

Fleeting thoughts on a Moscow Summer -
Sardines cans in the freezer.

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June 2

The dreaded moment of arrival in Moscow has come. We have to leave the comfort of the clean Swissair plane and are held up on the staircase because some dignitaries arrived and have to be greeted with pomp. We make it into the airport bus and the passport control is quite fast and efficient. Then comes the long wait for the baggage. There is only one belt for all the Moscow flights ^{and} ~~the entire air-~~ ^{one in} ~~port~~ no larger than the ^{Elmira, N.Y. airport's}. We not only find our baggage but ~~also~~ ^{even} one of the two pieces sent by Air Cargo. After going through the controls, without having anything opened or searched, we are met by the guy from the Academy of Sciences who is short, shabby and speaks good English. On the way to the cargo depot we find that he has lived in New York working for the United Nations and considers Honolulu the most beautiful city in the world. It takes one hour to get the ^{missing} ~~bag~~, endless papers to sign and fill out, and the threat of a search of all the bags. -- ^{that} It is given up when the woman sees how many pieces we have.

We drive to the Hotel of the Academy of Sciences. All seems fine until we began to drive further and further away from Red Square. The tired man from the Academy points out the buildings where his daughter goes to school, where his in-laws and he live, where we can go and hear good classical music. We arrive at the hotel of the Academy to find an awful modernistic structure with no one to take

up our baggage. A painted woman takes our passports and the blue papers with our visas and generously acknowledges that there is a room for us. Another similar type gives us the key - it is 9:55 PM and we see that the dining room is to close at 10 but it is already locked. Through the intervention of our man they agree to let us in in five minutes. We go up to find a room with two cots, a small free standing closet, a desk and two chairs, with an outside bathroom shared by another room. The guy opens the enormous briefcase he has been carrying all the time and in which I thought he had his life's work, to take out a blue envelope with 100 Rubles for us. It seems we receive 4 Rubles per day to live on and have already paid out 6 for the porters.

We go down to the dining room. Tables and floor filthy and so are the people who work there. An overworked young man gives us the choice of some two meats and compote. One dish looks the same as the other, both totally inedible and next to them a good amount of greasy fried potatoes. I feel ready to vomit and drown my feelings in some sour wine and a plum compote which is served in a tea glass and has two bitterish plums floating in a saccharine juice. The people around us don't look like scholars, but like lonely tired men. How wise their wives were to stay away! We try to take a walk but discover a wide ²avenue which we cross through an underground passage. The only thing open is a

row of six machines dispensing soda water and one glass to drink from, that you wash by pressing down on a gadget that spurts cold water. There is a crowd of young men standing about. No choice, we have to return to our room, which is mostly taken up by seven large and many small pieces of luggage. I have not eaten since 9 this morning so console myself with some Swiss chocolate and Bourbon and the thought of the gorgeous duck and smoked eel I had^{eaten} the night before in Warsaw. Dick is tired so I take a sleeping pill at 11 PM which for me is only 9 Warsaw time. Warsaw prides itself that it belongs to Central Europe even when it comes to the time zones - the time is the same there as in London, Paris and Rome.

June 3

At 5 AM the room is bright since the little green curtains barely cover three quarter of the window. Dick is snoring away and I decide to start this diary. I am sure I shall say nothing new in it, but maybe someone who is eager to come and visit this paradise will read it in time and spend his or her time and money in a better way.

By 8 AM I was too hungry to wait for Dick to get up and made my way to the "buffet" which one can find either on the fifth or eleventh floor. Both had long lines and while patiently waiting my blood was boiling - the number of people in front of me doubled by the time my turn came, for the

"tovarishche" were joining the ones in line. A fellow in front of me was reading L'Humanite so I decided to ask him in French to help me get my breakfast. He delicately tried to find out where I was from and when I told him, he switched to English which he claimed to know better than French. I got my "twarog" (sort of cottage cheese), "smetana" (cream), cucumbers and tea. He joined me at the table and wanted to know when the next American elections will take place, whether I like Kennedy and will he run. He also heard that Jack Kennedy's son was murdered two months ago - was it true? When I said I knew nothing of this he gave a sigh of relief. He said he was from Armenia, then corrected himself, the Armenian Republic, where he is to return tomorrow after just four days in Moscow. When he left the table he expressed the hope of being able to talk to me again on "interesting subjects". The above "buffet" had seats for 16 people, a total of 32 on both floors for the whole large building.

They certainly have decided to treat Dick in a shabby way - in the past when they still had hopes of "converting" him he was put up in the best hotels, had a car at his disposal and the best food available. I am sure that no Russian professor working in the United States under the auspices of this Academic Exchange program is given this kind of accommodations. Most of the people in this building are Soviet citizens or citizens from the other Socialist Republics .

Even the receptionist speaks only a few words of broken German.

At the rate I am writing this morning I shall have volumes! Dick predicts I shall not continue with it for long, but we shall see!

At noon our link with the Academy is to call. When he was leaving us last night he said "Professor Pipes you are all set and can start work in the morning". What a farce. When Dick returned from breakfast he called me the most spoiled person in the world. I had just had my first trip to the toilet and found that newspaper was still the standard quality of toilet paper.

Went out on our first walk - what pleasure some of our liberated women would have if they could see two men and one woman dressed in the identical orange vests repairing the heavy boulders on the street. Our hotel is located in a very busy part of town where many lines of the buses and trolley buses start. The stores seem to be poorly supplied and many people are shopping at all times.

Kovalov (our man whom I was never to see again) called to say that he cannot find the person in charge of apartments but he will try later again. Off we go to the National for lunch. There is the usual sign at the door "no tables available", but we just walk in and join two others already seated. We order in English and are waited on by a pleasant

woman. Our humor improves considerably after we have eaten some chicken Kiev, salad and drank vodka. The bill is quite reasonable at 5.80 Rubles. Our first visit to the archives was a total fiasco. The policeman at the door did not have Dick's name as someone to be admitted. He called the man in charge who soon came, shook hands, smiled and asked us to wait. He returned with the information that all was arranged for a Mister R.E. Pipes to work here last Year, but that he had had no notice of his arrival now. Of course, he said, there will be no difficulties, but it just so happens that the archive he would like to use is in "remont" and he will let him know on Friday when he can start working there. "Remont" is used for repairing watches and shoes to remodeling and refurbishing houses, flats or libraries, a word the meaning of which I learned well since it is used to excuse almost anything. Another call to Kovalov which I attempted from a public telephone. These phones take only the one or two Kopeiki pieces which are hard to come by, and it also means that one can only call within the city. To call long distance one has to go to the Post Office where it is easy to keep track of all calls. Since Kovalov still had no news for us, he took a new line of defence and said that they had no idea that I would come to the Soviet Union with Prof. Pipes. He chose to forget that I received the visa at the same time and that my name was included on all the applications. Not to have a totally wasted day we proceed to the Lenin Library for Dick to get a work permit. After two more Metro rides and

finding the right bureau, we are told that in order to get the "propusk" or entry ticket the passport is necessary. But the passport is with the police - please come back when you have it.

Next we take a sort of mini-bus to get to the Beriozka (hard currency) food shop. Instead, we find one that has nothing but shoes, perfumes and a few luxury items that only Soviet citizens can buy for hard currency coupons (earned abroad or stolen). We look at some shoes which turn out to be from England and Finland. We then go to the large Moscow Department Store in the hope of finding toilet paper (by now we have replaced the local press with the Neue Zürcher Zeitung, a bit softer to touch). There was no toilet paper but we did get some paper napkins. Next we tried to find powdered milk and bread. The first is not available altogether and the second can be bought in special bread stores only. We had a 100% record of failure. Upon returning to our room we found the beds unmade and an unfriendly aggressive maid who insisted that we rested there all day and she could not possibly have cleaned it. Our feeble attempts to explain that we have been gone the last five hours did not help. She insisted that in the future we let her know each time we leave the room. Typically Russian fashion she later turned out to be quite friendly and helpful. Another call from Kovalov to tell us that he has had no success. I propose we get a second room in this

hotel. Both he and I talk to the administrator, and are told that it would cost an extra 19 Rubles per day which the Academy is unwilling to pay, and that it is impossible to get. At this point we don't propose to pay for the room ourselves since we don't want to confuse the bureaucratic mind and are afraid that he will give up the effort to find us a better place. I unpack a bit more and manage to get a fourth hanger and turn to my Bourbon once more. By 8 PM we were hungry but absolutely refused to ever enter our dining room or the buffet. We noticed a cafe nearby but soon found out from a bearded white Russian, who looked like a character straight out of Tolstoy, that there was a good restaurant across the street. It was a Polish restaurant in the Hotel Warszawa where we had a good steak a la Polonaise. We danced to a band that played Gypsy and American tunes. This was the first real change I noticed after an absence of 15 years to this country. People were relaxed, truly enjoying themselves and at the same time unspoiled. There were a few here and there dressed more fashionably, but on the whole their clothes were clean and neat. The cost of the two course meal and 100 grams of vodka was 4.50 Rubles for both of us. The Russians seem to have money and little to spend it on. This was a Wednesday, the place quite far away from the center of town, yet it was crowded. The role of the doorman in this country is not to open the door to customers but to keep them out. They always say there is no room, but when you insist, and especially when you are an American, room is always found. We walked back, got a glass from our room and bought soda water from the machine for one

Kopieika. For the first time I walked with a glass of soda water in my hand on a city street.

Even though I woke up at 6 AM I did not get up until 11 since there was really nothing for me to do. If I were in a "normal" country I would have gotten up energetically and started out early to look for a decent place for us to live in. I would love to be able to unpack and start a more or less normal life. It finally occurred to me by noontime that it might be a good idea in any case to take a look at the apartments on Gubkina street. The IREX (International Research and Exchanges Board) sheets given to us before departure described them as good and decently furnished. We got on the wrong Metro and it took over an hour to find the right building, for there is just one where the foreigners are allowed to live. Once there, there was no one to give us any information, until I noticed a Japanese coming out of the building. When I asked him if I could see an apartment he indicated that there was an American family living on the 13th floor. We took the elevator up and rang the doorbell. A messy young woman greeted us suspiciously and when we explained what we wanted and asked to be excused for bothering them, she called her husband, a friendly Californian. We saw a pretty awful place consisting of a small room, kitchen and bath and decided this was not for us. We rushed back to our room and tried to call our policeman. His line was either busy or he did not answer - we decided he did not want to talk to me for he had no new information. When he

finally answered the phone all he could talk about was that it was all arranged for Dick to start work in the archive on Friday. He managed to forget that the first thing he told us upon our arrival was "all is ready for you to start work tomorrow". Somehow the "remont" also got done faster than expected. Having listened politely to him, I then asked about our change of rooms. He still had not gotten hold of the man in charge of Gubkina. When I informed him that we were no longer interested in moving there, ~~offer having gone the whole way out there and~~ looked at it, he gave an obvious sigh of relief. I thought it was the right moment to press about an extra room here, but once more he managed to evade the issue.

Ventured out on my own for the first time while Dick made another attempt to get the Library permit. I went to the main Intourist office to buy tickets for the Bolshoi for Saturday. I had to pay for them in "valuta" (in my case in dollars) and was told to come back on Friday to pick them up. Another feature of life here - one can never plan a theater or concert ahead of time. I then walked down Gorki Street to "window shop". I could have bought a kilogram of cherries for 1,80 Rubles, I could have waited in line to see the Lenin Mausoleum, or I could have waited in just as long a line to buy some greasy sausage. Instead I went to the Gum Department Store and had the good luck to find a plastic cup for 30 Kopeikis. I can now drink soda water at every corner without waiting for the one available dirty glass - what joy - nowhere in the world

can I indulge in my passion for soda water the way I can ~~not~~ at one Kopieika per glass. The plastic cup will remain in my purse from now on all the time. I then found a notebook for 3 Kopieikis which enables me to go on with this diary. I returned to the hotel feeling I had had a successful day. The girl in our hotel's "service bureau" made a reservation for us to have dinner at the Warszawa restaurant- normally they take no reservations except in some restaurants for tourists and even there it has to be called in by noon. Anyway, we got it and ate cotelette Warszawski and danced once more to Gypsy music.

Back in our room around 11 PM we tuned in to the BBC and were surprised to hear them broadcasting excerpts from Dick's latest book "Russia under the Old Regime". Since it was totally unplanned it was thrilling to be in the Soviet Union at this time. It seems they are picking the most anti-Soviet parts. I wonder if we shall hear about this in the next few days and what their reaction will be.

June 5

We ran into friends from California in the lobby, a world of difference between Moscow and Villa Serbelloni where we saw them last exactly one year ago where we were living in great luxury hosted by the Rockefeller Foundation. We made our way together to the Intourist Office and found that one had to pay "valuta" to see the Kremlin and one can visit it only at 9:30 AM. We then went in search of an English-Russian dictionary. After

looking in at least six shops I found a used copy from the 30's for 20 Kopieikis. I also managed to find some dark ribbon to make an eye shade for myself, for there are no dark curtains or shades in the rooms here and it gets light about 3 AM. I often wondered what it feels like to be North during the white nights, now I know that I prefer the nights to be dark. Lunch at the Budapest for the first and last time - we had lousy service and poor food. We were lucky to catch a taxi without waiting a long time at the taxi stand. The driver noticed our map of Moscow where every street and important monument was well marked, and wanted to know where we got it. Dick told him in the USA. He then wanted to know if you can buy it there and when Dick said, no, he replied "I understand" and asked if he could have it when we leave in two months. We agreed on condition that he would drive us whenever we needed a taxi (taxi drivers here pull up to the stand, ask the waiting men and women where they want to go and pick the one going to an address convenient for him). Maps of the city are not available except those that show Metro and bus lines or picture maps with the most important monuments.

And now we are again waiting to hear from our policeman - are we ever going to move and finally unpack? I tried to call him dozens of times - the line is either busy or there is no answer. Someone told me this happens here when more than one person calls the same number simultaneously. I think he is avoiding me for he still has no answer.

Dick tried to go to the Institute of History to discuss our situation with them but never found it since he was given the wrong address. So another miserable night in this place and a long evening of reading the May 25th London papers. We have also decided to ration our Swiss chocolate supply since the local one is awful and costs 1.50 Rubles for a bar. I went shopping earlier and stood in line to buy a can of Moroccan sardines at 60 Kopeikis, a bottle of Kefir (sort of buttermilk) at 30 Kopeikis, a cucumber at 40 and six small Moroccan oranges for 1.40 Rubles. I waited at least 15 minutes at the fruit stand alone. Some man before me bought oranges for 19 Rubles. The lucky man must have a refrigerator.

