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## CID Report

### **Title**

Center for Innovative Diplomacy Report - October/November/December 1985

### **Permalink**

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/47f1645h>

### **Journal**

Center for Innovative Diplomacy Report, 2(5)

### **Author**

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### **Publication Date**

1985-10-01

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# the CID Report

Vol. 2 No. 5 CENTER FOR INNOVATIVE DIPLOMACY

Oct./Nov./Dec. 1985

DURING THE FIRST TWO WEEKS OF OCTOBER, THREE OF CID'S STAFF—Michael Shuman, Dwight Cocke, and Hal Harvey—made their first sojourn to the Soviet Union. Along with eighteen other leaders of environmental and peace groups including David Brower, the founder of Friends of the Earth, and Phil Greenberg, energy advisor to former California Governor Jerry Brown, CID's triumvirate visited Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, and Erevan. There, they talked with dozens of Soviets, both officially and privately.

## CID Visits the Evil Empire

While part of their trip was simply touring, observing, and learning, another large part was spent establishing contacts for future CID projects. They met, for example, with the Peace Councils in each city and laid the foundation for greater cooperation among American and Soviet mayors, particularly those who attended the First World Conference of Mayors for Peace in Hiroshima (see The CID Report, July/August/September 1985). One possibility they explored was to have a simultaneous press conference, in which half a dozen Soviet and American mayors would talk to one another through a television "space bridge" about issues like a comprehensive test ban.

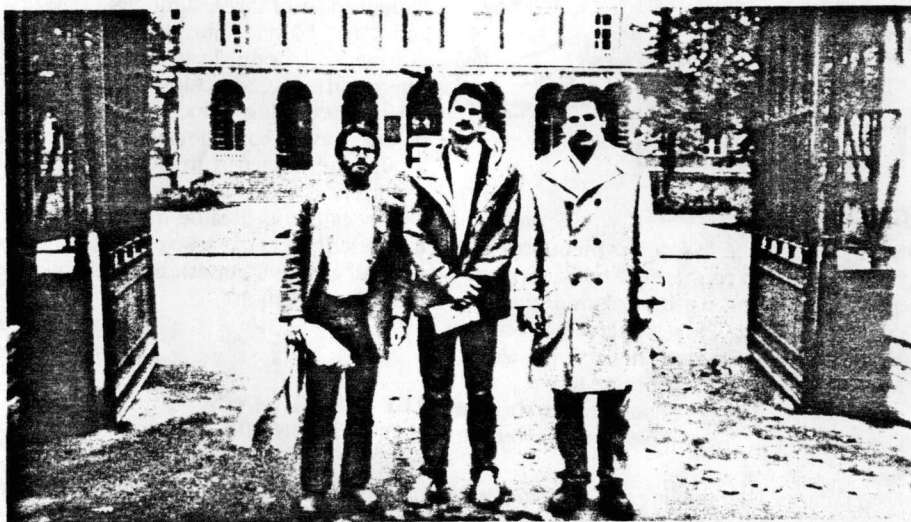
Another project they discussed with officials was to open a citizen diplomacy press office in Moscow that could be a round-the-clock resource for citizen diplomats. Right now, all telephone communications between Americans and Soviets must go through a central switchboard in Moscow, delaying messages for a day or longer. The only way to send messages quickly is to telex a person inside the Soviet Union, who then can make the necessary follow-up phone calls. Within the Soviet Union, phone calls, even long distance ones, are quick and inexpensive. The hope is that a special press office for citizen diplomats in

Moscow—one equipped with a telex machine, a telephone, and a full time correspondent—could move messages quickly from telex to telephone. The prospects for this proposal remain uncertain, but if it happens, it would be an extremely important tool for citizen diplomats in the years ahead.

Of course, the most important part of CID's trip to the Soviet Union was new insight into what the Soviet Union is all about. And in an in-depth report on page 11, Michael Shuman describes the "ten myths" in his, Hal's, and Dwight's minds that the trip dispelled.



*David Brower, founder of Friends of the Earth, in Moscow's Red Square.*



*In front of a Leningrad monument, CID's envoys—Dwight Cocke, Hal Harvey, and Michael Shuman—were moved to "strut their diplomatic stuff."*

## CID WELCOMES LYNN SQUIRES

WHAT ARTERIES ARE to the human body, the position of "office manager" is to a nonprofit organization. CID's office manager, for example, has principal responsibility for accounting, paying bills, meeting payroll, coping with taxes, fielding phone calls, distributing the newsletter, and 1001 related tasks.

Bringing formidable talents to this awesome task is Lynn Squires, a recent graduate of Chico State in accounting. Lynn is replacing Meg Bowman, who, after serving eighteen months with CID, entered graduate study at the John F. Kennedy School of Government and Public Policy at Harvard University.

Lynn comes to CID with a wealth of nonprofit experience. During school, she worked with the Butte County chapter of the National Women's Political Caucus, on whose political action committee she served. And after



graduation, Lynn helped a number of organizations "get their numbers straight" with rigorous accounting systems. One beneficiary of her work has been the San Jose Peace Center, whom she still assists, both as the organization's Treasurer and as a member of the board overseeing its Special Building Fund.

Union. I like the idea of taking the initiative, and not just waiting for national leaders to solve things.

Sharon A. Jones  
Haymarket, Virginia

### "BIKES FOR PEACE"

GALE WARNER'S ARTICLE ON "Bike for Peace" in the May/June issue of *The CID Report* struck a responsive chord in me because my wife and I spent most of three summers (1981, 1982 and 1984) bicycle touring and camping in Europe. . . . Our third trip included two eastern countries—Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

Upon returning home, we showed slides of our travels to a dozen or more small groups after each trip. In total, we shared our experiences with hundreds of people.

Why can't this idea be modified from the trip described in the article so that a number of small groups of Americans could bike tour in the Soviet Union?

R. Marriner Orum  
Eugene, Oregon

### THE HIROSHIMA MAYORS CONFERENCE

I WANTED YOU to know that of the thousands of pages of Hiroshima/Nagasaki commemorative materials I've read this year, none have come close to moving me in the way yours did [in the July/August/September is-



## LETTERS

### GENERAL REACTIONS

SOME OF US in the MX deployment area are working hard to counter the military propaganda. One thing we have considered is a cultural exchange. How would a high school chorus go over? Or local "housewives"? Your letter came at a very opportune time!

Mae Irene Kirkbridge  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

I JUST RECEIVED your mailing and am very interested in your organization and your work. . . . I am glad you have such a program for citizens to be able to reach out to the Soviet

The Center for Innovative Diplomacy is a non-profit, non-partisan research organization striving to prevent nuclear and conventional war by increasing citizen participation in foreign affairs.

sue of *The CID Report*]. Your commitment and sensitivity are inspiring in the most concrete sense of the word.

Daniel J. Arbess, Executive Director  
*Lawyers Committee for  
Nuclear Policy*

I AM MOST impressed with your gripping report of the First World Conference of Mayors in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and your tactful and courageous efforts to "institutionalize" that significant event. You made those days in Japan very vivid, and the people so real I'd like to have given each a "dear hug." I'm inspired to be this city's representative to the proposed North American regional conference. Even if I had to borrow the money, I'd attend.

Elsie Merkel McCullough  
Lake Mills, Wisconsin

# CID

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## WE'LL MISS YOU, SAMANTHA

Last May, Gale Warner set off for Manchester, Maine to write the third chapter for *The New Diplomats*. Her subject was the twelve year old Samantha Smith. For several days, Gale lived with the Smiths, talking at length with Samantha and her parents, Arthur and Jane.

Tragically, it was the last in-depth interview anyone ever had with Samantha or Arthur. On the evening of August 25th, Samantha and Arthur were flying back from London, where Samantha had just finished her first acting job for the television series "Lime Street." Shortly before their Beechcraft 99 jet landed in Portland, Maine, it crashed, killing everyone aboard.

