

THE FIRST INDEPENDENT MAGAZINE ABOUT EVENTS IN THE CAUCASUS

WORD

DOSH

DIGEST



GOOD IN THE NAME
OF LIFE

ISSUE #13

Inna Airapetyan from Grozny
was the recipient of the Young Women
For Peace In The Caucasus Prize

OUR NEW AWARD



On May 24th a ceremony took place in the city hall of Hamburg, Germany - the presentation of the Gerd Bucerius Free Press of Eastern Europe Prize for 2012 to journalists and publications of the CIS countries. This year, the awards, presented by the German Foundation ZEIT-Stiftung and the Norwegian Foundation Free Speech (FrittOrd) went to: the magazines DOSH and Ukrainskaya Tyzhden' (Ukrainian Week), the well-known Russian journalist and civic activist Olga Romanova, Khadija Ismailova of Radio Azadlyg (the Azeri Service of Radio Liberty), and the Belarusian journalist Valery Karbalevich.

In its press release, ZEIT-Stiftung notes that "Khadija Ismailova is one of the more serious investigative journalists of Azerbaijan. In a variety of media, she talks about corruption, abuse of power and human rights violations in the country".

The Moscow journalist Olga Romanova has written a lot about the abuses taking place in Russian prisons; has participated in the "League of Voters" and in the organizing committee "For Free Elections". The main themes of the magazine DOSH are the observance of human rights, the situation in the Caucasus and the instability of the region.

Valery Karbalevich is one of the leading independent commentators in the Belarusian media. His articles are dedicated to analysis of Minsk's domestic and foreign policy. The bi-lingual Ukrainian magazine Tyzhden' publishes independent articles about the domestic and foreign policy of Ukraine.

Since 2000, these Free Press of Eastern Europe awards have been given to encourage journalists and media outlets which support the independent coverage of events, freedom of speech and the mass media.



Editorial office in Moscow
RF, 103982, Moscow,
per. Luchnikov 4, entr. 3, room 1.
Tel. (495) 621-04-24
Tel./fax (495) 625-06-63
E-mail: doshdu@hotmail.com

Editor in chief
Israpil SHOVKHALOV
E-mail: shovkhalov@gmail.com

Executive Editor
Abdulla DUDUEV
E-mail: aduduev@gmail.com

Deputy Editor in chief
Svetlana ALIEVA

Department Offices
HISTORY/HUMAN
RIGHTS/SOCIETY/CULTURE
Maria KATYSHEVA, Zoya SVETOVA,
Lidiya MIKHALCHENKO,
Inna BUTORINA, Yelena SANNIKOVA,
Taus SERGANOVA

Correspondents
Maret ELDIEVA (Chechnya)
Marem YALKHAROEVA (Ingushetia)
Mussa MEISIGOV (Ingushetia)
Aida GADZHIEVA (Dagestan)
Alii MAGOMEDOV (Dagestan)
Nadezhda BOTASHEVA
(Karachayevo-Cherkessia)

Assistant Editor
Georgiy ZINGER

Literary editor of Russian texts
Irina VASUTCHENKO

English translation by
Gregory P. BURNSIDE

Design and layout
Dmitry YAKOVLEV

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At first officials tried to blacken all of their victims, claiming that there was an "explosive belt" on the elderly woman, then, trying to rectify the situation, they let things slip naively and disgracefully – as our powers that be usually do. The President of the Republic, Yunus-bek Yevkurov, outdoing his lower-ranked liars, announced for all to hear: "about the two bandits liquidated – the Gardanov brothers, a terrible mistake occurred associating them with the three other persons. The circumstances of their being in the car are being investigated". Later officials hit upon the idea that "it may be that they (meaning the three now pronounced innocent) were taken by the bandits".

MARKHA ISAEVA AN ELDERLY FEMALE SUICIDE BOMBER AND FOUR TERRORISTS

Murder in the guise of the struggle with banditry

The murder of five peaceful civilians in Ingushetia on April 3rd of this year shocked the public. The crime was committed with such cynicism that it left no one indifferent. At first, it was announced that the murder victims were insurgents. Later, the story changed: the President of the Republic, Yunus-bek Yevkurov, stated that three of the five were innocent and apologized to the relatives of the victims. There were even announcements of compensation for pain and suffering in the amount of 100,000 rubles...

One may ask - is it possible to call this amount compensation for this kind of murder? Naturally, not everyone accepted this sop and the apology. After all, it is nothing but mockery. But the point is not just the amount of the so-called compensation. The relatives of the murdered and a multitude of witnesses deny the guilt of all five. The authorities went so far in their zeal to fight terrorism that the President of the Republic, Yevkurov, was not ashamed to say: this was right, after all the murdered Gardanovs were brothers of "the bandit Gardanov liquidated in 2010".

And so, the main motive was stated: people were killed because they were relatives of the Gardanov who was considered to be a bandit. So then, that means the barbaric principle of collective guilt holds sway?! Yevkurov himself essentially confirmed this in an interview with a correspondent of radio station Echo Moscow, where he explicitly commented on the situation, stating that "Some were given sentences of 16 - 20 years. They knew they would get that kind of sentence, but they gave themselves up. The first thing was that it was not for their own sake, but rather they were worried about their relatives, understanding

that if they don't give themselves up, that they would pull in a whole chain of relatives". And as far as the murder of the innocent, he expressed himself with cynical simplicity: "it wasn't we who put them in the car with the bandits".

The relatives of the victims deny all the accusations, regarding them as unfounded and wrongful, and they also talk about the principle of collective guilt. The Gardanov family is certain that the sons were murdered simply to make sure that there would be no one left to avenge the death of the brother murdered earlier.

They were particularly shocked by the accusations, and by the attempts of officials on various levels to justify them after the fact. At first officials tried to blacken all of their victims, claiming that there was an "explosive belt" on the elderly woman, then, trying to rectify the situation, they let things slip naively and disgracefully - as our powers that be usually do. The President of the Republic, Yunus-bek Yevkurov, outdoing his lower-ranked liars, announced for all to hear: "about the two bandits liquidated - the Gardanov brothers: a terrible mistake occurred associating them with the three other persons. The circumstances of their being in the car are being investigated". Later officials hit upon the idea that "it may be that they (meaning the three now pronounced innocent) were taken by the bandits".

But the deception was easily exposed. In one-on-one meetings, many witnesses told us how this massacre of ordinary citizens took place. All five worked at a brick factory; of course, this is not easy work, but one cannot be choosy, after all one must live somehow, and people in Ingushetia will take any job they can find. The mother of the Gardanov brothers spoke with tears in her eyes about this sore



Zina Velkhieva



Salman Gardanov

Magomed Gardanov



subject: about unemployment, about her difficult woman's duties, how she brought her children up to be happy, how they were just mercilessly killed, and not just killed, but blown up afterward and slandered. She has not a shadow of a doubt; in her words: "The Almighty will punish the murderers". "They are still children", she says. "Salman was born in 1989, and Zhunaid in 1992. They were never members of rebel groups, or even sympathizers. They were not interested in politics; it is Yevkurov who is engaged in politics; and criminal politics at that".



