

The Diary of Anatoly S. Chernyaev

1984

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Yesterday I returned from Pushkino where I spent my vacation, which turned out to be not quite successful.

Yesterday Brutents called. He was talking about Ponomarev's activity, who demands plans, initiatives, that he ragged on me and Veber that we had not submitted a plan of "work with social democrats" (we submit those to him three or four times a year and they all languish in his box). In other words, [B.N.] is in his element. This is no longer a style, it is an illness. A senile illness of limitless, empty busy work. On January 17 he turns 79!

January 8, 1984

On Friday (January 6), I went back to work. However, Ponomarev was not interested in me. Javad¹ and I discussed various things: inviting Kinnock to the USSR, McClennon's request for a visit, finally, with a delegation (concerns: to ensure an appropriate level for him, because he has not met with our general secretary since 1967), the Australian problems, then Clancy and what to do with him, because formally he is a "nobody," and what to do with that party as such and with its leader Saimon who fell in with "revisionism," whom we stopped paying; the Irish problems—on January 10, O'Riordan is coming, and we will have to explain our ties with the recently emerged workers' party.

Zhilin is true to his style. Nobody has seen him at work during my vacation.

Brutents sat with me for more than an hour. We discussed why Ponomarev does not like Veber, our best consultant and a decent person. I proposed a suggestion that B.N. is cringing about [Veber's] name: not because he himself is an "anti-semitic" (he is not), but because others (from outside and above) could think badly of Ponomarev because he keeps «some kind of Veber» in the CC apparatus. For B.N., somebody's opinion (and especially an influential one) is more substantive than any truth and elementary interests of the cause. Karen doubted that "concept."

We talked again and again about prospects, i.e. about the place of the International Department in today's politics (in Andropov's era). And laughed at ourselves again: as long as B. N. keeps his position, nothing serious will be done. Of course, there are some objective causes of our helplessness: the object of our work is either helpless itself or not "manageable" from Moscow. But even in this situation one could be doing something useful and interesting, if not for Ponomarev's style, if not for the traditions, which smother everything that is living, modern, if not for the cynical pragmatism that he imposes exclusively in the name of appearing "practically useful" for his bosses. More and more there was a feeling that they just tolerated him, because there is no platform (a

¹ Head of the British sector of the International Department

new concept of our relations with revolutionary forces), in comparison with which Ponomarev's style would look obviously useless. And after all, nobody has time for it.

I talked with Kozlov (a Department consultant). It turns out that B. N. charged him with systematizing preliminary materials for the CPSU Program. Lesha has an impression that at the present moment (and it has to be presented to the Commission—to Andropov—in March already) this [the Program] is just a collection of articles and drafts, as a rule not very fitting to become part of a party document of a historic predestination. Everything is ruled by today's routine, nobody looks at how events would develop further—either outside [of the country] or inside. That is why there is nothing interesting there, nothing really programmatic.

And it is altogether laughable to entrust this task to Ponomarev, who is completely devoid of any theoretical sense or any smallest taste for theory. He simply does not understand what it is. For him, what is theoretical just sounds louder, “prettier,” (word declamation), and attractive as propaganda.

I am curious, why did Ponomarev never make me part of the Program business and things like that, for example of the draft of the Constitution? It is probably because he does not consider me, just like Veber, a person with theoretical thinking. And it's true, I am “idiosyncratic” in my attitude to theory, as Ponomarev and others like him understand it.

On Sunday (the 6th) during the day I visited the exhibition of young artists of the Moscow Artistic Association at “Manezh.” Very weak, copy-like work. But what is especially vexing—I do not understand, why in the world did they become artists, what do they want for the country, for the people, where are their higher aspirations directed? And even in the manner, the method of painting, one cannot discern any kind of a new direction. Pathetic. And this probably reflects our “human condition.”

January 15, 1984

All kinds of small business at work. And from the 11th, the editorial commission at *Voprosy Istorii* [*Questions of History*]. Nothing special, although I spoke several times. After all, even there, in a very democratic collective, and a decent one at that (in 15 years, nobody turned anybody in, did not accuse of revisionism, although we often and sharply disagreed and our opinions diverged diametrically). And so—even in our, very decent, editorial commission, the pretentious dilettantism is rising to the top (in this case the illiterate but very ideological blabbering by Gaponenko about the article by Yu. Afanasiev appealing to the “new science of history” in France). I gave my review of Fomin's article, in which he is trying to prove that in 1968 there was a pro-Fascist conspiracy in England (a state coup) headed by Lord Mountbatten. I “crushed” this graphomaniac nonsense. But how about that? An accepted prominent professor considers it possible to seriously propose to publish nonsense. For a 50-ruble honorarium? To multiply publications? In order not to be forgotten as an author? For a sensation? What manners! Here it is the same as everywhere.

January 19, 1984

Zagladin told me how in the middle all kinds of routine business, Ponomarev suddenly says to him: “I was digging through old papers and discovered a curious memo from you from 1968.” And showed him. Turns out that during a meeting at the Cerny-on-Tissa, he, B. N. ordered Zagladin to write an unpleasant (only for him) analysis—what would happen with the ICM [International Communist Movement] if we send troops to Czechoslovakia. Vadim did that. Ponomarev, after having read it, said, “Well, well! I will save this opinion of yours. And I am sure that in a couple of years, you will be ashamed to read it.” So now he found that paper, and having reminded the author about it, said “You were right, Vadim Valentinovich!” ... and put the paper back into the safe.

Today, I was at Kutsenkov’s at the new apartment next to Mayakovsky square. It is a general’s apartment, you can ride a motorcycle around it. I envied his deep immersion in his work (the castes in India and the chief editor of *Eastern Studies* journal). We had a drink. And we hugged each other’s souls. Generally speaking, I do not have a good male friend except for him. This is solid, this is warm, this is without complexes and this is not limited just to the “ideological-political” kinship as I have with Brutents. Here it is all together, complete male closeness and trust.

Eidelman gave me his last book about Karamzin. He believes that he studied under me at Moscow State in the early 1950s. It looks like they are launching a campaign against him. *Literaturka* has already cursed him twice. What could this mean?

It is time to start preparing for the report to the party meeting on the results of the CC Plenum. I was entrusted with it. And I have neither energy, nor inspiration to create as far as our work is concerned.

And overall, the indifference to work is growing. I wake up in the morning thinking in disgust that I have to go there again for the whole day. Such a state has never lasted so long before. It is the age ... and the “strategic” tiredness. But mainly—a loss of an objective goal of hard work. While Ponomarev is at the helm, everything is senseless and in vain. Today we discussed this topic at Zagladin’s for two hours (me and Brutents). However, Vadim solves all his problems easily: by constructing a blueprint of the next report on the ICM for the Lenin School.

Karen told [us] about yesterday’s meeting between Chernenko, Ponomarev and Wilner (General secretary of the Communist party of Israel). That smart provincial Jew was trying to explain to our guys in Russian that you cannot fight Zionism in this way (by equating it with Fascism): it is stupid, harmful, hopeless and confusing for everybody. It seemed that Chernenko had already “got it,” but B. N. pushed back. However, the mechanism has been put to work already. Today I read the PB decision about creating, in addition to the all-Union anti-Zionist committee, similar committees in the republics and in big cities. Nothing to be done here: the irrational force inoculated by Stalin in 1948-1949 is in action.

I bought a new publication by A. Platonov. This is the first time I read his literary criticism essays (did not even know about them), including the one about Pushkin. After Dostoyevsky, his word about Pushkin is the only truly original and modern one—massive Pushkin studies notwithstanding—about our great genius—immortal for the entire Soviet epoch.

January 22, 1984

Story by Krupin, “A Family Scene” in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* from January 18. Aside from the depth and brilliance, I was struck by the legalization of extra-marital love and community—as the most important thing in the relationships of modern Soviet men and women.

I wasted my Saturday preparing a report for the party meeting on the results of the December Plenum. I thought up various things, sounds interesting for myself, but how will it be received? Besides other things, it depends on how I present it.

January 26, 1984

Yesterday I took part in a meeting at the Kremlin between “our parliamentarians” (Ponomarev and others) and the leader of the Liberal party of England (successor of Lloyd George) David Steel. Other participants were Chakovsky, Ruben (from the Supreme Soviet), Zamyatin and General Chervov. Steel was accompanied by a Lord, leader of the Liberals in the House of Lords, and four other people.

They came to gain political capital for the future elections. And yet, they could not resist getting into angry polemic on the same old things: Afghanistan; why one can buy *Pravda* in London but one cannot buy *The Times* in Moscow, and so on and so fourth. And in general, they would like to break the wall of “misunderstanding,” the ideological barrier that is an obstacle to “normal” communication, on the condition that we accept the rules of parliamentary discussion.

And before that—agitated clashes with B. N. in the course of preparing “talking points” for him for the introductory speech for the Englishmen. He made me speak about the anti-war movement. I was concise and polite. They did not listen to the General with his missiles numbers, and Chakovsky’s swaggering blubber was met with irony and chuckles. And along the way, he snubbed Ponomarev when the latter tried to interrupt his fountain.

I heard that at the reception at the British Embassy, Ruben, who was our top guy there, made a 50-minute toast of an absolutely cretin nature. The Englishmen were shocked.

Oh, God, where did they get such idiots as heads of the two chambers of our Supreme Soviet—Shitikov and that Ruben?!

Yesterday I made a presentation at the department party meeting on the results of the December Plenum of the CC. I was not quite satisfied myself, it felt like I lost wind by the end of the presentation. However, today I received a pile of sincere appreciations and congratulations ...

February 1, 1984

I am getting ready to go to Luxembourg. Ponomarev could not care less; he is torturing me with his electoral speech. He wants it to be “impressive,” but nothing new (meaning beyond Andropov-Gromyko). He understands that I am sick and tired from all this. When he was giving me his comments on the 30 pages already written and making sighs of dissatisfaction, Brutents came in. He waxed ironically: why are you (i.e. myself) so gloomy? B. N. commented: “He is sick and tired of all this, and he is running away to Luxembourg.”

Yesterday, in Zagladin’s company, I went to the Efros theater. Napoleon I with Ulyanov. This is something. But all in all—just a spectacle, a demonstration of actors’ skills. Zero for the mind. Yakovleva (Josephina) is repulsive physically. The moral of this fable is – it is primitive.

February 10, 1984

At two thirty they announced that Andropov died yesterday at 16:50. Awful. Our poor Russia. But did the Andropov era come to an end? B. N., even while in the hospital, went to the Kremlin and the CC several times—it means they already decided ... Whom? Would they have enough responsibility before the country, enough Lenin’s party sense to appoint Gorbachev! If Chernenko—then the era will end quickly and overall ...

I am sick. A powerful flu. I got sick in Luxembourg, the morning after the congress of the Luxembourg communist party. I had to work there while completely sick: the three-hour meeting with the Social Democrats; chairman of the party Krins, leaders of the parliamentary faction Berg; the final meeting on the results of the congress with Rene Urbani at the CC, as he later joked at dinner, I “informed him about the congress.” Several political dinners and suppers with members of the new Politburo. At the congress proper, out of 11 delegations of communist parties, I was the only one who was given the floor. I have never, in my entire life, experienced such ovations on the occasion of my appearance at the podium ... Addressed to the CPSU, of course. But it was quite demonstrative and meaningful.

The final dinner. General Secretary Rene Urbani was magnificent. His wife Jacquelyn works in the administration of the Central Committee of the Luxembourg Communist Party. The beauty Marianna, member of the Politburo and his lover, practically openly Rene’s second wife. Francois Hoffman, member of the Politburo and deputy of the main editor of the Zeitung with Russian language. Lucien, former correspondent of their

newspaper in Moscow. Also with us were the Armenian, ambassador Udamyán Kamo Babievich, and the first secretary Vorobiev Roman Fedorovich.

Everybody was really eager to speak their heart out on international affairs, on the ICM, and especially on their neighbors, the French. They cursed Marchais without mincing words: for lack of decency, opportunism, anti-Sovietism and just for stupidity. They are especially aggravated because they always used to pray to the big French brother, but now not only he embarrasses himself, he also spoils everything for them: the ruling circles and social democrats cite Rene as a model for the French—he, they say, supports the CPSU—an even bigger chief brother—and at the same time cooperates with “us.”

I am happy with myself. I conducted this whole affair at the proper level. And it looks like they, the Luxembourgers, really needed it. They needed a delegation that knows them, can step in their shoes, understands problems that concern them, is ready to discuss them in a comradely fashion and not just respond with bureaucratic declarations based on papers prepared beforehand still in Moscow, drafts of statements “on various issues.”

But there are few of us in the CC who can do it this way with this kind of Communists ... As far as Luxembourg is concerned, it is probably just Zagladin and myself... For them, substance is more important than ranks, although the ranks would please them too. Other fraternal delegations were at the level of Politburo, CC members!

February 12, 1984

I am still sick. I am ashamed—there is such a whirlwind at work now. Visitors are coming from everywhere. Reagan is the only one who is not coming. And look at Thatcher—not only she is coming herself, she is also bringing all leaders of the opposition parties. Of course, Kohl, Trudo and the like. In short, a massive peaceful gesture toward us. I don't think this is completely insincere—they are mainly religious people, and by tradition they treat death, funerals and the memory of the deceased very seriously.

Will we be able to respond to this gesture in the name of peace in a proper way? Or will our “class” suspiciousness, our disparaging attitude to “their” customs and rules of the game, and mainly the needs of the military-bureaucratic complex (meaning Gromyko-Ustinov personally) take the upper hand? In many years I have not heard so much serious music on the radio as I heard yesterday in one day. I was especially struck by Gluck: for flute with orchestra—so [wonderfully] played by a young woman flutist I hadn't heard previously!

To sum up: we expected a lot from Andropov. And not in vain. If he had another year or two, he would have achieved something. But ... And now I am sitting and waiting: who will replace him and how it will work. However, formally, everything will be the same as was started under him. But in our country so much depends on personal traits, on the way of thinking and the moods, the sympathies and antipathies of the leader. In this transition it will have a much greater impact than for example in the “change of leader”

after Lenin, after Stalin, and after Khrushchev. Brezhnev created the tradition of “personal power.” After him, for example, Andropov’s personal authority as the country’s sole leader was never put in slightest doubt (if one does not count the fears of some intelligentsia and some excessively “well-informed” nomenclature members regarding Chernenko’s claims ... I am convinced that there were no such claims.)

It will be the same this time too: whomever they elect—the next day they will obey him unquestioningly. And already in a week or two, along with the “decisions of the subsequent Plenums,” we will be implementing the “directives of comrade ...(!).”

And still, I am not yet losing the hope that they will elect (rather, already “elected”—at the PB—tomorrow at the Plenum is just the approval) Gorbachev. I got the hint—Javad informed me that during a conference at Zagladin’s, he got a call from Gorbachev’s office and was asked to come at a certain time for some business.

It is possible that it is about “the word” from the Masoleum, maybe about some speech at the Plenum tomorrow ... Both of which, if that is true, are very hopeful.

February 14, 1984

The miracle did not happen. They elected Chernenko. I went to the Plenum, although I am still sick, and it looks like it is serious.

The Plenum is again for some reason in the Sverdlov Hall. Which means you have to arrive an hour and a half in advance to claim a seat. The provincial elite has already filled half the room. And everything went as always: they kissed, they exchanged loud greetings, they shared the “news”—about the snow, the weather, the harvest prospects—in a word, it was “party talk” of people who felt themselves masters of life. And in all this polyphony I did not hear Andropov’s name mentioned even once, or any mention of the “event.” By half past ten, the hall was already full. Only some loners who came late were wondering around in search of where to settle; among them were the former head of administration Pavlov, who was no longer entitled to his “own” seat, and the General Secretary’s former assistants Tsukanov, Golikov and the like.

In about 20 minutes the room fell silent. The waiting began. Tension was rising with every minute, as if the atmosphere was filling up with electricity. Five minutes before 11, candidate Politburo members and secretaries filed in through the side entrance, as usual, and as usual, Ponomarev was leading the way (the eternal first among the seconds). This time, however, they did not briskly greet those seated close, did not extend their arms to them in a democratic impulse to meld with the Central Committee rank-and-file.

Tension reached its culmination. All eyes (and necks) were turned to the left-side door behind the stage—the entrance to the Presidium—“who will be the first?”

Right at 11, Chernenko's head appeared in the door frame. Behind him were Tikhonov, Gromyko, Ustinov, Gorbachev and others.

The room reacted with silence. Nobody got up, as it happened last time, when, as I remember, Andropov came in at the Plenum after Brezhnev's death. The Presidium was seated. Gorbachev next to Chernenko. Nothing is clear yet ...

Chernenko got up, and bending low over a paper laying on the table, started quickly saying some words about the deceased in a quiet asthmatic voice. Then—that the absolute majority was present and we could open the meeting. Then—that the agenda only had one issue—about electing General Secretary. There were no objections or amendments. He gave the floor to Tikhonov.

Tikhonov came down to the podium and started a lengthy speech about the deceased and the party's tasks—to continue what was started under him.

Tension did not subside. The lack of clarity persisted. And then finally, he pronounced: the Politburo discussed ... they entrusted me to propose ... for the consideration of the Plenum the candidacy of Chernenko ...

Several seconds passed before the tension “discharged” in the form of weak, formal, very short applause. (I remember the explosion of ovations that erupted at the November 1982 Plenum, when the same Chernenko proposed to elect Andropov General secretary. And alas, I am not the only one who remembers that!). Disappointment instantly pierced the room and dampened the atmosphere even more.

Tikhonov continued to characterize the candidate: Chernenko instantly became an indefatigable fighter, a prominent statesman, and other things—almost everything that in recent days were the indispensable attributes of the deceased.

Tikhonov left without applause. I was looking at the members of the Presidium and I seemed to see embarrassment in their faces. As if they were feeling remorse for failing the expectations of the Plenum members, the party masses and of the people as a whole. Because no matter who you talked to in the recent days, Gorbachev was on everybody's mind. And they did not want to, they thought with disgust that Chernenko would be the one.

Then Gorbachev got up and conducted the vote. Unanimous.

Then he gave the floor to the “General Secretary of the Central Committee” ... His speech was tedious, boring and long. In general, it was all the right things—because he repeated the same formulas, words, tasks and ideas that emerged under Andropov. Nothing of his own, other than the pattering manner of reading and distorting phrases from time to time.

He was greeted and seen off coolly, although people stood up in the end, because members of the Presidium Tikhonov and Gromyko led the way. I think that it was precisely these persons, and maybe Ustinov, who “in a preliminary fashion” decided this question before presenting it to the Politburo.

That’s how it is.

Nobody can say anything bad about him, except maybe some members of intelligentsia, who feed on the rumors and conjectures that on his instructions the publishing houses suppress manuscripts and ban new plays. Nobody ever cites any facts.

I think that he has not treated anybody especially badly on his own initiative. My interaction with him was minimal—we traveled to Denmark together in 1976 for the party congress. He was modest, democratic, lenient in a comradely way. But at that time he had not yet been tested by the temptation of power. We interacted rarely, when I had to speak at the Secretariat. I remember visiting him with Zagladin, pleading for an order for B.N. for his 75th birthday. He treats me evenly, but without this attitude, like “I know you.”

But again, all this does not mean anything.
People are disappointed for a different reason ...

[We watched the funeral on TV for two hours. The factory sirens are especially impressive. They no longer film our leadership like this ... when they lowered him into the grave. Others around him do not feel it appropriate to show off].

And so—what is the disappointment all about?

It is because any mediocrity, whom fate accidentally carried to the front stage, can occupy the top position in our great state. In this case, Brezhnev was the fate. He got to like Chernenko back in Moldavia, and then dragged him along to the Central Committee apparatus, to the position of deputy head of Propaganda department, then to the apparatus of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet in the beginning of the 1960s, then to the General Department of the Central Committee. He made him his closest confidant, and demonstrated it in every which way in his vulgar-nepotistic style of leadership of the state and the party. In five years, he promoted him from deputy department head to a Politburo member and the second person in the party. And after that, the logic of “stability” and “continuity” kicked in, not even mentioning the levers of power and friendship. But even Brezhnev, preparing to pass on the reins of power, understood that Chernenko, his favorite and his political lackey, should not be made the First, and so he “pushed up” Andropov just in time.

The disappointment because this man, mediocre and squalid in his intellectual capacity, poorly educated and devoid of any cultural basis, a minor party bureaucrat in his habits and “work experience,” apparatchik in the worst sense of this word, also does not have

anything to distinguish him personally—as just a citizen. He did not even fight in the war, as did all more or less decent people of his generation.

And also, because this particular person rose to the leadership of this country at the moment when a deep chasm emerged in its history, when so many hopes emerged, when confidence emerged (even though still very unsteady) that now things would develop along the path of justice and that vice would be finally banished to the underground and would not be allowed to triumph so brazenly over our ideals and over truth, as people understand it.

Of course, even without personal participation (in any case, [without personal] contribution), the cart put together under Andropov can continue moving forward. But ... alas, there is not yet sufficient momentum for it to move along for a long time without pushing and a good thrust. And for this one needs the authority not just of the position and the power. The authority of intellect and the “mystery” that it, this intellect, is capable of something. Andropov possessed that.

Yesterday, many of those who came for the funeral demanded to see me. But after the Plenum, and especially after I went to the Hall of Columns (together with the entire Plenum), and then walking back to the Old Square, I got all frozen, and felt that my temperature spiked again—so I refused to meet with anybody except for McClennan, who really pleaded to see me on a sensitive matter. I suspected what matter it was. That’s what it turned out to be. I went with Javad and Lagutin to the hotel on Dmitrova Street. Gordon talked long and with embarrassment about the conflict between the Politburo and *The Morning Star* (about which we know better than he does). And the essence of his complaint (although he kept repeating that it was their internal affair) was that Moscow took the side of the newspaper, which speaks against the party leadership, in this conflict ...

I listened and played the fool—I don’t know anything, maybe it is just a technical issue, maybe the paper, and the “International Book” distributed advance payment for subscriptions for the year instead of the regular quarterly ones, directly, without the knowledge of the Central Committee.

I posed two “naïve” questions—what is the political nature of the disagreements between *The Morning Star* and the party leadership? And another—what should we do now—stop the purchase of the printed copies? On the first question he treaded water for a long time, knowing whose cat ate the meat (the Executive Committee of the CPB demands that the paper publish anti-Soviet materials on Poland, Afghanistan and human rights, but the main editor Chater refuses to do it). McClennan, naturally, did not want to admit any of that.

But on the second question—oh, what are you talking about, keep buying it, of course!

Thus our hour-and-a-half chatter did not result in anything. However, it is clear that if this becomes publicly known, we would have to shift the blame on the initiative of “Interbook,” which, by the way, acted lawfully, following all the rules of commerce.

Yesterday Ponomarev summoned me, Zhilin and Menshikov regarding the text of his forthcoming speech to the voters. It was postponed due to Andropov’s death. As always, B.N.’s small-grained ideas that he presents as important political phenomena.

This time, two of them deserve attention:

1. Are we going to react to the peace gestures by the “imperialists” who came to pay their respects to Andropov? Take Thatcher, for example, who brought with her all the opposition leaders, i.e. assembled a national team? Of course, we could just emphasize this fact as one more victory of our policies and react to this gesture as to a new act of hypocrisy, as an effort to create an appearance that everything is fine, the “Pershings” notwithstanding, and peace is ensured, and only “your” obstinacy undermines dialogue. But would that be wise? Apart from the fact that not everything in this gesture is pharisaic. They are religious people and take these things seriously. Because certainly, there was an element of sincerity there.

This is approximately the tirade that I produced, and added that the entire prepared text was focused on exposing imperialism. Meanwhile, the world public is expecting a constructive approach from us now.

B.N. wrinkled his brow. “Come on, Anatoly Sergeyeovich, they all are hard-headed politicians. So should we change our policies now because of their gesture? They are not changing theirs. Ok, maybe we should strengthen “the constructive element,” he said addressing Menshikov. But in general, leave it as is, including the “teaching about failures” of Reagan’s policies—vulgar demagoguery, which, by the way, I personally executed on paper following his directives for the earlier draft.

2. More substantively. Menshikov raised the issue of how to phrase it that the meeting with voters takes place “on these days when ...” and so on.

B.N. wrinkled his brow again. “On these days ... The speech will not be tomorrow but in a week (he called somewhere to make sure). By that time, it will be quite appropriate. However, I don’t know about the others. We should find out from Yermonsky (another one of our consultants who was part of the group at the Gorky dacha preparing a speech for Chernenko) what they think about this. Well, I think, maybe we shouldn’t. To the contrary, we should quote comrade Chernenko; of course say that the party will continue the line of the XXVI Congress. Quote Lenin twice. Did you notice that in his speech at the Plenum comrade Chernenko referred to Lenin, quoted his words, and not just once. But I think we shouldn’t talk about Andropov. Well, maybe prepare a paragraph just in case, but do not put it in the draft yet.”

