

₾ COLUMBIA | HARRIMAN INSTITUTE Russian, Eurasian, and East European Studies

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Managing Editor: Ronald Meyer Editor: Masha Udensiva-Brenner

Comments, suggestions, or address changes may be emailed to Masha Udensiva-Brenner at mu2159@columbia.edu.

Cover image: A teenage girl in the HZB (Hovrino Abandoned Hospital). (Hovrino Abandoned Hospital, Moscow Oblast, April -May 2011) © Anna Artemeva/ Novaya Gazeta

Image on this page: Slam on the roof of the HZB. © Anna Artemeva/Novaya Gazeta

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Harriman Institute Alexander Cooley, Director Alla Rachkov, Associate Director Ryan Kreider, Assistant Director Rebecca Dalton, Program Manager, Student Affairs Opposite page:

Schifman)

Alexander Cooley

(Photo by Jeffrey

Harriman Institute Columbia University 420 West 118th Street New York, NY 10027

Tel: 212-854-4623 Fax: 212-666-3481

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hen I first stepped into my role as director of the Harriman Institute in June 2015, the ongoing Ukraine crisis and the deteriorating relations between Russia and the United States had reinvigorated the demand for experts on Russia and Eurasia, reviving an interest in area studies.

Meanwhile, the Institute was still mourning the recent losses of former directors and faculty members who had shaped the Harriman from its early years. The losses, combined with the changing geopolitical atmosphere, led me to reflect about the Institute and its role in the field of Russian and Eurasian studies.

As director of the country's oldest regional institute, I felt strongly that we needed to preserve and understand our institutional memory. And I wanted to examine our evolving role in the events as we approached our 70th anniversary in 2016.

In the fall of 2015, together with Columbia's Center for Oral History Research at INCITE, the Institute embarked on an oral history project—a series of interviews with some of the Institute's key actors that would allow us to reconstruct and examine the evolution of the Institute's history over time.

The oral history is an ambitious and time-consuming endeavor; and I'm proud to say that in June 2018 we launched a website, Cold Wars and the Academy: An Oral History on Russian and Eurasian Studies, containing the initial 26 interviews. I hope that the interview collection, which we will continue to add to, serves as a valuable resource for scholars, journalists, and regional practitioners.

To celebrate the launch of the collection, we have devoted a large part of the Fall 2018 issue to it, with an article and book excerpts from three of our narrators (interviewees)—Alexander Motyl, Colette Shulman, and Grace Kennan Warnecke—and a general overview of the project and its goals from Masha Udensiva-Brenner, who interviewed some of the central figures involved in the oral history.

There's a lot more to the issue, including a cover story by our 2018 Paul Klebnikov Russian Civil Society Fellow, *Novaya Gazeta* correspondent Elena Kostyuchenko, and I hope you enjoy it.

As always, we'd love to hear your feedback and ideas for the future.

Alexander Cooley

Director, Harriman Institute





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By Elena Kostyuchenko
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"We're talking on a balcony on the third floor of the Hovrino Abandoned Hospital, which everyone calls the HZB. Three interconnected buildings slowly sinking into the ground.

Behind us, you can hear the laughter of a crew of about 15 people, aged 10 to 30. These are the people who live in the HZB, known as stalkers, diggers, suiciders, guards, and ghosts." With photos by Anna Artemeva.

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Cold Wars and the Academy

AN ANALYTICAL HISTORY OF THE HARRIMAN INSTITUTE

BY MASHA UDENSIVA-BRENNER

lexander Cooley became director of the Harriman Institute during a sad period—three months earlier, in March 2015, Catharine Nepomnyashchy, the Institute's first woman director (from 2001 until 2009), had passed away after a battle with cancer. Less than a year before that, the Institute had lost former directors Robert Belknap and William Harkins. And the year prior, Peter Juviler, alumnus, longtime faculty member, and founder of Barnard College's human rights program, had also passed away.

The quick succession of losses was upsetting, and it was also an awakening: many key actors who had shaped the Institute and watched it evolve since its inception were growing older and, if the Institute did not act quickly to record them, their memories and insights might disappear forever.

"There's this assumption that we all know what the Institute was involved in and how it had evolved, but it wasn't at all clear that we would actually be able to



preserve that," Cooley told me in his office on a hot July day in 2018.

Within a month of starting his directorship, Cooley decided that the best and most efficient way to preserve the Harriman's institutional memory would be to conduct an oral history—a series of interviews with select alumni, faculty, former directors, and any other influential actors, whose transcripts would be published as a resource for scholars, journalists, and other interested parties. The goal of the project would be to illuminate not only the Harriman Institute's evolution as an institution, but also the wider impact of the Institute and the field of area studies on both the academic and policy-making spheres.

"I didn't want this to be a vanity project," Cooley told me. "I wanted to open this up to the kind of analytical inquiry that students and faculty would apply to anything else we do at the Institute. And I wanted to debunk the perception that area studies as a cold war discipline hadn't contributed anything independently outside of its object of study, which is the region." The Russian Institute (now the Harriman Institute) was founded in 1946, in the aftermath of World War II, at a time when U.S. government officials were struggling to understand their new Soviet adversaries and pushing for more experts on the region. The Institute's creation was grounded in a partnership between government and academia. It was also the first manifestation of the area studies model—interdisciplinary research concentrated on one geographical area.

Over the decades, the rise of think tanks and the prevalence of regional experts within government agencies eroded the relationship between government and academia, and diminished the influence of area studies in the policy-making world. After the Soviet Union collapsed in 1991, a growing number of academics began to question the value of area studies altogether.

The focus shifted from the perceived threat of the Soviet Union to the anticipated democratic transition of former Soviet republics and satellites. Meanwhile academics became increasingly absorbed in their disciplines. Political scientists, in particular, gravitated



toward quantitative methods and sought out theories they could apply universally rather than from a regional perspective. For many, the regional and interdisciplinary approach of area studies seemed outmoded, particularly in the context of globalization, and institutions like the Harriman Institute had to determine their roles in this new context.

The debate surrounding area studies is one of the many themes addressed in the first 26 interviews of the Harriman Institute's ongoing oral history project, recently released in collaboration with Columbia's Center for Oral History Research at the Interdisciplinary Center for Innovative Theory and Empirics (INCITE). The interviews include figures ranging from Ronald Suny, a renowned historian and political scientist who was key in the formation of nationalities studies; to Ambassador Jack Matlock, who served in the Reagan administration and helped negotiate the end of the Cold War with Mikhail Gorbachev; to Jeri Laber, a pioneer of the human rights movement who founded Helsinki Watch, the international human rights organization now known as Human Rights Watch.

The Harriman Institute's oral history set out to address three broad themes, defined at the outset in a strategic blueprint written by George Gavrilis, a political scientist and independent consultant who worked on the project: the Institute's evolution as a source of policy advice and influence in government; the Institute's capacity to promote and sustain the relevance of area studies as a tool for training new generations of decision-makers, regional experts, and diplomats; and the Institute's role

The Institute's creation was grounded in a partnership between government and academia.

in shaping academic fields such as nationality studies and human rights.

As it happened, the initial 26 interviews took place from May 2016 until April 2017—the period spanning the 2016 U.S. presidential campaign, the election of Donald Trump, and the start of the Russia investigation. Discussion of these events and

the role of the Institute and the academic community at large in shaping the discourse surrounding current U.S.-Russia relations became another prominent topic in the project, and a good lens for viewing the evolution of U.S. diplomacy and the U.S. relationship with Russia.

Figures such as Institute alumna Toby Trister Gati, who advised President Bill Clinton on Russia and Ukraine; the eminent Sovietologist Stephen Cohen, whose recent views on the U.S.-Russia relationship have been controversial among fellow academics; and BP executive Peter Charow, who has been doing business in Russia since the Soviet collapse, were interviewed not only about the Harriman Institute's past but also about their broader experience in the region—and how that has shaped their perception of the current state of affairs and the Harriman's potential role in this new context.

Oral history interviews are long—some transcripts run well over 100 pages—and every interview conducted for the Harriman project addresses the narrator's personal background in addition to his or her take on a particular institution or event. Personal background might seem irrelevant when considering the project's analytical goals, but it serves an important function in the context of oral history. Mary Marshall Clark, director of Columbia's Center for Oral History Research at INCITE, who led the Harriman project and conducted many of the interviews, told me that understanding an individual's background and personal beliefs allows readers to understand the person in the context of history, providing framing points for that person's narrative.

"Oral history is about multiple layers of conversation," Clark said. "We learn more about each event or topic if we understand each individual's relationship to the world."

A case in point is Clark's interview with Institute alumnus Ambassador Jack Matlock, who revealed that his academic background in Russian literature was the key to his success in government. "Somehow being interested in some of their most typical writers and understanding them established almost immediate rapport. . . . I simply could not have had a better specialty," Matlock said during the interview.

Both Clark and Gavrilis identified Matlock's admission as a pivotal moment for them within the body of the transcripts, because it underscored the importance of the interdisciplinary area studies model, demonstrating how knowledge in a field seemingly unrelated to politics can prove essential.

"That's something I would have never thought about, even though I value and like literature," Gavrilis told me. "For me it was really important."

Matlock's interview is revealing in other ways, too. When discussing his briefings with President Ronald Reagan he recalled Reagan's perpetual curiosity about what made Soviets "tick." Matlock said that when advising the president on how to interact with his Soviet counterparts, he would often warn that "... to criticize them publicly, particularly if it's something that's true, is considered a grave insult."

Reagan took this advice to heart, and Matlock believes that this window into the Soviet psyche is one reason he was successful during his negotiations with Gorbachev. He lamented during the interview that the desire for a nuanced understanding of Russia is no longer a factor in U.S. politics, that this element of Russian thinking is something to which "President [Barack H.] Obama seemed to be totally oblivious."

Matlock's interview highlighted the change in U.S. thinking and diplomacy over the years. It also highlighted one of the biggest revelations taken from the project as a whole.

"What we've learned is that—when area studies declined—this deep knowledge of a country with surprisingly good insights got lost," said Gavrilis. "And then the consequence of losing that is, Who informs your policy? Who warns you if a certain move you're making is going to irk the Russian leadership?"

In June 2018, the Harriman Institute celebrated the release of the initial 26 interviews of the oral history project with a panel discussion at Reid Hall, Columbia's Global Center in Paris. The panel, "Will We Ever Understand Each Other: Area Studies and Western Policy Toward Russia," examined the diminishing role of area studies in the policy-making world.

On a chilly mid-June morning in a hotel lobby in Paris, I met with Ronald Suny, an Institute alumnus who participated in the oral history project and in the Paris panel discussion. During our conversation, he reflected on whether academics should participate in shaping government policy. "Our role is subversive," he told me.



Ronald Suny, a narrator in the oral history project.

"Our role is to undermine unexamined assumptions and the existing inequitable, repressive power relations between genders, between classes, between ethnicities, between the state and the populations."

For this reason, Suny, a self-identified leftist, believes that academics should not cross over into government service. The academic who does, said Suny, loses the ability to remain subversive and becomes complicit in supporting the status quo. The tendency of academics to do so, he believes, has resulted in serious consequences for the field of Russian and Soviet studies. "Those people who are very articulate, who have access to the media—much more than normal, or critical, or leftist intellectuals—have created a discourse about Russia and Putin that has distorted our understanding of what is going on in that country," he said.

Suny's perspective is indicative of the diversity of opinions among the narrators in the oral history project. For instance, the political scientist Charles Gati,



"There is no pure scholarship that's possible on contemporary political issues. . . . We can hide but we cannot get rid of our various biases."

an Institute alumnus and protégé of the late Zbigniew Brzezinski—President Jimmy Carter's national security adviser—moved back and forth between government and academia throughout his career. Gati does not see any tension between policy influence and academic study. "There is no pure scholarship that's possible on contemporary political issues. . . . We can hide but we cannot get rid of our various biases," he said during his oral history interview.

The range of viewpoints is invaluable to the project, said Harriman director Alexander Cooley. "I think it's really important to understand these different perspectives on the relationship between the academy and other institutions of power. And I think there is validity in all of them."

The evening after my meeting with Suny, as Russia played Saudi Arabia in the inaugural game of the 2018 World Cup, an audience composed primarily of U.S.

expats gathered at Reid Hall to listen to the panel discussion celebrating the launch of the Harriman Institute's oral history project. Cooley kicked off the discussion by referring to the decline of area studies in the '90s and the start of this century, and its resurgence during the Ukraine crisis. At the height of the crisis, said Cooley, people wondered: "Why don't we have regional experts anymore? Why don't we understand how Russian foreign policy is formulated? How can it be that we don't have nuanced historical and cultural understanding?"

The panel brought together two academics—Suny; and Julie Newton, a political scientist who heads the University Consortium, an interregional academic network that promotes engagement and academic exchange between Russia and the West—and BP executive Peter Charow, who left academia in the 1990s and has been doing business in Russia for more than 25 years. The discussion, which centered around the factors that led to the deterioration of the relationship between Russia and the United States, captured the spirit of the oral history project: all three panelists identified the lack of regional expertise and nuanced understanding of the Russian psyche as a reason for the deterioration of U.S.-Russian relations.

A prominent theme to emerge from the oral history project was the 1990s as a crucial period of missed opportunities when it came to the U.S. relationship with Russia.

Charow, a narrator in the project who founded and led the American Chamber of Commerce in Russia, and



participated in the Gore-Chernomyrdin Commission established by Presidents Bill Clinton and Boris Yeltsin in order to increase cooperation between Russia and the U.S., summed it up in this way during the panel: "If Western policy makers had . . . acted correctly, and done the right things, and been good partners, and offered up the right help and support for the Russian people and the Russian government, then we wouldn't be in the position we're in today."

In general, the panelists emphasized the importance not only of training a new generation of regional scholars and practitioners, but also of engaging with the other side and establishing understanding on a psychological level.

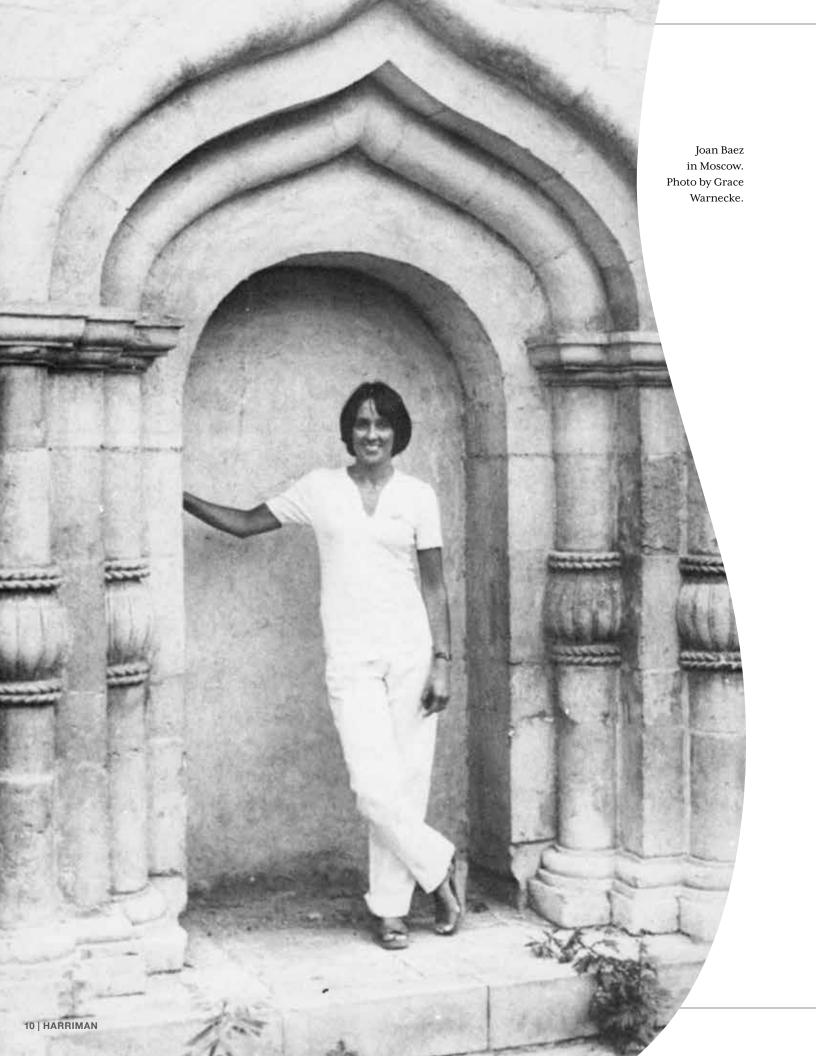
"When we're going and looking for people to interact with, let's not just make it the folks who think like we do," said Charow. "Let's go looking for the people who think fundamentally differently than we do, and try to understand why they think that way."

