Notes on trip to USSR, May-June 1990

These are contemporaneous notes from a trip to the USSR, funded by the Council on Economic Priorities, a New York-based organization that opposed excessive military spending and favored conversion of military resources to civilian purposes. The CEP was a cosponsor of the International Citizens Congress for a Nuclear Test Ban, organized by the newly formed Nevada-Semipalatinsk Movement, headed by the Kazakh poet, Olzhas Suleimenov, and the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War (IPPNW), whose co-presidents were Bernard Lown and Evgenii Chazov, US and Soviet cardiologists, respectively. The Congress took place at three locations in Kazakhstan (listed here in increasing proximity to the Soviet nuclear test site): Alma Ata, Semipalatinsk, and Kara Aul.

The first part of the notes describes the Congress, the speeches and workshops, and the people I met—Americans, Russians, West Europeans, and Kazakhs. The second part describes my stay in Moscow for a few days after the Congress, where I sought interviews with specialists at the Institute for the Study of the USA and Canada (ISKAN, in its Russian acronym), gave a lecture there on my views of the prospects for conversion, was interviewed twice for Soviet TV, met new Russian friends, and heard a lot of opinions about the reforms of Mikhail Gorbachev and the political challenges from his emerging rival, Boris Yeltsin.

22 May. I arrived at Sheremetevo 2 Airport around 6 pm from Frankfurt. During my five hours at the Frankfurt Airport I had managed to change some money and book a room for the night of June 3 when I have to stay over on my return. On the plane from Frankfurt I sat next to Bob del Tredici, a photographer who lives in Montreal and who did a book of photographs on the US nuclear weapons complex. He is making arrangements with Novosti Press to do the same for the Soviet side. He brought along some twenty 16 mm films to give lectures on the history of cartoons in Moscow.

From the airport a bus load of conference participants went into Moscow to the Rossiia Hotel. I met Steve Fetter from Maryland and Tom Cochran from the NRDC [National Resources Defense Council]. We talked about the poor prospects for the US to enact a test ban. Cochran said he thought the most effective use of foundation money for this issue would be to fly 100,000 Kazakhs to demonstrate at the test site in Nevada. ([Evgenii] Velikhov had proposed flying them to Dulles Airport on Aeroflot, visas or not).

I shared a room at the Rossiia with Dan Fenstermacher, who spent the evening with friends in town. I met Ernest Sternglass (whose *Nation* article on nuclear power had so enraged Hume [Vance] and Michael Peshkin years ago at Stewart Little [Cooperative, Ithaca NY, where I lived in the early 1980s]). He was making dramatic claims of the effect of low-level radiation on the immune system and consequent increases of mortality from such diseases as pneumonia – no discussing of controls for other possible causes. Sternglass seems to be quite popular with "Downwinders" in the US – people who live near the Nevada test site who suffer from the radiation that gets released. I met Monty Bright from Utah, who is active in their movement.

At dinner on the night of our arrival I met a medical student from Germany named Martin who was interested in medicine in the Third World and had visited West Africa and India; a young Australian doctor who had flown 20 hours from her vacation in Bangkok. Both were members of their national chapters of IPPNW and had been at the annual conference in Hiroshima the year before. I met Frank Castillo, a recent MD who did a Masters in Peace Studies at Notre Dame and wrote a paper using [Robert] Keohane's idea on international or transnational institutions to apply to IPPNW.

23 May. We spent most of the day traveling to Alma Ata. I checked my suitcase with all of my heavy gifts at the Rossiia – I hope it remains intact. I called Trudy [Rubin of the *Philadephia Enquirer*, my wife Joanie's cousin] the night before but decided that it was too much trouble trying to get over to her apartment to drop it off (already it was 11:30 pm). She seems to be doing OK, but the editors at *Moscow News* don't seem much interested in publishing her stuff.

On the flight to Alma Ata I talked to Frank von Hippel. I sat next to John Burroughs and Jackie [Cabasso] who work for the Western States Legal Foundation, trying to ban nuclear weapons research at Livermore [National Laboratory] and defend protesters. Jackie knows my uncle Jack [McDonough] pretty well, has driven with him to protests. I met Walter Clemens, who had spent Monday getting the runaround at ISKAN. Aleksei Kvasov, who had signed the agreement with CEP, claimed not to be involved anymore and know nothing about it. By chance Valerii Khrutskii called in while Walter was there (he was staying at home with his son who was ill), and said he would get our visas extended. Walter wants to visit the SS-20 factory at Votkinsk, but nobody wanted to help him do it.

