

sources indicate that this step will be taken in late 1987, though the range of the specific weapons systems under consideration may be too short to threaten the most important Soviet air bases.

But before that happens, the U.S. must overcome a fundamental problem in its approach to helping not only the Afghans but also the other anti-Communist insurgencies: incremental escalation. Pundits often remark that

the war in Afghanistan is the Soviet Union's Vietnam, but it has been the United States which has pursued a policy similar to its tentative, gradually deepening engagement in the 1960s.

It took the U.S. over seven years to summon the nerve to send the Stingers. When it did, it sent a small number—almost a trial sample—and gave the Soviets about six-months warning of the shipment through leaks while the

decision was being made. Moreover, there was no commitment to replenishing supplies as the resistance expended the initial shipment, resulting in a prolonged period in early 1987 during which no Stingers were available. It took almost a year after the decision to send Stingers before the U.S. sent a number adequate to establish a continuing flow of about 100 missiles per month to the front. If the Red Army failed to cope with the Stinger,

it was not for lack of opportunity.

The contrast to Soviet actions in support of the Communist Vietnamese could not be more stark. When the Kremlin provided surface-to-air missile sites to defend Hanoi and Haiphong and SA-7s to arm units in the field, it did not parcel them out one by one—it shipped them in by the ton. For unlike American policy-makers, the Soviets understand that war cannot be finessed. □

Bohdan Nahaylo

GLASNOST COMES TO AMERICA

A tempting new export from the Soviet Union.

I confess to some disorientation that first morning in late August when I pulled open the curtains and found a large red Soviet flag flapping outside my hotel room window. Then I remembered. This was all part of the lavish effort by the citizens of Chautauqua in upstate New York to make their numerous Soviet guests feel welcome. The "Russians" were here in force, but by invitation for an important conference on U.S.-Soviet relations—emissaries from the court of Gorbachev the Reformer in one of the bastions of Americana.

As I made my way to the Athenaeum hotel, where the daily press briefings took place, I was mistaken several times for a Soviet visitor. The badges issued to members of the press, it turned out, were very similar to the tags worn by the Soviet guests. Little old ladies pushed greeting cards into my hand or implored me to pose for a photograph. A young girl wanted to hand me flowers. "We're so happy to have you here at last," exclaimed a middle-aged man with an anti-nuclear emblem, giving me a hearty slap on the back. There could be few better places, I thought to myself, for Moscow's representatives to promote Gorbachev, *glasnost*, and the *perestroika* than this charming enclave with its well-to-do and leftish population.

Mercifully, my fears that the Kremlin's new, slick spokesmen would have

it too much their own way were soon dispelled. At the opening session, the pride that filled the huge amphitheater as the several-thousand-strong crowd burst into "The Star-Spangled Banner" was a reminder, as some of the Soviet guests later confided, that in this country one can criticize the government's policy toward, say, Nicaragua and still be very much a patriot. And with the first questions put from the floor it became clear that this was going to be an exciting week with no-holds-barred exchanges among the makers of the

new Soviet policy of greater openness, U.S. officials (who, to their credit, politely stood their ground), and a receptive if critical audience. For an entire week, *glasnost*, at least the sort reserved for export purposes, was to be closely scrutinized.