The Paris discussion was just the first step in promoting and distilling the content of the Harriman's oral history project. There will be more events, and Cooley and Gavrilis plan to write a PONARS Eurasia (Program on New Approaches to Research and Security in Eurasia) policy memo about the interviews. Eventually, Cooley would like to work with Clark and the oral history team on a book of excerpts from the project. And more interviews will be added to the collection over the years.

"The hope is that the oral history of the Institute now becomes a living, evolving part of the Institute," Cooley told me. "We can build on it, add to it, share it with other researchers, challenge some of the findings, or refine them."

Editor's note: The ongoing oral history project, "Cold Wars and the Academy: An Oral History on Russian and Eurasian Studies," can be viewed at oralhistory.harriman.columbia.edu; and a video of the Paris discussion is available on the Harriman Institute's website.

Top, left to right: Julie Newton,
Peter Charow, and Ronald Suny at
the Paris event on June 14, 2018;
Colette Shulman, a narrator in
the project; the late Catharine
Nepomnyashchy, first woman
director of the Harriman Institute.



WATERS BY GRACE **KENNAN** WARNECKE

y new single San was

life in Francisco

jolted by a telephone call from John Wasserman, the funny and outrageous music critic of the San Francisco Chronicle, whom I barely knew. "How would you like to go to Russia with Joan Baez?" he asked.

He explained that Joan Baez was to be part of a much-headlined concert, with Santana and the Beach Boys, in Winter Palace Square in Leningrad on July 4, 1978. The Bay Area impresario Bill Graham was organizing the show. Wasserman was looking for an appropriate folk song for Joan to sing in Russian, as well as a Russian speaker to accompany her on the trip as a translator and companion. For me, this was an amazing opportunity. I was being given a free trip to the Soviet Union, an opportunity to brush up on my Russian, and a chance to be part of the inner circle of an American folk icon whom I had admired for years. I couldn't wait.

I rushed out and bought all of Joan Baez's records. As usual, I was flying blind. I did not know any Russian folk singers, so I called all my Russian friends and one came up with a song, "Circle of Friends," by Bulat Okudzhava, a well-known poet and bard. Often played and sung on the underground circuit, Okudzhava's works were just beginning to be officially published. He was, like Joan, a popular protester.

Sitting at the press conference when Bill Graham announced this concert, surrounded by musical celebrities, I relished being part of the rock music scene. My children were impressed. I treasured my passport with its hard-to-come-by Russian visa. A week before we were to leave, however, Grigory Romanov, second secretary of the Communist Party in Leningrad, abruptly canceled the trip. I was crushed.

A few days later, John Wasserman called to say that Joan Baez had a new proposal. Since Joan had cleared her schedule for this trip and we had our visas, why didn't the three of us take the trip, anyway, but go to Moscow instead of Leningrad? Joan wanted to meet with the famous physicist and political dissident Andrei Sakharov. Sakharov. known as the father of the Soviet hydrogen bomb, had shocked the Soviet government by coming out against nuclear testing and was now an intellectual hero in the West.

I accepted Joan's invitation but realized that this was a very different deal. In the original journey, with Bill Graham making the arrangements, there was a large staff seeing that everything was done for us; now I was the staff. John's role was to write a series of articles about the journey for the San Francisco Chronicle, not to mention keeping Joan amused. I was to take the photographs to accompany John's pieces, but I was also in charge of all logistics. While what we proposed to do was not illegal, I was acutely aware it would be viewed with skepticism by the Soviet authorities.

Joan was able to contact Sakharov's stepdaughter, Tatiana, who had recently immigrated to the United States and was living in the Boston area. Through Tatiana we received

hand-drawn maps showing how to find Sakharov's apartment, because accurate Moscow city maps were not available at the time. Joan collected presents and letters for the Sakharovs, but I warned her that giving money was strictly illegal and could get us into serious trouble. Joan had already gone to jail in the States for blocking the entrance to an armed forces induction center, but I had no desire to end up in a Soviet prison.

The three of us set off on the long flight from San Francisco, routed via New York and Helsinki. John's suitcase, reflecting his macabre sense of humor, featured large stenciled letters saying VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED, attracting attention wherever we went. John availed himself of all the free drinks offered on the business class flight and was looking distinctly green by the time we arrived at Helsinki Airport. Sitting in the transit lounge, John roused himself from his stupor and whispered to me, "I think she's bringing money for the Jewish dissidents."

"What makes you think so?" I asked, my stomach suddenly tightening.

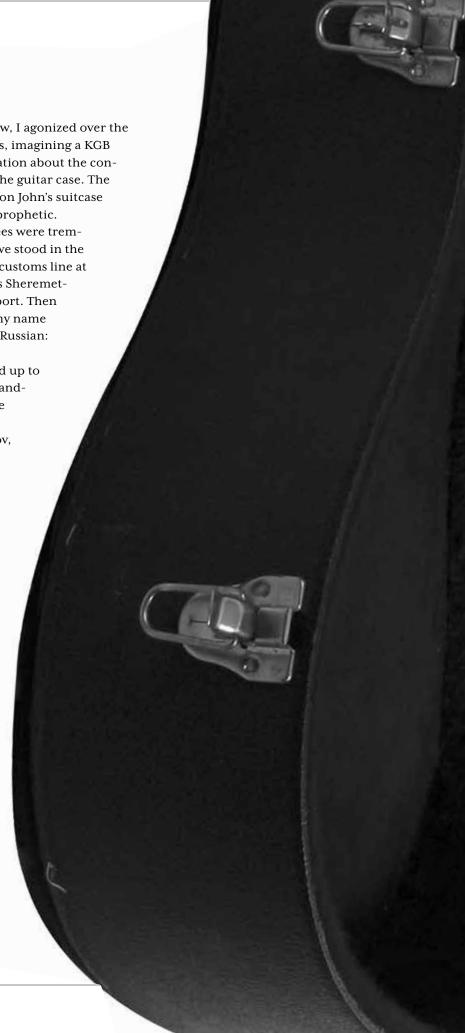
John gestured. "Notice that she is taking the guitar case with her to the bathroom. That's not normal. Why doesn't she leave it with us?"

I felt sick. Of course I could have made a scene and said that I wouldn't go if Joan was smuggling in money, but we were almost there and I didn't have the heart, or maybe the guts. We only suspected that there was money in the guitar case; we weren't certain. Besides, John was seriously hungover, so maybe this observation just reflected alcohol-induced paranoia. On the plane from Helsinki

to Moscow, I agonized over the prospects, imagining a KGB interrogation about the contents of the guitar case. The message on John's suitcase seemed prophetic.

My knees were trembling as we stood in the dreaded customs line at Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport. Then I heard my name called in Russian: "Greis."

I looked up to see the handsome face of Nikita Mikhalkov, a famous



tor, for whom I had recently translated at a Berkeley film festival. Nikita was returning to Moscow after receiving an Italian medal, Leone d'Oro-the Golden Lionin Venice. I introduced him to Joan. Happily, he knew all about her and had heard her music. "It's ridiculous that you are standing in this queue," he said. "Come with me. I will introduce you." We trotted behind as he led us up to the head of the customs line. There he introduced Joan Baez as the famous folk singer from America, a great artist, and even added that I was the daughter of a former ambassador to the Soviet Union. It didn't hurt that Nikita's father was the composer of the Soviet national anthem. The customs official made a notation in our passports, gave a wave, and the next thing we knew we had crossed the border. None of our possessions had been examined. Nikita then invited us to a dinner the next night in his studio. Joan's trip was started, and my stomach relaxed.

Russian film direc-

We settled into the massive Hotel Rossiya, reputedly the second-largest hotel in the world, but Joan and I had to share a room, as the manager claimed that the giant edifice was full. Before that, our relationship had been formal, but now those barriers relaxed.

I learned she had a wicked sense of humor, an uncanny ability to mimic people, and could turn a charm button on and off almost at will.

Joan and I both suffered from jetlag-induced insomnia, so we stayed up nights and she shared a lot about her life as a singer, her love affair with Bob Dylan, other romances, her marriage, political protests, and her beloved son, Gabriel. Somehow she wasn't so interested in Charles, Adair, and Kevin. I learned she had a wicked sense of humor, an uncanny ability to mimic people, and could turn a charm button on and off almost at will.

The second day in Moscow we set off, with the guitar, to visit a Jewish dissident group to whom Joan had an introduction through a peace group in Boston. They were expecting us. I located the apartment-not easy to do, as many apartment entrances in the older buildings of Moscow are off courtyards and poorly marked. Five or six men and women welcomed us into a tiny apartment. It seemed strange to see a bed pillow on the living room floor with a cord leading out from it, until a woman lifted up the pillow and pointed to the telephone that the pillow was muffling. The dissidents discussed their situation: they had mostly lost their jobs and were waiting for their exit visas, but they were uncertain whether they would receive them. As soon as Joan started



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to say she had brought something, I shook my head violently and handed her my notepad, on which I'd scrawled, "Write it down." As John and I suspected, she had brought money for the group and wanted to give it to them. The amount was large. The spokeswoman for the group became agitated. She took me into the bathroom and explained in a whisper next to a gushing faucet that if they accepted money from a foreigner they would risk imprisonment or worse. We soon left. While I was glad that we had not endangered any members of the group, I began to get that sinking feeling again. It was now definite that Joan was carrying undeclared money. From then on, our life became a whirlwind. Andrei Konchalovsky, a half brother of Nikita Mikhalkov and a well-known film director for whom I had also translated in Berkeley, called and invited us to lunch at his mother's dacha. Joan's usual charm was muted, as she didn't like being dragged out of Moscow-a trip that would have been pure heaven

> Top to bottom: A collage of Grace in Russia, by Alexandra Chalif; Grace and Renee Volen on their way to Moscow, 1989.

for most Muscovites. What's more, this expedition took place before Joan Baez had confided to me that she suffered from a form of hypoglycemia, which required that she eat something every three hours or become cranky and withdrawn. The trip home from the dacha consisted of Andrei trying to make conversation and Joan staring sullenly into space. From then on, I carried food for her.

When we returned to our hotel that afternoon, there was a crisis with our room: the hotel manager announced we had to leave the next day, citing a regulation that foreigners were allowed to stay in Moscow for only three days. I went down to the front desk and successfully untangled this bureaucratic snafu by inventing an imaginary concert at which Joan was going to sing. This trip was definitely honing my improvisational talents. When I went back upstairs, I was stunned to see a line of maids in the hall outside our room, listening to the pure bell-like tones of Joan's voice singing "Imagine." Little housework was done that afternoon on the fifth floor of the Hotel Rossiya.

Through Nikita Mikhalkov, I obtained Okudzhava's phone number. I called and told the bard how much Joan wanted to meet him and how she had memorized his song. He invited us to his apartment. After some introductory back and forth, Joan sang his song, accompanied by her guitar. Each was instantly smitten with the other, and I felt that this trip was turning into a success.

Back at our hotel, the phone started to ring. Radio Moscow and various newspapers had gotten wind of Joan's presence and wanted interviews. One of these journalists was a young man; I'll call him Volodya. He had met Joan in Cuba and wanted to renew the friendship, even move on to a more intimate phase. Joan gave him an interview but did not welcome his attention. She told me that she did not want to see him anymore, and for the rest of the trip I found myself running interference.

The next day was the visit to Sakharov and the focus of our trip. We had been warned that the government had taken the house number off his building, as well as off each apartment on his floor. I felt very conspicuous as we set forth carrying the ever-present guitar. We took a taxi but asked the driver to drop us a few blocks away. By following Tatiana's map, we arrived at what we calculated was the right building, entered the door code, and went up to the designated floor. The lightbulbs on that floor had been removed, so the hallway was pitch dark. We counted the doorways by feel along the corridor.

Joan had assured me that
Sakharov was expecting us, but
when we knocked on the door,
a very surprised Elena Bonner,
Sakharov's wife, peered at us
through her thick dark-rimmed
glasses. "Who are you?" she asked.

We stood awkwardly in the hall while I explained, and Sakharov finally approached the door and said, "Oh, yes, I did receive a call that someone was coming, but I didn't know who, and, besides, I thought it was tomorrow." We were invited in and sat down at the kitchen table, where we were offered tea. It was clear that Joan Baez meant nothing to them.

The more they talked, with me feverishly translating, the further apart they seemed.

Joan started out looking for common ground by discussing one of her favorite causes—the plight of the people in Chile and Bangladesh—but Sakharov was not interested. The more they talked, with me feverishly translating, the further apart they seemed. He finally said, "You know, we have so many problems here that I am not interested in problems overseas or in what the American government is or is not doing. It was nice of you to come, but I don't see the point."

Joan, always quick to size up a situation, changed the subject. "Andrei," she said, "could I just play you a few songs?"

"Go ahead," he answered, pointing up at the ceiling. "Even they like music."

So Joan started singing and playing the guitar, and her melodic voice quickly made the direct contact with the Sakharovs that she couldn't achieve through mere dialogue. Afterward, we engaged in spirited conversation and Elena Bonner fed us a light meal. When we left, we exchanged warm hugs and good feelings. "Walk a few blocks and then turn onto another street," advised Sakharov. "The taxis have been told not to stop outside this building."

That afternoon my friend Andrei Voznesensky, the poet, and his wife, the writer Zoya Boguslavskaya, invited us out to their dacha in Peredelkino, the famous writers' So Joan started singing and playing the guitar, and her melodic voice quickly made the direct contact with the Sakharovs that she couldn't achieve through mere dialogue.

colony. I had bonded with Andrei and Zoya during the Kennedy trip in 1974. While I fed Joan pilfered rolls from the hotel breakfast, a friend drove us out to the dacha.

In 1978, the famous poets in the Soviet Union had reputations similar to rock stars in the States. A big poetry reading would draw thousands. Unlike Sakharov, Voznesensky immediately took to Joan. After tea and a little wine, Andrei offered to read some poems. But in fact he didn't read, he declaimed. His sonorous voice reverberated through the small dacha, and soon Joan answered with her favorites—"Diamonds and Rust," "Imagine," and other standbys. It was magical. By the end of the evening, the Voznesenskys had offered to give a dinner for her in a country restaurant. Andrei promised to invite Okudzhava, ensuring Joan's attendance.