Tonight we had a warm welcome at the airport from a delegation of Kazakhs – mostly women in traditional costumes with flowers. It had been raining there and we almost had to fly to Frunze in Kirghizia to avoid the thunderstorm. At a dinner reception we were welcomed by the mayor of Alma Ata and by Bernard Lown, and we were entertained by a local music and dance troupe – very nice – and a band with a Frank Sinatra-type singer – too loud. I talked to John Walsh, an MD who works at UMass med school in Worcester, did a postdoc at Harvard in neurobiology, and is now doing research in Moscow at a lab of Evgenii Chazov's Institute. A good friend of a Soviet colleague at the lab is an assistant to someone who could be Velikhov (he couldn't remember the name). I met Greg van der Vink and talked to him and Frank von Hippel. Greg just negotiated with a Soviet general in Moscow a plan to set up a system of six seismic monitors in the USSR. The Ministry of Defense had to give its approval – what they mainly wanted in return was a formal affiliation with the project (which Greg for political reasons back home did not want), but what they really wanted was some obsolete computer equipment and tapes for recording seismic events, which Greg was happy to provide indirectly (his meeting took place last Thursday).

I met some interesting Soviets – a woman who works as an editor at *SShA* [*USA*—journal of ISKAN] are and who recognized my name from the review of my book, [*Innovation and the Arms Race*, the journal had published]; a young Kazakh student named Jal who is interested in history and current political economic reforms, and a Kazakh dissident who is distributing an open letter to KGB head [Vladimir] Kriuchkov from a Kazakh Supreme Soviet deputy who has been harassed for trying to investigate the riots of December 1986. I met Tomas Gregoriev of

the Soviet Peace Fund (founded in 1961), which supports the Nevada-Semipalatinsk Movement. He told me about the *Natsional'naia kommissiia sodeistviia konversii* [National commission for cooperation in conversion], headed by Academician [V.S.] Avduevskii.

I've also met and talked briefly to Betty Lall and Bishop [Thomas] Gumbleton of Detroit.

24 May. The first day of the conference. A number of speakers: Olzhas Suleimenov, the charismatic founder of the Nevada movement, Bernard Lown, who gave an effective but misleading speech – he confused rads with curies and failed to distinguish between short- and long-lived isotopes. Greg van der Vink gave a good slideshow/history of US weapons testing, with some subtle humor – too subtle for the interpreters and non-native English speakers, unfortunately. I skipped much of the afternoon to take a walk with Frank von Hippel. I caught the last few speeches on my return. They ended late. I went up to my room to lie down for a few minutes before dinner and I fell asleep until 10 pm.

25 May (written 3 June, 12:45 am on metro). Today the conference broke up into workshops. I went to the one on organizing strategies. It got off to an unpromising start. The Kazakh host, vice president of the Nevada movement, mentioned how the hall had seen many such meetings with international guests to talk about peace – as if this Congress were no different. Things picked up from there, although there were a fair number of long (but not by Soviet standards) speeches in the morning. In the afternoon, the Americans took over the organization of the session, strictly delineating a set of four sub topics and limiting each speaker to two minutes each. Aaron Tovish of Parliamentarians Global Action was particularly effective at keeping us on track. Even so, it was striking how many Kazakhs ignored the topic and simply said what was on their mind or in their hearts – some very powerful things about the effect of testing, the feelings and demands of Kazakh nationalism, etc. A Lithuanian also made a plea for support for his cause, with little reference to the test ban issue. The Soviets disagreed among themselves, with Lev Semeiko of the Foreign Ministry and ISKAN opposing a unilateral Soviet test moratorium, and representatives of the Soviet Peace Committee insisting that their official position favored one.

26 May. We had a plenary session to close the conference. It began with a very impressive film called *Poligon* (it means "test range" in Russian, but many of the Americans didn't figure that out and wondered why the Russians were always using such an interesting word). The film was essentially a history of the Semipalatinsk test site – something Greg van der Vink had expressed a desire to see just the day before, as a kind of counterpart to his own slide presentation. It included an interview with [Andrei] Sakharov – two hours before he died [of a heart attack] – and with [Iulii] Khariton, who said Semipalatinsk was a good choice for a test site, and still is. After the conference we had a march and rally with local people to a stadium. I met a Kazakh family with two kids. The father had a one-year-old daughter on his shoulders and we talked along the way. He invited me to his house later that evening. When we got near the stadium, one of the student interpreters hired to work with the Congress participants pulled me aside to start a conversation. I had the impression that he was deliberately trying to keep me from talking with the locals. I did manage to catch up with them again and we walked into the stadium together. At that point a Russian in a suit began talking to the father. I didn't catch what was said but when we got back together he said that they had to go home now to feed

the baby. I wondered if the man in the suit had tried to discourage them from staying with me or if I was just being overly sensitive. They invited me to come to their apartment later that evening and gave me the address.