Menshikov, however, exhibited persistence. He says, “but, Boris Nikolayevich, the people now want to know, more than anything else, if bribe-takers and thieves will

continue to be put in jail, or to the contrary, they would be released now ... It is in this sense that I was asking whether we should mention Andropov's name and the need to continue what was started ..."

B.N.: "Well of course, of course. In this sense, we should say firmly that the party would conduct its principal line on ensuring order. But we don't have to mention Andropov here."

That's how it is! And I don't understand—is there already such a little norm? Or maybe it is Ponomarev's personal jealous dislike of Andropov?

Can it be that he will again be fired up with hope that something will drop into his hands under Chernenko?

But no, he again, in cynicism and full disregard of opinions and feelings of his "interlocutors" (we are dog shit for him) has shown his absolute immorality in full colors. For him, there is nothing sacred.

In order to be at the level of the demands of the modern international politics, one must rise above not only class prejudices, but also above one's ideological stereotypes, which grip one even stronger when the class opponent is not "immediately in front of one's face." This is all about how to react to Thatcher's appearance in Moscow with all her entourage at this moment. But to be "able" to do it—one needs a significant level of general culture or (which supplants it) an ability to think independently. Andropov possessed both to some extent, although he was also tied by his "experience" of work for the KGB and by his Komsomol past.

And here emerges the question: in the speeches—yesterday at the Plenum, and today from the Mausoleum—mentions of imperialists, of aggressive adventurists—are those the creations of assistants, consultants groups—who draft the speeches—who no matter what they think in their hearts, feel obliged to repeat the clichés (so that nobody would accuse them of revisionism), or are those the result of specific directives? More likely—the former. And the speaker accepted them because that is how it is always done, because it is seen as allegiance to "Marxism-Leninism." And naturally, his colleagues, especially those from the Central Committee departments where the draft was circulated for review, did not dare to utter a word about the expediency of such statements at this moment. Therefore, in this situation the cliché writing by the apparatus could become policy itself to a much greater degree than it was under Brezhnev and Andropov.

February 15, 1984

I'm feeling the transition to the new stage only at an emotional level. There are no new materials except that "assistant of the general secretary cde. Alexandrov" attended Chernenko's meeting with Bush, Thatcher, Kohl and so on, just as always.

And just now Sasha Veber called and informed me about our new failure, the Politburo returned our draft letter from the Central Committee to social democrats regarding Stockholm (negotiations on confidence-building measures). It contains angry, smashing comments, must be from the Foreign Ministry, but he says it has two signatures (must be somebody else, could it be Chebrikov?). B.N. hurried us with the letter, he needed it sooner, as he always does to demonstrate activity, and to show off to his own bosses. And the draft got there on the day of Andropov's death. This alone would be sufficient to turn it down, not even mentioning Ponomarev's toys, which he inserted into it, like the idea of organizing manifestation and collecting petitions around Stockholm and in Stockholm itself ... And that is at a time when ministers already left Stockholm, and only experts remained, who mainly count how many troops participate in the maneuvers and so on. They are technical people and could not care less about all these public appeals: they do not have the authority to change anything in the directives from their capitals.

So in other words, we flopped. And for a good reason. I have not seen that letter. I left for Luxembourg just in time. But it feels unpleasant anyway—for Zagladin, for Veber, especially so since had I been in the office, the letter would have been most likely the same, although I would have tried, obviously, to coordinate it with the Foreign Ministry beforehand "in working order" as I did with a similar letter for the Communist parties. And it went through.

And again—all to the same point—our B.N. does not work any longer; he needs to step down before they ask him out. Things are moving in that direction—even such a ritual thing (which was always done by our Department)—notices for the media about the comings and goings of foreign delegations—was re-oriented to Zamyatin's Department.

B.N. was not even invited to shake hands with representatives from fraternal and revolutionary-democratic parties, who came to express their condolences, in St. George's Hall, even though they constituted more than two-thirds of all delegations.

It is to no avail that he hopes looking at yesterday's transcript that he will be "treated better" under Chernenko. No. His prestige, and now even technological usefulness, are disappearing irreversibly right in front of our eyes.

I am reading "Energy" by Gladkov. I did not read it when it came out. The sign of the epoch, but not great literature, especially in comparison with Anna Karenina, which I pulled from my shelf yesterday when I had nothing to do, and leafed through several chapters: a mystery, a wonder of language.

I am reading Lenin. This one is always overwhelming in any mood, even when you disagree with him, even where he is obviously outdated, you still unwillingly submit to his exorbitant intellectual power.

February 18, 1984

Yesterday I spent almost the entire day at work. I read through transcripts of Chernenko's meetings with leaders, including Bush, Kohl and Thatcher. Very calm tone, not quarrelsome, without any special pragmatism about our "positions," and for the Americans, and especially for the Madam, he found some warm words at the very end of the conversation (must mean beyond the prepared talking points)—about friendship between our peoples and governments, that it was time to stop engaging in confrontation, that if things start improving (with England) this meeting could become a very important event in the history of our relations and so on.

Thatcher was at her best, trying to impress, and it seems that she had achieved her goal. Ambassador Popov, who was present [at the conversation], said on the phone that if not for the table separating them, she might have just jumped into Konstantin Ustinovich's arms.

This is good. He is, in general, a soft person. And such moments could become significant, indeed.

In this sense, I really tried as much as I could to "soften" the "class character" of B.N.'s speech to the voters. I don't know if that would work ... I wrote a letter to him at the hospital advising him not to ask for trouble going against Gromyko and Ustinov, who clearly do not want our interference in the Stockholm affairs, which is why they reacted so rudely and sharply to our first version of the letter to social democrats. Vadim (Zagladin) did not agree with me that we should not submit a second version of the letter, to just pretend that nothing happened. He cited Gorbachev who thinks that the letter was needed. I don't know how it will all end.

All foreigners have already left. Only Gus Hall is still here ... and Vassallo (Communist party of Malta), to whom I will go in an hour to celebrate his 60th at the hotel.

February 20, 1984

I was reading Regan's letter to Chernenko, Mitterrand's letter to Chernenko, his conversation with Trudo (the "window of opportunity" that will be shut in June when the presidential campaign heats up).

With the Western leaders, Chernenko is soft, polite, hopeful.

But with "our own" (meeting with Warsaw Pact leaders, conversation with Castro) he says nothing has changed, and "we will hold our line." Judging from Reagan's meeting with journalists (already after Bush's return) it is clear that they (USA) will not change anything in their military program. This is true. But that is not the problem. The problem is whether we will always build our policy in fear of this program and in pursuit of a balance in response to it. Here is the root of the entire problem—because we could render a decisive defeat of the "Crusade" not by our military program, but by our food, energy, consumer goods and similar programs.

And so on.

B.N. is still in the hospital. He wanted me to come there for his meeting with Gus Hall. But I got out of it. It is very boring to talk as a threesome, especially with Gus Hall. Although it is my duty. Nonetheless, I enjoyed talking with McClennan, and on Saturday—with Vassala and Azius. I was developing our “anti-Crusade” strategy in front of them. And I was curious myself. But did not want to talk to Gus Hall.

I read Granin’s novella “The Trace is Still Visible” in *Novy Mir*. Impressive ... It is proper now to write like this about the war. Precisely like this—not in a pretentious way. Or like Kondratiev. It is honest and talented.

February 24, 1984

A hidden atmosphere of indeterminacy at the Department and around Ponomarev. He stayed in the hospital before his trip to the voters, received Hall, Howe and somebody else there; only attended the Secretariat and the Politburo meetings. Was not interested in the business of the Department. Called me only once to “agree” that we should not ask for trouble with the letter to social democrats before we find out the “final” opinion of Gorbachev and Ustinov. I just saw him at the Secretariat: he was pale, not quite himself, and so on. It looks like he is feeling that some decisive moment is approaching.

Zagladin (with Zhilin) spent the entire week with the voters—in southern Turkmenistan, near Kushka, on the border with Afghanistan. He is confidently waiting for his hour.

Newspapers and TV are carrying speeches of members, candidate members and Secretaries of the Central Committee to the voters.

It looks like they have not agreed among themselves. Some speeches mention both Andropov and Chernenko as “prominent” and so on. Others barely mention Andropov’s death and do not give any characteristics (including even the talkative Shevardnadze). Some present Chernenko like Brezhnev at the end of his life. Others—in a very reserved way—in the tone of the February Plenum. However, the mass media praises him to the fullest ... They did not even need a warm-up. Even now still—a stream of congratulations. Plenums in the republics and districts are taking place: “In the light of the decisions of the February Plenum of the CC, following the statements and conclusion of the speech of the General Secretary of the CC CPSU comrade Konstantin Ustinovich Chernenko.”

Rank-and-file authors, workers, civil servants quote him left and right in their interviews to TV and radio, as well as members of the Politburo and Secretaries of the CC in their speeches to the voters. And one sees already his greetings to factories and districts for fulfilling the plan or on occasion of successful completion of something important. In short, his confirmation in the position of absolute leader was accomplished with cosmic speed.

However, his presence as a political figure is not yet felt in the apparatus, though I did read his response to Reagan today. There is nothing new in substance compared to similar letters from Andropov, but the tone is more polite, softer and more constructive, and there are no mentions of concrete “in your face” slams—like Grenada, the Middle East and other Reagan’s “creations.” In other words, the hand is extended in a velvet glove for now. And he never once mentioned the formula: return to the state of affairs of mid-December last year (regarding the missiles), then we can talk. But the press and Gromyko said it from the Masoleum. The guys in the Department were especially struck by the rudeness, aggressiveness and militancy of Ustinov’s article in Pravda (on the occasion of the Red Army Day). It is in stark disharmony with what the General Secretary said at the Plenum, and even more so with what and how he was saying in his conversations with Western leaders.

The article was, as usual, sent around the PB, including to B.N. to prepare comments. Balmashnov asked me, again as usual. I highlighted the especially militarist passages, wrote a memo to Ponomarev (in the above-mentioned tone—that it differs from the Plenum). But he did not even care to pick up the phone to pass at least one of my criticisms along to the author. And the article was published in its virgin form.

What is this? Division of labor, or maybe the General Secretary and his assistants do not yet feel firmly in the saddle to be able to correct the people who made the General Secretary general secretary?

On Tuesday I was at the Secretariat. Gorbachev was conducting it (and he will be conducting it in the future). He led it in his own style: lively, intelligently, actively and business-like, with assessments, conclusions and so on. And confidently. Especially impressive was the discussion of the issue of price increases on basic consumer goods for children and medications.

On behalf of the All-Union Labor Unions, Biryukova poured the “goods” out on the Secretariat table and started yelling at the ministers. They were trying to fight back and even accused her of “sensationalism,” but Gorbachev slammed them so hard that they crawled back to their seats like spanked mutts. This was a real party Soviet conversation with bureaucrats. And yet, they are fools not because they are stupid and evil, but because they are the products of the customs that were installed and encouraged for decades.

Today in the Conservatory—Bukner’s Fifth Symphony. Rozhdestvensky—a conductor in the role of enlightened educator of times past. His speech before the production—magnificent! And the performance itself! (And the beauty of a violinist in front of him ... She will always stay in my memory together with Bukner). I have not experienced such thorough delight in this hall for a long time. It was as unexpected as hearing the Gluck concert for flute and orchestra for the first time on TV. A pretty woman was playing the solo. But that was a linear experience, and this one was polyphonic and “difficult.”

March 4, 1984

Today is the election to the Supreme Soviet, and on Friday I was at the Kremlin Palace, listened to Chernenko. The meeting itself—is our customary ritual, the regimented and formal nature of which does not irritate anybody except dissidents and excessively refined intelligentsia. Our people are too practical and lazy to be longing for self-motivated democracy—it is easier and habitual to grumble at the bosses that this is not right, and that is not right, and that there is a mess here and so on. And thus—electoral meetings, just like elections themselves, are official celebrations, during which everybody does what everybody and everywhere is supposed to do, what is always done on such occasions. And the speeches at the Kremlin—by a secretary of the Kuibyshev regional committee, a locksmith, a woman researcher, a woman teacher, director of a plant. However, in the speech of the candidate representative, who had to present his biography, there was an obvious inconvenience: as a compensation for the fact that Chernenko did not fight in the war, the orator emphasized that Chernenko joined the Red Army as volunteer in 1930 and served at the border: “Comrades do you know how much courage it requires to guard the border,” and so on.

Of course, the speeches were prepared at the regional committee, but if that had to be so, they should not have included such cheap passages, which only instigate unnecessary questions and popular irony.

Ultimately, it is not about electing the most deserving person on the basis of their past achievements, it is about having a person who would ensure the correct, the only necessary and possible policy for the country. And in this sense, Chernenko’s electoral speech is both serious and substantive—by the strictest account. I don’t know what part of it was from him personally (and what belonged to assistants and drafters—and he agreed). But the speech has been delivered. And this is a political promise to the people at the start of his administration. It is not quickly forgotten—like for instance Malenkov’s presentation way back to the session of the Supreme Soviet in 1953 or Khrushchev’s speech at the XX Congress.

Most importantly, everything that was started by Andropov has been adopted here. People who directly drafted that speech told me that in it, just like in the speech at the February Plenum, they used practically everything that was prepared for Andropov, according to his ideas and under his supervision, when he was at the hospital.

There is another important thing—the speeches of other Politburo members, candidates and CC secretaries have never had so much individual character before (with a common basic line). And this is not just in regards to how they expressed their attitude to the deceased, and not about the terms they used to characterize the General Secretary. For example, not everybody called him “prominent” and so on. But these speeches differed significantly from one another even in their approaches, manner, accents on various socio-economic, political and ideological problems. Of course, in our country, collegiality temporarily comes to the fore every time during the change of the “regime.”

However, this time, it presented itself with the background of an unconditional, formal and established from the first days in very concrete terms “positional” authority of the First [leader]. And as paradoxical as it is, precisely here is a possibility that collegiality could become a real factor of politics ... especially because Chernenko himself, following Andropov, seems to be absolutely sincerely in favor of “separation” between the party and the state powers. (And it is a vital necessity if we are serious ...).

March 5, 1984

A pile of ciphered cables. Kissinger’s analysis: USA - NATO = crisis and how to resolve it.

Trukhanovsky, Igor Savolsky (from the Hungarian sector)—an article by a Hungarian academician Shimansky. My assessment turned out to be right. We gathered at Zagladin’s, talked about how (and whether?) we will put together the book *History of Revolutions*, and how Zagladin and I will join the 8-volume European History. Reminiscences about my “historical” past. We have ideas about how to make it all pretty, but we will not have energy and time.

Discussed with Bogdanov (Arbatov’s deputy, retired colonel), Sokolov and Kolikov their upcoming trip to Warsaw for the “Action of the Moment”—a closed seminar about American policy toward socialist countries. I was trying to calm down Bogdanov’s extremism, although he knows everything about America 100 times better than me.

Sokolov and I put together a table of initiatives by our well-wishers in Western Europe—from non-governmental forces. Good intentions but they don’t fit the Gromyko-Ustinov policy. So I set out to recapture the “zone of dialog” on the societal plane from them. Otherwise, we will be left with Chandra alone once again.

March 10, 1984

Before the holidays Ponomarev engaged me in the business of the CPSU Program for the first time. He sent me to read what Arbatov wrote about contemporary capitalism. He talked about it in an interesting way when he walked with me in Barvikha and talked about Andropov’s embraces. But the text did not work out. Bureaucratic, inexpressive style, patchy, even with some absurdities (like when he talks about Reganism-Thatcherism as a reactionary utopia of return to the free-traderism on the XIX century). I wrote to Ponomarev that a Western reader would not recognize “this kind” of capitalism, and he lives “in it.” And overall, you don’t deal with the program issues like this: they selected bosses for the working groups, when for the first draft of the program they should have chosen just one talented person for each of the sections—like Ambartsumov or Galkin—and given them the freedom of risk. For such things, Lenin “sat down” not candidates of sciences, but people like Bukharin and Kuusinen, gave them two weeks, and then made corrections. (By the way, Chernenko noted the flatness and inexpressiveness of the language used in party documents during his meeting with heads

[of departments] and deputies ... No wonder, they are written by bureaucrats with the background of the Higher Party School, as a rule ... or edited by the same people).

March 11, 1984

I brought it upon myself with my comments on Arbatov's draft for the Program. B.N. made me write additions and corrections. And that would not be bad, even interesting. The trouble is that he likes that [Arbatov's] version. Although Arbatov himself, having given B.N. the draft, called me and in his soldierly crass manner "apologized" for the fact that B.N. liked his draft. It meant it was a shitty draft. And he did it in such a way because you cannot write anything decent in such a short time—something that you would be willing to defend, and so to get it off his hands, he adopted as much as possible from Ponomarev's old Program, and in fact, that's the only thing he [Ponomarev] needed. That's why he liked it.

And I am again an asshole idealist. I was counting on getting Ponomarev interested in the "communist-manifesto" (Marx-Engels) approach to portraying contemporary capitalism: here, so to say, are the wonders of technological achievements and so on—on the one hand, and the deeply flawed society—on the other. This indeed could have been done beautifully, but not with Arbatov's (even his) hands, and certainly not under the leadership of comrade Ponomarev.

Chernenko demands "expressive language" in the party documents. One would think—where if not in the Party Program should we show an example of such language? But for this one would need culture, which, unfortunately, those who were given this assignment, do not possess ... And it could be done beautifully. And would not even require so much space.

I am still doing "insertions" and "proposals," which would help remove stupidity, mistakes, reduce the level of demagoguery, but they would not change the main thing: at least in the section on capitalism, this will be a tedious "textbook," which will make students nauseous and in which a Western reader will never recognize the society in which they live. Disgusting.

March 13, 1984

Riding in the car. The driver, pointing to the icy road says:

---We drive the old Volgas to Zavidovo.

---Why, do you go there again?

---Of course we do ...

---And before this?

---Before this, Andropov ordered to put all that business on hold. Rangers were all dismissed, others – some were sent into retirement, others simply kicked out, parasites

...

---And now what?

---Now everything is back as it was. Chernenko goes there to hunt. He started doing it there back with Lyonya. And now he just resumed everything ... [Hunting] boar, red deer, deer, game.

That's how it is!

March 17, 1984

One Polish newspaper, after publishing a pretty objectivist article about Chernenko's speech to the voters, then published, without any commentary, three reactions to it by Western journalists and writers. The middle one belongs to an author F. Novotny, a West German journalist, most likely of the Czech origin: "There are fewer and fewer colorful birds in politics. The time of grey mice is coming. In fact, it has already come."

Work proceeds as routine. B.N. is trying hard to adjust to the new General Secretary and endures stabs from the Foreign Ministry, maybe not even aimed specifically at him, but out of disregard, simple "forgetfulness" that such a figure as Ponomarev still exists. However, it seems like he, B.N. started to wait for the next Plenum again.

Galaktion Tabidze. All my life I read about him, encountered in various books about him, but alas, never read him myself until now. And now finally read him ... a mixture of Tsvetaeva, Pasternak and Tikhonov ... But alas! Translations ... They are probably optimal, but still there is no immediate sensation of "genius."

Novella Matveyeva. Two new volumes. She writes, as other stars of the 1950 and 60s, about the elder of time and her own "departure," just as Dez'ka, as Vinokurov, as dozens of "them" ...

In my capacity as member of the editorial board of the journal *Kommunist*, I read many articles slated for discussion at the editorial board, and even more of those already published (they are not in my domain, and I will not bear responsibility for them). And so, the journal under Kosolapov, is quite brave, sufficiently smart and intelligent, and in its economic sphere—very business-like, sharply critical; in the philosophical sphere—bears a great imprint of tastes of the main editor—a philosopher himself.

However, I have grave doubts that those from the top party and state leadership, who are supposed to know the central theoretical journal of the Central Committee, ever read it. Ponomarev, who claims to be "the theorist of our party," never even looks at the table of contents. And in general, he probably does not read anything other than the ciphered cables and the passages from TASS reports highlighted by his secretaries. Although, unfortunately, he reads the texts of his speeches before delivering them and articles before submitting them for publication.

March 18, 1984

The Day of the Paris Commune. For me, this “jubilee” is mainly connected to the associations about how many thoughts and creativity I gave to Ponomarev for his presentations and articles on this occasion on big anniversary dates. All this already became part of his published works, and now even in his full compilation of writings, the first volume of which was just published. Of course, in the Ponomarevian edited version.

“We multiply nonsense by numbers
Little thoughts were flying like bees, multiplying, countless.”

This is from G. Tabidze. I am in the same state now.

March 19, 1984

Gromyko disregarded us again, forgetting completely that the plan of action in connection with the U.S. presidential campaign should be submitted taking into consideration the planned events of the CC International Department.

Zagladin and I received [John Kenneth] Galbraith. An impressive, most intelligent old man of high breed. He behaved in a very careful and maximally sensitive way. He reminded us of the Churchill rule: “not to criticize your own government when abroad and to never tire to expose it when at home.”

March 21, 1984

Today we were composing Chernenko’s response to the Socialist International regarding U.S.-Soviet missile business. We composed our version and Foreign Ministry—their own. We sent it back and forth “in working order” twice to each other. Tried to suck up to Gromyko so that he would not push us aside again. B.N. was only interested in one thing—to have time to put his signature on it (he is leaving on vacation tomorrow), he even proposed to put his signature on a blank page so that “you attach it somehow” later. It is important that his participation is seen when the text is submitted to the top!

Little games around politics.

March 22, 1984

B.N. departed for Crimea on vacation. He wanted to do it after the Plenum, but Chernenko let him go now, implying, along the way, that they could do without him for the preparation for the Plenum and for the session of the Supreme Soviet.

Zagladin is leaving for Austria tomorrow and therefore, I will have to be the one to present the entire pile of anti-American plans for the period of presidential campaign to the Central Committee.

Evening. I am reading the Frossar book about Pope Wojtyla. Article in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* about all contemporary English writers. I should make a note of it and then try to

get some of them. It complains that many of those [writers]—and *Literaturka* only reviews the most significant of them—cross the line into pornography. This is laughable! “There” it is a reality without which there can be no realism in art.

I should reinstitute Tarle’s habit of reading a couple of pages of Herten every day.

March 25, 1984

On Friday, since I am left here to stand in for both Ponomarev and Zagladin, I attended the session of the Politburo Commission on propaganda and counter-propaganda abroad. Gromyko was appointed as head of it. This is an unprecedented case in the history of the CPSU—where a Central Committee Commission is headed by a Minister and not by a CC Secretary!

He spoke alone for about two and a half hours out of more than three [hours]. It turns out, he loves to talk! My suspicions that he is a person dangerous for his country have been confirmed. He was talking about how to present issues of nuclear arms control during negotiations. The essence of his numerous approaches and hints is—harsh confrontation, and not a iota away from the set formula: no negotiations until you remove the missiles from Europe. This means that either there will be no negotiations at all and the race will spin out with an accelerated force to the detriment to all our socio-political hopes for the improvement of the socialist society, or, as it had already happened under Gromyko, we will retreat, only in conditions that are worse for us (let’s say, when there will be 600 missiles deployed, not 20 or 40).

For us, the International Department, it is a complete dead end. Because we are not allowed to even “talk” with the non-governmental, anti-missile forces, to “have discussions” with anybody regarding their ideas. Because what kind of discussion there could be if you are sitting and repeating the above-mentioned formula. Therefore, we should forget about them on our “turf,” and they will develop mainly in the anti-Soviet direction from now on: because in the eyes of the masses it is precisely us who are blocking negotiations and do not want to even hear anybody else’s considerations.

I hinted to Gromyko about our various commentators who “allow” and create impressions that “there are also other points of view in Moscow,” that “we are not fully confident (some people in any case) in the correctness of our own policy,” and so on.

Gromyko made a practically open reprimand to Ponomarev: [he said] that the meeting between Chernenko and Fogel went right. But that the delegation, which “later listened to his ideas about freezing nuclear forces at the status of today (i.e. taking into account the already deployed missiles) and renewing negotiations, did not give an appropriate answer. The insolence of this statement is even greater because it was uttered on the next day after the Politburo approved “work of the delegation headed by Ponomarev.”

He rode roughshod over “such relations” with social democrats in general, saying “we called them, so to say, comrades,” “engaged in fraternizing,” “let them confuse us,”

“create illusions”... And apparently, Fogel stated to Chernenko directly that “they, the social democrats, belong to a different social system,” i.e. to which one?—to the capitalist one!

This is how it is! And all our efforts are smeared ... “Class against call.” And the only argument in politics is the missiles. And the same in diplomacy. And any kind of interference with this line is to be banned.

In short, one could quite clearly see the concept of uselessness of the International Department, as well as the communist movement and all kinds of public movements of the “new type.”

B.N. called. I told him all about it. He got upset. Threatened to go to Chernenko. But ... he will not do it, because he knows that he will not find support, but will only create greater suspicions that he wants to carry out some kind of “his own” policy.

Yesterday, on Saturday, I had to go to work. Ligachev asked for help in drafting the international sections in Tikhonov’s speech, which he will deliver after being reelected as Prime Minister at the Session of the Supreme Soviet.

