

REPORT FROM THE BERIA RESERVATION

VALENTYN MOROZ

Ukrainian historian





**A Voice for Freedom Silenced
the Story of**

VALENTYN MOROZ

UKRAINIAN THINKER IN SOVIET PRISON CAMP



**REPORT FROM
THE BERIA RESERVATION**

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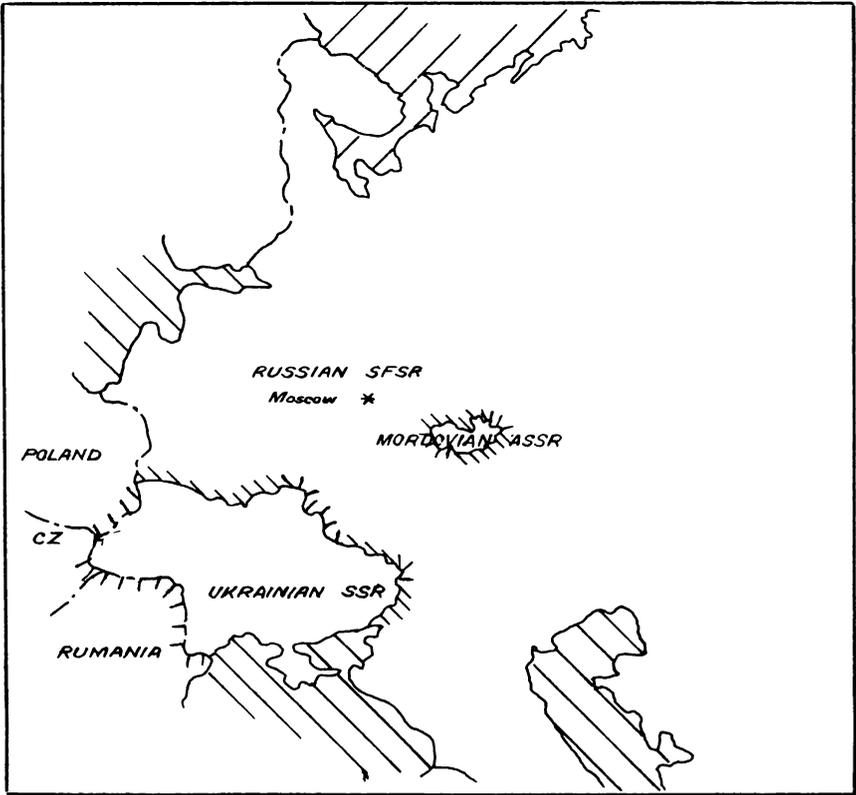
Alexander Solzhenitsyn has won an ambiguous victory over the Soviet authorities. They have not been prepared to do anything but expel him from Russia. But Solzhenitsyn is one of the most famous men in the whole world. Others, not so famous, are dealt with in a very different fashion. One such is the Ukrainian intellectual, Valentyn Moroz. Anatoly Radygin, now in Israel, saw him in prison. "The gaunt figure in the striped uniform of a repeater, sick and ghastly, reminded one of the frightful photographs of the surviving victims of Auschwitz." Radygin was a witness to the torments which have been inflicted on Moroz.

Moroz's "crime" was that he defended Ukrainian culture against the Russification that Moscow seeks to impose. His treatment reminds us that the U.S.S.R. is an Imperialist power, perhaps the most powerful, ruthless and dangerous Imperialist power which the world has ever seen. It holds down literally dozens of subject nations, inside and outside its borders, while using the rhetoric of anti-Imperialism.

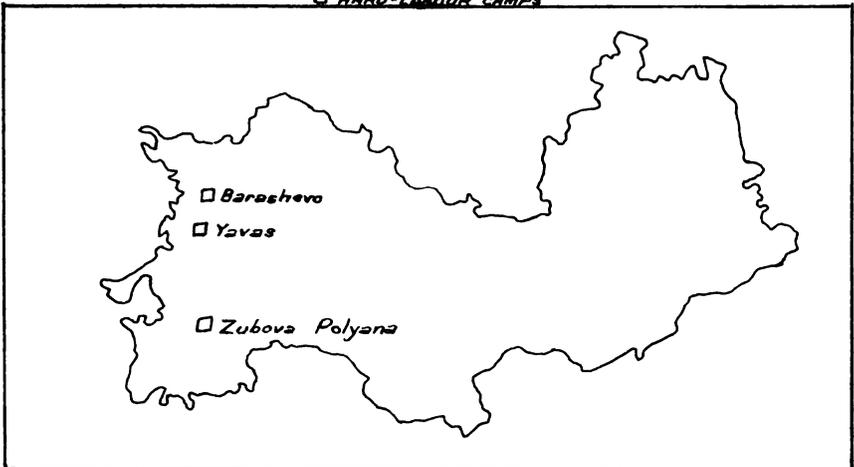
Moroz's "Report from the Beria Reservation" is a very important document in the literature of exposure and protest which still maintains itself inside the U.S.S.R. It shows us once again the incredible courage and moral stamina of those who fight for freedom, political and national, against the Soviet dictatorship from inside the Soviet state.

DR. D.M. ARMSTRONG
The University of Sydney
February, 1974

UKRAINIAN SSR - MORDOVIAN ASSR in W. SOVIET UNION



MORDOVIAN ASSR
□ HARD-LABOUR CAMPS



New Voice From The Russian Concentration Camps

An appeal of the Ukrainian historian Valentyn Moroz

To the Deputies of the Supreme Soviet of the Ukrainian SSR
From political prisoner unlawfully sentenced at Lutsk on January 20, 1966

Report From The Beria Reservation

The search has ended. The fugitive comes out of the bushes. "I surrender, don't shoot! I have no weapons!" The pursuer comes closer, capably unbolts the sub-machine gun and puts three bullets one after the other into the living target. Two more rounds are heard: two other fugitives who have also surrendered are shot. The bodies are carried onto the road. Police dogs lick the blood. As always, the victims are brought in and thrown down by the camp gates to frighten others. But suddenly the corpses stir: two are alive. But it is impossible to shoot anymore; people are everywhere.

This is not the beginning of a detective novel. This is not a story about escapees from Buchenwald or Kolyma. This took place in the spring of 1956, after the 20th Congress had condemned the personality cult, and the criticism of Stalinist crimes was in full swing. Everything written here can be verified by Alhidas Petrusiavichus, incarcerated in camp No. 11 at Mordovia . . . He survived. Two others — Lorentas and Yursha — perished. Such incidents were everyday occurrences.

Green Mordovia stretches in a narrow strip from west to east. Green on the map, green in reality. In the Slavic sea — an island of melodic Mordovian names: Vindrey, Yavas, Potma, Lyambir. In its north-west corner there is a Mordovian state reservation. Here law reigns — hunting is strictly prohibited. But there is another reservation, not to be found on any map, where hunting is permitted all the year round. If an accurate map of Mordovia were to be drawn, its south-west corner would have to be divided into squares, separated by barbed wire and dotted with watch towers. These are the Mordovian political camps — the land of barbed wire,

police dogs and man-hunts. Here, the children grow up amidst barbed wire. Their parents cut grass and dig potatoes after work. "Dad was a 'shmon'. And what did you find?" Then they will grow up and learn the philosophy of these lands: "Camp means bread". You get a pood of flour (about 36 lbs.) for catching a fugitive. It was even simpler in the Aldan camps: Yakut brought a head and received gun-powder, salt, whisky. Just like the Dayaks in Borneo, only the head was not brought to the chief who was adorned with necklaces of human teeth, but to a major or a captain, who had taken a correspondence course at the university and had lessons on legality. In Mordovia it was necessary to do away with such tradition: too close to Moscow. Such a trophy could fall into the hands of a foreign correspondent — then try to prove that it's a forgery, invented by the yellow press.

Three Lithuanians were shot even though they had not been sentenced to be executed. Art. 183 of the Criminal Code allows three years' imprisonment as punishment for an escape, and Art. 22 CC Ukr.SSR even prohibits "the infliction of physical suffering or the degradation of human dignity" of the prisoners. The court of the Lithuanian SSR (a sovereign state, according to the constitution of the said country) gave permission to the KGB men to keep the prisoners in isolation — nothing more. According to the constitution, Ukraine is also a sovereign state, and is even represented at the UN. The courts try thousands of Ukrainian citizens and . . . send them abroad. A precedent unheard of in history: a state sends its prisoners abroad. Perhaps Ukraine has no room for camps, as is the case in the principality of Monaco? However, room was found for

seven million Russians, — but, it seems, there is no room for political prisoners, Ukrainians, on their native soil. Thousands of Ukrainians were transported to the East — and there were engulfed by grey obscurity. They were swallowed up by the cellars of Solovky, by the sands of Manhyshlak, later by Stalinist “stroykas” — the pyramids of the 20th century which have devoured millions of slaves. They were transported not only in groups of prisoners — those “voluntarily” resettled are also devoured by the Russification meat-grinder in the boundless expanses of Siberia and Kazakhstan, and they are lost forever to the Ukrainian nation. The ancient peoples considered the place where the sun sets to be the Land of the Dead. In the future Ukrainian legends such a country will be found in the East.

The civilizational level of a society is measured by the degree of its concern for the well-being of its citizens. An accident in a Belgian mine buried over ten Italian emigrants. Italy exploded with protests, official notes abounded, questions in parliament resulted. Ukraine also has a parliament — the Supreme Soviet of the Ukr. SSR. I do not know whether there are people there who remember their right to question the government. I do not know whether these people remember any of their rights as deputies, except the right to raise their hand while voting. But I know that the Supreme Soviet of the Ukr.SSR is the highest authority in Ukraine according to the constitution. It authorized one of its subordinate institutions — KDB — to arrest, to try and to do what it pleased concerning the future fate of the people accused of “anti-Soviet activities”. Honourable deputies of the Ukrainian Parliament, let's chase away drowsiness for once; let's set aside debates on sows, cement mixers and the effects the use of superphosphates has on national economy. Let these problems be resolved by experts. Let's forget about the Land of Sweet Yawns for once and transfer ourselves to Mordovia and find out: a) who these people uprooted from normal life are who have been placed at the complete disposal of

the KGB men; b) to whom the fate of these people was transferred.