I stayed for a while at the demonstration, (not) listening to more Lown and Suleimenov speeches and taking photos. Then Greg van der Vink and I walked back to the hotel. Greg had gone to the *bania* [public bath] the night before and was planning to go again so I decided to join him. Frank von Hippel came along as well as Ann Marie Cunnigham, a journalist who is writing an article for *The Progressive* on the Nevada movement. When we got to the *bania*, by cab with a student interpreter, there were no tickets available. Our interpreter was not very effective at convincing them to let us in, but Greg was very keen on showing us the place, so we waited until all of the relevant officials – administrator, head of complex, and director – knew we were there, and they finally relented. It was a beautiful place, built in 1980, with three separate baths – Turkish (marble circular table and benches through which the heat rises), Finnish (dry), and Russian (wet)—and a swimming pool. I left before the others, in order to try to catch a cab to visit my new acquaintances, but after a half hour of no luck, I gave up and went back to the *bania*, so that I could join the others in the car back to the hotel.

27 May. We flew to Semipalatinsk, where we were met by another big crowd of well-wishers and heard another round of speeches. There was something like a small flea market going on at the same time, perhaps an additional inducement for people to come. I bought a pink *tubeteika* hat for Clara. We got on busses to head for the village of Kara Aul, near the test site. I sat next to a Russian filmmaker from Alma Ata. We talked during much of the 4–5-hour drive. He's a big fan of US movies, was interested in the usual US-Soviet comparisons, what housing costs, etc. I got intensive practice speaking Russian.

About halfway to our destination we stopped for a break. The first thing we saw were freshly-dug and -built outhouses. Then we noticed another big welcoming crowd, with traditional dancing and singing. There were also some big sheds with tables laden with local foods (including horsemeat). We continued on to Kara Aul—a fairly desolate area of rocks and sand. We attended another demonstration. The translations were very bad, at times even dishonest. Bernard Lown began a theme that started with “45 years ago a crime was committed at Hiroshima, where 120,000 people died.” An interpreter said “five years ago 5,000 new members joined IPPNW.” She was at a bit of a loss as Lown continued to pursue the crime theme—“a crime is committed every time another nuclear weapon is tested”—but she eventually caught up with him. Poor Ted Taylor had his “sacred” translated as “secret,” so that as he tried to talk about sacred ground here at home, the best the translator could do was: “we have our little secret, you have your little secret.” The worst “translation” came when a Kazakh gave an impassioned condemnation of Moscow’s treatment of his people. He said “the Russians have never cared about Kazakhstan. The only reason they developed the region was because they were fleeing the Germans and had to have somewhere where they could build up their strength to fight again.” The translation was: “We are against the threat of nuclear war. We must fight to abolish all nuclear testing.”

After the rally, we went into the village, where a stage had been built for a performance of local singers and dancers. It began with a chorus of oldish men and women in what looked like

uniforms, singing patriotic songs. Then came performances of younger people and many kids, including a boy who was not much over 4, dancing and singing into a microphone, wearing a suit and tie and looking like a miniature Elvis Presley or Englebert Humperdinck. The dances and songs were [so] very varied—including Hungarian and Russian ones—that I was reminded of how much the Kazakhs have absorbed other cultures, despite the strong nationalist sentiment. The words were in Kazakh. No one ever translated them for us, but the music and singing conveyed quite a powerful effect.

After the performance we divided up into groups of about a dozen to have dinner in the native *yurtas*. Our group included mostly Americans, plus two Russian sisters, one Kazakh woman, a Dutch and a German physician. We were served by two or three Kazakh men whom we invited to join us in toasts. The Kazakh woman, a local official, had the good idea to have us introduce ourselves. The foreigners went first. One of the Russian sisters explained that her participation in the Nevada-Semipalatinsk Movement was the result of personal experience: her grandparents had both died of cancer, her husband had died of a sarcoma, and her son was ill with afflictions. She made an emotional plea for help to the doctors in our group. They responded with some sympathy, but basically to the effect that it would not be possible to prescribe any treatment based on only a general description of the problem, but they offered to study his records and gave the mother their addresses. The Dutch doctor explained that in cases of environmentally-induced diseases like she described, they [the doctors] were really powerless to cure and that's what made them so angry. The only cure was prevention. The interpreter in our group, who was working with Kazakh, Russian, and English, was getting tired by this point and didn't translate this thought as sensitively as he might have done.