(More about the Gromyko commission. Afanasiev, academician and Pravda editor, popped up first in the discussion. And I was convinced once again that he is a lightweight political jockey to his own detriment, and just simply not an intelligent person).

In the evening I went to a [Isaak] Brodsky event at the Academy of Arts. Many people. His 77-year old daughter wanders around the rooms trying all she could to attract attention. Got enriched. And it was unexpected. Although I knew Brodsky from my childhood—his Lenin art, and several paintings in the Tretyakov Gallery and from illustrations, but a holistic impression about him as a portraitist and a landscape painter—I got for the first time. He captures seasons, air and space masterfully like nobody else I can think of, and so impressively. And portraits—both personal and political—Frunze, Budenny, Voroshilov, and Comintern members inspire a tornado of associations and thoughts.

I am reading Zalygin *After the Storm*. The concept is not without an implicit design. But in the quantity and sharpness of political and ideological suggestions (and the time period is the same), Doctor Zhivago looks like an incubator chicken in comparison. We drove Pasternak into the grave for Zhivago, but we are praising Zalygin to the skies—for the mastery, and for the depth of perception and for the scale.

April 4, 1984

In the morning, looking into my desk, I stumbled upon little school notebooks of 1930 kind—my diaries of 1938-1940—the years of my pre-war study in the university. I read some, the impression is overwhelming—some kind of a different life, in a completely

different era. But, however, this is my life, my pre-history, from which I stepped into the war and into today (with very long empty and senseless gaps that took years). By the way, some events of 1939, connected with my school friends, took place right here, next to my house where I live now.

I read the new issue of Paris Match—an article about Chernenko, which starts with a Bismark quote. He, allegedly, called Napoleon III an “unknown nobody.” And on and on in the same spirit. The “voices,” of course not just supply this kind of quotes, but create (or maintain) the atmosphere around him.

First of all, they say, [he is] temporary (also sick just like his predecessor). Secondly, [his is] grey and ordinary. Thirdly, [he] did not inspire enthusiasm, but created some suspicions about some relaxation for the “formers” under Brezhnev.

April 8, 1984

B.N. send back the section of the Program about capitalism from the South. He called: says he did a lot of work “himself.” Made it as fitting for the Program. I looked at it: he combined mine and Yakovlev’s versions, and stuffed in a lot of things from the old Program. Therefore, again, what resulted is a mish-mash.

[This is] a symbiosis of ignorance and a bureaucrat’s desire to please—to make the right guess so that the new bosses like it. He could not care less about theory as well as whether it correlates with realities.

He also asked me to read through the “report,” which he, on behalf of the working group, will read at the Program commission (about the progress and the state of affairs). However, he has already sent it to Chernenko. Absolutely non-working text (prepared by Pyshkov): a propaganda speech, which any modern person would be simply embarrassed to read before his “colleagues” in the Politburo. As if it is written for propagandists of a regional committee rank. Apparently, there were no problems at all in the process of work of the working group, and there are no problems at all in the preparation of the Program, about which they should have consulted with Politburo members, asked their opinion where to go with it.

And the main thing is missing in the Program—the goal. In 1961, Nikita formulated unrealistic goals. But they sounded inspirationally. And maybe, it was possible, not to achieve them, but to move closer to them, if we started the movement right ... Maybe then the October 1964 Plenum would not have been needed. But this is a special question. And now we are “blowing on the water” ... And overall—there is no goal of any kind in the Program, only means: to “raise,” “increase,” “perfect,” “strengthen” and so on. In other words, this is what people read in the papers every day.

There is not even a listing of new questions and those which should properly be in the new edition of the Program (neither on socialism, nor on capitalism).

And by the way, we, the party cadres have both the understanding of the new problems, the new situation, as well as the ability to present them. Just take the Zagladin article in No. 4 of *MEMO* journal. An excellent article, one can transfer whole paragraphs from it straight to the Program. But B.N. will not allow anything like that due to a whole number of reasons, among them, alas, his inability to understand them, his theoretical ossification and his narrowly propaganda-clad mindset.

Chernenko makes statements, responds to foreigners' requests and publishes responses to Pravda questions practically every week.

April 10, 1984

I am going to the Plenum. And in the meantime: B.N. came back from the South. I gave him my opinion about his report for the Program Commission: saying that for the first time the Program of the CPSU is "without an ideal," only means of "moving forward," but to what goal? I hinted about the Bernstein formula. Secondly, the non-working nature of the text: grandiloquence and newspaper phraseology, as if written for an audience to be addressed from the podium. It does not even list new problems let alone describing them "in new terms." It does not even mention the new concrete programs, which were already approved (the food [program], the energy [program]).

The memo was quite cheeky. He had to be angry, but I did not notice that. And when we talked about the Program—he kept talking about one thing only—about the section on the crisis of capitalism, which I had to "straighten out" again, to get it into some literary form (after Sokolov's editing, on whom B.N. wanted to test whether anything was left from Menshikov's crazy concepts).

Then I worked with guys on a report—for him again—for a speech to editors of communist newspapers—we are gathering them again on May 3-4. And he will be lecturing them again.

I am living in an almost unbearable anticipation of something, as if something is about to happen with me any time now, or something must happen at the Kremlin heights, or in the bowels of our blessed Ponomarev's agency, or in my "social relations" with people who surround me ... I don't know ... Maybe it is a more global foreboding: maybe something will suddenly change in the world and it will all turn completely differently. Although where would anything come from Maybe in our spiritual culture, in our Soviet culture, there will be some kind of breakthrough—either forward or backward. Both of outcomes are objectively possible.

In short, after Andropov, the atmosphere of timelessness and stagnation came back!

April 14, 1984

B.N. has pulled me completely into his Program business. And it is not going well.

The Plenum has passed. There was the session [of the Supreme Soviet]. Applause and glorification like under Brezhnev, but now they sound and look even more hypocritical and disgusting. His speech was good and correct, and the Zimyanin report on schools—as well. But the discussion (with the exception of President Alexandrov, who plays the role of a highly intelligent Shchukar)—just an empty ritual.

The words and the intentions are right, one tends to believe them. If they became deeds, they indeed could change our life in a crucial way. However, having seen the “kitchen,” and observing the vulgar, repeated many times, now already worn out reverence before the bosses—one gets overwhelmed not just by doubts, but by anguish. If a person needs “this,” and if he and his circle believe that “it has to be so” for governing and the “correct course of affairs,” then it is very unlikely that the words would ever become deeds.

Naturally, this is due to the absence of culture, and therefore, of “imagination” as well. Not because of cynicism and evil intentions. But culture means style, and the style—Lenin—we need the style above all now.

April 17, 1984

Yesterday I had a major, even scandalous, conversation with Ponomarev. After another one of his scenes. On Friday I gave him the report for the editors of communist parties newspapers—another “event” that he himself thought up. (in place, as he himself keeps repeating, of the International Conference of communist and workers’ parties, to which nobody agrees), in order to teach communists once again what they should be doing, how they should expose the American imperialism and praise the Soviet Union.

And so, he greeted me with the words: it is terrible, so bad, hopeless, I don’t know what to do with it, incredibly weak, does not even closely compare with the report I did (and a similar Conference) in November and so on and so forth.

I exploded: just tell me, what is bad, and how to make it good, and it will be done. It seems that we never failed you in 25 years. But why do you have to humiliate, demean and trash the work of people who are not so stupid, who did it for you, did it sincerely, without slacking, giving you all their knowledge and skills! Ultimately, I bear responsibility for this text, I wrote many of the things that you just now cursed, and the overall design and all the editing belongs to me. Therefore, I take it all personally. And I am not a boy, not a schoolboy, in a month I will turn 63 and I am sick and tired from listening to all these lectures. As far as I know, not a single other CC Secretary allows himself this kind of behavior with the people who write for him. But even you yourself do not allow yourself to talk like this to Zagladin for example. Is that because he is able to go to the upper doors?! I wouldn’t want to think so.

And so on in this scandalous and generally rude spirit.

However, he “shrunk”: why are you offended? I am judging objectively. I am convinced that this will not work. You cannot complain about my treatment of you (most

likely a hint that thanks to him I am candidate CC member and have the Order of Lenin, and also the little boards that he sends me for holidays (from his hunts) and which mainly got to rot on the balcony).

That kind of conversation, after which I wanted again to spit at everything and retire, it feels disgusting to go to work.

He is a nobody after all. Even judging by this fact. He calls me this morning: “I dictated some things for the report. They are typing it now, will bring it to you, look at it and use what you consider useful.” They are bringing it—21 pages of article text, a copy from a paper of clearly not our format. Guys figure out immediately that it is from Pravda. And when they started to read it, there was a note on p. 9 in ellipses, clarifying a term—an author’s initials “Yu.Zh.,” i.e. Yuri Zhukov.

Who does he think we are, me, the consultants, if he thinks that we would not even dare to “guess,” that he, Ponomarev, is incapable to dictate even a paragraph in this style in one evening, and of the text with citations to German and American newspapers, to various books, etc!?! He did not even read this text!

And things like this—in his almost 80, in the position of Secretary of the CC and candidate Politburo member! Our poor party, which keeps this kind of vainglorious pigmies in its leadership (and for so many years!)

April 30, 1984

From April 19 through 26 we were at Gorky’s dacha. Nostalgia. Sense of belonging to something stable, although long passed. Gorky and my own (comparatively speaking) youth. I got there for the first time in 1967. And the others felt about the same, I was not the only one with these feelings.

There were ten of us. Of that [number] 3 or 4 people [were] actually working. We put together what Ponomarev needed in a quite collegial way. He liked it from the first presentation (i.e. he already considered it to have been created by himself, because otherwise it is always weak).

In the evenings we watched movies: “Rain in an Empty City,” “Lethargy,” “Kindergarten,” “Interrogation,” and especially “Scarecrow” with Pugacheva’s daughter in the main role—I experienced a real shock from the last one and got scared for my grandson, who will enter approximately the same setting—today’s school. All these movies are genuine art, artifacts of our times—gloomy and so far hopeless.

Chernenko summoned the Program commission and said a very smart, wise speech: it is a great strength of his that he listens to smart advisers and accepts their advice, and probably (in contrast to Ponomarev) does not try to teach them how to hold the pen in their hands, trusts their intelligence, knowledge, skills, his party sense and good intentions towards the country.

And our Ponomarev (according to Arbatov, Zagladin, Brutents, who were present at the commission) looked strange and awkward. Even by the fact alone that he presented the draft text of the Program (having worked everyone to death for that) even before the main baker expressed [his views about] how he was going to bake and what kind of pie. And he even further aggravated the absurdity of his situation by saying everything that was prepared for him by Pyshkov, and Zagladin and I were unable to break, i.e. essentially a co-report for Chernenko's speech with the positions that even though did not directly "diverge," but sounded pathetic in comparison to what was said in the speech. It turned out both pretentious, and pitiful, and inappropriate.

But at least he was shown his place: if before that he was the headmaster of the working group for the entire text, not the domestic part is assigned to Gorbachev, and the international – is split half and half between Ponomarev and Rusakov.

Two working groups were created: domestic—Kosolapov, Stukalin, Pechenev; foreign—Alexandrov, Zagladin, Rakhmanin. Five more people will be added to the above. And they will have to submit their separate drafts by October.

Arbatov got a wind that he was pushed out and ran to Gorbachev: begged to be added to the domestic group.

Having come back from Gorky dacha we continue to smooth out the text for B.N. – by the 4th editors of communist newspapers will get here. A curious episode—Alexandrov sent most numerous comments and corrections, with a snide little note for B.N., and called me ahead of time. Almost all of his deletions happen to be in the parts and paragraphs that were forced on us by Ponomarev or send [to him] as "his own" dictations belonging to all kinds of "Zhukovs" and "Khavinsons." I especially enjoyed the fact that he made fun of and deleted all biting and dashing words and expressions – Ponomarev's favorite toys, by which he judges the "theoretical" level of a text ... (comments on the margins: "we should be more dignified, not fall down to the level of cheap propaganda").

But for our guy—it is all like water from the goose, although apparently, he is willing to "listen."

On April 29 we had an extraordinary Secretariat. Nothing special. Again, I was admiring Gorbachev: he is lively, with quick reaction, and at the same time one can see that he had been preparing; competent, confident, precise, capable of grasping the very essence of an issue, distinguish chatter from business, find solutions, point to practical measures, straighten out and even threaten when things are hopeless. He is cheerful and with internal strength. In other words, we have our "succession."

And the General [Secretary] visited [factory] "Scythe and Hammer." TV and newspapers are full of it. The speech, once again, was good. But it hurts one to watch how it went. [He is] gasping for breath, asthma, and with no thoughts of his own; interaction is

strained, ritual, artificially cheerful—one can see it even on the screen. They have impressive workers there, Lenin-like intelligent, but in their shoes I would not have been able to resist internal irony regarding this regular “profane mass.” But the speech was correct.

May 3, 1984

Today we were polishing materials for tomorrow’s conference of editors of communist newspapers. Over 80 of them arrived from all parts of the world. B.N. is still adding and correcting, trying to please and not to make a misstep. He wants to say something softer about China (in connection with Reagan’s visit), but Rakhmanin does not allow it; he curses him, but still does it “according to Rakhmanin.” All the while, he says words like “state interest,” which “that one” doesn’t want to either understand or accept, and keeps insisting on his own, pulling toward the left. And if that is so—you are Secretary of the Central Committee after all—rein Rakhmanin in if he is harming the state!

May 6, 1984

Yesterday, the meeting of communist and revolutionary-democratic press finished its work—an ersatz Conference of communist and workers’ parties. But all in all, it seems like those who came found it useful and even interesting. They miss interaction. Everybody is happy. I had to work for all the deputies, because Zagladin is at the Program dacha, Karen is in the hospital, and the rest of them, even when they showed up, only walked around, especially Shaposhnikov—he demonstrated his closeness to Ponomarev and all kinds of bossy habits.

Afanasiev (*Pravda* editor) is tongue-tied but also artless, for some reason people say he mispronounces names of people as well as parties and newspapers in a terrible way. It is a striking fact for an Academician, at the level of a peasant in front of a TV [camera].

In the end, there was a reception: I walked around from one group to another and said all kinds of nice words: a Hungarian, a person from Luxemburg, a Dutch, all Latin Americans as a group, a Japanese socialist and others. And during the day I met with Chater (*The Morning Star*). The games are going on!

May 9, 1984

The Victory Day. We walked around town with my war buddy Kolya Kharlamov. We walked up to the Novodevichii Monastery, but they did not let us in. He got sour and we returned to Kropotkinskaya, started drinking and trading rumors. He knows a lot about the General [Secretary], worked under him for 15 years when he was head of the General Department of the CC, as Kolka puts it, he could kick [General Secretary’s] door open. The main thing he remembers—this is not your Suslov; for him personal and family issues are at the forefront. And that he should be buried behind the Masoleum in the end.

The illness (General Secretary's) is minor. Asthma, a complication after a pneumonia in 1974-75. No other health problems. When he was a secretary in Penza, he was known to the entire district as a drunkard and womanizer. Vainglorious. There is a reason that he drives around the city with a pomp, the kind of which even Brezhnev did not allow himself, and the number of boys around the CC has increased ten times. And (almost in the same words as Ponomarev yesterday), he gets the taste of meetings with foreigners ... These days he is receiving the King of Spain. (And Zagladin bragged to me that they had tried a new form of memo—just noting issues on a card ... Without any kind of text or any kind of invented turns of phrase. It worked. They even showed it on TV: they are sitting with the King in chairs some distance from each other, not across a bureaucratic table. In such a pose, one would not read from a memo staring at a piece of paper! God bless them if that's true. Andropov could do it well.)

He is smart and cunning. For now, he is cautious, but later he would restrain even Gromyko (I liked that). He will be making his own policy.

After dinner I went for a walk around Moscow. Light rain was coming on and off. I walked all the way to the Red Square, passing by the Alexander Garden. "A sociological observation:" the character of celebration is changing. There was a line to visit the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier stretching all the way to the Borovitsky Gate; many were with flowers, and almost exclusively young people, in any case—not veterans. Same thing in the Red Square—only one in a hundred was with decorations, orders. Of course, by this time of the day, veterans, having had too much to drink were already at home in bed. Although, before, even last year, one did not see so many people in the streets who were not the war participants. What would that mean? I don't think that this reflects the rise of a "patriotic conscience" (and appreciation) among the new generations. More likely it is the appeal of an unofficial celebration—the fact of the celebration itself, especially as compared to the overly bureaucratized and overly organized May 1 and November 7, which the generations who did not experience either the revolutionary enthusiasm of the 1920s-30s, or the postwar unity in hunger and destruction do not feel an emotional connection to. And the apparent reason is sentimental—remembering the war dead, and "passed" in general. But even this authentic, one would think, atmosphere is spoiled by the "authorities' fear" of the people. In the Red Square itself, and in all streets and squares adjacent to it there are battalions if not regiments of the interior troops. Our people, of course, are accustomed to this, and apparently don't pay any attention to those columns: next to the History Museum, next to GUM across from the Mausoleum, next to St. Basil's, in the Sverdlov Square and other places—ready on a short order to swarm and "repair public order." But one should, even if for a second, think about it—what an embarrassment! What a humiliation for a Soviet man! The sense of propriety, about which Chernenko spoke many times already on various occasions, is completely missing here. How come they don't understand that an appearance of some idiot-dissident with an anti-Soviet poster is less damaging than this kind of massive and insolent in its transparency disrespect for the people!

No! The logic of "order" about which Marx wrote in his "18th of Brumer" is a terrible thing. It is above all reasonable arguments.

Routine at work. Zagladin is sitting at Serebryanny Bor and together with others drafting chapters for the CPSU Program.

By the way, B.N. decisively struck out my attempt to include the thought that the conference of editors of fraternal parties is in fact a mini-conference of representatives of those parties—this is how the majority of participants see it anyway—in the CC memo on the results of the conference. He is afraid that they at the top would suspect that he harbors some ambitions. But when he was congratulating the Department on the occasion of the coming Victory Day, and expressing his gratitude for the excellent organization and conduct of the above-named meeting, in his assessment of the conference's importance, B.N. said the exact phrases written by me, which he had struck out of the memo. This is how my "*c'est la vie*" is.

June 2, 1984

For some reason, I did not write for a long time. And the volume of daily information is such that even yesterday's information gets pushed out, let alone [information] from two or three weeks ago.

The main impression (they showed it on TV today)—is the TASS statement regarding the Washington Declaration (on NATO anniversary—35 years) of the NATO Council. It has been a long time since NATO bowels produced such peaceful written document towards us and generally towards the "East." But TASS, on behalf of our leadership, gave a lashing even to that document. Now it is clear to the whole world that we chose the course to frighten others and that we believe that our firmness and uncompromising stance would lead to a dissolution of NATO, as well as a recall of the "Pershings" and the "cruises" from Europe, as well as Reagan's failure to be reelected, and to acceptance of all our initiatives for Stockholm, Vienna, on SALT and INF at last.

But nothing like that will happen. In any case, arms race was, is and will continue in any conditions. Nothing is changing in this sense. However, in the eyes of bigger and bigger part of world public, we, the USSR, look like those who sabotage the "cause of peace."

And not only in the West, not only in China and Romania, but also in Hungary, and in the GDR, in the eyes of many communists.

But apparently, Gromyko could not care less about it.

B.N. has thought up another conference of Secretaries of Central Committees of the socialist countries on international issues (there is already a CC decision and the Czechs agreed to hold it in Prague). Once again, in order to coordinate the ideological and propagandist support for the foreign policy of the socialist commonwealth. In reality, such conferences have long ago turned into demonstrations of formal solidarity with us ... without any practical consequences. Each country conducts its own foreign

propaganda in accordance to its own plans regarding relations with the West or with China. Maybe just the Czechs follow us in everything ...

In the current situation, it is especially hard to find arguments in support of continuation of a “firm” course. But I will have to; the consultants, under my supervision, have already started to draft them for Ponomarev’s presentation at that conference.

From May 28-30 I was in Hungary: they have been asking me to come for consultations on all these and other issues for half a year already. Old friends: Gyula Horn—now head of a department (when I met him in 1960, he was a foreign ministry translator). Mathias Sures—Secretary of the CC, and when I met him 15 years ago, he was an instructor, “carried suitcases for Ponomarev.”

Kadar received me too. His referent Nadya said about it: “It is all much simpler here.” And truly, can one even imagine that some “analog” of me, some Lazslo Kovac, would show up in our Department for consultations and would be received by Chernenko!

The Hungarians are under suspicion, and the more so with every month; Horn and Sures especially so. In the above-mentioned times of our acquaintance, he was an instructor on the USSR—and a pro-Soviet from head to toe. And today, he stated regarding the South Korean plane, in the presence of a dozen of journalists: “What kind of fool gave an order to shoot at a civilian plane and kill almost 300 people at once?” Andropov personally contacted Kadar about this episode. However, Kadar “took him under protection.” Sures published a huge article in their *Kommunist*, which also caused a stormy indignation on the part of Rusakov and others. Rakhmanin was ordered to do a lashing—the article by O. Borisov in *Voprosy Istorii KPSS* [Issues of the CPSU History]. And *Novoe Vremya* [New Times] reprinted an article from *Rude Pravo*, where the Czechs blasted that article practically openly.

The essence of Sures’ article was about defending the right of the “smaller socialist countries” to think, speak, and even act independently—of course for the benefit of socialism and in the spirit of internationalism. They put into doubt our right of monopolistic interpretation of that.

In the day and a half of consultations we talked to our hearts content about all of the world politics. They wanted to be original and independent in everything. Because of that, they often fell into dilettantism, said naïve things. I objected in a polite way, insisted on some issues—did not agree. Behind the originalities there was always the reality: economic interests (connections with the West) and unwillingness to look like a satellite.

Theoretically, they substantiated this by several theses:

- poor Soviet-American relations do not automatically mean poor relations between other socialist countries and the West.
- each of them has its own opportunities to fight for “common goals.”

--each socialist country possesses some specific features and it can have and has specific interests in international politics.

They said openly that they were fully supportive of the GDR actions in relations with the FRG (accelerated flirting, which became even more intense after December 1983—deployment of the missiles)

The main impression—they invited me as an old “smart” friend, who could understand the necessity and the inevitability of self-sufficiency and independence of Hungary, which at the same time “will never go over to the West, will not break up with the Soviet Union, which will be always true to internationalism.” In this connection, there were also direct reproaches: how disrespectfully and un-comradely we acted when we did not consult or inform or agreed beforehand about refusing to participate in the Olympics. “Could there have been any doubt—Gyula was saying—that we would show solidarity regardless of whether we liked it or not? But how could one show one’s disrespect to their friends so rudely, to confront them with a *fait accompli*? To leave them looking like fools in front of their own people and athletes?”

Even before Hungary, B.N. and Zagladin gave me the draft of the international section of the Program “for comments.” Its only strength is its brevity, only 30 pages. But for the most part it is not a Program of a Leninist party for a new century and millennium. Meanwhile, the intellectual potential of the best of our scholarly personnel makes it possible to make it appropriate [to the occasion]. Chernenko’s programmatic speech (as well as his other presentations on the domestic issues, for example the one to the military Komsomol members)—politically allows one to write courageously and deeply. But ... apparat conditionalities and procedural steps do not allow one to fly high.

June 3, 1984

I forgot to mention that on May 20 I was at the Central House of Writers at David Samoilov (Dez’ka)’s poetry reading. He read a lot of new things. He is a big poet. But revealed (in response to a written question) that he reads little prose “because of technical reasons”—because he is semi-blind. And it is not just about prose—his information is limited. And it is noticeable: a poetic generalization, which is characteristic of him in general, grows into an abstract “philosophic” one, with strong intimations of his own end. It is done at a very high level, but is too divorced from the surrounding reality.

I am reading I. Gerasimov’s novel “Joy of Life” (Znamya Nos. 4-5-6). It feels like one of those [works] that form the new great Russian literature.

During the day I remembered: Hungary wants to be independent within the framework of the commonwealth, and the same time, they do not have any prejudice against the Union of socialist states, they don’t have doubts in the correctness of the moral and political value of internationalism either. Our attitude to that can be seen from the reaction to Sures’ article and in how the “responsible” comrades purse their lips when they hear about any kind of reforms and other “originalities” (two candidates for

elections, elections of directors, getting rid of district committees, real discussions at Plenums and Congresses, let alone extensive economic and tourist ties with the West, abundance of goods and so on).

But this is just a specific expression of our general line regarding our friends: a mix of chauvinism with lack of culture and envy. On Friday, I read a huge telegram from Berlin from Kochemasov—he informs about “negatives” before the meeting between Honecker and Chernenko. And the same repeating theme—openly, not even trying to cover it up with the common principles—“How dare they want freedom! They want to be independent!” And the word “independence” is used with quotation marks every time. Before people alleged that Abrosimov exhibited this kind of Gauleitership. And now the intelligent Kochemasov does the same The problem, apparently, is not with the Ambassador.