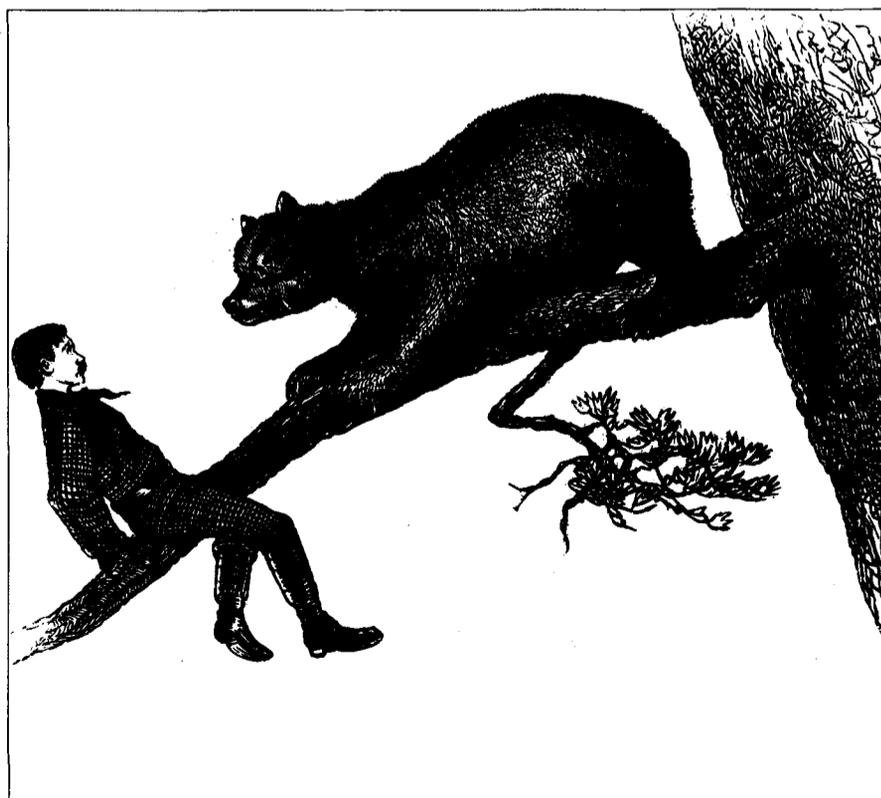
This year's conference was the third of its sort. The first, a modest affair, took place in Chautauqua in 1985. Last year's follow-up in Jurmala, in Latvia, turned into something of a

sensation. Although the atmosphere was soured by the arrest in Moscow of the American journalist Nicholas Daniloff, both sides were represented by high-ranking officials. The Americans, led by John Matlock, then a special assistant to President Reagan and now the U.S. Ambassador in Moscow, did not mince words. Among other things, to the acute discomfort of their official hosts and the delight of the Latvian public, they reaffirmed that the United States continues not to recognize the Soviet occupation of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia. The surprisingly frank coverage by the Soviet domestic media made the conference all the more extraordinary.¹

This time the Kremlin sent one of its largest and most diverse contingents ever to visit the United States. Some 240 Party and government officials, cultural and religious leaders, academics, journalists, and entertainers arrived for a week of lectures, roundtable discussions, seminars, and concerts. From the caliber and accessibility of the more important representatives, it was clear that the Gorbachev leadership viewed the occasion as a splendid opportunity to try out its revamped promotional techniques on the U.S.

The Soviet spokesmen seemed prepared for anything. Questions that only a few years ago would have been rejected as provocations were calmly taken on. Afghanistan, human rights,

¹See "Latvia's Chautauqua Circuit," by Ojars Kalnins, in the April 1987 *TAS*.



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the fate of the Baltic states, the aspirations of the East European nations, and other thorny issues came up time and again. The answers may not have been satisfactory and the thinking behind them scarcely new, but at least no topics were considered out of bounds.

Another striking difference was the absence of the obvious KGB types who used to chaperone or guard Soviet delegates and interrupt conversations just as they were getting interesting. For the entire week, all the Soviet representatives, some of the more notable of whom are not usually available to Western journalists, mingled freely with reporters and the public. Most of the visitors stayed with American families; the senior delegates were housed in the grand Athenaeum hotel, which remained open to everyone day or night.

The average age of the Soviet team was noticeably young—probably around forty. Many of the representatives were in their late twenties or early thirties—ambitious and energetic young men and women whose careers have taken off. Most of them, even those in the West for the first time, seemed self-assured, and quite a few spoke very good English. As could be expected of such a carefully selected and privileged group, these younger representatives—tomorrow's Soviet diplomats, spokesmen, and newspaper editors—came across as champions of Gorbachev's "new course." Their supreme confidence in the Soviet future was matched only by their indifference toward some of the blank spots in their country's troubled history, and by their contempt for the far more numerous young Soviets who remain skeptical, politically apathetic, or alienated from official life.

While there was definitely a different Soviet style at Chautauqua, there was no noticeable change in content. On Afghanistan, for instance, the Soviets gave no sign they're ready to budge. The most "constructive" proposal was

made by Yevgeny Primakov, the high-powered director of the Institute of World Economy and International Relations who proposed that Washington declare a moratorium on arming the Afghan resistance; in return Moscow would withdraw "more" of its troops. True, Primakov did acknowledge that Moscow had made "mistakes" in its policies toward the East European states, but that was as far as it went. And during the historians' discussion of U.S.-Soviet relations, Prof. Viktor Malkov of Moscow University showed precious little *glasnost*. When discussing the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939, he

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simply reiterated the orthodox Soviet explanation: the USSR was forced to come to terms with Nazi Germany because the Western European states had appeased Hitler and were anti-Soviet.