Several days later, in what was reported to be the largest memorial service in Maine's history, more than a thousand people gathered to pay their last respects.

Among those attending was Vladimir Kulagin, representing the Soviet Embassy in Washington, D.C., who read a special statement from Mikhail Gorbachev.

"Everyone in the Soviet Union who has known Samantha Smith," Gorbachev wrote, "will remember forever the image of the American girl, who, like millions of Soviet young men and women, dreamt about peace, and about friendship between the peoples of the United States and the Soviet Union."

Kulagin then set aside the message and added, "The best thing would be if we continued what they started with good will, friendship and love. Samantha shone like a brilliant beam of sunshine at a time when relations between our two countries were clouded."

Another unusual part of the audience were 15 children from The Life Experience, a school for handicapped and terminally ill children. Meg Randa, the school's associate director, said, "Samantha was a symbol

of hope to all the children."

Dori Desateal, one of Samantha's closest friends, said, "When I realize what she was trying to do for our world, I was very proud to be her friend."

Thousands more sent condolences.

Maine Governor Joseph Brennan said, "All of America has lost a very special little girl."

President Reagan wrote, "Millions of Americans, indeed millions of people, share the burdens of your grief."

"I regard her death like the loss of a loved one," wrote Valentina Tereshkova. "It is hard to believe that Samantha is no more. Her numerous Soviet friends—adults and children alike—deeply mourn her premature death."

The bright image of Samantha Smith, the 'little ambassador of peace,' will live forever in our hearts."

Samantha may be gone, but she has not been forgotten. Her mother, Jane, has already formed a foundation to support future citizen diplomacy initiatives. In the Soviet Union, a recently discovered diamond of rare beauty was named after Samantha.

And in late November, a "children's summit" between Minnesota and Moscow took place in Samantha's honor. Using "space bridge" technology, American and Soviet children were able to look at each other and ask each other questions—about their games, their clothes, their dating habits, etc. At the end of the program, the children all broke down and cried when they realized that the little girl who helped make it all possible was now gone.

\* \* \*

In the following essay, we have left Gale's writing as it was before Samantha died. We felt that this would be the best way to convey her passion and enthusiasm for life—her legacy that will live on for generations.

## Profiles in Diplomacy

GALE WARNER

### The Innocent Abroad: Samantha Smith

ON THE BACKDROP BEHIND THE makeshift stage, in handpainted, childishy askew letters, is a quote from Mahatma Gandhi: "If we are to reach real peace in this world and if we are to carry on a real war against war, we shall have to begin with the CHILDREN." About 200 parents and children are sitting in a dormitory lounge at the University of Southern Maine in Gorham, Maine, whispering to each other about the BBC cameramen politely maneuvering in the background. Everyone has gathered to see a real, live celebrity: the girl who, two years ago, sent a "letter for peace" straight to the top—to Soviet Premier Yuri Andropov.

Samantha Smith bounds to the microphone like a young cat released from a cage. "I thought I'd read a few selections from my book, if you guys don't mind," she begins, beaming a winsome smile at the audience and tossing her head to one side. "Actually, the whole thing started when I asked my mother if there was going to be a war. Once I watched a science show on public television and the scientists said that a nuclear war would wreck the Earth and destroy our atmosphere. Nobody could win a nuclear war. I remember that I woke up one morning and wondered if this was going to be the last day of the Earth."

*continued on page 4*

"Profiles in Diplomacy" is a regular feature of The CID Report describing the personal stories of individuals who have undertaken noteworthy diplomatic initiatives. The following piece is an abridged version of a chapter in a forthcoming CID book entitled *The New Diplomats*, written by Gale Warner, a freelance writer now living in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

continued from page 3

Samantha Smith is now nearly thirteen years old. Under the fashionable blue-and-white checked blouse and skirt there are incipient signs of puberty. The girl who so impressed hard-bitten reporters as a "gangly-legged bundle of energy" and charmed them with her penchant for softball is growing up. Her straight brunette hair, once held back in a hairband, has now been clipped into a stylish pageboy. Her lips are tinged with rouge and mascara highlights her wide blue eyes. Still, despite all of the attention, despite the instant fame, despite the book, despite Hollywood, Samantha Smith has not yet turned into Brooke Shields. She reads quickly and decisively. She appears to have a good deal to say.

"I asked my mother who would start a war and why. She showed me a news-magazine with a story about America and Russia, one that had a picture of the new Russian leader, Yuri Andropov, on the cover. We read it together. It seemed that the people in both Russia and America were worried that the other country would start a nuclear war. It all seemed so dumb to me. I told Mom that she should write to Mr. Andropov to find out who was causing all the trouble. She said, 'Why don't you write to him?' So I did."

"Dear Mr. Andropov," she wrote, "My name is Samantha Smith. I am ten years old. Congratulations on your new job. I

have been worrying about Russia and the United States getting into a nuclear war. Are you going to vote to have a war or not? If you aren't please tell me how you are going to help to not have a war. This question you do not have to answer, but I would like to know why you want to conquer the world or at least our country. God made the world for us to live together in peace and not to fight."

Samantha wrote on a lined piece of notepaper in the careful, looping script of ten year old girls everywhere. Her father, Arthur Smith, helped her mail the letter to "Mr. Yuri Andropov, The

*"I thought my questions were good ones and it shouldn't matter if I was ten years old."*

Kremlin, Moscow, USSR." Samantha was impressed that it cost so much to mail—40 cents. Her expectations were not high. "I thought I'd just get a form letter, like I did from the Queen of England"—to whom, at the age of five, she wrote a fan letter. Samantha and her parents soon forgot about the letter.

Four or five months later, Samantha

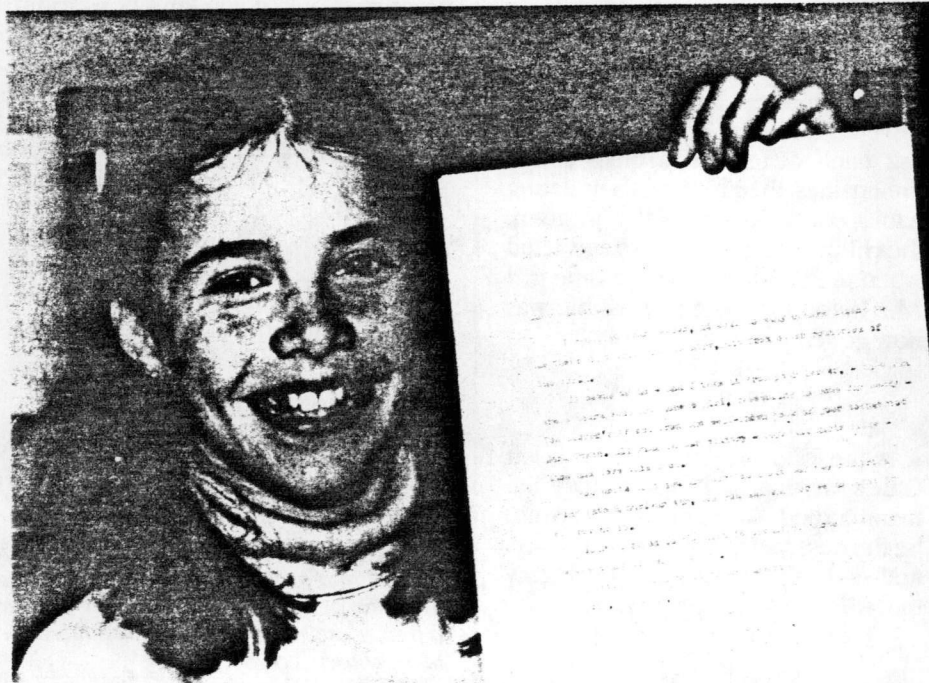


Arthur, Samantha, and Jane Smith, standing in front of the Sovietskaya Hotel in Moscow.

was summoned to the secretary's office of her elementary school and told that there was a reporter from the Associated Press on the telephone who wanted to speak with her. Samantha protested that there must be some kind of mistake. "Mrs. Peabody said, well, did you write a letter or something to Yuri Andropov? She practically dragged me into the office and got me on the phone. And the reporter told me that there was an article in *Pravda* that talked about my letter, and there was even a picture of it."