June 4, 1984

Today was military education. Deputy Chief of General Staff Marshal Akhromeyev delivered a lecture “About the Character of Modern War” to the entire apparatus of the CC and showed two NATO-American documentary films about their armaments. The Marshal described the international situation and our military doctrine as clearly as can be, as well as how the Americans prepare for war. In his conclusions he appealed to the audience—because many of the listeners were involved in defense issues. And it sounded like a complaint that not everybody in the republics, in the district committees, in other civilian sectors of society does everything necessary in order to turn the country into a military camp. He did not say these precise words, but it was obvious that this is exactly how sees the ideal of the country’s life.

(By the way, he mentioned an intriguing number: 430,000 draftees had to be rejected from service due to health).

And then the films. They are shocking: the missiles that can find their target themselves across hundreds and thousands kilometers, aircraft carriers, submarines, tanks capable of everything, cruise missiles, which, like in cartoons, fly along canyons and are capable of hitting their 10-meter diameter target 2500km away. Fantastic achievements of modern mind and skill. And of course, unthinkable expenses. I was watching it and thinking: but it means that we must spend just as much, and even more for similar things. And what is all this for? To prepare a suicide of the humankind? Some kind of insanity! Forgetting where I was, I wanted to jump up and ask the Marshal: “And what if we just went ahead and destroyed all these weapons, which are not worse and not less smart on our side? And to say to the entire world: we had enough, that’s all, full stop! We regained normal vision and common sense! What will happen?.. Americans will go and conquer us at once?..”

But this is already non-Euclidian geometry! That’s precisely when they will conclude that you, in your capacity as deputy head of the International Department of the CC, have lost your mind indeed.

Ponomarev got smashed again. He “dictated” to Academician Velikhov—on the results of his trip to the United States—what proposals to make to the Central Committee (press conference on militarization of space, Supreme Soviet address to U.S. Congress, invitation to Kennedy). [Velikhov] followed [orders] in a disciplined way, the President [of the Academy of Sciences] and the chief academic secretary signed [the memo]. It arrived to the CC, was distributed to PB members, and Gromyko with Ustinov came in with a resolution—to reject. B.N., naturally, like everybody else, put down his signature “in favor”, i.e. to reject his own ideas.

His lowness ... He told us himself how he was trying to “organize” a contact between Chernenko and Papaoannu (general secretary AKZL CP of Cyprus). Papaoannu kept asking him for several months to help him meet with Chernenko during the official visit of his party’s delegation to Moscow. So he arrived. But how to remind Chernenko about it? B.N. went to Alexandrov. He retorted cheekily: you are a CC Secretary, this is your issue, a communist party delegation, so you ask C[onstantin] U[stinovich]. But B.N. did not dare [to do it]. Instead, he called Doroshina (Chernenko’s stenographer, who was the most trusted person under Brezhnev) and offered her a “text inclusion”: to put in the communique that Chernenko received [Papaoanna], but in reality—no deed to bother him. Galya Doroshina did all exactly as told. So it was done this way. B.N. was very pleased: how he pulled it off and he thought that everybody was pleased. However, I don’t think that the Cypriots were pleased; they’ve been “had” as small boys. This method was used under Brezhnev quite often, but he was forgiven—everybody could see that he was already not quite in his mind. It is a little early to put C.U. [Chernenko] in this situation.

Now B.N. proposed that I should do the same [trick] with the British, with McClennan, whom [B.N.] himself scheduled for June 19. But it will not pass like this with them. I said so directly and will try to move the visit to the fall.

Arbatov came to visit. He just returned from America and Canada, spent an entire month there: dozens of meetings, discussions, TV, interviews, speeches to the parliament members, journalists and others. “Who else could do it all like this but me?!”—said Yurka without false modesty. And in fact—who else! Especially so because he disagrees with the policy, which he defended so skillfully. He got convinced that our hardheadedness and “firmness” on the missile issues are turning against us. Reagan’s “peaceful” offensive is producing results: we look more and more like people who sabotage negotiations, dialog, détente and so on. That’s what the Hungarians were hinting about to me.

June 6, 1984

B.N. gathered Rusakov, Zamyatin, Stukalin (head of the CC Propaganda Department) in his office [to talk about] the preparation for the conference of CC Secretaries from the socialist countries in Prague. Myself, Shakhnazarov, Zhilin, Antyasov (consultant of the Department on the socialist countries) were also there. In the beginning, there was his

customary tongue-tied talk about the aggravation of the situation, the imperialism, about Reagan's peaceful offensive and so on. But gradually, the conversation shifted to the situation in those countries who would participate in the conference, in the socialist countries. Suddenly, Rusakov, with uncharacteristic sincerity, stated that "things are not good with our friends." Poland is beyond discussion: the party is losing its positions with every day, the ideological life is out of control completely. Shakhnazarov interjected: there is great discontent among the Czechs because of the deployment of our "response missiles," although the leadership and the press stick to our lead in everything and support all our actions and statements firmly. And the Germans—they don't—Zamyatin added. For example, we come to an agreement on the issue of revanchism, on China ... But alas! They agree, say yes, and then – not a single article on these issues, they never even once published news "about Chinese provocations on the border with Vietnam." Rusakov agreed and added that we are aware of the fact that the Vietnamese engaged in some secret negotiations with Sianuk and are against us criticizing him in our press.

B.N. "bravely" led [the conversation]: we should not provoke the Chinese, we should not create a second front, we should stick to our line for improvement [of relations].
Rusakov: yes, but we cannot pass by the "three conditions," with which they harass us everywhere.

Stukalin started saying how bad it is with the Hungarians in terms of "ideological coordination." In addition to also not writing anything critical about China or the United States, it sounds like they are planning to publish *1984* by Orwell.

B.N.: What, what?

Stukalin: Orwell ... It is this book, disgusting, hard to imagine a worse anti-Soviet [product] ...

"How dare they publish an anti-Soviet book?"—B.N. reiterates with a surprised look, showing that he cannot even imagine what it is and has never heard about it.

Rusakov starts explaining to him that it is something like a "social fiction," it was written in 1948, the author is British, and he is describing the future of humankind, but really talking about the Soviet Union, implying that the Stalinist communism is a threat to all. It is quite a surprise that Rusakov showed that he was aware of the book, while ours [Ponomarev]—to our embarrassment—did not even hear about the book *1984*.

Zamyatin added that the Hungarians released an 18-part [TV] series about the war, where the Horti's army in the Eastern front is shown as victim of the Russians' cruelty. The Ambassador protested, the Hungarians put two comrades on the screen who criticized the film, but on the next day, they released the third episode, and so on to the end. Rusakov added about the difficulties of the economic situation, especially the debts to the West. But, he said, even our economists who went there to study this issue, do not know what to suggest where to look for a solution.

Zamyatin turned back to the GDR, for whom the “German-German” relations are the most important issue, and they warmed them up by several degrees precisely in the last six months of the rapid freezing of Soviet-American relations of generally of the international situation.

So they talked about all this and came to the conclusion that all this should be taken into consideration at the conference, but we should not fight.

Moreover, I will add that the day before yesterday Chernenko was awarded with the Order of October Revolution for the “development of Rumanian-Soviet friendship.” Just the pinnacle of hypocrisy and cynicism! The hallways growled the whole day ... I can only imagine the rest of intelligentsia ... And other friends from the socialist countries!

In Hungary they were telling me directly: YOU bought Ceausescu for 2 million tons of oil per year after giving in to his blackmailing—he threatened to leave the Warsaw Treaty otherwise.

June 9, 1984

I took work home: the first draft of Ponomarev report for the conference of CC Secretaries in Prague, but it feels disgusting to work on it.

By the way, about Ponomarev. Yesterday he called me in for a “comradely” conversation. He complained about Zagladin again. Look, he says, [Zagladin] published a “programmatic article” in Pravda, and did not ask anybody, did not even let [me] know. I, he says, found myself in a foolish situation: people ask me about it, and I did not even have time to read it in the paper. (True, the article is [big] on two half-pages and devoted to the international communist movement). It is especially pretentious because all the main readers know that Zagladin is currently working on the draft of the CPSU Program. In serious consideration, it is, plainly speaking, empty. I even don’t remember what’s in it. I just remember that all real problems are skillfully avoided. He told me about it, and later bragged that Gorbachev congratulated him on the article. However, he did not show it to me before publication, even though he told Ponomarev that he did. And further—B.N. continues—I learned that he and Frolov had organized for themselves a nomination for a state award at MGIMO. He is clearly eyeing the correspondent-membership if not aiming at becoming an Academician at once. And moreover, people are saying all kinds of things about him in this regard: maybe he is aiming even higher (did not say that [he is aiming] at his own position). This is why, no matter where you look, which journal you open—you see Zagladin’s article (that is true: text is literally pouring out of him like ground beef from grinder, it is even funny). Take yesterday, for example, they bought in *Moskovskie Novosti*, and there was his article, now not about the international communist movement, but “Economy and Politics.” Master of all trades.

And one more, since I touched on this. B.N. calls me to his office and says: Bogolyubov (head of the CC General Department) called me and said—where is your oversight? The entire village of Usovo is up in uproar with indignation. Zagladin, now married officially

to a 27-year old girl—she is young enough to be his daughter—walks with her all over the village, without shame or awareness. And when these newlyweds are not at the dacha, his daughter throws orgies there. Literally, he says, orgies. What is going on! (I started to grumble something to explain and justify) ... Of course, I—continues B.N.—and not a rigorist of some kind (remembering Nekrasov’s story from 25 years ago), I understand, it happens, people get divorced, get together. But this is his third wife already. And this kind of chap with a belly walks with a pretty girl next to him, as if it’s how it should be, and the hell with everybody else ... and writes programmatic articles, aiming to become an Academician. And he organized an apartment from the CC administration, a party apartment, instead of building a cooperative apartment with his multi-thousand honoraria and two salaries. What’s going on, Anatoly Sergeevich! There should be some rules of propriety.

(I started to babble something again to the effect of his talents and how he has time for everything ...) Yes, yes—B.N. interrupted me—he has time for everything because [he takes it from] work. He does not do any work in the Department: he is either abroad or at the party dacha. Even when he is sitting here, he is working for himself. Everybody knows that Chernyaev sits in his office, Ponomarev sits in his office. But Zagladin is never there. That’s why he writes. And [what happens] at the dacha? Take this section of the Program that they presented to me the other day. There was work for maybe two evenings there, because I did everything myself, I edited everything, and re-wrote everything!! (He is telling me!) But they are sitting at the dacha for the second month now. This is where he writes his articles and brochures on our account.

He poured it all at me for a long time, and I felt sorry looking at him: this was a member of the omnipotent leadership of the CPSU telling me all this! But he is powerless to “touch” Zagladin. He is scared to “raise a question about him” at the top, because he knows that he would lose. There, they know Zagladin’s true value, and at the same time despise him as a party member and as a person, but they need him, they need his talents and his agility. Meanwhile, they do not need Ponomarev for a long time now and cannot wait for the time when they can get rid of him. Also, it would be really awkward if he presents complaints against his first deputy.

I was also in an awkward situation. I could not and did not want to agree with him regarding Zagladin, although, with the exception of his marriage to Zhanna, I agreed with him. Even less so could I propose any “services in fighting against him.” Ponomarev understood that and concluded the subject: “Well, all right, I was just saying it because I wanted to share with you ...”

Instead of working on Ponomarev’s presentation, I will again be reading *Philosophical notebooks* and *Kant* by Gulyga.

June 12, 1984

Berlinguer has died. Zuyev's sector did their best to put together exceptionally bureaucratically written texts of cables of condolences and the obituary, naturally, to please Ponomarev. Bureaucratic and dry.

And this—at the time when entire Italy is shocked, everybody—from the Fascists to the leftists—express their respect and admiration for this person, who, in his leadership and moral qualities is closest (among all prominent people of his caliber) to Lenin. In the recent days, Lunkov (Ambassador) sent one telegram after another literally begging us to “treat it with utter attention,” and to “express everything we can,” taking into consideration the emotional character of the Italians and their attitude to this kind of misfortune. He wrote directly himself and quoting Cossuta that the fate of our relations with the Italian Communist Party [ICP] for many years in the future might depend on the way we react now ... and saying that we have a chance to correct many of their views. And nonetheless, this kind of bureaucratism supplied by our Department. I am convinced that if they presented a different text, a warmer, more human one, it would have been approved too. Nobody cares about the “ideological authenticity” of the ICP and Berlinguer in our top [leadership] except for Ponomarev.

Yesterday late at night an idea struck me—how to “fix the things” bypassing Ponomarev. Today a CMEA summit is opening at the Kremlin. All leaders of the socialist countries will gather together at one table. Why couldn't Chernenko, when opening the session, call on everybody to stand up and commemorate?.. I call Zagladin at the dacha in Serebryanny Bor where they are working on the draft of the Program. Nobody picks up a single telephone. I call Zagladin's car, the driver tells me he is now on his way to pick him up there. I ask him to call me urgently. Zagladin calls me back in 20 minutes. I explain my idea. He comprehends.

In the morning, Brutents, who was also there tells me: Zagladin immediately announced it to everybody, and was “understood” by Alexandrov, who promised to pass the idea on to Chernenko.

And finally, just now, watching “Vremya” on TV, I learned that they did “commemorate.” Thank God—even if this way!

Along the way, Karen told me one fascinating thing. I started the conversation: I don't know, I said, whom will we send to the funeral. I said, Zuyev thinks we should send Ponomarev ... He was the one who went to bury Longo. And we should not send any “bigger” figure. From here—responded Karen—they “let me know” (i.e. from the dacha, some person, I don't think [it was] Zagladin, but from suggestion—Alexandrov), that we should not do it. (The Italian communists truly hate B.N., and believe, not without grounds, that he is to blame for the bad relations between the ICP and the CPSU, and Berlinguer himself almost did not hide the fact that he despised him). As a result, Gorbachev was appointed to go to Italy accompanied by Zagladin.

From a conversation I had today in Ponomarev's office, I understood that the decision was made without his knowledge. And that offended him ...

Along the way, he shared with me his opinion regarding the CC ICP Statement on the passing of Berlinguer: “A bad, very bad document. They collected everything negative in his work, put it together and promise to follow it in the future. Incurable!”

Incurable is Ponomarev himself, who still did not give up the idea to turn the ICP into the CPSU.

I started working on volume VIII of *International Labor Movement*. It is well-written, but all just [running] around the subject: they avoid touching the essence of problems of labor and communist movement. Just traditional history of countries, not even parties.

June 14, 1984

Today I was at the Italian Embassy at the procedure, which was almost killed by Ponomarev—to express condolences regarding Berlinguer.

B.N. had been “corrected” again: he dragged it out for the whole day to coordinate [with the leadership], hoping that the day of the funeral would pass and they would “cancel” altogether. But they sent not only him but also Solomentsev and Kapitonov.

In the evening I was meeting with Gorbachev and Zagladin. Gorbachev started to talk. One could see that he was really impressed: by the Italian openness (he was received by the whole gang—the entire leadership of the ICP), and by the two-million crowd at the wake. “We should not abandon such a party. And we should treat it properly.” (Obviously a hint about Ponomarev). Or: “One knows a lot one way or another. But when you see with your own eyes, it is a very different thing!”

In short, I am very pleased that this smart, very lively person, and the hope of our party got in touch with this party. And maybe he will inform Chernenko just like this, and at the PB, and maybe something will shift and start moving.

June 18, 1984

Some information. Brutents, who came back from Serebryanny Bor, where they finished the current state of drafting the international section of the CPSU Program, was telling me. They—meaning he, Alexandrov, Zagladin, Bovin, Blatov, Yakovlev (now IMEMO Director, former ambassador to Canada, former deputy head of the CC Propaganda Department, former ...). The atmosphere—loosened tongues, Alexandrov, in front of other people, calls Gromyko a dangerous senile, the term “duocracy” is being used from time to time (Gromyko+Ustinov); the policy of being tough with the United States is discussed briskly: “we are working on Reagan’s reelection.” [Speaking] very disrespectfully about Chernenko (and just the opposite—about Andropov—all the toasts during the last dinner at the dacha were toasts of remembrance). “This one” does not socialize with anybody. Even with his assistants. They sign up to see him in the general line (of 20-25 people) and their turn almost never comes up. Galya Doroshina

(Brezhnev's dowry) is in favor again—all papers are presented through her, and one can push something through only through her as well.

I ask: "Who is then writing all these beautiful texts for him? There must be some group somewhere?" Nobody knows Zamyatin's people, most likely, Foreign Ministry people.

Economic situation is very bad. But [they speak] about it only in presentations. In reality, the General Secretary is not interested in it (although this [information] comes from a different source, from agriculturalists, with whom we saw Gorbachev off and when he came back at the airport—the situation is truly bad: because of the May drought, we will harvest only 150 million tons of [wheat] instead of 200 mln as in the plan. It means that we will have to buy about 45 mln tons abroad).

As far as Brezhnev is concerned, they lost any shame altogether (his former assistants) ... They told this story. L[eonid] I[lyich] loved to watch *Seventeen Moments of Spring*. He watched it maybe twenty times. One time, when in the final episode Shtirlitz is informed that he was awarded Hero of the Soviet Union, Brezhnev turned to people in the room and asked: "Did they present the award to him yet? I would like to do it personally!" Ryabenko (head of security) apparently started to praise the main character of the movie—what a good person he is, talented, honest and the like. Others chimed in. "So what's the problem?" said Brezhnev ... And several days later he personally awarded ... actor Tikhonov with the Hero Star and the Order of Lenin!!! Precisely: Hero of the Soviet Union.

This comes across as a joke in the manner of Schedrin ... still it was only possible in Pavel's time ("Leutenant Kizhe"). But this is a fact. Alexandrov told the story. Blatov immediately intervened and said: "You, Andrey Mikhailovich, were not present at that moment. And I was there myself—both at the movie and at the presentation of the award. He (L.I.) genuinely decided that Tikhonov was real Shtirlitz" ...

About the work on the Program. Brutents was telling me.

"Well, we cleaned up, shortened, straightened it, got rid of repetitions. But to you, I can say: this is not any kind of Program. It is more like material for the main report, which could be delivered at the XXIV Congress, and at the XXVI, and at XXVII. It is a political declaration about how we are going to behave. It does not contain a serious analysis of the situation or any prognoses or forecasts on its basis. The 1961 Program was more "programmatically" in this sense, albeit erroneous."

I said "How can it be? You were given a quite considerable leeway. You had access to many truly serious and genuinely scientific books and articles, written by real scientists, who feel their responsibility. It would be sufficient to read the *MEMO* journal or even *Communist*, not even mentioning the *Working Class in the Modern World*, or the *PPS [Problems of Peace and Socialism]*. Why wouldn't you do a project, on the "Hamburg rules"?"

Come on, what are you talking about—Karen objects--there are some serious scientific analyses on certain sections, that's true. But in order to pull it all together into one joint product, we need a political flight of thought and a political will. Meanwhile, we, the working group, cannot count on either one. Our "readers," there at the top, do not possess one or the other. And nobody wants to get smacked, to be expelled with a tag that he was not able to fulfill an important party order. We already consider it an achievement that we mentioned the "reserves of capitalism," the high living standards in the West, that socialism could find itself in a crisis situation, and that it can contain contradictions.

Oh my God--I objected. Today you can read about all this even in *Pravda* newspaper.

--In the paper, yes. Our "first readers" do not pay any attention to what's there; it would be proper to say that they are not shown those things to pay attention. And here—they will notice. We already saw some symptoms. When Rakhmanin read it (although he is a member of the working group, but since he cannot write, he does not stay at the dacha, we send the written materials to him), so when he read it, he pleaded with us to delete "all this."

After [Brutents], Zagladin stopped by. He looked at me in a gentle and aloof way. I informed him about a couple of urgent tasks at work. I asked him, on behalf of Ponomarev, to read through the draft of his report to the CC Secretaries of socialist countries. Silence. In order to continue the conversation, I asked him about the Program "All's good, we did some good work, shortened it, incorporated comments, including yours too. Now it looks quite decent. I don't know how Ponomarev will receive it this time."

And not a word about what Brutents told me.

In the end, he told me some details about Gorbachev's visit to Italy. In the spirit of what [Gorbachev] was telling us at the airport. One additional comment, however, was interesting: when the CPSU delegation was walking through the crowd toward the Central Committee, where the coffin was displayed, thousands of Italians were chanting "Gorbachev, Gorbachev, Gorbachev! CPSU-ICP, CPSU-ICP!" And when he unexpectedly stepped out on the balcony of the CC building with Payetta to give an interview to a TV journalist, the crowd erupted again: "Viva Gorbachev!" And it lasted all the 10-15 minutes while he was standing on the balcony.

Arbatov, who came to see me in the evening (he is still waiting for an invitation to General Secretary), added: Gorbachev is now our most popular figure abroad. Newspapers talk about him openly as a "crown prince," as the most interesting person with a great future.

And this is very good—I said it both to Zagladin and to Arbatov. There is hope for Russia once again.

June 21, 1984

I am working on Ponomarev's report for the Conference of CC Secretaries of socialist countries.

By the way, he is planning to present one more report—about the communist movement—at a closed session (without the Romanians). The trouble here is how to prepare it if he has his own point of view, for example about ICP and the Finns; apparently Gorbachev and Solomentsev (who attended the Finnish congress) have a different one. Zagladin says that Chernenko “listened carefully” to Gorbachev, who came from Italy, from Berlinguer's funeral, with completely different from Ponomarev's ideas about how we should act toward this “great party” (Besides, he, contrary to Ponomarev, insisted that CC CPSU should congratulate the Italians with the elections to the European Parliament).

And in addition, we—me, Zagladin and the consultants have our own view (“the Hamburg” [rules]) about the ICM—which is close to the Gorbachev=Andropov one, and contrary to Ponomarev's political-instrumentalist point of view.

But the report is for Ponomarev, and it will not be run by the Politburo! Try to write something in this situation! ...

Today I met with Simon, general secretary of the Australian Socialist party. He is the leader of the pro-Soviet sect. For an hour and a half he doused my head with the “successes” and “achievements” of his Marxist-Leninist party, and in conclusion, left a letter with a request for money.

June 29, 1984

Work entered the final round—preparations for the Prague Conference of CC Secretaries of socialist parties. We are sculpting the report about ICM, i.e. in essence about our current attitude to the FCP, ICP, CPI, Finnish CP, CPGB—*The Morning Star* and some others. How to circumvent the sclerotic-Cominternish, police-ideological Ponomarev's approaches?

Recently he delivered a report to the Moscow party activists. It was written for him by his consultant Rybakov. B.N. was very disappointed with the text, changed it along the way, in particular, he was especially angered by an objective assessment of the FCP, which, as a result of the “Europarliament” elections, found itself in deep shit. But for Ponomarev, it is still better than the ICP, which has won a stunning victory (although with the aid of the “effect of Berlinguer's death” as well).

Yesterday I was meeting Sures (Secretary of the CC HSWP) and Co. He came to “present himself” to Ponomarev and Rusakov in his new position as a CC Secretary ... We drafted 32 pages of memos for B.N. I am curious if he would spread them out [on the table] and would read them to Sures vis-à-vis – a “boy,” who recently worked as his

referent and carried his suitcases, and who, of course, would present his positions without any papers?!

I am tired. Zagladin and Brutents are at the “theoretical” dacha again, finalizing the draft Program. B.N. gave my comments to Alexandrov, I think without even giving them a close read. And it sounds like they caused discontent there during the discussion, or were simply ignored altogether. In any case, Karen is trying to avoid this subject on the phone (not to offend me). By the way, he is turning 60 on July 4. Yesterday I was re-working the statement filling it with more or less beautiful assessments, which were also correct.

All the departmental routine falls on me one again ... However, my main work is the two Ponomarev reports for Prague. Franta Khlad and others came from [Prague]. We handed them the drafts of conference documents, which they will distribute (as their own products) to other participants. Still, we sat together, discussed those drafts and changed some things: Khlad proposed sensible corrections.

The situation with me prematurely informing Trukhanovsky (the main editor of the journal *Questions of History* about awarding him the Order of October Revolution. I heard it myself at the Secretariat where Gorbachev kept repeating it and the agenda also had this item. But it is missing from the protocols of the Secretariat that came in yesterday! What could that mean? But he, when I told him, got nervous like a baby, lost the ability of coherent speech. This will be quite a blow (and an embarrassment for me) if the award does not come through (i.e. if the Politburo does not confirm).