The Trial Of Thought

In 1958, Mohamed Kulmahambetov, a lecturer in philosophy at Frunzensk medical institute (now an inmate in camp No. 11) brought a statement to the dean's office: please settle my account. The reason? — Disagreement with the programme of instruction. This decision caused a sensation. The herd of career men, who have been outrunning each other in the attempt to reach the trough, trampling conscience, dignity and convictions under foot in order to climb higher and to profit at their neighbour's expense, could not understand how a person could refuse 120 roubles merely because his views have changed! Kulmahambetov became a blue collar worker. But in 1962 he was arrested. The court at Kustanaya sentenced him to 7 years' imprisonment and to 3 years' exile for “anti-Soviet activity”. How did it manifest itself? The chief defence witness was the head of the trust board of “Sokolovrudstroy” (ore refinery), Makhmudov. The only thing which he could say in court was to repeat Kulmahambetov's words: “I do not want to teach what I do not believe in.” This was the latter's reply to the question: “Why aren't you working in your branch of specialization?” Other accusations were the same. The investigator also admitted: “In reality there is no reason for trying you, but you have a dangerous way of thinking.” A typical example, almost an everyday occurrence in the practice of the KDB, but unique for its sheer arbitrariness. As a rule the KGB men try to fabricate at least the appearance of “anti-Soviet” activity. But here, in the far off province, they did not deem even this formality necessary and admitted that Kulmahambetov was being condemned for his opinions. Thousands and thousands of people have been tried according to this system, even though their cases may have been more cleverly “presented”. Article 125 of the Constitution of the USSR proclaims freedom of speech, press, manifestations and organizations. Art. 19 of the

UN Declaration of Human Rights speaks about “freedom to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers”. Therefore Art. 62 CC Ukr.SSR is nothing more than a violation of the above-mentioned documents, a Stalinist survival. The formulation “agitation or propaganda conducted with the aim to undermine or weaken the Soviet regime” under conditions when the KGB men themselves are determining the degree of “undermining” of the material, fosters unlimited arbitrariness. In Moscow every year tens of books by foreign authors are published, filled with sharp criticism of the Soviet regime and Communist ideology. If Art. 62 CC is really a law, then the publication of these books is a criminal act. A law is a law only when it is applied to all. Where is the logic: I can freely propagate the views of Hitler, published in the periodical *Voprosy istorii* (Questions of History), yet I will be tried for my own typing of Hitler’s memoirs! Thus, Art. 62 is nothing but a tool of arbitrariness in the hands of the KGB, which makes it possible for them to put an inconvenient person behind bars for keeping any anti-Soviet publication.

I and my friends are condemned for “propaganda directed at the separation of Ukraine from the USSR”. But Art. 17 of the USSR Constitution speaks clearly about the right of every republic to secede from the USSR. The right of every nation to separation was laid down in the pact on the civil and political rights of men adopted at the 21st session of the UN General Assembly.

The KDB likes the phrase “nationalistic literature” very much. What does this phrase mean and what is the criterion for determining the “nationalistic character”? Not so very long ago the works of Oles, Hrinchenko and Zerov were considered “nationalistic” — now they are no longer nationalistic. The mice have not chewed through all the brochures in which the “theoreticians” of Malanchuk’s type called Hrushevskiyi “a fierce enemy of the Ukrainian people”, yet *Ukrainskyi istorychnyi zhurnal* (Ukrainian Historical

Journal) (No. 11, 1966) believes that he was “a scholar with a world name” and quotes an official resolution which talks about Hrushevskiyi’s services on behalf of the Ukraine. The works of Hrushevskiyi and Vynnychenko are being prepared for publication. But where is the criterion, nevertheless? The crux of the matter is that the KGBists never had and never will have any criterion based on logical principles. They employ the old Stalinist line with respect to Ukrainian culture: “Why did we fight the Poles, why did we struggle with the hordes, why did we rake Russian ribs with swords?” He was too great to be thrown into oblivion — therefore the “academicians” from Kyiv were given an order to kick these words out of the “Kobzar” with dirty hooves. The “Russian ribs” became “Tartar, Polish, English”. Shevchenko had to be suffered. But if something similar were written by a contemporary poet he would have to pay dearly for the “Russian ribs”.

In the 30s the majority of names significant in Ukrainian culture were removed. It is not hard to guess the reason. It was necessary to weaken Ukrainian culture in order that it could not become a bulwark against the wave of Russification. The most prominent Ukrainian historian, Hrushevskiyi, was withheld from the Ukrainian people; instead they were given the pitiful *History of the USSR* in two volumes, where Peter I, the executioner of Ukrainian freedom, figured as the chief Ukrainian national hero. At the same time Soloviov and Klyuchevskiyi, just as “bourgeois”, just as “non-Soviet”, stood untroubled on the shelves — they were Russian historians. Everything was done to enable a young Ukrainian to find valuable spiritual nourishment, but only in Russian culture, and to become Russified.

And if the KGBists were consistent in their Stalinist explanation of nationalism — they would proclaim all prominent Ukrainians to be nationalists, beginning with Shevchenko, and not omitting Prince Volodymyr who engaged in nationalistic agitation as early as the 10th century — “by engraving” a trident on all his coins.

Furthermore, if any of the KGBists would like to receive a new star for his epaulettes and to demonstrate his “vigilance” in the struggle with Ukrainian nationalism, an interesting “task” can be recommended to him. It seems that Ukrainian nationalism was already in existence in the 7th century, a fact confirmed by the discovery of the trident image during the archeological excavations on Starokyiv Mountain. Of course, there is one obstacle: the name of the “Bandiora” who prepared these images is not known, but that is not important for the pupils of Beria who in the past were able to find Stalin’s pipe in ten places at once.

The history of the trident can be traced even further back: it was a symbol of the tree of life known to the southern peoples before our era, also known as the symbol of power of the sea god Neptune. But this is a topic for Malanchuk: to reveal the as yet undiscovered ties of Ukrainian nationalism with international imperialism before our times, and thus undermine the sea might of the one and indivisible Russia. It is true that the name “Ukraine” did not exist prior to our era, but this is no problem for Malanchuk. He could in the past make Lev Rybalka (Yurkevych), the leader of USDRP, an active worker of the SVU, even though Yurkevych and his paper “Borotba” (Struggle) were opponents of the SVU. An old member of the KPZU (Communist Party of Western Ukraine), Adrian Hoshovskyi (now living in Warsaw) wrote about Malanchuk’s book “A Triumph of the Leninist Nationality Policy”: “One can only wonder endlessly how a responsible man could make Yurkevych a member of the SVU when Yurkevych was a fierce enemy of the SVU” (*Ukrain-skyi kalendar* (Ukrainian Calendar), Warsaw, 1966, p. 220). There is really no need to wonder. For “historians” of Malanchuk’s type, brought up in good Stalinist traditions, such trivialities as historical facts have no meaning where the defence of the Russian chauvinistic positions in Ukraine is concerned.

Malanchuk is not the only one. Had Hoshovskyi lived in Ukraine he would

have seen much more than that. After the war the dedicated fighters against Ukrainian nationalism have even cut out the little trident from Neptune’s statue in the Market Place in Lviv. Thus the disarmed, nationalistic Neptune remained until 1957, a monument to the undying cretinism of the Black Hundred in a new garb.

All the thick and thin brochures say that King Danylo of Halych did not accept his royal crown from a papal envoy even though the Halych-Volyn chronicle confirms the contrary. Danylo was called a king after coronation, and Halychyna — a kingdom. (That means in the map of the textbook “History of the Middle Ages” too.) These efforts could hardly hurt the “bourgeois nationalism”, against which Malanchuks advertise themselves as the fighters. In general whom can such helpless and pitiful scribbling hurt? But in the struggle with Truth these learned men have achieved noticeable gains.

It seems that there are enough facts. A conclusion can be reached: people condemned for “anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda” — are those who think differently, or those who think, period; those whose spiritual world did not fit the Procrustean bed of the Stalinist standards which are diligently guarded by the KGBists. They are those who dared to use the rights proclaimed in the constitution, who raised their voice against the shameful oppression of the KDB, against the violation of the constitution. They are those who do not want to learn the slavish, two-sided wisdom which interprets the words of the constitution “Ukraine’s right to secede from the USSR” as “keep still, as long as you’re alive”.

Descendants Of Yezhov And Beria

A characteristic of a man or an environment can always be subjective. Therefore it is best to deal with auto-characteristic. And it is very good that the author of these lines has a fancy bouquet of auto-characteristics provided by the KGBists of themselves and their system. The KGBists were not mean with words and in general were unceremonious in their talks with prisoners, strongly convinced that their

words would not go beyond the sound-proof doors of their offices, that the icy terror of silence on which they constructed their Golgatha would never thaw. But all ice thaws at one time or another, and words, which were growled into our faces at the inquiry and in camp, as if spoken through a gigantic megaphone, were echoed with a thousand voices throughout the whole world.

Where are the roots of the KDB? When we have walked to the end of those paths by which the KGBists came down to our reality, we will find ourselves in the horrible thickets of Stalinist jungles. General Shulzhenko, assistant head of the KDB at the Council of Ministers of the Ukr.SSR, was elected a deputy to the Ukrainian Parliament from the Khartysz district. Where did this parliamentarian pursue his career? In order to become a general of the KDB in 1967, it was necessary to start as a Beria lieutenant or captain in 1937. What did the KDB captains do in 1937? They killed people for not performing a norm (or merely for sport) in Kolyma. This is not a secret to anyone anymore; Russian periodicals are writing about it. In Ukraine they shot innocent people three days after they had been arrested. Their arguments are familiar: it was all Beria's fault; they were only carrying out orders. The same argumentation was used by the attorneys at the Nuremberg trials. It would seem that only Hitler was responsible. But the number did not pass. Even a new concept: "Murder behind a desk" has appeared in the German language. I have no doubts that sooner or later it will find a place in the Ukrainian language as well.

Perhaps the KGBists have changed, have become different? No, they themselves proudly consider themselves to be Stalin's descendants. A representative of the Ukrainian KDB in the Mordovian camps, Capt. Krut, told me: "And what have you got against Stalin? Of course, he had some shortcomings, but on the whole he deserved a high grade"; and in a conversation with Mykhailo Horyn, Krut frankly said: "Too bad that we are in

Mordovia and not in the North". The commandant of the department of investigation of the Georgian KDB, Nadiradze, told poet Zauri Kobalia (confined to camp No. 11) in 1963 during an investigation: "Do you know that I was here in 1937? Remember that!"

