eliminating his humiliating and discriminatory diagnosis.

Kukobaka was a danger to the authorities because of his influence on other workers, to whom he gave a graphic lession in how to fight for one's rights. Living in the dormitory, mingling in factory collectives. Kukobaka was an undesirable source of serment, a kind of center sor the crystallization of independent public opinion. This the regime could neither accept nor sorgive.

On November 25. 1977, he was released from the psychiatric hospi-

tal.* In the excerpt from Kukobaka's memoirs that follows, he describes his sojourn at the Sychyovka and Vladimir hospitals.

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MEMOIRS

BELLEVELE PATRES AND STREET STEETS AND STREET by Mikhail Kukobaka

I arrived at Sychyovka Special Psychiatric Hospital the night of November 23, 1971. The first thing that struck me was the guards with submachine guns on watchtowers, brightly lit sences, a plowed strip of ground around the perimeter, barbed wire with an alarm system, bars on the windows. Some hospital! It is just as closely guarded as a prison camp, thought I. True, in 1972, they knocked down the towers and placed the guards in special booths at the level of the sence, so that they weren't visible from the street. Still later, soldiers with submachine guns and German shepherds remained only at the entrance, and around the perimeter of the hospital electronic alarm signals with photoelectric elements were installed.

In the wards (or, to put it more accurately, in the cells). the patients go about in long johns and robes. Trousers are given only to those who work in the shops and at other jobs. Upon returning to the department, patients have their clothes taken away from them. There are no radios in the wards. The patients aren't allowed to have cigarettes,

+ Psychoponismo 2 (U.W. No Am & Cs.) 1979

^{*}According to Information Bulletin. 14, of the Working Commission on the Use of Psychiatry for Political Purposes, dated January 5, 1979, Kukobaka was undergoing · a psychiatric examination at the Serbsky Institute, following his arrest on October 19. 1978. for "slandering the Soviet state and social system," a month after he addressed an open letter to Yuri Andropov, chairman of the KGB, recounting his harassment during the past two years—H.F.

ballpoint pens, or pencils, envelopes, even clean puper. If the patient needs to write a letter, he must beg for permission, then he is given a sheet of paper and an envelope (that is, of course, if he has the money in his hospital account to pay for them). Letters are written only in

the presence of a staff member.

Such limitations are in no way connected with the psychiatric: conditions of the prisoner-patients, nor with any particular concern for their health. In the workshops, these "patients" work with electric sewing machines, on machines making nails; they use hammers, saves, axes, and other sharp-cutting tools. I myself, for example, after six months incarceration, worked as a metalworker servicing the workshops. At my disposal were lathes and drill presses, grinding wheels, electrical equipment, and an assortment of the most diverse tools. However, were they to discover a pencil stub or a notebook, I could have been severely punished.

Once, they noticed I had a pocket world atlas. The book was taken away. I was sternly interrogated. Fortunately, the matter ended right

there. Any map is sorbidden in the department.

The so-called "work therapy" turned into a profitable commercial enterprise sor the authorities. The machines were placed without regard to sanitary norms or overcrowding. The only ventilation was from several little windows. The patients are pressured, directly or indirectly, to work from morning to night. In the summer, it is common practice to work even after dinner. It goes without saying that, sormally, it is all on a volunteer basis. But, just try not to go! Immediately, they will discover in you a "change of condition," you will be cortured by various injections, badgered by the orderlies (who are prisoners themselves), etc. Especially widespread is the use of your release as blackmail, seeing as how the term of imprisonment is not defined and, thus, depends on the will of the authorities. In general, the range of the various means of coercion is very great.

Whether a patient was allowed to go on walks depended exclusively on the will of the medical staff; they usually lasted about one-half hour. No more than ten people per warden were led out to the exercise

yard.

Watching television was sharply limited to a maximum of ten pa-

tients per evening. Subscription to certain central newspapers and magazines was permitted; however, hospital censors arbitrarily confiscate those issues which contain articles they consider undesirable. It such a manner, about twenty per cent of the subscriptions get lost. Subscription to Soviet periodicals in foreign languages is forbidden. Certain patients were sometimes even permitted to receive the magazine America from their relatives, of course only after careful scrutiny by the doctor. I remember it was said that in one issue there was a long article about psychiatric care in the USA; therefore, not a single issue reached the patients.

The patients are constantly kept in locked wards. Upon leaving and returning to the department, they are carefully searched. At night, the wards are brightly illuminated. Covering your head is forbidden.