July 2, 1984

A hard day. For the nth time I redrafted Ponomarev report for Prague. And the cyphered cables keep coming, and TASS and the newspapers keep writing--and all kinds of initiatives keep coming up. And not only the substance, but also the nuances of the political-propagandist formulas and approaches (turns of speech) keep changing (updating). And he keeps striving to demonstrate his own personal participation in drafting of “his” speeches. Today he gathered all the consultants and deputies and babbled some nonsense for an hour and a half. Including [the story about] how five years ago he drove Berlinguer all around Crimea—which I heard at least for the fifth time—and tried to persuade him that we do have socialism and therefore they should fight against anti-Sovietism. [His] assessments of the international situation and [situations] in communist parties are so primitive and banal that it is disgusting. A dozen and a half of smart, educated and well-informed people were listening to this chinwag as if it was a revelation that should be used as the basis of his reports in Prague. I thought, if his texts really were prepared at this level, what it would be like! However, they would not be approved. He is able to distinguish between a good and a bad product. He even likes to use the assessments like “wretched,” “primitive,” and the like.

Tomorrow it will start all over again. And so right now I am reading a devastating article by Andre Fontaine “FCP between the State and the Revolution” in *La Monde*, and constantly break away to jot down some emerging intelligent thoughts for insertion into

Ponomarev's text. This is what we all do—the best what we can produce “in the current context”—for him. However, some of us manage to do something for themselves. And for him (and for me as an intermediate station)—not the very best.

July 15, 1984

This evening I am leaving for Jurmala. B.N. “kicked me out” unexpectedly because he is planning to go on vacation on August 1, therefore, I should stay and take care of business while nobody will be in town. I have to be back on August 5.

I will not have time to write about anything now, so I will just outline.

On July 9, there was a conference of all apparat members attended by Gorbachev and other Secretaries. Ligachev's report “About the situation in the Uzbek republican [party] organization.” Horror, complete degradation. I memorized: the cotton harvest was growing and the production of fiber declined year after year; they stole hundreds of thousands of rubles from the state, managed to hide 240-300 thousand tons of cotton by doctoring papers, took tens-thousand [ruble] bribes, while stealing millions from the state. They built palaces, squares and the like in Tashkent. One mural at a metro station cost 2 million. And meanwhile, half a million of the city residents still live in clay huts=dugouts, without plumbing, running water, gas, and sometimes even without electricity. The same thing in Samarkand, the second most populous city. All bosses, from the top to the bottom, acquired posh mansions in the city and suburban villas, some of them have five cars for personal use. The CC CPSU received 30,000 letters about all this in the last three years, however ... nobody paid any attention ...

Just in Kashka-Darya district, the entire department of interior, i.e. the police and Co. was arrested starting with the head of the department. “At the present moment,” as Ligachev put it, items valued at 7 million rubles were confiscated from them. A fake paper was discovered in the republican Ministry of the Interior: 700 communists as “dead souls” in order to show the considerable size of party members in the Ministry. Relatives occupied all main positions in the district committees. Several thousand party officials of all ranks have been fired, about 1,500 of them were charged with crimes. In a word, this is some kind of fantasmagoric stealing scheme, where Mikhail Evgrafievich (Saltykov-Schedrin) would pale in comparison.

It is not entirely clear why they decided to reveal all this in front of the whole apparat starting from a referent-instructor [level]. Maybe so that everybody would scratch where he should, whether he has some “similar facts” in his safe box or in his notebook?!

From July 10-13 I was in Prague for the Conference of CC Secretaries. B.N.'s report. The Romanians. Ponomarev's toast. Cyphered cable. Situation: if you don't do it, nobody will do it for you.

B.N. pulled me into the editorial office of *Problems of Peace and Socialism*. He made an hour-long speech, unprepared, (retold in his primitive narration his report at the CC

Secretaries Conference). Then questions and answers. He let me speak on the question of the Vatican and social-democracy, and decided that he did me a favor, but also “added,” obviously I did not slap the Pope quite enough.

August 8, 1984

From July 16 to August 5, I stayed at Yantar’ [Amber]. Spent 21 days wonderfully. Now I am sitting in for Ponomarev and Zagladin. Tomorrow, for the first time in my life, I will be not just attending, but speaking—at the Politburo.

There is so much to done. And again, now it is Gorbachev who demanded at the Politburo that B.N. prepares an honest report about the communist movement, and the main question is—“what to do with it.” Volsky [sitting] at a table at Yantar’ was telling me (he was at the Politburo), that from a five-minute affair—the results of Gorbachev’s meeting with Van-Gate—sprang a two-hour discussion, everybody spoke and “smashed your guy (i.e. B.N.) quite hard.”

But B.N., judging from the fact that nothing has been done since the 19th, and that he did not inform anybody, even Zagladin, treated it with disdain (this happened under Andropov and then under Chernenko as well). He does not sense that people are sick and tired of him, and nobody enjoys his monopoly on the international communist movement.

Volsky (General secretary’s assistant) told me: “I come in—he says—to Gorbachev’s office on my own business after the Politburo session, and he suddenly asks me: what do you think, will anything come out of this?”

--From what? Volsky did not understand.

--From the discussion of the communist movement at the Politburo ... Did Ponomarev understand, and is he capable to understand what people want from him? Will he be able to react properly? Since there were no other people dealing with international issues (at the PB) except for him. How will he pass on the task to those who will work on it?..

I—said Volsky—tried to deflect the issue, saying that I was from a completely different department. I cannot say anything.

(However, Volsky could have said something, but [he thinks] Chernyaev does not have to know about it).

That’s what the attitude to Ponomarev is.

Today on the phone he tried to embellish all that. According to him, nothing special, they did not criticize us, they do not demand any materials urgently. However, when I told him that there were conversations inside the apparat that they “blasted” the International Department, he softened somewhat and started giving me advice to take this seriously.

August 9, 1984

My presentation at the Politburo did not happen. I was present for all the issues, but when the turn came to the fourth, on which I was supposed to speak, Gorbachev spoke himself and said pretty much what I was going to say. While speaking, he repeatedly cited me, and I, naturally nodded. I don't know whether he wanted to make my task easier or just did not want to waste time, unclear. He treats me in a comradely way, he said this word himself when he hugged me by shoulders in front of his assistants after the meeting with the American Garst in his office.

I edited Arkhipov's review of the Bulgarian two-volume [publication] about Dimitrov. Arkhipov is the chief secretary of the journal *Kommunist*. But what a pathetic product this review was! And what a striking lack of information about the CC current policy toward the communist movement! And this is an article for the CC main journal.

August 11, 1984

Yesterday, among other things, I finished the article for *Kommunist* about the communist movement. It turned out, it seems to me, not bad, and even original. The most important thing is that there is a new (aspirational, not Ponomarev's, but hopefully Gorbachevian) attitude to all the foreign communist parties in that article's style A new spirit—not one of "struggle for unity on the basis of Marxism-Leninism," but based on the understanding of their own tasks.

August 12, 1984

There were two meetings on Friday.

Antonio Rubbi—head of the International Department of the CC of the Italian Communist Party, Trevor Munroe—general secretary of the Jamaican Worker's Party. Two hours with each of them.

Rubbi and I have known each other for a long time. At times, he could be angry, and then he can say bad things about us, worse than the most right-wing person in the Italian government. That is why it was fascinating to see him after Gorbachev's visit there for Berliquer's funeral and after [Gorbachev] made an "indelible" impression. Rubbi loves to play up candor, throw "mother-truth" in your face. But this time he was exceptionally loyal as an angel, acted in the utmost comradely way. Even when asking about Afghanistan, he did not pronounce their sacramental formula: "And what do you need there?!"

Munroe—a refined, intelligent negro, the "brain" of all the leftists in the entire Caribbean Basin, quite an educated Marxist. He was very concerned that I would refuse to meet with him. Indeed, we postponed his visit twice this year because he "did some stupid things." After Grenada (crushing of the revolution there by the United States) he accused Fidel Castro of betrayal, defended [Winston] Coard in every way possible, wrote up

many theoretical justifications of his actions as a consistent Leninist revolutionary, in contrast to Bishop, a petty bourgeois talker, who, according to him, was only useful in the first stage of the revolution, and then became the brakes [on the revolution]. And so on and so forth in the spirit of Stalin's orthodoxy.

I met with him as a friend, I pretended that "nothing happened," started from afar speaking about our internal transformations and their international importance, about Reagan and the prospects of relations with America, about the Grenadian students study at the Lenin's School.

He raised the subject of Grenada first, apologized: saying that he made a crude mistake, because his Grenadian friends did not share the information about their internal disagreements with him (as well as with us) and therefore, he analyzed everything incorrectly.

In response, I said that we were very disappointed, and mainly because he expressed all his criticism publicly, but that it is good that now he is trying to resurrect relations with Castro. I reminded him of one episode from our revolutionary experience, namely, the story of the Brest Treaty. Then, if Lenin had not won (by one vote) against Trotsky and Bukharin at the CC, the Germans would have crushed our revolution, and that at that meeting, where Lenin threatened to step down, there was one Lomov, who uttered: "So what, we will have to do without Leonid Ilyich." However, [at that meeting], it did not occur to anybody either to expel Lomov, or to arrest and then execute Lenin. But here, Coard and Co., whom I [personally] do not view as counterrevolutionaries and U.S. agents, but who were driven to adventurism and crimes against the revolution by their own dogmatism, did just that.

In a word, we parted as friends again.

At the PB where I was supposed to talk, among other issues, they discussed the results of Ustinov and Chebrikov's negotiations with Karmal. Ustinov spoke about his impressions and conclusions in his picturesque, folksy way. His assessment of Karmal is very ironic, but says, what can we do, we do not have another one over there. As I understood, there is little change in the situation. The bandits control 80% of the territory. There is no full normalcy and order even in Kabul. The trouble is that the liberated areas are not "reinforced," or they way we would put it, they do not implement "soviet regime" there. The troops leave—and the bandits come back. In the army, whereas in the beginning, the Khalqists represented 80% of the officer corps, now it is still up to 60%. And the animosity still remains—to the extent that even here, in the USSR, during their studies, they get into fistfights almost every day. Our troops closed the border with Pakistan 100% for 750 kilometers, but after that, there is "hole" of 500km in length, where the Pushtu tribes as well as the bands travel back and forth freely.

The so-called "mobilization" to [join] the army—is laughable. Let's say Karmal drafts (Ustinov says "catches") 3,000 [men] per year and signs them up for service, and 2,500 of them run away and scatter. Karmal constantly leans towards [saying] that our advisers should rule and also implement their decisions themselves. [Ustinov] says, I said to him:

it will not work this way. You are in power, this your country, you should govern, and our people are there in order to “give advice” if you ask them. So you should not shift the responsibility [for governing].

Our Minister of Defense is a smart, experienced, even wise person. One may say that there is nothing militaristic in him. But he is inside the logic of the events. He is not capable to look into the essence. It does not occur to him that it is possible to turn our whole “Afghan epic” completely differently. Because if it occurred to him, he could just say to all his colleagues (and he uses informal *ty* with everybody)—simply, in just the same folksy and old-guy fashion—maybe we should tell all these Karmals to go f*** themselves?!

Chebrikov added to [Ustinov’s] report. Less expressive in terms of language, with constant “so”s, and he also made a very awkward mistake unintentionally (and the main thing is that he did not even noticed it). When characterizing Karmal, he expressed his surprise that “he is growing” in the political and personal sense. But also, he says, he got used to being a head of state, a leader. He has started to stick up, became stubborn, and of course he started to be cunning with us. But what can you do, he says, he is an Eastern man! The Azeri Aliyev, who was sitting next to the speaker, got bright red in the face and started to fidget with something in his hands. The Kazakh Nuriev (deputy chairman of the Council of Ministers), and the Armenian Kastandov (also deputy chairman of the Council of Ministers) frowned and focused on the table in front of them. The conversation went on. And only Gorbachev, who was presiding, quickly glanced around the table with his lively, sharp eyes, and barely hid his smile. For Chebrikov, obviously, all the real “our guys” are Russians, whoever they might be by their ethnic origin.

The PB discussed the situation with the harvest in the RSFSR. Gorbachev (he, of course, was the initiator) called up several district committee secretaries—both those whose [districts] were doing very poorly, as well as those who were doing well, even though they also had the drought. He staged a comparative exhibit: let each of them show themselves. It is hard for them to deal with him... He knows the work better than they do. And any slightest inaccuracy, incompetence, a slightest attempt to mislead—immediately led to his retort, and the orator found himself in a stupidest situation. It is particularly hard for them because he cannot stand it (I noticed it at the Secretariat) when people read from a paper material that they must know like “Our Father,” even if you woke them up in the middle of the night. He tolerates this kind of “reading aloud” of the text prepared by the staff for a brief time only, immediately starts to ask questions, trying to uncover the essential things: causes and how things could be fixed, what is the solution. And if the orator, even after those suggestive questions, keeps sticking to his text, then he tells them to sit down unceremoniously. He told one of them: “Take your seat, you did not think your presentation through.”

The situation itself is very hard nonetheless. The entire Volga region, Central Russia, especially the Tambov and Voronezh districts “burned” during the May drought. The harvest is only 4 to 5 centner [100 kilograms] from a hectare.

Also, they discussed forestry. The Council of Ministers prepared a draft of improvements in the industry. But this improvement will not allow us to catch up with the West even by 2000 in [comparative] production of goods from the same amount of lumber. In the United States they produce them for 166 rubles, and we only produce for 41 ruble. We lose more than 25% of processed lumber, and in Britain and Japan [they lose] 2-4%. About 50 million of cubic meters a year goes bad, rots. In terms of volume of lumber, all the mechanization notwithstanding, we are still at the level of 1958 today (Probably because in those years, it was GULAG, who did that work, and today you cannot compel or entice anybody to do it). Ligachev explained that the lumbermen living conditions were much worse than those of all other sectors of labor.

I heard a lot of similar things before—at the CC Secretariat—under Brezhnev, Suslov, Kirilenko. But today, when Gorbachev took it in his hands, there is some emerging confidence that we will start moving after all.

August 16, 1984

On Tuesday, at the last CC Secretariat, the following thing happened. The agenda was finished, people started getting up. Suddenly, Gorbachev says: heads of departments and those who cover for them, please remain in the room. We sat around, about 20 people. He says: Konstantin Ustinovich called me yesterday. He said, I am here, on vacation, had an opportunity to devote more attention to TV, listen to the radio regularly, read every line in the newspapers. And I see: something wrong is happening in our country. On every occasion, every little thing, [I see] again and again: General Secretary of the CC CPSU, Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, comrade Chernenko Konstantin Ustinovich ... Here and there, he sent something to somebody, directed, said, greeted and the like. Of course, the position of General Secretary has solidified in the party as a symbol of its unity, the collective leadership. Of course, the directives and statements of the General Secretary should be treated with respect, be authoritative. But we should know the limits. On big, principal issues, and a required number of times. But not at every step, where it's needed or not. This creates an unnecessary element, devalues [the statements]. He says, consult with the comrades, discuss how we could best correct it, without noise, without publicity.

Gorbachev commented on what he just said, emphasized that this was a sensitive matter, but we should correct it. Take, for example, our meeting here today. The Secretary of the Ivanov district committee made a presentation; businesslike conversation, and the presentation was substantive, concrete. But how did he begin? "Implementing the decisions of the XXVI Congress of the CPSU and the subsequent Plenums of the CC CPSU, directives of the General Secretary, chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, and so on and so forth." Sometimes, here, or at some other work meeting, we "fight" ruthlessly, say unpleasant things to each other ... but even during such work interactions, it comes out: in accordance with the instructions of the General Secretary, chairman of the presidium ... and it goes on and on.

The attending members were told to pay attention. Zimyanin was instructed to gather mass media leaders and to “explain” to them in a careful manner.

Yesterday, Ponomarev called me from the South. I told him about that. He got very interested, he put it this way: “it means [he] is against the cultism.” Today Zaitsev came in and said: B.N. called, ordered me to come to you so that you would tell me about the last Secretariat. This is for the new edition of *The History of the CPSU*, which is being re-published endlessly edited by Ponomarev ... “in order to maintain the proper norm in it.”

We started to talk (he is, after all, Ponomarev’s consultant on the party history, he knows the “other side” of this history). We started from “small things.” He says, did you hear about Molotov?

--Rumors, nothing specific ...

--So listen: they reinstated him in the party, already issued the party card. And that is while his hands are covered in blood not just to the elbow, but to the neck, to the top of his head. Stalin was not the first to sign the execution lists. On the state apparatus and industry, on party personnel—it was Molotov. On transportation [industry]—Kaganovich. On the military—Voroshilov. Stalin always put his signature afterwards. There are terrible things there. I held those documents in my own hands. For example, the list of 145 industrial leaders ... signed: Molotov, below [his signature] Stalin. But in Stalin’s handwriting, there is a bracket across from all the names and it says: “All to be shot!” Or the list of 46 secretaries of district committees. Also a bracket and the same inscription in Stalin’s handwriting.

This is how it is, he says ... And why then can’t we rehabilitate Rykov and Bukharin?—shot up Zaitsev and continued on the subject. The question about them was first raised in 1957. Myself and Mints were invited to a session of the CC Presidium. Furtseva raised the issue. What’s the matter? According to the history that we were taught, from [19]24 to [19]30, the country did not have a chairman of the government. But at the same time, Rykov succeeded Lenin in his position. And Vladimir Ilyich, notwithstanding the “episode” of 1917, valued him a lot. After Sverdlov, there were two statesmen, judging by the scale of endeavors they started: Rykov and Tsuryupa. But Tsuryupa was very ill and stepped down soon. But this one [Rykov]—was a person of crystal honesty and great erudition, who enjoyed everybody’s undisputed and genuine respect ... And what did they falsely charge him with in 1938? That he voted at the VI Congress to make Lenin stand trial, i.e. wanted to get rid of Lenin with the hands of the counterrevolution. But this is a lie. Today we have a published transcript of the VI Congress. It says, in black on white: Rykov together with Sverdlov and Dzerzhinsky were categorically against it ... in contrast to Stalin, who put forth a proposal about a “conditional appearance,” i.e. if the Provisional Government provides security guarantees. When Rykov was arrested, he wrote to Stalin from prison. I saw these letters—Zaitsev continued. “Joseph, you of all, know that this is not true, what can it be!” ...

And Bukharin? He was falsely charged with, in addition to everything else, that during the Brest [negotiations] he conspired with the SRs [socialist revolutionaries] to kill Lenin.

By the way, in 1928, when they started to lash him for the rightist turn, at the Moscow party conference, one of the participants demanded explanations from Bukharin. He said, yes, there was an incident, they came to me in 1918, proposed an agreement, promised their full support in getting rid of Lenin. I threw them out, and then went to Vladimir Ilyich, told him about it and we both had a good laugh!

... Stalin and Rykov's relations were quite cold. Molotov and Bukharin always disliked each other. But Stalin and Bukharin were bosom buddies. They both were of small height and when they saw each other, especially at the dacha, they loved to tackle each other, to wrestle. Bukharin would always floor Stalin, and the latter would get really angry and harass [Bukharin] again.

... Everybody in the party leadership used the familiar “ты” with each other, except for Lenin. He never addressed anybody like that, and nobody addressed him. This comes from the aristocratic upbringing. And all others met each other in prisons. There it would have been awkward to use the formal “вы.” By the way, according to witnesses, Stalin acted badly toward his comrades in jail, in exile—he roughhoused people, schemed against them ...

--And what was Kamenev like?—I asked.—I can picture Zinoviev, he apparently was truly disgusting as a person.

--No, Kamenev was completely different. First of all, he was a person of a colossal education. It is not an accident that they made him director of the Academy publishing house after he was removed from his party positions. He was always surrounded by people from the most elite intelligentsia. And also, he exhibited a striking poise, he never lost his nerve, was always calm and reasonable. Lenin had an inner respect for him. By the way, after the episode when Stalin called [Nadezhda] Krupskaya a whore, Vladimir Ilyich called Kamenev and asked him to make sure that Stalin apologized.

--But wait, tell me, how did it end at the CC Presidium regarding Furtseva's proposal?

--Well, well ... Mikoyan supported her, Frol Kozlov supported (there was such a CC Secretary); Suslov took an unclear position: on the one hand, the trials of [19]37-[19]38—were falsifications, Rykov and Bukharin deserve to be rehabilitated. On the other hand, where would all this lead us. Meanwhile, as they were discussing all this, Nikita showed up. He was wearing a General's uniform, I remember it as if it was today, probably came back from some military review or a visit to a military unit. And from the get-go started to say: “It is clear that the trials—are all nonsense, they are forgery. But at this point we had enough of Stalin (he meant the XX Congress and the revelations about the personality cult), we still can't recover from that, and all the communist movement as well. It's OK, we can wait. And for now, let us ask the authors of textbooks (it is for this reason that Mints and Zaitsev were invited to the session of the Presidium) to present it in such a way as if there were no trials ... They did not happen, that's it! This way, we will not tell the truth, but we will also not tell lies. Of course, it is not easy! But let them use their brains.”

This is what we did—continues Zaitsev. We did not mention Bukharin's name in the story of the leftist SRs during the Brest period, in contrast to the "Brief Course." And we did not mention Rykov among those who voted for Lenin to appear in court at the VI Congress.

And launched into self-justification: let the future historians appreciate that we, "in that situation," gave them a slit through which they would crawl toward the truth.

I objected: it's been 27 years. Khrushchev "postponed" the consideration of the issue. But you never took a step to remind about it. Who will do it? Then, as you said yourself, a commission was created. The results of that commission—are the three huge volumes of Stalin's crimes. Today, all of that, as well as the documents that it brought up, are back behind the wall of utmost secrecy once again. (Yes, confirmed Zaitsev, now nobody is allowed to go there!). You, Ponomarev and Mints are, essentially, the only ones who know and remember all this. Who then would "remind"? Or are you waiting till one of the present leaders "gives an order?" They have no time for this. One of you is 90, the other—80, and you are just under 70. Is this how this will sink into oblivion for another 50-100 years?

Why are you harassing me? Can I stick my nose into it without Ponomarev? And he will not do it, even though the party would build him a monument if he dared to do it ... But he does not care about it. What he cares about is a second gold star for his 80th [birthday]. And he is not confident that if he "enters" with that, he would not be smacked ... I started to say that as far as I understand the current leaders—take Chernenko, Gorbachev, Vorotnikov, Solomentsev—they are not likely to be against looking into this issue once again.

--I don't know, I don't know, --he responded—I only know that when Pelshe was appointed to the CPC (the Committee of Party Control of the CPSU), he requested those materials and studied them. Solomentsev, however, as far as I know, did not, and does not intend to do it.

Along the way, he told me that he saw a questionnaire for a dozen people with one question: "to arrest Bukharin or not." Against were: Krupskaya, Mikoyan and ... Khrushchev! And one ore thing: Krupskaya was poisoned at the Arkhangelskoe sanatorium. And when the uninformed medics brought her to the Granovskiy street, an order came: refuse treatment, do not apply therapy, "let her croak on her own." It is clear why it was done: Stalin became aware that she was planning to "raise a fight" at the forthcoming XVIII Congress. She was buried with all the proper honors.

By the way, the other day I read summaries of letters from first Secretary of the Volgograd district committee and the head of the Letters Department of the CC Yakovlev, which were sent to the Politburo "for information," with requests and demands to rename Volgograd [back to] Stalingrad.

When I go to work in the morning, a group of people waits for a bus at the opening of the China[town] passage. Sometimes I see when the bus comes and these intelligent-looking people enter it. There is a big portrait of Stalin on the windshield of that bus! This has

been going on for more than two years. They say it is allowed, but only if he was in the Marshal's uniform.

August 17, 1984

Felix (my school friend) called me and said that Vadka had died (also one of my school friends). And for the last two years I have been planning to call him and make up ... after I did not invite "all my people" to my 60th [birthday]. This is how childhood is being erased: the house in Maryina Roscha was destroyed, Zhorka died and now Vadim.

August 22, 1984

Stenogram of conversation between Chernenko, Gorbachev, Ustinov, Rusakov and Honecker, Aksen, Hager, Milke, who came in secret, also in order to "discuss" the quarrel because of Honecker's forthcoming visit to Bonn. [They] are taking advantage of us: the Germans decided a bit too early that they are not vassals any longer but [our] partners. But they snarled back and criticized us because we spilled the argument onto the pages of *Pravda*. And did not promise not to go to Bonn.

A brochure for Ponomarev about the 40th anniversary of the Victory. Platitude, platitude and platitude once again. How long can it go on!

At the Secretariat: something "on counter-propaganda" in Ukraine—what an abyss of ungovernable and mass passion, overall hostile to the regime and the authorities, and the way of life. There are 5,000 religious organizations in Ukraine—just the legal ones.

Vadim's funeral. Our school contingent is diminishing. And every time the bell tolls for somebody else who is next. I should tell about the spectacle of the funeral itself separately.

August 25, 1984

On Thursday I met with Tato, Berlinguer's former assistant. We talked for two hours. And again—what can we do to stop Reagan. Overall—a polite conversation between aliens: they do not want to understand that today's United States understands only force and that from an international point of view, what is happening there now, and how they behave toward others, in essence makes them similar to the Hitlerite Germany of the second half of the 1930s. Neither compromise nor settlement is possible in the political sphere. They are possible, i.e. saving ourselves from war, only if we step out of the political sphere—into the sphere of humanism, replacing politics with the philosophy of "existentialism" in a new manner.