Samantha managed to overcome her surprise enough to talk to the reporter for a few minutes. A story went out over the news wires, and the Associated Press sent up a photographer to Manchester to take a picture of a grinning Samantha next to her dad's manual typewriter. Meanwhile, her father, a professor of English at the University of Maine, managed to locate a copy of *Pravda* and found some colleagues in the Russian department to translate the article. *Pravda* indeed quoted excerpts of Samantha's letter and said, in reference to her question about why Andropov might want to conquer the world: "We think we can pardon Samantha her misleadings, because the girl is only ten years old."

Samantha was understandably pleased that *Pravda* had printed her letter. But she was miffed that no attempt had been made to answer her questions.



Samantha showing her letter from Mr. Andropov.

So she wrote a second letter, this time to the Soviet Ambassador to the United States, Anatoly Dobrynin. She asked him whether Mr. Andropov was planning to answer her questions, and added that "I thought my questions were good ones and it shouldn't matter if I was ten years old."

Apparently, that did it. A week later the Soviet embassy called Samantha at home to say that a reply from Yuri Andropov was on its way. Within a few days, the postmistress of Manchester, Maine

called to say that a peculiar envelope had arrived registered mail for Samantha. The letter, typed in Russian on cream-colored paper and signed in blue ink, was dated April 19, 1983, and was accompanied by an English translation.

Andropov's letter (reprinted in the box below) arrived at 8 a.m. on Monday, April 26, 1983. When Samantha got home from school that afternoon, the lawn in front of her house was blanketed with reporters and cameramen. Before the night was out, she and her mother, Jane

Smith, were on a jet chartered by CBS and NBC to New York City for a round of appearances on the *Today Show*, *CBS Morning News* and *Nightline*, as well as more interviews with major newspapers, radio stations, and wire services. A few days later, Samantha and her mother were off to California for her first appearance on the *Tonight Show*.

Samantha's prior travelling experience had been limited to visiting her grandparents in Florida and Virginia. Her reaction? "It was different," gasps Samantha, "but it was fun!"

Samantha flips through the pages of her book, *Journey to the Soviet Union*, to her favorite part of her trip: her visit to Camp Artek on the Black Sea. "The kids had lots of questions about America," reads Samantha, "especially about clothes and music. They were all interested in how I lived and sometimes at night we talked about peace, but it didn't really seem necessary because none of them hated America, and none of them ever wanted war. Most of the kids had relatives or friends of their families die in World War II, and they hoped there would *never* be another war. It seemed strange even to talk about war when we all got along so well together. I guess that's what I came to find out. I mean, if we could be friends by just getting to know each other better, then what are our countries really arguing about?"

Now it is time for questions. A dozen local seventh and eighth graders from Gorham Junior High School take turns stepping to a floor microphone and reading queries from slips of paper. Samantha stands with her hands folded a little stiffly on the podium, her face intent as she concentrates on hearing each question. Her answers are brief and to the point.

"How have your attitudes toward Russia changed?"

"At first, when I hadn't gone over there, some of my parents' friends said it was sort of gray and dull. And the news was always saying that it wasn't nice at all, and that they were mean and truly wanted to be enemies and stuff. But when I got there I found out that the people were really friendly and very down-to-earth. They certainly didn't want war at all because they had gone through such tragedies earlier in their lives."

"Do you have any message to give people in the United States?"

"Well, I feel that one of the reasons we

## THE LETTER THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

Dear Samantha,

I received your letter, which is like many others that have reached me recently from your country and from other countries around the world.

It seems to me—I can tell by your letter—that you are a courageous and honest girl, resembling Becky, the friend of Tom Sawyer in the famous book of your compatriot Mark Twain. This book is well-known and loved in our country by all boys and girls.

Yes, Samantha, we in the Soviet Union are trying to do everything so that there will not be war between our countries, so that in general there will not be war on earth. This is what every Soviet man wants. This is what the great founder of our state, Vladimir Lenin, taught us.

Soviet people well know what a terrible thing war is. Forty-two years ago, Nazi Germany, which strived for supremacy over the whole world, attacked our country, burned and destroyed many thousands of our towns and villages, killed millions of Soviet men, women, and children.

In that war, which ended in our victory, we were in alliance with the United States; together we fought for the liberation of many people from the Nazi invaders. I hope that you know this from your history lessons in school. And today we want very much to live in peace, to trade and cooperate with all our neighbors on this earth—with those far away and those near by. And certainly with such a great country as the United States of America.

In America and in our country there are nuclear weapons—terrible weapons that can kill millions of people in an instant. But we do not want them ever to be used. That's precisely why the Soviet Union solemnly declared throughout the entire world that never—never—will it use nuclear weapons first against any country. In general we propose to discontinue further production of them and to proceed to the abolition of all the stockpiles on earth.

It seems to me that this is a sufficient answer to your second question: "Why do you want to wage war against the whole world or at least the United States?" We want nothing of the kind. No one in our country—neither workers, peasants, writers, nor doctors, neither grown-ups or children, nor members of the government—wants either a big or a "little" war.

We want peace—that is something that we are occupied with: growing wheat, building and inventing, writing books and flying into space. We want peace for ourselves and for all peoples of the planet. For our children and for you, Samantha.

I invite you, if your parents will let you, to come to our country, the best time being the summer. You will find out about our country, meet with your contemporaries, visit an international children's camp—"Artek"—on the sea. And see for yourself: in the Soviet Union—everyone is for peace and friendship among peoples.

Thank you for your letter. I wish you all the best in your young life.

Yuri Andropov

continued on page 6



Samantha donning native garb.

## The Girl Beneath the Glitter

**L**OOKING AT SAMANTHA IS AN EXERCISE in cognitive dissonance. She is a sophisticated little princess reclining on the sofa, adoring fans all around, her make-up impeccable, her manner aristocratic; she is also a twelve-year-old girl who doesn't question her father's right to decide what she wears in public and who goes to bed at 8:30 p.m. in her lavender flannel pajamas. Her voice has lowered since her early talk show days; she can now sound like a teenager if she chooses, or she can suspend that maturity and trip lightly through her words in flawless little-girl-speak. Is she a girl, or is she a young woman?

It is not simply the contradictions inherent in her age, though, that make meeting Samantha somewhat disconcerting. Like the people of the country she became famous for visiting, Samantha is not exactly who one would expect her to be based on newspaper accounts. One expects to find an earnest, studious child who regularly peruses *The New York Times* and keeps up with the latest debates over weapons systems and arguments for arms control. "Some people think that because of what's happened to me I'm a real super-person peacemaker," says Samantha with a tiny inhalation of breath, a delicate gasp, before she speaks. "But I'm not really into politics that much. I'm just *concerned*, and this just sort of happened."

One expects a prodigy, but instead finds a refreshingly normal twelve-year-old girl with typical twelve-year-old interests and perspectives. Samantha watches a fair amount of television. She giggles a great deal—fine-tuned, highly modulated giggles that can convey intricate shades of meaning. She watches—and giggles at—Bugs Bunny shows in the morning while she eats her Cheerios. She chews gum and has a weakness for popsicles. She is at the age when boys have become intriguing, and when few things can keep her in the bathroom longer than getting ready for a Friday night school dance.