Now they do not wear Stalin's uniforms and "take correspondence courses" at universities. It is a correspondence course in the full meaning of the word. A student's book is brought to the institute and the "professorate", hypnotized from the cradle on with the word KDB, records a grade without ever seeing the student. A representative of the Ivano-Frankivsk KDB, Kazakov, admitted to me: "Here you spoke about totalitarianism. But I'm no *totalizator*." And the representative of the Ukrainian KDB in camp No. 11, Harashchenko, made short work of all Masiutko's arguments on the unresolved national question in Ukraine: "You speak about a national question. But when a widow turns to the Kolkhoz head for straw — do you think he will refuse?" And these intellectuals are entrusted to decide categorically the questions which even in specialized journals are considered to be moot points. Kazakov, Krut and a Kyiv KGBist, Lytvyn, "cross examined" me together. "What else did you need? You had a good job, an apartment . . ." And for several hours tried to prove that an individual has nothing but a stomach and several yards of intestines. An idea? Protection of Ukraine from the threat of Russification? Here for my interlocutors the discussion clearly left the familiar ground and became part of the sphere of children's tales. They did not hide the fact that they did not really comprehend it.

An idea . . . Naturally, a great deal is said about it in books, and it is generally unacceptable to say that you have no ideas. But for an idea to be a motive for human activity — that they have never encountered in their midst. Mykhailo Horyn heard the following at the Lviv KDB: "Today is the day of the Chekist. — What day of the Chekist? — Payday." When one speaks seriously about it, it is

a myth, with which someone has intoxicated the people and which drags a person away from normal existence based on three major concepts: money, the love of power, women. But an idea — it is a diversity of psychological disorder, not always comprehensible, it is true; but one must reckon with it, as with a factor, on the same level with the three others, normal and understandable. Captain Kozlov (Iv.-Frankivsk) lectured me as follows: "One is bought for money, another by women, but some are hooked by an ideal." For an idea to be born independently in a human head — that is unsurmountable.

It would be naive to consider this state of affairs an accidental "infringement" on the social development of the society. A system in which a poet receives a catalogue of permitted pictures, an artist — a list of permitted and prohibited colours, has its roots in the past, and is a continuation of certain forces and conditions. Before our very eyes these forces are gradually thawing, and the conditions stop being the norm of cooperation among people. KGBists sense this and place all the blame on Khrushchov, who supposedly toppled the idols, which at one time were honoured thoughtlessly. With the same success it is possible to consider a cock, an author of dawn, but this is too great a truism to be placed into the skulls of generals and majors with blue loops.

"When Stalin lived — we had order"

These words of Captain Volodin (Lviv) said at Masiutko's inquiry tell more than whole volumes about the genesis of the KDB and the role which it plays now.

Order is different at different times. When in the spring the rivers rise and carry chaos of broken ice — this is nothing other than order, a clear law of nature, without which further progress in life would be impossible. There is also the order of cemetery silence gained at the price of killing everything alive. The same is true for a society: there are times of stabilization achieved through a harmonious balancing of all social forces and factors, and there is also an "order"

established after their destruction. This type of order is easy to achieve; nevertheless maturity level of a nation is not measured by it but by its ability to achieve social stabilization, at the same time leaving maximum room for individual creative activity, the only force of progress.

Intellect — is an individual matter. Therefore, the history of progress — is the history of the development of individuality. The so-called mass never creates anything — it is the construction material of history. "Everything gained through the activity of the intellect must be created in the head of an individual person . . . Only the awakening of a lower, undeveloped degree, which can generally be called an attitude, springs up like an epidemic in many persons at the same time and corresponds to the intellectual face of a nation. Intellectual conquest — is the concern of individual persons." (Russel)

Progress is possible only as a transgression of the existing norm, as an appearance of something previously non-existent. The very nature of creativity is based on the unprecedented, on the unique, and the carrier of the latter is the individual. Every individual consciousness encompasses one faucet of the all-inclusive unlimited existence, a faucet which is unique, which can be reflected by this singularity and no other. The more sides there are to this consciousness, the fuller the picture of the world we are able to get. This is where the true value of individuality is to be found. With the disappearance of each individual point of view, one of the possibilities is irrevocably lost, and at the same time one spark stops glowing in the million-sided mosaic of the human spirit.

A society has always had and always will have forces for which development is inconvenient, for which the preservation of the status quo means the preservation of their privileges. (A typical example — Stalin in the past, and the Stalinists who outlived him.) But time does not stand still; today, after 24 hours, becomes yesterday — and the forces which withstand changes are always defending yesterday's day. But who is willing to admit that he

is swimming against the current of a mighty river called History. All standardizers, from a dull under officer Pryshybaev to brilliant Plato, are at different levels repeating one thesis: "Changes are ruining order, are ruining society." Yet, since the grain of every change is concealed in the uniqueness of the individual, attempts were made to standardize him in the first place, to kill his originality. To achieve this completely is impossible, but the degree of the standardization of the individual always had been the measure of the strength of the brake which was commanded by the forces of stagnation. Plato expelled Homer from his ideal state and highly praised a tyrant who commanded that the strings from the seven top "layers" be torn from the harp. Why does Plato argue with pristine frankness that poetry and music — are the Trojan horse which invisibly bring changes in the spirit of a nation? Thus it is best to throw out poetry and music and when it is impossible to do so, to standardize it severely and thus protect yourself from ambiguities and innovations. Later reactionaries were no longer so frank and camouflaged themselves with the "interests of the workers". In the 30s innovationism became a negative concept, and the political experiment — "if not always a catastrophe, then a frustration — both creative and in principle" (*Radyanska literatura* (Soviet Literature), 1938, No. 78, p. 224), which leads to the fact that "creativity begins to serve as camouflage for the hostile ideology" ("*Literaturna hazeta*" (Literary Gazette) 24. VI. 1934). "The poetry of social realism cannot make peace with stupidity, even if beautiful" (*Vitchyzna* (Fatherland) 1949, p. 147.)

But the truth of the matter is that changes do not ruin society, only those social norms which are outdated and have become brakes. It is impermissible to contrast evolution with tradition. Evolution is not a contradiction of tradition, but its natural continuation, the living sap which does not let it harden. An explosion does not always bring ruin: it is also used to remove obstacles in the construction of roads. And

when an individual becomes a dissenter, this does not mean that he is placing himself beyond social norms. Generality is an abstraction; in reality it exists and manifests itself only through the partial, the individual. "A crow sits in the forest" — this is an abstraction: in reality it must be perched on one of the tress. When an individual begins to think differently, he does not ruin the social norm, but on the contrary — makes it full-blooded. "Unity and uniformity — are two different things" (F. Bacon). Uniformity is not at all mandatory in achieving unity. Here is a place where it is easy to catch every despot falsifying the map, red-handed, when he is trying to put an equal sign between unity and uniformity. A despot's point of view, which he wants to force upon all in the appearance of "truth" is as individual as all others and does not have greater rights than all others. Thus, the preservation of this order, when all the points of view have to fit on the Procrustes' bed of "truth" proclaimed by the great Dalai Lama, is not at all needed by society but by Dalai Lama himself, to whom development means death.

One researcher on Africa (Segeli) wrote the following about the Africans: "When the chief liked hunting, all his people got guns and went hunting with him. When he liked music and dancing, all expressed tendencies to this form of recreation. When he liked beer, all became intoxicated with it . . . The chiefs paid their flatterers. Thus in all Bechuana tribes there are people who know the art of pleasing the ear of their chief with songs of praise in his honour. At the same time they develop considerable eloquence and have a great number of pictures at their disposal. They are adept in dances with the battle-axe and pumpkin-rattle. The chief rewarded the sweet talk with an ox or a sheep. These songs, which endlessly repeat one and the same theme have, sadly enough, a prominent position in Negro poetry."

If it were not for the word "Negro", everyone would be convinced that this is a description of our recent past . . . The songs with the battle-axe which are

endlessly repeated before the leader's throne have a prominent place not only in Negro poetry. And when we recall with what speed not only Stalin's but also Khrushchov's every word was picked up, when we recall that a collection of aphorisms "V mire mudrykh myslei" (In the world of wise thoughts) was half filled with Khrushchov's drunken blabbing, then we must admit that the Africans have remained far behind. "Our people is such: it stands, you blink an eye — it understands." (Khrushchov) It seems that the two societies are twins. But far from it. Such order was not forced upon an African — it was a natural state which was dictated by his level of development. For him the chief was an idol, an object of admiration, a magician, a doctor, a wise man and a military leader, at the same time, a semi-divine figure. Therefore, the slavish generation was sincere and did not disturb the internal harmony of individuality. The songs of an African popular singer were praises directed at the chief — but nevertheless constituted fully valued works of art — for the creative "I" of the bard was not divided. Russel wrote about the Africans of the 19th century that they "submit only to absolutely irrefutable authority, whose origin is hidden in the darkness of the past, or when it has its origins in the present, they are able to combine it with faith in the supernatural", and therefore "even the best African rulers, in our sense of the word, should be called despots. When they themselves do not want to be despots, they are forced by their subjects to be so.

Thus, ancient despotism was natural, based not so much on power as on voluntary worship. (Here is the answer to the question which always made Europeans wonder: how could an African or an American despot reign over large territories with almost complete absence of military and bureaucratic apparatus?) But how should despotism be justified in the 20th century? Among peoples where the holder of power has long ceased to be god and is just first among equals, a person elected to perform certain functions? How

to justify the despotism of the stone age in the soul of a Ukrainian, who as early as the Middle Ages voted and himself could become a Cossack chief, who gave birth to the philosophy of Skovoroda — an anthem to human individuality, although in the traditionally scholastic garb with the motto "know thyself" on the first page? A philosophy for which "I" is the basis of everything, even God's kingdom; and even God Himself is nothing but a fully valued "I": "He who knows himself has found the desired treasure of God. The source and its realization was found in himself"; "A true man and God is one and the same thing." How can a contemporary artist, for whom a corporal-despot is not a fully fledged being, be made to dance with a battle-axe before his throne?