The same feeling after yesterday's three-hour conversation with Alberto Mino—Secretary of the San Marino Communist Party.

I attended the Politburo on Thursday. They discussed information for the party activists about the “German-German” casus. Zimyanin was trying to soften the terms. But he was attacked, especially by Ustinov. The logic was as follows: not only Honecker, but also Kadar, and Zhivkov, and even the Czechs behave lousy. We, they said, keep repeating that the situation is worsening because of the Pershings in Europe, and they keep exchanging hugs with the FRG, Italy, and England, as if nothing was happening. And we are playing politesse, afraid to tell them directly ... and we have the right to tell them that it will not work this way. Chebrikov supported Ustinov, and Gorbachev [supported] 50% [of it], and everything, with the exception of one phrase, was left as it was drafted. The meaning: we told Honecker in conversation with Chernenko back in June that he should not go to Bonn, but he does not listen to us and continues to prepare for the visit.

Sad Where will it all take us?

September 13, 1984

I am traveling around Italy with my daughter. Three days for the return trip. Budapest. Meeting with the Hungarians (the train stops there for six hours). Gyula Turner, with an advisor present, was telling me how Kadar was giving his opinion to Ambassador Bazovsky regarding the information received from Moscow from the Politburo (why we forced Honecker not to go to Bonn). He started like this: “Of course, we are not happy with this turn of events.” And about internationalism, which could be real now if it was implemented through independence and specifics of every country of the commonwealth.

Arbatov. He is offended that I am neglecting him. Although I am just lazy to socialize with anybody. But he believes again that everybody is ganging up on him and that they don't value him. And that he will not get to become a CC member at the XXVII congress. Hinting that he is thinking about a preventative resignation: “Maybe they will need me later, then they will remember!” Look at this De Gaulle! Nonetheless, he's been at Gorbachev's twice recently. According to his words, he told him the ugly truth about the food situation and that we see enemies everywhere: the GDR, the Bulgarians, the Hungarians, not to mention the Poles. Apparently, our best friends are Ceausescu, Kim Il Sung. With them, everything is OK, all's normal, we hid our criticisms in the pocket.

And that something has to be done with Western Europe. And that we should not give a present to Reagan: Gromyko's agreement to meet with him in Washington on September 28 without preconditions.

Today we went to Nagornoe to attend military exercises. Eleven buses with flashing lights. Traffic was stopped half an hour before our [column]. Civil defense ... General Altunin and other generals and colonels. Everything is built on the assumption that there will be more death and destruction than in the last war, but that it is possible to survive, rebuild and start living again.

It looks like B.N. accepted the memo on ICM in general, but with several deletions and suggestions he turns the spirit of it into a banal newspaper article about communist heroism.

September 16, 1984

There was a conversation with Zagladin at B.N.'s office. That one agrees with everything, as always, and will not do anything. He has a different level of policy influence: little memos for K.U. [written] together with Alexandrov. And "these," i.e. Ponomarev with his pitiful ambitions to have some influence and primitive self-preservation efforts—they are not worth any brain or nerve cells.

And I was just burning with indignation: he just wanted to put on some polish, some cheap propaganda in favor of the ICM, which is like a regional party committee for him, where one just needs to present things in a best way.

Well, I did not mention what it was all about. About the memo on the ICM for the CC. Ponomarev sees our draft again as "blackening." He does not understand that he is being tested—for seriousness, for his ability to assess the situation realistically, his ability to look at things in a new way, a modern way, to present a plan—a program in this, his own, sphere, which would fit Gorbachev's approach to policy.

But our B.N. despises Gorbachev, he considers him a parvenu and a complete ignoramus in big politics, an "agrarian secretary," who went twice on foreign trips and believes that he learned everything. This hubris will cost Ponomarev dearly. Especially so because it is directed toward a person who is superior to Ponomarev in all parameters many times over, including by his intellect, his education, and in his adherence to his principles, and in his decency. And his approach to the ICM is rational (and not policing and propaganda, like B.N.'s). And he will achieve his goals most likely by removing Ponomarev. But one more year will be lost. And the International Department will be in deep shit once again because we cannot jump over Ponomarev's head to the CC with this assignment.

September 18, 1984

I attended the CC Secretariat. We listened to Leonov, first secretary of the Kalinin district committee about the committee's work in agriculture. Gorbachev and others subjected him to a merciless criticism with the conclusion: if it goes on like this, he will be removed. And not only for the failure to fulfill the plan but also for the total disaster on all indicators, but—what was especially striking—for encouraging the adorations and praise of his own person, for tolerating subservience, for idle talk and show off instead of real work, and for lack of party propriety.

McClennan with delegation agreed to come even though Chernenko refused to meet with him. And it is better this way—if from our side we have Gorbachev. But I will have a lot of hustle and bustle because the British sector is absolutely helpless. I cannot stop

being surprised by how primitive most of our staff are, many of whom spent 25 to 30 years at the Department!

[They have] neither a sense of modern day, or proper knowledge, or even an ability to present—to write down—what they do know.

September 20, 1984

It looks like I am experiencing the second “ideological crisis” of my life. The cause is the same—I found myself again in a situation of a Chinese [person] who came to believe the slogan “may 100 flowers bloom.” In March, Ambartsumov brought me an article about Lenin and the crisis of 1921 (I even proposed to title it “Lenin in 1918”). He asked me to recommend it to the *Voprosy Istorii* [Issues of History]. The article is brilliant, fresh, smart, and all built on Lenin’s ideas. But it also contained hints about the crises in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and how to deal with them in Lenin’s fashion.

Trukhanovsky, naturally, listened to me, and printed the article in the Lenin’s, April issue.

And in September (or August), they read the article in Warsaw. First, the “revisionists” got interested in it. They found support for their positions [in the article]. It went all the way up to Jaruzelski. He also approved and sent the annotated article around the Politburo. After that—a laudatory article in *Tribuna Ludu*. This was enough to get people in the CC apparatus to start reading it. I don’t know who was the first to “inform,” most likely the Department of socialist countries, but was followed was Zimyanin’s instruction to Institute of Marxism-Leninism [IML]—to give a crushing review. It was carried out. Then—a memo from departments of science and propaganda ... And then today, in the folder of materials for *Kommunist* editorial board (where I am a member), I received a stunningly demolishing article by Bugaev, where Ambartsumov personally and the editors of *Voprosy Istorii* are accused of perversions of Leninism and the like.

I call Kosolapov, tell him: [this is] banditry, Trapeznikovism at its worst. He: I cannot do anything, [there was] an instruction. But he immediately started to try to persuade me that in his opinion too, the article is vulnerable. I told him: don’t play a fool, for half a year nobody noticed it (i.e. deviations, perversions of Leninism) and suddenly today ... Of course I understand: we have to spifflicate Ambartsumov so that the Poles would not think of it again, instead of telling the Poles politely that they are perverting Ambartsumov.

The science department questioned *Voprosy Istorii* about how the article came to be. They told the truth: Chernyaev recommended it. So everybody knows it now, however, nobody officially said anything to me or Trukhanovsky (who called me several times in panic).

Kosolapov did not know about my role either. Everything is done anonymously. Fedoseyev already ordered ten scholars to write a review of the article and make their conclusions.

Whatever one says, and whatever we feel about the terrifyingly banal article in *Kommunist*, I had failed the editorial board, and Trukhanovsky personally, who is about to face the elections to become an Academician.

And they have trusted me in everything, my opinion has been unquestioningly authoritative for them for the last twenty years!

In short, I should resign from *Voprosy Istorii*.

Here is the June Plenum for you, with all the appeals for creativity, courage, for reasonable risk, for freshness of thinking rather than chewing the cud of the habitual!

September 21, 1984

B.N. sent the memo for conversations with McClennan & Co. to Gorbachev almost without changes. I agreed to meet the delegation on Sunday. Dzhavad's helplessness and in addition—drunkenness with the help of Pushkov. What's happened with him? But I do not feel any compassion: I feel disgust towards slackers, even those to whom, in principle, I feel sympathetic.

What irritates me is not even that I have to work for the entire sector; after all, it does not take that much time. What irritates is the shamelessness of people who do not shy away from receiving their paycheck for somebody else's work—even for the work of their bosses.

I edited and sent to *Kommunist* the review of *Ezhegodnik* [Annals] edited by Krasin; apparently, they want to stop the discussion of our ICM article, which they don't even mention to the authors, by [publishing] this review.

I did not go to the editorial board meeting of *Voprosy Istorii*, although Trukhanovsky kept asking: he needed a quorum to be nominated to become an Academician. After the editorial board meeting, I called him and “disappointed” him with the information about my yesterday's conversation with Kosolapov. In his turn, he told me how Vladimirov (first deputy of the Science Department) blasted Ambartsumov's article at a briefing at the Department.

I told Trukhanovsky that I am planning to resign from the editorial board (“in the tradition of Russian officers and the British Cabinet”). He was trying to talk me out of it, but not too vigorously, and admitted that it would help him to save his skin—by shifting all the blame on me.

I started working again, “from scratch,” on the memo with the plan on the ICM for the Politburo. Zagladin keeps slacking, focusing on his articles, speeches to various audiences, and receptions of delegations.

Arbatov told me that in a conversation Gorbachev mentioned me as “one intelligent person in the International Department” ... Nice to hear.

I finished reading “Kamo, Remind Me” by Zubarev. Big, real literature. “Kamo” forces one to think about the senselessness of living in accord with one’s conscience ... except only for [the hope] that they would write a documentary novel about you in the future.

September 23, 1984

In the morning I went to the dacha. Enjoyed being with nature and in the evening stopped by the Pushkin museum. But [I] realized that it is better not to do it in a bad mood. However, in 45 minutes, I experienced the same feeling as I did today from the riot of fall colors—a longing for a simple, real life.

By the way, I learned that they allowed to publish Rybakov’s novel *The Children of the Arbat*—about Stalin and the year 1934 (I read the first part in manuscript), and the question was discussed at the top: Gorbachev, Vorotnikov, Ponomarev—in favor. Stukalin has been in favor for a long time. But Shauro and Belyaev—were always against. And I also learned that there are already proofs of the memoirs and an essay about *Sholom Alekheim*. Held it in my hands. It would have been unthinkable even a couple years ago. And an article about Jewish literature in Yiddish.

Late in the evening I was meeting with McClennan & Co., including Philippa Lengton, a feminist, member of the Politburo.

At the airport everything was properly done: ZIL [limousines], lots of plainclothes police ... B.N.: 45 minutes of conversation with tea—immediately. He was in his vulgar-primitive element. B.N. did not go to the hotel with McClennan. We had supper: the Brits, myself, Dzhavad, Lagutin and the interpreter. From the very beginning, our conversation shifted to literature (in connection with the forthcoming Plenum of the Writers’ Union). And so for the entire evening I was debunking their perceptions about us and about our great literature—not an easy task because here was full and complete ignorance about the real state of our current literature. But at the same time, this subject permitted us to create an atmosphere of candor and to open an intellectual plane on which we could interact with him.

September 27, 1984

I’ve been dealing with the Brits all week. Yesterday, we had a meeting at the Politburo. Gorbachev led it very skillfully, smartly, correcting our ideological purism and bullying and creating a genuinely comradely atmosphere by focusing on politics and the recognition of the right of originality.

Our B.N. was in his usual banal spirit. Embarrassing. The Brits were “charmed” by the hospitality and good will. They were taken to a collective farm, a state farm, the plant named after Ordzhonikidze. I was with them practically all the time, talked to them about anything that was appropriate. And we did not impose anything on them anywhere, did not “teach” them, and did not “call” them to anything. Even today, in my office, when we were telling them about the Chinese for two hours, it was done very properly, exceptionally objectively, only with facts, and let them make their own conclusions.

Tomorrow I am seeing them off.

Gorbachev called me afterwards, after the meeting with them, inquired “how was it?”, and then interrogated me what I thought about his trip to Britain as head of the parliamentary delegation (everybody asks him to come, from Thatcher to ...). He said it during the conversation. And McClennan actively supported the idea of the trip. And me too—even more energetically, even cheekily, saying that it would be an act of our “European Policy.”

Slowly, stealing hours at work, I have been finishing the memo and the plan of work with the ICM for the Politburo. Now I can lean on what Gorbachev was telling the Brits.

Yesterday, Ambartsumov stopped by. We talked. I refused to undertake anything—“out of pride.” He is not going to prostrate himself and beat his chest either. Nonetheless, I woke up last night with the thought—why shouldn’t I write my opinion to Kosolapov, turned and tossed, then got up and instantly wrote two biting pages (will attach, for memory). I sent them in the morning. Interesting, what is he going to do with them?

Chernenko was awarded the third Hero [of the Soviet Union] star on the occasion of his 73d birthday. Brezhnev tradition is continuing without any effort to make it more original.

His speech (at the anniversary Plenum of the Writers’ Union), on which a team of smart speechwriters was working for three months) is very good. Let’s hope to God that the bureaucrats working on culture take it as their instruction.

September 29, 1984

I don’t know what Kosolapov did with my missive. But the story about the Ambartsumov article is going around Moscow already. It got to Bovin, to Arbatov. They told me, citing others, completely unfamiliar people, from different “strata.”

Last night on the phone Arbatov spent a long time trying to persuade me that I should go to Gorbachev and tell him: “What for do we need this scandal with Jaruzelski on such a shitty issue? What do we want—to stay friends only with Kim Il Sung and Ceausescu?”

But I am not Arbatov. And I will not go. Maybe I would have gone had I not been the “guilty one” on this article.

When one attends the Secretariat [sessions], and when one sees how Gorbachev conducts them, the heart rejoices: the real party style of conducting affairs, of relations among the top party [leadership], of relations within the party elite is being revived.

But when one watches the scenes of presenting awards to Chernenko, one feels dipped into the Brezhnev-court style once again. Moreover, everybody noticed that the award was presented by Ustinov (!), not Gorbachev, which would have seemed natural—the “second person” in the party—and not even by Tikhonov. Which means, that they kind of “smeared” Gorbachev in front of everybody so that everybody could see how things stand and who is the boss.

And more They are giving awards for nothing at all, without any reason (73 years!) and at the same time they write about modesty as one of his defining [personal] traits. However, according to the court logic, modesty is an attribute of the position, not of the person who occupies it. General Secretary of a Bolshevik party is supposed to be modest, therefore, he is, regardless of what he is like in reality and most importantly of how the people perceive him!

October 2, 1984

Yesterday I handed the memo about the communist movement to B.N. He has not read it, of course, but in turn, he handed me an article written for him by the consultant Kolya Kovalsky about how Reagan, in contradiction of the historical materialism and Marx, believes that revolutionary events are the “hand of Moscow!”

Vulgar! Vulgar! Horror.

Yesterday he invited me and Zagladin (who, by the way, did not make any corrections on my drafts). He advised: let B.N. read it ... whatever he says. Karen is right—Zagladin is fine with any version—if B.N. drags out the presentation, he will be the one to blame in Gorbachev’s eyes, it would not be Zagladin’s fault. If Gorbachev likes the material, however, everything would be done in such a way that everybody would know that it is Zagladin’s achievement.

At Ponomarev’s we talked about how to ensure a high level of representation at the Prague conference on PWS ... He needs this for prestige: he would look more significant surrounded by two (at least) dozens of general secretaries.

Meanwhile, it has been confirmed once again that they do not value him at all at the top. Gorbachev asked Zagladin how were the things with the memo. Zagladin, apparently, mumbled that things are moving. “Watch it--said Gorbachev—if you are planning to submit empty phrases again, better drag it out by another month or two!”

Zagladin related his entire conversation with Gorbachev. Maybe he made up a lot of it, but even if just 25% of it is truth, it is significant. And about the ICM—that it is now different, and one cannot return to the past. The parties are, indeed, independent, and that’s how they should be treated. And to think—why the influential, strong parties “get into deviations” and split from us, and the small, insignificant—are orthodox and loyal to us, and what are the criteria of good relations inside the ICM: “they treat us well? Is that the main criterion of quality of a party? What if they took this criterion regarding us, would we tolerate it?”

Apparently, Gorbachev also spoke about the mess in the creative unions: old senile men, lacking talent, praise themselves, nominate themselves for awards, give themselves money prizes and degrees ... And if, for example, one exhibits those artists, nobody would come to see them. At the same time, Glazunov, (with whom Gorbachev met recently) is so angry that “if you make a tape of what he was saying [to Gorbachev], and give it to the KGB, they can just jail him.”

And he is right. He is truly deprived. Whatever one thinks about some of his paintings, [whenever] you exhibit him, you would need to call in the mounted police, there would be such crowds of people. And it actually happened. And yet, he does not have even a pathetic award let alone monetary prizes. This is how things are.

Nonetheless, concluded Gorbachev, something has shifted, let’s not jinx it, we should not rush it, force it. Even in foreign policy—I will go to Britain, Kunaev will go to Japan This way we will gradually dilute the monopoly (i.e. Gromyko, although the name was not mentioned).

It seems like he has great designs. God bless him as they used to say in the old days.

I read memorandum of Gromyko’s conversation with Reagan. Well, well, well!

Just listened to the [report on] Chernenko’s conversation with Mohammed (Yemen) on the “Vremya” news. We behave in diplomacy just like the Chinese in the early 1960s! Blind, deaf and stupid. I cannot believe that it is Alexandrov and Brutents who make up such stupid talking points!!

October 3, 1984

B.N. suddenly acted as a “dove,” telling me that what Chernenko said to Yemeni Mohammed, and what was on TV and in the newspapers—is from yesterday. We apparently should stick to Reagan’s words and not give others an opportunity to accuse us of pushing away his hand offering peace.

This is how it is perceived by the public. Gromyko’s wooden position and the accompaniment of our propaganda have completely driven the “peace-loving public” into a dead end. We are behaving in such a way as if we do not see any way to preserve peace other than the arms race.

October 5, 1984

Kosolapov called yesterday. He was asking what should he do with my protest letter. Today, he said, was the editorial board meeting. Should he read it? The situation is irreversible anyway. But, if I read it, it would put you, how can I say it, in a “specific” situation in the editorial commission.

In response, I asked—does Zamyatin know about my opinion? He hesitated. And then [continued], yes, he does know, “when he gave instructions, we talked about you. He knows that the Ambartsumov article—it was your recommendation.” I did not push to catch him in the act, although it is clear that he showed (or red on the phone) this protest [letter]. And of course, I did not interrogate him about what Zimyanin said about me.

To justify his behavior, Kosolapov started saying again that he personally also does not agree with my assessment of the Ambartsumov article. But I refused to join in this awkward discussion. [The issue of] *Kommunist* will come out any time now. However, Kosolapov assured me that Bugaev’s criticism would be presented in a diluted form.

Just now, at Dmitrovka, I conducted a long conversation with Kashtan and Walsh (leaders of the Canadian CP) about the results of Gromyko’s [trip] to Washington, about the prospects of the International Conference of Communist Parties, about the British CP delegation in Moscow, about the situation in the French Communist party and so on and so forth; they took detailed notes (they have their own congress in April).

October 6, 1984

I came across Karamzin. About Ivan the Terrible. I have an impression that Stalin read Karamzin very well and acted exactly by his scheme—in his atrocities. Or maybe such is the biological logic of tyrants. Karamzin concludes his chapters about the Terrible: history remembers evil; people do not. The same with the popular attitude to Stalin.

Why do they not like and not trust Chernenko? Not only because he does not look good on TV and is short of breath. He delivers excellent, smart, just speeches (in front of writers as well as in front of public controllers). But everybody knows that he returned all the decorations to Schelokov, and found him a job of senior inspector in his own ministry. They cannot forgive him that Medunov, instead of sitting in jail, lives in Moscow with a very good pension. And now, the main Moscow thief and graft-seeker Grishin received his second Hero [of the Soviet Union] star.

I watched “The Time of Wishes” with Papanov. Magnificent and wise, and a very modern movie in every sense.

For the first time, I read Aragon’s poetry in French. Interesting. In his time, he was simply pro-Soviet ...

And again, I returned to Herten. The diary of 1842-45. A thirty-year-old man. Gigantic mind and phenomenal education. And again—all this is about us of today.

October 7, 1984

I was in Tsaritsyno. One looks at this splendor of an unfinished design and wants to see it finished today, with all the instruments and capabilities of modern technology, and so that inside it would all sparkle in crystal – lamp covers and fez, marble staircases and parquet, and to turn it into a partner of Tretyakov [Gallery] or the Pushkin museum.

And ... for the first time I was in Tsaritsyno in 1928. A school tour for the first grade. My first teacher took us there—Nadezhda Ivanovna from the school on Maroseika in the Petroverigovsky Lane, to which I rode on a tram from Maryina Roscha by myself every day until the fifth grade. I probably already had a cold, and in addition, we also rolled in the grass. On the way back, they took us by train (with a steam engine) to the Kursk Train station, and from there I had to get home alone, as always. I got to the Maryin market, got out [of the tram], and realized that I could not walk. I laid down on a bench at the beginning of the boulevard on Sheremetievskaya. Then walked a little more, then laid down again. This way, I barely managed to get home and fell into my grandmother's arms. On that day, my temperature got above 40 C. Dreadful, by the standards of that time, croupous pneumonia. I almost died. A local Roscha doctor Mikhail Ivanovich Sokolov from the 2-nd Lane saved my life (I remember the white Chekhovian little house where he saw patients). From that pneumonia, I acquired my asthma, which tortured me with its attacks (two-three days each month) until 1960, including during the war. The same Mikhail Ivanovich predicted at that time: it will stop when he is 20 or 25 years old. If not, then when you are 40. If it does not stop at 40, then he will die of asthma. The attacks stopped exactly at 40. The last one was in the summer of 1960. But I still feel the long-term effects of this decease.

These are my reminiscences connected to the visit to Tsaritsyno today.

October 10, 1984

The day before yesterday I visited Grigory Baklanov. Now he is a Soviet classic. No official collection of our writers can be without him.

We sat around, drank some. He has a smart and well-informed wife. Ira Ogorodnikova came to visit, and immediately took the lead in the conversation. I have not seen her for a long time; she must be 64 now, but looks like a beauty: graceful, elegant, light ... what can you say—the breeding! From Old noble lines, no less ...

We spoke about whatever came to mind: about the plenum of writers, absolutely pathetic, empty, like a living proof of a dead end of the literary process, if one tries to describe it as something consistent and purposeful—and this is how we were supposed to judge it, because it was dedicated to the 50th anniversary of the first congress of writers, i.e. to the start of the “unified stream” of socialist realism. We talked about the generals

among the writers—how the bosses in the Writers' Union promote themselves, give awards to themselves, give degrees to themselves, and publish themselves, and so on, about the injustices, as well as everywhere, about the selfishness instead of devotion to ideas, about lack of principles and even courage in pursuit of the career.

We talked about the Germans, not all of whom are Fascists. Baklanov was trying to argue with me saying that they despise us anyhow, and until we have good economy (better economy than they have, and that will never happen), they will never start respecting us and treating us as equals. I objected that we have our own “weapon” so we can be lenient and spit on their pretenses.

We talked about Gorbachev—as a successor of Andropov, who did not know how little [life] he had left and so was slow with decisive measures.

About the youth, about those in our country who celebrate Hitler's birthdays, about the fact that the symbols of “Spartak,” “TsSKA,” “Dinamo” on the walls means not just childlike fun by the sports fans; it is an almost organized form of protest, which does not have a concrete address yet. Irka proposed a theory: we became too numerous—the people, and there is no (natural) regulator. Therefore, we started to rave about.

Baklanov presented me with four volumes of his forthcoming compilation. I leafed through it while I was sick. I stopped again at “July 1941.” And I got stunned again—this is—Konstantin Simonov does not measure up—revealing crimes which produced millions of victims, tragedies of the years [19]41 and [19]42! And this is published again in 1983—for something like this, only a weaker version, Nekrich was expelled from the party and kicked out of the Institute of History in the end of the 1960s, and he ended up in the USA. However, the one-volume edition on World War II produced by the Defense Ministry, completely ignores what we were like in reality before the invasion. In [that volume] everything is in order: they foresaw the war, were preparing for it, undertook all measures, but, alas, did not have enough time. And at the same time, this Baklanov's novel comes out, as well as other creative products that have the same view of our history of that time.

After all, it is good that things have never been orderly in Russia, with the exception of the Stalin period!

October 11, 1984

I am staying at home but mainly working on things for the office. I edited the memo on ICM for the Politburo several times, but B.N. has not even started to read it, although he got it before his departure to Algeria. I think he is pushing it back until after the Plenum, hoping (according to Arbatov) to make a breakthrough toward his ultimate dream—to become a Politburo member. I came up with “criteria” of our work in the ICM taking into account the realities: that not everybody considers themselves Marxist-Leninist (but you cannot expel them from the ICM), and that many will criticize us and we will have to take that into account too and the only absolute criteria of belonging to the ICM that

remains is the common “end goal”—communism (in which, by the way, not everybody believes).