June 6

My California friend and I had an early start to be on time for our visit to the Kremlin. We managed to find bus number 5 and even managed to have the proper change for our tickets. Got off at Gorki street and went directly to the Intourist office where masses of people were waiting. We walked over to the Kremlin and discovered that ours was not the only group - there were hundreds of others. The Armory was most impressive containing arms, dresses, church objects, silver, plates and a terrific collection of carriages. On closer investigation one finds that at least half of the objects there were either ordered in the West by the Tsars and the old Russian aristocracy, or they were presents from France, England or Austria. The young woman who guided us was quite dictatorial,

told us exactly how and where to stand and at what speed to look. In the church square we visited the Church of the Assumption which was the private church of the Tsars. We skipped the Church of the Annunciation for we had to get to the Embassy. We found the right Metro and got there in time to register and get the permission to shop in the commissary. Their supplies are quite limited and expensive, with lots of dog food and cereals, but did get the dry milk, laundry detergent and a bottle of Bourbon.

The reason the prices are so high is that the commissary does not want to compete with the local stores. As a treat had a hamburger for lunch. While there we found out the the Embassy offers rare services not usually found in embassies in other countries, such as a launderette, dry cleaning sent to Finland, a hairdresser, a post office where you can buy Austrian, Finish and US stamps. You can also leave your old clothes and whatever else you want to give away and it will be send to Helsinki, since it is forbidden to give anything to Russians (diplomats, of course have to obey this but some of them get around this by putting things in the trash cans which are later carefully gone over by the neighbors). What Irony - to send things out of Russia to Finland!

On my return found that Dick had managed to get the second room and private bath for us, but not the deluxe suite. While unpacking thought of the old joke of the Jew and the goat and had a good laugh over it. (Briefly, the joke is of a poor Jew who goes to the Rabbi to complain how crowded his house is since

his mother in law moved in. The Rabbi tells him to take into the house a chicken and asks him to return a week later. Each time the poor man returns he is told to add another animal until finally the goat is also moved in. When he comes back to the Rabbi to complain that he can take it no longer, the Rabbi tells him to remove the animals one by one. By the time only the family remains, the Jew feels that his house is grand and complains no more). The same way, if they had given us these two rooms on arrival I would have bitched - now that I lived in one for four days and shared the bath, the double space and our own bath and toilet seem good.

In the late afternoon returned to the Embassy for the Happy Hour, which takes place every Friday when drinks are sold and half price. Met two historians of Russia, one from U. of Mass. and the other from the University of Hawaii. Together we went to the Aragvi restaurant where we were seated at a table with an older man. He was a Jew who insisted on speaking Yiddish to us, or rather to Dick whom he "took over". After dinner we walked with him to the Pushkin park where the concert had just ended and people put flowers at Pushkin's monument in honor of his birthday. Where else would people bring flowers to the monument of a poet? The old man talked much of Israel and of the miseries of life in the Soviet Union and yet , he had been homesick after spending 8 months in New York recently. He complained that his family there did not let him go out after 8 PM because it was dangerous and that all they were concerned with was making money. He will probably call

again tomorrow. (He never did). For some diversion shall read Dick's book, my last chance while here since we brought with us only two copies and many people want to read it and see it. Everywhere we go we are told that they heard the BBC broadcasts and of course prefer to read the original.

The only good thing I can say for this day , that it is one day closer to leaving this land.

Spent an hour this morning buying 6 oranges, 4 cucs, 3 cans of sardines, cheese and kefir at a cost of 7 Rubles. Among the reasons why it takes for very long to shop here is the system of standing in line first to pay. One figures it out how much it will cost for what one wants. Then in another line one waits again and the salesgirl has to weigh the cheese or oranges to come up with the exact amount paid for ahead of time. This obviously wastes a lot of time. (I don't think I mentioned it before that the rate of exchange is now \$1.00 for 68 Kopeikis, while on the open market \$1 would bring 5 Rubles. There are 100 Kopeikis in one Ruble).

I then investigated the celebrated enormous swimming pool and enormous it is. It looks as though lots of people were taking sitz baths - but I will have to return there another day and see for myself what it is like. From there walked along the river, next to the "stone bridge" to meet Dick at the Lenin Library (which he insists on calling the Moscow Public Library). It is quite amazing how many streets, monuments and buildings they have managed to name after Lenin. They all sound the same to me, but Lenin Street is quite different from V. Lenin St. and so on. We had lunch at the new Intourist Hotel where the

food was good but the lights did not work and the waiter had to open the beer bottle with a knife. We find prices to be almost the same everywhere. The meat is usually bad but the soup and zakuski (hors d'oeuvres) edible.

Tried to get back fast, but instead took the no. 5 bus in the wrong direction and ended up near the Zoo. By the time I got the two subways it was late and I foolishly washed my hair only to find that my hairdryer is for 220 Volts and this building, probably the only one in all Moscow, has 127 Volts. Ended up going to the Bolshoi with wet hair. "Chopiniana" is an old fashioned ballet created in the 30's to Stalin's taste. It was boring and poorly danced. On the other hand the "Carmen" of Bizet's was beautifully choreographed, original and performed by excellent dancers. Returned to have some black bread, sardines, cheese and kefir in our room.

June 8

Maybe this should be called a diary of a bored American woman! I never thought I could feel this way and I hope it will change, but right now I have no desire to meet any Russians, to learn Russian or even to see and to get to know the city. For lack of anything else to do I went to the Lenin Sports Stadium and park. I took the Metro of the name of Lenin and got off at the Sportivnaya stop. The Metro was mobbed with the same mass of people. No one is really ever well dressed but no one is in rags. I walked for two hours in the park that is flat, has no flowers and no particularly nice trees. There were speakers on some of the trees and lamp posts and music or

speeches were piped. Even on ^{on} Sunday walk one cannot get away from the usual propaganda and mostly wartime patriotic songs. For two hours one tried to talk to me, offer to change money or buy my clothes. They are well trained and are afraid to approach a foreigner. Fifteen years ago they were willing to take more chances, I suppose, because they had even less and a foreigner was more of a novelty. Now one sees people from all over the world even from Africa, but I have never seen any Russians mixing with Blacks. They stand out here looking much smarter and more colorful.

For lunch and breakfast we had almost exclusively local food. For a change we had bread, cheese and some canned fish followed by the usual kefir and quite unusual Bulgarian plums which appeared in the store today and were gone minutes later. The foods that are common are tasty but the diet is heavy and fattening. Hope we don't both gain weight, but it is hard to avoid the starchy foods. By now I have come to appreciate the advantage of the average Russian woman's figure. Big bust and behind are both useful to push oneself into a crowded bus or get ahead in a food line.

Dinner in the Praga (all the restaurants I have been to so far are named after capitals of Communist states). When I got there I realized that we were there in 1959, as guests of Zhukov, with the Harvard delegation. We then toasted both countries and universities dining in a private room. Today

we were in a huge second floor room, done in authentic Art Nouveau style, but with poor lighting, bad service and little choice of food. The Georgian wine was good. The band played mostly sentimental Russian songs and there was the usual wedding party with the bride in white in the style of 50 years ago. There was a touching old peasant couple and many fat ladies. At the next table sat two couples ^{members, the} ~~probably children of~~ "golden youth" - they ate nothing but black caviar at Rubles 3.80 a portion and drank Stolichnaya vodka which is becoming rare now for most of it is exported (another way to get hard currencies). Both girls wore long skirts - a sight still quite rare here, even though it is almost passe in the West.

June 9

I started the day with a walk to the Gorki Park of Rest and Culture with the idea of compiling a guide to Moscow for people who have nothing to do. Entered through a series of imposing gates 50 feet high and dedicated to Lenin. Another unattractive park with a tiny lake ^{where} one can rent boats. A few minutes later an Armenian started walking with me and instantly told me he was from Erevan, how much fun it is there and how boring here. On the other hand he did come here for his vocation! I was secretly hoping when he invited me to sit down with him on a park bench that he would propose buying some of my clothes or changing money (which I would have refused, but I wanted to hear what rate and prices he would offer), but instead he had a simple old fashioned pick up in

mind. He told me he liked me and did I like him? Wanted to go drinking with me later on. Even though I understood everything he said it was convenient to pretend not to. When I managed to tell him that I had a husband in town he quickly lost interest and soon left. He was a chairman of a kolkhoz, smoked three packages of various cigarettes per day to stay thin. He has five sons and two daughters and showed me their photos taken 18 years ago. So far my two conversations with "strangers" have been with Armenians. Interestingly enough he wanted to know my exact age and that of my parents, and also whether we were capitalists. When I said definitely yes, he instantly followed with the word millionaire.

I was taken to the best Beriozka shop which seemed to me to be a racket. It looks like a minor super market but for local conditions it is grand. They sell liquors, beer(which is not obtainable in the general stores), cigarettes and some other Russian tourist ware such as fur hats, wooden dolls, wooden boxes and some crummy silver. The Prices are given in Rubles, but only "hard" currencies are accepted and the cashier converts it after each purchase into the currency you tell her you have. This store is only for foreigners and natives are not allowed in. I bought ~~some~~ Russian chocolate with the printed price of 1,50 Rubles and sold there for 40 Kopeikis and then translated into 60¢, and a cheap fur hat for 9 Rubles. Obviously a fair system all around!

Upon my return found that Dick had arranged for our move - this is now final and the best we can get. Two rooms and a bath on the quieter side of the building. The furniture is the same but it is in better condition, the wallpaper less torn, and fewer broken things; obviously the rooms are meant for more distinguished guests and can be bugged. (I have had a definite feeling that we were not bugged as yet, for I often would say things especially meant for "their ears" but had no results. Another symptom of our lowly treatment).

To get to the Baku restaurant we managed to catch an "illegal" taxi, usually a car of some bureaucrat whose chauffeur has free time and makes extra money on the side with his boss' permission. The going rate is ~~is~~ about double of the regular taxi fare. The restaurant was quite pleasant, the band played Turkish music and the crowd around us seemed to enjoy themselves. How are we going to get used to eating without an orchestra again?. On the return trip we had a driver who was obviously a Jew, a graduate engineer who said he preferred driving a taxi and working only every other day for 14 hours, and have the other days free to learn English and the piano. It is a story that is hard to believe and I suspect that he cannot get a decent job because he is a Jew, or a dissident or both.

June 10

Our eighth day here. It is very warm in the room since we have the morning sun. No shades in the window

but I reh^{ing} the curtains so the length hangs across and at least covers the width of the window. Everything here is done without either attention or thought. The person in charge of furnishing all the curtains here made some money on the side by making them too narrow. The inspector got bribed and did not notice that the windows are wider than the fabric stretched to its full length.

Another trip to my favorite store where I tried to return four empty kefir bottles (the deposit is often more than the contents for the glass is valuable), and was scolded for not having washed them out properly - too bad I could not answer in Russian for I would have loved to make some comment on the general level of cleanliness in the store. The saleswomen, for example, pile cooking fat by hand into bags the customers provide and then handle other foods. They do wear white aprons and funny looking white caps, ^{they are} but ~~these are~~ not too clean. At the end they did agree to take the empty bottles from me only because I was a foreigner. They are not set up for it in the stores and since all is sold with a deposit, an average family must have a lot to return. You have to carry all the bottles and jars to a special place, quite far away, where you wait in line again to get your refund. I was lucky for I did find some Bulgarian plums and bought as many jars as I could carry.

Because of ~~lack~~ of sleep I am happiest staying in the

room. The subways are always crowded and hot and so are the buses. There seem to be no regular working or eating hours. Everyone has a different schedule and is rarely found where he is supposed to be. An average Russian eats a lot on the streets because distances are large, restaurants either expensive or overcrowded. The most common foods sold are meat and other dumplings, ice cream, kvass (a sour drink made of fermented bread and dispensed in what looks to me like small cement mixers), and soda water. Beer is not available (I could buy it for dollars). There is no end to the number of soda water machines and telephone booths (this since most people still do not have their own or it was "removed by the KGB). We solve our eating problem by making our breakfast in the room, at which time I fix sandwiches for Dick which he eats on some park bench. while I usually return to the hotel for my lunch; dinner we eat out. I make sure that Dick brings back the plastic bags the lunch is packed in for these are precious. I wash them and reuse them as long as they last. He also has gotten into the habit on his way home of looking if there is anything to buy and often comes in with a triumphant air if he has bought a lemon, for example, even if we don't need it.

The people at the Institute of History only officiate on Tuesdays and Thursdays afternoon. They stand around the corridors, come in and out giving the impression of

a black market operation. At the end of the corridor a man was selling old books at phenomenal prices and sighing for the good old days before there was inflation. Officially the word inflation does not exist since in this system there is not ever supposed to be an increase in prices. Actually, since the devaluation of the Ruble the prices have almost doubled on many items.

We found the lady and gave her greetings from her friends who now live in the USA. She was quite formal there but said she would get in touch with us in a few days. One of the historians there asked Dick to give a talk on the subject of his work while in the Soviet Union.

On the way home bought myself an ice cream in a kiosk - a sure sign of total frustration. The announcer on the radio said that the health of the people is the main aim of the Party.

For a day during which nothing of real interest occurred I go on with this diary for a long time. After the third meal of bread in the room we looked forward to going to the theater. Just then it started to rain and it was impossible to catch a taxi. By the time we got to the bus stop we were thoroughly drenched and ran back to the hotel. Within minutes the street turned into a river, people took off their shoes and waded through and there was laughter all around. No one paid any attention to the non-existent drainage system.

June 11

Was happy with the cool and rainy morning. To my great delight the American professor we met earlier brought me the promised hot plate, a small pot and frying pan. Now we shall be able to cook a bit and hopefully improve our diet. When we are ready to leave we promised we would pass these on to the next American who has to live and keep house in a hotel room.

Next a trip to the Tretyakov Gallery where there are two rooms of Rubliov's icons. On the second floor saw Repin's Easter Procession which Dick used on the jacket of his new book. Tried to get some information on what one has to do to get slides of some of their paintings, but no one in authority was about. I was told to return next week.

I got quite the same treatment at the Embassy at first. A Russian woman barked at me when I told her I wanted to send a Telex. It was done when I found an American employee who knew who I was. I don't understand why Russians are employed here; if it is for the sake of economy, it is not a wise way to save money. I hear that more and more they are employing wives of Americans serving here. This works well for both; the embassy gets people it can trust, and it gives the women something to do which many need badly for most of them are quite bored with the life here.

Dick was pleased with his work in the archives today. He is finally allowed to see what he has asked for -

possibly the BBC broadcasts have helped too. He takes notes whispering into his cassette recorder. What joy! He says this might be his last book on Russian history, so maybe this is my last trip to this country. (He changed his mind on this subject a few days later when he realized once more how fascinated he is by the history of Russia).