Our group was the last to leave its *yurta*, and we broke up reluctantly. I learned later that our experience was rather special compared to the others. We got back in the bus and drove to a hotel in Semipalatinsk, arriving at 3:30 am.

28 May. The next morning we went off to Moscow. I had been trying off and on to find a Russian student named Sergei Chanov whom I had met earlier, in order to give him a copy of my book. He had given me a copy of a survey that he has helped prepare, polling Soviet citizens on their foreign-policy views. It looked quite interesting. Sergei looks and seems like a typical Russian—not very attractive, dull synthetic Soviet suit, bad breath—but he seems fairly radical in his politics, even though he is studying at the Komsomol school in Moscow. I read a paper of his in which he made a strong case for a Soviet unilateral test moratorium.

On the plane to Moscow I was requested by Robert Huff, a 60-ish engineer and peace activist from New Jersey, to serve as an interpreter as he tried to work out a preliminary arrangement for a joint venture with a Soviet mathematician/physicist who has set up a system for testing for radiation and other environmental hazards. Bob wanted to get his visa extended and to visit Chernobyl, but the requests seemed to be beyond the capability of his interlocutor.

Back in Moscow, Walter Clemens and I shared a room. Valerii Khrutskii from ISKAN called on us and joined us for dinner to discuss our program. Walter told him how unhappy he was that his months of inquiries about Votkinsk had proved futile. Khrutskii was not very sympathetic. It was a dialogue of the deaf (or maybe monologue), with Khrutskii saying that such things need time and Walter saying that he first raised the issue 5 months ago. Khrutskii was not even certain

that he could find us a hotel room for the next night. He seemed to be fairly low down in the hierarchy of Soviet influence and power (he's two years older than me).

Khrutskii did find us a room, at the hotel of the Academy of Sciences, a mediocre place near Oktiabrskaia metro station. We had to share a living room and bedroom with two narrow beds side by side. Walter was very unhappy because we were on the street side of the building. He was disturbed by the noise and by my preference for staying up late and trying call Joanie. Walter eventually got his own room We visited ISKAN the next day and he got one of their bureaucrats to drive back with him and Khrutskii to the hotel to work things out.

The first few days in Moscow were quite frustrating. Khrutskii had taken the names of the people we wanted to meet but was a long time in getting back to us. I delayed making my own appointments until in many cases it was too late.

On our first visit to ISKAN, Walter and I together met Viktor Kremeniuk, who is not involved in the CEP project. We had a nice chat, not particularly germane to my work. I did learn that he, like [Andrei] Kokoshin and [Melor] Sturua, does believe in the possibility of a constructive relationship with younger military reformers, and he mentioned a Major Lopatin who was nearly kicked out of the Party for his views (a couple of days later I read an interview with him in *Nedelia*).

I had lunch with Aleksei Iziumov. I found him quite appealing and open, as I had expected, but we didn't really get into much of a substantive discussion. The next day we would see each other again. In Alma Ata, David Bush, a physician from PSR Boston, had introduced me to Ol'ga Evseeva and Mikhail (Misha) Selikhov, who work for Soviet TV—Gosteleradio—and were making a documentary about conversion. They both spoke some English, but my Russian seemed better and was improving. After talking from time to time during the Congress, they invited me to come to their studio for an interview. They had already tracked down Iziumov—of the stuff they had read on conversion from the Soviet press, his had impressed them, like me, the most. So Aleksei and I were to meet there the next day.

The interview went OK, I suppose, although I made plenty of mistakes in Russian, and felt that I never quite succeeded in explaining exactly what I wanted to say. I thought Iziumov did an excellent job, making many of the points that I wanted to make.