Nobody worshipped Khrushchov; on the contrary he was a laughing stock — but nevertheless one move of his finger made tens of toadies run. How could it be done? — Very simply. When adoration passes, the brute force of compulsion takes its place. This is the only thing which enables a contemporary man to tolerate a despot. The more a person with a well developed individuality resists attempts to enslave it, the more energy a despotic regime must mobilize to keep norms on the surface, which previously existed "because of inertia" and loses at last all traits of a patriarch and becomes an octopus which enchains all hands of the social organism. In the 20th century an unheard of practice of control over all manifestations of community life appears, even including family life. The entire life's path of an individual — from the cradle to the grave — is under control. Even vacations are standardized. Avoidance of a gregarious trip to a museum is considered a sin. Despotic forms become more and more repulsive and degenerate into Os-vyentsimy. This is seen as regression, "an end of the world", in reality it is also proof of the contrary: a tyranny stops being the norm of human relations and has to use newer and newer efforts to survive.

But even with the greatest standardi-

zation and control over life, a despot comes into contact with the problem which is insoluble by purely bureaucratic means. It is possible to dress people in the same grey clothing, to build grey barrack-like buildings, to burn all books except the official Talmud — but nevertheless a crack remains which admits a ray of light, which is fatal for the despotic mould. The spiritual world of an individual remains. KDB captain, Kazakov, sent to Mordovia from Ivano-Frankivsk to check to what degree I “had been re-educated” (that is, was degraded as an individual), quite sincerely admitted: “It has to be regretted that we cannot look inside your head. If we could only do so and throw out (!!!) everything which prevents you from being a normal Soviet man, it would not be necessary to talk so much.”

This would be very convenient, indeed: to take out and to put a thought into a human head, as an element into an electronic machine. In the first place, how easy it would be to destroy all memories of the past. For instance: a campaign to condemn Stalin’s personality cult would be started — a certain programme is fed to everyone; tomorrow it is taken out — and not a word about Stalin after that. Or: the decision was taken to liquidate nations and national languages — the same procedure, and you have no problem with things which are unsuitable for programming, such as national dignity and the desire to preserve cultural values. In the second place, there would be a guarantee that there is nothing unknown and uncontrolled anywhere.

But this is only wishful thinking. A thought cannot be caught and placed behind bars. It cannot even be seen. What horror: a thought, even forcibly implanted in a human head, does not lie there as an element in an electronic device, but grows, develops (sometimes in the opposite direction from the programmed one), and no apparatus can control this process. Many a tyrant has waken in cold sweat, paralyzed by the realization of his powerlessness to stop this invisible but continuous movement inside the human skull. The fear of

this independent force forced Stalin to spend the end of his life in a voluntary prison and made him a maniac: From here stems the desire to banish Homer from society, to cut “useless” strings from a harp and corporals’ centuries-long hatred of an intellectual who, though dressed in a soldier’s uniform or in prison rags, remains unstandardized and unable to be decomposed.

“Comrades, fear those who have hidden their thoughts behind the ambiguities of expression. There the hostile class nature is concealed” (Pokrovskiy). Here originates the total struggle not only against those who think differently (they are not even mentioned), but also against those who think independently. During the arrest Drach’s poem “Tale about Wings” was confiscated from me. I asked: “What’s the matter?” The poem has been published, and they have stopped reproaching the author himself for washed pants and begun to praise him. It was explained to me: we have nothing against the poem or the author, but the poem was typed on a typerwriter by somebody on his own initiative. And this unknown somebody circulated it, also on his own initiative. This is the greatest sin: a person independently gives birth to ideas, and does not take them ready-made. Everything can be done, but only when the command is given. All have to drink from one, severely controlled, spring of distilled water. All others have to be covered up, even if their water is in no way different. In 1964, a representative of the Volyn KDB, who was commanded to record the appearance of every thinking being in the local pedagogical institute and immediately flash the alarm signal, impudently asked me: “What is this society of thinking people?” The idea of the creation of a thinking people’s society was expressed behind a glass as a joke, but the KGBists were disturbed by it. The constitution guarantees the right to establish associations — this the KGBists know. But on the condition that the order to create such an association comes from above. Then everything is all right — even if this society intends to organise an earth-

quake. But if anyone intended to establish a society independently for the protection of cattle — this matter, no doubt, would be taken up by the KDB.

But nevertheless how is it possible to stop this constant involuntary movement of thought, in the event that it remains alive after going through all stages of standardization and sterilization? There is still another, the final method — to freeze it. To freeze it with ice-cold fear. To build a gigantic refrigerator for human brains. Execution three days after an arrest, mysterious disappearance at night, shooting for failure to perform a norm, Kolyma, from which no one ever returns — these are the bricks from which Stalin constructed his Kingdom of Fear. Fear filled days and nights; fear was felt in the air, and one mention about it paralyzed thinking. The aim was achieved: people were afraid to think; human intellect stopped to create independent criteria and norms and considered their acceptance from above in a finished state as normal. A despotic regime begins to record time from the moment a person stops considering arbitrariness above himself as something evil and begins to be conscious of it as an ordinary state of affairs (“The authorities are deceiving us. — So what? They can deceive because they are the authorities”). A generation of people grew out of fear and the empire of small cogs was being built upon the ruins of individuality.

Stalin did not recognize cybernetics. But nevertheless he has made a great contribution to this branch: he invented a programmed man. Stalin is the creator of the Small Cog. There were instances when after reading a novel by Solzhenitsyn the people said: “One wishes to hide in the corner and not reveal oneself.” It is not hard to imagine how much greater was this desire 20 years ago, when people were eye-witnesses to mass executions and other horrors, when at night one was uncertain where one would be the next morning. The desire to be inconspicuous, to squeeze into the mass, to become like another in order not to focus attention upon oneself became all encompassing. And this meant a complete level-

ling of individuality. At one time the separation of an individual from the mass of matter meant the conception of life, the generation of an organic world. Now a reverse process has begun: the moulding of individuals into one grey mass, a return to a completely inorganic existence. The society is conquered by the spirit of grey facelessness. To be individual is considered a sin. “What are you an individual?” — this was heard tens of times, both before and after the arrest. The regimental method seeps through even in poetry and gives rise to such a wonder as a collective poem. In 1937 a joint poem “Ivan Holota” appeared under which such signatures were placed in alphabetical order as in a telephone directory: Bazhan, Holovanivskiy, Yohansen, Kulyk, Pervomaiskiy, Rylskiy, Sosiura, Tereshchenko, Tychyna, Fefer, Usenko, Ushakov. But even this was not enough — a year later an order was given to compose “The Ballad on Ostap Nechai”, under which there were 20 signatures. This, it seems, was a record.

Here are the impressions of one former member of the Communist Party of Western Ukraine, who was arrested five times by the defensive in Poland and who after 1939 finally managed to get to East Ukraine, about which he had dreamed through the years in prison. “The train cut through the now non-existent boundary line. The first station in the Zhytomyr region, a crowd on the platform. And the first thing which struck the eyes was the monotonous, for us uncommon greyness of the people dressed in jerseys. Some woman in a red coat looked like an exotic flower, strange and even out of place here.” Furthermore, clothes can become coloured, even wild, but greyness does not disappear. It does not come from clothes. And no matter how the small cogs advertize themselves, how they shield themselves with rugs, hired from a store in connection with the arrival of a delegation, an outside eye will always notice greyness — it is in the air; the people breathe it; they cannot imagine being without it. It has become their daily bread.

Finally the ruling force presents itself

as the only authority which represents "wisdom, honour and conscience" of the whole society, — then solemnly proclaims itself the "moral and political unity of a society". For the small cog the eternal question "where to go" is transformed into a formula which does not demand any mental strain: "Wherever you are led." A person deprived of the ability to tell the difference between good and evil independently, becomes a sheep dog, which feels anger to order only and sees only that evil which is pointed out to it. The small cog read in the paper about the law which forbids the Negroes to live in Capetown or Johannesburg, about the law which forbids Africans to live in the towns of Southern Africa without a permit and considers it arbitrariness. But his frozen brain cannot correlate the facts and come to the conclusion that the registration in towns which he has experienced from birth is the same violation of Article 13 of the Declaration of Human Rights ("Everyone has the right to freedom of movement and residence within the border of each state") that in our reality an area where one could settle has been made into a law, not only for the Jews, as before, but for all. For anyone who was not born in a large city, the ghetto which has been set aside ends at the outskirts of Kyiv, Lviv, or Odessa. The small cog writes angry poems about Buchenwald — this is permitted. "Your hearts have turned to ashes, but your voice was not burned." But the ashes of the victims, who rotted in the Siberian tundras, do not disturb the small cogs. And it would be a mistake to see only fear here — it is a character trait.

All condemn the Fascist crimes against the Jewish population, and very calmly walk on the grave stones from Jewish cemeteries which cover the sidewalks in many cities. The sidewalks were laid by the Germans — that is true. However, the Germans have been gone a long time, but the profaned names of the dead are still trampled upon in the courtyards of the Lviv and the Ivano-Frankivsk prisons, and are walked over by assistant professors and graduate students at the Ivano-Frankivsk

Teachers' College. And if by this time someone has succeeded in defending his dissertation, then professors are also walking on people's names. Before my arrest there was a pile of gravestones in the institute's yard, for a rainy day. They were broken up to the accompaniment of lessons in aesthetics and philosophy. This will last until an order is given from above to be indignant at the barbarity of the Germans and to erect a monument from these stones. But till then they can be desecrated.

The small cog — the dreamed of ideal of every "totalizator". An obedient herd of small cogs can be called a parliament, a council of scholars — and there will be no trouble with them, no surprises. The small cog who is named a professor or an academic will never say anything new, and if he were to surprise anyone, it would not be by a new word, but by changing his concepts with lightning speed during one day. A herd of small cogs can be called Red Cross — and it will count calories in Africa, but will say nothing about famine at home. The small cog will leave jail and will instantly write that he was not there, and will even call those who demanded his release liars (as was done by Ostap Vyshnia). The small cog will shoot whom-ever he is told to shoot and then upon orders will fight for peace. And finally, the most important: after transforming people into small cogs it is safe to introduce almost any constitution, to guarantee almost any right. The whole point is that the small cog will never think of making use of this right.

No wonder that the small cog was given more and more publicity, was held up as an ideal. And this is reality. Somewhere in the school corridor the pupils are reading Symonenko: "We are not countless standard 'I's but countless different universes", while on the wall a standard placard has been hung by a pioneer leader. It portrays a girl pioneer who saved calves during a fire: everything was in flames, but she drove out the calves. If the pioneer had died, the small cogs would have seen nothing wrong in it, on the contrary they

would have held this up as an example for others.