I edited Tereshkova’s texts; she is going to Britain for the Queen’s Women’s Day.

I am reading the proofs of “Ideology of Social-Democrats between the Wars.” Galkin and I are main editors. This is a completely new work: for the first time, objectively, with full knowledge of the subject, critically and without strangulation or exaggeration [the authors] analyze the evolution of the programs and views of international social democrats. By the way, the almost total, even textual, concurrence between their ideas at the time and the current “Eurocommunism” is being revealed. It is sad that workers’ movement proceeds in cycles returning to the same ideas and recipes in search of new or presenting them as new, whether due to ignorance or due to the inability or impossibility (objectively) to think up something new. Orthodox communists distinguish themselves by trying to stick to the ideas developed by the classics. They find their support in the fact that the wave-like and zig-zag-like course of events sometimes coincides with the straight “unbendable” line on which the ideas of the classics are located.

I continue to edit volume VIII of *International Workers’ Movement. Theory and History*. We have to finish this “epic” next year. I did not think that Timofeyev’s guys would be able to find more or less acceptable way to describe the communist movement of the [19]60-70-80s.

October 12, 1984

Bugaev’s article was published in No 14 of *Kommunist*. I reread it. Of course, contrary to what he promised, Kosolapov did not soften anything or change anything in it. Maybe there is something to the accusations from the Western [voices] when they note that a prolonged ideological struggle, which characteristically involves criticism, revelations, stigmatization, expulsions and the like transforms the moral nature of the people who are engaged in it. They stop noticing that they are acting indecently, shamefully ..., i.e. those, of course, who did not lose conscience completely, and not yet willing to cynically and spitefully write and do any kind of vile act just so they could profit from it personally. Bugaev obviously belongs to this last category—with some remaining dregs of conscience. He is convinced that he is doing the right thing. However, it is impossible to fight against either one of these two kinds of this intellectual villainy. Because the party-state “morality” does not even consider it necessary to measure its actions by the “simple norms of human morality,” by an elementary responsibility for the consequences of its actions for individual persons. I, for instance, am convinced that none of the CC Secretaries who signed their name under the memo of the Science Department about condemning Ambartsumov, read his article. (Maybe with the exception of Zimyanin himself). But as a result, he has been practically excommunicated from Leninism, and 20 scholars—members of the editorial board and all the editors of *Voprosy Istorii* were publicly accused of irresponsible and false understanding of Lenin.

I have been [staying] at home for four days now. I read a lot, I skim a lot, I write and edit a lot, both for work and just for pleasure, and mainly because I promised and took obligations. I could not sleep at all last night—was agonizing about the meanness regarding the Ambartsumov article.

October 15, 1984

On Saturday I visited the exhibition of paintings nominated for the state award: a disheartening poverty [of imagination]. And exhibition of Turkmen paintings on the occasion of the 60th anniversary of the republic: not one soul [attending]. I ran through the rooms quickly. Why do they organize such things? [It is] a demonstration of anti-internationalism.

Today B.N. told me confidentially that we grew less than 170 mln tons of bread—like in the worst of the drought years of the last five-year period. We counted on 210 mln tons, now we are buying 50 mln tons abroad—an unprecedented amount! In this regard, B.N. swiped at Gorbachev: saying, here, they put him in the Central Committee in charge of agriculture. And things are getting worse and worse. And meanwhile [says Ponomarev] he (Gorbachev) tends to stick his nose in other people's business: the communist movement, foreign policy (this is in response to me reminding him about the memo on the ICM, which is buried on his desk again. He thinks about it with fear and disgust. He drags and drags it, hoping that he would be able to somehow cheat the time, “get around it,” manage to not present it, get out of this task).

He was bragging that it was him, B.N., who was the initiator of the Chernenko speech at the Politburo: that in response to Reagan's peace statements we need to do something, beside the stubborn pronouncements that the U.S. policy does not change. Today we already have a draft: by the Foreign Ministry, the general staff and Zamyatin (but without the “initiator” Ponomarev)—Chernenko's responses to a *Washington Post* correspondent. Not exactly what Ponomarev wanted, and what we wrote for him .. It turns out that he sent that to Alexandrov, but he advised him to use that text for a different occasion.

I was at the CC Secretariat. Chernenko's memo about working with cadres. Everything is correct—we need to have a youth reserve, from knowledgeable people, and so that there should be no criminals among party officials ...

Gapurov (first secretary of Turkmenia) was reporting how they were “implementing” the four-year old resolution about the struggle against the “vestiges of religiosity.” The first secretary himself looked wretched, pathetic, helpless and illiterate. And the picture is as follows: all the weddings, even those which are registered with civil authorities and celebrated in a Komsomol fashion, are later registered with the Mullah. Thousands of underground mullahs. In public view, people appear to live by the Soviet norms, but at home, in the village—follow the Sharia norms. Boys are circumcised, 100% of funerals are done by the rules of the Koran, and so on. From 40 to 50 self-immolations per year. Bobkov (KGB) reported that they even discovered Murid groups. Anti-Soviet and anti-

Russian feelings are very wide-spread. 270 thousand of able people do not work. 85% of working-age women stay at home and live like they did 100 years ago. Kalym [dowry] is flourishing, sums could go up to 10,000 rubles. Luchinsky (deputy head of the Propaganda department), who made a supplemental presentation, reported the following fact: four Komsomol members stole a girl right from a wedding, and an underground mullah married one of them on the spot. Mullahs sanctify underage marriages left and right. And so on.

And then the Russian CC Secretaries, starting with Gorbachev, get sincerely surprised and indignant, how could all this be happening 67 years after the October revolution! I was surprised too.

And unhappy thoughts come to mind: maybe we should send all these Turkmen, with the Tajiks, Uzbeks, Estonians and others to go f*** themselves: let them do whatever they want to do to themselves independently! Maybe at some point they will ask to be taken back.

But dream on. We don't even want to let Afghanistan "out of our hands," and we are trying to civilize it and "make it happy" paying the price of thousands of lives of our own boys and the global shame on the head of the country of Soviets!

After my yesterday conversation with B.N. and the hint that Gorbachev is still interested in the memo on the ICM, he suddenly returned the memo with corrections and underlining. I am desperate: he added newspaper nonsense, and struck out all the attempts to evaluate the conditions of our work in the current communist movement in a serious and objective way. I am losing hope ... Zagladin took a look, noted B.N.'s contribution in the above-mentioned fashion and sent everything to me. And what am I to do—why should I be responsible? And I care about it with all my heart and don't know why I do not want to spit at all this and just print it exactly as Ponomarev wants and present it ... But I am ashamed. Conscience does not allow me.

October 17, 1984

I received the Polish ambassador, the Bulgarian ambassador. They asked to tell them about the meeting at the Central Committee with the delegation of the CP of Great Britain. I was purposefully objective.

I "took into consideration" B.N.'s comments and edits of the memo about ICM for the Politburo. But once again, by way of ingenious editing and rephrasing, I kept the realistic approach to the current ICM, because there is not and there will not be a different [approach] as much as Ponomarev wants it.

In response to our article in *Novoe Vremya* [*New Time*] on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of Tagliatti's death, the Italians published articles of their most prominent leaders starting with General Secretary Natta—on 16 pages of *Unita*—trying to prove that the critical line toward the CPSU and the USSR, and the insistence on the full

“autonomy” of the ICP starts precisely from Tagliatti. This is one more proof that no Ponomarev will ever be able to force the sheep back into the Comintern sheepfold.

October 21, 1984

Yesterday I visited Felix Zigel (school friend). Secrets and fates are striking. Turns out that he is a spiritual son of that famous Vvedensky (the initiator of the famous religious-philosophical debate of the 1920s). And that is since 1934. We, all of us, the whole class, knew Felix since 1935, and some of us, even earlier. But I learned about it for the first time. And what is even more striking is that in 1980, Felix found out reliably from “one religious figure” that Vvedensky was a turnskin, that already in 1916 he set himself a goal to rise to the top of the Orthodox hierarchy in order to destroy the church from the inside. (He was himself Jewish, baptized in 1898). And that the sensational dispute with Lunacharsky was staged by the OGPU, and it was all agreed with Lunacharsky beforehand in order to prove plausibly that there was no God. And that the blood of dozens of “holy fathers,” starting with the Metropolitan of Petrograd (1922)—he was shot—is on Vvedensky’s conscience. The next ones were Tikhon himself, the Patriarch, and so on and so forth. He showed me Vvedensky’s photos: the appearance is truly demonic.

Felix was telling me about the “shock” that he experienced about all this 28 years since the death of his “spiritual father.” But said that although he was a great sinner, he deserves our indulgence. “I removed his photos from under the glass on my desk. But I keep visiting his grave every year. I cannot do otherwise.”

Felix himself is a striking figure—a professor of the geodesic institute, author of dozens of books on cosmogony, comets and the UFOs, a popular lecturer on all these subjects. Many recognize him on the street. He is quite normal in daily life, inclined towards mischief, obscenity, all kinds of artifices and semi-decent couplets, but at the same time it seems like he is a good father and a proper family man. In short, last night got me seriously agitated by the unpredictability of phenomena in our same Soviet world.

October 22, 1984

I met with Vassallo. He is inviting me to Malta in December. A pile of coded cables, including an invitation to Ireland—the Workers’ Party is fledging, to the detriment of the O’Riordan’s CP.

I am still fussing with the “analysis” of the communist movement, trying to perfect it. But B.N. is only interested in the article written for him by Kovalsky and Menshikov—a primitive sermon that the revolutionary process is not the “hand of Moscow,” as Reagan insisted, but the result of objective laws.

Tomorrow is the CC Plenum. No sensations are expected.

October 23, 1984

The CC Plenum was held. We waited for the organizational issues, but they did not come out. The agenda was – melioration. Chernenko made a speech first. He was so out of breath, mumbled, “ate” his words and phrases that at times it was impossible to understand anything. However, when during the break I looked through the text of his speech that was distributed—everything turned out to be appropriate and reasonable.

Nonetheless, subsequent speakers, starting from presenter Tikhonov loftily praised his speech as “brilliant, deep, filled with ideas, programmatic, impressive, greatly exciting for all of us” and the like.

And as if in a joke, Gorbachev, who was presiding, proposed that we listen to a gramophone recording of Lenin [speech] “What is a Soviet government?” before the discussion, justifying such an unusual proposal by saying that our “skillful engineers” managed to restore Lenin’s voice practically without distortions. For about 10 minutes we listened, all stunned, to this speech by a genius And I think, I was not the only one who compared this speech with the speech of our present General Secretary: what we used to be and what we became.

The bows to the “wisdom” and other things addressed to Chernenko were present in every speech, more or less egregious. But in contrast to the Brezhnev times, these obligatory statements were never accompanied by applause. Still, the entire Plenum got up, like schoolboys, when Chernenko appeared in the Presidium.

As far as the melioration is concerned, the picture, like in other issues, is varied: there are some bright spots—and the heart rejoices (Altai, a collective farm in the Stavropol region ...). But “overall,” the picture is joyless: we practice melioration since 1966, for almost 20 years now, but in the majority of cases, the harvests are just slightly bigger than on the traditional method, sometimes even smaller. However, the environmental damage is already obvious, and things that were built 10-15 years ago are already outdated, not only morally, but simply run down and rusted.

I feel lonely in this crowd of “responsible officials.” Many of them are indeed doing important work and carry a big burden that the country needs. But many of them are bureaucratic ballast. But all of them are just “voting,” which we can do without as well. Because, as in all other issues, everything was prepared and predetermined beforehand. And the Plenum is just a ritual, from which no civilized society can free itself, it is just different in different [societies].

And so—you come out of the Spassky Gate ... people on tours cordoned off in small flocks by the police, look at you: “The CC is coming! From a session! They were deciding things!” Involuntarily, deep inside, you feel important, because they look at you too as a person who is one of those who “decides thing.” Ridiculous.

Came to my office: a phone call. Ponomarev. He says that he talked with Gorbachev about “his” article (about teaching Reagan historical materialism) and that the latter

approved. So we should inform Kosolapov about it and he should publish the issue as soon as possible.

In short, people want different things but the hen wants mullet. Cdr. Ponomarev is not interested in melioration, or even in ICM—he is interested in his banal text, cooked by the consultants at the level of a 9th grade textbook.

I had a feeling that Kosolapov and Medvedev, who were involved in the story with Ambartsumov, feel uncomfortable around me. I had a sense that maybe they even were looking for an opportunity to talk to me in an “informal” setting during the breaks. But I pretended that I did not notice them. And when I have to speak to them for work, I also limit the conversation to business only, without any hints that I intend to “seek explanations,” reproach them, or appeal to their conscience, decency, comradeship ...

October 25, 1984

I got sick. And therefore, my mood is “defeatist,”—however, this is also a result of the “general political position.” In contrast, I am marveling at Ponomarev, who was “rolled by” again—his ultimate dream to become a Politburo member did not realize once again, but for him it is like a water from a duck’s back.

Maybe because I am sick, it feels like everything is falling apart. There is some kind of disarray at the Department. Deputies don’t know what each of them is doing and do not talk to each other for weeks, or even months sometimes. Each one of them probably thinks that he is doing the most important thing: Shaposhnikov by pressuring the Finns sometimes in Helsinki with Romanov, and sometimes at the hotel on Dmitrov street; Brutents by attending the “state meetings” at the high level with the Arabs and by representing the CPSU at all kinds of their congresses and events; Zagladin—on the orbit outside of the department: on the CPSU Program, on [drafting] memos for K.U. together with Aleksandrov, which are later announced as “major initiatives” at the Politburo, at meetings with all kinds of parliamentary delegations, and, of course, on TV. And also, almost every week, in some magazine or newspaper. His work in the Department is limited to receiving party delegations. He is waiting for his hour to come, all the while trying to receive a state prize for the book, for which he already got his doctorate and now wants to get into corresponding members [of the Academy].

The decay has not maybe yet reached the lower layers of the Department, but [reached] the middle layers—definitely. Even more so because the object of our work—the communist movement—is so hopeless and doughy, since the “results” of our work are not defined, therefore, the indifference, cynicism, and devil-may-care attitude to work, slacking—all this gets integrated into the “soil” very quickly.

This is the state of affairs in what is most important for me—in [my] service.

October 26, 1984

Yesterday I re-read *Confession* by L.N. Tolstoy. One can argue with him on a whole number of arguments, but he grasped the essence (or rather he reproduced it from the entire previous spiritual development of man) – “why do we live?” And there is no answer. It is a different issue that for billions of people, even intelligentsia, this question does not even exist seriously. Ask, Ponomarev, for example, what is the purpose of his life ... He will consider the person who asked the question a crazy or even worse—a revisionist and an anti-Soviet.

October 27, 1984

Yesterday I went to the Department. I met with [Pat] Clancy, who is trying to recreate a real Communist party in Australia. It is kind of an obligation of politeness. And only later I understand that this conversation—not approved by anybody—not even coordinated with Ponomarev (he does not even know about it)—could have an impact on something important in the future of an entire country. One Communist party there fell apart, another one (SPA) is in the process of falling apart, and Clancy is trying to create a new one—“a Marxist-Leninist but quite a modern one,”—wise with everything positive from the past experience. If he does not succeed in this—then objectively, there is no place for a communist movement in that country ... But what if he does succeed and the process resumes? ...

In any case, I spoke on behalf of the Central Committee, I “expressed approval,” I promised all kinds of support. Even though the CC had no idea of all this. Even if I tried to report it to the CC, nobody would have paid any attention: who cares, some kind of Australian communist party, and in general, nobody knows what’s going on there anyway; and to figure it out and simply learn about it—there is no time, nobody wants to and just “who needs it.”

It is “more important” (I am turning to Ponomarev once again) to make speeches in front of the French parliamentarians, from which there will never be any real result (just pure protocol), but instead—an almost full page in Pravda with the text of that speech, insufferable in its banality and blah-blah-ology. One would be hard-pressed to find a dozen of readers in the USSR who would read this speech, and even less so in France.

I skimmed the archival publications of Zoschenko in No. 10 of *Novyi Mir*. It turns out that he was already thinking “those kinds of things” even before he started to publish as a writer.

I read work-related things, such as TASS, with greater interest than just literature sitting around me on the shelves. Maybe it is because after all it could become useful for something else.

Timofeev called and warned me that there were reactions to the VIII volume and that they could provoke B.N. to eliminate the entire product of work that took two years. I thought about how I would rebuff that. I should take the floor after Timofeev’s report.

October 31, 1984

Yesterday attended the CC Secretariat. Gorbachev is on vacation, after the entire summer and fall when he conducted both the Politburo and the Secretariat [sessions]. Everybody expected that now, temporarily, Romanov would conduct the Secretariat—[he is] the only one, who is, just like Gorbachev, both a CC Secretary and a Politburo member, there are no others like that. However, to everybody's astonishment, Chernenko himself showed up.

And that sight was worthy of contemporary history. First of all, in a striking contrast with Gorbachev—lively, intelligent, interested in what he is doing, believing that we can achieve something, a person with ideas and with a willingness to act to realize the ideas.

And here is this one: reading the title of the issue on the agenda in such a way that my grandson is Kachalov² in comparison. Tongue-tied, confusing words, stressing wrong syllables, without any punctuation marks. The manner itself of “conducting the meeting” was at the level of some primary cell in some small workshop: “Are there any questions? No ... Anybody wants to say something? You? Let's listen to comrade ...” His comments were primitive, monotonous, formal (just to move to the next issue). No inferences, and as for the conclusions from the discussion—it might have been better without them at all, because it was impossible to understand anything. For example, I still did not figure out if Bondarchuk was awarded the state prize as a special case (“Red Bells”) or not (he failed to get two required votes in the Prize Committee).

And here I am, sitting and watching this man and thinking: how can this be? This great country, with the people who are rich in talents, who created the greatest culture and gave birth to hundreds and thousands of individuals with great intelligence and unique education, has such a leader—primitive, wretched, semi-literate, colorless person, the mediocrity of mediocrities, who is not an expert in anything and does not know or understand anything deeply. And the fortunes of the world depend on him, the superpower is in his hands, he wields authority comparable only to the authority of a banana republic dictator: his only word would be sufficient for anybody in our country to find himself not where he was and [to become] not who he was.

How can this be? In the age of scientific and technological revolution, at the end of the XX century?

This morning Indira Gandhi was assassinated. I thought: how does history unfold, as we know it should be determined by the Marxist laws? How do the points of high pressure form in world politics, which could produce harsh consequences for entire peoples?

The Korean plane ...

The Abushar case.

The assassination of Indira Gandhi.

² Vasily Kachalov, 1875-1948, great Russian actor, master of public reading.

The assassination of the Polish priest.
Andropov's death.
And so forth.

The immeasurable power of mass media, which pull millions and hundreds of millions of people (exactly what Lenin was dreaming about), turns this world politics into a chain of coincidences that threaten to blow up the humankind.

November 1, 1984

Discussed with Timofeev & Co the ideas and the concept of the interparty conference "Working Class of the 1980s and the Communists." Also discussed with him what remains to be done for the VIII volume after the meeting of the main editorial board.

They are sending Ponomarev to Bucharest: Ceausescu wanted to discuss the current international issues and the state of the communist movement with one of CC CPSU Secretaries.

Hence, the holidays (or half of the holidays) are going up in flames: we will have to prepare "positions,"—he is leaving on the 11th.

B.N. is rushing us with the memo on the international communist movement, it must be that he wants to push it through while Gorbachev is on vacation.

The Ambartsumov case will end up in routine discussions: they are sending Academician Tikhvinsky to the special session of the editorial board of *Voprosy Istorii* so that he would conduct an "educational discussion." Fedoseev asked Bogomolov, the director of the institute where Ambartsumov works, whether he was going to react to Bugaev's article. He responded: yes, we will discuss it in the sector or at a meeting, and we also will express our opinion about Bugaev's article, not only about Ambartsumov's article. I called Bogomolov today about some work issue, and then asked him: "Oleg, I hope you will not allow them to fire Zhen'ka, or squash him in any way." He: "No way! I heard how you stood up for him. Thank you. And, by the way, I heard it from the mouth of Zimyanin himself that there should not be any "administrative conclusions," and then Medvedev also confirmed it to me."

I met Senkevich (referent on Poland from the neighboring department) in the elevator today. Asked him, "So how did the Poles react to Bugaev?" He: "Oh, don't worry! Last thing they think about now. They are up to their ears with Pzhelushko (assassinated priest). And after all—they are serious people. They would not quarrel because of some article at the political level. It is here that we still have pathetic people who go crazy for such bait. It is all nonsense, not worth an empty eggshell.

Therefore, it turns out that only I, alone, made organizational conclusions from all this. But I have no regrets. After all, somebody has to act by the rules of decency. Maybe this

act of mine will be noted by somebody and maybe it would ruin reputations of some careerists and scoundrels, including Trukhanovsky—although, from the standpoint of some disdainful condescension, I understand him.

November 2, 1984

Svetlana Stalina came back. I remember her last interview to the *Guardian* last spring. Nostalgic. This news brought a lot of all kinds of feelings, although I knew for two months that she got the permission to return (from the Gromyko and Chebrikov memo to the Politburo).

I remembered, in particular, how I was the discussant on her thesis at the History Faculty. How funny! I remember how I was trying to show off, how I presented all kinds of “critical” comments ... They shushed me.

November 9, 1984

The last day of holidays. Ermonsky, our consultant, told me (not for sharing), that he was being sent “to the dacha” again to write ... a biography of Chernenko.

In short, we are experiencing a repetition of the Brezhnev case, only in an accelerated form: this one has very little time left.

On the 5th and 6th I was in the office ... Nothing interesting, except that B.N. had inquired about me one time: “When is his article in *Kommunist* is coming out ... we need it before the elections (in the USA).” Oh My God!

Zagladin stopped by. Told me about Japan, where he spent two weeks with Kunaev’s parliamentary delegation, -- XXI, maybe even XXII century already. How terrible and painful it is to listen to all that.

I did not go to the Red Square. Two feelings were fighting inside me: one of an old war horse, who always hears the call of his youth in this holiday, of something lofty, significant, when sitting at home is unthinkable, when one should “interact with the masses, and the other—of disgust toward what we have turned this celebration into (long time ago, however), and also of the unwillingness to go to the CC section right next to the Mausoleum and to mingle with those who are the same as me in rank, but absolutely alien in spirit.

So [I] did not go ... But jogged along the deserted Garden Ring, then walked to the Kremlin for the reception. Appearances: hugs with Urbani ... For me—a permanent standing invitation to Luxemburg, I fit there so well when I went to their congress. And our own people: Brutents with his wife, dressed in Oriental fashion (he just came back from Lebanon and Syria), his embraces with Poplavsky (first deputy of the CC CPSU administration manager). It became clear how it is that he uses all the “benefits,” which are not available, for example, for me, although I am a “candidate member of the CC,”

and he is not. Zagladin and Arbatov with wives; Zamyatin, Yakovlev (former ambassador to Canada). By the way, he informed me about what I already heard the other day from Volsky in the barber's shop. I was already leaving, and he just sat down. I am saying goodbye to him, and he—cheerful guy—says: “Look at this man, -- sticks his finger in my chest—Here is the only deputy in the CC apparatus, who has not applied to the Academy.” (in December, there will be the next round of elections [to the Academy] and once again everybody has succumbed to some psychosis of a horserace with obstacles, where all the norms of decency, morals, honor and honesty are lost, including among many from the apparatus). I don't think this is just a coincidence, most likely it came from the same source.

November 11, 1984

Yesterday Brutents came for the second time. He flattered me—how elegant I was at the reception in the Kremlin, that people are “drawn” to me: one comes, then another, and I did not approach anybody myself ... And he showed up to take the Academy of Sciences of the USSR reference volume, to select academicians and members-in-correspondence and to put checkmarks against their names—so that I should call them and they should vote for him at the December elections at the Academy of Sciences.

Today Kol'ka Kutsenkov rushed to me with the same request. This one, in contrast to Brutents, who was emotional and super-serious, was in his cynically-cheerful style: as if to say—everybody is playing this little dirty game, why shouldn't I—such is life!

And I played along: with a serious face I discussed with each of them, who would be best to call, and with what chances. Although I felt disgusted, ugly. Why do they need to pull me into it?—“the only one of the deputies, as Volsky and Yakovlev testified, who did not apply to be elected academician!”

But I did not want to offend them. I did not have enough character to refuse, which would have meant to tell them straight to their faces that I despise them.

I read today in *Pravda*: Bogolyubov, the head of the General Department, was awarded Hero of Socialist Labor in connection to his 75th birthday. Politburo members, among them Ponomarev, Ustinov, get the Order of October Revolution on the occasion of that date, but the ass-licking bureaucrat, who carries papers, was awarded a Hero. That is because he used to do it under Brezhnev, when he was Chernenko's deputy, who at that time was in this position. Because he is doing the same under Chernenko—friend, buddy, devoted dog and confidant. Terrible. This is how they themselves breed all kinds of Schelokovs, who finally, “in connection with numerous letters from workers,” was moved out of the inspectors at the ministry, lost his Marshal's rank and decorations and was expelled from the party. Only they did not put him on trial—looks bad before the West.