After the interview, Misha invited me back to his apartment. He lives in Saburovo, a development in the southwest of Moscow, considered a "youth village." It was built by a collective of people from various enterprises, including Gosteleradio. The buildings seem of better quality than most, the apartments are of decent size, the complex includes a school, where Misha's wife Ol'ia works, a kindergarten where their son Mitia—age 3—goes, a medical clinic, food stores, and…a TV studio. The complex has its own cable TV network, staffed by volunteers from Gosteleradio, who live there, and equipped with cameras and other equipment provided from the state TV system. While I was there Misha directed an interview of two deputies of the Russian Supreme Soviet. They were both members of Democratic Russia and supporters of [Boris] Yeltsin. The discussion was very interesting, and as I learned later, more controversial than anything that had been shown on official TV. They talked about a meeting in the Kremlin the night before Yeltsin's election between Gorbachev and the reliable

Communists, where he warned them that a vote for Yeltsin would be a vote for the disintegration of the Union. One of the deputies, an official at Gosteleradio, told of how his [Yelstin's] speeches at the Congress had been cut from the evening TV broadcast of the proceedings, including his remarks complaining about being censored. He [Yeltsin] had proposed that Gosteleradio become subordinate to the Russian Republic rather than the USSR.

After the interview, Misha proposed that the moderator interview me for my reaction to it and also to discuss my views on conversion. So I did my best. I was asked what I thought about the new Soviet democracy and I said that I thought it was fresher and livelier than ours, but that the value of democracy depends not only on the process but also the results. I was asked for my prognosis for the country and I said that I was optimistic and had to be because I did not want the teaching of Soviet politics to become boring again in the absence of *perestroika*. The moderator said he would be happy for it to become boring if it meant that *perestroika* succeeded and life in the USSR became calm again.

After the interview, I spent the evening with Misha, Ol'ia, and Mitia. We had a really nice time. We finished off their whiskey and cognac with a couple of toasts. Misha took out his 12-string guitar and sang some American and Russian folk songs. I played a couple of songs, but seem to have forgotten most of the ones I knew. All in all it was a very pleasant evening.

The night before I did the interview, or maybe it was a couple of nights before, I had been trying to get in touch with Sergei Smirnov [the brother of my friend, Irina, whom I had met in Moscow in 1979 and who later married Jeff Todd and emigrated to Boston], but his phone didn't work. So I walked around Moscow for a long time, in what I thought was the direction of his apartment and finally found it. I interrupted Iulia's 25th birthday. Sergei invited me in and Nastia came running to greet me. What a cute kid she is. She reminded me of Clara—affectionate, lively, likes to wear skirts and dance around. It was very odd at the party, however. They had been there for a while, were just finishing up dinner and were ready for coffee. Sergei brought me in and sat me at the table but didn't introduce me to anyone. His father was in the middle of telling a long story. No one even acknowledged that I was there. It was awkward. Then I thought it might be nice if I gave Iulia some of the Columbian coffee I had brought so she could serve it to her guests. But she declined, saying she already had coffee. I gave Nastia a little toy car I had brought for her, but she said no. Then Sergei and I left and he walked me to the subway station. He told me he is working now as a psychologist as well as a member of a Swedish-Soviet joint venture. Iulia works as a computer programmer and earns about 700 rubles/month (average is 230/mo). I decided she probably had no need for the mundane things I had brought—soap, toothpaste, stuff that was supposed to be in short supply, but which seemed easy enough to get.

I saw Sergei again when he came over to the hotel. He preached to me for about an hour about his religious schema of how the world works and how people progress (Nastia is at the 4.7 level while Iulia is still at 3.8), about how I should raise Clara, etc. It was extremely tiresome. Then he helped me translate the second part of a talk I had promised to give at ISKAN on Friday—that was very helpful. Sergei gave me several chapters of typescript of philosophical teachings that I wanted to throw away rather than carry back with me.

On Friday I went to ISKAN. We had an appointment with Porokhovskii, the head of the economics section and the nominally responsible person for ISKAN's side of the CEP project. He seemed to know very little about it. As a former professor of political economy at MGU he is very much in the old-school tradition. I had had lunch earlier in the day at a cooperative restaurant near ISKAN with Iziumov and Elena Ivanova. Iziumov told me that he had just learned the day before that he would not be allowed to attend a conference he had been invited to at Princeton next month. The higher authorities—including Porokhovskii—were punishing him for having extended his last visit to NY by 2 weeks without permission, and, apparently, for being of too critical an inclination. He asked me if I would mention to Porokhovskii that he had been interviewed for TV. He said that it might help. Nothing helped. Porokhovskii obviously doesn't like Iziumov. He said that the Soviet public was tired of reading criticism of the conversion program—that they wanted specific analysis and constructive proposals.

Walter complained to P. about his failure to get to Votkinsk. P. said it was the first he had heard of it, but he took out his list of people in the Council of Ministers and got to work, made a phone call, etc., *po-staromu* [in the old way].