We were really on a roll. I was working flat out, translating for Joan's interviews, making arrangements, and taking pictures, while John Wasserman kept us amused and enjoyed all the hospitality. The Voznesenskys called and said that they had arranged for Joan to give a concert at the restaurant and had invited the cream of Moscow's intelligentsia to attend. I was ner-

vous about the concert, because some of Joan's songs were difficult to translate properly. "Diamonds and Rust" was a good example.

When we arrived at the roadside restaurant in the woods, we found about thirty people waiting for us in a large private room on the second floor. Many well-known figures were there, including Brezhnev's handsome interpreter, Victor Sukhodrev, whom I had met on the Kennedy trip. After he and Joan conversed, he pulled me aside. "Don't worry," he announced with authority. "You can relax; I will translate for her." Greatly relieved, I sat down and became a guest and was able to converse with people on my own.

Eventually, Joan stood up and sang one song, eliciting rapt attention from the guests. "What a success," I thought. Then Joan put her guitar down and said she wanted to say something. "Thank you for this warm reception. I'm sorry, however; I am not used to singing in private rooms for the select few. I appreciate the dinner, but please excuse me, as I want to go downstairs and sing for the people."

Angrily, Sukhodrev turned to me. "From now on you can translate!" Everyone else looked as shocked as I felt.

Joan and I went downstairs, and I explained Joan's request to a startled restaurant manager. After a long delay, he found a microphone and some sound equipment, and to the total surprise of the restaurant patrons, Joan gave an impromptu concert, with me translating after each song. I was concentrating so hard that I only dimly remember some of the guests from above coming down. Joan was triumphant. The Voznesenskys waited for us, and it

must have been two in the morning when we returned to the hotel. Our departure for New York was to be later that day.

The phone rang as soon as we got back to our room. It was Volodya. He already had heard all about Joan's impromptu concert and said the news was the sensation of Moscow. He wanted to meet us at the airport and interview Joan. I found this a great idea, since I was now worried about getting the guitar and its contents through customs without incident. Volodya was a well-connected journalist and I thought he could help.

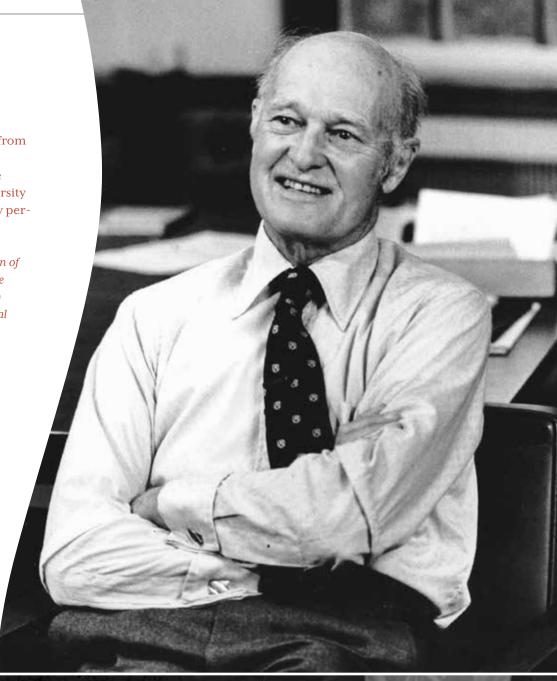
Joan, on the other hand, was adamant. "I don't want to see Volodya. I've had enough interviews. Tell him no."

A few hours later, bleary-eyed and tired, we set off for the airport. As our taxi pulled up to Sheremetyevo Airport, sitting on the curb was Volodya. By now fear had given me courage to confront Joan, "Joan, you must speak to him. It is important. Don't ask why." She looked surprised but smiled at him and answered his questions. Volodya offered to escort us into the airport. We had a coffee and then he led us to the customs line. The next thing I knew, he flashed an ID that I couldn't see, mumbled something to the agent, and again we were given the VIP treatment, sailing through customs with no one so much as looking at the precious guitar case and its contents.

My photos were used as the backdrop when Joan was interviewed about the trip on the *Today* show, and they illustrated John Wasserman's articles in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. My future as a photographer seemed clear to me, but pieces in the puzzle soon shifted.

Editor's note: This is an excerpt from the chapter "New Waters," from *Daughter of the Cold War*, by Grace Kennan Warnecke © 2018, University of Pittsburgh Press. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

Grace Kennan Warnecke is chairman of the board of the National Committee on American Foreign Policy. A fellow of the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars and member of the advisory council of the Kennan Institute, she is former chair of the National Advisory Council at the Harriman Institute. She is a narrator in the Harriman Institute's oral history project.





Top to bottom: George Kennan, 1982; photo by Grace Warnecke. Grace and Secretary of State Colin Powell.



Colette Shulman

Discovering One Another

I LISTENED WITH THE EAR OF MY HEART

BY COLETTE SHULMAN

Introduction

I lived my adult life close to the center of the Cold War, the long one that began soon after the combined efforts of the Western Allied Forces and the Soviet Army defeated Nazi Germany in World War II in 1945. I did not consciously ask myself why it was that being allies in this gigantic struggle we so quickly became opponents, and concluded that I needed to know more about the nation on the other side. It was more like gravitating there, following an impulse.

I got engrossed in the history and life of a country that from its very formation could not have been more different from mine. America was blessed in being protected by two oceans, with a population largely of immigrants who, in succeeding individually, helped the prospering of an entire nation. For Russia, the course of history over many centuries led in 1917 to a revolution that promised Utopia and brought a civil war, another world war, and a dictatorship inflicting suffering on an immense scale.

Starting soon after the dictator died in 1953, I lived in the Soviet Union for several years and reported to the outside world how Russians were recovering from both fighting the Nazis and being tyrannized by Stalin. Destalinization had dimensions that were political, economic, and above all human. I observed, I listened in the spirit of the Benedictine Rule—through the ear of a heart as open and cleansed of prejudice as could be. Trying to understand and articulate all this was a totally absorbing experience, continuing throughout my life.

In 1960 I married a compatriot, Marshall Shulman, who was also engrossed in Soviet-American relations, and whose main concern was the nuclear arms competition and the need to reduce and stabilize it. He worked at high levels of government and academia, and I in the grassroots of journalism and community activism. We complemented one another; our various responsibilities took us often to Moscow; we were stimulated, frustrated, our aspirations raised and disappointed, it was never dull, and the genuine friendships we made over there were for life. Our marriage repeatedly rendered me "surprised by joy," in the stunning phrase from Wordsworth. We were also seared by pain, yet the joy kept on re-emerging, and I share some of this richness in the memoir that follows. It is especially about my working life, informing Americans about the Soviet Union, and bringing Russians and Americans together for dialogue, hopefully to reason their way to better judgements.

Editor's note: What follows is an excerpt from *Discovering One Another*, by Colette Shulman, published with permission from the author. You can access the full text of Shulman's family memoir at the Harriman Institute, at 420 West 118th Street, 12th Floor, Room 1201.

Marshall Returns to DC, 1977–1981 Special Advisor on Soviet Affairs for Cyrus Vance

I remember a day in early February 1976, when Marshall and I were lunching in the Columbia Faculty Club, and Zbigniew Brzezinski came over to our table full of enthusiasm for Jimmy Carter, recently the Governor of Georgia and little known beyond it, who was already running for President. Carter belonged to the Trilateral Commission, whose dominant members were the U.S. Eastern Establishment with access to money, advice on policy and strategy, and favorable media coverage. Zbig was the Trilateral's director (and a colleague of Marshall's at Columbia), and he had for some time been tutoring Carter on foreign policy issues and writing speeches for him. By late March, Carter was gathering support so quickly in the public opinion polls that he was practically assured the Democratic nomination. Carter won in a close election, succeeding Gerald Ford, and named Cyrus Vance to be his Secretary of State. He told Vance he wanted to make Zbig his National Security Advisor and asked, Would they be able to work together? Vance, who was also a member of the Trilateral, said he thought they would.

Marshall had been at the university's Russian Institute for a decade, directing it, raising money, and teaching courses and seminars on Soviet foreign policy, military strategy. He was now well established in the academic world. In December Cy, whom Marshall had long known, asked him to come to Washington as his advisor on Soviet affairs. Marshall did not want to go back into government-he liked teaching-and he urged Cy to look for someone else. But in January, when we were on a brief vacation in Jamaica, Cy called him again, saying please come, I need you; and Marshall gave in partly out of respect for Cy, with the understanding he would have the title of Special Advisor on Soviet Affairs, with the rank of Ambassador, an office close to the Secretary's, and his own staff. I relate the above to set the scene for four years, 1977–1981, that were more frustration than fulfillment for Marshall.

For the first months of the Carter administration, Marshall came down half-time since he was teaching a spring-term course at Columbia. He, Zbig Brzezinski, and Dick Holbrooke each had a bedroom in Averell Harriman's next-door second house that his earlier wife, Marie, had hoped to make into a museum open to the public for her art collection. The Georgetown residential community said no, so the house became a "catch-all":

The objective was to create strategic stability, a balance, and also a degree of invulnerability, with systems on submarines at sea, mobile, or under hardened concrete.

Averell's office, library, reception rooms, suites for guests, extra bedrooms, the family chef's basement apartment. Zbig moved to a house he and Muska bought, Holbrooke stayed, and when the Harrimans heard I would be commuting down from New York for

half the time, they offered us a small back apartment above the chef's. This was felicitous in a way I'll get to later.

Slowing the Arms Race

What particularly drew Marshall back into government was the hope of achieving arms control agreements that he and his colleagues had worked to prepare the ground for. Since 1960 he had been part of an informal study group of defense scientists and political experts given formal sponsorship under the American Academy of Arts and Sciences that had been meeting regularly with a similar group in Moscow under the Soviet Academy of Sciences.

Their discussions over the 1960s–early 70s were a process of mutual education, especially of the Soviet military and top political leadership. Marshall recalled Wolfgang Panovsky of the American group showing the Soviet scientists on a blackboard how their initial reliance on the anti-ballistic missiles they were building around Moscow was futile and would only exacerbate the arms race and encourage the buildup of offensive forces by the Americans. Or, Harold Brown later explaining to Soviet negotiators, that if they brought down the number of their heavy SS-18 missiles from 300 to 150 or 100, they wouldn't be able to take out our Minute Men missiles in a first strike. The objective was to create strategic stability, a balance, and also a degree of invulnerability, with systems on submarines at sea, mobile, or under hardened concrete. It was in the self-interest of both sides.

The Soviet leadership characteristically responded at the time as Alexei Kosygin did to President Johnson and Robert McNamara in 1967: How could we, a responsible Soviet leadership, say to our people, "We're not going to defend you as much as we can"? Their conception was, the more weapons and the bigger the better. But it changed. The

Soviet scientists came to understand this was counter-productive and persuaded their leadership, such that by 1969, when the first official talks between the two governments began, the Soviets were ready to negotiate what became the two-part SALT I, signed in 1972—the ABM Treaty limiting both the number of anti-ballistic installations and the missiles in them (it was in force for 30 years until the U.S. unwisely pulled out of it) and an Interim Agreement on measures limiting strategic arms, lasting five years.

Marshall recalled a Council on Foreign Relations discussion on the technical aspects of nuclear weapons, which he had to get to know, and George Kennan sitting next to him leaned over and said, "Marshall, I don't understand your fascination with these weapons." Bob Belknap, a colleague at the Russian Institute, perceptively wrote of Marshall, "He mastered the technology of weaponry, but he concentrated on the goals and fears of those who gave, or preferably did not give, the orders to use it."

If the challenge of educating and getting the Soviet leaders into negotiations was considerable, the challenge in Washington was even more difficult because of the hidden agendas that Marshall said existed in every discussion on how to respond to the Soviets. In the back of some minds, the purpose was to ratchet up the pressure on the Soviet Union, forcing over-strain; in other minds it was to reach a working relationship, easing tensions, that might encourage evolution over there. Rarely, he observed, did either get articulated.

Secretary Vance's deep conviction, Marshall said, "was that the security of the United States could be better assured by moderating the level of competition," whereas Brzezinski was inclined to emphasize the "more malign aspects of the Soviet system" and was "more concerned that the U.S. would be led by illusions to be insufficiently resistant to the Soviet Union."

Carter had campaigned partly as a peacemaker, and as President he gave a speech in 1978 on the "inordinate fear of Communism," warning against excessive preoccupation with the Soviet Union when there were other more important foreign policy matters. It was an uncharacteristic speech, but there was that side of him.

At the start of the administration, Carter exchanged letters with Brezhnev, who had worked to get his military to accept the Vladivostok agreement negotiated with President Ford, and wanted to resume negotiations on that basis. Conservatives in the capital—Washington Senator "Scoop" Jackson and consultant Richard Perle—urged Carter to aim

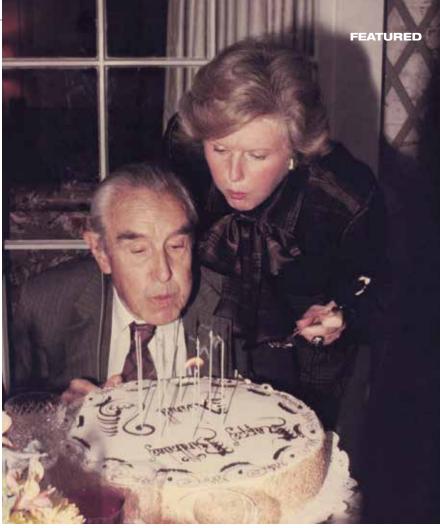
higher, for a major reduction in the Soviet heavy SS-18 missiles, which Marshall and Vance knew would be unacceptable at this stage. They flew to Moscow in March 1977 with that as a maximum position and Vladivostok as a fallback. As Marshall recalled, Brezhnev and Foreign Minister Gromyko "blew up" in anger; it was a "disastrous" beginning, setting back the negotiations.

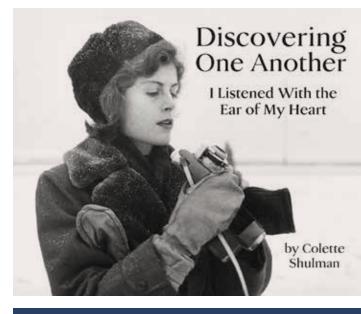
That whole period was one of continuous deterioration in the Soviet-American relationship. Two American reporters in Moscow were arrested and another harassed, perhaps a response to the American positions on human rights, Jewish emigration, and most-favored nation status for trade. Their leaders had been told they wouldn't get the latter unless they raised Jewish emigration, and it did double to 30,000. Instead we gave most-favored nation status to China-we were playing the China card against the Soviet Union, which saw the U.S.-China reconciliation as anti-Soviet. And there was growing Soviet influence in Africa now that they had the transport capacity to reach that far: Gromyko told Carter they did not have any Soviet officers in Ethiopia helping to manage the fighting there; Carter took this as a lie and was angry.

Another Year of Disppointments

Then, over Labor Day 1979, our intelligence reported new Soviet military activity in Cuba, and at the State Department Marshall got to the bottom of it through a good CIA analyst he knew well, who said this was yet another CYA (cover your ass). "The intelligence community was trying to protect itself by the most alarmist kind of projections, contradicted by material they had showing there were no newly introduced Soviet forces in Cuba." The Soviets thought this was a deliberate effort to derail the SALT ratification. It wasn't, Marshall said—just inadvertent and badly handled. His own experience, looking back on the Soviet missile brigade hullabaloo, was that "the process of presenting intelligence reports to the President became more and more topical and politicized over time."