In the Arabat restaurant which is enormous, we found ourselves listening to a 1930's type band and floor show. There was an incredible gymnast hanging on a long rope and doing fantastic postures, there was a lively Gypsy singer and a clever juggling act. The rest was unbelievably bad and provincial. The master of ceremonies tried hard to act the "American Way". The food was poor and little choice available, but when I looked around I realized that most people come here to drink and watch the floor show and not to eat. We danced a few times before walking most of the way home. The bus was crowded even at 11 PM.

June 12

Amazing how much faster the days pass now than at first, not all is new all the time but only most of the time. Today was my "country club" day. Suzanne, an embassy wife picked me up in her red Russian made Fiat station wagon to go to the Lenin Stadium tennis courts. We first had to find the cashier in a separate little building (2.25 Rubles per hour), then in another one a woman took the receipt and confirmed our reservation and gave us the court number. We went through a third one where one can change and shower and on to the courts. From a distance they looked like

regular pink clay courts, but as we approached and actually started playing, we discovered that they are hard courts covered by some pink mud with gravel mixed in so that the balls have a different bounce depending where ⁱⁿ the court they ^{land}. The net is made of many pieces of string so that there are knots all over ~~which~~ take your attention off the ball; under the net is a railroad rail, the purpose of which I have not yet figured out. The lines did exist at one time and when they did they were of double normal thickness. All in all a tennis court, but Soviet style.

With a small interval between to grab a bite in my room I proceeded to the "famous" Moscow swimming pool, ^{named with great originality} after Lenin. It seems that Stalin in the 1930's razed a large church that stood on that spot since the 19th century. Many attempts at building a secular building were made but none succeeded - because of dampness no foundations would hold. About ten years ago the swimming pool was constructed - some say it is poetic justice! It was 2PM when we got there and we were told that we had 45 minutes of swimming time for 50 Kopeikis; at the same time we were told that only pavillions 4 and 5 were open, the rest were under "remont" and that all of them would be closed for the month of July for the same purpose. It makes perfect sense to close the pool during the hottest month of the year when children are on vacation and the pool might be a popular place for people to come to. We

managed to buy our entrance tickets, walked to the assigned pavillion, waited in line to get a locker number stamped on a rubber bracelet, entered and found the box. Undressed quickly, admired many fat naked bodies, was told to march through the shower, a fine idea, which led to two swinging doors that led right into the the water. I took a door to the side which led outside and looked for Dick, who seemed lost and I was afraid I would never find him once in the water. He finally emerged somewhat bewildered carrying a 2 Kopieikis piece of soap in once hand and a swim cap in the other. Caps were compulsory so he had spent all this time on washing out the one he was given, since it was filthy. All the other bodies whether male or female came out directly into the pool. We must have looked somewhat out of place with our bag, newspaper, suntan lotion ready for a sun bath on the Riviera. When we hesitated about going into the water a boy told us the water was warm. There is no nonsense here, you come to the swimming pool to swim or have a sitz-bath but not to enjoy the sun or the air. You only have 45 minutes for all of it and you should not waste it. When the time was up a voice over the loudspeaker told you so and everyone cleared out in a matter of minutes to make room for the next batch, even though today there were few people and the day cool.

We thought we had another piece of luck when we found out from the soman on our hotel floor that we might rent a refrigerator for 80 Kopieikis per day. Dick went directly to Nina in our "service bureau" who was kind and told

him that he might as well spare himself going to all the trouble and wasting his time, for there was no chance he would get one before the time of our departure. This way another "problem" got crossed off our list, life becoming simpler all the time! We knew for sure now that we would have to wait in line every day if we wanted to buy perishable foods.

At night we heard a performance in the small Chaikovsky Hall. The audience was small but well wishing. The performance of Chaikovsky was better than the Haydn but both would have been better if heard on good recordings.

Since we had made reservations to the National restaurant earlier, the doorman let us in, but there was practically nothing left to eat. For \$10 we got a salad consisting of bits of egg, tomato, salmon and caviar.

I witnessed another funny incident in the toilet. I did not mention that ^ain the Arbat restaurant yesterday there were women crouching on the marble floor of that "fancy" toilet tying twigs to make brooms. Tonight I saw a well dressed woman, with her dress up and her behind facing the blast from the electric hand dryer! This obviously is the country to keep a diary in.

June 13

Eggs for breakfast this morning. They are tiny, white, have feathers on them and cost 10 Kopeikis each. Uneventful morning except for a good tennis game and a snack at the embassy.

Rode for 20 minutes on the bus to go to the Kolkhoz market or "rynok". It was a large covered hall with stalls all around that belong to the state. In the middle and outside were the free enterprise peasants selling their wares. I have not yet figured out whether the peasants rent the space and the scales or if they bring it all themselves. How they get there and who brings the food is also a mystery since the market is open every day. After being here 12 days it all looked grand. One could buy a kilogram of tomatoes for 5 Rubles, strawberries for 3.50, chanterelles for 50 Kopeikis a glass as well as onions, potatoes, scallions and beets all about 5 to 7 Rubles per kilogram. Contrary to our prices, these vegetables were more expensive than the berries since the labor of picking does not count much here. We had chanterelles and strawberries for our lunch and they were excellent. The taste brought me back to my childhood. We could do this more often if we had a refrigerator.

The unofficial book market is in the Ivan Fyodorov square. People gather there two afternoons a week to buy or exchange books that are not usually available in the state stores. It also gives them a chance to talk to foreigners who might be standing around. As we were leaving we saw a militiaman leading away an older man and carrying a book in his hand. Dick guesses it was one of Pasternak's with the preface by Siniavsky, a Soviet publication. We thought the man was going to be arrested, but the militiaman just took away the book. The man, I suppose

happy to have lost only the money this book would have brought him, disappeared, while the policeman proudly paraded down the street to the police station to have a plus put next to his name, or maybe he just went to his room and hid it away to sell it himself later on.

I surprised Dick with dinner in our room. Herring from the 5th floor buffet, a large can of Chow Main heated up on our hot plate, good bread, Georgian wine, American Del Monte fruit salad and tea. Dick concluded it was the best meal we have had here, and we loved staying in for the evening.

In the Metropole hotel's Intourist exchange office I tried to change \$100 worth of Travellers checks. I knew I had to show my passport to get the 68 Rubles. Sorry, the girl said, that is not enough. She could not give me the money without the white declaration slip we were given when we entered the country.

Henry came to get us at 7 PM. He had no car or taxi so back into Lenin's metro, which he declared (rightfully) was the best way to get around. He lives in a new apartment block where he and his wife own a flat. The elevator worked and we were warmly received by his wife Kira. The flat consisted of a tiny hall, a room about 10x12 feet, which served as their bedroom, living room, dining room and study, a kitchen and small bath without window. It was furnished in quite good taste and best possible use made of the space, using book shelves as partitions. Everything

served double or triple purpose. We sat around and talked for about half an hour when Kira got up and Russian style put everything on the table at once: sprats, salami, chicken, olives, radishes, cucers, bread, butter, strawberries, cherries, wine, water, vodka and cognac. It was all very tasty and by now I know enough to appreciate how much effort and time it takes to collect all these foods, not to mention the cost. We drank toasts to wives, husbands and children. Our hostess got up once only to bring the torte and tea. When we praised the cake, and indeed it was excellent, she admitted to having bought it in the Warszawa restaurant. Another local racket. I never saw anyone eat this kind of torte there. Obviously those who know buy it up at a higher price to take home and those in the restaurant get the usual answer when one picks from the menu - not available. We sat around the table for nearly four hours and returned home by trolley bus. It was a pleasant evening, no politics were mentioned. They obviously are loyal party members and have no worries about seeing foreigners. Henry has read and admires Dick's work but in his own he follows the party line. It is hard to form an opinion or to like or dislike people of their kind.

June 15

Sunday, election day. Everywhere there are photos framed in glass of the one candidate. Everything is closed so we are relaxing in our quarters, which I will now try to describe more accurately. The two rooms are of about the same size, 10x15 feet with beds 33" wide, standard night tables and closets. None of the doors fit the frames and

the drawers stick. All the window hinges are broken or removed by others before us who could use the parts somewhere else. The bath and toilet are separate, off the hall (usually each room has a different tenant and the facilities are shared). The toilet has a thin plastic seat which moves and bends under you. The cover of the tank does not fit properly. The toilet paper is hard and difficult to tear off. The bath room is the length of the tub and the width that of the tub plus the basin, which are placed right next to one another. The one long faucet reaches both so one swings it back and forth, and, if one is not used to the system, floods the floor on the way. The sink has no stopper; when I asked for one I was told that we here don't use them except for bath tubs. There are actually white tiles on the walls, something they ran out of on higher floors of the building. The floor is also tiled in an odd assortment of red and white pieces. There is usually hot water and all in all we live luxuriously, for normally this amount of space would be for a couple with at least one child. But even with all this there is not enough room between the beds for me to do my Yoga Exercises. I have learned to modify the postures and by now know exactly what I can do without banging my arms and legs.

Dick and I thought we would return to the "book market" where we had some very interesting conversations. Even though I hear of it every day I still have a hard time understanding how the population lives here hating the regime the way they do. They told us that the militia can "take

you in" even if you have nothing to sell or if the book you are selling or exchanging was approved and published in the Soviet Union. Later we went for some fruit juice to the Rossia Hotel, where we discovered a restaurant on the 21st floor with a most beautiful view of the Kremlin and its walls. Made a reservation to return there on Tuesday.

Next we drove to a small street to photograph a house where anti-revolutionaries used to meet in 1918. It took a bit of detective work to find it, for at one end of the street it said numbers 2 to 16 and at the other 10 to 2 and we wanted to find 12. Dick realized that the 10 on the 10 to 2 sign was changed from 16, in other words the houses were re-numbered when private property seized to exist and each house was no longer owned by a different individual.

Rushed back to the hotel to get ready to visit the Kirov family. We had a most interesting evening with them. The discussion was intense for five hours. Quite hard on me for it was mostly in Russian and on political and historical subjects.

June 16

Made up my mind to visit the Pooovs this afternoon, something I had planned to do from the beginning but it took me all this time to finally take the step. I had no problem finding the house, entered through the main door and took a stair up from the courtyard. It was dark and filthy, Since there were no numbers on the doors I knocked on one on the 5th floor and heard a woman ask who I was.

In return I asked if she spoke English. She answered, no, German. I walked away since I knew the Popovs spoke English. A few moments later she opened the door and called me back asking if I want the Popovs. When I nodded she wanted me to come in, It was I who then hesitated, but she assured me I should not be afraid. She said something about a "black stair", took me through her flat, out a door to another staircase, quite clean and proper, and down a flight to their door. It was Natasha who opened the door and asked me to come in as though she both knew me and expected me. I was received with open arms. They live quite well in an old sub-divided apartment, where the rooms are large and the ceilings high. Three or four families share the kitchen and bath. At first we talked of Eva our common friend in London who gave me their address. We talked of other Westerners they knew, They are what is known as "refusniks" or, in other words, people who want to emigrate to Israel but have been refused exit visas by the Soviet authorities. They have applied $3\frac{1}{2}$ years ago and since then Oleg has had no job, their telephone has been removed and their mail is not delivered. I wanted to know how they survive and what they live on. One source of income is often the wife, who manages to keep her job because she uses her maiden name and her employer does not connect her with her husband. The other source of revenue is the money a "refusnik" officially gets from an American Jewish agency, of which the Soviet authorities take away about 30% in so-called taxes. (We were told just the other day that this will be

raised to 70% at the end of the year). The remaining sum is changed into Ruble coupons, similar to the ones diplomats get, with which one can shop at the special Beriozka shops. These people fear nothing and no one since he has been through labor camp (a punishment for being caught a war prisoner by the Germans), sent out of Moscow during the Nixon visit, interrogated by the KGB. As for contacts with Westerners they not only are not afraid to see and be with us but they seek us out since in a way we are a protection for them. By knowing Western journalists, for example, they are sure of publicity if anything should happen to them and they know that the authorities try to avoid that.

In typical Russian fashion I was asked to stay for dinner which the Popovs eat around 2:30. There is little uniformity in people's eating hours here. They eat depending on their work schedule and since that varies a lot so do the dinner and supper hours. Most have their main meal during the day, snacks and tea in the evening. When I realized how many hours I had been there and got ready to leave we arranged for another meeting in two days - if Dick will have the time and desire.

June 17

Was elegantly picked up by one of the American wives of a diplomat and taken, this time, to the so called "diplomatic tennis courts". They too are in the Lenin Stadium area, but quite apart, in a quiet spot among trees. They

are better maintained than the ones I played on a few days ago. Natives are not allowed to use them but the various embassies ~~can~~^{contracts} rent them. Ours [^] 21 hours per week, ~~which~~^{available} if you join ~~the expensive~~ tennis club; ~~but~~ the people I met generously promised to invite me often. Tennis is still a sport for the few since it is not only hard to find a court to play on but equipment is almost unavailable and extremely expensive if one is lucky to find it. Tennis balls are a rarity - the foreign colony gets them from Helsinki or their home countries. We often played with yellow balls which are unknown here and got into the habit of watching them carefully, for if one ever fell outside the court it would be instantly taken by a child or even a passer by who could not resist the bouncy new ball.

At 8 PM we went to the Rossia Hotel to meet American friends for dinner. It was fun to see Cambridge neighbors but the food was incredibly lousy with practically no choice and the prices higher than ~~elsewhere~~. Even the band played badly. A lot of "nouveau riche" Russiens with wigs and shiny lame dresses eating caviar. Caviar has become a status symbol since the rivers are polluted and it is now expensive and hard to get. Most of it is imported from Iran.

June 18

Took three American friends to the "Rynok (peasant market). They were quite thrilled since it was the first

"real" thing they have seen since their arrival in Russia. The Intourist is not interested in showing this since it points out what private initiative can do, and where the public sector fails.

At night we saw Gogol's "Inspector General" shown in the new theater of the Moscow Art Theater. It is the first contemporary building in Moscow that I liked. It is ultra modern and original in its design. I wonder if it was planned by a Russian?

The play was well done and could easily be applied today since so little has changed in this country. The corruption I am told is the same and so is the bribery. Only at the end, when the arrival of the real Inspector General is announced and the mayor makes his speech, does he turn to the actors and not to the audience, the way Gogol planned it, telling them they were laughing at themselves.

June 19

Visited the Pobovs in the evening - Dick's reception was similar to mine - instant rapport and understanding. We rarely meet people in the West with whom we so totally agree with politically. We had uninterrupted conversation for four hours with, of course, food and drink. I brought them all the London Papers I still had. They are well informed and there was little or nothing we could tell them of any importance that they did not know about.