Once the initial surprise is over, though, one also realizes that it is her very normality that has made her such an effective symbol of her generation. In a culture jaded by hot-house-grown child performers, Samantha is reassuringly genuine. Not everything she says is profound. Yet her brand of childish di-

rectness, bereft of fuzzing layers of learned complexities, has made many an ideologue wince. Her credentials are simple: *she was there*. Going to the Soviet Union allowed her to come to her own conclusions—a fact that delights her fans and irritates her detractors.

And since her return, no one has been able to shake her faith in her basic tenets. "All the children here, and all the children over in the Soviet Union, are not enemies," declares Samantha. "For some really strange reason, the grown-ups that rule don't get along. Whenever you want to do something at home, and you ask your parents if you can, they

*"Half the adults seem to think that they are our enemies, but they haven't even been over there to the Soviet Union to see what they are like."*

always say, give me two good reasons.' But here the grown-ups never give any good reasons for why they don't get along. Maybe it's time we did a little backtalk," she says, impishly eyeing her father, who has just settled in an armchair.

Because she so obviously lacked a political axe to grind, public interest in Samantha's conclusions was keen. She could be trusted to tell things the way she saw them. Within a few weeks of the letter's arrival, Andropov's invitation was confirmed: the Soviets offered to pro-

*continued on page 7*



An inquisitive press followed Samantha everywhere.

are having problems with them is that many of the people in the United States government have not actually gone over there for a tour, or to actually meet any of the children or the other adults in the Soviet Union. Half the adults seem to think that they are our enemies, but they haven't even been over there to experience meeting people in the Soviet Union to see what they are like. I have experienced that and I have found out that the people of the Soviet Union are very friendly and they're trying as hard as we are to have peace."

"Would you like to visit the Soviet Union again?"

"If anybody wants to invite me, I'd be happy to go."

"What do you see for our future? Do you think it's possible to have world peace?"

"I think there's a way we can have peace among children. As for the adults—I think it's possible. But, well, I can't exactly do that much about it, because I'm a kid. I would like to be able to do something about it, but I can't. I think we can achieve peace if we try hard enough."

The questions end, the audience gives her a grateful ovation, and Samantha exits to a chair on the side of the room. As other children make presentations, her young-lady chic disappears as she sprawls across her father's lap like a giant kitten. Samantha is tired. It is already an hour past her usual bedtime. But she and her father can't slip away just yet; a short photo session is scheduled after the program. Then they must drive nearly two hours from Gorham back to Manchester, for tomorrow is a school day.

vide an all-expenses-paid two-week sojourn for Samantha and her parents. And so as Samantha's July 7, 1983 departure date drew near, the Smith family packed bags full of Maine college T-shirts and pennants as gifts for their Soviet hosts and the Western press got ready to record her every impression.

## A Tour De Force

**A**S SOON AS HER AEROFLOT JET from Montreal arrived in Sheremetjevo Airport, Samantha was besieged by reporters asking her what she thought of Moscow. Blinking sleepily under the bright camera lights, she said she thought the airport looked a lot like American airports, and soon was whisked away to bed in a deluxe suite in the Sovietskaya Hotel, which is normally reserved for visiting dignitaries. The next day, she rode in a black limousine accompanied by a full police motorcade to Red Square, where she toured the palaces and churches of the Kremlin, visited Lenin's tomb and study ("Lenin," she explains, "is sort of like their George Washington") and laid flowers at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Samantha's summary: "Moscow was pretty exciting, we got to go to all these tourist places. But after awhile it started to get boring, and my feet started hurting because the shoes that looked best on me were too small."

Much more to her liking, and her favorite part of the trip, was visiting a large youth camp called Artek in the Crimea. "They have hundreds of tons of jellyfish that don't sting in the Black Sea," explains Samantha, "and you can have jellyfish fights. It's wonderful." Samantha was met at the airplane by a busload of enthusiastic Young Pioneers her own age and welcomed to Artek by a cheering bleacherful of uniformed children with balloons and banners, mostly in Russian, but one in English: "We are glad to meet you in our Artek."

Samantha donned a Pioneer uniform (white blouse, turquoise skirt, and white knee socks) and the white chiffon bow which Soviet girls often wear in their hair, but eschewed wearing the red Pioneer neckerchief, which symbolizes devotion to communism. According to Samantha, "The Young Pioneers are a little like Boy Scouts or Girl Scouts except that their activities teach them about communism instead of democracy." She expected, though, that the camp would

be "more wildernessy, with tents."

Samantha opted to spend the night in one of their dormitories instead of in the hotel with her parents. A thirteen year old blue-eyed blonde named Natasha, who spoke fairly good English, soon became her best friend. They played together on the beach, took a boat ride to nearby Yalta (where Samantha dangled her legs in President Roosevelt's chair), and tossed wine bottles stuffed with messages from the deck of the boat into the Black Sea. "Hopefully we will all have peace for the rest of our lives," read Samantha's message. By this time she knew enough "adolescent Russian," as her father puts it, to be able to sing Rus-

*"Us kids have made friends, and we're really just smaller versions of grown-ups."*

sian songs on the boat with the other children, arms locked together as they swayed back and forth.

Samantha would have liked to stay longer, but the camp session was ending, and after a final evening of closing ceremonies that included a parade, fireworks, skits, dancing, and costume shows, the campers went home and Samantha flew to Leningrad. Here her every move continued to get prime-time coverage in the American, European, and Soviet press as photo opportunities unfolded. Samantha in a colorful Russian folk costume made for her by other children. Samantha eating enormous raspberries on a collective farm. Samantha at the Kirov Ballet trying to put on a signed pair of toe shoes given her by the prima ballerina, Alla Cisova. Samantha accepting flowers from a Soviet sailor on the ship *Aurora*, which fired the first shot of the Russian Revolution. Samantha laying a wreath at the Piskarevskoye Memorial to the more than half-million citizens of Leningrad who died in the 900-day siege by the Nazis during World War II. Samantha was on "every other night on Soviet T.V.," says her father Arthur, "and probably has greater public recognition there than she does here."

Then it was back to Moscow on an overnight train for a final whirlwind of activities, including visits to the Toy Mu-

seum, the Moscow Circus, and the Puppet Theater, a chance to try out a racing bicycle in the Velodrome of the Krylatskoye Olympic Center, and a lesson from expert gymnasts on how to swirl ribbons.

"Kids have written to say they think she was very brave to go to the Soviet Union, but she doesn't think she was, and I would have to agree," says Arthur. "But what she did that *was* very difficult was to carry off that trip. Two weeks of twelve-hour days, and she greeted everyone everywhere with enthusiasm, eagerness, and good humor. God only knows I wasn't in good humor for twelve hours a day for two weeks."

"I'll vouch for that," interjects Samantha's mother, Jane.

In addition to her hectic tourist schedule, Samantha's appointment calendar would have made a visiting dignitary envious. Valentina Tereshkova, the first woman in space and now the president of the Soviet Women's Committee, invited Samantha and her family over for tea at her office. U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union Arthur Hartmann and his wife also had the Smiths to their house for an American lunch of hamburgers and French fries—which, after a steady diet of Chicken Kiev, tasted great to Samantha. And suspense built in the Western press about the possibility that Samantha might meet in person with Andropov, who had been out of public view for some time.

Although the Soviets never made any promises one way or other, the Smiths held out hope that they might see Andropov until the last day of their trip. Then one of Andropov's deputies, Leonid Zamyatin, came to Samantha's hotel room bearing gifts with Andropov's calling card—a silver samovar (tea-maker), a china tea service, and a hand-painted laquered box (*palech*) with a painting of Red Square and St. Basil's. Samantha, in turn, presented him with the gift she had brought for Andropov: a book of Mark Twain speeches. "I'm sure we would have met him if it had been at all possible," says Arthur. "But it wouldn't have been particularly suitable to have somebody who was in dialysis and too frail to stand up have to endure a photo session. They said he was busy, but we just assumed he was sick."