In mid-autumn of 1979, however, our intelligence was not exaggerating in noticing large loading compartments





Top to bottom: Averell and Pamela Harriman blowing out candles at Averell's 90th birthday lunch at the Harriman home in Georgetown; cover for Discovering One Another: I Listened With the Ear of My Heart. (The book was laid out and produced by Lynn Stowe Designs.)

on Soviet airfields in southern Russia and flights of transport aircraft going to Afghanistan. In November-December Marshall made five approaches directly to the Soviet embassy in Washington or through the American embassy in Moscow cautioning the Russians we would take it very seriously if their troops went in. He repeated the warning to Andrei Kokoshin, a young specialist in military-political affairs at the Moscow Institute of the U.S. and Canada, when he came to our apartment for dinner. In December the Soviets invaded, a decision essentially made, as we later learned, by just two members of

the Politburo: Yuri Andropov, head of the KGB, and Dmitri Ustinov, Minister of Defense, who had come up through the defense industry and had no personal military experience.

Opinions in Washington differed about Soviet motives. Carter in his re-election campaign called the invasion the greatest threat since the Second World War. Cy Vance said, "We have an analytical problem of trying to discern whether this is primarily a local matter for the Russians," a response to complex Afghan politics which disturbed them sufficiently to feel they had to have a military presence. Others saw this as part of a larger strategic offensive. Was Afghanistan an area of interest to the United States? There were some, Marshall recalled, "including myself at that time, who saw it as an area of importance to the Soviet Union, an area that had been fought over for a long time with the history of

Marshall's habit, when sitting down to write something—going back to his reporter days—was to put on his green visor and light up his pipe. Before going into the Carter administration he gave up the pipe, but he never gave up the visor. When the company making them closed down, he ordered several, and I still have them.

"I wanted as much as possible to cleanse myself of the experience I'd just been through in the administration."



British and Russian rivalry in Afghanistan." He continued, "Those who took the most malignant view of Soviet intentions used this as an occasion to throw at them the full list of the punitive measures that had been building up over a period of time, and there was of course a hidden agenda in the background that led to a military buildup on the U.S. part . . . and it really wiped out all the cooperative arrangements that had been worked out with the Russians in previous years—the exchange agreements, trade; it limited the sale of grain and United States participation in the Olympics in Moscow . . . the possibility of the ratification of SALT.

"Even those who had a more nuanced view of Soviet behavior," Marshall said, "nevertheless felt this was a very egregious act.... So that, although Vance sought to protect SALT from getting involved in this—he was unable to—he did, as I did, endorse very strong measures against the Russians."

Earlier, in February of that awful year, 1979, our ambassador in Kabul, Adolf (Spike) Dubs, a former student of Marshall's, was abducted and killed by militants of still unclear identity. There were several conflicting political groups and shoot-outs of opponents in Kabul. It fell to Marshall to coordinate the State Department's

response—requests from the media, drafting Secretary Vance's tribute to Spike Dubs, and Marshall's own eloquent eulogy, for which he received letters of appreciation from the Dubs family and foreign service colleagues. I remember the attention he gave to those colleagues asking for an appropriate lasting commemoration.

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was, as Marshall put it, "a very serious mistake on their part, and our reaction to it got tangled up in American domestic politics, with the election coming on, with the rising conservative tide, with the divisions within the U.S. government about how we assess the Soviet Union, what our objectives should be with the Soviet Union."

Back to Civilian Life

In April 1980 Vance's accumulating frustrations reached the point where he resigned on his opposition to the

White House plan to go into Iran and rescue the American hostages-he deemed it unfeasible and likely to result in the deaths of hostages and others. The rescue effort was aborted, yet because of a helicopter running into a transport plane, there was some loss of life. I remember Marshall and I had dinner with Gay and Cy Vance right after his resignation. He urged Marshall to stay on and help Ed Muskie, former Governor of Maine, who took over as Secretary. Marshall did stay on for a few months, reluctantly, and left the government at the end of August. He said in his oral history, "I wanted as much as possible to cleanse myself of the experience I'd just been through in the administration." Marshall's brother, Lee, and his second wife, Joyce, were by then living in the Los Angeles area. Borrowing Lee's Honda, Marshall and I took a motorcycle trip up the California coast from Los Angeles, through Santa Barbara and Big Sur, all the way through the vineyards and wineries of the Napa Valley. "It was a wonderful way of making the transition back to civilian and academic life."

Over the Carter years I observed how hard Marshall worked in the State Department. He had an able, dedicated staff of young Foreign Service officers and a fine Deputy Assistant Secretary for Soviet and East European Affairs, Bob Barry, who later had two ambassadorships. Every day dozens of calls came in asking Marshall for interviews, to speak at meetings and conferences around the country, brief groups going to Moscow, or bestow the prestige of his presence on various major gatherings. He was often in the public eye; the long hours and especially the deterioration of relations gradually sapped his energy and spirits. After Reagan's election in 1980, it was no surprise, yet still a blow to Marshall, that the conservative Detroit News, for which he had once been a reporter, carried an editorial saying "good riddance" to Secretary Vance and his special assistant Marshall Shulman. The News published Marshall's letter in response, perhaps the most direct, succinct statement of what he aimed for in government and public advocacy work during his entire life.

Throughout the Carter years, I would drive down to Washington for many long weekends and ten-day stretches. I succumbed to the pleasures of reading, swimming in the backyard pool, exploring Georgetown and beyond, and reconnecting with friends. Avis Bohlen gave a dinner party to welcome us to Washington—Ambassador "Chip" Bohlen had died—and I got acquainted with grown-up Celestine, now a journalist, and at some point with the Bohlen's eldest daughter, Avis, who, inspired by her father, joined the foreign service and became an ambassador.

"This war may perhaps not occur through evil intent, but could happen through miscalculation."



At the Harriman home on Barbados in the mid-1980s; Colette Shulman in the foreground, and Pamela Harriman all the way in the back.

It was a treat living in the Harriman compound. I remember how gracious Averell was. We were invited to many of their next-door dinner parties with Washington notables, to weekends at their country estates, and visits to the house in Barbados, where there was always a stimulating group. When the Schlesingers were there, one evening after dinner Arthur and Marshall got Averell talking about the Katyn Massacres of Polish officers—who had done it, the Nazis or the Russians? In his effort to give Soviet troops what they needed to keep the German army engaged and bogged down on the eastern front, Averell had accepted the official Soviet explanation that the Nazis had done it. The conversation irritated him because by then, over 30 years later, there was enough evidence to show the Soviets had committed the massacre.

Once on Barbados we all went to Claudette Colbert's for dinner, another time to Rex Harrison's—Pamela had been married to producer Leland Hayward and knew many people in the theater and movie world. One evening, in the thatched roof dining pavilion of a house the Harrimans were renting, Marshall made bananas flambé, with the flambé flames dancing so high, the butler rushed over to put them

out. With each telling, over laughter, Averell further embellished the story until the pavilion itself was nearly on fire.

At a reception at the Harrimans in Georgetown, I recall meeting and having a longish conversation with Bob Strauss, former Chair of the Democratic National Committee. He immediately walked over to Marshall and said to him, "I've just talked with your wife. We have a saying in Texas, 'Man, you outmarried yourself.'" I found that so amusing, I applied it on a festive occasion to Peter Kaskell, the second husband of my friend from Wellesley days, Joan Macy.

Our relationship with the Harrimans continued beyond the Carter administration through the eighties, when Pamela and Averell devoted themselves to nurturing possible Democratic Party candidates for Congress and the White House, in particular Bill Clinton, for whom Pamela held evening "salon" discussions on various issues. As Averell declined with age, Pamela increasingly took the initiative, gathering round her a group of talented men, rising young ones and men of experience, of whom Marshall was one, who briefed her and drafted talking points for her appearances before various groups. Pamela never hesitated to say that in the political world she knew, starting in World War II with her first father-in-law, Winston Churchill, men were more important than women. At first I think she was a little wary of me, but judging that I was no threat to her, she and I got on well, and Pamela was warm and exceedingly generous to us both.

At age 91 Averell Harriman made a final trip to Moscow for a promised meeting with Yuri Andropov, the new leader of the Soviet Communist Party. Pamela went too, and Marshall and I were invited to accompany them. The foremost impression that both Harrimans took away from their meeting on June 2nd with Andropov was, as Pamela put it, "the General Secretary's grim reading of Soviet-American relations." Just a few months earlier, in March 1983, President Reagan had given two speeches that escalated the rhetoric of the cold war-his first recorded use of the term "evil empire" to characterize the Soviet Union, and his intention to begin installing a missile defense system, popularly called "star wars," which was widely opposed in the arms control community. Andropov was responding to this heightened tension when he said to the Harrimans, "Today the Soviet people and the American people have a common foe-the threat of a war incomparable with the horrors we went through previously. This war may perhaps not occur through evil intent, but could happen through miscalculation. Then nothing could save mankind."

Seven months later Andropov died of kidney failure, after serving only fifteen months as Communist Party



Marshall with Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter in 1977.

leader. Chernenko, who followed him, died after eleven months. No wonder our Moscow friends and colleagues felt depressed at that time of their country's deep stagnation.

The Russian Institute Becomes the Harriman Institute

My decision to come to Washington only part-time had led to our living in the next-door Harriman house instead of renting an apartment elsewhere. Proximity nurtured a friendship that had not before existed, which in turn led to Marshall's learning during a walk on the beach in Barbados that several universities had submitted formal proposals to Averell to house his papers and receive supporting funds for studies. Marshall quickly mobilized the Columbia University Development office and with the help of Anne McSweeney, experienced in high-level fund-raising, they drafted and submitted a Russian Institute proposal.

When learning that Averell's available resources were far less than applicants realized, they revised it so that grants would come as installments over several years. This made the Columbia proposal financially possible for Averell, and it appealed to him that the Institute would be strengthened as

a place of advanced research on the Soviet Union and would be named after him.

On October 21, 1982, there was a formal inauguration of the new W. Averell Harriman Institute for Advanced Study of the Soviet Union. In his talk Averell said, "My objective is very clear: I want to stimulate and encourage advanced study of Soviet affairs . . . essential to this country now when there is so much misinformation about what is going on in the Soviet Union." He noted that the Institute would have Marshall as its director, "one of the most capable men in his field." Years later, Marshall's colleague at Columbia wrote, with characteristic perceptiveness, that when the Harrimans gave enormous wealth to the Institute, it was "because of their sense that Marshall's reason and reasonableness would enlist us all in the pursuit of peace."

Colette Shulman has been a journalist and public speaker on the Soviet Union/Russia since 1956. In the 1990s–early 2000s, she created and coedited a magazine for women starting NGOs in Russia's emerging civil society. She is a member of the Harriman Institute's National Advisory Council and a narrator in the Institute's oral history project.

LEONARD COHEN OET, NOVELIST, SINGER-SONGWRITER "I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel..." FROM THE SONG "CHELSEA HOTEL #2," 1974 RESENTED TO COMMEMORATE HIS 75th BIRTHDAY BY MEMBERS OF THE LEONARD COHEN FORUM SEPTEMBER 21, 2009 HOTEL Alexander J. Motyl in front of the Hotel Chelsea, New York. Photo © Anne Mandelbaum.

The Non-Russians Are Coming!

FIELD NOTES FROM THE

FRONT LINES OF SOVIET

NATIONALITY STUDIES

BY ALEXANDER J. MOTYL

The Non-Russians Are Coming!

erestroika had just begun, and I happened to be at a conference evaluating its implications for the Soviet state. At one point during the discussion, I suggested that Mikhail Gorbachev's reforms had to be viewed in the context of the USSR's multinational character. The Russian/non-Russian dynamic was, I said, critical. A seasoned Sovietologist turned to me and said, "But Alex, the non-Russians just don't matter."

Obviously, they did matter, so much so that the Soviet "nationality question"—which Gorbachev, like most mainstream Sovietologists, never quite understood—arguably brought the Soviet empire to its knees. Once that happened, all students of the USSR and its successor states were compelled to incorporate the non-Russians into their research and teaching.

The exception to this rule was Columbia University, not because it was a laggard, but because it had a long tradition of studying the non-Russians. Back in the 1930s, the university offered courses in Ukrainian, and a distinguished historian, Clarence Manning, wrote extensively about Ukraine and even translated a condensed version of Ukrainian historian Mykhailo Hrushevsky's multivolume History of Ukraine-Rus'. (Hrushevsky also served as independent Ukraine's first president in 1918.) The Kharkiv-born linguist George Y. Shevelov focused on the Slavic languages in general, and Ukrainian and Russian in particular, after coming to Columbia from Harvard in 1958.

The study of the USSR's non-Russian nations began taking institutional shape in 1970,

when Columbia's premier Central Asian specialist, Edward Allworth, established the Program on Soviet Nationality Problems. Conferences, workshops, brown-bag presentations, and publications followed. Professor Allworth's most important publication may have been Ethnic Russia in the USSR: The Dilemma of Dominance, one of the first sustained scholarly efforts to treat the Russians as part of the USSR's nationality question. It was in 1984, just after I received my Ph.D. in political science from Columbia, that Professor Allworth asked me to deliver a talk on the Ukrainian famine of 1932-33 and explicitly asked that I address the question of whether or not it had been engineered by Stalin. As I recently looked back at my notes from that talk, I was somewhat surprised to learn that I had argued that the famine was indeed man-made-a



I was somewhat surprised to learn that I had argued that the famine was indeed man-made—a position that has only now become the conventional wisdom among most reputable historians.

position that has only now become the conventional wisdom among most reputable historians.

Edward Allworth wasn't the only Columbia scholar interested in the non-Russians. Natalya Sadomskaya examined them in her courses on Soviet anthropology. Robert E. Lewis, of the geography department, trained a cohort of excellent young geographers, most of whom specialized in the interaction of geography and national identity; unfortunately, the university closed down Bob's department just as its relevance to Soviet studies was growing exponentially. Historians also got in on the act. Marc Raeff revealed that Ukrainian intellectuals and religious men had a fundamental impact on imperial Russia's ideology and identity; Michael Stanislawski studied imperial Russia's Jews; Nina Garsoian offered courses on Armenia. Andrzej Kaminski and Istvan Deak of the Institute on East Central Europe focused on the multinational character of, respectively, the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. My own dissertation adviser, political scientist Seweryn Bialer, wrote a seminal article, "How Russians Rule Russia," for Problems of Communism; devoted a key chapter to the non-Russians in Stalin's Succes-



sors, the book that garnered him the MacArthur Prize; pushed me to think of the USSR as an empire; and suggested that I write my dissertation on "ethnic stability" in the USSR—which I did. Professor Bialer and I eventually organized an international conference on the emerging nations of East Central Europe and the Soviet West ("Toward a New Eastern Europe") at the Rockefeller Foundation's Bellagio estate. Its participants included key opposition figures from Lithuania, Ukraine, Belarus, and Poland.