It was past midnight when we entered the Metro and it

was my first chance to observe it at a late hour when few people are about. Many among the few are totally drunk, *bleary eyed and hardly* able to keep the balance, ~~and~~ *and* ~~the~~ *the* ~~balance~~ *balance*.

All the floors and stairs are washed by the "babushki" (*old women*) at this time every night. The rule of standing on the right and passing on the left on the escalators is religiously observed at all times, but at this hour one sees many couples in deep conversation facing one another on the moving stair. Many of the stations are very deep very much modeled after the London Underground. The style of the stations varies. The older ones are quite elaborate with lots of marble statues, huge chandeliers and decorations, while the newer ones are simple and hardly decorated, ~~and~~ *and* ~~the~~ *the* ~~stations~~ *stations*. In the daytime the Metro stations are not only packed with people, but there are stalls with books, records, flowers and some kind of a primitive gambling game where one pays 5 Kopeikis and *pull* out a paper. I have no idea what one can win or what the purpose of it is. Here and there one sees a peasant woman selling a few wild flowers. I assume she does not work for the state and the few Kopeikis she earns are her own, but who can tell? All the others work for the state, just as the shoe cleaner and the ice cream vendor on the corner. When we reached the hotel we found masses of the women who work there in the lobby busily writing their daily reports.

June 20

Met the three American women again and showed them the Kommissionnyi Magazin (meaning that they sell on commission) specializing in antiques. You can find there the world's worst paintings and unspeakably ugly bric-a-brac at very high prices. A quite ordinary cup and saucer might cost 20 Rubles only because it is a bit old and not available elsewhere. There is a Salon Magazin next door - sort of their edition of ^{an elegant gift shop.} New Prints, paintings, pottery, dolls, all tasteless and of terrible quality. There is an endless supply of busts of Lenin ^{selling} at a low price. These are mass manufactured in all sizes and of all materials. There is also no shortage of Lenin medals, Lenin posters and Lenin badges in all shapes and colors. Where are the artists and artisans in this country? Thought I would take the ^{American women} to the Novodevichy Monastery next, but they preferred to spend the time in the "valuta" Beriozka where it was hot, crowded and really nothing worth while to spend your money on.

Since it was Friday the Pobovs invited us to their weekly gathering, which I call their Salon. It is a sort of open house but by invitation only. Old friends and "habitués" don't need an invitation especially since many of those are also refusniks and have no telephone or mail. This evening there were, we were told, a greater number of people than usually because of us. I found many who spoke good English, one Nina in particular who works as an English

interpreter; others of the intelligentsia understood it even if they could not speak it. Anyway the language was no problem since I understood when spoken to in Russian. All possible subjects were touched upon. They bitterly complained that if once they have a chance to travel abroad, they feel like beggars since they get paid in Rubles here and have no hard currency unless friends support them and pay for them. They are frustrated because they would like to shop and can't. The non-Jews gathered there were all dissidents; I did not realize before, that ^{to} it is possible ^{to} be an active dissident, participate in underground publications, and at the same time keep a good job and sometimes even be a party member, for that is something you can never give up, once a part of it. Dick was in the center of the group in the other room, talking on all possible subjects. I heard later that many there were very impressed with the range of his knowledge.

June 21

On the spur of the moment my California friends and I decided to try to go to Muranov to see the residence of the poet Tiutchev, something they had wanted to do for two weeks but could not arrange for lack of a car. A friend of theirs ^{in the U.S.} had asked them to visit it, for it had belonged to her family before the Revolution. We thought we would try to go by train, but were uncertain if Americans ^{whether we are} are permitted there since we were not sure, allowed to travel 50 miles or kilometers out of town; if ^{it is} it is 50 kilometers, Muranov would be out of bounds. We took

the Metro to the Yaroslavsky station. On a large board we found the schedule and managed to figure out the number of the track and the time of the next train. Bought tickets from a machine which dispenses tickets according to the distance to be traveled. Our round trip tickets were 80 Kopeikis each to the 55 Kilometer station. The Long Island RR could learn something here about efficiency of moving masses of people quickly. At first it looked hopeless because the train stopped every few minutes but those were suburban stations. ^{Although} We had seats, some people stood the entire trip. We reached the 55 Km. stop in a bit over an hour and found ^{we should have gotten off earlier} ~~out~~ from an English speaking lady (who had a Jewish friend who had recently left and now lives in Boston and teaches at Boston University).

Returned two stations ^{only} to discover that the Tiutchev house, now a museum, is ^{yet} 3 kilometers away, ^{with} and no bus scheduled for an hour. Another English speaker came to our rescue (a Jewess from Kharkhov) who helped us find transportation. We got to a house which would be considered an average fine family summer house in New England. ^{well} It was furnished in the taste of a late 19th century person with money and culture. For the average Russian to see French and Italian paintings, furniture, chandeliers, crystals and china from the 18th and 19th centuries is a rare treat and many of them have never seen any. The gardens with fruit trees are pleasant.

There are some other houses on the property, - probably originally ^{meant} for servants. We were informed that this is the only estate of its kind left in the USSR that is totally intact - no fires, lootings or changes have taken place. According to the ~~guide~~ the family "left" in 1918 and in 1920 it became a museum. We had to wear slippers over our shoes to preserve the parquet floors. The library seemed to have a good collection of Western European authors. It was 4 PM when we thought of the transportation problem and again found that the next bus to the station was at 5:30. How was I going to make the dinner at 8 PM in Moscow? A Russian woman I met at the bus stop helped me convince a driver of a truck to take us - he agreed when she told him we were foreigners. He would not even accept any payment for it. Once at the station our luck held and the train came five minutes later. The trip back was uneventful, the countryside quite dull with wooden houses far apart and an occasional newish tall apartment block.

The dinner at the flat of a U.S. diplomat was totally American in character. The subject of conversation was almost exclusively on Russia, Russians and the life here. The evening seemed formal in comparison with our other evenings and the food was excellent, cooked by a Russian maid but bought in the diplomatic "Gastronom". I was once taken by an American friend to that Gastronom. Diplomats

and other foreign residents can shop there for Ruble coupons which they buy for hard currencies at the official rate of exchange. The advantage is hidden in the prices charged in this food shop. A can of Moroccan sardines for which I paid 60 Kopeikis in the regular shop, costs 27 Kopeikis in the Beriozka for tourists, and 17 Kopeikis in this special diplomatic store. This is their way of acknowledging the true value of the Ruble and preventing the diplomats from complaining too much about the prices in the Soviet Union and the rate of exchange.

June 22

Managed to get Dick up early and by 10 AM we were at the Bogoyavlensky Sobor. A not too good looking, but large 19th century church which has been officially designated to stay open for tourists who want to see an Orthodox service. The choir was magnificent but I was less impressed when I later found out that the leading singers were brought from the Bolshoi. ⁱⁿ Russian fashion we stood throughout the service. No one participates in the Greek Orthodox church, except

at intervals ^{to} cross themselves, bow, and pass endless candles to be lit in front of the altar of their favorite saint. After about an hour we had enough, even though we would have gladly listened longer to the singing. It was crowded and we were very hot. To our surprise there were not just the "babushkis" there but quite a few men and in general many younger people. The church was probably

more crowded than usually since it was the Trinity holiday. Most people were holding some kind of greenery and the church was decorated with it.

Once outside Dick remembered that he was to get in touch with the lady he was to see tonight. He was to call from a telephone booth and not from our hotel for their safety. When he realized he had not taken the number with him and tried to get it from the operator, he was told that one can only get this information in the special kiosks to be found on many streets. I must add that telephone books are practically unavailable here and I have never seen one. The nearest information kiosk was next to the Metro. Dick gave the name hoping to get the number, but was told that he had to know the person's date and place of birth to receive ~~his telephone number~~^{one}. So back to the hotel we went. ~~we were to meet tonight.~~

The meeting took place at ~~a~~^a dissident's place, ^{one} who ~~is~~ a party member. There Dick met some young scholars who offered him help in finding some bibliographical information he needed. Among the invited there was a man who is in the midst of KGB interrogations for passing a minifesto among other dissidents. Every time he is called in by the KGB he does not know if he will return home for a week, a month, ^ayear of five. We can't help admiring the bravery of these people.

June 23

As absolutely unbelievable as it might seem it took me

three days and $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours of walking to find a stationary store to be able to buy a notebook. I went through all the levels and sections of the Gum and was unable to find the place where I bought one before. Then went up Leninsky Prospekt as far as the Moscow Department store and found a so called Kantselarny Magazin which stocks notebooks - bought five at once at 2 Kopeikis each and a pencil sharpener. Pretty good if you consider that it took two hours to buy 5 notebooks as well as some bread, twarog, kefir and cream! ~~I will not do this trip on the 20th so I better~~
~~come back to the events of the 20th.~~

I went to the Air France office in the Metropol Hotel to arrange our Warsaw trip. I found out I could make the reservations but only Aeroflot has the right to sell the tickets and decide on the rate of exchange. So down I went to find a thousand people waiting and gave up. Walked through the Gum (mentioned earlier) where another thousand people were trying to buy whatever was available. There was no air with only one door used, no air conditioning and the sun was beating down on the glass roof. I have concluded for the Nth time that the Russian women are made of steel. They patiently wait or push on the endless lines to get some product they probably don't even need at the moment, to sell or trade for something they will need at another time. ~~In any case~~ I bought nothing ^{but} the one Kopeiki¹ worth of soda water.

When I arrived at Katerina's she greeted me warmly and at once called me Irene. Many of the pro-Western Russians and dissidents have stopped using the patronimic and have adapted our way of first names. Katerina lives in ^{is} what ~~by~~ local standard is a large apartment, full of busts sculptured by her late husband and no furniture to speak of. She took me into a messy room where a sort of table was set for two for lunch. The cabbage soup was brought by an elderly maid (who has worked there for fifteen years and can do whatever she likes), followed by a terrible meat dish with good potatoes and cucumbers, followed by fantastic strawberries bought at the "rynok". Katerina ate like all Russian intellectuals I have met, not paying any attention to the food, either its taste or looks. She was eating to satisfy her hunger not caring how it was served. To her, having the maid meant she did not have to wait in lines to get her food. She told me about her children who are now in the States, one married to a well known dissident; about her nephew who is also there and who plans to publish a journal; about her husband who died two years ago and who was never recognized. She herself works on Russian literature and knows such details as for example what Anna Karenina was reading on the train, by studying what Tolstoy owned and read in his library. She has not been out of the country since she was a girl and lived with her parents at foreign posts. She would love to see her children, but is afraid of not being able to return. Her son plans to come

soon for a visit, and of course Katerina is afraid they might not let him out again. I hope I have a chance to see her again, she is most intelligent, has none of the feminine frills we all have, I would guess she spends no time on herself outside of washing.

At night we were taken to a sculptor's studio. A big quite crude looking man met us and had us drinking Armenian cognac before we even had a chance to look around, or get an impression of him or his work. He gave us a long and elaborate lecture on what he would like to do, such as a whole town inside a mammoth sculpture. His ideas were grandiose and obviously would never be executed, whether paid for by the state or a private institution or person. He thought Nina was my Intourist guide because she translated all he said, but when he discovered that no official visitors were present he changed his manner, asked us to the "living room" (a place with a bed and a few small wooden stools and lots of cognac and chocolate). We spent a long evening sitting on those hard stools, drinking and listening to him. He recently announced he was a Jew (no one knows if he is one or not) and wanted to go to Israel. Actually he has not at all decided where he would want to live, but he knows he wants to leave the Soviet Union. A week later we heard that he had been refused an exit visa.

June 24

Went with two American friends to the Donskoi Monastery.

It is now a museum of Russian architecture. The defensive wall and some of the old graves are the most interesting parts of the complex. In general the place is quite neglected but at least ^{it has been} preserved.

We spent the evening at an American Air Attache's flat. At his delicious dinner we met two guides ^{the director of} and ^{the} American exhibit. ~~They had some interesting~~ They had some interesting stories to tell of the Russians' comments of some of the American products; such as, "is this the only one of its kind made?" Most of the guides are university students who major in Russian language, history or literature and come for 3 to 6 months with these exhibits to perfect their knowledge of the language and get acquainted with the country.

June 25

I still could not help being surprised that Natasha accepted the invitation to have lunch with me in my hotel room. But the more time I spend with the "refusniks" the more I understand what Solzhenitsyn meant when he wrote that prisoners in the labor camps were free people because they ^{have} nothing left to lose or to fear. The dissidents act and feel ^{the same way}; no one can threaten them because they no longer care and are ^{simply} not afraid. Step by step they ^{precious} acquire the liberties we take for granted such as ^{meeting} ^m whoever they want, being seen with foreigners, reading "forbidden materials" and ^{and} saying what is on their mind. After having our usual lunch of bread, cheese and kefir we took the Metro to Kolomenskoye, a 16th century estate and church. The church tower was being restored, it

has extraordinary good proportions and lines. The other small wooden houses ~~had been~~ brought from other localities. ~~to show other examples of 16th century architecture.~~

The village of Kolomenskoye still exists even though apartment houses are taking ^{it} over. Most of it consists of privately owned wooden houses, with no running water, except for those that have a hose connected to the street pump.

Even in early afternoon the men stand around drunk, while the women work their small ^{private} plots of land.

. The women in this society seem to do all the work; ~~They~~ not only do the usual cleaning, selling, waiting on tables but also work on construction sights laying bricks, pouring concrete and painting. The men have the white collar jobs and supervise the women.

A visit to the Stern family in the evening for supper. They are non-Jews, semi-dissident intellectuals. A totally dirty, messy and confused household. This was our first experience with another kind of dissidents. They obviously share most of the ideas of the "open" dissidents, but even though they had lost their jobs and been badly treated in the past, managed to survive the system and now hold decent jobs again. Their 21 year old daughter spoke perfect exaggerated English, was most affected and I found it hard to converse with her even though I had no language problem. All of them took a somewhat superior attitude and the whole ~~ambiance~~ was unpleasant, to ~~the~~ point ~~that~~ I could not even make myself eat the food they offered us.

June 26

Dick and I visited the Novodevichy Convent. The church is beautiful even if ^{this an} over-restored [^] museum now. The tombstones are old and interesting. On the other side, outside the convent wall is the new Soviet cemetery. High party officials, Army men and others who have served their country well are buried here. Khrushchev's grave is here, almost at the end of the present cemetery area. The spot is in no way outstanding and his grave takes up no more space than an average one except that it faces the path. It was interesting to see the sculpture of his head. Most tourists who come to the Convent also visit this cemetery and Khrushchev's grave. If one did not know who he was it would have been hard to ~~guess from~~ either the behavior or the expression of the men and women walking about.