The son of the murdered Zina Velkhieva does not consider the Gardanov brothers to be terrorists and guilty of the death of his mother

The father Akhmed Gardanov



The sons of the murdered woman also do not think the Gardanovs are guilty of the death of their mother, and they said so directly, in a meeting with us. And they also confirmed that all five were on their way home after a hard 12-hour day. The elderly Akhmet Gardanov, father of the three murdered sons, talked in detail about the horrible day of their demise, and again and again recalled that time when the children were little. In Akhmet's big family everyone got used to working starting in childhood. Salman went to work at the "21st Century" brick factory when he was almost 14. His mother worked there too. Later, Zhunaid was hired.

The older brother, killed in May, 2010, had nothing to do with the armed underground. He was disabled. He was injured on the job - he fell from a crane. He underwent treatment, and the brick factory paid him a small compensation. After the treatment he went back to work there. Neighbors, acquaintances, everybody with whom we met, spoke of the innocence of the brothers. The eyewitnesses to the crime said that first, the passengers of the car whose driver was Salman Gardanov were shot, then, for a whole hour the car was cordoned off, but later, in the opinion of the eyewitnesses, when it became clear that they had shot innocent civilians, the car was blown up.

All of this occurred in full view of hundreds of residents, whom officials tried to disperse unsuccessfully. In the morgue, where they took the remains of the slain, events took a highly blasphemous turn. At first, the authorities tried to claim that there were no women at all among the victims, and they tried to keep anyone out of the morgue who might be an undesirable witness. But relatives and friends

pushed their way in and saw that the bodies of all five, blown up by the explosion, were put into one parcel... When the first of those who got into the morgue put his hand in, he touched a fragment of a skull with long female hair. Later, they sat and sorted the parts: "This is ours...this is yours..." And later they buried them... Akhmet said that many were even afraid to express condolences or to come to the funerals. Here was a frightening circumstance: if the authorities pronounced someone a bandit, then all his relatives are pronounced accessories, and those who come to the funeral risk being considered sympathizers... Whether the dead were actually bandits or not will not be objectively examined.

Listening to these nightmarish stories which are hard to perceive as reality, like it or not, you become aware of how limitless is the ability to display inhumanity. Serving society can turn into lawlessness if the "servants of the people" are sure of their impunity. The trampling of LAWS can lead to unpredictable extremes, and another aspect, to the labeling of some as "eternally guilty". Yes, and in addition, one might question whether such unbridled "ser-

vice" was serving the people in the first place.

When it was announced that the public movement Mekhkh-Kkhel Ingushetia was convening a conference on April 21st and that all the powers that be were invited, beginning with Yevkurov, there was hope of getting answers to many questions. However, it didn't happen. None of the authorized representatives of the authorities showed up at the conference. It is true that article 6 of the resolution stated: "to demand that the Procurator of the RF open a separate criminal case about the shooting and the subsequent slander of those five murdered on April 3, 2012 in Nazran..." To conclude, Mekhkh-Kkhel's position coincides with the position of the witnesses to this atrocity and with the position of human rights activists. It is naïve to think that this will bring comfort to the relatives of the victims, nonetheless, one wants to believe that justice will triumph if only so that afterwards we could peacefully commit the remains of the victims to the earth, and without looking over our shoulders express condolences to their relatives, as our ancestors did hundreds of thousands of years ago...

The mother Zina Gardanova



MILANA ARAPIEVA AMBUSH AT MOSFILM

There is no fence against ill fortune...

It is probably no accident that it is precisely in our country there is a common saying "there is no fence against ill fortune". History bears witness to the fact that nobody in the enormous territory of Russia is insured against imprisonment or against poverty. Nobody can be at ease about tomorrow, about his or her future or about his or her children's future. That, alas, is reality. For a long time this land has been a testing ground for various socio-political experiments, and the peoples living in it - merely "historical material". The revolution and civil war, "dekulakization" (note: repression of and confiscation of the land of the rich peasants, or kulaks, beginning in 1929) and the "liquidation of unpromising villages" (note: a 1974 decree), the GULAG and the pseudo-democratization of society, etc., etc. If one were to make even a perfunctory review of the century we left 12 years ago, drawing the conclusions appropriate to the times, then it is crystal clear how policies were carried out to wipe out even a germ of independent thinking. Today's older and middle generations remember what ideals the State fostered in them. Free thought, all the more, thought that was different, diverging from the party-governmental precepts and molds, was suppressed most decisively. Here, psychiatric wards and torture chambers played no small part.

And then suddenly perestroika, glasnost...Citizens even opened their mouths; they had wanted to breathe fresh air for so long. And what then? Then, we did not even have the chance to take this invigorating breath; we were left with our mouths wide open, like fools. Because this too turned out to be yet another experiment. Society was duped one more time. We were taken aback in confusion, having become conscious of how insolently all of this was pulled off. Accompanied by slogans of democracy, before our very eyes, the rule of a financial oligarchy was established, and with lightning speed a monstrous division of society took place on economic lines. Moreover, day after day, the rich, by deception (what else could one call the infamous voucherization and privatization?) took possession of the resources of a mighty great power, having brazenly snatched control of government property. They are becoming richer, while the vast majority of the population is becoming not only poorer, but also defenseless.

As we know, cognition comes through comparison. It turns out that the period of stagnation was not such an impenetrable swamp after all.

Yes, in those days, we told jokes about the decrepit general secretary practi-



M. Bisultanov

cally in whispers, at kitchen gatherings of trusted friends - God forbid, someone else would hear, but today, only the laziest humorist does not make the figure of the president the butt of jokes. Yet was it really for the sake of such self-expression that our society went through the bloody 1990s? Did it really dream of this kind of democracy?

Yes, our politicians, bureaucrats and court scholars have a lot of experience in masking the true nature of their shady ventures with sweet-sounding names. "Democracy"! What a wonderful word! It turned out to be the dust thrown up in the eyes of society, so that it would not immediately discern the essence of the new power established in the 1990s - the rule of a financial oligarchy. "The Guild of Young Capitalists" (the designation from the article by D. Dudaev), growing up under the domestic

patronage of Boris Nikolaevich, threw itself hungrily and cynically to the task of grabbing whatever it could of state property created by an ethnically diverse population over the course of many decades. And in order for the people not to realize what was going on right away, it was necessary to distract them with something more significant, more frightening, than theft. Well, what is more frightening than deception and theft? Murder, probably. So the war started with a bang in the south of Russia. A full-scale war, once again masked as "restoring constitutional order". Thousands of refugees lined up... but here I go again: in the opinion of our Moscow bureaucrats, there cannot be refugees in one's own country - they are simply... "involuntary migrants".