A society of small cogs has laws which protect tigers and boa constrictors from poachers. "Humanism" has gone so far, that people were imprisoned for killing a swan, Borka, in Moscow. We can only hope that such humanism will be extended to people in the future. But as long as the life of a pioneer is worth less than the life of calves, the slogan "Everything for man, everything for the good of man" cannot be taken seriously. Only where people are conscious of the value of individuality is it considered, to be something unique, something different. Where it is transformed into a small cog, a detail which can be exchanged for something else, the value of an individual is measured by the strength of his muscles. In such a society humanism is accepted as a false slogan which has nothing in common with reality. A calf — is a material and technical basis, a fundamental principle, in comparison with which the spiritual origin (which is found in the pioneer) is a pitiful superstructure. A calf — is a finished product; the pioneer — is a raw material of a sort, which is called labour reserve. In times of cannibalism this pioneer, no doubt, would be worth more; she would have at least material value, on the par with a calf.

Izvestia carried an "educational" article about a fireman. A locomotive which brought the train to Finland developed mechanical difficulties at a Finnish station and the fire box had to be extinguished beforehand in order that it might then be repaired. But the fireman decided to "show Finns the works": to do the repairs without extinguishing the fire box. In other words the fireman decided to do what his guardians, who carefully guided him while he was abroad so that he would not lose his way, "advised" him to do. Of course, the paper forgot to mention this. Whatever happened, the fuel chamber was not extinguished and the fireman did his repairs, thus risking his life. The Finns were touched, writes the paper, by the fireman's bravery. Yes, the Finns were touched, but not by bravery. It was simply that they

saw for the first time how a human being values his life less than a hundredweight of coal. But among small cogs it is considered to be heroism.

Rams are falling in line
the drums are beating
the skins for drums are provided
by the rams themselves.

(Brecht)

Orgy On The Ruins Of Individuality

One bright engineer, when asked why he became an engineer and not, let's say, an art critic, said: "Here there are fewer x's." Here is the basic difference between the so-called exact sciences and humanistic, which stand with one foot on the plane of logic, and with the other — on the plane of the irrational, side by side with art. The so-called technical intellectual, strongly convinced that philosophy "deals with nonsense", "pours from hollow to the empty", has not matured enough to grasp the plain truth: philosophy, upon which he looks superficially, pulls the object of research from the haze of irrational underground depths and places it in his hands so that he can measure it with a metre rule. But the crux of the matter is that the entire complex of spiritual concepts, thanks to which a human being became a human being, cannot be measured by either the metre rule or the stop-watch. This is a higher sphere, outside the reach of applied sciences. "Mathematics, medicine, physics, mechanics . . . , the more of them we bite, the more our heart burns with hunger and thirst, and our gross stupefaction cannot realize the fact that all of them are servants of the mistress, a tail as compared to a head, without which the whole body is unreal" (Skovoroda). A chemist, taking away and adding substances in a flask, can correctly demonstrate which of them is the cause of a reaction. A historian, even one completely certain of his truth, can never demonstrate a historical phenomenon so convincingly, so graphically: he cannot perform an experiment; he has to deal with abstractions. After a defeat in the war with Japan in 1894, the Chinese came to the conclusion that the reason for their lack of success was . . . a change from bows

and arrows to fire locks. Attempts were made to explain to them that the reason is to be found in complete stifling of individuality, which brought on stagnation in material production as well, but nobody could prove it to them exactly, with mathematical accuracy. In vain Shaw wrote: "The primary lesson of history is that people never learn anything from history."

Thus, it is much harder to learn a lesson from history, then from chemistry. This was always convenient for despots: they proclaimed themselves authors of all the achievements of society, and their adversaries — the source of all evil. Not everyone will understand that the "order" established by Stalin several decades ago is the direct cause of present bedlam in agriculture, that the "ideological work", which was forcibly fed to the people for decades, is the cause of the notorious lack of principles among contemporary youth, and not "bourgeois propaganda". When a person is taught to take spiritual values ready-made from one source without thinking, when the mechanism for their development has been killed in a person then, it would seem, a society must become an indestructible monolith. All conditions for this supposedly exist: firstly, the uniformity of human needs and values; secondly, undeniable, even though naive, worship of one idol, which leads to unanimity. It would seem that such a society should be strong in a military sense as well. Let us take China, for example, where medical canons have not changed for 4,000 years. The Chinese really considered their empire to be an indestructible monolith, the most powerful on earth. But what happened? At the beginning of the 20th century the European states, one after the other, broke away pieces of the gigantic centralized China with hardly any opposition.

A Russian nobleman in London or Paris looked scornfully at demonstrations and revolutions, which had become everyday occurrences there, and saw in them symptoms of a weakness in comparison with stable peace in his Mother Russia. A myth

was even coined about the "decaying West", which has lasted through to our days. A citizen, reading about it daily in papers and novels, does not even suspect that this great wisdom originated with Slavophiles and Dostoevsky. As early as the mid-19th century it was possible to read instructions on the pages of *Moskvyytanyn* (Muscovite) "Europe is old and blind, as a dog grown sick with old age." Mother Russia blossomed and was fragrant in her unanimity and indivisibility, — the "decaying West" lived on, at the same time managing to invent theories of relativity and quantum. Russia accepted them — with a 50-year delay and a reservation that Lomonosov had foreseen these inventions 200 years ago — and continued to talk about the "decaying West" A typical example of the complete atrophy of thought! "In Petersburg they are singing songs which are no longer popular in Paris", — wrote Chernyshevskiy 100 years ago. He could write the same thing now. Thus, Russia — is strong, the West — rotten. Yet, what happened? The Crimean War came — and it became clear to everyone that there is no point in talking about an equal fight between these two forces. The Russian fleet was sunk at the entrance to Sevastopol Bay — it never had a chance of winning, what's more it could not even engage battle with the Anglo-French fleet. This was a clash between two worlds: 1) the one which considered individuality to be the fundamental principle of all strength and 2) the one which sees in it major evil. At times the latter was victorious, but the final victory was always achieved by the former. This was demonstrated in ancient times by the Greek phalanges and the Roman legions which, besides the gigantic armies of Eastern despots, looked like David beside Goliath, but they nevertheless defeated them — for small cogs were opposed by individuals.

Such conflicts opened the eyes of many — but not all. The majority was only able to see the consequences: "If only we had their weapons, then we could work wonders with our system." — But the trouble is that this very "system" is the cause of

backwardness both in production and armament. Nothing will change the free, unregimented thought of an individual, whose creative ability is the only stimulant of progress. The latter exist thanks to those who retained the ability to think, have kept their "I", despite attempts to eradicate it. An individual without an "I" becomes an automaton, which will perform everything, but cannot generate anything. This is a spiritual impotent, a fertilizer for progress, but not its motor. All totalitarian concepts, no matter what clothes they happen to wear, view a human being in this way — as fertilizer. "With ourselves we will fertilize the soil, like you — for future generations." But is it possible that a human being has gone through a long path of development to homo sapiens only to become a fertilizer, and the earth — a garden plot, where Utopian despots conduct crazy experiments to satisfy their ambitions?

No programme will ever foresee everything necessary for full-blooded social development — this can be coped with only by unchained creative power of an individual. Before becoming a factor of social development and receiving aid from the state, cybernetics had to be conceived and to exist as an independent idea in an individual brain. Sending thousands of slaves into the Ural Mountains, Peter I put Russia at the head of the world in the production of iron, on the same level as England. But through centuries England surpassed Russia tenfold in this field! It is possible to continue to use Peter I's methods — it does not require too many brains. But lasting results do not come. The cause and effect mechanism, which begins with a creative individual and ends in a practical result — is very complex and hidden from human eyes. It is hard to notice it. A savage could not connect a shot on one bank of the river with a death of a living being on the other, but the mechanism of interrelation of gun-powder, bullet and rifle could be explained to him in half an hour. If it were only possible to explain the mechanism of social causes and effects so easily!

Such lifelessness is implanted by the small cog in the moral and ethical sphere. When somebody in China considers the present degeneration in China as the rise of fanaticism, and a Chinese a fanatic, then this is the greatest error. During Stalin's funeral thousand-strong herds crowded around the hearse of the earthly god — and the world also thought: they are fanatics. But three years have passed. The embalmed corpse of the Dalai Lama was first covered with mud and then thrown out of the mausoleum altogether. And what happened? Did a revolt occur? Did the thousands of fanatics shelter the temple with their own bodies? — Nobody even said a word! The herd trampled the corpse of the leader and then ate his remains. Those who were taken for fanatics, filled with blind devotion, revealed themselves to be quite empty. It was revealed that they were simply robots. An order was given to love Stalin — and everyone put on mourning headbands. Their anger, their sorrow, happiness, enthusiasm — everything was programmed: "anger" against "traitor Tito" which the "community" expressed at "meetings" today, tomorrow automatically transformed itself into "enthusiasm", and the "community" itself, neatly formed along the road from the airport to the centre will obediently hold placards and wave hands.

Therefore it is useless for the "old" who have found room for themselves in cosy chairs, to wonder where the "young" come from, who "don't consider anything to be holy". The story of Stalin has shown that the old also considered nothing to be holy, — but they, in their blindness and atrophy of the mind could not see this. The "young" at last have noticed that the king is naked. This is a good sign. Only he who has rid himself of illusions and was able to see the broken trough, will begin to search for new values.

A hollow man — that is, perhaps, the chief accusation against a tyranny and its inevitable rise. When a despot proclaims that he has a monopoly of wisdom, honour and conscience and prohibits the creation of these qualities independently — this is the beginning of the spiritual draining of

a man. But every living being is in need of self-expression. And when this need has no chance to express itself in the spiritual sphere, then the spiritual capabilities of man become useless, atrophy and assume an inferior position. Even thinking that a man can do something by himself is unlikely.

Both before and after the trial we were told several times that we are the "brood of Antonenko-Davydovych and Company". An idea, from the point of view of the KGBists, can be implanted in the head of an individual only from outside. And when in the midst of the young Ukrainian intelligentsia a movement against chauvinistic oppression sprang up the KGBists, first of all, hastened to find who brought it? Who influenced them?