Another evening visit, this time to Masha and Shura. ~~I am no longer surprised about the reception we get.~~ I am no longer surprised about the reception we get. Once more it was a warm and happy occasion, we were among old friends whom we have not seen for a long while, but though far away, share our ideals and values. It would take years in our normal Western setting to come to this kind of understanding and friendship. There was total trust and openness. The flat is very neat and nicely furnished, obviously ^{done} by a woman who cares. The food carefully bought and prepared - one has to have been here for a while to appreciate this point. Shura has been in labor camp and now holds a lower post at his institute

than he ^{had} held earlier and ^{lower} than he deserves because ^{of} his ideas. ~~are known~~. He signs petitions and is known as a dissident. He writes scholarly books in his field, but his name can be found in small letters at the bottom of the title page. They prefer having less money and fewer honors and be able to be with people they like or foreigners like ourselves. Half way through the evening Igor and Mila walked in. No one present has seen him for five years and her for the last two. He had been in prison camp for three years and then together in exile in Magadan (Syberia) for two, as punishment for his book. Both looked very young and alive. They talked a bit about their life in Magadan, but on the whole it was just a happy reunion of old friends.

June 27

Played doubles with some American diplomats' wives. Sometimes one really wonders if it is a good idea to have all the material comforts we have - it makes many people dull and uninteresting. They spend most of their time making sure they have these material comforts.

To be fair, they have no opportunity to meet or to get to know any Russians except a few "refusniks".

The Russian radio is hopeless, they use the preacher's voice and lecture to their audience ^{at} all times. There is hardly any music or entertainment except late at night. ^{Instead} one hears a lot of war songs, ^{factory} reports, and news from the other Soviet Republics and Socialist countries. Little wonder most ^{educated} Russians listen to the foreign

broadcasts. They all own short wave radios since they are easily available in the local stores at reasonable prices. There are two reasons for this; - firstly the size of the country and its eleven time zones makes it impossible to receive ^SMoscow from the far removed provinces without a short wave set and secondly it is in the government's interest to have people own radios and television sets ~~to hear the official broadcasts~~. Many Russians we met complained that their sets are inferior to the Japanese or American makes, but still they could listen to the Voice of America or the BBC.

June 28

An American ^{news} correspondent drove us to Zagorsk. It takes about 45 minutes to get through town to the highway. He cleared the trip with the Foreign office informing them of his license number and the exact date and destination of our outing. The license plates here tell the owner's whole history. If you are a foreigner it is black on a white background (the opposite is true ~~for~~ the Russians ~~ones~~); ~~By~~ the letter ~~indicates~~ the profession: D for diplomat, K for journalist, M for business man and one other if it is a rented car; ^{following} the two numbers ~~indicate~~ ~~or you know~~ the country: 01 for England, 04 for the USA, and so on. The African countries' numbers are in the 80's. ^{It becomes poorer as the distance from Moscow increases.}

At first the highway is quite wide and good. There are many cars out on this beautiful Saturday. Not far from Zagorsk we are stopped by the militiaman, ~~who can't find~~

~~see~~ our license number on his list but lets us proceed anyway. All is well and we drive directly to the Monastery where we first picnic. We buy three shashliks from the girls in white aprons who cook them right there; They smell good but they ~~taste~~ ^{are} awful and greasy. ^P The complex of churches is large and interesting. The most beautiful ~~is~~ ^A ~~the~~ 13th century Trinity church, with icons by Rubliov, ^{is} It is actually a functioning church where we heard a group of women singing. ~~The leader had an exceptionally good voice. Among the singers there were some men.~~ The church is quite ornate on the inside and simple on the outside. The wall "is" worth a detour". Since it was a hot afternoon we thought it might be pleasant to have a swim. ~~in a lake I had heard about.~~ We were directed to ~~a spot where the~~ ^{was} river widened. ~~in this spot.~~ There were few people about and we were told that the ~~mob we saw~~ ^{crowds} on the opposite bank ~~came from~~ belonged to an army base. We sat peacefully, only interrupted by a Russian "begging" a cigarette; ~~when~~ ^{later} two militiamen came by and asked our friend for his papers. After writing something down they left, politely wishing us a pleasant swim. We left soon afterwards and drove back on the same road towards Zagorsk. Before reaching the town at a railroad crossing we were stopped once more by a militiaman. This one greeted us with "you have finally decided to come back", claiming that he had tried to stop us on the way up and we did not obey his order. None of us saw him or heard his whistle. To cover his goofing, for he obviously was not

at his post, he made some calls and shouted. Our driver shouted back to scare him a bit and took his name before we drove off. Three stops by the militia on a short picnic trip! No wonder many people prefer not to drive out of town unless they ~~must~~ or have a native chauffeur.

Back to the Warszawa restaurant where we have not been for three weeks! It is probably the most pleasant and has the best food of all the Moscow restaurants we have been to. Enjoyed listening to the Gypsy tunes, many of which are lovely and until recently not allowed to be played.

June 29

J.S. invited us to join him in a farewell picnic he organized to which he also asked Igor and Mila and some English and French friends. We parked the cars near an attractive spot on the Istra river about 30 kilometers from town. The river was clean enough to swim in. The food good with real French cheese for ~~desert~~ Even though all of us with the exception of Igor and Mila were Westerners, the atmosphere was Russian. What contributed to that was the neglected grass we sat on and the totally abandoned field around us. In the corn fields there were more weeds than corn and the wheat seemed dry and low. ~~I~~ had the feeling of great waste and all because no one owns it and cares to produce as much as possible.

Back in Moscow we briefly stopped to look at Mila's paintings. She seems to have talent and does original work.

She asked me to sit for her which I promised to do soon. Their room is in an apartment once meant for a well to do family which is now subdivided, with six families sharing the one kitchen and bath. Actually they live in a smaller area than we do in our rooms, and have no private bath.

Around 8 PM we went to Mrs. Kōrov and her family again. They are all reading Dick's book now and we had a long discussion and he was most interested in their comments. Later they showed us their Monopoly game which was in shreds. They have long ago used up the "money" and made up their own. They have also lost the directions and wanted us to tell them what the rules are when one is bankrupt and has to give up the hotels and houses. I promised to mail them the directions~~m~~ but shall try to send a whole new game if it will be possible.

June 30

This was an eventful uneventful day. Started out with a game of tennis on some new courts I should have been informed about earlier. Our policeman told me on our arrival in Russia that there were courts that I could use and that he would let me know, but of course he never did. In fact there are two courts just a few blocks up on Leninsky Prospekt, where the main Academy of Sciences building and grounds are. When I got there they were locked but I soon found the "babushka" who had the keys and the old man who took the money. He sat in a box like hut selling tickets (30 Kopeikis per hour) for which he made out a receipt in triplicate. In this manner two people were employed instead of one and the regime can brag that

that there is full employment in the country.

Then followed a very pleasant lunch at the apartment of Svenson, a Norwegian journalist. The tasty lunch was prepared and served by a Russian cook-maid, who more or less "belongs" to this apartment. This is the third Scandinavian family she works for and by now speaks and understands Swedish well and therefore can be useful to the authorities. She would normally qualify for a better job but has to stay on there. No one knows exactly what she is asked to do - in theory she reports on what goes on, who comes and goes, but in reality she serves as a deterrent for Russians to come. All foreigners in Moscow, if they want to hire a Russian, have to apply to a special bureau which assigns the cook, maid, nanny or chauffeur. If they don't get along they can, of course, complain and get someone else, but this seems to happen rarely, for Westerners are so brainwashed here that they put up with whoever they get. Americans are no exception, but I found quite a few who prefer no help at all ~~for the~~ privacy.

Lunch over Svenson drove me to the Pushkin museum which turned out to be closed and only the part with an exhibit of paintings from the Dresden Gallery open. When I tried to see this collection I was told that I had to buy a ticket before 10 AM. This time I used my status as a foreigner and made it past two militiamen to face the "babushka" in charge. I tried to explain in my Polish-Russian that I would like to buy a ticket even though it is later than 10 AM. She just motioned me in. There was no one to sell the tickets and she did not want to refuse

me entrance. It indeed is a small but magnificent collection. The Vermeer of the girl at the window is fantastic, the Adam and Eve of Cranach famous, and a very beautiful autoportrait of Rembrandt as a very young man.

I got a bit lost and it took me a while to find the bus that would take me to the Kamennyi Most. I first took it in the wrong direction but the driver let me stay on for the same fare; there was also a drunk fast asleep whom he did not bother at all. The buses and trolley buses cost either 4 or 3 Kopeikis. At either end of the vehicle there is a little gadget into which you throw the change and take a ticket off a large spool so there is no way of checking how much money you put in or how many tickets you take. Since there is a general shortage of the 1 and 2 Kopeiki pieces, one often puts in a 5. It is an honor system and I have never seen a controller while in Russia. The passengers seem to watch one another. Many people have a monthly ticket for all the lines which costs 6 Rubles. When I finally got off at the bridge I found the boat stop I was looking for and also another "babushka" who was in command. She not only sold the tickets, gave information about schedule, but also was the one to whom the "sailor" threw the line when mooring and leaving the dock. The boat is simple and clean, makes few stops and is not much used as a means of transport - it really is meant for sight seeing. For 15 Kopeikis one can stay on for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The same trip is sold by Intourist to tourists for hard currency for \$4.00 in a bit fancier boat. The river Moskva winds through the city and it is a good way to see it. The embank-

ment along the Gorki park is attractive, and there are pleasant walks along the shore. There were many young couples, people with children and soldiers on the boat, but no tourists. I stayed on as far as the Kuznetsky Most and had two Metro stops to return to the Oktyabrski Square (Ploshchad) and my hotel.

July 1

I have been very fortunate so far not to have had a day like today before. I am now sitting on a bench in the Gorky Park of Rest and Culture, certainly resting. Lenin knew, or was it Stalin, what he was doing calling a park by that name. Everywhere people get tired, but the way one can here is quite special and requires a whole machine. When the day started I thought I would take care of a few simple "house keeping" details for a couple of hours and then spend the afternoon more pleasantly. Instead, I got here after 4 PM. To start with I went to the Service Bureau in my hotel. I was lucky I did not have to wait and the girl was both pleasant and tried to help. I explained the problem of our air tickets to Warsaw. I tried to avoid flying on Aeroflot which soon became obvious to her and she just said "you don't like flying on our airline". When she figured out the amount I had to add it came to \$117 which she translated into 97 Rubles. Yet another rate of exchange, and I now realized why the American Express wisely advised me to do all these transactions directly with Aeroflot.

I then asked her for advice about our baggage which we wanted to ship to Leningrad and not have to take with us to Warsaw. She was quick to understand but it seems that one cannot ship it either on the train or plane without a ticket and going there oneself. When I suggested I would just buy a train ticket, she thought it was a clever idea but did not think it would work. She also was sure that there was no way for the suit cases to be stored at the station to await our arrival in Leningrad. After a long discussion of all the possibilities I realized we better take it all to Warsaw and fly directly to Leningrad - which also made it possible to avoid Aeroflot.

When I asked where I could have passport pictures taken which I needed both for the Polish visa and the Russian re-entry visa she called the Metropol where she was told the place was in "remont" indefinitely. The only open one she could find was at the other end of Moscow. She was embarrassed to tell me, exploded on the phone and said to me "you are not used to such things in the West, are you?". It was 1 PM when I finally left her and made my way to the photographic studio practically at the end of Leninsky Prospekt. The closing hour for lunch was supposed to be between 2 and 3. I raced to get there in time only to find that it was shut between 1 and 2. I waited for a while on a near by bench and when I returned a few minutes before 2 PM there were people already waiting. I got into line and as always observed those who felt they had the right to get ahead of others, and for some reason nobody objects to it. In front

of me was a French speaking black woman holding a baby, she was probably from the Congo. They all stared at her, but no one let her go ahead, something they would almost certainly do for a Russian woman with a small child. I paid 40 Kopeikis entered the "studio" where a young woman told me exactly how to hold my head and a moment later I was out. There are no complaints accepted and I am sure a photo from a machine at a 5 & 10 would be better and more efficient judging by the examples displayed there.

To save myself the unpleasant walk from the hotel to this park I tried to find a bus and asked a Russian at the stop which one to take. He told me take the same one as he was about to enter and once in realized that it was the wrong one. He grabbed my arm and pulled me off the bus. When he found out where I was from all he could say was "Bozhe moi" (oh my God) over and over. He refused to go back on the bus and wanted to walk me to the park. I finally managed to get rid of him by pretending not to understand anything he was saying. He was wishing me and my country lots of luck, happiness and health. The whole incident was touching. He also said something about being sure his wife would not mind if he went with me to the park even if she knew, because "when does one ever meet and American"?

In the evening went again to see Oleg and Natasha. We heard all about the meeting between the American Senators

on a visit here and the 14 leaders of the Jewish "refusniks" at the Rossia Hotel. They wanted to stay in this hotel, not considered the best, because they thought it would be easier for people to visit them. The significant and important fact is that they saw the Jews on Sunday night, on the day of their arrival, before any official meetings with the Russians. It seems all of them, including Javits and Ribicoff were impressed with the unanimous stand of the Russian Jews on the subject of the Jackson amendment. Oleg felt it was a successful meeting. He also had a TV interview with some Western journalists that will be shown in the United States.

July 2

Mila and Igor were waiting for me to sit for my portrait in the same one room that was now transformed into a studio. The table that Igor writes on and that they eat on, was now the easel. Since Igor had nowhere to go, he stayed with us the whole time acting as her assistant and critic and amusing me with conversation. He takes great pride in his wife, whatever she does, and sort of directs her. Even though he does not paint, he tells her when she should finish, the colors she should use and so on. Her present technique is very original, she spreads the paper flat on the table which she first wets thoroughly. Then using ordinary shoe polishing brushes she scrubs, splashes and paints with them performing a dance over the table. Her expression is intense and concentrated. Since

I did not have to sit absolutely still, I took photographs of her painting. I was there for four hours and except for an apple-break, she worked all the time. Of the three portraits we all liked the last one best. She concluded she needs time to get to know her subject. Igor thought I looked sad on all of them, and that I do so all the time, which led me to think that maybe living here makes everyone look and act sad. In a slow manner, for their English is poor, we talked of many things, but mainly of their desire to leave this country. Ideally he would like to go away for a year, but is not sure he would be able ever to return. The government would like him to apply for a visa to Israel, but he, being a courageous man refuses, even though this would mean getting an exit visa without delay. He feels he is a Russian and does not want to support the authorities in their efforts to create the impression that only Jews are leaving and only for Israel. If he would accept to leave Russia with an Israeli visa once out of the Soviet Union no one would care where he would actually settle.