It was thanks to Professor Bialer, Institute director Robert Legvold, and former Harriman director Marshall Shulman that the Institute received a generous grant from the Mellon Foundation to establish the Nationality and Siberian Studies Program in 1988. I was offered the position of program director and assigned an office on the thirteenth floor of the International Affairs Building, then occupied by Professor Bialer's Research Institute on International Change (formerly Zbigniew Brzezinski's Research Institute on International Communism). My assistant, Ph.D. candidate Charles Furtado, and I spent the next four years following in Professor Allworth's footsteps with a slew of conferences, monthly workshops and seminars, and publications. The program funded courses in the Georgian and Ukrainian languages, Siberian geography, and Georgian politics; invited Leslie Dienes, Tadeusz Swietochowski, and James Mace as visiting scholars; published five books (in particular, Thinking Theoretically About Soviet Nationalities and The Post-Soviet Nations, which attempted to incorporate nationality studies into the study of ethnicity and of the USSR); and came



Elizabeth Valkenier, Richard Ericson, Jack Matlock, and Alexander Motyl speak to the press about the October 1993 crisis over Boris Yeltsin's relations with the Supreme Soviet.

to serve as the central forum for Soviet nationality specialists residing in the New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut areas. It was then that we established a strong working relationship with the Association for the Study of Nationalities (ASN) and its flagship publication, *Nationalities Papers*—in particular, with ASN president Michael Rywkin and the journal editor, Henry Hutten-

Some of us argued that Gorbachev was destabilizing the Soviet multinational state; others, that the USSR was likely to survive. bach, both at the City College of New York. By the mid- to late 1990s, that relationship culminated in the Harriman's decision to collaborate even more closely with ASN and its president Ian Bremmer and launch what has now become a mainstay of the university's academic calendar, the annual ASN convention.

A highlight of our collaboration was the publication of three special issues of *Nationalities Papers* in 1989–1991. All three (subsidized by the program) featured the redacted transcripts of all-day workshops dedicated to investigating the relationship between perestroika and the nationalities. Some of us argued that Gorbachev was destabilizing the Soviet multinational state; others, that the USSR was likely to survive.

The titles of the special issues nicely reflected the rapidly changing environment in the Soviet Union. The first issue was simply entitled "The Soviet Nationalities and Gorbachev"; the second was "The Soviet Nationalities against Gorbachev"; the third was "The Soviet Nationalities without Gorbachev." Our Soviet guests weren't particularly happy with that last title, though they had to admit that it was not wholly inaccurate.

The timing of the Nationality and Siberian Studies Program's founding couldn't have been better. As we began our work, the USSR began visibly to come apart at its seams, as the non-Russians that hadn't mattered suddenly seemed to matter above all else. The world was utterly unprepared for the advent of the

nationalities. Most Sovietologists were uninterested in the non-Russians; Washington DC's collective knowledge was pretty much confined to one State Department analyst, Paul Goble; journalists had no clue about where the "Stans" were, and the public was almost completely ignorant about half the USSR's population. One European diplomat who was about to be posted to Ukraine asked me to brief him about a country he knew nothing about. His colleagues felt sorry that he was being demoted in so rude a fashion. His spouse wondered whether the east Ukrainian city of Kraków was worth visiting. The diplomat asked me what he should know about Ukrainian literature. I said that, if asked, he should always note Ukraine's three greatest poets-Taras Shevchenko, Lesya Ukrainka, and Ivan Franko. Sure enough, a few weeks after his posting to Kyiv, News from Ukraine (a KGB-run English-language newspaper) ran an interview with the diplomat and he claimed these very three poets as his personal favorites.

Those of us in the nationality studies community had inhabited an academic ghetto until perestroika shattered the USSR into its constituent republics. We then burst onto the stage of policy relevance and journalistic interest and, for some five years, dominated the public discourse. Moody's sent an analyst to attend our seminars on Gorbachev and the nationalities. Tom Friedman, then a little-known foreign correspondent, visited me in my office to talk about the non-Russians. Ersin Kalaycioglu of Istanbul's Bogazici University and I tried to establish a Black Sea studies program; we failed to find the funds, but still managed to organize several conferences and enabled

Russian-language instructor Edward Beliaev and Ambassador Jack Matlock to teach at the former Roberts College. In 1989, as the countries of East Central Europe were poised to shed their communist regimes, I had three meetings with a highly placed official at the East German Mission to the United Nations. During the first, he assured me that the Party would easily deal with the demonstrations in Leipzig and other East German cities. During the second, as the demonstrations snowballed, he assured me that the Party would learn from its mistakes. During the third, sometime in August or September, when thousands of East Germans were escaping to West German embassies, he asked me if I thought it possible for him to embark on graduate studies in the United States. I knew then that the Wall would soon fall.

One of the key issues dividing scholars in the late 1980s was whether or not perestroika and glasnost would lead to the USSR's collapse or regeneration. Duke University's Jerry Hough famously insisted almost until the very end of 1991 that the ongoing disturbances were all part of Gorbachev's master plan. I personally thought that perestroika wouldn't rock the boat too much until I was asked to attend a CIA conference on possible scenarios of the USSR's collapse and prepare a scenario on a revolt by the non-Russians. To my surprise, the scenario came easily and logically, persuading me that perestroika could actually subvert the entire Soviet system. Another conference, organized by the Center of Austrian Studies at the University of Minnesota, focused on a comparison of the Habsburg Empire and the Soviet Union. My assignment was to compare and contrast their

The Soviet Union's collapse also compelled the Harriman to rethink its mission.

declines. Once again, I discovered that the case for Soviet disintegration was strong and that the case for thinking of the USSR as a declining empire was especially strong. That conference led to a decade's worth of writing on Soviet imperial collapse in comparative perspective.

Naturally, I wasn't the only one to have begun thinking of the USSR as an empire. A large number of scholars, both at the Harriman and elsewhere, picked up on the theme and produced a rich historical and social science literature. At the Harriman, historian Mark von Hagen (who served as director of the Institute in the late 1990s), political scientist Jack Snyder, and sociologist Karen Barkey led the way. My own focus was on the dynamics of imperial collapse-the rapid and comprehensive dismantling of an imperial structure, as happened with the Soviet Union, Austria-Hungary, and Romanov Russia. Von Hagen's interest in empire eventually paved the way for his shift from studying the imperial core, Russia, to studying its periphery, Ukraine. Snyder incorporated nations and nationalism into his international relations perspective, while Barkey showed how relevant the Ottoman experience was to the Soviet demise.

The Soviet Union's collapse also compelled the Harriman to rethink its mission. In 1992, I succeeded Allen Lynch, who had accepted a professorship at the University of Virginia, as associate director. Economist Richard



Alexander Motyl (1990s)

Ericson was the director. Rick and I knew that the Harriman's program of study and regional focus needed some serious revision in light of the USSR's collapse and the fall of communism in East Central Europe. The first question that needed addressing was whether the Institute would devote itself to just Russia or to all the successor states. We opted for the latter. The next question was whether we should incorporate East Central Europe into the Harriman's

research agenda. Once again, Rick and I opted for a more expansive approach on the grounds that the entire postcommunist space still needed to be looked at as a whole, even as bits and pieces were drifting in different directions. After some debate, the Harriman faculty approved the changes. As a result, the Institute of East Central Europe became a center within the Harriman; students could fulfill their language requirement by devel-

oping proficiency in any language of the former Soviet space (with a reading knowledge in a second language); and a core course focusing on the Soviet legacies in the USSR and East Central Europe would be made mandatory so as to provide all Harriman students with a common intellectual experience.

One of the consequences of the Harriman's embrace of the entire postcommunist space was that the study of the non-Russians boomed. Ukrainian studies took off, in no small measure thanks to the generosity of a Ukrainian-Canadian philanthropist, Peter Jacyk. In time, the Ukrainian Studies Program was established within the Institute, offering courses in Ukrainian language, literature, history, and politics. Georgian, Hungarian, Serbian, Polish, and Central Asian studies also grew in size and vigor, while Russian studies remained at the core of the Institute's mission.

Greatly contributing to the Harriman's reputation as a center for nationality studies was its collaboration with the ASN. Ian Bremmer and I first organized two one-day conferences in the 1990s to see whether there'd be interest in actual conventions. Both events were successful, and we decided that a bona fide convention would be in order. The Harriman gave its support and agreed to serve as the venue for the annual gathering. The first convention was a bit of a touch and go affair. Ian and I met at a downtown Starbucks and discussed the format. He then gave me a sheaf of papers including the panel topics that had been submitted to the ASN. I proceeded to cut them into strips and lay them out on the floor

As long as the Soviet Union existed, it was perfectly possible to acquire genuine expertise in the nationalities.

of my studio apartment, arranging and rearranging them thematically until something resembling a full range of panels was on hand. By the time the second convention was to be held, we had developed a somewhat more sophisticated way of organizing the panels. Since those early days, the ASN has evolved into a highly professional organization and its conventions have become must-attend affairs for students of the "nationalities."

Of course, sometime in the 1990s it became obvious to all of us nationality experts that the term "nationality" no longer applied. The Soviet Union's fourteen non-Russian republics had become independent states: and the nationalities were now nations, with their own histories, cultures, politics, societies, and so on. In effect, that also meant that Soviet nationality studies—which had involved having an expertise in all or most of the fourteen non-Russian republics—was no longer possible. As long as the Soviet Union existed, it was perfectly possible to acquire genuine expertise in the nationalities. Soviet sources were few, much of the information they contained was repetitive and applied to all the republics, and Western publications could be fitted on one shelf. Knowledge of one non-Russian language and Russian enabled you to study the nationalities in general. After 1991, that was no longer true.

Developing an expertise in three or more independent countries, even those with common pasts, is extremely difficult, perhaps even impossible. I refocused on Ukraine and Russia. Others devoted their research to the Baltic states, Central Asia, the Caucasus, or individual countries of East Central Europe.

At the same time, as nationality experts were narrowing their research interests, mainstream Sovietologists were expanding theirs, usually adding some non-Russian state or states to their repertoire. Even more important perhaps, non-Sovietologists discovered the former communist space and began incorporating bits and pieces into their comparative research—whether on transitions to democracy, ethnic conflict, war, or marketization. In effect, nationality studies came to matter to the social sciences and humanities, in exactly the manner that the nationality studies community had always insisted they should. In so doing, however, nationality studies lost its raison d'être. Ironically, Soviet nationality studies disappeared at the moment of its greatest triumph.

Alexander J. Motyl is professor of political science at Rutgers University–Newark. He continues to teach at the Harriman Institute. He is a narrator in the Institute's oral history project.

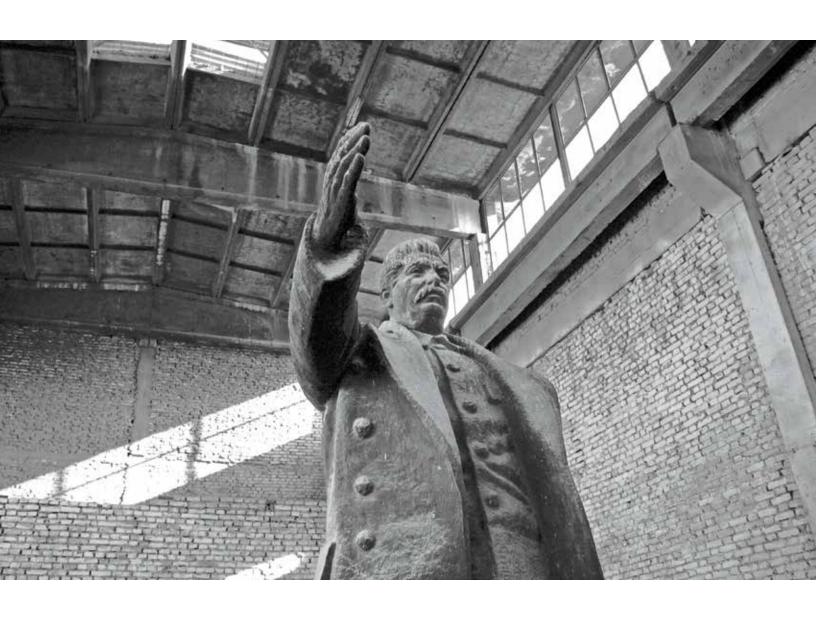




Early publications in nationality studies, including edited volumes by Alexander Motyl and the ASN's Nationalities Papers. From left: Stalin in a warehouse, 2007; construction work at the Stalin textile complex, 1951 (Albanian Telegraphic Agency/ ATSH archives); inauguration of the Stalin textile mills, 1951 (ATSH). All photographs by Elidor Mëhilli, unless otherwise noted.

STALIN AND SLUIS THE SLUIS

A PHOTO ESSAY BY ELIDOR MËHILLI



t was the showcase socialist project in 1950s Albania: a brand-new textile complex named after Stalin (*Kombinati i Tekstileve "Stalin"*). It arose out of nothing—a short distance from the capital, Tirana, after the nearby swamps had been cleared. The machines came in big wooden crates from the Soviet Union. Teams of Soviet engineers and advisers arrived to help lift the small agrarian coun-

try from poverty and deliver on the promise of an industrial socialist future. During those heady years of construction, Albania borrowed extensively from Moscow: not only tractors and industrial installations, but also school textbooks, literature, and city plans.

Kombinati, as it has been known ever since, was one of the hallmarks of the country's first five-year plan. Within a short time, it became a kind of microcosm of the country as a whole. Soviet in design, it was staffed by workers who had moved there from distant villages and other towns. But the brand-new mills also stood for something bigger than textiles. Local officials spoke of them as "schools" for turning illiterate Albanian peasants into conscious workers, for introducing women into the workforce. Government-backed campaigns sought to introduce















Soviet labor techniques (officials referred to them as *metoda sovjetike*). Plans called for new housing blocks, schools, and leisure provisions, so that a new urban reality would emerge, thanks to Soviet engineering. "The swamp is now in bloom!" one local journalist declared a few years later.

From Stalin to Mao tells the story of how this Soviet project became a national icon. Kombinati enabled local men and women to make claims about themselves, their past, and their standing in the world. This small episode in one corner of Europe illustrates how the Soviet Union created a transnational traffic of people and technology on a large scale after World War II. But Moscow ultimately could not control this kind of transnational exchange. During the Sino-Soviet conflict of the early 1960s, Albania's ruling party turned against Soviet party boss Nikita Khrushchev. Soviet specialists left the country in a rush. Tirana looked to Beijing for industrial aid instead. Still, Kombinati continued producing textiles and social identities-the former symbol of Sovietization now transformed into a symbol of national will.

Clockwise, from top left:
Where Stalin's monument once stood, 2007;
living next to industrial ruins, 2007; female workers inside the factories, 1952 (ATSH); "1951"—the birth of the textile complex, 2007; new housing for workers finished, 1952 (ATSH).

Sixty-six years later, Kombinati is one giant ruin. Following the Albanian regime's collapse in 1991, many of the shops were dismantled. Stalin's towering statue, which used to greet visitors in front of a monumental entrance, ended up in a warehouse. Over the years, residents of the 1950s housing blocks have walled off balconies to acquire a bit of extra living space. Squatters have moved into the decrepit former administrative quarters. Within the factory ruins, poverty-stricken families have built makeshift homes out of cardboard and discarded materials. But if socialism appears as a transnational mass of ruins today, Kombinati is also a reminder that Albania's profoundly painful tranzicion (transition to capitalism) has ensured that the ruins continue to be homes. ■

Elidor Mëhilli, a postdoctoral fellow at the Harriman Institute in 2011–12 and an assistant professor at Hunter College of the City University of New York, recently published From Stalin to Mao with Cornell University Press.

Top row: Details of 1950s-era housing units, 2007–2010.

Bottom, from left: "The way to punish corruption is to vote"—election-related graffiti on a facade on site, 2007; a 1950s-era housing unit, 2010.