What, then, were the Soviets after at Chautauqua? Over and over they delivered the same message: We want to be friends with you. Accept us as we are. Give us credit for what we are attempting to do, that is, acknowledge our efforts to carry out a restructuring or *perestroika* ("all Americans should know this Soviet word just as they already know the word *glasnost*") of our social and economic life. We are sincere in our attempts to "democratize" all aspects of Soviet life, but remember, we have a different understanding of what democracy is. We are strengthening not weakening our socialist system, and our Party has no intention of giving up its monopoly of power and permitting genuine pluralism.

The Soviet visitors constantly re-

minded even the most gullible members of the Chautauqua audience why a healthy dose of skepticism about *glasnost* and its spokesmen is called for. Now that the Brezhnev era has been branded a time of stagnation and oppressiveness, the new refrain from Moscow is that not only is "democratization" needed but so is "humanization." In fact, the latter term has become another new Soviet buzzword. Thus, at Chautauqua, the minister of justice of the Russian Federation, Alexander Sukharev, spoke of the need to "humanize" the Criminal Code; that same afternoon, the vice rector of

Moscow University, Vladimir Dobrenkov, was emphasizing how important it is to "humanize" Soviet education.

It was of course encouraging to hear senior Soviet officials give repeated assurances that their country's Criminal Code is being made less repressive. What was disconcerting, however, was to see among these spokesmen people like Samuel Zivs, who, among other things, is the deputy chairman of the Soviet anti-Zionist Committee. Only yesterday under Brezhnev Zivs was denying that there were any human rights abuses whatsoever in the USSR and extolling the virtues of Soviet democracy. When I asked him publicly why we should believe him now, all that this smug time-server could say is that earlier this year he had told Westerners in Vienna that more Jews would be allowed to emigrate, "and you see I was right, wasn't I?" (No doubt Zivs will be one of the first to declare himself a true friend of Israel once Moscow and Tel-Aviv mend their fences.)

There were also moments when even the most sophisticated Soviet spokesmen were caught out, or simply lost their cool and revealed a less benign side of themselves. For example, the usually dapper Vladimir Pozner stunned his American audience with a shocking tale of press censorship in their country, the details of which he claimed to have personally checked when visiting Cleveland, Ohio. A reporter on the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, he recounted, had been fired for daring to criticize conditions at a nearby nuclear power station whose bosses were on good terms with the paper's owners. To Pozner's acute embarrassment, a journalist got up, announced that he was from the *Plain Dealer*, and offered a different account: It turned

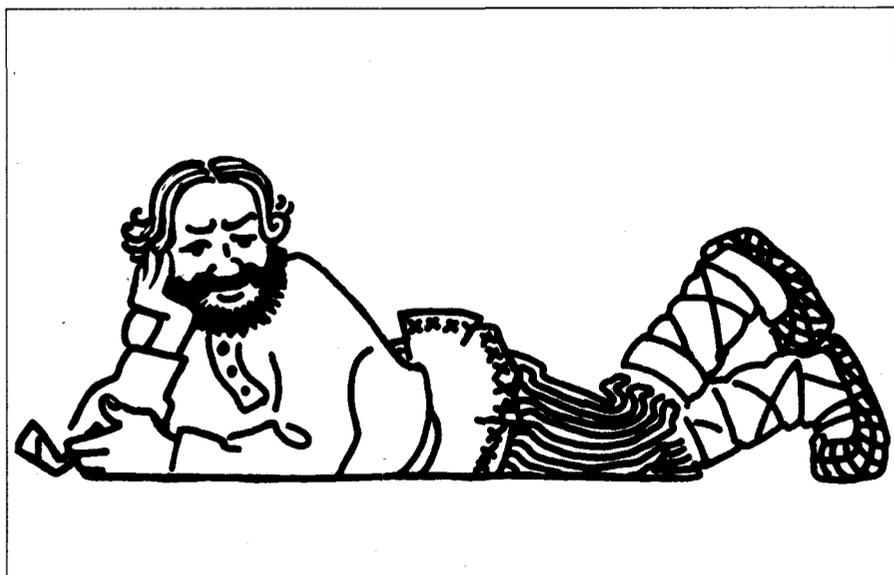
out that Pozner's reporter had not only retained his job but also published several critical pieces about the power plant in his paper. Although only minutes before Pozner had quipped, "Whereas in both the United States and the USSR there is no such thing as freedom of the press, the Soviets know it and the Americans don't," Vlad was last seen wiping egg off his face.