The man from the Institute of History was waiting in my hotel with our passports. The Institute was to arrange for our re-entry visas which we shall need to return from Warsaw to the Soviet Union. I glanced at the passports and discovered that there were no new visas, our photos attached and unused. He was terribly embarrassed, made some

calls and found out that a telegram was sent to Warsaw and we were to pick the visas up there. I have great hopes that we will not get them at all and will not be able to return after the week in Poland. What also makes me think so is the way he said the telegram might not ever arrive in the Warsaw Embassy at all.

At night we went to see Katerina again who gave us borshch, tomatoes, bread and tea. All quite tasty. Her place is unbelievably messy; to keep the door shut she puts a newspaper between the door and the frame. She calls herself a bourgeois because she has a maid. I think the only thing the maid does is the shopping and cooking, which, I admit, is a full time job. No one cleans or puts anything away. We talked of the writer S. who has four more years of camp and will probably be transferred to the Vladimir prison (has the reputation of being the worst and hardest of prisons since the inmates are starved) because he is not behaving "properly". She told us of another case of a young man in prison who is very sick and who will not be put into hospital or get any medical treatment because of his political stand. She herself had just had the other night an unpleasant call supposedly from the KGB, which she just ignored. Since she has many calls from abroad she worries how much longer they will let her keep the telephone. That instrument is often used here to punish or to reward the citizens. When it is removed for some

months, you still have to pay the charges if you want to get back. Moscow has me so depressed that I sleep less and less. Tonight I have hopes of leaving on Tuesday and never returning. Mila said the other day that she sees me as being "proud and sad". I usually think of myself as being quite lighthearted and easy to laugh and enjoy life. May be the five weeks here changed me. How can one not be sad? It is different when one reads about all these people and their fate and when one actually meets them, becomes friends and realizes how they suffer every day. It is not the lack of space they complain about; one can be quite happy in one room if one has all the personal freedoms that we are used to having.

July 3

This morning's call from the secretary of the Academy shattered my hopes of not returning, it seems the telegram was really sent to Warsaw and we are to arrive in Leningrad on the 15th.

Natasha came for me in a taxi to go to Archangelskoe palace and gardens. It is a poor man's Versailles, but for Russia nicely kept and redone. The gardens are dried up and flowerless but one can imagine how they once were. We sat for a while looking at the beautiful view of fields, river, forest and hills. She told me a bit about Oleg's life, how they met and married. At 17 he volunteered for the army, was taken prisoner by the Germans from whom he

managed to escape after three days. For that "crime" he was later imprisoned and put into labor camp for two years. When he returned he was very sick and because of total lack of medicines had to stay in bed for four years. This is the only country I know of where escaped prisoners of war are treated as traitors and not as heroes. On top of it they were mistrustful of him since he is a Jew and how did he escape from the Germans anyway?

We had an interesting conversation about the Russian students when I suggested she hire one to do some painting of their flat. It seems ~~students~~ would not consider work of any kind - being totally supported by their parents is taken for granted. No one would consider taking a part time job painting walls, for instance. When it is time to redecorate one has to wait until the bureau in charge of that particular "remont" will do it for you, which might take years unless you know whom to bribe or are acquainted with the man in charge. When I told her that if I had this problem I would buy a can of paint and do it myself, she was amazed and said she would not dare - one has to be a specialist! The way things are painted here I would be considered a pro. One never really sees a good and neat job, the paint is just slapped on and to top it, the quality is very poor, there is little choice of colors and the colors bad. Take as an example their most ~~common~~ car, the Volga; 90% of them are pale green, including the taxis, which one can only distinguish from other cars by a tiny green light on the dashboard. Why should the manager of the state owned car

factory knock himself out to please the public and give them a choice of colors when all they produce is easily sold to people who have waited a long time to buy them[?] The Italian Fiat made in Russia sells for 5000 Rubles (an average worker's salary is 100 Rubles ~~or~~^e month) and is not readily available. A foreigner who pays in hard currency gets immediate delivery on it and pays only 900 Rubles and when he is ready to sell it after 2 or 3 years use, he gets about 800 Rubles. The official agency buys it back from the Westerner then resells it to a Russian for around 4000 Rubles. ⁻⁻ Another example of how badly they need hard currencies and how difficult they make life for their own citizens.

It has occurred to me today that one never hears the words spasabo, izvinite, noshalusta (thank you, excuse me, please) whether it is in the streets, shops or metro. They don't even have time or are brought up to be ~~pl~~^ete in public, (it is of course quite different when you are in someone's private place). You are continuously ordered to go, stop, eat or wait. You can be pushed, bumped and hurt and ~~no~~^{one} will say "excuse me". You have to push to get into a bus, because if you don't and find yourself the last one (which I used to do in the beginning), the driver is sure to shut the doors before you can make it inside. When entering the "brainless" elevator in our hotel of the Academy of Sciences, where you would think the guests are

a bit more educated and better brought up, I learned to be careful. It often happens that someone, already in the elevator, decides without telling me that there are enough people in it and presses the button which makes the doors slam instantly. More than once I had to jump back not to get hurt.

In the restaurant with Natasha today I pointed out that our bill was incorrect, we were overcharged by four Rubles. She shrugged it off. I told her that if she were in the West she would not tolerate this and I added that she and the rest of the customers here were so happy to be let into the restaurant at all and get some service that they did not mind being cheated. That got her and she spoke to the waitress who naturally corrected the bill, but she too was surprised. It seems so simple to us to speak up and not be bullied, but the Russians have a long way to go.

July 4

I had a slow start after the bad headache last night. Don't know how much longer I will be able to stand the life here, *or will I just get used to it all?* I almost don't notice the smallness of the bathroom where there is just about enough room for one person to stand between the bathtub and wall or the lack of a window, (as a matter of fact I have not seen a window in a bathroom anywhere in Moscow, not even in the flats of the diplomats). I still do notice every time I use the toilet

that the cover to the tank does not fit and was made for another type. I have gotten used to the torn wall paper, the thinness of the unfinished rug, the broken drawers in the closet, the doors to the toilet which do not shut without the hook, the forever missing hinges on the windows so they slam when the slightest wind blows. I have also gotten used to making ice in some used sardine cans which I take out when frozen, in a towel, and smash with the frying pan so the pieces would fit into the glass. I wonder if all this gets worse with time or do people get so used to it they don't notice.

I was invited to Masha's for lunch and there heard another kind of horror story. She is now 51 years old and for the past 18 years receives 21 Rubles per month from the State as an "invalid". She has headaches for days on end, can't do the work she is trained for and gets no medical treatment. She has no idea what causes the pain, she needs to be diagnosed and they refuse to do this. She is not entitled to go to the poli clinic, ^{open to important people only} but to the ordinary hospital. The hospitals ^{patients} ~~give you treatment~~ according to ^{their} ~~your~~ value to the State and it is the State that decides who the people are who are worth ~~to keep~~ ^{ing} healthy. The rest can suffer. Her husband was in a labor camp in Stalin's era for no reason at all. Someone said that someone else heard him say the wrong thing. He was "in" for 6

years until he was rehabilitated in Khrushchev's time and all was better. He ^{then} taught until 2 years ago when he signed the paper (I think in support of emigration) and was demoted to a junior rank at the Institute. He has no students and earns 200 Rubles per month. They would love to go to Israel, but are proud people and feel that at their ages (57 and 51) they would be a burden to that State and here at least they are independent.

Almost directly went to the 4th of July party at the Ambassador's residence. Pomp and splendor around people small in looks, manners and ideas. The New York Jazz Band played for us, it was loud and not too well received, I thought. The Armed Forces were in dress uniforms with gold braid for the Army, silver for the Air Force and white belt for the Marines. Lots of African blacks with their colorful ladies. It was a typical diplomatic party where most of the guests do this sort of thing five times a week and are quite bored by it all. As someone there told me, the number of nations represented in Moscow was sufficient to have at least once a week, if not more, an independence day party.

An American diplomat invited us for a quick informal supper at his place. He had just returned from Copenhagen with good cheese and wines. He also asked a well known Russian poet and his wife, It was somewhat disappointing, for the poet hardly talked and the little time we had there was

spent on watching Moonstone on TV, a great novelty for Russians to have a British program, and they did not want to miss it. The system used is quite good. One hears the English spoken in the background and two Russian voices translate simultenously. Since we had promised to go to the Popovs for their Friday "salon" we left before 10PM. There we met two more well known Jewish activists. They too had been in jail for the week of Nixon's visit. Both are out of work and are waiting to get permission to leave for Israel. The wife of the younger one is already there, she got permission nine months ago and her husband insisted on her going ahead without him. Another couple we have met here and there totally sympathize with the "refusniks", but at the same time have good jobs, are Party members and are afraid to take the final step and renounce it all. They say that if they lost their jobs, they would try to leave. Right now they have a child to bring up and are well off. They invited us to dinner for tomorrow but cancelled it first thing in the morning, asking us to understand. Of course we did but at the same time felt sorry for them.

July 5

As we had arranged with the Popovs and others we went to the synagogue in the afternoon after the morning services were over. The street is quite narrow and the religious Jews gather on the same side as the building to discuss news, match make etc. On the opposite side meet the dissidents and the "refusniks". On the whole they are younger, better dressed and gaver. They know what they want

out of life and are no longer afraid of anything. The news today was that a man whom they all knew, wanted to come to Moscow from Odessa for his vacation with his son. He was told not to but he went to the airport anyway! He was beaten and taken "in" under some article 2 for not obeying the militia and might get up to five years. A petition was being passed for his release and little else was talked about. I wonder if it is like this every Saturday? Since all the "refusniks" are learning Hebrew they try to practice it whenever they can. There was another American Jew there today. We are most welcome since this is one way we can show them they have our support which they need badly. All tourists and Westerners should go there at least once to show their sympathy, but few people know about any of these happenings.

Another visit to the Zhukins which we thought would be for Dick to see the portraits and give them a letter of invitation to the USA. Instead we were treated to a four course duck feast. It is amazing how that same room which was the studio two days ago, was now turned into a dining room. Mila served it all quite elegantly, joking about the advantages of communal living. Sharing the apartment with six other families enables them to use their fancy dishes. They told us a lot about life in Magadan and Igor at one point put on his prison clothes and plastic boots. She, on the other hand, changed into a beautiful old 19th century evening gown and blond wig. The scene was almost comical with the grand dame on one hand and the man in prison garb on the other. We had a feeling of real

friendship with them and it was reciprocated. She gave me the third portrait as a present. While Igor was in prison for three years ~~there~~ she could visit him for three days every 6 months. The last ~~two~~ years of exile in Magadan she spent with him. The authorities gave them an unexpectedly good place to live in with their own kitchen and bath, a better place than their Moscow room, but for it they expected him to renounce his previous books and writings and in that way show his gratitude. Since he refused to do this, he now has permission to stay in Moscow only until August and no one knows what will follow. While in Magadan Mila's hair started falling out because of bad food and climate. Igor shaved it off twice but with all this she is cheerful and makes the best of life.

July 6

I was sorry the trip with the Popovs to visit Masha and Shura in their datcha was cancelled. It was an unpleasant rainy day and Oleg pointed out that since they don't have the conditions we are used to in New Hampshire (and he spoke as though he knew our place well), and all there is, is one small room, one does depend totally on the weather.

We went to the Tsentralny Hotel for lunch instead and really splurged on caviar, goose and fresh tomatoes. We continued in this mood when we took a taxi and not the train to the writer's village of Peredelkino. We were told by a lot of people how beautiful Peredelkino was and what we found was a mixture of a wealthy Russian village and a neglected American suburb. The area is flat and un-

exciting, wild grass all over but the air somewhat better and cleaner than in the city. The houses are built of wood in the early 20th century, all in need of repair and paint. But what a luxury it must be to own one of these datchas. Privacy and room to spread out. Of course I don't know how much room most people have, I have a feeling that many rent just one room. There was only one store in the village so the supplies have to be brought from Moscow. Even here most people do not own cars and come by train or taxi. Since the weather was bad we saw little life outdoors. After walking for two hours we finally found the road to the cemetery and Pasternak's grave. As in all Russian cemeteries, each grave is surrounded by a fence, be it wooden, iron or ordinary piping. Most graves have crosses and a bench inside the fenced in area. Everyone we asked knew where Pasternak's grave was - at the end of the fence occupying an area of 8 to 10 ordinary plots. It is a simple stone slab with a sculpture of his head as a young man and his signature at the bottom. There were some wild flowers in milk bottles, offerings of poor people who took the trouble to come all this way to pay their respect to Pasternak. One can see that many people come here *to demonstrate their feelings* against the State.

July 7

I spent my last full day in Moscow on "closing house". All was mailed after being well wrapped by the efficient woman in the post office who sews up bags to fit the contents while at the same time checking it. I picked up our last mail

at the embassy. Had an elegant lunch at an American correspondent's flat and during desert were informed by a messenger that E. was refused an exit visa. What will he do next? Where else in the world does news come by foot?

The farewell dinner was at the Popovs where the whole evening was spent on discussing politics. We never talked of our departure or when we would meet ^{ag}ain. They have been waiting to leave for a long time and are afraid to even hope.

July 8

Our last day here - I woke up feeling alive once more and did not know how I shall last these last few hours. All was packed and ready. We called the Academy a few days ago to remind them of our departure and requested a car to take us to the airport. We were picked up by a beaten down wagon with a totally uncommunicative driver. At the airport we were told that our flight would be delayed by two hours because the French Finance Minister was to be on the flight and he could not make it on time! We waited on the terrace drinking soda water and vodka to the roar of the airplanes.

and paint. But what a luxury it must be to own one of these datchas. Privacy and room to spread out. Of course I don't know how much room most people have, I have a feeling that many rent just one room. ~~There~~ ^{I saw} ~~was~~ only one inadequate store so the supplies must be brought from Moscow. Even here most people do not own cars and come by train or taxi. Since the weather was bad we saw little life outdoors. After walking for two hours we finally found the road to the cemetery and Pasternak's grave. As in all Russian cemeteries, each grave is surrounded by a fence, be it wooden, iron or ordinary piping. Most graves have crosses and a bench inside the fenced ⁱⁿ area. Everyone we asked knew where Pasternak's grave was - at the end of the fence occupying an area of 8 to 10 ordinary graves. It is a simple stone slab with a sculpture of his head as a young man and his signature at the bottom of it. There were some wild flowers in old milk bottles, offerings of poor people who took the trouble to come all this way to pay their respect to Pasternak. One can see that many people come ~~there~~ which under the circumstances is an act of rebellion against the State.