Samantha flew home with scrapbooks of photographs of her visit, seventeen

*continued on page 8*





*continued from page 7*

suitcases filled with gifts, and some very strong opinions. "Things are just the same over there. I mean, they're just people. There's nothing wrong with them, they're just like us."

"Well, things *are* a little different there," cautions her father.

"Well, yeah, it's a lot stricter there, but that's nothing to *accuse* them of. It's just a different way of living. It doesn't hurt us, and it's not like the Nazis or anything." Before she wrote her letter, Samantha says, "I really think I got [the Soviets] mixed up with Hitler a little bit. Because in my letter I said why do you want to conquer the world? So at that point I thought [Andropov] was Hitler and I thought he was mean and he wanted to just bomb us all off." She has since learned a great deal, she confides. And while she's never heard of the term "citizen diplomacy," she has great faith in what it can do. "People should know that peace is always possible if we try hard

enough. Us kids have made friends, and we're really no different, just smaller versions of grown-ups."

Samantha does have one citizen diplomacy remedy waiting in the wings—what she calls the Granddaughter Exchange. The idea is to take the granddaughters—and, she supposes, the grandsons too—of the world's heads of state "and just scatter them all over the place," she says with a wave of her arms. "Then they could come back and tell people what the place was like, and hopefully, usually, most of the news would be these other people are nice people."

### Days of Future Passed

**S**AMANTHA'S MAIL INDICATES that she is still inspiring and provoking people to clarify their thoughts on Soviet-American relations. About 6000 letters have arrived for Samantha in the last two years, many

from children from all over the world, including a hefty number from the Soviet Union. Frequently they send pictures of themselves and postcards of their towns or cities. Several hundred have yet to be translated. Arthur has kept them all, bundled in rubberbands in boxes under his desk.

Samantha pays little attention to the dozen or so letters that still arrive every week; she obviously considers the mail to be Daddy's territory. Arthur made an attempt at answering them, at first, with a thank-you card that had Samantha's signature, but he gave up after the first 600 or so, when he discovered that such answers only encouraged people to write for extra autographs, signed photographs, or other special requests. Ironically, the girl who has made something of a career out of getting a reply from a famous person has no time or interest in answering all of *her* mail now that she is a celebrity. The exception is her regular correspondence with Natasha, her best friend in the Soviet Union.

Arthur Smith is saving those letters for a reason. One day, Samantha will go into the study, pull out those boxes, and start reading those letters herself. She will think about what has happened to her from a new perspective. She will have lost some of her childhood perspicacity, but she will have learned other things in the meantime. Samantha is a moving target, a chimera. Any snapshot of her will soon be dated. Perhaps she will grow up into another Helen Caldicott, and start perusing the *New York Times*, and keeping up on the latest weaponry arguments. Perhaps she will, someday, become a "super-person peacemaker." Or perhaps she will remain only "concerned." Who Samantha Smith will become is very much an open question, but she appears quite capable of deciding that for herself. And if we are all lucky, the adult Samantha will be just as direct and original as she is now.

"It all seemed so dumb to me," Samantha said. Millions of people on both sides of the cold war have thought the same thing. The difference is that Samantha acted. She and her journey to the Soviet Union will continue to intrigue and infuriate. For her brilliance, or her crime, was to ask the questions that persist in hovering like ghosts around the superpower conflict. Why are the Russians our enemies? Why must we have nuclear weapons? Why can't the grown-ups get along? Why . . .

# Citizen Diplomacy

## Time to Dump the Logan Act

**I**N 1798, A PHILADELPHIA QUAKER named George Logan traveled to Europe in a last-ditch effort to prevent the United States and France from going to war against one another. France, which was then battling Britain, had begun attacking American ships because of growing U.S. political cooperation with Britain. To the amazement of everyone, Logan returned to the United States with a decree from France indicating its willingness to end its trade embargo and to free all captured U.S. seamen. Logan might have received a hero's welcome, but instead, a decidedly pro-British Congress and President, who were secretly itching for a fight with France, castigated him for his "usurpation of Executive authority" and hastily passed a law criminalizing any future Logan-like activities.

Now, nearly two centuries later, the so-called Logan Act remains a living testament to our government's resistance to citizen diplomacy and, indeed, all democratic participation in foreign policy. So long as the act exists, it is a potential snakepit that someday can—and will—be used against citizen diplomats. If citizen diplomacy is to become a regular tool for American foreign policy, we should prepare to jettison the Logan Act once and for all.

### Let A Thousand Jails Bloom

**A**CCORDING TO THE LOGAN ACT, no U.S. citizen may "directly or indirectly" correspond with or meet with "any foreign government . . . with intent to influence the measures or

*Citizen Diplomacy is a regular column written by Michael Shuman describing recent, innovative efforts by individuals, communities, and states to influence foreign affairs.*

conduct of any foreign government . . . in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States, or to defeat the measures of the United States." Any citizen who violates these rules awaits up to three years in jail and a five thousand dollar fine.

The breadth of this language is staggering. Consider how it might apply to the activities of Dr. Bernard Lown (*see The CID Report*, January/February 1985), who, along with Dr. Evgueni Chazov from the Soviet Union, received the 1985 Nobel Peace Prize for organizing the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War. If a court considered the Cold War a "dispute" or "controversy," it might find all of Lown's work punishable, *even if it resulted in an improvement of U.S.-Soviet relations*. Since Chazov is a member of the Central Committee, Lown's efforts to work with him could be construed as working with "a foreign government." The Logan Act further says that Lown could be jailed simply for writing Chazov a letter. And some have even suggested that a citizen diplomat like Lown could be punished if he wrote an open letter to Chazov in a U.S. newspaper!

Fortunately, there are limits to the Logan Act's seemingly sweeping reach. First, the act does not ban contacts with citizens abroad, even in hostile countries. Thus, while the act forbids Lown from communicating with Central Committee member Chazov, it could not stop him from communicating with less "official" Soviet doctors. Second, Lown could meet with Chazov or even Mikhail Gorbachev, providing he had no *intent* to influence Soviet policies. Finally, the act would not apply if Lown were trying to influence foreign relations *outside* "disputes and controversies with the United States," perhaps Soviet policies with China.

For now, citizen diplomats can ignore these complex do's and don't's. The Logan Act has never been enforced—with one minor exception (an 1803 indictment that was dropped a year later)—and it is extremely unlikely that it will be enforced in the near future.

Instead, as the sidebar shows, governmental officials have used the act merely to *threaten* the prosecution of noted citizen diplomats. Why create imprisoned martyrs when branding political opponents as unpatriotic criminals will suit the works just as well?

When Jesse Jackson's citizen diplo-

macy successfully freed Lieut. Robert Goodman from Syria and 26 political prisoners from Cuba, the Reagan Administration made perfunctory mutterings about a Logan Act violation that were seconded by much of the "liberal press," including columnist James Reston. Similarly, after Jackson met with Mikhail Gorbachev at the recent Geneva summit, Malcolm Toon, former U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union, spoke of a potential Logan Act violation. In both cases, officials never seriously entertained actually prosecuting Jackson; instead, they were satisfied simply to use it to discredit him and to deter others from following in his footsteps.

### The Paper Tiger

**T**HE DAY WHEN SOMEONE IS FINALLY prosecuted under the Logan Act will also be the day the act will self-destruct, for on that day, our courts will probably declare the act unconstitutional for at least three reasons.