Perhaps the most telling instance of how some of the Soviet visitors were eager to exploit Western conventions about free and fair discussion occurred during a panel on human rights. When a young Latvian émigré asked a very good question of a Soviet panelist, the Soviet moderator attempted to deflect it by turning it over to lawyers from the Baltic republics who just happened to be in the audience. When the young man protested, the moderator retorted: "Are we not in a free society? Everybody has the possibility to speak."

The possibility to speak out without fear—this, in a nutshell, is what Moscow would like the West to believe is the essence of *glasnost*. In fact, the Soviet leaders and Soviet press repeatedly point out that *glasnost* is not the same as freedom of expression. At Chautauqua, the Soviet participants confirmed that *glasnost* is strictly a means to an end, not an end in itself.

At a panel on press freedom *Izvestia's* political observer, Alexander Bovin, who has played an important role in extending the scope of *glasnost*, declared outright, "There never was a free press, it does not exist today, and never will." Why? Because "it is impossible to live in a society and to be free of it. Each one of us has his values which we defend and struggle for. For instance, I am against war and for peace, against capitalism and for socialism, against evil and for good, against falsehood and for truth." In other words, in accordance with the standard Soviet view, all those who write for the press are still first and foremost warriors in the battle of ideas and ideologies. In this light, Bovin's subsequent description of *glasnost* begins to make sense: "At this time," he told the audience, "freedom of the press means for us in practical terms ensuring the maximal effectiveness of the press, so that it serves as a lever for effecting the changes that we are carrying out and helps us to restructure our society. This concrete requirement is for us the main one."

Leonid Dobrokhov, an official of the Central Committee, stressed that *glasnost* had given all Soviet citizens the right to criticize so long as they were constructive. What he did not dwell on was who decides what is constructive. Indeed, he went out of his way to play



down the importance of freedom of expression, as in this cynical remark:

A few years ago when we asked some of our Soviet journalists and writers why their articles and books were so bad, they replied that this was because there was no freedom of self-expression. Now, much has changed in the Soviet Union and the policy of *glasnost* is being pursued. . . . I've been searching in the pages of newspapers and books for those who demanded freedom and said that without it they cannot write. These people aren't around or are writing worse than before.

Later, at a long breakfast with several journalists, Dobrokhotov elaborated on the nature and purpose of *glasnost*. The Brezhnev years, he conceded, had had a "politically deadening" effect on social consciousness. The work ethic had dissipated; people were afraid to show initiative or independence of thought. The youth were especially affected and political apathy among them was especially worrying. *Glasnost* is now essential for restructuring the economy and stopping the rot; it thus stems, Dobrokhotov stressed, not so much from any desire to improve the Soviet Union's image abroad, as from very real domestic exigencies. By encouraging creative thinking, debate, and initiative, *glasnost* is meant to instill greater confidence in the Party leadership and its policies; no more.

But the crucial question, of course, is whether *glasnost* is something that can be turned on or off by whoever is in control in the Kremlin. After all there was *glasnost* of sorts and "democratization," not to mention a cultural thaw, under Nikita Khrushchev. Bovin himself recalled earlier this year in the Soviet journal *New Times* how "my generation and I watched with bewilderment, pain and a disgusting sense of our own impotence," as the hopes raised by the 20th Party Congress and de-Stalinization "seeped through the bureaucratic sand."

Glasnost, too, could take on a life of its own only to end in further repression. Yet for the time being, while Gorbachev is still up against a force-field of resistance from the bureaucracy and a skeptical population, this is a risk that he and his supporters appear willing to take. Dobrokhotov says that the most courageous editors daily probe the uncertain limits of the new tolerance. Genuine differences of opinion on such fundamental issues as Stalin are being voiced in the press, and society seems to be becoming polarized between those who are shocked by what has already happened under Gorbachev and those who are impatient for more radical change.

What is especially noticeable when talking to the younger officials like

Dobrokhotov is their confidence that the system can cope with the stresses and strains produced by *glasnost* and the *perestroika*. They simply believe there is no alternative.