July 7 & 8 written in Warsaw.

note? Our last two days in Moscow were spent on last minute meetings and arrangements. We took our precious hot plate and two pots and other things we wanted to have in Leningrad to the Post Office where they have a very efficient system of packing. The woman sews for you on the spot a bag to take all you want to mail and at the same time sees ^{what you have} ~~it all~~. We mailed all the papers and books through the Embassy and picked up our mail. We had dinner at the Rs. with another American couple and discussed politics. We had lunch at the M's, another correspondent for an American magazine, and during desert were told by a man who came with the message that N. was refused an exit visa. We

could not help but wonder if he will execute the threat he mentioned to us when we were leaving his studio.

~~The Academy, when we~~^{after had} ~~requested,~~ sent a car to take us to the airport. It was a beaten down wagon with a totally uncommunicative driver. At the airport we were told that our flight would be delayed by ~~two~~ hours because the French finance Minister was to be on the flight and he could not make the scheduled hour. ~~We were~~ furious but ~~could do nothing but say we shall not fly Air France~~ again. It also turned out that it was known in Warsaw for at least a day before, but we were not told. We sat around the terrace drinking soda water and vodka to the roar of the airplanes. stop here

↓
amh We arrived in Warsaw at 7 PM Warsaw time which is also Paris and London time. Even though there should be at least an hour difference they want to be Western and as far removed from the Soviet Union as possible. D.D. himself was at the airport and by flashing his ambassadorial badge got us through very quickly. My old school friend I. and her husband were also there. D. right there invited us to an informal dinner at the residence and also asked the Ws., who at first hesitated saying they were not dressed for the occasion (actually were better dressed than we were). They later admitted to me that they had a moment of worry and fear when they followed closely all through town the huge Lincoln limousine with the American flag. She also told me that they had made this decision long ago, to have outside contacts, keep up our correspondence and such other.

J.D. was also most hospitable and our very attractive American room seemed the ^e height of luxury with our own bath with large sink, good light and window. We also had a large terrace from which we could see the American flag. I quickly ^o forgot the Hotel of the Academy of Sciences, or tried to at any rate.

July 9 to 15 written in Leningrad

I am writing this while in Leningrad. There was no time and I was not in the mood to keep this diary while in Warsaw.

It was moving to be there together with Dick for the first time ever. We took a walk in the Łazienki park where we reminisced of our first dates, where we played hookie and where we went as children to concerts and plays near the statue of Chopin. In the Park Ujazdowski we played as children watched by our governesses. While ~~at~~ there Dick remembered a scale on which one had to sit down on a leather arm chair and the attendant slipped in a paper to record the weight and the date. While I was trying to recollect this we came upon this now called "antique scale". The woman was not one bit impressed with Dick telling her that this was his first time back since 1939 and that he remembered this scale etc. etc. She told him that people from all over the world came here to be ~~weighed~~ ^{weighed}, because they could never forget it, ~~because~~ it was so special.

We spent Dick's birthday having an excellent Duck dinner at a small restaurant in the Stary Rynek and then saw a 1933 play called "Szewcy" by Witkiewicz. It was very avant ^gard and hard to understand. People only applauded where it touched on today's [^] events and anti-Communist sentiments.

The day after the Ds. asked us to a lunch at the pool to which both Poles and Americans were invited. It was quite fantastic to see D. ^g Cook the frankfurters and corn à la Américaine and serve them on paper plates with the servants looking on. I could not help think how undemocratic a society the Soviet Union is. And to end it a birthday cake baked by J. herself was brought in and everyone sang Happy Birthday in English and in Polish, another thing I have not heard for many years.

Dick bought a huge amount of mostly Russian ^{books,} books that are hard to find even in Russia and here are sold below cost for propaganda reasons. He also got the large Polish Encyclopedia.

We saw the movie "Ziemi^a Obiecane^a" a long, well done and exhausting film about the development of Lodz written by Raymont. We had a hard time agreeing with our friends whether it had anti-semitic undertones or not. All three heroes, the Pole, German and Jew were not shown in a flattering manner.

We had a day trip to Kazimierz where too the old square has been beautifully redone, but where the character of the town is gone for it was a Jewish town and there are no Jews there today. On the whole Dick was glad he has made this trip. He revisited all the houses he lived in and where he went to school. I did all that on my previous trips and had a much easier time on this trip, but we cannot help but think of all the Jews and our families who lived there and perished.

The standard of life here is just about half way between London and Moscow with some things such as women's clothes, city life, theater more towards London; shops, food, housing and such more like Moscow.

We saw a lot of I. and A. since they drove us everywhere in their new Polish Fiat. We also ^{saw} ~~was~~ the historian W. I went to visit my old school teacher who treated me as the little girl I was before the war. We met a terrific painter G.R. and his wife I would like to own one of his paintings even though they are abstracts, but the sort of abstracts that one understands and knows what he wants to say. They live in an old ^{family} house ~~that~~ ~~belonged to her family~~ that was destroyed and rebuilt. It was totally bohemian and crazy, but at the same time stunning. We sat in a real Zakopane sled to look at his work, the table was

61 covered by layers of various leathers.

We also met someone called K., an obvious party member but Polish style. His wife was hideous to look at and to listen to. Our last evening was spent at the above two families. Early in the morning the Ambassador took us to the plane and made sure we took off - back to prison.

July 15 Leninrad

Yes, back in prison, but in somewhat better conditions than in Moscow. A young student awaited us at the Leninrad Airport and took us to the Oktiabrski Hotel, where at first they had no room for us since they expected us to arrive on the 14th. Some logic! We waited and haggled for three hours and at the end got a suite consisting of bedroom, dining room with refrigerator, living room with grand piano, TV and radio and two bath rooms all for an additional 10 Rubles, the same ^{price} as we added in Moscow. We were lucky that the Academy of Sciences does not have its own hotel in Leninrad. We ate dinner in the hotel dining room and knew it would be our only meal there since the food and service were quite bad.

it would
happen
anywhere

July 16

We were slow starting, because we felt quite tired after the week in Warsaw. Dick had a pleasant reception at the library and the young man assigned to him was helpful. On first impression Dick finds most people more friendly here in Leninrad than he did in Moscow and hopes to get hold of lots of materials. We will know soon.

We had another miserable meal this time at the Universalⁿ restaurant after which we made our way to H. to get our hot plate and the other housekeeping things we mailed from Moscow. H. has aged a lot, looks quite well but one really can't talk to him much.

out

62 His only interests are his grandsons and his own health. He asked no questions about his sister Z. or anyone else. We also found out little about N. and V. whom we hope to see soon.

We saw the Yakobson Ballet group perform three pieces of which two were quite magnificent. One was an interpretation of five different Rodin statues by five couples dancing to the music of Debussy. The other was Mayakovsky's "BedBug". Both these were beautifully staged and performed.

July 17

As previously arranged called A. in Moscow to give her our telephone number and address in case anyone wanted to get in touch with us. She still talked of that Sunday when we did not make it to their datcha. She insists we write to her and keep in touch, she said she had already written us a letter to the USA. I wish we could contact some dissidents here but somehow it does not seem possible in the short time we are planning to stay here.. We know that there are many in Leningrad. In general one has a feeling in this city that people are freer and less worried. There are few signs ^{displayed} ~~visible~~ with Communist or Leninist slogans. One often hears that the Central government in Moscow does not trust the people of Leningrad. There are many Scandinavian types ^{and} one sees ~~and~~ quite a few good looking people.

July 18

Dick has been finding a lot of material both on Struve and Degayev.

Spurred on lunch at the Astoria, it was good and the ambiance pleasant. I ^{am} ~~find myself~~ always looking for food that is fresh and for which I would not have to wait in a long line. I found that to be true at the ^{Farmer's} ~~Free~~ market where there were beautiful berries and vegetables and the peasants eager to sell at high prices.

In the late afternoon called on the American Consul who right off invited ^{us} ~~up~~ to ~~a~~ reception he was giving in an hour at his residence in honor of the Apollo-Soyuz flight. We were shown a movie of the joint venture and then ^{given} drinks. The Russians mixed little with us. I tried ^{with them} but had a most perfunctory conversation. I did meet a few Americans who invited me for tennis, but there are not enough of them or other diplomats here to make it a going thing as it is in Moscow. There are only 12 consulates in Leningrad.

We watched the Apollo - Soyuz coupling on TV. There is a lot of time and space given to this event in the local press and media. The government wants to convince the average Russian (who really knows better) that he is as well off as the Americans since they are as advanced in space acrobatics. They would like them to forget that they have little to ~~give~~ ^{offer} them to make their ordinary daily life more comfortable and easier.

July 19

We spent most of the day walking around town. Since a law was passed in the 19th century that no building in St. Petersburg should be higher than the Winter Palace the whole city to this day has buildings no higher than 4 or 5 stories. That law was abolished ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ the ¹⁹60's, but one ^{can} only see taller structures in the suburbs which makes for ^{a more uniform} ~~humanity~~ town. The canals also add to the beauty of the city. They are little used for transportation since ~~there are~~ ^{run} streets along them, and there is car traffic. There are boats one ~~can~~ take primarily for sightseeing.

On the way ^{back} ~~back~~ to the hotel a teen age boy walked along with us and desperately wanted to change money. When we could not get rid of him talked of other things and found out that he was on vacation and stayed in town with his grandmother. When we reached our corner he once ~~more~~ offered the Rubles. We asked

purely out of curiosity how much he wanted to change and at what rate. He said he would pay 5 Rubles for 1 Dollar and he had 5 Rubles to change! We tried not to laugh and asked him what he needed the Dollar for, to which he answered, that he is collecting them to buy jeans and American records. He bragged he had a friend who ^{had a collection} owed 350 of them. ^{a collection of 350 foreign records.}

July 20

First tennis game in Leningrad. Meg picked me up in her Zhiguli, the Russian made Fiat. The manufacture of the car was supervised by the Italians when it was first produced in the Soviet Union and it was a well made car. By now it is a truly Russian production, ^{the} and handles fall off, doors don't close properly, locks don't lock. When a Russian owns a car he takes off the windshield wipers ^{for} they get stolen when the car is parked. ^{the} Americans ^{were} usually leave their cars in guarded parking ^{lots} spots but even when they leave them on the streets ^{they} can't be bothered to take off the wipers. To get a replacement one has to send for it to Helsinki, even though the car is made here.

A woman has been calling our number a few times a day since we arrived and each time asked to talk to a Peters. Dick patiently explained that there was no one by that name here until she wanted to know who he was, told him he had a nice voice and was eager to meet him. For years he had felt left out of that game since all his colleagues have had this kind of advances and he was curious to see the girl and how she would go about the meeting. When he proposed a drink in our hotel (and he wanted me to come ^{by} half an hour later) she did not think that a good idea and proposed some corner on Nevsky Prospekt. ^{where she would come with a girl friend.} He agreed and went at the appointed time and I was to wait his call. I had barely time to take a bath when he called to tell me that she did not show up and we

met and the Sadko restaurant, a very touristy place but not too bad. We had a good time, the Russian way, which means ^{we} blew money and drank a lot of vodka. ^{and I answered telephone.} When we returned Marina called again, ^{she told Dick} and said she was waiting in a taxi. I suppose she did not believe that Dick actually went to meet her. ^{and did not call any more}

July 21

Now that I knew how to get to the bridge and the pier where the hydrofoil started I took it to Peterhof. It was a fast and uneventful ride with every seat taken. Peterhof has a very attractive park, a well restored palace and lots of over-gilded statues. The Russians have ~~absolutely~~ ^{in a bad way.} caught the tourist disease. They travel in masses, invade museums and admire the ceilings of the old buildings more than the paintings. They could not ~~visit~~ ^{go inside} Peterhof Palace for it ^{was} reserved for Intourist tours paying "valuta". ^{As} Since it was ^{just} announced that the USSR will buy \$11 million worth of grain from the US I now understand why they milk us for hard currency. They even try to sell boat rides at the hotels for "valuta" ^{through} and you can buy the same ticket for a few Kopeckis at the pier.

Back in town met Dick equipped with two cameras and new information on which house the Sudejkin murder took place. It was to be at 91 Nevsky that Degaev ^y waited at a ^{bathroom} water-closet window that overlooked the staircase which was to bring Sudejkin up. We ^{walked} went up and down all the ^{staircases} entrances of that large building and found no window overlooking the stair. We tried the adjoining houses and after a few ^{more glimpses} ~~at~~ decided to wait for Dick outside, when two militia men approached me and asked to see my "dokumenty" (identity papers). I had ^{nothing but} ~~only~~ my camera ^{with me.} When asked if anyone was with me I motioned to the stair. They went in and came out with Dick a few moments later. The informer in a green shirt appeared and when he saw us walking with the "milly men", as the

Americans call them, said "she too has a camera". Dick, in Russian, complemented him on his Communist-socialist zeal! We followed the two men out of the building and a little to the right saw a paddy wagon. Dick said, that we shall be taken in that and I told him I shall not go under any conditions. But instead they led us into a small Militia office where a nice looking young man was sitting at a desk. He sent the two men to the near by railroad station to take care of some drunkard, turned to us and more or less asked us why we were there. Dick turned the tables on him and started asking him if he would help a historian find the place where an assassination of the Police chief Sudejkin took place. He told him all about the particular staircase (the Militia man told us where to find a public toilet) and only ^{at the very end} mentioned ~~at the very end~~ that all this happened over 80 years ago. The sargeant of course knew nothing, ~~and~~ was quite embarassed and told us we were free to go. Outside the green shirt was hanging about, but when he saw Dick snapping a picture of him he ran away and instantly disappeared. What a disappointment he must have had.

July 22

The heat continues and it is impossible to stay in our rooms and rest since the noise of the traffic is ~~at~~ ^I the minute one opens the windows. Instead took the bus across two bridges to the island where the Peter and Paul Fortress stands. The grass and sandy area is now used for sunbathing and swimming. ^{In contrast to its use as a prison before the revolution} Even though it was a week day I had a hard time finding a ^{clean, grassy} quiet spot, ~~where it was clean and there was some grass.~~ There were bodies everywhere and not particularly attractive ones at that. Those square figures in printed cotton dresses looked even worse in semi-bikinis! But they don't seem to be conscious of all this flesh and display it without modesty.