Information about the bloody battles was not leaping from the pages of newspapers. But commentators shuddering from the look of the burning ruins of Grozny could not help noticing how many industrial cities of Russia were turning into ghost towns, like Norilsk, for example. They say that the deterioration of Norilsk is due to the melting permafrost which is making it unsuitable. The words really sound unconvincing, especially when you hear the proud statements



of "the young capitalists", describing how they pumped their billions out of there.

The editorial board of the magazine tasked me with commenting on several facts connected with the activity of law enforcement. But doing this I cannot avoid touching on the issue of power, because the law enforcement system is merely an instrument of those in power. The power structure is reflected in the tools it employs. Yesterday's guild of young people, today - well-heeled capitalists continue to determine the atmosphere in our large home, whose name is still the Russian Federation. They require an atmosphere of universal submission to the "golden calf", and they are creating it, by all means possible. The main thing that guides them is material gain, personal profit, and not at all the overall well-being of the large home. One of them said as much directly in an interview: if profit exceeds thirty percent, then moral norms cease to exist for a businessman. Greed, greed, and once again greed. Everything is subservient to it, including the pageant under the code name of "presidential elections".

Today both the print media and electronic media cite a mass of glaring facts: specialists, called upon to maintain law and order, receiving a salary for this, are, more often than not, themselves violating the law. The status of the militia has changed - now it is, like in the rest of the civilized world - the police. But did the spirit of this system change? If it did change, clearly, it was not for the better. In the memorable years of "stagnation", the neighborhood policeman Aniskin (note: a popular movie character) was not at all a mythical character. He was most likely a composite image of the neighborhood militia-man. There were quite a few who, like Aniskin, thought that "it was the task



Farid Eldarov

of the militia not only to prevent and punish crime, but to do character building as well". People have been left face to face with the criminal world, and with a multitude of other problems. On one recent TV show, the following was heard: "we must run to them for help, but we are running away from them!" Probably readers will agree with me that more often than not, exiles from the northern Caucasus have to run from the militia-police, and most often from those in whose passports stand the words "Chechen Republic" (regardless of nationality or gender - that is our painful experience). Here are fresh



Ramzan Shaihaev

facts which are worrying Russia's human rights defenders.

The Public Oversight Commission of the City of Moscow (chairman - V.V. Bortsev) received an appeal from one M. Bisultanov, arrested on suspicion of having terrorist connections. He told of how he was suddenly seized right in front of the monument to Shukshin at the Mosfilm movie studio, where he had been invited to a photo shoot: "...I was attacked by men in masks who hit me with some object in the left temple, and I lost consciousness. I woke up on the ground in handcuffs. Then I was put

into an automobile, insulted and threatened with imprisonment. I was brought to the Ramenki police station. Only there did the police explain to me that I was detained as part of a criminal case brought against an acquaintance, Magomed Timirgiraev. I asked why they couldn't have called me on the phone and asked me to come in to answer an investigator's questions, to which the officers answered, that they acted "to make sure".... An hour later, a certain Ruslan came in and asked how I knew Timirgiraev and what the nature of our association was. After hearing my answer, he said that there were no other questions for me and that I have come to harm only because I know and had dealings with Timirgiraev. Then one of the policemen asked me if I had anything illegal in my bag. I answered no. He began to search me and with a movement of the hand he reached somewhere behind me and got a clear plastic bag in which there was some kind of substance...." The next morning, Bisultanov was brought to the duty officer and taken into custody, then put in a temporary containment cell in Kuntsevo, and later taken to the Nikulinsky Court in Moscow. A preventive measure was ordered: imprisonment for two months.

M. Bisultanov, not aware that he was guilty of anything, writes to human rights defenders: "...it is entirely obvious that the investigative officers, luring me by deception to Mosfilm supposedly for a photo shoot, planned in advance to commit knowingly illegal acts - they planted psychotropic substances on me and on that grounds they opened a criminal case against me. Actually, I was detained in connection with the criminal case against M. Timirgiraev. I am convinced that carrying out the separate request of the investigator on the Timirgiraev case to have me come in for question-

ing as a witness, the policemen overstepped the bounds of legality, and the planting of psychotropic substances together with the theft of my money in the amount of 15,000 rubles ought to result in criminal charges against them. On the basis of what I have outlined here, I request that the facts I have cited be checked, and that measures be taken to prosecute the police officers who organized and fabricated the criminal case against me, and that the conditions of incarceration in FBU IZ 77-3 be inspected".

What can one conclude from this? Don't go... I almost said: "Don't go, children, to Africa to play, big angry crocodiles there will bite you, beat you and scare you away"... So, don't go to Mosfilm, if there is anyone notorious among your acquaintances. You will pay dearly for such an acquaintance. Seriously though, what can you do, when practically everyone in the small, compact republics of the northern Caucasus is, if not a relative, then an acquaintance?

The example cited of the detention of a witness is not to the credit of the law enforcement authorities. Such methods work not to enhance their authority, but rather quite the opposite. But after all, this practice is encountered pretty often: "to make sure..." What kind of aftertaste will this leave, what opinion of the police will a person come away with - so, is this the tenth such case? Well, no, it is not the tenth. The well-known Chechen journalist Mariam Vakhidova, forced during the war years to live in Moscow for a time, and that meant under the watchful eye of the then militia, told how her little daughter - witness to countless checks - recalled these guardians of order. The girl went to school and her teacher gave the children a riddle - "Who is this: he doesn't bark, doesn't

bite, but doesn't let you into your house?" The girl, absolutely certain of the correct answer, joyously exclaimed "the militia!"

The Human Rights Center "Memorial", the Citizen's Action Committee, and the Public Oversight Commission often have to inquire into the circumstances of the detention of many "people of Caucasian nationality" (note: this expression, in Russian, "litsa kavkazskoi natsional'nosti" is derogatory, referring to people who look like they might be from the Caucasus. Further, the Caucasus is composed of numerous nations and ethnic groups, so there is no one "Caucasian nationality").

On March 7th, a native of Dagestan, Farid Eldarov stayed the night at his friend's, Ramzan Shaihaev, in Krasnozavodsk, Moscow Oblast. In addition to the two, Ramzan's wife and three children were in the apartment.

From the document drafted by the head of the Civic Assistance Committee, Svetlana Gannushkina: "Around seven in the morning, the door was broken down, and special forces in masks and several plainclothesmen entered the apartment - a total of around 30 people. They knocked the men down to the floor with kicks in the ribs, and put them in handcuffs. They held them face to the floor for around four hours. They searched the apartment. Farid saw how they planted guns there, of which one shotgun was later listed in the police report. Judging by the number of participants and the masks on their faces, this special operation was intended to uncover a terrorist gang and not a sleeping family with many children".

However, the "show" continued. One of the men was particularly active: he

yelled at Farid and Ramzan, accusing them of being "wahhabis and of killing our guys in Chechnya"; he threatened that for this "they will die slowly and painfully".