They seem, however, to overlook two basic considerations. First, the continuation of *glasnost* is not assured by any institutional safeguards. In a system whose leadership can induce thaws or chills by turning the political thermostat up or down, what is to guarantee that what is acceptable today will not be forbidden again tomorrow, or that today's enlightened Kremlin leader will not soon be denounced as a hare-brained adventurer by his successor?

Second, these younger officials regard Lenin as the main source of their inspiration, and invoke him to justify "democratization" and "humanization." What they gloss over or ignore

It was disconcerting to see among these spokesmen people like Samuel Zivs, the deputy chairman of the Soviet anti-Zionist Committee.

is that it was Lenin who created and consolidated one-party dictatorship, who wanted more, not less, terror enshrined in the Criminal Code (even after the New Economic Policy had been adopted), and who forbade dissent and factions within the ruling Communist Party itself. It is one thing to criticize Stalin—but genuine *glasnost* will begin the moment Lenin is depicted in the Soviet Union as he really was, not as the legend portrays him.

The most elevating experience of the week—apart from Senator Bill Bradley's generally excellent speech—was the opportunity to talk at length with the remarkable Tatyana Zaslavskaya, the 60-year-old sociologist from Novosibirsk who was coming out with bold criticism and constructive proposals long before Gorbachev came to power. Her views were considered so radical that as recently as 1983 one of her reports—the so-called Novosibirsk Document—generated considerable excitement when smuggled to the West. (In Chautauqua she confirmed that she was indeed the author of this *samizdat* classic.) Today she is one of the main theoreticians of the *perestroika*, the best evidence yet that there are people close to Gorbachev who are serious about far-reaching reform.

Zaslavskaya believes the Soviets must first face up to how their society is organized. Setting an impressive example of just what needs to be done, she is openly challenging the traditionally prescribed view of the Soviet Union's

class structure. In a new book due to appear early next year, she shatters the standard image of Soviet society as consisting of working class, peasantry, and intelligentsia. In fact, she and her co-author have identified no less than seventy-five distinct social groups. They divide these into four general categories, the first of which, significantly, is the Party and state administrative apparatus.

Gorbachev's favorite sociologist is also highly critical of the cumbersome and inefficient collective farm system but argues, not entirely convincingly, that after so many decades of state-run agriculture the "psychological prerequisites" do not exist to make a return to individual farming feasible. Instead, Zaslavskaya says, collective farms should be reorganized into comparatively small and flexible units in which the farmers would have a real material

interest in their work, while the state retains ownership of the land. As for the intractable nationalities problem, Zaslavskaya bemoans the fact that this issue has not been adequately discussed in the USSR "for decades," and that even under *glasnost* "probably it is necessary still to learn to talk openly of these things."

And what of the resistance to Gorbachev's new course that one hears so much about? It is "very perceptible," Zaslavskaya confirms, "especially among the governing apparatus, both in the Party and state branches." Resistance comes from all those likely to lose out if Gorbachev is successful: those who have enjoyed a privileged existence without effort, or those who have circumvented the system by relying on the second economy. Listening to her discuss this problem, it becomes clear that about every social group has some reason to feel threatened by the *perestroika* and its emphasis on hard work, efficiency, and stricter discipline. It also becomes clear that for all her personal courage Zaslavskaya has little understanding of economic freedom. She is radical only by Soviet standards.

Which may explain why she feels that Gorbachev has more of a chance to succeed where Khrushchev failed. "Things are different now," Zaslavskaya maintains, "although perhaps not enough has changed yet." For one, the quality of the leadership has improved. "The present leadership is not only intelligent but also more politically rational—this is the difference." Furthermore, she argues, society is more

sophisticated these days. "There are no longer the dark masses who could be ruled, whose minds could be controlled: they are thinking people." *Glasnost* and the *perestroika* have "opened the doors" for the "active, energetic people who want to act." "It may be hoped," she adds, "that just as the yeast makes the dough rise, so the activity of these dynamic people will gradually stir this present-day slumbering mass."

The only real sign I saw at Chautauqua that there may indeed be something to Zaslavskaya's optimism came shortly after the human rights panel had ended. Aishe Seitmuratova, an indefatigable Crimean Tatar activist now living in the West, had just drawn attention to the plight of her indomitable nation. Once the session was over, this one-time Soviet political prisoner was surrounded by a dozen or more of the visiting Soviets. Half of them castigated her as "one of theirs" for daring to bring up such a delicate issue in front of an American audience. But the other half took her side. For a full twenty minutes the Soviets argued loudly among themselves. The reproaches to Seitmuratova were interspersed with shouts of "She has every right to speak about the injustices done to her people! Would you act any differently if your nation had been treated like the Crimean Tatars?" As I stood there relishing this outburst, my mood was dampened by a Moscow city planner who drew me aside and said bluntly: "What you should know is that the real problem with the Crimean Tatars is that they are all evil. All Tatars are evil!"