In watching the medical staff work, you become more and more convinced that questions of a medical nature are far from their minds. Their basic function is purely to serve as jail wardens: surveillance and more surveillance. Once I wounded my hand slightly. The nurse is the workshop refused to bandage the wound or to apply iodine; the ward nurse refused also. Only after a day and a half, when my hand had become infected, did the doctor arrange for me to get help and moreover, prescribed penicillin.

Formally speaking, the orderlies-criminals sent over from the neighboring camps are—the ones who must attend to the needs of the patients; but, in fact, all work in the hospital is done by the prisoner patients. The orderlies fulfill the functions related to the operation p a jail: they conduct searches, lead patients to and from work, supervision walks, and watch the patients. In general, the system of denunciations, the recruiting of informers among the patients as well as among the orderlies, is widely practiced in the hospital. Arguing with o disputing the actions of an orderly is strictly prohibited. Such complete dependence on the part of the patients creates a particular mentality in their relations with the orderlies; it encourages will arbitrariness and cruelty toward the patients. Also, there are other whose example the orderlies follow.

In 1972, four patients—Genadiy Shirokov, Samodorov, and two others whose names I don't remember—tried to escape. When the

were rounded up, the head of the hospital, Major Leonid Ivanovich Lyamits, came to the department alone in the presence of the wardens who are civilian employees of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. The patient-criminals were led one by one to the toilets and, with his own hands, Lyamits beat them up. And so as not to dirty his hands, he put on leather gloves. By education, he is a doctor. At one time, he was the head of the fourth department, and he himself gave the order to beat up any patients who came to him with any requests. This was dubbed "prescribing fisticine."*

In 1967, in this department, two orderlies killed a recently-admitted patient for refusing to give up a food package. There was practically no investigation at all. The case was blamed on two complacent prisoners already serving a sentence for murder. A while later, both were transfered to the fifth department, where I met them: Savva Maksimchuk and Viktor Svistunov. Unfortunately, I don't remember the orderlies' names. The two patients were released in 1973; the

orderlies also calmly went home.

Among the doctors, those who stood out for their especial cruelty were: Viktor Tsarev, Iosef Kazimirovich But, and worst of all, Albert Lvovich Zeleneyev, head of the fourth department. A worthy mate for Zeleneyev was the senior nurse Lyudmila Ivanovna, a woman with an unhappy personal life. Not infrequently, she herself participated is beating the patients. Among the wardens, a certain Corporal Gushkin distinguished himself by his sadism. In his presence, a patient once yelled out something against the authorities. Gushkin pulled the patient from his bed and started to pummel him with his feet. Naturally, in those circumstances, the orderly-criminals felt themselves very free. They were all serving their first sentences; frequently, they were chance offenders. However, there were very few who would have displayed decency in the absence of any controls, when the only control was one's own conscience. Evidently, this is the result of the Soviet mode of life, of the upbringing outside the jail walls.

I remember one very strange person, Genadiy Gorkin, from near Volgograd, around thirty years old, strongly built. He was serving a

To rhyme with the drug "aminazin." -- Comp.

sentence sor robbing a store. He kept to himself. His creed was expressed in a few phrases: "Man is a wolf to his fellow man." "Every. man for himself," "Might makes right," "To take from the State is no sin-it rips us off our entire life." However, his practical behavior was in sharp contrast to his surroundings. I don't remember one case where he would shove or insult a patient, much less steal from one. He was always level-headed, benevolent, and ... indifferent. He never meddled in anything. Evidently, this was the psychology of a strong. confident man for whom it would be a humiliation to insult a desenseless person.

Another extreme case: a certain Sasha Dvornikov, a bit over twenty years old, strong, average height, clear blue eyes, pleasant seatures, almost childlike. Always gay, a bit jocular. A typical Soviet guy. A

Komsomol member; in the camp he joined the SVP.

Sasha wasn't even à criminal at all: he worked on a tractor and caused an accident through negligence. His secret duties included getting the new orderlies into the swing of things. He did this will-

ingly, joyfully, and naturally.