At around 3 p.m., Eldarov and Shaihaev were brought to the Khimki police station, where they were interrogated until 8 in the evening. There was one interrogator after another, and they moved them from room to room. The interrogation was accompanied by threats and insults. Later Farid was told that "they had nothing on him but that they wanted him to give them something on Ramzan". He answered that there was nothing he could say to cast a slur on Ramzan. Then they promised that after they do some kind of test, they would let him go.

Farid was taken to a separate room on the second floor of the station, supposedly to do an explosives test. There, they cut his fingernails off halfway. Then they put on noose around his neck, tied to the wall about the level of his head in such a way that if he moved it would begin to suffocate him, and then they proceeded to beat him. They twisted his arms and legs, beat his fingers and toes, threatened to rape him with a club and spread a photo of this act "around the prison". Farid lost consciousness several times. Several times they tried to get him to bear false witness against Ramzan Shaihaev, but he did not agree. Farid was tortured in turn by six - seven men, whom he remembered and would recognize. Farid was of the opinion that they were either drunk or on drugs.

All of this lasted for three to four hours. Later, they dragged Farid down to the first floor - to have his fingerprints taken. He could no longer walk on his own. There he passed out again - they poured water on him and continued the beating. Now the torturers

were joined by an officer of the fingerprint department.

The one running the show was the same man who had threatened Farid with a slow death earlier during his detention. Torturing Farid, he continually repeated the same thing: "We will force you to love Russians!" He and his assistant tried to put Eldarov in front of them on his knees, once more threatening him with rape. Farid could no longer stand the pain and what he considered the shame. "In four hours", he said, "I was in such a state that I wanted to attack the men who were beating me only to get them to shoot me".

Gathering his last strength, Farid punched one of the men in the nose, and another in the jaw. With renewed strength all of them went at Farid: they jumped on him and beat him with their hands and feet; he could not even protect his head from the blows. Then they once again dragged Farid upstairs. Other detainees saw how they dragged him down the hall, beating him.

After hauling Farid upstairs, they somehow or other got him in a chair and left him alone for a while.

During the night of March 8 - 9th, Farid Eldarov was brought to another building - which one, he did not have the strength to perceive. There he was forced to sign a confession saying that he committed an act of petty hooliganism. From there they brought Farid to a trauma center. One of the doctors examining him demanded that he be hospitalized immediately, but a second doctor signed a document allowing him to be taken into custody. After that he was taken back to the Khimki temporary detention facility.

On March 9th, a senior investigator of

the city of Khimki, Main Investigative Department of the Investigative Committee of the Russian Federation (note: abbreviation GSU SK RF) for the Moscow Oblast, D.N. Tropin, charged Farid Eldarov according to the Criminal Code of the Russian Federation, Part 1, Article 318:

"Article 318. Use of Force against a Person of Authority.

1. Use of force, non-threatening to life or health, or the threat to use force against a representative of the authorities or his relatives in connection with the carrying out of his duties - punishable by a fine of up to two hundred thousand rubles or the amount of one's earnings or other income of the accused of up to eighteen months, or arrest for a period of six months, or deprivation of freedom for a period of up to five years".

On March 10th, a judge of the Khimki City Court, V.A. Zharkikh, with the participation of the prosecutor I.G. Bagaev, ruled to grant the motion of the inspector of the GSU SK RF to take preventive measures against F. R. Eldarov by way of placement in custody. The judge agreed with the opinion of the investigation, that Farid, "while free, may put pressure on those injured, may continue to commit criminal acts or in some other way interfere with the ascertainment of the truth in this case". Messieurs Zharkikh and Bagaev, it appears, like investigator Tropin, "did not notice" in what condition they brought to court the man who might put pressure on the "injured" police officials.

According to law, 48 hours after detention a suspect must either be arraigned by the court and transferred to a jail; or released; or the period of confinement is extended by the court an additional 72 hours (in that case the detainee remains in the IVS - tem-

porary detention facility).

In accordance with article 13 of the federal law "on the custody of suspects and of those accused of committing a crime", confinement in temporary detention facilities (IVS) cannot exceed ten days in one month and must be in connection with the conducting of an investigation in places far from jails.

So, the detention of Eldarov in the IVS is illegal".

This story was written by Roza Magomedova - a lawyer for the human rights center Memorial, who saw the signs of the beating inflicted on the detainee with her own eyes.

The lawyer Magomedova took the case after Farid Eldarov's mother, Sonya Gasanova, sought the help of human rights defenders. She told how on March 8th the investigator Daniil Tropin called her from Moscow and told her that her son had been detained. On March 11th, Sonya Gasanova met with the investigator, who, according to his own words, did not know what to tell the mother about the reasons for her son's detention. One of Farid's friends sought out a lawyer but a meeting with him drove the detainee's mother into panic: after painting a gloomy picture of her son's situation and not explaining anything about the heart of the matter, the lawyer demanded an exorbitant amount of money for his services. That was the end of their dealings with him. Other unsolicited intermediaries began to take an interest in "the Eldarov family budget", offering their services to free Farid.

The organizations Memorial and the Civic Assistance Committee are determined not only to keep watch over Farid Eldarov, but to give him skilled legal support. It was also decided to

appeal to the procurator's office about the torture inflicted on the injured persons.

Yes, physical coercion to beat testimony out of a person is a sure-fire method. "To make sure". Even Galileo agreed under torture that the sun revolves around the earth, and not the other way around. The only thing is that the price of such evidence obtained by torture is not worth powder and shot. What is the performance coefficient? Will the threat of terrorism really decrease? Will the Forest Brotherhood (note: Lithuanian partisans who hid in the woods and continued to fight the Soviet regime after World War II) lay down arms? Probably the opposite will occur: their ranks will be filled with new people.

There are statutory procedures for investigating cases and establishing the guilt of a suspect. Why are they not consistently observed? Why are cases like this so frequent, where a man is immediately, a priori, guilty, when once he falls into the hands of the law enforcement authorities? And indeed he is no longer a man, but a punching bag... Maybe he really is guilty, with blood on his hands? But if not? All of this should be investigated and proven, and not beaten out of a man, with the intention to cripple him. It would not take long to lead to madness: the butchers threw themselves at Farid Eldarov when he was barely conscious, not understanding what was happening to him. The famous lawyer Plevako once gave the future keepers of the law guidance: "Do not judge with hate, but judge with love, if you seek the truth".

Or is our whole country so deeply submerged in the atmosphere of unbridled arbitrary rule, living not by the law, but by notions of the law? The question, by the way, is rhetorical.

ELENA SANNIKOVA

THEY MADE HIM AN INVALID

Zubairaeв was tortured up to the last minute



Vladimir Shaklein
and Zubair Zubairaeв

Zubair Zubairaeв is finally free. He served out his whole sentence. I wrote more than once about what a crime it was the way they fabricated the charges against him and to what monstrous tortures he was subjected while in captivity. We repeatedly expressed the fear that Zubairaeв might not come out of prison alive.