B.N. went to Bucharest to Ceausescu. Today he gathered me, Zagladin, Shaposhnikov—under the impression of peaceful effect of the exchange of letters between Reagan and

Chernenko—and was thinking aloud how we should organize the fight against the American imperialism now. He canceled his own instructions given two days ago at a session like this one—that there should be petitions from all over the world sent to the White House to demand that Reagan moves from electoral words about peace to real actions.

A propagandist mindset suppressed the substance of mind itself, which, one would think, B.N. does possess.

November 12, 1984

The meeting with Holland is around the corner (Kinnock's personal representative); he is coming to see Chernenko on the 21st leading a Labor party delegation.

I will have to explain to Holland the framework of the summit meeting. Meanwhile, only Ponomarev knows what it is exactly that I am supposed to talk to him about, but he cannot give me any official instructions, because he does not know them himself. However, on my insistence the Politburo instructed the MFA and the Defense Ministry to draft a position—what could we give in response for the Labor party proclaiming their country a nuclear-free zone? But that would only be ready right before Kinnock's arrival, while he wants to know our position in advance.

This is how business is done here: in some cases, everything is suppressed, and in others—complete indifference to something that could have real political consequences. I will shoot the breeze on some “philosophical” matters.

Volobuyev came over (Academician, former friend), he shared gossip about how they reacted to the Bugaev article and all that story in the Academy. The academicians, on that occasion, carefully read the Ambartsumov article and came to the conclusion that he was right (including such respected people as the hundred-year-old Druzhinin, Kim and even Mintz). Overall, the academic sphere is grumbling and resentful. Bogomolov, where Ambartsumov works, notwithstanding the fearsome speech by the instructor of the Central Committee Science department, stated after a discussion of the article in the Institute: the Central Committee instructed us to analyze complex problems, including about contradictions and crises under socialism. In this work, there could be slips, mistakes, different opinions. However, the CC encourages justified risk in scientific research. Yet what Bugaev had written—is not a contribution to scientific research, but an administrative shout.

Therefore, concludes Volobuyev, your moral prestige in the academic sphere has only solidified because of this whole story, and your statement about resignation from the editorial board of *Voprosy istorii*, although it is not supported, is still a cause for admiration. In our times such acts are very rare.

November 13, 1984

I was drafting a memo for Chernenko for his meeting with Kinnock. It is difficult—"to think it out of your head," when you have no idea not only about what he, the General Secretary, and we all, are ready to tell the Labor party, but even about how much he knows about that party, whether he knows even in general terms who he is going to talk to. Although, he could not care less: he would read whatever is given to him in his boring suffocated voice. However and alas, there is one threshold, Alexandrov-Agentov, who in this case, it seems, does not know either, what we need from the Labor party, and even in general if we need them at all.

Ivan Pavlovich Pomelov has died. He has been working in *Kommunist* for a long time, worked as a consultant in our department, and before that, as assistant to Kirilenko (at one time the third person in the party, who was eager to become the second, to replace Suslov). We met in the summer of 1961, in Sosny-2 (state dacha), where we were drafting the report to the XXII party congress about the CPSU Program for Khrushchev. He treated me then as a younger brother, a naïve little one, but in a comradely spirit and honestly. We lived together on a little terrace. He was one of those honest party members, who selflessly did everything that the party ordered in any particular instant, but in his heart, he suffered deeply from the mess [around him]. Thus, one more death next to me.

November 15, 1984

Yesterday I talked with Stewart Holland for four hours. Well-bred young Englishman, 44 years old, author of ten books and numerous Labor party documents, shadow minister. Just came back from Nicaragua where he was an election observer. A true free thinker, understands everything, knows everything about us, although never visited our country, without anti-Soviet prejudices, but in his English way, poses his questions in practical and direct fashion.

We discussed everything with him. I took it upon myself to tell him what they could get from us in order to beat Thatcher and to take power ("in a preliminary way" of course), among other things, I promised that we would respond if England, in reality, gives up nuclear weapons.

We even managed to discuss human rights (he brought with him a whole list of names whom we should release from prison and whom we should allow to emigrate) in the spirit of "mutual understanding." In the end of the meeting, he stated that he was not just satisfied, but "really inspired" by the results of our conversation. He has things to report to Kinnock.

In the evening, I received the briefing memo from the MFA and the defense ministry about how we could respond if England would announce its non-nuclear status. And to my surprise, I saw that they propose almost the same things that I told the Englishman, and what could satisfy the Labor party.

I finished the memo for Chernenko. Tomorrow I will send it to Alexandrov, but it is 14 pages long, and our General Secretary cannot read more than 6. We agreed that we give some of this to Ponomarev, if he is given the floor during the summit or when he meets with Kinnock separately.

In the evening I was welcoming Ponomarev from Romania. All of a sudden, Ceausescu spoke in favor of the Conference Something is fishy here. Maybe he wants to sell it to us for something more substantial for him, for example for the oil.

Then I went to Kutsenkov. We discussed the “Ambartsumov-Bugaev” case and my role in it. Now everybody is reading Ambartsumov’s article, from academicians to students, it is like hot cakes now, though nobody even noticed it when it appeared. And there is almost no information that anybody praised Bugaev. This is what our chief Marxist-Leninist and ideologue cde. Zimyanin has achieved by his action.

But alas! Ideological gloom is approaching; the forces of ideological pogroms are raising their heads. Today Likhachev told me that the *Kommunist* editorial board crushed and rejected an article by our Veber, in which he promoted the same concepts for which he received 100% approval of the scientific council during his defense of his doctoral dissertation just a month ago. Moreover, they accused him of ideological bankruptcy and revisionism. And Kosolapov lead this pogrom against an official of the CC International Department right after the cannon shot in my direction—by the Bugaev article. Things are bad!

On Monday we are leaving to go to the dacha on Klyazma, to finish drafting the report to the Prague conference. I have no idea how I will be able to combine that with the Labor party [visitors].

November 16, 1984

Alexandrov edited my memo for Chernenko. Unexpectedly, he accepted it “overall,” just “simplified” it, cut out what I inserted on Holland’s request and shortened it.

Trukhanovsky came over. His hands were shaking, he was barely able to hold a piece of paper. He made notes on how to talk to me. He asked me in direct terms to help him to become an academician. He listed his distinctions compared to other “competitors,” and informed me about unfavorable nuances—as compared to others. He said: “This is my last chance; I am 70 years old. There will not be another opportunity,” although this is the entire meaning of his life. Pitiful and ridiculous.

He came back again and again to the “episode” with the Ambartsumov article; about how Bromley, in the expert commission, was trying to “remove” him from the list of candidates for academicians—claiming that it would be a challenge to the Central Committee (after the article in *Kommunist*).

When he was leaving, he said: “your statement had a stunning effect on Tikhvinsky (Academician secretary of the history section). You don’t see things like this done very often in our time.”

I went to Ponomarev himself to put a word in for Trukhanovsky. He responded that Fedoseyev came by and told him that Trukhanovsky lost his hearing, cannot speak clearly, falls into decrepitude (this is an outright lie: Fedoseyev needs to fail Trukhanovsky in order to move up his own protégé Vinogradov), and the main thing, [he says], he was telling me something about some kind of anonymous letters maybe,” B.N. was painfully struggling to remember. I prompted: “The Ambartsumov article?” “Yes, of course, what else!”—he waved his arms.

And here I got agitated. And told him to his face that he himself did not even read Ambartsumov, but signed his “sentence” nonetheless. And nobody read it, except for Zimyanin, who does not understand anything at all, does everything on the fly, hobbles, makes noise, tries to teach everybody, waves his arms and this is called ideological work.

I summarized for Ponomarev what was the pathos of the Ambartsumov article. He says to me: “People are not such fools to criticize for that!”

And I said: “And in *Voprosy Istorii*, are they all fools that none of them noticed anything what Zimyanin ordered them to “notice”? And in half a year, wasn’t there at least one pensioner in the entire USSR, who would notice ideological sedition [in the article] if it was there?!”

And here he started swimming away, as he always does from all unpleasant things. But I did not let it go, and stated that in ideological work under Zimyanin leadership, obvious Trapeznikov methods were showing up and it was not an accident that all kinds of scumbags started to raise their heads again; they always grease their hands and make their careers on ideological denunciations and defending of the “purity of Marxism-Leninism.”

This is where my outburst ended. But I still managed to speak for Volobuyev at the end. To which I did not get any reaction other than the “defense” of Khromov, whom B.N. hated when he worked as head of section under Trapeznikov, but now he thinks that since [Khromov] was now director (of the Institute of History of the USSR Academy of Sciences), we have to support him.

In short, all of them—Trukhanovsky, and Fedoseyev, and Ponomarev—they are berries from the same field, raised by the Stalin-Brezhnev epoch. It is disgusting to play their games, even more so because I “don’t get anything” from it, and I said so to Ponomarev, when I was leaving. “You understand that I don’t need anything there, I am an outsider in all that. I just want, if such is the way of doing things in the Academy, to make sure that the worst ones do not climb up to the top.”

Gorbachev forbade CC officials to run [in the election]. Therefore, Brutents, Shakhnazarov and Zagladin fell off the screen automatically. However, Medvedev was allowed [to run].

November 17, 1984

At work I wrote three more pages of the memo for Chernenko's meeting with Kinnock. I had to take into account his speech at the Politburo about the plan for 1985 for the Session of the Supreme Soviet, which, actually, was a rational speech, as many of his other speeches that are written for him by intelligent people who really care.

I started to edit [the text] that Alexandrov sent back (for the same memo). And today I still have to prepare to start working "at the dacha" for Prague.

I watched the two-part movie "The Shore" [Bereg], (based on the Bondarev novel). Impressed. I feel my past in the war stronger and stronger. Just like the main character in the movie—this is where I was ultimately formed [as an individual], and nothing could have changed me in principle after that. And this remains the foundation—and the closer I am to the end, and as it gets more and more obvious that "they will not send you farther than the front" and so you have nothing to lose, that you have to face God soon—the more clearly [this foundation] affects all my behavior and my attitude toward life and people around me.

The official promotion of the film is very strong. A national rollout has been announced and it is being shown with a "preview" by director Naumov; [the film] already got the award of the All-Union Festival, but the film is not a mass movie, and the viewers don't appreciate it. This is an intelligentsia movie. Cinematographically, it is superbly made, although some sections are drawn out. In the novel itself, the critics consciously did not notice its seditiousness, its class unorthodoxy "at that time." In the film, however, these aspects are erased. And those who did not read [the novel] will not understand the almost dissident subtext.

Brutents told me about one episode. One day, he was at Ponomarev's. For some reason they needed to call Gromyko. And there, the secretary of the CC, candidate member of the Politburo first asks permission to call the minister from his assistant. He promises to report this to [the minister] ... He gives permission. Ponomarev calls. His tone is obsequious, pleading. And suddenly [Brutents] hears: "Yes, yes ..." and [Gromyko] hangs up while Ponomarev did not even have a chance to finish a sentence."

This is what relations [between people] in the Politburo are like. Such is the monopoly of one member of the triumvirate.

December 1, 1984

From December 19, I've been at Klyazma, it is also considered to be a "theoretical dacha." The presentation for B.N. for the conference on *Problems of Peace and Socialism* journal in Prague, where we are going on Monday.

At the same time, from the 23d, visit of Kinnock, Khili and others, plus his assistant Clark. They spent two days in Leningrad. In Moscow—anything they wanted. (Clark asked to "expand" the program). They did not expect such openness on our part: their stereotypes about "those Russians" were crumbling with every day and every hour. But they were waiting for the main event—to be received by Chernenko. And they received what they wanted and what they came for, what Holland came for beforehand: we [would] eliminate the [number] of the missiles, which would be equivalent to turning England into a nuclear-free zone, and we guarantee that our [weapons] will not be targeted at their country.

Meeting with Chernenko. He was approximately in the same state in which Brezhnev existed in the last two years [of his life]. He read what was prepared for him and then listened apathetically to Kinnock's oratorical response. But [Kinnock], regardless of all my prep work, still interfered with some clarifying questions. The air started smelling of an embarrassment. Alexandrov started writing something furiously and passing it to Chernenko. He was moving his lips and trying to figure it out. He just started to respond, but Alexandrov decided to "interrupt" and "explained" everything himself. The Brits realized that they had "crossed the line" and started folding. Because—they already had gotten the main things that they needed for their politics at home, [what they needed] against Thatcher.

My "discussions" with Clark about human rights. Something went wrong with the information for the press. Ponomarev, who hosted everybody, had to mediate, when Clark and I were arguing in my office. It ended well. B.N. hinted that it was too much on their part to try to squeeze "human rights" out of us after they already received more than they expected. Overall, he spoke with them at a decent level.

I was the host for the dinner at Dmitrova street on behalf of the Central Committee.

Reception at the Embassy. Lively conversation. They were departing in a completely different mood from when they arrived. I had an hour-long conversation with Kinnock at the airport while we were waiting for Ponomarev who was running late.

In short, the operation was successful.

But after that I immediately submerged into the trivial routine. Confrontation with B.N. on the subject of "real socialism" section: he brings apologetics and hubris even here, notwithstanding all the recent party documents. You cannot change him; his mind is poisoned by his own propaganda.

And his chameleon-like quality—he made [us] include a paragraph praising Chernenko’s greatness. He instructed his pet Pyshkov to do it, but when he saw that the name is repeated five times in one paragraph, he attacked me. I got outraged and told him that originally there was a different text in that place: about the difficulties of socialism, about how foreign communists should react to them. He got completely offended, said “Why are we breaking each other’s nerves, like you don’t know what all this is about! You did not attend the session of the Supreme Soviet, and I did, and you did not see what was happening there.” (in the sense of ovations for Chernenko). I became quiet: it is impossible to argue with a person who thinks one thing (and wants one thing), and at the same time forces himself to do the opposite thing altogether. Many times, with hints, he lets me know that he thinks that Chernenko is a non-entity, that it is hopeless to expect any opinion from him, that he is incapable of either thinking or speaking. “Three days a week are his days off, and the other days, he works a couple of hours a day.”

Yesterday he added: There has been a decision about a Congress. The Congress is scheduled for October-November 1985. He is in a hurry! And there will be the Program, and everything else in one report. He is hurrying for the second term!” And he started complaining again that those “curly heads,” hinting at Pechenev (General Secretary’s assistant) want to scrap the entire existing Program (which Ponomarev considers his baby).

Alas, what could one expect from this kind of political leader, whose only distinction is that at 80 years of age he can still speak on his own, and not only reading from papers written for him with two-centimeter-high letters.

Conversation with Trukhanovsky on the phone. He confessed that he wrote an apologetic letter to *Kommunist* and that he included an article about Ambartsumov in his issue similar to Bugaev’s [article]. This time, I spoke with him harshly and “disdainfully.” I said that repentances to Kosolapov mean admitting that Bugaev was completely right in his bandit article. Beside the fact that it is morally indecent, it is also tactically wrong. To roll over in apologies now would mean to admit that one is crushed, to deny oneself the right to have an opinion. And in general, the more dignity and character you would show in this situation, the better it would be for you and for the journal.

I felt that on the other side of the line he was getting ready to burst in tears. He was just repeating, “I could not have done otherwise, please understand me! Please do not judge me so harshly. I am very saddened that you can change your opinion of me now; you have known me for 20 years. Please come over to my house, I will explain everything to you.” This is all so terrible ... One could “understand” it under Stalin, when the stakes were your life ... or prison. And now the “stakes” are to get 1000 rubles per month or 1200 and whether to be called academician or corresponding member [of the Academy]!

I am reading a wonderful book: S.L. Abramovich, “Pushkin in 1836.” There is a discovery on every page, but it is written in such a style as if everything is already known to everybody. The ease of talent allows one to see people, time, streets, buildings, situations, passions, little things ... And Pushkin himself in all this boundless greatness.

The 27th volume of Dostoyevsky arrived. The writer's diary for 1881—you read it as if it is a diary for 1984, only allegorically written and in a somewhat archaic language. Could it be true—Russia, while changing, is still unchangeable in its deepest nature?

December 20, 1984

A big break, because there was Prague, then Spain.

In Prague on PPS [*Problems of Peace and Socialism*] business. B.N. in his long didactic style. But the hint about the conference was “understood” and supported by many, some even very actively.

The Japanese [delegate] again asked to close down the Journal, which turned “into a CPSU propaganda machine,” and “into a second Cominform.” He was attacked by practically everybody else. His appeal to give the struggle against anti-Sovietism was condemned especially strongly.

In general, the conference was more loyal toward us than many other multilateral meetings in the recent years.

I am hopelessly, all the time, tied to meetings and drafting papers. Reports to *Pravda* every day, cyphered cables to Moscow, speeches for Ponomarev on TV, for his reception of Husak.

Spain. Congress of socialists (December 13-16). Madrid. Meeting: Yu. V. Dubinin and the entire key Embassy personnel. Reception for Chernenko book presentation. Opening of the Congress—Gonzalez. Problems of NATO. Gonzalez came up to me during the break. Reminiscenced how we partied at the Ambassador's villa three years ago. Prado. Streets of Madrid. Hotel Castellano. [Riding] in a Mercedes all through the city to the Congress and without a peso in my pockets: Dubinin asked for all the representation money to be his.

Two harsh conversations with leaders of the C[ommunist] P[arty], created by us.

Evening stroll in Madrid with the Ambassador and others.

Barcelona. The Cathedral and Gaudi buildings.

Empty pockets. Humiliating.

Paris. Ambassador Yu. M. Vorontsov. Supper.

Return to Moscow.

December 23, 1984

Ustinov died. A routine funeral. Evidently, they don't want to “emphasize.” Zagladin shared a rumor: Alexandrov heard his boss's conversation with somebody about who could replace Tikhonov. Chernenko “made a statement” with an article in *Kommunist* No. 18, a theoretical, pre-Congress article. So far, I only heard it on the radio. It makes an impression—it corresponds with his statement at the PB regarding the fact that the April Plenum would have to make a decision about the XXVII Congress—in November-December 1985, and how to prepare for it. In an “original” way. To let the delegates speak their souls, against the pompousness and formality, [to be] a “congress of realists

and innovators.” The article is indeed in the spirit of realism. Thank God! But it does not correspond with the personal traits of the General Secretary, and this makes me worried.

At the home of my schoolmate Alina, on the occasion of the deceased Vad’ka’s birthday, I passionately defended the meaning of the words that will be said at the congress. It was on Saturday night, but on Friday, Zagladin pulled me into his office to talk to Wintsinger (head of the International Department of the CC of the French Socialist Party). Zagladin is engaged in serious negotiations with the French Socialists, but in my opinion, it is an empty waste of time. I was irritated, in a rush, and therefore could not restrain myself and talked about the usefulness of such visits, but politely, with hints. The negotiations were conducted in French. I managed, but when I tried to say something long, I did it with the help of an interpreter, and a good one, too.

I am reading *Children of the Arbat*, second part, I read the first one two years ago. They say that Gorbachev interfered and they allowed to publish it in the beginning of 1985 in *Oktyabr*. I really doubt that. Rybakov presents Stalin as a literary character, with an inner dialog, in which he constantly contrasts himself with Lenin. This novel is an attempt to unravel the mystery of what Stalin is both psychologically and philosophically and why he became possible. But the latter is a mix of Dostoyevsky and Medvedev.

The novel of a great talent.

Postscript for 1984

This is the formative year when Gorbachev emerged as a statesman of the all-Union and international scale. Even under the sick Andropov, this person, a very unusual one for the Soviet top leadership, became the focus of hopes of the socially and physically exhausted, ideologically desiccated society, which grew disgusted with the pharisaism, lies and false pretenses that became characteristic traits of the regime. The disappointment that Chernenko, and not Gorbachev, was elected General Secretary, led to the ultimate realization about the hopelessness and state irresponsibility of the top leadership of the country, stricken with decrepitude and senile egotism. Gorbachev was able to use this situation quite well, increasing his activity and demonstrating his intellectual and political superiority over his “colleagues.”

The objective situation favored his accent. The colors of universal stagnation have darkened (this term started to be used in records long time before it became an official “party” term). The economy declined. Agriculture had completely lost its ability to feed the country: one-third of grain was imported thus depleting the gold reserves and swallowing a big chunk of petrodollars. The colossal state debt, hidden from the population—in the conditions of falling global oil prices—threatened an imminent financial crash.

Levers of management were failing. The picture of flagrant mediocrity, lack of talent and falseness, of the degeneration of bureaucratic bosses was demonstrated every time in reports by ministers and regional committee secretaries during sessions of the CC CPSU Secretariat and at the Politburo.

Due to the nature of work of the author of the memos, he could see especially well the fatal inadequacy of the chief personalities who were in charge of international affairs. Gromyko and his deputies, Ustinov, Ponomarev, Rusakov, Rakhmanin ... exhibited a complete inability to react to changes in the outside world, to “Reagan’s peace offensive,” to the dissatisfaction of the socialist allies with their condition of satellites, to the factual “departure from us” and dissolution of most of the units of the international communist movement, which started long before we, the CPSU, stopped paying for the “fraternal parties.”

“The Uzbek affair,” headed by the first secretary of a communist party of a Union republic Rashidov revealed not only the “transformation” of the socialist order into an Oriental quasi-despotism, but also a complete failure of the national policy of uprooting the Islam by means of educating [population] into the European-Russian culture and by imposing the internationalist atheistic ideology.

And nonetheless, one would have been hardly able to find a single person in the USSR, who was able to foresee that members of the CC CPSU and then even some Politburo

members would come to lead autocratic and even pro-Fascist regimes in the former Soviet republics.

Cynicism, servility, race for positions, titles, awards—were affecting a big part of the so-called “creative” intelligentsia and scientific sphere. Moreover, in this year, the consequences of the moral and political decomposition that has been accumulating for decades started to be clearly seen both in the party and state nomenclature, among the intelligentsia, and also in the spiritually paralyzed wide mass of “regular people.” The moral and political decomposition, which later, when the totalitarian hood was lifted, made it possible to destroy Perestroika so easily, and allowed the destructive and criminal Yeltsin’s “elite” to capture power and the property of the nation.

Along with that, there were some obvious signs of ideological opposition among part of the intelligentsia, demands for freedom of thinking (under the cover of returning to the “Leninist norms”). The creeping, unformed, often unconscious dissent was becoming more and more influential in the artistic and scholarly literature, in the cinema, in painting. It infiltrated even the highest echelon of the intelligentsia party apparatus. It found its reflection, in particular, in the “art” of speechwriters. General Secretary (and other “leaders”) publicly and in their conversations with foreigners said things with which they would have never agreed if only they understood the essence of what was beautifully written for them. The texts that they read and the “culturally” formulated statements diverged from their views and dogmas and contradicted their mentality itself and everything that they were doing and how they behaved in their positions. As a result, the mendacity of the regime and its intellectual helplessness was becoming more and more obvious.

Gorbachev saw all that. He understood that the country lost its direction, that the ideological and physical illness of the society had reached a high degree. However, one cannot discern, at least in this period, any doubts in the foundations of the system, deficient in its Stalinist nature, in his words or his deeds. He believed that the illness was treatable and that the party ... cleansed from the filth, that stuck to it after Lenin, could become (as it had happened more than once in 70 years), could become the healer. He believed in the purity and the moral power of the ideas of Leninism, in the magnetism and authority of the idealized image of Lenin. And, of course, he relied on the discipline, simply speaking, on the submissiveness of the cadres, who were used to doing whatever the “Central Committee” ... in the person of General Secretary would think up and order them to do. He also hoped for enthusiasm that could be inspired by the novelty of designs and “big goals.”

Notes from this year are saturated with the author’s desperation in the face of stupidity, meanness, mediocrity and selfishness of all kinds of officials, who stood above him and next to him, who in different ways influenced the situation in the country, the politics. He was depressed by the indifference to the fates of the country among people who were around him, among his colleagues and “subordinates,” by their cynicism and their desire to evade their duties. At times, he sounds as the almost only “good one” among them. This is not for the lack of modesty, but the result of hopelessness, which pushed him to

see any smallest signs of hope with enthusiasm, and at one time to see those even in the texts read by Chernenko. The author's judgements about his colleagues are sharp and often unfair, although they are based in facts. Nowadays, it is obvious to him that their behavior and their attitude to their "cause" could be explained by their lack of desire to "lay oneself out" in the name of what they no longer believed and what they deservedly despised (as well as the main leaders of that "cause") ... But they, doctors and candidates of sciences, continued to serve that cause, as well as the author of these notes, who, probably, had a more acute "sense of his craft": if you do something, do it well, regardless of where your product would go next.

Characteristically, however, not one of the colleagues or friends of the author from among the consultants' group of the CC CPSU International Department did "find themselves" or "find a good place" under the new regime in the new Russia.