For example, he would enter the ward with a new orderly. "Well, brothers, how're you doin'?" He approaches one of the patients. "Why did you cross your left leg over your right? Well now, get up! Come here!" The patient approaches cautiously. Sasha, tenderly, with a smile, says, "Closer, brother, don't be afraid." And not changing the expression on his sace, swish! One slap! Another! The patient instinctively brings his hands to his face for protection. "What are you doing with your hands? Put them down!" Sasha angrily yells, and his face somehow sharpens, becomes small and ratlike. "Well, Vitya (to the new orderly), give him a towel." He forms a noose and tosses it round the patient's neck. Turning to his cohort: "Pull tighter!" The man's face turns scarlet, and he slumps to the floor. A sharp punch to the solar plexus. A drawn-out, unnatural moan rips sorth from the patient's chest; he is unconscious. Sasha smiles with satisfaction. Having administered several more slaps and kicks to the patients along the way, he leaves the ward. The new guy has been "oriented" to the

^{*}Council on Internal Order-Comp.

swing of things. Now he knows his rights, what is possible. Unfortunately, the majority of staff resembled this blue-eyed sadist.

A certain Churkin, with his buddy, liked to develop his right hook. They would line up people in the ward, and would have a contest to see who could more effectively knock a man off his feet with one punch. Curiously, when in 1973 this same Churkin beat an ordinary prisoner in his own camp, he was placed in a punishment cell for six months.

The third ward was the largest in our department. Here were patients with the most severe psychiatric disturbances. Anyone could be placed there as punishment. I wound up in that ward a few times. I remember when I was there for the first time, I noticed that frequently, in the middle of the night, the orderlies came in, woke up certain patients (usually the most helpless ones) and took them to the toilets. I became interested in this, but, in the beginning, couldn't believe what I heard. Then I decided to verify it for myself and, when they brought back one of those patients from the toilet, I attentively examined him and questioned him. As a result, I became convinced that the orderlies used patients to satisfy their perverted sexual whims. This wasn't a secret to anyone, not to the nurses, nor the wardens, nor the doctors. Frequently, they joked about it.

I don't remember a single case in thirty-two months in which the health of any of the patients improved. More often, it was the opposite. A characteristic example is the case of Ovanesyan, an Assyrian from somewhere near the Black Sea, who was imprisoned for killing his mother. The old-timers tell that when he was brought to the hospital he was a confident man, with an imposing exterior, gold crowns on his teeth, well dressed. He worked in some resort town along the shore shining shoes; his psychological disturbance was almost unnoticeable to a nonspecialist. After a short time, the orderlies pulled off the crowns from his teeth, then knocked out his front teeth so that it would be easier to complete their "treatments" with him in the toilet. From numerous beatings and horse doses of various tablets, he continually suffered stomach disorders and almost couldn't walk. If he did walk, it was only by holding onto the wall. He uncomplainingly fulfilled any demand made by the orderlies, be it to swallow a

The state of the process of the orderlies The sput beek withis nose and lips and then made fun of his face deformed By Wiellings...

it is inferesting that in conversing with this Ovanesyan, one was: tribak by ais intelligence, the logic of his speech, yet, at the same time. Missibiolute indifference toward himself and his circumstances. When The little was released, being termed "no danger to society," and was being led to the bus, it was a most depressing scene. A formless mass barely resembling a man, trudging along with difficulty, barely placing The Teel supported from both sides by nurses. When I cautiously tried the hospital regime, he only The state of the shoulders and responded with a question. "What's in it hink more about yourself. Kukobaka."

While thatbe psychiatric hospital. I got hardly any medication. But militable in linean anything. Prescriptions of "medicine" in most—or. Castrinany—cases don't depend on the psychological state of the Manufaction on the caprice or the tyranny of the doctor. Medica-

Hollis Unicans of punishment.

The Folitical prisoner Yuri S. Belov, an absolutely healthy man, The Spite of everything. Dr. Zele-The merevilessly stuffed him with various drugs. His motive was the following: A know that he is healthy and doesn't need medicine. But When he deaves, he will say that he, a healthy man, was kept in a 海水湖 medicine.: Therefore, I'll deprive him of this argument." I think There were stubborn rumors that Zeleneyev

I was suspected of corresponding with Belov. While I was being questioned. Lyamits together with the security The Direct Leonovich, threatened me with all sorts of punishment if I did The mane designation and bring me to an unconscious state, trying to The build sliteresting information. And indeed, it was in his power to Mitaslime half do death. But, nevertheless, when the political prisoner The doctor "it is the second of the secon

From about the beginning of 1974, the climate in Sychyovka Hospital began to change noticeably. We received vague rumors that this was connected with protests stirred up in the West against the arbitrary incarceration of healthy people in psychiatric hospitals.