Five years ago, when he was arrested, he was a perfectly healthy man of athletic build. He just emerged from prison a complete invalid. Musa Khadisov, Zubairaeв's lawyer, shared with us the heartbreaking circumstances of his client's release from prison.

The day before his release, on May 31st, Khadisov visited Zubairaeв and

learned that his client was being subjected to torture up to the last day: they were beating his right, ailing hand, putting pressure on it, twisting it, knowing that they were causing terrible pain; they kicked him, and beat him with a club. One official of the FSIN (note: the Federal Service for the Execution of Punishment) from Krasnoyarsk, in the presence of his colleagues, kicked him in the ribs lying down and asked in surprise: "Is this one still alive?"

Prison guards removed the rubber plug from the lower support of his crutch which had prevented slipping, and also unscrewed the bolts from the handle of the crutch in such a way that it would fall apart when he put pressure on it, plus the middle part would

go into his body. "When I looked at the crutch, I was shocked. Zubairaeв explained that he doesn't use the crutch anyway because he cannot move around. After our meeting I stopped in at the prison administration and learned that Zubairaeв was going to be released the next day, June 1st, at 7 a.m. They picked the time so that nobody would see what condition he was in as he was being taken out of the prison. In addition, I learned that the prison warden Misiura gave the excuse that he would be away on business, but came in later after they had brought Zubairaeв out of the prison", Musa Khadisov reported.

On June 1st, relatives of Zubairaeв (his mother and sisters Malika and Fatima), together with Musa Khadisov were waiting at the prison gates starting at 6 a.m. Soon Aleksei Babii, the human rights defender from Krasnoyarsk pulled up, and the Minusinsk lawyer, Oleg Bazuev. "I entered the controlled access corridor and saw Zubairaeв's silhouette in the semi-darkness", testifies Musa Khadisov. "When they brought Zubair to the exit, he was in a half-conscious state; he couldn't even lift his head, as if his body were insensate, hanging on the shoulders of two prisoners, who were sooner carrying, rather than leading him. His moans and his appearance shocked me. I asked "What have they done with you? Do you recognize me?" He did not answer. It seemed to me that Zubair would die right then. His face was pale beyond recognition, his head hung about helplessly. At first I even doubted: was this really Zubair? I started to examine his face from below, but could not recog-

nize familiar features. Then I looked at Zubair's legs; I identified them for sure. And then his hair, it too...

In despair I yelled at him: "Can you hear me? Do you recognize me?" But he only moaned, and even in those moans it was hard to recognize a human voice. Right then women from social services, an accountant and one other woman approached to get a signature for his passport and money for transportation. These women were so shocked and frightened that not only did their arms shake, but their legs as well. From all angles Zubair was being recorded on video by three men and three video cameras. His half-opened eyes looked nowhere. I began to cry: "Call an ambulance!" To be honest, I lost my bearings and thought that the prison officials sent him away and that he would die right here in the controlled access corridor.

Malika came up, his sister and his mother; Zubair did not recognize them, either. He was alive - but just barely. He did not know what was going on. I signed the papers for Zubair, so we could get outside as fast as possible, after which the ladies from the FSIN hastily left the guard desk. We started to help Zubair to the exit. Suddenly came his heartrending cry: "O-u-c-h, o-u-c-h!!!" I turned around and saw how Zalpa, Zubair's mother, with a lament and a cry, was clinging to the legs of two prison guards who, following Zubair, had stepped on his heels. Zalpa was pushing them away from her son, the prisoners were pulling him towards the exit, but his feet remained stuck to the floor: the guards were pressing on them with all of their weight, hindering getting him outside. Zubair was moaning, crying "Ouch!" His body was stretched at approximately a 45-degree angle from the floor; his feet were placed in such a way that it was easy for the guards, perched on them, to cripple him... I couldn't stand it, I tried

to call an ambulance and the militia, but I wasn't able to. The situation was not for the faint of heart. Somehow, we got Zubairaeв, still moaning, into the car. The sisters began to put some pills in his mouth, and something to drink. It was forbidden to take pictures near the prison. Photos made from Fatima's phone were deleted by the prison guards".

When the car with Zubairaeв left the prison, a black foreign car with tinted glass and without license plates followed. Behind it was a car with Musa Khadisov, Oleg Bazuev, Aleksei Babii and Malika Zubairaeв. In a few kilometers, the cars stopped. "I went up to the black car and asked two men in the front seat why they were harassing us, and asked them to show their IDs", tells Musa Khadisov. "They didn't move and didn't let out a word. I stated that we are taking a man home who has served out his prison sentence and we don't understand what they want. Instead of an answer an unknown man sitting in the front passenger seat closed the window curtains. Then I went up to the driver and asked him to drive away. He also was silent and pulled the side window curtains closed. Then I called the police, introduced myself and asked them to detain the black car harassing us, which at that moment drove about 50 - 70 meters away. When the police arrived, I pointed to the car and asked them to ascertain the identity of our pursuers. The police drove up to that car, and its driver got out and showed them some documents".

While the police were checking the documents of the unknown persons, the car with Zubairaeв drove off, and Musa Khadisov remained behind. When the black unmarked car in turn drove off, he asked the police what they had found out. They answered that they would report everything to their superiors. Khadisov asked: "Are they FSB?" The

policemen smiled, letting him know that his guess was correct.

That is the only way we were able to get away from our pursuers. But that was not the end of the trials and tribulations of Zubairaeв and his relatives. On May 4th, early in the morning, Zubair was carried on to an airplane that was to take him from Abakan to Moscow. The airport paramedic gave him a shot of pain killer. However, when the other passengers boarded the plane, the pilot refused to fly without written permission to fly a stretcher case. After a while, Zubairaeв and his relatives were put off the plane. The airport workers put him down on the ground and left. They gave them their money back for the tickets.

Musa Khadisov immediately went from the airport to the prison in a taxi and asked for a medical certificate on the state of Zubairaeв's health. They turned him down: Zubair is no longer "ours". In addition, according to their earlier medical reports, he was "perfectly healthy".

The local police doctor also did not give the certificate-permit to fly a stretcher case, saying that he was only a primary care physician, that x-rays needed to be done and they also needed to get a report from a surgeon.

The plane in which Zubairaeв did not fly was delayed several hours: supposedly when they were extending the gangway to take Zubairaeв back off, they scratched the aircraft's skin.

His relatives brought Zubairaeв to Moscow by train. While it was stopped in Yekaterinburg, local human rights defenders came to see him in his compartment. Vladimir Shaklein, who had actively defended Zubair, had his picture taken with him, and even managed to get a smile out of the tormented defendant.

DOSH presents the latest tragic story in its regular rubric "Looking For Them And Waiting For Them" - about the people who disappeared during the two wars in Chechnya. Beginning - in DOSH, Volume 4 (30) 2010, continuing in all subsequent issues.