After the meeting, I talked for a while with Oleg Medvedev, a graduate student who is reviewing my book as part of a research assignment for an internal student publication. A graduate of the Bauman Institute, he was not pleased with [Mikhail] Agursky's generalization that it was now training more mediocre students than the civilian institutes. Oleg found the civilian-military distinction not very useful. He argued that anything run by a central ministry is essentially miliary in its approach—including security restrictions, centralization, etc.—leaving only the service sector to be considered genuinely civilian.

At some point, talking to Medvedev in Kochetkov's office the latter came in and we introduced ourselves. He told Medvedev that Kokoshin was in today and he should try to meet him. I said that I had been trying to meet him all week myself. Kochetkov had a photocopy of my book that his colleague had copied last week at the New York Public Library. He took it with him and disappeared. He evidently showed it to Kokoshin. At 6 pm I was led through several waiting students to meet Kokoshin. He was very friendly. When he asked what I was interested in, I told him non-provocative defense—he calls it non-offensive defense—and how the USSR became interested in it. He named West European peace researchers—Unterseher, Boserup, etc., as well as a long tradition of Russian military interest in the subject. He gave me a copy of his new book with [Valentin] Larionov, and I gave him a copy of mine. Then I rushed over to give my lecture to a half dozen students.

It went OK and the one student who participated in the discussion (Khrutskii did too) made some interesting remarks. Khrutskii asked if I had any plans for the evening. I said no, and invited him out for a drink, thinking we would go to the Intourist, where they have a nice indoor terrace for hard currency (I went there a few nights earlier with John Walsh and the British doctor who videoed Mathias Rust on Red Square three years ago—he sold the video for $8000 and thinks he should have asked $100,000). Valerii wanted to try a local "pub" instead. We waited in line for a half hour until they locked the door at 8 pm. No pleas to allow him to entertain a foreign guest were of any avail there or at the next half-dozen places. It was a

palpable reminder of how much has not changed. We ended up in a video salon where we drank champagne and watched Tom and Jerry cartoons and a Chuck Norris (whoever that is) film.

The next day was Saturday. I waited around for Elena Loshinkova to call. She is Velikhov's former assistant and a friend of Frank von Hippel. He had given me her work numbers but not her home number. I called her, but she was so busy with her foundering joint venture that she wanted me to talk to Kokoshin and Sergei Kapitsa first so that she could fill in the rest. On Thursday, I called her and told her that it seemed unlikely that I would meet those people, so perhaps I should contact her some other time. When she found out where I was staying, she said she lived right across the street, so we should get together Saturday morning—she wanted to send something to Frank. But she never called, or never got through in any case.

Saturday afternoon I met Trudy Rubin and her interpreter at the National [Hotel] and we went to Saburova to meet Misha, Ol'ia, and Mitia. It turns out that Trudy had heard about their TV studio, had met Misha's former boss at Gosteleradio, but was missing a lot of the details. We had a very interesting discussion of plans to develop the Saburovo station into an alternative to the state-run network, in association with MosSovet [the city government]. Trudy had to leave somewhat unexpectedly at 8 pm—Deborah Amos had made restaurant reservations for 7:30, even though Trudy had thought they planned to meet after 9 for a drink. Ol'ia seemed quite disappointed—even though she had already fed us some very tasty snacks and tea, she was planning to have us stay for dinner, and she had made a cake. So I stayed. It was a very pleasant evening. I played with Mitia while Ol'ia cooked and Misha got the week's broadcast onto the air (cable).

Then a couple of their neighbors dropped in, Misha came back, and we watched the interviews that were taped two days earlier. I barely was able to watch myself because their friend Stas kept asking me questions. He was interesting. A Party member who works in the Ministry of the Defense Industry, he was very curious about the US and extremely critical of Gorbachev, the CP, the system, etc. He, like most people I met, thought Gorbachev had become the defender of the Central Committee.

We had a very warm goodbye at around midnight and Misha escorted me to the bus.

The next day I waited around again for Loshinkova to call. Then I went with Sergei to the Botanical Gardens run by MGU. I was tired and also tired of his preaching, but it was pleasant enough to sit on a bench in the green and watch all the parents and kids. I came back to the hotel and Khrutskii picked me up at 4 and drove me to the airport.

The plane was full of people emigrating to West Germany. Lots of kids with blond hair—evidently of German heritage, generations ago, but they all spoke Russian. I sat next to a man who had emigrated to the US in the 1970s and had come back to represent a company presenting medical equipment at an exhibition. He had visited friends and relatives in Moscow and Leningrad and tried to take out some old family photographs. The guards wouldn't let him.