Banished from the spiritual sphere, the instinct of self-expression throws itself with twice as much energy upon the material sphere, and we have a man before us who was "liberated" from the spiritual interior and has in its stead a greatly expanded material cover. Passions of the lowest kind become the sole mover of behavior. But nobody would dare to say this aloud. Officially it is assumed that the small cog is motivated by devotion, self-sacrifice, honour and so forth, but the small cog does not exhibit these traits — and comes to the conclusion that all these moral principles are simply strange superstitions, about which everyone is talking but with which you are lost in the white world. Thus dual morality is born. Hypocrisy becomes a social norm. Because of inertia the dictator is awarded divine honours, all poles are decorated with his portraits but the central attacker becomes a real god. Only in a stadium or a tea-house do the small cogs awake briefly from their lethargic sleep.

The small cog possesses an almost masterly ability to kill everything he touches. When he is told to join some newly created society for the preservation of nature — he will not refuse, and in a month the society will have as many members as there are small cogs, but nature will not benefit because of it. This society — is still born

like all others. The small cog cannot be persuaded to do lively, useful work by an unknown element, like an amoeba: a formless, jellylike mass, without strongly designated banks, he will seep through the finest mesh. The wildest experiments can be conducted and the small cogs will accept them — thus factories are built in places where it has been planned to supply energy in 20 years or where there are no raw materials; production is doomed to vegetate for long years in a state of decay.

Thus, on the ruins of individuality, an order was being built sowing the land with death. "This is worse than a plague. A plague kills indiscriminately, but a despotism selects its victims from the flower of a nation", — wrote Stepnyak-Kravchynskyi.

Dragon

Ice cold fear, without which it is impossible to build an empire of small cogs, must necessarily later be maintained. Ice cannot stay in its natural state permanently — therefore there is a need for a special refrigerator. It has to be created by every dictator — for him it is a matter of life and death. In Stalin's reign such a refrigerator, in which spiritual development was frozen for several decades, was the KDB. A complete destruction of thought in human heads, mass standardization of thinking processes and life placed a great burden on the KGBists, and at the same time placed unlimited power into their hands. This was always the case: the organ which was ordered to devastate all faucets of life, grows and hypertrophically swells from the blood sucked from them. Its functional role ceases — now it does not perform any useful task in an organism and becomes a parasite. It transforms the organism which gave birth to it, into a source of nourishment, into food. A sputnik was launched from the planet. And suddely it became evident that it not only went into its own orbit, but stole from the planet all its weight, centered it on itself and forced the planet to turn around it. At the end the parasite loses even the appearances of connections with the organism. It grows to the proportions

of a dragon and regularly demands victims. As a rule, it swallows also the despot who reared it. This happened with the praetorian guard of Rome which from the defence of the emperors became the power which toppled them and put them on the throne. This happened with the Janissaries. Stalin was well aware of this and was afraid that the same fate awaited him — therefore he sent Yezhov and Yagoda to paradise, just in case. But nevertheless regularity opened its own way, although not until after Stalin's death: Beria barely missed becoming a new dictator.

The dragon becomes a concentration and a symbol of fear, indispensable for the production of small cogs. It seems that the position of the KDB in society is not primarily evidenced by exclusive material privileges (including separate hunting ranches), but this magic fear, which is evoked everywhere by the very word, KDB. In order to justify their position of a state within a state, the "organs" have to give the impression all the time that they are protecting the "state" from horrible danger. First of all they put a label on themselves as defenders of "state security". A dragon must swallow human beings regularly in order to exist. All energy is directed to the fabrication of "anti-Soviet" conspiracies and organizations. All cultural forces were destroyed, 95% of the general staff was executed — and then the KGBists began shooting one another, reaching a crazy nightmare when the answer to the question: "Where is comrade Ivañov? I came to arrest him" — was: "He went to arrest you." The furious snake began to devour its own tail. At the same time, the real function of the "organs" — defence of state security — was relegated to an inferior position. The real spies had a paradise. In the crazy atmosphere of total suspicion and espionage mania, when the realistic feeling for things disappeared they found it easy to work — this was revealed during the early years of the war.

The mentally ill Estonian, Kheyno Nurmsaar, who considered himself to be a pantheist god in a human image, was

confined to camp No. 11. According to his concept, all evil in the world comes from the fact that he is ill treated. This is why the glaciers came, and the polar regions are still covered with ice. But when he is released and well fed — everything will change, and at the north pole it will be possible to grow potatoes, and he will live in the forest, plant trees and keep bees. A Siberian, Nikolai Tregubov, proclaimed himself president of a "united Russia" — and thus he signs all complaints. The KGBists together with the camp officials — ten men — as a group seriously tried to convince him to give up the anti-Soviet intention to be president. The Siberian was unshakeable. "I will die a president". Both were sent to the Vladimir jail as "incorrigible anti-Soviets". Both are considered to be simulants, even though all know that they are mentally ill. The third is "ruler of the universe", Yura Kazinskyi. He considers himself to be the shaman. His anti-Soviet intentions are formulated thus: "It is necessary to put feathers in the hair, put on an old pea-jacket, take off ones pants, tie the feet with colored bands and do the dance of the Thundering Dragon. Then prisons, camps and . . . kolkhozes (an interesting systematization of phenomena!) will migrate to America." He is locked up for "anti-Sovietism" and perhaps will also go to Vladimir soon.

This is how the KGBists render harmless the numerous dangers that threaten the state. This is insanity, in which the boundary line between doctors and patients has long been eradicated. Not only children — there are also adults to whom matches should not be given in any event; but, it is evident, they were given indivisible monopoly to control the spiritual life of society.

But nobody has yet been able to create either permanent fear, or never-melting ice. Every story with Dragon — either the one that ruled over the inhabitants of Kyiv, or with the Monster who hid in Vavel Mountain overlooking Krakow, — ends the same way: Kyrylo Kozhумыа comes along and puts an end to it all. The mechanism of refrigeration acts only

as long as there is something to be frozen. But when people have become small cogs — the mechanism automatically shuts itself off. The small cog is interested in neither social nor political questions (“it is none of our business; never tie yourself to politics”), this sphere is beyond the limits of his interests. But in everything else — for example, in the evaluation of football matches — the small cog considers himself completely free and produces his own criteria. Therefore the next generation frees itself from an inferiority complex. It is no longer the product of fear, but of tradition. And no matter how impoverished his world is — it is a world based on common sense. The score 4:0 is better than 2:0 — here there is no room for sophistry. And all the dogmas by which the young small cog is inflated with ever increasing force, find themselves to be contradictory to his world of primitive palpabilities, based on common sense. This is a very important moment — a heavyweight champion becomes god instead of the dictator. Nobody opposes dogmas openly, but they are accepted as something alien. And in as much as a young small cog is no longer familiar with the fear of his parents, he begins to view dogmas from the point of view of silent scepticism, and unnoticeably shifts himself to the tracks of silent opposition — destructive — because he still does not have any constructive programme of opposition.

But thought does not stand still — in the beginning it shyly peeks, and then reaches further and further into the forbidden spheres of history, philosophy, literature. And everything which he sees there is analysed by him from the point of view of common sense. And inconspicuously a miracle takes place: the small cog becomes a human being!

The Dragon does not suspect anything yet, but he has already been killed morally. His power could only exist because he robbed the people of the consciousness of their strength, was able to convince the people that they are nothing. But sooner or later his domination begins to weaken. The Prometheus returns to the people the

strength which was stolen from them. Ostensibly nothing changed: dissenters are thrown behind bars, fired from work, but the curse is not effective anymore. Previously they were afraid even to look at the Dragon, not to speak about digging in his insides. Now he is morally dead, and it is possible to begin the dissection without fear. It was revealed that the interior was more like that of a pig than a devil.

In this way a new generation came into the Ukrainian life and presented a new problem to the defenders of the Stalinist order. The “order” existed because of the fact that the people themselves refused all rights, accepted lawlessness — and then it was possible to promise everything, knowing in advance, that there will be no need to give it. But a new generation came and declared: “The constitution writes about freedom of speech and we want to use it.” Such a variant was not to be foreseen. Suddenly it was revealed that the dummy rifle, prepared for the display window, can actually fire. Gods always hated Prometheus, who lightens the darkness and shows people that there is nothing except the product of their own fear, that the force of evil is grounded exclusively in their own weakness.

It is of utmost importance to close the mouth of the one who was the first to yell: “The king is naked!” — before the others seized upon it. But the king really is naked. This is the truth. Who finds it inconvenient? The one who at the final liquidation of Stalinist lawlessness will lose his privileges. First of all it is the KGBists. Then — the head of the kolkhoz who is afraid that, if all the legal norms were strictly enforced, he would not even be allowed to tend swine. An academic who obtained his position over the dead bodies of his friends in 1937; a chauvinist, who will have to give up the programme of Russification — these are the forces who defend yesterday and like logs lie on the path of the development of society. They alone need people to be small cogs. But they try as hard as they can to picture themselves as the defenders of “society”, the defenders of “socialist legality”. Never-

theless, behind the closed doors of their offices the KGBists are expressing an entirely different point of view on "socialist legality".

When Levko Lukianenko asked Capt. Denisov, an investigator of the Lviv KDB: "What is the purpose of Art. 17, which gives every republic the right to secede from the USSR?" — the latter answered: "For abroad" (!). This is what it is! It seems that the KGBists realize very well that they are not defending "socialist legality", but the right to violate it without being punished. They have no illusions whatsoever about their institution and look at it simply as a place where the pay is the highest and it is possible to get apartments without waiting.

KGBist Kazakov brought a letter to me from the rector of Ivano-Frankivsk Pedagogic Institute, where I had worked earlier. I said: "When somebody wants to write me — let him do it through the mail." To this Kazakov replied: "It would be too great an honour." Thus, he feels that the KDB in no case can pretend to receive such respect as accorded the post office. Why then do the KGBists dislike people showing disrespect towards them?

KDB representative from Kyiv, Lytvyn, declared to me: "We arrested you upon demands from the community. Otherwise the people would tear you to pieces." That's funny! Why then are political prisoners tried at closed court sessions and why doesn't a word appear about them in the papers? — The KGBists realize very well the illegality of their acts and therefore hide political trials from human eyes, at the same time as the trials of German policemen-murderers are being widely publicized.