But even more disappointing has been the Soviet side's failure to live up to its promises to provide extensive and fair coverage of the Chautauqua conference. Soviet spokesmen gulled the participants at Chautauqua with daily assurances that the proceedings were being transmitted by satellite for use by Soviet television, and were being covered "in full" by the Soviet press. But what little coverage there has been in *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, and *New Times* has been highly tendentious and obviously censored. True, Soviet television did briefly show Peter Reddaway, the director of the Kennan Institute, saying that meetings such as Chautauqua should not be used to "sentimentalize" U.S.-Soviet relations; yet the lively panel on legal and human rights issues at which Reddaway shone has not been aired on Soviet television or reported in the Soviet press—another useful reminder that Moscow continues to make a clear distinction between the external and internal uses of *glasnost*. □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

REMEMBERING BAYARD RUSTIN

by Midge Decter

Since Bayard Rustin's death last August, many people—some who knew him, some who did not—have attempted publicly to sum up his life and career. This is, of course, no more than the customary response to the loss of an eminence among us. We say: he was born then, educated there, as a young man did this and that, subsequently accomplished this and that, was especially noted for this and that, and in his later years was seen by all, friend and foe alike, to have lived an important life. We say these things and imagine that we have made some proper gesture, paid some proper obeisance to the idea that his absence will be a loss to the human community . . . and then, as we must in any case, move on. If these summings up are given fitting prominence, appear, say, on the front page of the *New York Times* and/or its equivalents in the obituary world, we feel that, however inadequate to the living presence of the person, some kind of justice has been done. He would have been pleased, we say.

How ridiculous. And what is true for every living presence is ten times true for Bayard. The things he set out to do, those he accomplished, those for which he was noted and admired (and reviled) don't begin to scratch the surface of him.

Now here am I, adding these words to all the rest, and doomed like all the rest to fail. What can one say to bring alive on the page a man who was a Quaker without one trace of goodyness; an ex-Communist without one trace of vindictiveness; a Gandhian without one trace of holiness; an ex-con without one trace of self-pity or self-dramatization; a pacifist who sided with the hawks; a passionate advocate of civil rights who wasted little time brooding about racism; a homosexual through whose lips the word "homophobia" was never heard to pass; a singer of songs, a drinker of whiskey, a collector of beautiful objects, a forbidden smoker; and above all, a leader, an organizer, a solemn spokesman, whose highest appetite was for merry mischief? That he was brave, noble, complex, independent? Yes to be

sure he was, all these and more, but the *music* is missing.

The first time I met Bayard he was sitting in a makeshift office on 125th Street in Harlem. He was in the midst of organizing what would turn out to be a successful black boycott of the schools in New York City. The civil-rights movement had recently "moved North" from the inspiring days of sit-ins and freedom marches and was now riding the shaky rails of "de facto" Northern segregation declared to be running parallel to Jim Crow. This man, I knew, had been the real force behind the great March on Washington, and as a good Northern liberal on a leftward swing, I felt timid and pious in his presence. I asked him, timidly and piously, why the schools? How would damaging a system already showing signs of intolerable burden benefit the children who needed it more than ever? And it was not his answer (which would before too many years were out acquire a disastrous echo) but his manner of delivering it that told me from that moment on I would be safe in standing wherever this man stood. He answered me without hesitation, as he was to answer every question on any problem ever put to him, without prologue or maneuver,

from a deep, earned clarity, "Because my people need a victory."

(That his people would take that victory and march elsewhere with it—to the brink, in fact, of destroying the school system, and the city, and themselves, he had not foreseen: the nobility of the struggle was still too much with him. When he did see it, he declared, in a famous essay in *Commentary*, that there should be an end to protest and a turn to grown-up politics.)