The Fifteenth Story

Just The Family Of A Bandit

"On January 7, 2003, military forces of troop units 3641 and 6762, together with officers of the UFSB (note: the Directorate of the Federal Security Services, the FSB) for the Chechen Republic, armed with automatic weapons, rode in armored vehicles into the Mayakovsky neighborhood in the city of Grozny, Chechen Republic, in order to conduct joint operational-search actions to find and detain the commander of an NVF (note: illegal armed group), I.A.-R. Saraliev".

These lines from a ruling admitting that a peaceful civilian was a wronged person explain that the nocturnal visit by unbidden guests that night was not accidental. Neither was it an isolated episode of a so-called cleanup operation. It was planned and even had the reputable name of "operational-search action". But the methods of conducting these so-called actions, standard in their manner, recognizable as such, were horrible, even if they were called actions of the security forces during wartime.

However, on that January night, Binato was not thinking along these lines of reasoning or their refined wording. The family lived in a high-rise apartment building. At three o'clock in the morning there was noise in the stairwell: pounding of feet, crude exclamations, slamming of doors. That evening, the father Abdul-Rashid stayed very late with his friends - Vakha Kurashev and N.P. Mottel (the first name of the latter we suppose was Nikolai but all of his friends called him Mottel, his last name). The winter days were very short, and it was very dangerous to go out in the dark in wartime, so they suggested that Abdul-Rashid stay the night. That's what they decided. But it would have been better had they not stayed... The three men were taken out, more accurately, Abdul-Rashid was carried: he was an invalid. They took Ramzan out separately. Binato made for the door but the door was blocked; then she went out onto the balcony and started to call loudly for help. "I woke up the whole courtyard with my cries", she recounts. "Ruslan Razhapov from the building opposite ran out. His son works for the militia and probably he thought he could try to talk to the soldiers. But it was to no effect.

He was taken together with the others".

From the ruling cited above it can be deduced that the detainees were located on the territory of troop unit 3641, deployed in the Staropromyslovsky neighborhood of Grozny, but "having determined during the course of interrogation of the detainees that they have no information about the whereabouts of Islam Saraliev, the soldiers made the decision to release them in different neighborhoods of Grozny".

Essentially, the soldiers acted as they usually do in similar situations: for Chechnya, this kind of thing, horrible as it sounds, it is the norm. On January 11th (the fourth day after their detention), the body of Ramzan Saraliev was found in the Neftyanika River in the Staropromyslovsky neighborhood. The residents of the town of Sadovoe took the nameless corpse to the mosque for burial. Hearing about the body discovered, Binato went there. "Inside me everything went cold when I saw him...it was impossible to recognize his face...his face was disfigured by a shot in the mouth...they tortured him...tormented him...his body bore the traces of the torture - there were strange burns the size of a five-kopek coin... No, you tell me, what was he guilty of?! Why all of this? This is my second son murdered for nothing".

Binato trails off. The silence lasts and lasts; I don't dare break it. But she herself, as if waking out of a trance, continues: "He was taken in earlier too... in connection with the fact that my third son Islam was an insurgent...they beat him...let him go...but here..." I ask the pointless question: "Was Islam really...?" "Yes. Actually Islam was very kind...loved everyone...loved his older brother Salavat very much. When Salavat was killed by the federals, Islam lost his cool...he also died...in the village of Plievo in Ingushetia...there they tried to detain him...he himself...blew up a grenade...on June 21, 2003...that's how I lost my three sons".

A heavy conversation. Very difficult. The woman tells how they continued to look for the others taken that night, and how they

found Ruslan Razhapov. "He was found on April 5, 2003 in Solenaya Balka. He was buried in the ground, and there was one other man buried with him whom no one was able to identify...."

I knew Ruslan. He grew up in the mountain village of Gukha, served in the army, started a family, lived quietly, introverted, as it were did not participate in the rhythm of life, but observed it on the sidelines. But he was a Chechen, and for that reason it was impossible for him not to come out of the house if a woman called for help. "Mottel, Vakha Kurashev and Abdul-Rashid have not been found to this day...Mottel's mother was elderly...she died recently...how many tears did she shed...was still waiting for him, the poor thing...asked all the neighbors - if she died, and was not here when her son came back, would the neighbors tell him when he returns how she was waiting for him... And my husband was ill, in 2002 he fell in the stairwell and went to the hospital with a broken hip...he was prostrate for several months in a cast, and then in traction... his health was never the same...if I could find out what happened to him...."

The neighbors told me about him: at one time he was an interpreter in the oil industry, a person in demand, before the war ruined his life, and what a misfortune he suffered later. From all accounts it was clear how difficult things were for this family and how they are not easy now. When the family filed the application for a search for the detainees, at first the authorities demanded that they write that Abdul-Rashid was mentally deficient, but later the same authorities accused them of not minding their own business, because the information about all the family members was unnecessary, it was enough to give the details about the head of the household. Later these same authorities started calling them relatives of a bandit.... "So that is how I am living out my life... in the dark...the mother of a bandit", Binato sighs heavily. "Do you have a large family?" I asked. And heard the answer: "Isn't it all the same? No matter how large, it is just the family of a bandit". How much grief there was in those words, an inexpressible pain in her voice...

The Sixteenth Story

If Only I'll Live To Learn About His Fate

Hassan Muradov was born in 1966 into the large family of Khalida and Shovda, in the village of Gukha in the Itum-Kalinsky District of the Chechen Republic. He was the youngest son. He grew up, like all the village boys, loving work, and getting used to working at an early age. His parents worked by the sweat of their brows at the collective farm, raised their children, and were altogether happy because there were five more boys in the family than girls (granted, there was only one girl). Time passed, and it seemed that things would go on that way. The children grew up, and Hassan did his army service, grief subsided (the eldest son Hussein had drowned), the time came to babysit the grandchildren and they would welcome in calm years of retirement.

But changes came. First, the collective farm broke up. And later something quite puzzling began to happen: one by one, governmental institutions began to close, few children remained in the schools, and people began to leave the village. Of course, people had left before, but now for some reason those who remained took it badly. For people who were far from politics, this was a shock. Hassan left too, in search of something better. By this time he was married. He went to live in the village of Pervomaiskaya, almost in the suburbs of Grozny. But when the first war began Hassan returned home to the village. Life was hard for everyone. In the village there were many refugees; fortunately we had our own potatoes and other agricultural products. But no one expected such misfortune and such a stream of refugees.

The village was bombed, but all of that turned out to be just an innocent game compared to the second war. When it started, Hassan came there again. "Well where else?" Shovda shrugs her shoulders. "He still had his residence permit here". The bombings did not stop. Paratroopers landed in

the mountains. "It was very frightening", Shovda couldn't hold back tears. "For women with small children and sick elderly people it was a real hell... and bombs, it was as if they decided to drop all the bombs in the world on the village". The family pulled together and survived all the hardships and deprivations and it seemed that things were getting a bit better. Hassan decided to check on his wife and children and headed for the village of Pervomaiskaya.