Generally, all methods by which KDB avenges itself on the dissenters is a continuous chain of illegalities. After Dmytro Ivashchenko's conviction in Lutsk, his wife, Vira Ivashchenko, was immediately relieved of her duties as lecturer in Ukrainian literature in school No. 3. On what grounds? For many years she was considered to be an outstanding teacher; the magazine *Radyanska zhinka* (Soviet Wom-

an) wrote about her achievements; through the efforts of this person a museum dedicated to Lesia Ukrainka was opened in the city on community principles. But she refused to sign testimony compromising her husband, as was demanded by the KGBists — and was fired from work at their command. What law gave the KGBists the right to fire people from work?

Lutsk Pedagogic Institute student, Anatoliya Panas, who appeared in court as a witness, dared to tell about the chauvinistic oppression in Crimea where she was a student-teacher of Ukrainian literature. She was called "Banderovka" to her face; the teachers with whom she worked *openly* declared: "If Lenin had lived he would shut the mouth of all nationalist scum" — and advised her not to speak Ukrainian "if you want to be on good terms with us". Art 66 of the Ukr.SSR Criminal Code says: "Propaganda or agitation, with the aim of bringing about racial or national enmity or hostility, as well as direct or indirect limitation of rights or the establishment of direct or indirect preferences among citizens according to their racial or national origin" is punishable by imprisonment from 6 mos. to 3 years or deportation from 3 to 5 years. Nothing was said about the punishment of the chauvinists from Crimea, but a student who dared to defend the law and her national dignity was rejected at state examinations.

The KGBists are always repeating that only "a small group of renegades" puts up resistance, against which there are the "people". But they themselves know very well that this is a lie. Otherwise they **would not** hide political prisoners from the people behind the doors of secret mock trials. The KGBists also have no right to consider those who are silent as their active members. Silence — does not always constitute consent. This was convincingly proved by the 5th Congress of the Writers of Ukraine. Not only the orators, but also the participants of the congress were diligently screened. There were no "un-initiated" in the hall. But nevertheless, the congress became the rostrum from which

the voices in defence of national culture were heard, voices against chauvinistic oppression. It was the defenders of the Stalinist remnants who constituted a small group. At the Byelorussian congress of writers Bykov criticised the greatpower promoters of assimilation, at the Georgian — Abashidze.

The KGB register of “renegades” is assuming catastrophic proportions. Marusenko (Lviv KDB) when asked by Osadchyi “Why didn’t you deport Novychenko to Mordovia?” answered: “It wouldn’t hurt to send Honchar as well.” A valuable admission? So this is the kind of society the KGBists are serving! This society is not above placing behind bars both Honchar, and the deputy head of the Council of Nationalities, Stelmakh, and Malysenko, and many more prominent educated Ukrainians who protested against the arbitrary arrests in Ukraine in 1965. This is — a small isolated group, that tries as hard as possible to stay at the neck of the society, where it has remained since Stalin’s times. And the circle of isolation around it is steadily narrowing — in proportion to the people’s rejection of the shameful, slavish fear. Marusenko himself admitted it. Upon Osadchyi’s question “What is the attitude of the intelligentsia in Lviv?” —, he answered: “A part accepted the platform of the writers’ congress; a part is wavering. They do not want to live in the old way; they do not dare to live in the new way.”

They do not want . . . in the old way, in the new way — they cannot . . . The situation is not new, it always characterized transitional epochs. Present-day events in Ukraine are also a turning-point: the iceberg of fear which firmly bound the spiritual life of the people for many years is breaking up. As usual, people were thrown behind bars, and as usual — deported to the East. But this time they did not fall into oblivion. To the great wonder of the KGBists public opinion appeared in Ukraine for the first time in recent decades. For the first time a protest campaign was initiated, for the first time journalist Chorovil refused to testify at the illegal closed

mock trial — and for the first time the KGBists felt themselves powerless to choke all this. With ever greater pleasure they take their revenge on those who fell into their hands, those who find themselves at the reserve.

Here — is the only place where the KGBists can completely ignore all laws and norms. Here — is a place where they continue to forge fear. The main efforts are directed at killing everything human in a human being — only then does it become dough, from which almost anything can be shaped. A prisoner can in no way violate the regulations of the regime, but as soon as the KGBists feel that he had not given up, has not acknowledged evil to be a normal condition, kept his dignity — all sorts of pressure are applied to him. And only when they can convince themselves that a human being has sunk to the level of a mere consumer of food — only then are they reassured.

An Osset, Fedir Byazrov, was a thief. Then he became a Jehova’s Witness and stopped stealing. It would seem that the “instructors” should have been content. Byazrov thought so too. “What do you want from me? I no longer steal and do nothing wrong. And nobody is forbidden to believe in God.” — “It would be better if you stole.” This is no accident. Pointing to criminals they told many political prisoners: “They are thieves, but they are our people. But you — are enemies.” This is whom the KGBists are protecting. Morally degenerate people — are the element in which they feel at home, like a fish in water. A bandit is their man. A KGBist knows how to talk to him. He is a ready informer for a dose of narcotics. In him it is not necessary to kill such an incomprehensible but strong force as dignity

Agents are used not only in the role of eavesdroppers. Prisoner Lashchuk was known to be a KGB agent. All knew about it: in the Taishetsk camp No. 11 in 1958 a denunciation written by him was taken away from him. In April 1964 he wounded Stepan Virun (from a group of jurists sentenced in Lviv in 1961) with a knife in camp No. 7. When Virun, after leaving

the hospital, talked about it with Capt. Krut, the latter unceremoniously declared: "They will take off your head, if you don't get wise." (Virun did not acknowledge his sentence as legal and wrote complaints.)

Art. 22 CC Ukr.SSR proclaims: "Punishment does not have as its aim inflicting physical sufferings or degrading human dignity." Therefore, all methods of pressure on the prisoners applied by the KDB are violations of the law. But where are those who were called to see that the laws were enforced, i.e. the prosecutor's office? There is a prosecutor's office in Mordovia. And it would be a lie to say that it closes its eyes to arbitrariness or washes its hand of it. On the contrary, the local prosecutors, rolling up their sleeves, are helping the KGBists to do their dirty work at full speed. In a talk with an assistant prosecutor of the Dubravnoye camp administration I called his attention to the fact that people suffering with an acute stomach ulcer are given starvation diets, contrary to the law. And he answered me very calmly: "This is the point of the punishment — to hit the stomach." What right do these sadists have to call themselves the defenders of the law?

Compulsory work for political prisoners is a violation of the UN convention on the prohibition of forced labour. Moreover, the KGBists themselves admit that work is looked upon as a method of pressure. Many are told: "We do not need your work; we want you to reform." A prisoner, who should have been sent to a lock-up room, is transferred to hard labour, where it is impossible to perform the norm and where he is punished for failure to fulfil the norm. All rights due to prisoners are treated as privileges which can be taken away. Lukianenko and Mykhailo Horyn, for instance, were deprived of the right to see their families in 1967, even though it is their right (not a privilege) which nobody can take away from them, just as nobody can take away the right to nourishment. Can they take away the one occasion in the year that you can see your relatives? In comparison it suffices to mention that

in England a prisoner has a right to see his family every week!

A system of education through hunger is also without precedent. Everywhere, political prisoners have always received food parcels in unlimited quantities. We have a right to receive only two parcels a year after completing half the term "under conditions of good behavior" — is there a need to comment on these words? The bare minimum of nourishment, stipulated by the FAO (an organ of UNESCO), is 2,700 calories, the brink of starvation — 2,400. Beyond that a deterioration of physical and mental capabilities of a human being begins. In the lock-up room to which I am confined the "raised" norm consists of 2,090 calories. There is an even lower one — only 1,324 calories. Therefore a crime is continually perpetrated for decades. All should remember that in Nuremberg they tried for murder by iron as well as for murder by starvation. It is interesting to note whether the Ukrainian Red Cross will be interested in the crimes perpetrated in Mordovia, even to the same degree as in the crimes in Africa? Camp food made half of the people sick. Here a new method of pressure — medicine — comes into play. Anyway, in order to be a doctor or a nurse in camp, it is not mandatory to have any knowledge of medicine. A former German policeman, Malykhin, a murderer of many people (now in camp No. 11) was a nurse in camp No. 7. He lacks not only medical training, but education in general. However, he has merits in the eyes of the KDB. Of course, it doesn't happen like this all the time. Now we are treated by an Estonian, Braun, who used to be a driver of an ambulance. No matter how you look at it, but it is impossible to call him a stranger to medicine.

The regulations state that prisoners who are confined to a lock-up room are not to be deprived of medical help. But what do these regulations mean when camp doctors frankly declare: "We are first Chekists, then medics." Mykhailo Masiutko, suffering with a stomach ulcer, is in a very serious

condition. But all attempts to have him sent to a hospital or at least to give him dietetic food have proved useless. The KGBists in white coats said: "of course, we should send you, but we would be punished for it." "It was not decided to give you injections", and some unceremoniously say: "You should not have let yourself be caught." Of course, the arsenal of camp medicine is far from being exhausted. Is it an accident that there is such a high percentage of mentally ill in camps? The research into the role played by camp medicine is still waiting for the author ...

Octopus' tentacles have a firm grip on the prisoner even after he leaves the camp's gates. Yarema Tkachuk, convicted in 1958 in Stanislaviv was told by Capt. Krut: "You will have no life, if you won't get wise. We will fix it so that you will neither have a family, nor a roof over your head." And Kazakov promised me that "I will be sorry."

And this was not just intimidation. In 1957 Danylo Shumuk (now at camp No. 11) was arrested in Dnipropetrovsk for "anti-Soviet agitation". Major Sverdlov of the republican KDB unceremoniously admitted that the accusation is false. But this is beside the point. A choice was given to Shumuk, a man just released from prison: either you will be placed behind bars again, or you will become an informer, as a man who is greatly respected in the circles of former prisoners, and who will not arouse suspicion. For two days Shumuk was held illegally at KDB headquarters, without an arrest warrant being presented and was persuaded. Major Sverdlov declared: "If you will agree to cooperate with us — I will tear up the arrest warrant and the protocols of the inquiry right before your eyes." Art. 173 CC Ukr.SSR says that "criminal prosecution of a person who is known to be innocent . . . together with the accusation in committing of a particularly dangerous state crime" — "is punishable by the deprivation of freedom for the term of 8 years." Nobody sentenced Sverdlov to 8 years, not even to 8 months, — he had the right to violate all laws without being punished. This is why he is

a KGBist. Shumuk, on the other hand, went to Siberia again to serve a 10-year term for remaining an honest man. And now, before his release, a sick man who began his prison career during the Polish defensive and spent 27 years behind bars, is called out by Capt. Krut and promised: "You will have no life." Shumuk is in a lock-up room for "the preparation of anti-Soviet manuscripts". This is what the KGBists have called his memoirs: five arrests under Poland, a German camp for prisoners of war and his escape from it, and his crossing of the entire Ukraine on foot, from the Poltava region to Volyn, avoiding the roads and German policemen.