First, the Logan Act violates the First Amendment. The mere act of speaking on foreign affairs, whether to citizens or government officials, whether at home or abroad, is constitutionally protected. As Justice William Douglas once wrote: "Some of the most heated political discussions in our history have concerned foreign policy. I had always assumed that the First Amendment, written in terms absolute, protects those utterances, no matter how extreme, no matter how unpopular they might be." Even if some prosecutions are constitutional, courts will strike down an act if it still can be used to restrict constitutionally protected free speech.

Second, the Logan Act is unconstitutionally vague. Are the Japanese now in "any disputes or controversies with the United States" over trade? If they are, does that mean that U.S. businesses can no longer lobby Japanese politicians to reduce trade barriers? Or what are current "measures of the United States" regarding human rights? Protecting democracies or protecting right-wing dictators? If a reasonable person cannot discern what a statute prohibits, a court will scrap a law for being too unclear.

A final, related issue is the act's long history of nonenforcement. If nearly two centuries have yet to produce a single prosecution, how are reasonable people to know that they have violated the law?

*continued on page 10*

*continued from page 9*

nonenforcement tells a reasonable person that a statute is dead.

A final, related issue is the act's long history of nonenforcement. If nearly two centuries have yet to produce a single prosecution, how are reasonable people to know that they have violated the law? According to the legal principle of *desuetude*, a long, consistent pattern of nonenforcement tells a reasonable person that a statute is dead. People prosecuted can argue that the government is violating their rights of equal protection.

## Who Needs It?

**E**VEN THOUGH THE LOGAN ACT IS probably unconstitutional, the time has come for Congress to act. U.S. foreign policy has proceeded fine for two centuries without jailing citizen diplomats and there is no need to begin crowding the prisons now.

But more importantly, the Logan Act gives moral and political high ground to the critics of citizen diplomacy. And this may well be deterring other citizens from participating in foreign affairs.

For the same reason that we encourage free speech, free lobbying, and free assembly at home to get the best possible domestic policies, we should also begin encouraging peoples everywhere, including our own, to exercise these rights internationally. If the government winds up being less persuasive and less effective in foreign affairs than its people, then perhaps the government's policies are the ones that should fail. As Thomas Jefferson once wrote, "I am persuaded that the good sense of the people will always be the best army." ■



### HENRY FORD

In 1915, industrialist Henry Ford sent a "Peace Ship" across the Atlantic urging the warring nations of Europe to settle their differences peacefully.



### WARREN HARDING

In October of 1920, Senator Warren Harding, then a candidate for President, communicated with French emissaries to create a new international organization to replace the League of Nations, which the Senate had just rejected.

## LOGAN'S PAST CRIMINALS

Had the Logan Act ever been enforced, literally hundreds of noted Americans—perhaps even thousands—would have spent time in jail. Below are some of the better known offenders the government considered prosecuting.



### HENRY WALLACE

In April 1947, Henry Wallace travelled throughout Europe, talking with government officials to influence their response to the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan.



### WILLIAM TAFT

Also in October of 1920, former President Taft, who was then a member of an organization called the League to Enforce Peace, spoke with Lloyd George, the German Chancellor, and other international leaders about getting the United States and Germany into the League of Nations.



### JACOB JAVITS

In September 1974, Senator Javits of New York disregarded State Department criticism and flew to Cuba to hold discussions with Fidel Castro.

# TEN MYTHS ABOUT THE SOVIET UNION

BY MICHAEL H. SHUMAN

**A**FTER DIGESTING REAMS OF SOVIET literature, listening to dozens of Soviet experts, and taking several Russian lessons, we were still wholly unprepared for visiting the Soviet Union, because our attitudes were beyond the reach of mere education. We, like most Americans, were carrying around literally decades of Cold War impressions.

What are the first images that come into your mind when you think about the Soviet Union? For us, before our trip, we would have described processions of tanks and rockets rolling through Red Square on a bitter cold October day, long lines of the faceless proletariat dressed in dark rags, and the snowy gulags where exhausted dissidents lifted

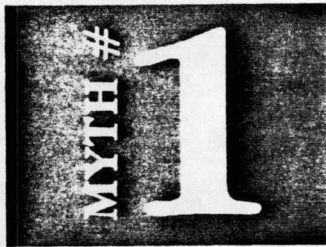
heavy bricks under gunpoint. Even though we knew these images were incomplete and misleading, they were still the landmarks of our psyches, the framework in which we processed all other geopolitical facts.

But negative images, of course, are more than just images. British historian E.P. Thompson has argued, "We think others to death as we define them as the Other: the enemy: Asians: Marxists: non-people. The deformed human mind is the ultimate doomsday weapon—it is out of the human mind that the missiles and neutron warheads come."

The most important outcome of our trip, I believe, was getting a new, more constructive mindset. Now, instead of evoking images of rocket parades, long queues, and frozen gulags, the words "Soviet Union" mean a complex, vibrant

society—bustling streets with taxicabs and buses, crowds of kids eating ice cream cones and sipping Pepsis, weekend carnivals filled with a wide assortment of thrill rides, babushkas sweeping streets with old brooms, newspapers brimming with sports pages and personal advertisements, and town promenades blaring with American rock music.

Any visitor to the Soviet Union will come away with the texture of his or her images dramatically altered. And once those Cold War images begin melting, so begin melting a myriad of myths about the Soviet Union. Below I describe some of the most important myths that were exposed and changed in our own minds—myths that anyone can easily spot after just one trip to the Soviet Union.



## VISITORS TO THE SOVIET UNION ARE EXHAUSTIVELY SEARCHED.

WHEN WE ARRIVED IN MOSCOW ON the evening of September 29th, many of us were terrified of Soviet customs procedures. Would our books and papers be confiscated? Would we have to undergo intensive questioning? When all was said and done, most of our bags were searched with only standard airport X-ray equipment. Everything we wanted to bring into the country—including a box of proceedings from the highly political Second Biennial Conference on the Fate of the Earth—was admitted.

The customs guards were all young

men with crew cuts and rosy cheeks. Their stone faces lit up when members of our group gave them buttons that said "I Choose Peace" in both English and Russian. One guard asked me if I had ever been in the Soviet Union before. "No," I replied. "Are you sure?" he persisted. "No," I repeated nervously. Without even cracking a smile, he stared and said, "Then you should have a good time. Okay? Next."

Leaving the Soviet Union two weeks later was equally painless. Even though we departed at the Leningrad airport, which is rumored to have the nation's nastiest customs clerks, all of our films,



Children running across Erevan's central promenade.



Intourist guides like Irena do more than just watch you; they genuinely help you experience the Soviet Union.

videocassettes, papers, gifts, and knick-knacks left the country intact.

We wondered whether the relatively relaxed borders were a result of preparation for the Geneva superpower summit in Geneva or a manifestation of Gorbachev's loosening of restrictions.

*continued on page 12*

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Perhaps it was a combination of both. Whatever the reasons, the Soviet Union is now a far cry from the super-secret Stalinist state of the 1930s and 1940s.



## VISITORS ARE CAREFULLY FOLLOWED AND MONITORED.

*PERHAPS THE MOST COMMON QUESTION* we have been asked since returning was: "Were you followed?" This is precisely the kind of question that seems utterly ridiculous once you visit the Soviet Union, for once you are there, you realize that, with literally tens of thousands of foreign visitors in the country at any one time, no snooping agency, not even the dread KGB, can know where everyone is all of the time.

To be sure, the government still tries to control the *general* contours of visitors' itineraries; it especially wants to know the city and hotel in which you are staying. The government's tourist agency, Intourist, assigns every group at least one guide, whose job it is, in part, to keep an eye on your activities. But beyond these general controls, your itinerary is your own business.

The government seems much more interested in keeping Soviets away from tourists than vice versa. Every hotel has a doorman whose job it is to keep curious Soviets out, though many doormen still let Soviets pass through for a one or two ruble bribe.

