dishes of food or vodka or wine. They were unaware that traditionally Rosh Hashanah was marked by prayer, not gay festivities. Indeed, the gathering in Kiev was more like the usual New Year's Eve party than a religious observance.

Yet despite the merry atmosphere, an undercurrent of tension could be felt. These people were accustomed to searches and arrests for possessing Zionist or anti-Soviet materials. Although technically the Rosh Hashanah party was not a violation of Soviet law, they knew that banding together to toast the Jewish New Year could, in Kiev, be twisted into an illicit underground activity. Thus conversations froze with each knock on the door. When the door opened and another refusnik entered, not the police or KGB, the conversation and gaiety resumed.

The apartment was sparsely furnished. Dinner plates were set on a makeshift table, lengthened by boards propped on wooden crates. Crates also served as chairs for most of the guests. During dinner, the stories that flowed were remarkably similar as these Russians who had grown up atheists or ignorant of Judaism and its customs told why they had changed in their late teens or early 20s.

"EVEN IF you think of yourself as a Russian or a Ukrainian, the Russians and the Ukrainians eventually remind you that you are Jewish," explained a 22-year-old man. "Sooner or later the anti-Semitism catches up to you. You realize it when you apply for university, a special course or a promotion at your job."

One man described how everyone in the section of the plant where he worked had gotten a salary increase except him. "I didn't need a reason," he said. "I knew what it was from their anti-Semitic jokes."

A woman said her consciousness as a Jew began as a teenager, especially when she walked her dog. "The other children would point to me and sing a song, 'A Dog is a Yid and a Yid is a Dog,'" she recalled.

For each the decision to seek a visa was wrenching. They realized there was little hope of being allowed to leave, and the mere act of applying meant almost certain punishment—losing one's job, apartment and other amenities, such as a telephone. Once fired, there was the threat of arrest for being a "social parasite."

Moreover, similar penalties and harassments often were inflicted on the entire family. "If you decide to leave you know that not only will you be

considered a traitor but so will all of your close relatives," said one man. "It is not an easy decision, yet for most of us there is no other choice."

Possibly their worst fear is that they are being forgotten by the West; that their plight has become of little concern to anyone else. Several of those present who had been waiting three or more years for visas said they rarely heard any more from groups or individuals in Western countries. The consensus among refusniks, they noted forlornly, was that if a person was denied a visa for more than three years, the hope of emigrating was virtually nil.

"Even in the broadcasts on the BBC and the Voice of America we hear our government propaganda repeated that more Jews than ever before are being allowed out," a man said sadly. "Yes, the total may be up. But there are more Jews applying every day, so the percentage of those who want to leave and are not allowed to is also rising." Since there is no time limit on how long a visa can be denied, refusniks face the prospect of a lifetime of waiting in vain.

The number of Jewish emigrés from Russia is expected to reach a record 50,000 this year. The most common reason given by Soviet authorities for denying an exit permit is that the applicant or a relative is a security risk. The exact size of the Jewish population in Russia is uncertain, but it is believed to be over 2 million.

At the party, several persons told of having been arrested last summer on unfounded charges of "hooliganism." One man, who served as the unofficial leader of the evening, said neighbors had told him that his apartment had been entered twice recently by plainclothes policemen. "I'm afraid they are either bugging my flat or hiding things they can later find and use against me," he said. "But who can I complain to? How can people in the United States or in the West understand or care about what is happening to us?"

Other persons reported that they had been cautioned privately by officials to advise refusniks against demonstrating or appearing on September 29 at Babi Yar, the valley at the outskirts of the city where on that date in 1941 the Nazis slaughtered more than 70,000 Jews. So far as is known, there was no commemorative meeting this year at Babi Yar.

Kiev, long a center of Jewish culture in the Ukraine, has about 200,000 Jews. The refusniks believe that Soviet officials in the Ukraine, a region with a chronic history of severe anti-Semitism, have been particularly harsh against Jews wanting to emigrate. "We

are isolated here," a woman said. "Unlike Moscow and Leningrad, there is no foreign press here, we get few visitors or tourists. No one will know what happens to us."

AMID the grim conversation, Rosh Hashanah was celebrated with the now almost universally known Eastern European Jewish delicacy, gefilte fish, and with ample glasses of vodka. The songs at the dinner table were in Russian, except for one rendition of "Mein Yiddische Mama," sung by a woman who knew Yiddish.

When the table was cleared, a slide projector was brought out. A guest had two slides that had been smuggled into the country. The first was of Masada, the ancient Jewish fortress whose defenders are said to have committed suicide rather than allow themselves to be taken by the Romans following a long siege. The second was of the Western Wall in Jerusalem that was part of the Second Temple, and the plaza in front of it where Jews come to pray. One man explained the significance of both places; most of the others in the apartment had never heard of either.

Long before the party ended, Yuri departed. "I don't know many of these people," he said uneasily. "You can never be sure who can be trusted." His fears were to prove justified.

The next day I was visited in my hotel by a well-dressed Russian who introduced himself as the head of the Kiev branch of Intourist, the official government tourist agency. More probably, he was a security or police agent. He refused to show any Intourist credentials and declined to spell his name in English, a language he spoke fluently. But he knew about the Rosh Hashanah party the previous night.

"The authorities," he warned, were concerned about my meeting in an apartment with "people who are not good citizens . . . who are provocateurs." Furthermore, he advised me that by attending such meetings I might become involved in espionage charges because several of the people I had met possessed "state secrets."

Was I followed to the party? Was someone else trailed? Or was one of the refusniks at the dinner table an informer? There is no way of knowing. There is no doubt, however, that the Soviet government had been vigilantly watching a relative handful of refusniks innocently celebrate Rosh Hashanah.

SELWYN RAAB, a new contributor, is a reporter for the New York Times.





The Union of Councils for Soviet Jews

announces

Mid-Year International Soviet Jewry Meetings:

Conference on the 1980 Moscow Olympics

London, March 15-18

and

Soviet Jewry Leadership Mission

Jerusalem, March 20 - 21

(The Leadership Mission will also include a two-day tour of Soviet Jewish resettlement projects in northern Israel, March 23-24)

More information will be forth coming shortly. Flights for those attending both meetings are available for \$751.00. (Fares go up on December 15). Contact the Union office immediately for flight and hotel information.

**Union of Councils for Soviet Jews**

24 Crescent St., Suite 3A, Waltham, Ma 02154

November 28, 1979

INSIDE TODAY'S ALERT

\* Former P.O.C., Boris Tsilionak has been given permission to leave the Soviet Union. See page 1.

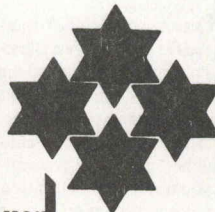
\* A participant at the General Assembly in Montreal reports on decisions affecting Soviet Jewish resettlement. See page 1.

\* This issue presents in-depth coverage of discrimination against Jews in the field of Mathematics starting on page 5.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"Golda Meir's family 'dropped out' in 1905 when many Kiev Jews were going to Palestine -- and look what happened to their daughter!"

Babette Wampold



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