But the joy of their meeting did not last long. Misfortune came on the second day of his visit to the house. On June 6, 2002, at three in the morning, men in camouflage and masks dragged him out of the house and took him away. Through the broken window, his wife saw two UAZ cars (note: Ulyanovsk Automobile Factory, a Russian marque) driving away from the house. Probably, Shovda figured that it was frivolous to talk about broken-down doors, windows of the house, and about the insulting treatment of Hassan's wife and children. She spoke about other things: about the grief which does not and will not let go of her ever...about her grandson Shamil, who was doing well in school and was participating in amateur theatricals, about the immeasurable heartache...about the only dream of her remaining life, that her son will return.

They looked for Hassan everywhere possible. Six months after Hassan's kidnapping the family experienced another misfortune: their other son, Surkho, was killed in front of their own house by a tank shell. "This happened on December 14, 2002", Shovda without giving it a thought names the dates - all, whether of children's birthdays, kidnapping, or death. These dates are forever etched in our memory. Surkho was born in 1956; his wife and two sons were left behind. "They buried Surkho and once more started to look for Hassan. Each one

of our children is a part of us, but Surkho has a grave which we may visit, while nothing is known about Hassan... We have turned to various law enforcement authorities, including the Grozny Village Procurator, but our searching has not produced any results...in June it will be 10 years and we still do not know anything about the fate of our son...his father couldn't take it, he has taken to his bed...sometimes he doesn't want to talk to anyone...he is almost always sitting there with his eyes closed...doesn't eat, doesn't drink...when I ask him very persistently, he swallows something and then goes back into himself...but I...can't think of anything else except Hassan...I pray for him...if I'll only live to learn about his fate..."

Shovda shows me the correspondence with the powers that be, their answers in various stock phrases... and trying to look into my eyes, asks the question: is anyone looking for her son? What do I think? And I have no answer; rather, I cannot answer truthfully. I cannot extinguish the hope of this mother, although it is fading away gradually in her eyes, eternally wet with tears. On the way back, I recalled the old house of the two elderly people, the slight Shovda, as if shriveled by grief, Khalid, who did not utter a word the whole time I was there, did not open his eyes, as if he did not want to see this cruel world which inflicted such trials on his fatherly feelings, did not want to see the mountain village Gukha where everything was different, not like in the big population centers, where people even dream differently. These elderly people sought in life not money, nor comfortable circumstances; for them the most important thing was conscience, the ability to tell good from evil. I never heard a single complaint from Shovda about the old house, the difficulties of life in the mountains, about anything. Both of them have one and only one dream - to live to learn about the fate of their son...

MARET ELDIEVA

GOOD IN THE NAME OF LIFE

Laureates
(left to right):
Rosa Ganieva,
Inna Airapetyan,
Sophia Shakirova



On April 30th of this year in Tbilisi the prizes for "Young Women For Peace in the Caucasus" were presented. Second and third prizes were bestowed upon Sophia Shakirova, director of the organization Stavropol Volunteers Movement (city of Stavropol), and Rosa Ganieva, director of the Center for Psychological Assistance and Post-Crisis Rehabilitation in the Republic of Ingushetia. A certificate, award and first prize were presented to our compatriot Inna Airapetyan, coordinator of the program branch of the regional non-profit organization Sintem from the Chechen Republic. The inspiration for instituting such a prize was the work of Anait Bayandur (1931-2011), the well-known human rights activist and peacekeeper from Armenia, laureate of the Olof Palme Peace Prize.

Inna Airapetyan was born in Grozny in 1974. She went to School No. 106. She grew up in a friendly, hardworking family. In 1992 she began to work as a teacher in her own school. The beginning of the first war found her teaching the first grade and at the same time a student in her junior year at the Chechen State University. In January, 1995 she left for Novosibirsk, but she returned to Grozny two months later. The same year she began to work as a methodologist in the Republic's Center for Extracurricular Activities. In 1999, she went to Ingushetia, working there in refugee camps on peacemaking and psychosocial programs for international and local non-profit organizations. Concurrently she traveled to the Chechen Republic, where under her direction the first women's centers were established in tem-

porary refugee camps in Grozny. In 2004, Inna returned to Grozny, and together with her colleagues founded the women's organization Sintem, which still operates.

Behind these terse lines of her biography is a life which beat her, thrashed her, sometimes painfully to the point of madness, but taught her fortitude and kindness, and also - to remember that a woman has a right to be forceful and magnanimous at the same time. And there is her work, which required a vivid, dedicated personality, prepared to be constantly on the road, and to be conscious of one's calling for this life.

I had heard a great deal about Inna Airapetyan before I met her. My acquaintance with her developed gradually, through work relations, personal observations and the stories of others. The most gratifying result of all this was that I was not disappointed. And I learned many interesting things.

I remember one day when Inna and I were both in Ureki (Georgia) in the International Friendship Camp. A group from Armenia was in the foyer discussing something in their native language. Inna, walking by, said something to them in Armenian. The children were surprised: "Are you an Armenian?" The answer resounded: "I am an Armenian, but my homeland is Chechnya". This was pronounced with such pride and pain, that I got goose bumps all over.

I think at that moment I understood her her special sense of homeland, born of suffering, gained at the price of a difficult internal struggle. Later, I learned that that was the way it was. Inna's life, having gone through war and pain, was divided into "before" and "after". If then, on January 3, 1995, leaving Grozny, she had known that she would return to a different city and to a different life, she probably would not have left... But she left. She left the day before her brother Artur's

birthday. Of course, she wasn't going to be with strangers (another brother, Sergei, lived with his family in Novosibirsk), but she was going to get away from the war, into the unknown, leaving in devastated Grozny her father, mother and brother.

She was already enrolled in a prestigious Novosibirsk institution of higher learning, when she had a dream. To this day she remembers it in detail: on March 15th, she dreamed that her mother was calling from a grave somewhere, yelling: "Inna, Inna!" Barely able to wait for morning, she went to see Sergei.

"Sergei, it turned out had already left for Chechnya. I learned that Artur and father were no longer with us," she says through tears. "I had only 10 dollars. A friend of Sergei's gave me a little more. I went to the Migration Service, but there people were buying only one-way tickets. I really needed to get to Chechnya... Screaming here, weeping there, after a while I had a ticket to Mineralnye Vody. I don't know whose money the employee of the Migration Service gave me, his own or the government's, but to this day I am grateful to him..."

Later in Minvody, she was almost shot: a trainload of soldiers arrived from Grozny and began to unload things they had looted in Chechnya, and Inna saw an Ilet brand tape recorder, just like the one they had in their house. To the question of "whose tape recorder was that", the soldier, perking up his head with pride, as if she were talking about a medal, answered: "Mine!" And the girl, blinded by grief, went at him screaming: "It was you who killed my brother and father!"