In August 1974, I was transfered to Vladimir Hospital, where I spent more than twenty-one months. Here I wound up in the fifth department, where the regime wasn't much better than in Sychyovka, at least for myself personally. Dr. Dmitri Dmitriyevich Artemov, the head of the department, was a very unbalanced, suspicious person with sadistic tendencies. It seems his brother, not coincidentally, was put in the neighboring psychiatric hospital, and while I was there, his nephew was twice placed under the "supervision" of his uncle.

Artemov forbade the patients from having writing supplies—pencils, envelopes, etc. Here I was more than once subjected to even worse repression by a doctor than at Sychyovka. On clearly unfounded suspicions, Dr. Artemov detained me in a surveillance ward for two months. At times, he forbade me to read newspapers and magazines, and he took away my books. Simply for asking him to return my English-Russian dictionary, I was subjected to torture-I was tied hand and foot to my bed and kept like that for about a week. And all that time, they shot me up mercilessly, three times a day.

One patient, Anatoly Sidorov, was kept tied to his bed for two weeks. In the beginning of the seventies. Artemov injected two patients fatally: Pyotr Kudryavtsev, for cursing at a nurse who had refused to accept some food for him from his relatives, and a certain Spirin, who had slapped a doctor on his rounds. In the presence of all the patients, they knocked Spirin to the floor, and Artemov himself kicked him with his feet. Afterwards, they began to shoot him up, and when things were already drawing to a close, they moved him to a branch of a hospital outside the city of Vladimir and finished him off there.

An atmosphere of distrust and suspicion reigned in the department. Artemov didn't disdain informants; on the contrary, he encouraged them. In this role he was served, for example, by the orderly Paulina Vasiliyevna Shibanova and the nurse Valentina Grigoriyevna

Polyakova. From the patients, they select the most morally degenerate for the job.

I do not attempt to judge all hospitals. They say that in Moscow psychiatric hospitals the situation is much better. I don't even attempt to judge the entire Vladimir Hospital. Not all departments are identical. I write only about that which I myself have witnessed.

Patients in the fifth department were taken for walks for not more than three months out of the year. The rest of the time, they were under lock and key. With room for 130 beds, the general number of patients reached 180 and more. Not infrequently, three people are placed on two beds. The medical staff doesn't observe any sanitary norms. There are frequent outbreaks of stomach and intestinal illnesses. The ward is always overcrowded; especially on the eve of congresses, elections, and other "Red" events, a particularly large number of people are brought in.

The procedures for release are very drawn out. I will illustrate with my own case. The hospital's medical commission presented me with a date of September 23, 1975 for release. The hearing took place on January 15, 1976, and I was released only on May 10, 1976. In spite of the fact that I'm not considered disabled, it is very difficult for me, as for all former prisoners of my kind, to find a job. Industry prefers truants, drunks, and former regular prison inmates, while I would be turned down almost everywhere.

It is curious that when I went to the large factory "Red October," in Kirzhakh, where there is an acute shortage of workers, they agreed to hire me for odd jobs. When I asked about a place to live—there is a large dorm at the factory—the head of the personnel department. Olga Vasiliyevna Chikalova, a representative of the Soviet authorities, announced in a most serious voice: "It's summer. It's warm out. You can sleep in attics, nothing terrible."

Further comment is unnecessary.

After more than six years of harsh imprisonment, with great dilliculty I finally managed to get freed. I don't have any relatives, no family. Not too much time is left for me to somehow arrange my personal life.

The question could arise: Why did I write all this? Indeed, there is

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a great danger of once again winding up in indefinite imprisonment.

The Soviet authorities don't like it when someone breaks their basic law of existence, the law of silence. But mustn't people know the truth?

Hitler had his gas chambers. People didn't believe it. They believed only when Hitler was no more. Stalin had his death camps. No one believed it, because their hearing had been so lulled by the slogans: "All men are brothers." "To the bright future of all mankind," etc. And if timid moans from the vast regions of Siberia (and not only Siberia) did manage to get through, they were answered by the authoritative government refutation against "slander" and "anti-Soviet agitation." But believe we did when Stalin died, and Khrushchev, for opportunistic reasons, "lifted the edge of the bloody mat," in Solzhenitsyn's words.

I am told: No one will believe this. This can't be proven. They don't believe now that healthy people are crippled in crazy houses for dissident thinking, that physical torture is used under cover of "white robes." Man doesn't want to believe in evil, in very great evil. It tries one's conscience. It forces one to think: If this is true, why do I remain on the side, why don't I interfere? It means that I am a coward, I am dishonorable.

It is easier not to believe.

translated by Vladimir Kozlovsky

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