Based on eight years of archival research in seven countries, the book tells the story of how socialism connected people, places, and economies from the Mediterranean to East Asia after World War II. One case study concerns the Soviet-designed Stalin textile complex outside the Albanian capital, Tirana. In addition to conducting archival research on its history, Mëhilli has visually documented this structure's postsocialist life for the last decade. The historical photographs in this photo essay are from the Albanian Telegraphic Agency (ATSH) archives.

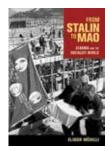
Former industrial and administrative structures, 2006–2010.





PHOTO ESSAY





From Stalin to Mao: Albania and the Socialist World Elidor Mëhilli Cornell University Press (2017) ISBN 978-1-5017-1415-3



Living without Fear

ELENA KOSTYUCHENKO IN PROFILE

BY MASHA UDENSIVA-BRENNER

t the height of the Kremlin's vehement denials about the presence of Russian troops in Ukraine, Elena Kostyuchenko, a journalist for Russia's independent investigative newspaper *Novaya Gazeta*, interviewed a badly injured Russian conscript from the burn unit in Donetsk's Central Regional Hospital. It was March 2015, and the soldier, a 20-year-old tank operator from the Russian fifth tank brigade in Ulan-Ude, told Kostyuchenko that he had been enlisted by the Russian army to take part in a secret tank battalion in Ukraine the previous fall. A few months later, he caught fire during a tank battle against Ukrainian forces.

The interview, which proved Russia's military involvement in Ukraine, was an international sensation. The Russian government made no official response to the story, but Kostyuchenko's editor worried for her safety. He ordered her to leave the country until the story blew over. Kostyuchenko went to Spain, but she didn't enjoy it.

"I found that there's a huge difference between emergency leave and vacation," she told Miriam Elder, BuzzFeed News's foreign and national security editor, who interviewed her for a Harriman Institute event. "I supposed that I would rest,

eat some paella, walk along the seashore, but it wasn't like that," Kostyuchenko said. Instead, she spent her days writing emails to her boss, pleading with him to come back.

Kostyuchenko, the Harriman Institute's 2018 Paul Klebnikov Russian Civil Society Fellow, is 30 years old. She has been working for *Novaya Gazeta* since 2005. When she started there as a 16-year-old intern she was the youngest journalist ever to join the newspaper. She has since earned a reputation as one of the paper's boldest reporters, covering topics ranging from government corruption to real estate crime; the 2011 massacre in Zhanaozen, Kazakhstan; drug addiction; the invasion of Crimea; and the government-sponsored abductions of gay people in Chechnya.

After her interview with Elder, Kostyuchenko, a petite woman with ombré green hair and striking bluish-green eyes, met me at the Institute. In Russia, she's known not only for her courageous journalism, but also for the bold LGBTQ activism she's been engaged in since she attended her first Moscow pride parade in 2011—the parade, broken up by antigay activists within seconds, ended with a blow to Kostyuchenko's head and resulted in temporary hearing damage.





Elena Kostyuchenko (far right) at a protest on Moscow's Arbat Street. Photo by Yulia Balashova.

But she told me she didn't regret a thing. Nor did the incident stop her from going full speed ahead with her activism. Since then she's attended every parade and protest she could, famously staging a kiss-in—also broken up by antigay violence—in response to the passage of Russia's "gay propaganda" law in 2013.

I wondered, did she ever get scared?

Sitting across from me at a round, wooden table, Kostyuchenko looked into the distance and told me that she thought she lacked the biological response to fear. "I've talked to lots of people and asked them to describe what they feel when they [experience] fear and, it's very far from what I feel," she said, in a drawling Russian accent.

Kostyuchenko was raised by a single mother—a prominent chemist impoverished by the Soviet collapse—in the small Golden Ring city of Yaroslavl, about four hours north of Moscow. Though it is known for its onion-domed churches and ornate historic architecture, there was nothing idyllic about the Yaroslavl of Kostyuchenko's childhood. After the Soviet Union collapsed, Yaroslavl was overtaken by violence, following the path of many Russian cities.

Kostyuchenko felt this keenly throughout her childhood. When she was about 10, she told me, she saw an argument "I've talked to lots of people and asked them to describe what they feel when they [experience] fear and, it's very far from what I feel."

break out between some men on the street. One of the men took out a gun, and Kostyuchenko, who was on her way home from school, ran inside a building to hide. She heard a series of gunshots. After things calmed down, she emerged. There was a body lying in a pool of blood.

I suggested that she must have been terrified, but Kostyuchenko only laughed.

She just went home and forgot about it. "Totally!" she told me. "Because . . . things happen. We survived. It's not like you have some energy for being emotional."

Growing up, Kostyuchenko rarely saw her mother, who worked night and day to support Kostyuchenko and her adopted sister. To help out, Kostyuchenko started working odd jobs from the age of nine—cleaning floors, trimming hedges, and whatever other menial tasks she could get paid for. In her free time she hung around with a group of "street kids"—children who either didn't have parents or whose parents were never home. They roamed Yaroslavl looking for discarded bottles to redeem and having adventures; inventing games like "girls-bastards, or detectives, or monster fighters."

When she wasn't on the streets, Kostyuchenko read everything she could get her hands on. As a young teen, she found out that her school offered a journalism class run by *Severnyi Krai* (Northern Region), the local paper, and that interns were paid for published articles. She signed up right away—it beat cleaning floors—and found herself enjoying the work.

Back then, it didn't faze Kostyuchenko that local authorities controlled the paper and blatantly censored its reporters. "It was my first time in journalism," she told me. "And I didn't really know that things could be different."

During her second year at *Severnyi Krai*, Kostyuchenko bought an issue of *Novaya Gazeta*—a newspaper she'd never heard of. She sat on a park bench and read the entire paper from cover to cover. One article, an exposé by Anna Politkovskaya about Chechen children during the Second Chechen War, really struck her. So much so that Kostyuchenko reread it multiple times.

"I was shocked," she told me. "I thought I knew things about my country, I thought I knew things about journalism, and it turned out I didn't know anything."

The experience so impressed Kostyuchenko that she vowed to find a way to get to Moscow and work for the paper. At the time, she had plans to enroll in the philology department of the local university. She marched home, laid the paper in front of her mother, and said, "Mom, I've changed my mind! I'm moving to Moscow and joining *Novaya Gazeta*."

Kostyuchenko applied to the journalism department at Moscow State University (MGU)—the most prestigious university in the country—and, to her surprise, was accepted. In the fall of 2004, she packed her bags and moved into the dormitories at MGU. Several months later, once she'd settled down and earned enough money at a part-time job to buy a cell phone and a computer, she went to the *Novaya Gazeta* office and asked them to take her on as an intern. They agreed, and Kostyuchenko began reporting local stories alongside her studies at MGU. A year later, after publishing an exposé on homeless children in Moscow during the frigid winter of 2006, and exposing a pedophile who preyed on them, she was offered a staff position. Kostyuchenko was only 17 years old.

During her first few months as a staff writer on the paper, Kostyuchenko worked down the hall from her idol, the investigative journalist Anna Politkovskaya. "She was an incredible, beautiful woman," said Kostyuchenko, recalling how Politkovskaya had worked tirelessly every day, without so much as breaking for a cup of tea or a cigarette. Meanwhile, long lines formed outside Politkovskaya's office—people waiting to tell her their stories.

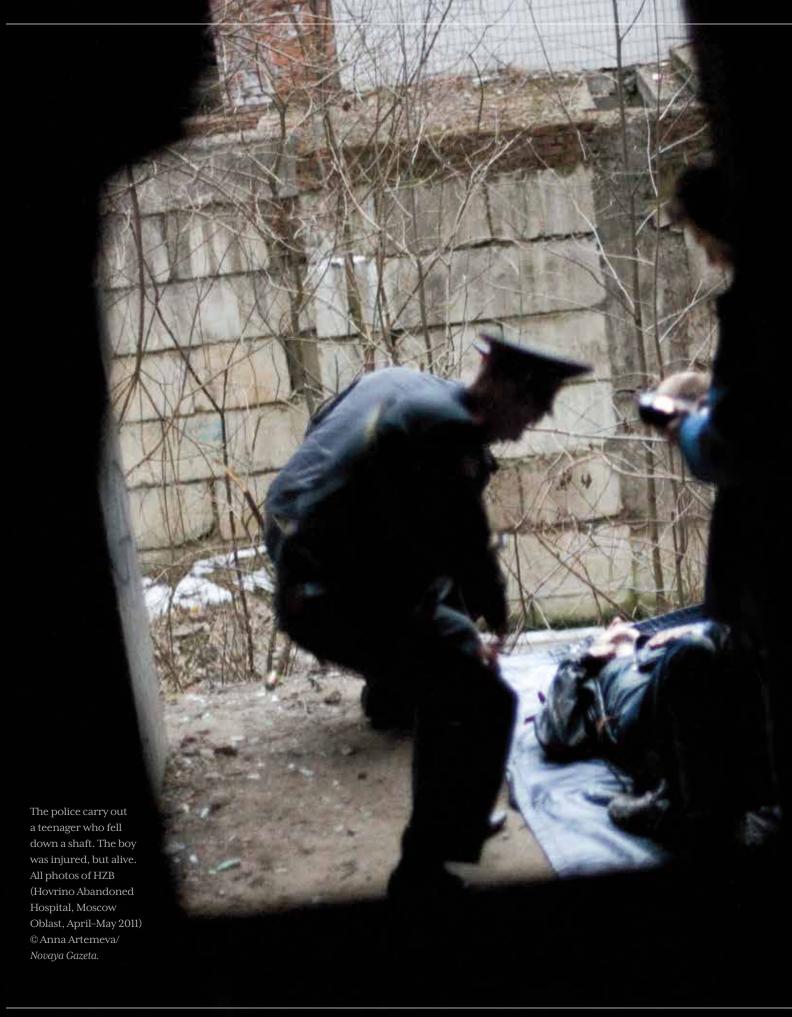
The young Kostyuchenko felt a sense of awe in Polit-kovskaya's presence, so much so that she shied away from approaching her. "I was always dreaming that I would become a cool journalist and I would tell her how important she was for me, and how she changed my life," she said.

Sadly, Kostyuchenko never got the chance. In October 2006, about six months after Kostyuchenko joined *Novaya Gazeta*, Politkovskaya was murdered in the lobby of her apartment building. It was a Saturday, and Kostyuchenko was just wrapping up at the office for the week. When she first heard about it, she went into shock, then locked herself in the bathroom and cried.

"From then on," she told me, "I vowed that if someone was important to me, I would thank them immediately."

When I asked if Politkovskaya's death had changed her perspective on being a journalist, Kostyuchenko looked at me incredulously. "Not at all," she said. "If you work for *Novaya Gazeta*, you should know how to cope with such things. I think of it as a professional risk. There are some jobs like firemen, like policemen, that are dangerous, but people go out and do them. And, yeah, I would prefer to work in a safer space, but it's not going to happen during my lifetime."





BY ELENA KOSTYUCHENKO [TRANSLATED BY BELA SHAYEVICH]

hirteen-year-old
Katya is almost six
weeks pregnant and
her ex-boyfriend
Gleb is the father.
"Get an abortion," Maga tells her.
"Don't ruin your life; you only have one."

"My mom told me that if I get an abortion she'll send me straight to the orphanage. Or bring me here and push me down an elevator shaft. Make it look like an accident. But Grandma said that if I showed up with a baby she'd kick me out on the street."

Katya lives with her grandmother because her mother drinks. She had Katya when she was 15, and Katya spent the first three years of her life in an orphanage. Their favorite family story is about how, when she was born, Katya's grandmother made Katya's mother sign a document giving her up. But then, on the day Katya's mom turned 18, she forced Katya's grandma to sign the paperwork to get Katya back, threatening her with a knife.

"Grandma still regrets it," Katya says, taking a swig of GD.

"Should you really be drinking?" asks Maga. "It's your first trimester."

"It's retarded anyway. I mean, that would be even better—maybe that way they'll let me give it up. But the best thing would be a miscarriage."

"If you want a miscarriage, you have to drink vodka," a tiny girl named Anya pipes up. "Not GD."

"I know a good clinic. It's 15 grand to get it done right—it's expensive; mine was 25! But that came with aftercare."

Maga, who is 17, had an abortion a year ago. Her boyfriend was going off to the army when they found out Maga was pregnant. "He put the money in front of me and said that if I decided to go for it, I should. I thought about it. Who would have picked me up from the hospital? My mom is very nice, but she told me she wasn't about to start babysitting for me."

We're talking on a balcony on the third floor of the Hovrino Abandoned Hospital, which everyone calls the HZB. Three interconnected buildings slowly sinking into the ground. Behind us, you can hear the laughter

of a crew of about 15 people aged 10 to 30. These are the people who live in the HZB, known as stalkers, diggers, suiciders, guards, and ghosts.†

The construction of this enormous hospital complex, intended to hold 1,300 beds, began in 1980, but by 1985 it had stopped. Some say the funding was cut; others, that the ground waters had come up and the Likhoborka River, which had been diverted through pipes under the building, had spilled into the foundation. By the time construction stopped, the three 10-story buildings, arranged in the shape of a star, had already been built. The windows were in; they had finished all the hospital units and even delivered the beds. All that was left was to install the elevators and railings. The unfinished building was guarded until the early 1990s. After the security was removed, the HZB became a construction supply warehouse for everyone in the neighborhood. They literally took everything. [...]

Today, the HZB is sinking into the ground. The lower levels are already





Top: Slam fooling around with a gas mask, which the kids found in the HZB. *Bottom*: Teenagers on the HZB balcony.

flooded, and there is a layer of ice on the bottom that never melts. It's full of stairs without railings, open elevator shafts, and holes in the floor. These floors are covered in ancient layers of dust, broken gravel, and cinder blocks—chunks of cement. Water drips down the support beams. The endless graffiti covering the walls sounds like the real collective subconscious: Patriots are idiots, Ave Satan, Strogino rules, confessions of love, poems, cursing, names. While the government kept passing the building from agency to agency, it filled up with people who have nowhere else to go.

There's a big crew hanging out on the third floor. About 15 people are out on the stone balcony, sitting on railings, dangling their legs. At the center of the balcony, there's a "table" assembled from boards and bricks that's overflowing with bags. Another table, a real one, stands by the wall. There're a few couples sitting on top of it.

Everyone is passing around two 1.5 L bottles of GD, "Grape Day," an alcoholic soda.

Most of the people here aren't even 15. They know the building like the back of their hands, they're skilled at escaping cops down its dark hallways and bringing in tourists for spare cash. In fact, part of the reason the third-floor balcony is where they hang out is that it has an excellent view of the "official entrance," a hole in the barbed-wire fence surrounding the building.

The hole pulls in goths, impressionable school kids, stalkers, coeds, paintball players. It costs 150 a head to enter and the price of admission includes a "tour," where the children take groups through the building while spreading the local legends. They introduce themselves as the "deputy guards." The head guard is

currently Maga, but she doesn't go out of her way to personally deal with the tourists. "It used to be cool running around, sounding out the building, trying to hear whether there's anyone else there. Now people just bring me the money." Deputy guards have to hand over whatever money they get off the tourists. "We're buying booze for everyone anyway." A few more guards are supposed to come by later: Ratcatcher, Alex Criminal Investigation, and Zheka, a young hulk. [...]