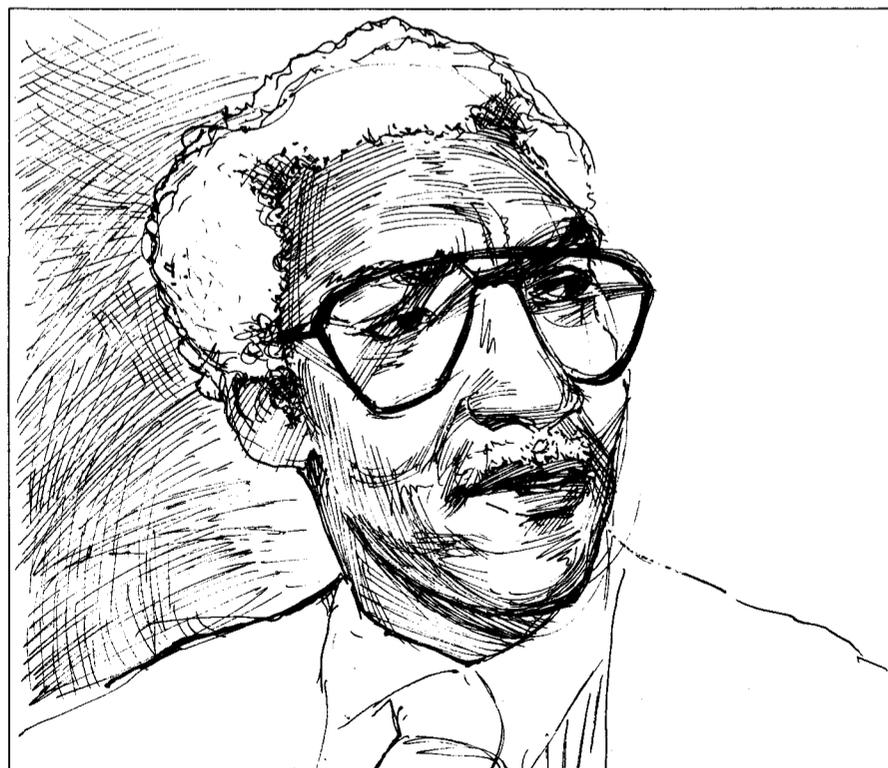
He always knew his mind, Bayard did. Nor was that first impression ever diluted: one was always safe standing where he stood, though that could, politically as well as intellectually, sometimes be on the edge of a very sharp and narrow precipice. He and I were in the course of time to move rather far apart politically—or rather, I was to move apart from him; Bayard always remained Bayard—but, at least as far as I was concerned, no essentials, nothing to die for, ever came between us. He never stopped believing that the problems of the black community would have to be dealt with through massive government programs and interventions, but he knew that what nowadays passes for "liberalism" on race is condescending and hurtful. He hated the South African government but knew that there could be no settle-

ment in that unhappy country that was not a settlement of blacks and whites together, and he opposed sanctions on the ground that only through ever greater economic strength could the black community in South Africa peacefully and decently acquire political power. Once in Israel we visited a settlement of the Gush Emunim on a barren, rocky hillside overlooking Nablus and listened to the arguments of a fiery-eyed young fanatic who declared that he was living on the ground God Himself had promised to the Jews. When we left, Bayard said to me, "I know these people well because I have known so many like them. They are mad, besotted, and if sticking to their ground means bringing down the whole country, they will do it. Still," he laughed, "if ever I came to live in this country, it is among them I would probably choose to live."

Clarity, then, was one thing he had; gratitude to God was another. I never in twenty-five years heard him utter the word "God," but once I ran into him on what happened to be his sixtieth birthday. He had quite obviously been celebrating for several hours. When I wished him happy birthday, he leaned into my face and whispered conspiratorially, "Baby, sixty is *marvelous*."

So was seventy and so was seventy-five. Indeed, the most vivid memories of Bayard that remain to his friends have to do not with his significant moments in the world of affairs but with his undying, ever-ready gusto. He could make wonderful speeches and stir great throngs, or he could make quiet speeches that brought harmony to rancorous disputations. But what he did best of all had to do with laughter: laugh himself, and be the cause, as Shakespeare would have said, that laughter was in others. He was just shy of seventy when we were together at a conference in Spain. On the return trip he occupied a seat several rows behind mine on the plane and whiled away the hours undermining what he felt was my unwarrantedly oversober bearing by sending scurrilous messages to me through the stewardess and throwing spitballs at my head. You have to understand, I lectured the bewildered stewardess, you are dealing here with a venerable and heroic civil-rights

(continued on page 26)



Midge Decter is executive director of the Committee for the Free World.