When it is necessary to place somebody in a lock-up room — they will place him there not only because he "expressed himself in an anti-Soviet way" but also for "keeping still in an anti-Soviet way".

Prisoner Vovchanskyi was placed there because "he is angry with the Soviet authorities" — this is how it was written in the decision! In order to go to camp it is nonetheless necessary to have a "dangerous way of thinking". But from the camp to a lock-up room the road is much easier: here, as we have seen, people are placed not only for thoughts, but also for attitudes. Masiutko, Lukianenko, Shumuk and I were incarcerated for writing complaints, which were treated as "anti-Soviet manuscripts". Mykhailo Horyn did not write any "manuscripts" — but he was nevertheless imprisoned with us. What for? Capt. Krut says that he found Ivan Dzyuba's memorandum addressed to the CC CPU in his possession. Bohdan Horyn, in a talk with Lytvyn and Marusenko, asked: "Is Dzyuba's memorandum an anti-Soviet document?" — "No, it is not." — "Why then was my brother imprisoned?" To this question Marusenko replied: "An error occurred." There was no error. Horyn, as well as the others, are kept in a lock-up room because they brought with them to the camp the truth about the events in Ukraine and have no intention of keeping it quiet.

The camp routine is completely and in full transferred from the times of Mykola

Palkin. A portrait of the Latvian poet, Knut Skuinek, painted by the artist Zalyvakha was taken away from him and the painter himself (!) was forced to cut up his work! Does such a society have the right to criticize the Chinese. The robots in uniforms destroyed all Zalyvakha's paintings they could find and confiscated the paints. Upon demands to show the law which permits this, the artist received the following reply: "I am the law for you!" The corporal told the truth. He — is the incarnation of the law which was made during Shevchenko's times, who also had no right to write or paint.

These are the methods of "re-education" employed by the KGBists. And what are the results? What do the "reformed", who are held up as an example to us, who receive parcels and narcotics from the KGBists, look like? They can be seen together at holiday concerts before May 1st or November 7th. On the stage — an unusual collection of faces, ploughed by all possible vices, a bouquet of criminals of all colors, who it seems have come right out of the pages of a criminology textbook. Here — are all the wartime criminals, those who killed thousands upon thousands of Jewish children, representatives of all sexual perversions, narcotic addicts who inject cat's blood into their veins if they have nothing else handy. This is — a choir. "The party is our leader", "Lenin — is always alive." If at least one KGBist believed in these ideals, the defenders of which he is proclaiming himself to be — would he permit this? The "reformed" walk about camp with emblems on their sleeves which say SVP (Sektziya vnutrennego poryadka — that is auxiliary police). The prisoners interpret these letters to mean "Soyuz voennykh prestupnikov" (Association of War Criminals).

After all this, is it still possible to say seriously that the KGBists are protecting the Soviet government? On the contrary: all their activity undermines and discredits it, pushes the people to the road of opposition.

A Finn, Vilkho Forsel (now in the Vladimir jail), graduated with honours from

Petrozavodskiy University and worked in the Karelian state farm. As an interpreter he accompanied the Canadian Communist delegation throughout Karelia. After the trip the KGBists demanded that Forsel disclose the contents of conversations which the Canadians had with people who approached them. Forsel refused declaring that the law does not give anyone the right to treat him in this way. Then he was told: "Good, you will beg to cooperate with us." Several days later he was thrown out of work and no other place would hire him. If this is a crime, then there is no one to blame but KDB.

Churchill said: "Not one anti-Communist brought so much harm as Khrushchov." — No one else, but the KGBists, in their turn, took over his shoe and are pounding with it at all rostrums both in the UN and outside it, successfully compromising the state, whilst proclaiming themselves to be its defenders. Whilst searching us, they regularly confiscate the "UN Declaration of Human Rights". On my demand to have it returned Krut answered: "The Declaration was not prescribed." An assistant of the prosecutor with whom I spoke admitted that he never read it. At "political classes", which are conducted by semi-literate corporals for artists and writers, the prisoners at one time entered into a discussion with Senior Lieut. Lyubayev (camp No. 11) supporting the Declaration with arguments. To this he indulgently answered: "Listen, but it is only intended for Negroes."

Anyway, there is no need to prove which particular actions are compromising Communism. Poltoratskiy, who recently has been specializing on the Chinese, clearly indicated that it is necessary to consider "as capricious caricature, as an attempt to discredit just socialist society which has been dreamed about for centuries". This, first of all, is Mao's order "to send actors, poets, scholars . . . to the villages for re-training, that is those same people's communes. It is not hard to imagine what will happen to an elderly scholar or writer, when he is harnessed to a plough for several days to plough the fields." (*Lit. Ukraina*, 24. 2. 1967). Of course, it is not

hard to imagine. Let Poltoratskyi come to Mordovia and see how an artist, Zalyvakha, sent for retraining, is throwing coal into the furnace. He was given the post of a fireman with the deliberate intention of killing all desires in him — except to sleep.

Further, the forced dressing of people in caps is considered a disgrace to Communism. “The fact that workers in factories wear caps of different colours was noticed immediately. Apprentices and those who did not perform a norm were without caps. Those who performed the norm — wore yellow caps. And only those who over-performed could put on a red cap.” (*Nauka i religiya* (Science and Religion) No. 3, 1967, p. 7). Had this happened in Tanzania or Uganda, Poltoratskyi would immediately speak about the mockery of a human being. But I have to disappoint you: such a rule was put into effect in the Oshk sewing factory in Kirghizia. And if this is the case, then there can be no talk of mockery. This is simply a method of emancipating a woman in Central Asia.

The newspaper *Izvestia* (No. 78, 1967) wrote that “the Maoists openly challenged Marxism-Leninism . . . declared the assimilation of non-Chinese peoples as their aim”. If this is a “challenge” to Marxism-Leninism, then such learned men as Agaev and Kravtsev should also be considered Maoists. Their “works” are regularly published in Moscow and Kyiv. The first feels that all languages of the USSR, except Lithuanian, Latvian, Estonian, Georgian and Armenian have no prospects — that is, they should be Russified. The second tries to convince Ukrainians that to keep up with the times — means replacing their native language by Russian.

As we see, Mao is not the only author of “capricious caricatures and attempts to discredit the socialist society dreamed about for centuries”.

— When a person is tried for a “dangerous way of thinking”;

— when dissidents are re-educated through hunger in lock-up rooms;

— when an artist is told what colour paint to use;

— when the UN Declaration of Human Rights is considered a disruptive document, even though it has been ratified by the government;

— when the Ukrainian language¹ is called with impunity the “Banderite tongue” by official persons;

— when people who are struggling against chauvinistic oppression in Ukraine are put behind bars, at a time when the world is living through an epoch of national revivals —

— all this — is a disgrace to the state that permits such phenomena.

And its peak — is the rule of the descendants of Beria over the spiritual life of society. It is a pitiful society, where problems of philosophy are solved by punitive organs behind barbed wire.

A crime is a crime, and it is inevitably followed by reckoning. It will be necessary to find an answer for those shot and killed by starvation, an answer in accordance with the constitution which sometime will nonetheless become law. And for the robot who can calmly pierce a person with a spear, it will also be necessary to answer — by the one who stole his soul, who sucked a human being out of him.

The truth has long arms!

April 15, 1967

VALENTYN MOROZ

Valentyn Moroz was born on April 15, 1936, in Western Ukraine. The son of peasant parents he studied history at the University of Lviv, and lectured modern history at pedagogical institutes in Lutsk and Ivano-Frankivsk. While working on his doctoral thesis in 1965, he was arrested on charges of 'anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda' for possessing and distributing literature published abroad. In January 1966, at a show-trial in Volyn' regional court, he was sentenced to 4 years imprisonment despite the fact that witnesses openly spoke in his defence.

During his imprisonment in Mordovian labour camps, Moroz protested the illegality of his sentence and the conduct of the prison authorities and therefore spent most of his sentence in solitary confinement. In camp, he wrote **Report from the Beria Reserve**, a powerful indictment of the totalitarian features of the Soviet system, which was smuggled from camp and later circulated by his friends to deputies of the Supreme Soviet. An investigation into Moroz' authorship of the report was terminated and he was released in 1969.

During his months of freedom, although unable to secure employment, Moroz continued to campaign against the Russification of Ukraine and is known to have written three essays in which he appealed for a re-awakening of human and national dignity: **Amidst the Snows, A Chronicle of Resistance** and **Moses and Dathan**.

In June 1970, Moroz was again arrested by the KGB (secret police), and, amidst widespread protests, was brought to trial in Ivano-Frankivsk nine months later. Because the trial was held *in camera* and was therefore illegal, the defendant and the majority of witnesses refused to testify. Nevertheless, Moroz was again found guilty of alleged 'anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation' and sentenced to a harsh term of nine years imprisonment and five years of exile from Ukraine.

In November 1971, Moroz was reported to be seriously ill in Vladimir prison due to the addition of chemicals to his rations. Then, in November 1972, Amnesty International reported that Moroz was seriously wounded by criminal inmates of Vladimir and that he had been transferred to a prison hospital in Kiev. While recuperating, he was pressured to testify against other Ukrainian dissenters but refused to do so, and in 1973 was transported back to Vladimir prison, where he was placed in a block for the mentally insane. In January 1974, Moroz was again reported to be in a critical state of health. The reports state that Moroz is denied all prisoners rights, is abused by the prison guards and interrogated by the KGB who are attempting to break Moroz in order to obtain a statement of repentance from him. It is feared that Moroz may not survive if the present physical and mental abuses are continued. Through a recently released prisoner, Moroz has passed these words to the outside: **"Tell them only this: I am kept with the insane, they are creating a constant hell for me. They are trying to drive me to the insanity of those with whom they locked me up. I cannot breathe..."**

Moroz' wife Raisa, was dismissed from her work as lecturer in a medical institute in 1971 and evicted from her apartment. She and her son now dwell in a one-room flat and depend on friends for support.

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