In order to stay out of trouble, the residents share their profits with some of the boys from the Hovrino precinct. Periodically, cops will pick up the school kids who also hang out here. The residents don't chase them away, but reluctantly share their alcohol and cigarettes and sometimes allow them to do their own tours. But if the cops raid the building, it's every man for himself. Around here, it's always every man for himself. [...]

"I worked at Rostix since I was twelve," adds Slam.

"Well, aren't you special, Miner?"
Slam got the nickname Miner
because of his giant plugs—2.5 and
3 centimeters in diameter—that are
like tunnels through his earlobes.
But he likes his warrior name, Slam,
a lot more.

Slam's brother is a champion boxer and fought in Chechnya. He really looks up to him.

"When I was in first grade, I came home with an F and he told me to do push-ups. At first, it was 10, then it'd be 100. If I got tired of push-ups, he said do squats. When I got tired of squats, it was back to push-ups. He fed me condensed milk so my muscles would grow. Everyone beat the shit out of me until fifth grade, but

after that, I was the one beating the shit out of everyone else."

Slam never did get around to becoming a better student, but he did become an expert kickboxer. Then he injured his shoulder—he's been out of commission for two years already—and now he's at the HZB.

His story sounds like many others. Everyone here's damaged goods.

Slam still talks to his brother, but not his mom. "She yells at me, I hate it."

"I'm a legend here!" Slam screams.
"Right, Jumper?"

"He's a legend," Jumper says very seriously.

"Who will stand up for Slam? Jumper?"

"Everyone at the HZB."

"That's riiiiiiight! You heard that? Did you? Because I'm a legend! A legend! I can take anyone!" [...]

Shaman is over 30. He has a bloated red face, greasy hair, and a black leather jacket. He's the father of three, and there's a fourth "in the oven." He drinks a lot. He'd fought in Chechnya, and now he runs around the building with delirium tremens, brandishing an invisible machine gun. He also "realigns energy fields" by moving his hands in front of people's faces, and that's why they call him Shaman.

The guards don't like him much—he takes cuts of their profits. But there's always a group of boys hanging around him learning how to become tour guides. The right to give tours is also something that has to be earned.

Meanwhile, a solemn group of stalkers has shown up downstairs—four young men in camo, one of them with a gas mask under his arm. Shaman goes down, trailed by his posse of 12-year-olds and Maga. The conversation is what you'd

"When I was in first grade,
I came home with an
F and he told me to do
push-ups. At first, it was
10, then it'd be 100. If I
got tired of push-ups, he
said do squats."

expect. "Who are you?" "This area is restricted and under guard." "Should I call the guards?" "Do you really want to get taken down to the station?" The stalkers readily accept the fact that they'll have to pay 150 rubles each to get in. They hand over the cash and ask to be taken to Nemostor, a room on the ground floor, the site of one of the many legends about HZB. [...]

The Nemostor is not much different from any of the other rooms. It's filled with dust, broken gravel, and sunlight streaming in where the windows used to be. The walls are covered in pentagrams and odes to Satan in Old Slavonic and English, both with horrendous grammatical errors. This is where the people who live in the HZB usually celebrate New Year's.

"The last time a Satanist came here was 2007," Maga quietly tells me. "Our guys caught him in the basement with a knife. Jesus Christ! His face was covered in some kind of flour, dark circles under his eyes. Everyone was laughing their asses off and taking pictures. We're like, 'What's your name, freak?' And he goes, 'Zinzan.' Zheka punched him a few times and right away he's all, 'Sergey! I'm Sergey!' Later on, he had the whole police station howling." [...]





From left: A girl bikes past the HZB; the title of Gabriel García Márquez's novel One Hundred Years of Solitude is scrawled on a wall in the HZB, complete with spelling mistakes; teenagers kissing on the HZB balcony.

The bride jumped off the roof of the HZB, following in the footsteps of her lover, and now she "goes around singing and killing people."

The standard tour includes the Nemostor; the memorial to Edge, a boy who'd fallen down an elevator shaft; the "filmmaker's corridor," which the kids have covered in construction foam and painted so that it looks like the set from a horror film ("These are your brains, these are your intestines, these are your heads"); the roof; and the flooded basement, where "the Satanists' bodies are still floating around in the water."

The absolute majority of the legends come from the guards themselves—more often than not, unintentionally—like the time Maga

singing in a white dress was described online by a person who happened to see her as "the ghost of a dead bride." The bride jumped off the roof of the HZB, following in the footsteps of her lover, and now she "goes around singing and killing people." Sometimes, Maga remembers she used to act in school plays. When she does, tourists are given insane performances featuring an old fisherman, a little girl with a ball, a housewife with a rolling pin, a serial killer, and death itself, wearing a mantle. "The hardest part is not laughing," says Maga. "And also making sure that your sneakers don't stick out from under the mantle." Or you can just make some noise with a piece of metal in a nearby corridor, moan, and come out from the darkness with your weapon and question, "You want to die, don't you?" which doesn't even count as a prank. [...]

Maga wound up at the HZB when she was 15. Her boyfriend had died and she spent a month in a mental hospital. "How'd he die? They killed him. They drained the brake fluid out of his car. He was driving with his friend. When he realized that he couldn't brake, he drove into a pole on the driver's side. His friend survived. He didn't die right away, either, but when he was in the hospital; the nurse went out to smoke; it's a shady story. He was actually headed to see me at our dacha."

Now she's 17, but most of the other people at the HZB think that she's actually much older. She has a walkie-talkie hanging from her waist, camouflage, long hair, a watchful gaze, and a calm smile. She's all grit. A year ago, when "40 Dagestanis with knives" showed up to the building to fight the residents, Maga fended them off herself until "reinforcements" arrived.

Maga has even managed to do a year at a medical school. But then she dropped out.

"I realized that I don't actually give a shit about other people. I don't care





about saving them. But a doctor's supposed to take an oath. I'm not the kind of person who takes oaths anyway. If I do, I'll be just like all those other indifferent bitches in the clinics," says Maga.

In the summer, Maga is going to apply to become a civil servant. She just has to wait until August, when she turns 18. "I don't want to get my mother involved." [...]

The other kids are sympathetically silent. None of them want their parents involved in their career counseling. Or in any other part of their lives. As one of the girls put it, "It's enough that they're on my birth certificate."

"My mother has already decided that I'm going to be a cop. She screams, 'We're not even discussing it,' drunk bitch. I want to be an archaeologist," Liza says. "This summer, I'm going to the Voroninsky caves."

"She hasn't beaten you in six months! Maybe it'll work out," says Anya. "You used to always come to school covered in bruises." "I did the math," Liza suddenly says. "And if you count all of her miscarriages and abortions, I would have had nine brothers and sisters." [...]

In 2009, some guys into skating organized an ice rink in the HZB basement. "They were good guys, they came and talked to us first," Maga says. "We told them the breakdown-that we'd have to split everything 50/50-and they were cool with it. They cleaned everything up, these graffiti girls did the walls, they wrote the menu up right on the concrete, there was a bar, lights, music, skate rentals. Six hundred rubles a head. One hundred fifty people would come on a Friday night. We'd make 10-12 thousand net profit. And then the visitors would pay another 150 rubles each for a tour. One night, Zheka and I made 14 grand in two hours just from doing tours."

The neighborhood patrol cops backed the ice-skating rink. They'd take three grand a night, and everybody was happy. But then cops from a unit higher up found out about their colleagues' supplemental income, and the organizers didn't manage to make a deal with them—they asked for too much. So on one of those winter nights, the police raided the HZB.

"It was crazy, everybody was screaming, people were falling on the ice. The first thing we did was we got everyone who knew us as the organizers out. A bunch of people ran away. The cops hung out for a little while, you know; there was music and booze, then they got around to rounding everyone up—Who organized this? No one knows. Who'd you pay to get in here? No one! They never did manage to shut us down." [...]

The building always provides the opportunity to die in it. On either side of the corridors, there's almost always a half-meter drop, stairways with crumbling stairs, sharpened armature swinging from the ceiling, holes in the walls. Underfoot, broken bricks and twisted metal rods will readily trip



A teenage girl cries and drinks at the HZB.

you. But the most important feature is the pass-through elevator shafts. They have no walls, they're just holes in the ground that will suddenly open up in the middle of a hallway lit only by intermittent stripes of light coming from rooms that have windows. The lights create a false sense of being able to see ahead of you.

HZB residents will gladly recite all the names of the people who've fallen to their deaths, broken their bones, and disappeared. It seems like the proximity to death, the ready possibility of leaving this life, of an escape that can open up right at your feet, is something the residents like. Everyone's slit their wrists at least once. They don't like to show off their scars. Scars are a sign of failure. [...]

Anton is 22, tall, and chubby; and he's bugging the girls. "I'm a systems engineer," he introduces himself. "I've been in front of a computer since I was five, and have minus-five eyesight." [...]

Meanwhile, people on the balcony have started talking politics.

Vera was the one who started it. She's 15 and in eighth grade, and refers to everyone in the formal "you."

"Everyone in our class is on the right except for four people," Vera says. "But the school principal is Arakelian. An Armenian. This *churka* goes and fires Russian teachers who've worked there for 20 or 30 years! They come over here from their Chechnya and act like they're at home," she continues, as though she is reading from a script. "They go around with our women. From Chechnya, another country!"

"Actually, it's part of Russia," Anton objects.

There's a brief discussion of the territories in the south. Vera learns that Dagestan and Ingushetia are a part of Russia, and Armenia and Azerbaijan are not. "So what?" asks Jumper. "A churka is always a churka."

"One time, Liza and I were running across the street on a red light and there's a *khach* sitting there in his Volvo," Vera continues. "He sticks his head out of the window and yells, 'Whores!' I mean, he yells it in his language, but you can tell from the way he says it. And I go, 'Sig off!' and Sieg Heil him. We ran away after that! They're animals, you know."

"There's a *churka* girl in our class. Her name is actually Aishat," says Anya. "Me and her dad have the same birthday, March 28. It's messed up!"

"Migrant worker, you are through! We are getting rid of you!" Dimas shouts.

"I mean, I get it, the *khaches* are better than us," Vera suddenly says. "Everyone knows it deep down. That's why people fuck them up. They don't drink, they're all united. Look at us: All the men drink ... they treat their children different, their families, I see it myself. They have faith. Their God is with them. War is supposed to be

cultural, like, we're fighting with what we're made of. One time, I came drunk to a Russian test on a Saturday and I got a D. I was so ashamed of myself!

Because it's our language, Russian, I know it well enough to get an A!"

"In Italy you get a fine just for throwing a wrapper on the ground!" Liza says.

"I'm not saying that there aren't any good *churkas*. Let them sweep the courtyards, fine. The problem is when they try to walk on their hind legs and put themselves above us ..."

Two men are spotted from the balcony. They keep walking past the hole in the fence instead of coming in, inspecting the perimeter. "Are they cops?"

Maga and Dimas go down to check it out. We descend through the passages, periodically stopping to listen. Maga jumps and falls, biting down on her lip, yelping. "I dislocated my kneecap," she hisses. "I have torn tendons."

Maga says that she used to be a soccer player but then, two years ago—and, sadly, it was not even at a game, just practice ... They were giving her over-the-counter painkillers and she'd drink all the alcohol in the house. "The bone has been loose ever since. Doctors say it's a habitual dislocation."

Maga doesn't want to go to the ER. "Let's just wait for Ratcatcher; he's fixed it before." She calls him, crying into the phone.

Ratcatcher shows up, a strong, bearded redheaded guy in a biker jacket. He's the most important one in the building, and everyone goes up to him to say hello, one by one. Little is known about Ratcatcher—he's into role-playing games, he's really smart, he's the one who does the negotiating with the police. In his free time, when

he's not "working on the building," he's a security guard at a florist by the train station. He looks at Maga's leg: "You have to go to the ER." [...]

After a day of tours, the guards have 2,500 rubles, and Slam and Anton are sent out to the store to buy a loaf of bread, mayonnaise, a pack of Winstons, 2 GDs, 2 Strikes, and vodka. As they come out of the store, they are stopped by three guys in gangster uniform: track pants with pointy leather dress shoes and gold chains. They take them aside "to talk."

"Good Friday to you, gentlemen. Though for some it is good, and for others a day of passions," begins the thug at the center. "Take us to the hospital for a tour."

Anton tries to get out of it.

"We need to go now. You say you're a guard there, so take us."

"I'm not a guard," Anton says slowly.

"We're here on business. There's a little shit running around in there, Lev. We need to punish him. By Friday. Will you get him for us?"

"Sure ... alright, if I see him," Anton grows pale.

Slam steps away and comes back with Ratcatcher and Zheka, who's appeared out of nowhere, a giant, tattooed mountain of muscles. The men stand facing each other.

"Is there a problem?" Ratcatcher asks with a smile.

"We're from Zelenogradskaya Street," the thug begins. "The other day, this guy here," he points at Anton, "was acting like was he was in charge and trying to get 500 rubles off each of us."

"I wasn't," Anton begins.
"Shut up," Ratcatcher tells him.

"And there were these little kids

with him, fucked up on glue, like deer in the headlights. Your fucking guards! We came on business. There's a little shit running around in there named Lev ..."

"Which one of you's in charge?" Ratcatcher asks. "Let's have a chat."

They set the time for Thursday. On Thursday, Ratcatcher is supposed to hand Lev over to the thugs.

They leave, wishing everyone a good evening. The guards leave after them.

We climb up to the roof. Seven stories of stairs without railings, my legs are burning. It's really warm on the roof and only now do we understand how cold it was in the building. We lie down on the sunwarmed moss. Sasha, Ratcatcher's girlfriend, with a Band-Aid on her cheek, tells us the first time she came to HZB, she was seven.

"Everything was different back then. There was a pond over there with little wooden huts all around it. It was awe-some watching the sunset here. Now, we're surrounded by high-rises. The HZB is practically the shortest building in the neighborhood."

An announcement blows in from the direction of the station; trains are coming. A white dove is circling over the helipad.

"There's actually a superstition that if a dove flies all the way around you, you can make a wish," says Liza. "Although none of that shit ever comes true. I've tried it."

"What did you wish for?"

"Five grand for my birthday."

Vera comes out from behind the helipad, takes out her phone, and takes a long time to dial a number. She screams into the phone, "What are you freaking out for? Like you've never been wasted!"

"What the fuck are they doing here, huh? Fucking 11-year-olds. I'd shoot them all if I could."

"I wanted to find a cure for cancer. That's been my dream since I was 12," Sasha suddenly says.

We go down to the fourth floor. Yen and some other people are running toward us. "The cops! The cops!" We race through the corridors. Yen hides in a hole in the wall; all the children bound out in different directions.

Only Gosha stays in front of us. He has a wide gait, his nylon windbreaker blows open at his sides, he grabs at the air with his hands.

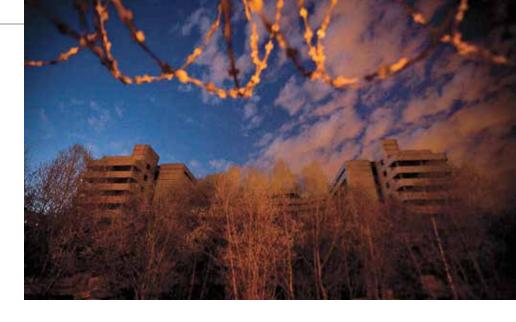
After a turn, we run into total darkness. We slow down and proceed quietly. We can hear Gosha running ahead of us. Suddenly, the footfalls stop. There's a rustling of nylon. We turn our phones on for light. We're one step away from a square hole, fenced off by a 10-centimeter-tall curb. It's a pass-through elevator shaft.