On the way to the Khokoz market bought a "perog"^{zhki} (meat dumpling") on the street. It was made of lead. I wanted to finally taste one since everyone eats them avidly, just another reason for the Russian figure. Arrived at the market just before closing time and there was not much left to buy. We witnessed a fight between some Georgians and a Russian. A militia man who was off duty advised th Russian to ~~have~~, he was outnumbered and less aggressive and had no~~x~~ chance to win. I ~~have no idea~~^{don't know} what the argument was about, but it was noisy, ~~and somehow~~^{and} human, could have been in any country. Here incidents like this are rare. Also rare are the smiling and cunning faces of the peasants selling good fresh produce. They know they can charge any price since it is the ~~only~~ place where one can buy fruits and vegetables that are not rotten.

July 23

(Meg picked me up again for tennis. She is a totally American woman who two years ago, (~~or~~ before she arrived in the USSR) ~~did not know~~^{hardly knew} that the Soviet Union existed ~~and if she knew of it, it was~~^{out} very vaguely. Now she hates the place with a passion and is quite intelligent in her criticism. ~~She~~^{she}, Being a diplomat's wife, ~~she~~ does not have a chance to be much with Russians, but still sees and understands what it is all about. She blames the US government more than the Russians ~~for~~^{me - sided} the unfair exchange rates, ~~detente~~^{the} way it works in their favor and actually said ~~she wished~~^{who?} the US would become isolationist.

Finally had a chance to get together with N. She told us to take a taxi and instructed us as to where to get out, since she ~~now~~ lived quite far out of town. She was not waiting on the corner and before we realized it that we were in the wrong place our taxi had left. We approached an elderly woman waiting at the

68 ~~bus~~ stop and she advised us to take the same trolly bus as she.
When ~~the bus~~ ^{it} finally arrived and we went in, we were thrown
violently forward. It was lucky no one had a broken back. Within
seconds, the driver, a young woman in a not unstylish pant suit
came out and slapped a (standing by man) on both cheeks, saying "you
are lucky I am not calling the Militia". He lamely walked away
being quite drunk. What he had done was to pull off the wire
which was attached to the power lines overhead. Another example
on how this society totally ^{relies} depends on women to do all the work.
They really are the ones ^{able ones} everyone depends on ~~and can rely on~~.

We were late arriving at the assigned corner, but (R) was there.
She has become quite matronely in figure and manners, but most
pleasant. (N) received us with open arms in her small but neat flat
consisting of one room, bath and kitchen which she bought a few
years ago. She prefers to live here alone than ^{to share an apartment} ~~with her father~~ in
the center of town. ~~By the way his apartment is now in V's name~~
~~and even if it were to stand empty for some years it is his.~~
~~we were told that a common friend who~~
~~It is a way to induce V. to do the work she is doing in the North,~~
where the climate is bad, but the pay good and his work interesting.
~~the government let him have a part flat in Leningrad and it stands empty until his return.~~
It was nice to see (N) again after 14 years. She is lively and
intelligent. She works for a Leningrad publishing house as their
English editor. She was permitted to travel in the last years as
far as Bulgaria and Rumania. Poland and Yugoslavia are ^{considered}
"the West" and are hard to get visas for. She now hopes to be
able to come to the USA, but worries, that even if she did, ~~the~~
get the passport and permission, she would not have any money, since
Russians are not allowed to buy hard currency. We assured her that
she would need nothing once she would get there and for the first
time we believe that she has a chance. She offered me a job any-
time I am in Leningrad, editing. It seems they have no one ^{who} ~~that~~

can be trusted to know idiomatic English. She understands it well and can read it, but cannot speak well or edit. I am not at all sure I qualify for this job but she insisted I try and brought me a manuscript to ~~try and go over it~~. It was written in correct English, but the adjectives were incredible. I never realized how the Leninist jargon can be used to describe buildings. Basically whatever has been built even in the last years has been inspired by ^{the} ~~that~~ great Lenin! I did cross out a lot of these sentiments but am not at all sure they will not be put back.

July 24

This morning's tennis was mostly with Gregori, the trainer ^{at the} for ~~this~~ boy's club where we rented the courts. He gave me a long free lesson and I admired his very easy going tennis style. He is 30 years old, tall and heavy built and could return every ball anywhere at all, he was also superb at placing them. For a while we played doubles - it was extremely hot and he admired Meg's and mine endurance by saying "no wonder the Americans were the first to get to ^{the moon} ~~the~~ moon". I used to think that venture of ours was unnecessary, but it certainly made an impression here.

Dick called the secretary of the Academy to tell him that we shall leave a few days earlier than planned, and since we received the Rubles for our keep he feels he ought to return around 20 Rubles. At first the man said that that would be unnecessary, but a moment later changed his mind and said that he would come over to get it in a few minutes. When Dick asked for a receipt he said ^{there was no need for that} ~~it was unnecessary~~. It was too late now to say we shall not give it, so the secretary made himself some extra Rubles.

July 25

Our last full day in the Soviet Union. I must admit I felt

happy and all at once could not wait until tomorrow to leave. If I felt this way how can we even imagine how the Russians feel about being able to go away even if only for a short vacation or business trip. Picked up a large batch of Swiss and German papers that were forwarded c/o the Consulate here but had no time left to read them and tomorrow we shall be able to read the same day's papers anyway! I took with me the hot plate, pot and frying pan and left ~~it~~ ^{these} with the secretary of the Consulate. I asked her to give it to the next American who will "keep house" in a hotel room and to whom it will make a lot of difference in ~~their~~ ^{his} "life style".

Our farewell dinner was with N. in a comparatively small and pleasant restaurant, ~~Berkov.~~ ^{Volkhov.} The Maitre D. even cared to give decent service and the food was better than usually. I wonder if he gets some percentage, he must, for this was the first and only restaurant we have been to that was not unpleasant. (12)

July 26 and following days in the West.

I have never enjoyed getting ready to leave a place as much before. ^{When we left the hotel room,} ~~We had the usual scene of the~~ ^{was amazed} ~~amazed maid~~ [^] when she saw what we ~~left to be thrown out.~~ ^{threw}

At the airport we were counted, and twice more recounted ^{before} ~~until~~ we boarded the SAS plane. Once inside it ~~one feels~~ ^{I felt} instantly in the West, ~~even though one knows that the smile of the stewardess~~ ^{I knew} is somewhat phony, she has been taught and trained in that art. ^{wrong place for this} The Russians only smile when they mean it ^{therefore} and do it rarely. We landed in Copenhagen. It could have been any other Western city for that matter, for me to start making constant comparisons. I could talk about nothing else, ^{and hope I did not bore my friends who met me in those first days out,} How marvelously clean the hotel room was, how white the sheets, how beautiful the bathroom. Walking in the streets I was admiring and staring at the store displays. I had almost forgotten how many beautiful things there are to buy

and how the ~~shops~~ try to display them attractively to tempt the customer in, instead of keeping him out. Here the doorman stands in front of the hotel or restaurant to open the door, carry the bags and not to make sure you don't come in.

I even liked some trash on the streets, even though I wish we could teach our children not to throw it around, but somehow it stood for freedom. Taxis are eager to take you wherever you want to go, the further the better, and not as a favor. The food is good and clean.

From Copenhagen to Geneva, really all the same and on to London and Cambridge. How beautiful and large my house seemed. It took me three days to look over all the rooms. When I first saw my refrigerator I really thought it was monstrously big, ~~forget~~ they made them like that.

And now I am in ^{N.H.} ~~Gresham~~ - the place we dreamt of for weeks on the hot days of June and July in Moscow and Leningrad when we lived in hot concrete buildings surrounded by bugging devices, loud traffic, pushy and impolite people and nowhere to breathe. When we dreamt of being here we did not exaggerate the beauty and quiet of the place. Even in the State Liquor Store the salesmen are polite and eager to sell.

I just look at the view, swim in the lake and am free to do what I want. I feel sorry for all the Russians who don't know how that feels.

Additions

(1) We also found out that the Embassy offers rare services not usually found in embassies in other countries, such as a launderette, dry cleaning send to Finland, hairdresser, a post office where you can buy Finish, Austrian and US stamps. You can also leave your old clothes and whatever else you want to give away and it will be send to Helsinki, since it is forbidden to give anything away to a Russian (diplomats, of course have to obey this). What irony - to send things out of Russia to Finland!

(2) The only really good buy is the bread, it costs between 9 and 11 Kopej-kis a pound. It is not only cheap but excellent. It is a bit sour, slices easily and one eats too much of it. It is the basis of the local diet and it is subsidized by the government. Incomparision, one cake, *that is usually hard + terrible* is looks only ~~but hard and quite bad,~~ costs 16 Kopej'kis.

(3) (I have had a definite feeling that we were not bugged as yet, for I often would say things especially meant for "their ears" but had no results. Another symptom of our lowly treatment.)

(4) She did take them from me only because I was a foreigner. They are not set up for it in the stores and since all is sold with a deposit an average family must have a lot to return. You have to carry all the bottles and jars to a special place, quite far away, where you wait in line again to get your refund.

(5) An average Russian eats a lot of food on the street because distances are large and restaurants either expensive or overcrowded

The most common food~~s~~ sold are meat and other dumplings, ice cream, kvass (a sour drink made of fermented bread and ^{dispensed} sold, ^{is} in what looked to me like small cement mixers), and soda water. Beer ~~was~~ not available (I could buy it for dollars). There is no end to the number~~s~~ of ~~the~~ soda water machines and telephone booths (this since most people still do not have their own telephones~~s~~ ^{or had theirs removed by the KGB.})

We solve our eating problem by making our breakfast~~s~~ in the room; ^{at what time}

I fix sandwich~~s~~ for Dick which he eats on some park bench ~~near the library he works in~~, while I usually am back in the room for my lunch, and dinner we eat out. I make sure that Dick brings back the plastic bag~~s~~ the lunch is packed in for these are precious here and I wash them out and reuse them as long as they last. He also has gotten into the habit of looking on his way home if there is anything to buy and comes in often with a triumphant air if he had bought a lemon, for example. ^(even if we don't need it)

(6) I hear that more and more they are employing half or full time wives of Americans serving there. ^{works best for both} This is good for the ~~the~~ Embassy since they ^{get} ~~have~~ people ^{it} they can trust and ~~for the women it~~ ^{for} ~~is~~ ^{it gives them the women many more} something to do which ~~they~~ need badly ~~since most of them are quite bored there.~~ ^{with the life here}

(7) When ~~we~~ praised the cake, and indeed it was excellent, she told us she bought it in the Warszawa restaurant. Another local racket. I never saw anyone eat this ^{Kaundor} torte ^{in this} ~~at the~~ restaurant. Obviously those who know buy it up at a higher price to take home and those in the restaurant get the usual answer when one picks from the menu - not available.

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(8) But with all this there is not enough room between the beds for me to do my Yoga, ^{clearly} I have learned to modify the postures and by now know exactly what I can do without banging my arms and legs.

(9) ~~We discussed and~~ I wanted to know how they survive and what they live on. One source of income is often the wife, who manages to keep her job because she usually uses her maiden name and her employer does not connect her with her husband. The other source of revenue is the money a "refusnik" officially gets from an American Jewish agency. ^{y which} The Soviet authorities ~~then~~ take away about 30% in so-called taxes. The rest of the money is changed into Ruble coupons, similar to the ones diplomats get, with which one can shop at the special Beriozka shops. The dissident then buys something that is in demand at this time and not available in the regular state stores. He then goes to the Kommissionnyi Magazin and sells it for 10 - 20 times the price and has enough money to survive.

yes { We have just heard that the authorities plan to increase that tax to 70%, which would make it impossible for the recipients to make ends meet.

(9) It was past ~~ten~~ midnight when we entered the Metro and it was my first chance to observe it at a late hour when few people are about. Many among the few are totally drunk, literally not being able to keep their balance, and bleary eyed. All the floors and stairs are washed by the "babushki" at this time every night. The rule of standing on the right and passing on the left on the escalators is religiously observed at all times., but at this

hour one sees many couples in deep conversation facing one another on the ^{moving} stairs. Some of these escalators are very deep, their design a copy of the London ~~Underground's~~. The style of the stations varies. The older ones are quite elaborate with lots of marble statues, huge chandeliers and decorations, while the newer ones are quite simple and hardly decorated, purely utilitarian. In the daytime the Metro stations are not only packed with people, but there are stalls with books, records, flowers and some kind of primitive gambling game where one pays 5 Kope^{ekis} and draws out a paper. I have no idea what one can win or what the purpose of it is.

Here and there one sees a peasant woman selling a few wild flowers. I assume she does not work for the State and the few Kope^{ekis} she earns ~~gets~~ are her own. All the others work for the state, just as the

shoe cleaner and the ice cream vendor on the corner. *Back at the hotel*
basically ~~that~~ all the women ~~who work there were washing their~~ *writing their reports in the lobby downstairs.*

(10) I was once taken by an American friend to that Gastronom.

Diplomats and other foreign residents can shop there for Ruble coupons which they buy for hard currencies at the official rate of exchange. The advantage is hidden in the prices charged in this food shop. A can of Moroccan sardines for which I paid 60 Kope^{ekis} in the regular shop, costs 27 Kope^{ekis} in the Beriozka for tourists, and 17 Kope^{ekis} in this special Diplomatic store. This is their way of ^{preventing} acknowledging the true value of the Ruble and the Diplomats from complaining too much about the prices in the Soviet Union, and the rate of exchange.

(10a) Dick remembered that he was to get in touch with the people he promised to visit tonight. He was to call from a booth and not from our hotel for their safety. ~~He tried to call information when~~ *he tried to get it from the operator*
he realized he had not taken the number with him, but was told that

one can only get this information in the special kiosks to be found on many streets. I must add that telephone books are practically unavailable here and I have never seen one. The nearest information kiosk was next to the Metro station. Dick gave the name hoping to get the telephone number, but was told that he first had to give the person's date and place of birth. So back to the hotel we went and arranged tonight's meeting.

(11) I must admit we did not act in our usual way. I ordered the most expensive dishes and Dick had had vodka before I arrived. We knew we only had about 18 Rubles but figured we were OK until the waiter presented us with a bill for 29 Rubles. When Dick checked the prices and objected the waiter was very embarrassed (an obvious novice at this game) and corrected the bill to 16 Rubles. We were amused and complimented. After being married almost 29 years it was nice to be taken for a couple on a date where the man would be too embarrassed to object to being overcharged.

(12) There is little one can buy here even for hard currency and even less that natives ~~would~~ have to give as presents. For that reason I was very touched when I was given one of those wooden dolls, where there are smaller ones inside and was told that it was special in that it was not machine made but hand done by some peasants my friend knew. I was given a pair of straw slippers, quite nice but much too small for me even though it is the largest size produced. I also got a nice amber on a chain which I shall wear. I appreciate the sentiment. As for myself, I bought nothing to take back except for one rabbit hat which I hope will not shed before winter.