Intourist would prefer that a group stick together with its guide, but if a group refuses, Intourist adapts. After we politely informed our guide, Irena, that very few of us would be participating in the official daily tours, she went out of her way to help our mini-groups with such essentials as subway maps, ballet tickets, and restaurant reservations. Every morning, we darted off in so many different directions that even *we*, let

alone our Intourist guides, rarely knew where all our compatriots were.

In every city, we were free to walk anywhere we wanted, any time of day, without telling anybody where we were going or why. And by and large, we felt much safer wandering Soviet streets at night than, say, the streets of San Francisco or New York.

Restrictions get tighter when visitors want to travel outside the main, "open" cities. But even this is not impossible. One day, for example, several members of our group rented a car in Leningrad to visit some landmarks outside the city.

The only member of our group to stumble into trouble was Mark DuBois, founder of Friends of the River, who got up early one Sunday morning in Erevan, the capitol city of the Soviet Republic of Armenia, to take some pictures. As he wandered into a lush, wooded area, he had no idea that he had actually entered the outskirts of a munitions factory. An elderly Soviet man noticed him, made what amounted to a citizens' arrest, and brought him to a nearby security guard, who was sleeping. The startled guard confiscated Mark's film, brought him via motorcycle to a police station, and then let him go. Later, Irena convinced the police to return to Mark all but one roll of his film.



*A little Soviet girl inspecting dolls in a Moscow children's store.*



## SOVIETS HATE AMERICANS.

*PERHAPS BECAUSE SO MANY PEOPLE* in this country denigrate Soviet people as "commies" and the "evil empire," we assume that Soviets cast similar aspersions on us. Not so. At all levels of society, the Soviets are fascinated and excited by Americans. Whatever wrath they have for Americans is heaped onto our "imperialistic" and "exploitative" multinational businesses.

Soviet images of America are simultaneously too glorious and too critical. On the one hand, they adore American art, film, literature, fashions, and music. Many young Soviets came up to me and, after establishing that I was American, started reciting American rock-and-roll

song lyrics, including Bruce Springsteen's "Born in the U.S.A."

On the other hand, Soviets also believe that America is a virtual war zone. Their news continually tells them about race riots, massive poverty, handgun crimes, political action committee "bribes," and U.S. misconduct abroad. They are incredulous that we could tolerate such repression.

But whether the Soviets are being complimentary or critical, they above all have a burning curiosity to know more. Most are smart enough to realize that their media is telling them half-truths. Everywhere we went, people—especially young people—came up to us, asking, "Are you Americans?" If the answer was yes, their faces would light up and they would immediately offer anything they could to spend time with us—a guided tour to a nearby museum or bookstore, a pile of handy gifts, or invitations to join them for a home-cooked dinner.



*A Christian priest prepares for a marriage ceremony at an old church in Erevan.*

nuclear weapons policy, but it also doesn't have 50,000 street people as, say, New York does.

But even with regard to the human rights Americans most care about, it is not appropriate to view the Soviets as having absolute restrictions where we have none. It's really a question of degree.

For example, we boast about upholding our citizens' freedom of speech, but the Supreme Court has said at various times that we can jail people who utter slander, obscenity, fighting words, state secrets, or sedition. The Soviets jail people for these same things, only they define these categories much more broadly and enforce their laws more capriciously.

Freedom of religion is another area where we think the Soviets have virtually no freedom. It is certainly true that the government promotes atheism, manipulates the nation's churches, and discriminates against some devout practitioners. But since the government *officially* endorses freedom of religion, the nation still has many churches and many thriving religious communities, though their numbers are dwindling. In Kiev, for example, where discrimination against Jews is apparently worse than in Leningrad and Moscow, there is only one synagogue for a community of nearly 300,000 Jews. Nevertheless, despite many obstacles, Jews continue to practice their religion. According to several

Jews we met, nearly 80,000 showed up to the synagogue for Yom Kippur services, sitting in an adjacent street while loudspeakers broadcast the service.

Today, the Soviets do not jail most unwanted speakers or religious practitioners, as some of us had imagined; in fact, the Soviets have roughly the same percentage of their population behind bars as we do. Instead, Soviet pressures for conformity are exerted through more subtle rewards and punishments. Jewish kids are free to practice their religion, but if they do, they may also find themselves ineligible to be members of the coveted Communist Youth League. Dissidents are often demoted and then unemployed altogether. But again, this system is little different than McCarthyism of the 1950s, where American leftists found themselves equally unemployable.



## THE SOVIET UNION IS OPPRESSING ITS PEOPLE WITH ORWELLIAN TOTALITARIANISM.

*ONE THING A VISITOR TO THE SOVIET* Union quickly learns is that concepts like "human rights," "repression," and "freedom" are all very value-laden, and have meanings very different for Soviets than for us. Since we as Americans especially treasure our rights of speech, assembly, travel, and voting, we are horrified that these rights are so restricted for Soviets. But most Soviets, mindful of how many of their brethren died from starvation and poverty in the twentieth century, especially treasure their rights to food, housing, jobs, pensions, education, and medical care. They are horrified to see how we in America let millions go hungry or homeless. Moscow may not have open public debates on such issues as



## THE SOVIETS CANNOT CRITICIZE AND CHANGE GOVERNMENT POLICY.

*IT IS TRUE THAT SOVIET CITIZENS CAN-*not criticize many government policies, lest they risk economic retaliation—or worse. But they still have some powers to speak out that many use successfully. On issues we do not pay much attention to—issues like the quality of consumer goods, medical care, or schools—the Soviet media carries numerous debates. In a meeting we had at Novosti Press, the country's second largest news agency, we were surprised to see its editors bicker with one another when asked whether, in their view, Moscow's environmental quality had improved or deteriorated during the past decade.

Dissent also has had its impact. Public outrage over the pollution of Lake Baykal, the largest fresh water lake in the world that was once spoiled as badly as Lake Erie, led to the closure of industrial

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*continued from page 13*

plants operating around the lake. Similarly, public dissent over the air quality in the country's largest cities led the government to move smokestack industries into the countryside.

Even over such sensitive issues as Afghanistan, we were surprised to discover a great deal of discontent. Virtually every one of the dozen or so young men we met despised the war, in part because so many of their older friends were returning from the front lines in boxes. Other returning soldiers came back with horror stories, drugs, and disillusionment with their government. Even though the system does not tolerate street protests, more subtle protest is still simmering. Meanwhile, older Soviets continue to support the war on the grounds that the government is assisting an ally in its struggle against counter-revolutionary guerrillas. Young against old—sound painfully familiar?



*For all its problems, the Soviet economy continues to provide a tolerable standard of living.*



*Beneath the overt militarism of the Soviet Young Pioneers is a defensive ideology that eschews world conquest.*



**THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT  
ENJOYS NO SUPPORT  
AMONG ITS PEOPLE.**

*DESPITE ALL OF THE SHORTCOMINGS* of the government, most of the Soviet people are content with it. Most Soviets long for greater personal freedoms, especially the freedom to travel outside the country. But compared to what they have endured during their recent history—the brutal Czars, the revolution, Stalin's purges, and World War II, each of which killed millions—now is a time of peace and prosperity.

To be sure, there are pockets of dissent. In Kiev, one young man told us that eighty percent of the city's Jews had applied to emigrate. In Erevan, where Armenians have been batted around like a ping pong ball between the Turks and the Russians over the centuries, frustrations run very high.

But overall, the Soviets are relatively pleased with their government, especially now that they have a new, vigorous leader. Throughout the country,

there is a sense that Gorbachev is making a fresh start and will gradually meet their lurking gripes.



**THE SOVIET SYSTEM  
DOESN'T WORK.**

*IN THEIR MISGUIDED HOPES THAT* the Soviet system will collapse and restructure itself along the lines of a western democracy, many hardliners contend that the Soviet system does not work. This has always struck me as a peculiar kind of statement, rife with contradiction. If it is not working, how can we call it a system? By what criteria are we judging success or failure? Ours or theirs? If it's theirs, how can we explain that most Soviets like their system?