Gosha lies four stories beneath us, his face buried in bricks. His long hair completely covers his head. He is not moving.

We can hear shouting going up the floors, "Hovrino police! Don't move, motherfucker!"

They bend down and turn him over, then ask us to call an ambulance since it will take longer if they radio for it. Two officers lead us to the stairs. Anton is there, writhing in drunken hysterics.

"Let me go! That's my friend! My friend, do you understand?" They hold him back.



The HZB at dusk.

"I've seen a lot in my day," one of the cops says. "They're taking care of him. Stay out of it."

"His mother didn't give a fuck about him!" Anton continues yelling. "I took him to my house so he could at least learn some stuff!"

"What the fuck are they doing here, huh? Why do they keep fucking getting in here?" Another one says, "Fucking ll-year-olds. I'd shoot them all if I could."

An incredibly calm Ratcatcher descends onto the scene. "Cool it," he says to Anton, who shuts up immediately. He offers to help, he has medical training in "intensive care." The cops decline.

"Which one of the chiefs is coming?" Ratcatcher asks.

Turns out it's someone named Tolya, and "you can talk things over with him."

Ratcatcher takes one of the cops aside. They speak quietly, they laugh.

Anton isn't yelling anymore, he's back on his favorite subject: guns. [...]

The ambulance and emergency services drive up. They walk toward the shafts, assessing the situation. The woman doctor goes out to smoke with the police. "He's breathing; they're

going to transfer him now." Gosha soon regains consciousness. He says his name, his date of birth. When they ask him, "What hurts?" he breaks down.

Gosha is loaded onto a cloth stretcher. There's blood coming out of his head, soiling the fabric. They carry him through the darkness of the corridors to the exit, staying close to the wall to avoid the holes in the floor, lifting him over the rubble.

"How did I fall? How did I fall?" Gosha begins to cry. "I know the building, I couldn't have. I know the building!"

Tema, who has been sobbing, climbs out of the darkness. "Gosha, Gosha! That's my friend! Get out of here; I'll carry him myself!" One of the cops pulls him away, punches him in the face, and Tema chokes down a scream.

"You gonna keep meowing?"

"No."

"You got it?"

"Yes." [...]

They put us in a car with Tema, who is acting proud and smiling defiantly. "I'm gonna tell my dad, and he's going to make your life hell." The warrant officer behind the wheel is furious.

He stops outside of the station, pulls Tema out of the car, and

punches him in the chest. The boy's knees buckle. "I can't breathe."

Tema is dragged into the station and thrown onto a bunk. He tries to stand up, but he's surrounded by mothers who grab his arms. "Calm down, calm down." The boy is breathing through his mouth and tears are spraying out of his eyes.

"You'll all be sorry!"

The warrant officer bends over him, smiling, and suddenly grabs him by the collar, pressing his forehead against Tema's crying face.

"When you threaten someone, look them in the eyes, you fuckhead. Look me in the eyes."

"My dad will come ..." the boy begins, choking.

The women put their hands over his mouth.

"You're a man. Be quiet, be patient ..."
The warrant officer notices my attentive gaze and drags me out to smoke.

"My name is Zhenya Ananiev, and I'm a warrant officer of the police. Go ahead, file a complaint against me. I have a little fuck just like him at home. There's nothing I can do

about him, unfortunately. Say one thing to him, be gentle with him, he'll look at you like you're shit. At least this way it'll have some impact on him."

"Like a hundred a year," a detective says lazily. "In summer, we're out there every day. They keep falling ..."

"When you have kids of your own and you beat them, you'll understand," Zhenya tells me. "Are you gonna file a complaint against me? I'll get ready for civilian life, now that I've been with the force for 15 years. You drag a little fuck like him out and he's not breathing."

Everyone's hanging out at the train station. Maga is headed to the ER, and they're seeing her off. Drinking, laughing, the kids are glad that they've once again gotten away from the cops.

"He's alive? Well, thank fucking God!" Katya shouts. "The second one down a shaft in a week! Who's next?"

Yen, Gosha's girlfriend, is calm. "I don't love anyone. But I wish it'd been Slam. He was like, 'Don't do tours, there'll be one less little cunt hanging around in the building.' It'd be better if he'd fallen off the roof, right on his head."

"Or if the cops had taken him instead," Katya adds.

"Exactly."

"When it was the private security company, when it was the cops, and now with us, kids have always fallen down the shafts," says Maga. "There's nothing you can do about it." She is also completely calm.

"Shaman, come at noon tomorrow," Ratcatcher tells him. "We'll come by a little later, and you can get the money off the tourists."

"Okay." Slam is running around in circles, yelling, "I'm injured, but it'll heal in a year. Just another year, girls, and that's it. I'll get out of here. Back to the sensei making me run barefoot through snow."

Nine days later, Slam dies, falling down an elevator shaft from the ninth floor. ■

Bela Shayevich is an artist and translator living in New York City. She received her M.A. in Russian translation from Columbia in 2007.

Slam's wake; the kids light candles flanking his portrait in the HZB.



- *Translation © 2018 by Bela Shayevich. With grateful thanks to Elena Kostyuchenko and Bela Shayevich for allowing us to publish an abridged version of the translation. Cuts are indicated with bracketed ellipses.
- † Stalkers, named after Andrei Tarkovsky's film Stalker, are people who seek out abandoned places. Diggers take part in an urban exploration subculture called digging. Suiciders are people who are willing to die, like kamikazes.

Alumni & Postdoc Notes



Marijeta Bozovic



Holly Decker

I received my Ph.D. from Columbia's Department of Slavic Languages in 2011. I was an assistant professor at Colgate University for two years before moving to Yale, where I am currently assistant professor of Slavic languages and literatures, focusing on film and media studies and women's gender and sexuality studies. I am a specialist in 20th- and 21st-century Russian and East European literatures and cultures, with broad comparative interests. Within modernist and contemporary cultural studies, I focus on diasporic and transnational cultures, avant-garde and politically engaged poetry, new media, and cultural networks.

All of my projects share a fundamental commitment to the study of transnational cultural flow: "Against Nationalism" could serve as a working slogan for each research hub, though the topics range from Vladimir Nabokov's English-language novels to the Danube River and Black Sea studies, Russian political poetry, and international cultural and political networks. I study periods and movements that draw from local as well as global exchanges, and am particularly interested in canon formation, and in cultural capital and its geographical distributions—embodied in several different genres, media, and languages. My first book, *Nabokov's Canon: From Onegin to Ada* (Northwestern University Press, 2016), was published in Studies of the Harriman Institute.

-Marijeta Bozovic (Ph.D., Slavic Languages, 2011; Harriman Junior Fellow, 2008-11)

During my time at the Harriman, I researched Russian and Central Asian pipeline politics focusing on the Central Asia–China Pipeline and the implication of this pipeline on Russia's relationships with Central Asia and China. When I moved to Washington, DC, after graduation, I was the Russia and Energy intern with the Center for the National Interest for three months before being hired by the American Petroleum Institute (API). I have been with API's Individual Certification Programs (ICP) for the last five years and was recently promoted to API's Sr. Associate of Test Development. I manage the continued maintenance of all certification exams focusing on the downstream (refining) segment, as well as any new certification development. Last year, I received my ASQ Green Belt Certification and have streamlined ICP's test development process. Outside of API, I am an active member of the International House's DC Alumni chapter and a member of the Society for Creative Anachronisms (SCA).

-Holly Decker (MARS-REERS, 2013)

I served as a lecturer in the Columbia Department of History from 2003 to 2004 and am now professor of history and the director of the Center for Holocaust and Genocide Studies at the United States Military Academy at West Point. I authored *Jews, Nazis, and the Cinema of Hungary: The Tragedy of Success, 1929–44*, published by I.B. Tauris in 2017. At West Point, where I won the 2010 History Department Teaching Excellence Award and was nominated for an Academy innovation award in 2014, I teach a range of courses on genocide; the Holocaust; African history; and the history of race, nation, and ethnicity. I am the co-founder and co-chair of West Point's new Diversity and Inclusion Minor. I also serve as vice-chair of the Academy's Civilian Faculty Senate.

As director of the Center for Holocaust and Genocide Studies, I have spearheaded efforts to increase the Academy's and U.S. Armed Forces' awareness and understanding of the phenomenon of genocide, its history, and means of prevention. Among my many initiatives, I convene, in partnership with the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum (USHMM), annual workshops for service academy students to present their research on genocide, and for scholars and faculty to create atrocity-related curricular materials for military constituencies. I am the co-founder of the Atrocity Prevention Network, a network of U.S. government personnel engaged in atrocity prevention education. The USHMM appointed me to its Education Committee in 2015. I am also a member of the steering committee of a new national consortium of Holocaust, Genocide, and Human Rights Centers and Programs.

My current research involves human rights, espionage, deportations, show trials, and the rhetoric and memory of the Holocaust using newly declassified records of the State Department's post–World War Two Treaty Violations [TREVI] Program, a previously classified spy ring known as "the Pond," and Hungarian National and State Security Archives. My research in Hungary has been supported by grants from the Department of Defense, the Lantos Foundation for Human Rights and Justice, and the American–Hungarian Fulbright Commission. My West Point projects are or have been supported by the Harvard Carr Center, the Army Research Office, and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency.

—David Frey (Ph.D., History, 2003; Harriman Junior Fellow, 1999–2001; ECEC Certificate)



Anastasiia Grynko



Stephan Rabimov

After finishing my postdoctoral fellowship at the Harriman Institute in the fall of 2014, I worked at the Center of Methods in Social Sciences at the Georg-August University of Göttingen, Germany, where I taught a research seminar for M.A. students and researched the application of visual and art-based methods. I also served as an external research advisor to M.A. students working on projects related to media and democracy issues in contemporary Ukraine at the Harriman Institute and the Kyiv-Mohyla Academy.

In addition, I worked as an independent consultant and trainer, in collaboration with the Internews Network in Kyiv and Cultural Vistas in Berlin, developing and leading strategic communication trainings for Ukrainian NGO projects and Ukrainian government officials. Since 2017, I have served as an external expert, evaluating research proposals for the executive government agency of the National Science Centre in Poland. As a principal investigator, I coauthored the recently published report "Freedom of Expression in Post-Euromaidan Ukraine: On the Frontline of External Threats and Internal Challenges" for PEN International. Working with Ukrainian Research in Switzerland (URIS), I presented my media research at Basel University. In March 2018, I served as the organizer of "Contemporary Ukrainian Studies: Cross- and Interdisciplinary Perspectives," a URIS conference at the University of Saint-Gallen.

-Anastasiia Grynko (Harriman Postdoctoral Fellow, Fall 2013 and Fall 2014)

I am an entrepreneur, journalist, speaker, and publisher with over 15 years of experience covering emerging markets across fashion, culture, lifestyle, and arts.

In addition to serving as a director of the Fashion Journalism program and the Social Media Center at Academy of Art University in San Francisco, I am a regular contributor to Forbes.com and Observer.com. I am a founder and editor-in-chief of DEPESHA Magazine, editor-at-large at 180 Magazine, a former executive fashion editor at *FourTwoNine Magazine*, and a former contributor to the *Examiner*, the Huffington Post, and *Nob Hill Gazette*. I have also been published in the *New York Times*, Russia Beyond the Headlines Edition, *Women's Wear Daily*, *L'Officiel* Ukraine, *Vogue* Russia, the *Wall Street Journal*, CNN, and Yahoo Style, among others.

-Stephan Rabimov (M.A., Statistics, 2004; M.I.A., SIPA, 2006; Harriman Certificate)

I received my Ph.D. in Russian and comparative literature from Columbia in 2014. I might not have done so without the generous support of a Mosely-Backer fellowship at the Harriman Institute in 2012-13. After graduation, I taught in the Barnard Slavic department for three years, before joining the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures at the University of California, Berkeley, as an assistant professor in 2017. My research focuses on cultural perceptions, interactions, and exchanges between Russia and China, with a primary focus on the early 20th century and a secondary interest in comparative experiences of postsocialism. I am currently completing a book manuscript entitled "Internationalist Aesthetics: Imagining China in Early Soviet Culture," which explores the complex engagement with China in theatre, film, and literature of the Soviet 1920s. The book argues that China served as a crucial site for early Soviet culture's explorations of the nature and limits of internationalist community. My recent articles include "Sino-Soviet Confessions: Authority, Agency, and Autobiography in Sergei Tret'iakov's Den Shi-khua" (Russian Review, January 2018) and "Resignifying The Red Poppy: Internationalism and Symbolic Power in the Sino-Soviet Encounter" (Slavic and East European Journal, Autumn 2017).

–Edward Tyerman (Ph.D., Slavic Languages, 2014; Harriman Mosely-Backer Fellow, 2012–13)

After graduating from the University of Pittsburgh in 2005 with a B.S. in psychology, I decided to return to my initial interest in Russia and Eastern Europe. I spent several years working at a leading think tank in Washington, DC, organizing seminars featuring academics and policymakers on Russia and East Europe. My evident interest in Russian studies at Columbia University led me to pursue and earn my M.A. at the Harriman Institute in 2013. Looking to diversify in the professional sphere, I explored the public health field at a large private foundation in New York City.

Having experienced the challenging world of public health grant making, I decided to return to my initial interest—Russia and international security. I joined CGSRS, a realist think tank based in London, where I research and write policy articles on precisely those and other related topics. I credit the Harriman Institute for nurturing and fostering my keen interest in research, writing, and lifelong learning and equipping me with the skills necessary to pursue those passions professionally.

-Elizabeth Zolotukhina (MARS-REERS, 2013)



Edward Tyerman



Elizabeth Zolotukhina



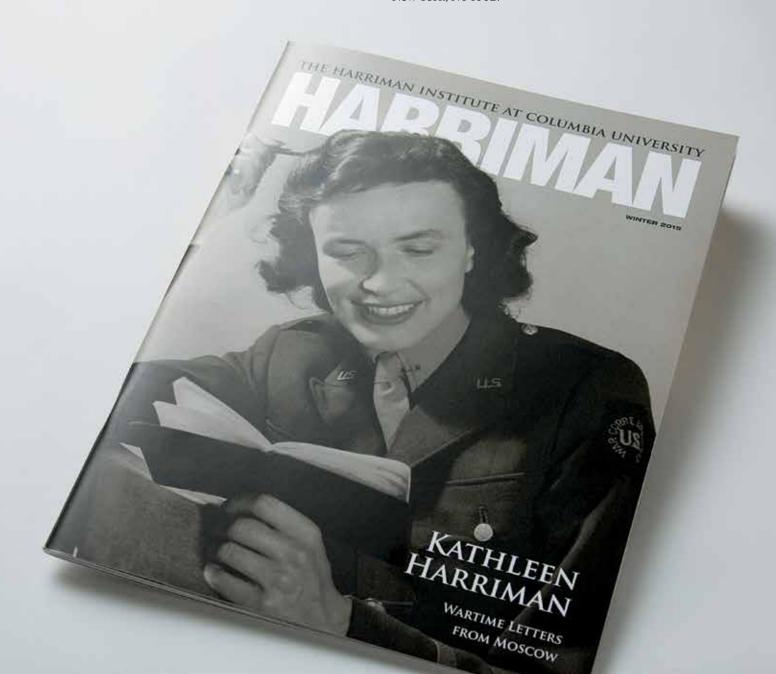
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