An Aeroflot flight between Kiev and Erevan drove home for me the essential reality of "the Soviet system." As specimens of aviation technology, Aeroflot jets are fine pieces of workmanship. Compared with their American counterparts, the engines may be louder, the fuselage vibrations more intense, and seats more densely packed, but they basically run well. Everything else associ-

ated with these planes, however, is in thorough disarray. The toilets are uncleaned metallic bowls with no seats. Meal and beverage service is often nonexistent since no food or drink is served on internal flights less than four hours (our flight was probably three hours and 55 minutes).

At roughly the time our flight was supposed to be landing, about 2:00 AM, I wandered to the back of the plane, where two stewardesses had passed out in one another's arms underneath an oven door, which was keeping them toasty. I then walked to the front of the plane, where two men wearing what appeared to be co-pilots' caps were also asleep. Who, I wondered, was operating the plane? I sat down and several minutes later, everyone awoke and returned to their duties. We landed without a problem.

In a way, this is the story of the entire Soviet system. The economy is rife with inefficiency—too many workers are doing too little too much of the time. Yet somehow, the essential tasks are getting done. The Soviet economy may not be as robust as its western competitors, but it is hardly on the verge of collapse. And so long as it continues to provide the Soviet people with a tolerable standard of living, it will continue to be regarded by most Soviets as a success.



The ruins of Kiev are among the thousands of ubiquitous reminders of war's horrors.



## THE SOVIETS ARE BENT ON WORLD CONQUEST.

*NO MYTH ABOUT THE SOVIET UNION* seems more prevalent and insidious, and no myth seems further from the truth. The one thing a visitor sees, over and over again, is that the Soviets are obsessed by peace. It is hard to walk several blocks in any Soviet city without finding a monument, a cemetery, or an icon decrying the horrors of warfare. Memories of the hundreds of thousands of people whom the Nazis starved in Leningrad and shot in Kiev (into the infamous pit at Babi Yar) are permanently etched on the consciousness of the Soviet people.

The Soviets have responded to their Nazi holocaust in much the same way as Jews have—with an ideology of “never again.” It's their almost paranoid embrace of this ideology that underlies their enormous military apparatus and their continued occupation of Eastern Europe.

But it is important to underscore that the Soviets believe—very much unlike the Nazis—that their military is only for defensive purposes. And this belief is reinforced at all levels of society: in the many streets named “Peace Boulevard,” in the thousands of public posters expressing revulsion for war; and in the peace buttons kids wear.

To some, Soviet words about peace and war are irrelevant so long as they are contradicted by Soviet actions. But words matter. So long as the Soviet government draws some of its legitimacy from public support, it cannot afford to alienate its people. And the impact of Soviet words about war and peace is that the people expect their government not to engage in aggression. This is the government's growing problem with the war in Afghanistan, for as more and more Soviet citizens question its defensive nature, the war is eroding the government's legitimacy.



Shuman and Brower conferring with the head of Ukrainian Peace Committee.

While many Soviets wish that the rest of the world would adopt what to them are the tried-and-true ways of the Soviet state (much as we in the United States wish the rest of the world to adopt our tried-and-true ways), no one we met hopes for a Soviet military takeover of western civilization. In fact, we came to the conclusion that if the Soviets ever attacked Europe or the United States, it might well spark an internal revolt.



## ANY SOVIET WHO WORKS FOR THE GOVERNMENT IS SIMPLY PUSHING THE PARTY LINE.

*TO AMERICANS, THE FACT THAT A SOVIET citizen is working for the government immediately leads us to dismiss this as simply “the party line,” an opinion dictated from a small cadre above that has nothing to do with people's real feelings.*

Unfortunately, this kind of thinking can lead to a complete dismissal of virtually every Soviet citizen's opinion. Un-

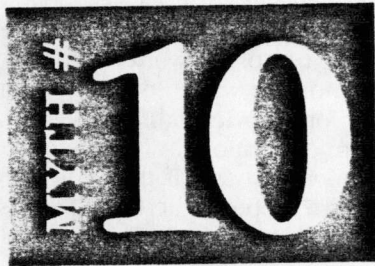
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like our country, where some people work for the government and others don't, in the Soviet Union practically everyone works for the government. This means that, to some degree, every Soviet citizen's opinion can be construed as representing the government's views.

But the government does not dictate everything. One might think of the "party line" as a hazy outline that can be filled in with details in a thousand different ways. And once you pull people into a private setting, you can get extraordinarily candid opinions. One high level Soviet official, for example, conceded in private that, while he approved of Soviet involvement in Afghanistan, he regretted the Soviet military's "methods."



## THE SOVIET UNION WILL NEVER CHANGE.

*CRITICS OF THE SOVIET UNION OFTEN* argue that the nation is completely monolithic, incapable of ever changing. Similarly, they are certain that it does not make a difference who is heading the Soviet Union—that the inflexibility of the system transcends all differences in leadership.

Anyone who talks with people on the streets of the Soviet Union will recognize that this is completely false. Not only have the days of Stalinist terror all but



*The growing number of Soviet adolescents who prefer new wave to old dogma may be a portent of powerful change ahead.*

disappeared, but the emergence of Gorbachev has already begun a new process of dramatic change. In his brief tenure, Gorbachev has already changed the complexion of Soviet foreign policy by dislodging the ideologically rigid Andrei Gromyko. Domestically, he has made noticeable progress in closing bars, reducing absenteeism, and improving the state of Soviet technology.

This last category of change is particularly important, for the Soviets are now engaging in a host of surprising activities—loosening travel restrictions, developing and spreading computers, and decentralizing some management—all to increase the quality of Soviet technology. Meanwhile, there are a growing number of entrepreneurs within the Soviet system. One such entrepreneur is Joseph Goldin, who for years has been promoting his visions of bringing human beings around the planet together through advanced telecommunications. Goldin was instrumental in setting up the early U.S.-Soviet television "space bridges." Occasionally, his innovation has brought on the wrath of the authorities. Under Chernenko, for example, Goldin was briefly put in a mental hospital. But now, under Gorbachev, Goldin has come back into

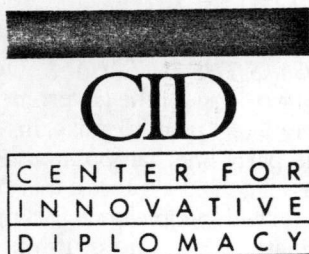
official favor. With a budget of one million rubles, he is making a movie that he hopes will be simultaneously broadcast to audiences in Moscow and New York.

The changes in the Soviet Union can also be seen most profoundly at a social and cultural level. For the first time in Soviet history, the nation's young people are experiencing a real adolescence. In the past, the largely agrarian society moved children quickly into responsible positions of adulthood; even in the cities, the low standard of living forced children to begin work at a young age. But now, more and more children are growing up in the cities with creature comforts provided by their parents, and they are acting with the same restlessness and rebelliousness as have their peers in Western Europe and North America. They are experimenting with drugs (hashish and marijuana are flowing in from Afghanistan), listening to rock music, dressing in new wave styles, and dabbling in more and more "counter-culture" or "health culture" activities like jogging, massage, and psychic healing.

In a way, the Soviets are now experiencing our 1960s all over again. And as these youth who prefer the Beatles to Lenin begin to form an ever larger presence in Soviet society, the political impacts promise to be profound. We may be on the verge of a period of change in the Soviet Union even more dramatic than we are now witnessing in China.

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Do these impressions seem different than what you have read or heard elsewhere? They certainly were for us. But don't take our word for it. Go over there and judge for yourself. Your thinking about the Soviet Union will never be the same. ■



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