From here on everything was like a horrible nightmare: cries, noise, the clatter of weapons; an officer who was yelling something angrily in her face. Later, when she was sitting at the train station with some of the many people

from Grozny there, one and only one word whirled in her memory: "bandits". Since then, since she left Grozny, she has had to hear it often; that is what they called everyone in Chechnya, no matter what their nationality, faith or line of business. But that they were calling her father and brother bandits, that now boggled the mind.

When they got to Grozny, they were let out in a neighborhood near a cannery. From there, they walked through the whole city, with corpses lying everywhere; over a damaged bridge, ignoring the signs "mines", Inna made it home. She did not recognize any of the surroundings, did not even recognize her mother - she had turned into an old woman driven into despair by grief. The neighbors later told her how the federals had killed her brother and father, supposedly by mistake; how a young soldier crawling on his knees had asked forgiveness of her mother, how they buried them in the courtyard. All this time (the tragedy occurred on February 3rd), her mother had lived alone with this staggering grief and the two graves outside. It was like that for many in Grozny, and in their village also. Later her mother told Inna how all of the neighbors in their village helped as much as they could...

After the first war, when many people were leaving Chechnya, they did not leave. Sergei remained also. Because he could not leave his mother and Inna, Sergei's own family broke up.

During the whole time of her work in the Republic's Center for Extracurricular Activities, and later, when the second war started, Inna saw what a heavy load was born on the frail shoulders of women, and she constantly thought of how to ease that burden. Now, of course, she is quite successful in this; many women, young mothers included, receive psychological and social support from Sintem. But there were times when Inna was in tough situations. At those times, she, in

her own words, remembered with gratitude the good people whom she had met on life's path, and this helped her cope with adversity. There were more than a few such people: Olya from Novosibirsk and her father, a military man, who understood that the war in Chechnya was a mistake; the women in Minvody who saved her from execution; her neighbor Ludmila Mikhailovna, who bathed everyone who was dying during those hard times; her other neighbor, who somehow knocked together coffins for her brother and father. She remembered that first class of 1994, which taught her the Chechen language, although the war did not allow her to finish giving Russian lessons to the first graders; she recalled the refugees and the first holiday tree in Karabulak (note - in Ingushetia) for the children from Chechnya in 2001. This sustained Inna, and she was able to do everything life demanded of her. To the question of whether she holds a grudge against the soldiers guilty of the deaths of her relatives, she answers that she does not. She simply lives and does good, in the name of life.

Of course, when Inna was at the award ceremony, many in Chechnya, as they say, "were keeping their fingers crossed for her". Her friends, colleagues, and acquaintances received the news of the prize with gratitude, as recognition of Inna's heartfelt labor, her thoughtful attitude towards people, her inexhaustible determination to do good and to affirm in society the highest ideals of peace.

Returning home after my meeting with Inna, I thought about how little we may understand those people who extend a helping hand to us, how sometimes we are ungrateful to those whose selfless generosity we enjoy. Or are they indebted to us? Maybe they are indebted, if they see in this their mission, if, despite all the difficulties of such a way of living, they do not turn away from it. It is a high calling!



ABDULLA DUDUEV DISAPPOINTMENT

The tiny Republic of Ingushetia, which just recently celebrated its 20th anniversary, has experienced many different events, including quite dramatic ones, in the past few years, beginning with the Ossetian-Ingush conflict of the fall of 1992 which coincided with the 10-year anniversary of the founding of the republic. Most Ingush associate the founding of their republic with its first leader, Aushev, but then a period of instability and violence began, when the military began to kidnap residents of Ingushetia and execute them without trial.

By 2008, dissatisfaction with the local authorities reached a critical point. Many then said: give us the devil himself, but just get Zyazikov out.

And at that moment, in place of the retired FSB General Zyazikov, they appointed GRU General Yevkurov, in whom many put great hope. In the first place, they expected that the new president, if he did not put an end to the omnipotence of the unbridled power ministry officials, he would at least minimize their lawlessness. Indeed, all power in the region turned out to be in those officials' hands, and they continued to abuse it big time.

In the first few years of his rule, as some local commentators and human rights advocates have noted, the new head of the republic really was able to achieve some encouraging breakthroughs. Experts rate as positive Yevkurov's so-called peace initiatives - negotiations with representatives of the underground in order to obtain their renunciation of the armed struggle, and the reconciliation of the sworn enemies. It is precisely this latter point that is considered an achievement of the third leader of Ingushetia.

However, as one may hear now in any population center of the republic, Yunus-bek Yevkurov, like his predecessor, was not able to deal with the primary malady of the last few years - lawlessness on the part of precisely those people who are supposed to be

fighting it. The disappearance of people, that is, putting it more simply, the kidnapping and murder continue. The benefit of the doubt given by the population to retired general Yevkurov has vanished, as if it were never there.

A little over a year ago, the Center for the Caucasus Initiative, together with DOSH conducted a poll on the level of trust accorded the three rulers of Ingushetia; the results were published in DOSH (No. 1, 2011) in an article "Falling Rating". I remind the reader that 81.8% of the 1,500 polled said that they trusted the first president of the republic Ruslan Aushev; Murat Zyazikov received the support of 9.5%, and Yunus-bek Yekurov - only 8.7%.

The head of Ingushetia at that time did not agree with those results, and people from his administration began to write and call us, as they said, "at the request of Yunus-bek Bamatgirevich".

The Ingush leader's subordinates delicately asked "who ordered this poll and how much did it cost", and made no less delicate proposals to "take a new poll".

We accepted the proposal, although a year later. This time we decided to check the level of trust of the current head of Ingushetia separately, so that people could express their opinion without looking back to compare him with his predecessors. Moreover, the Center for the Caucasus Initiative learned what impression people had of the activities of the government of the republic, how the people evaluated the success of their, if one may say so, servants.

But the new results will hardly be comforting for Yevkurov and his government: they reflect a catastrophically low level of trust. According to these data, if in the near future the Ingush people were given the chance to elect their leader without the "filters" provided by the new law on the election of the head of the region, Yevkurov would easily be beaten by any competitor.

LIDA TSECHOEVA

HOW TO START A FAMILY WITHOUT RISKING ONE'S LIFE

Today, in order to fight the spread of HIV infection in the republics of the northern Caucasus, increasingly more unconventional methods are being employed. For more than a year now in Chechnya there has been a ban on getting married without a medical certificate confirming the presence or absence of this serious illness in young people.

Ingush authorities and clergy are already prepared to adopt the experience of their Chechen colleagues: to go down the same path to prevent dangerous consequences in case this disease develops and takes root among the republic's residents. The procedure for performing tests and then subsequent marriage will be the same. Before a wedding, young people are charged with getting tested and getting a medical note from the Republic's Center for Prevention and Control of HIV/AIDS. In the application for a marriage certificate, there will be a new line, where it will be verified that both the bride and groom have this note. The authenticity of the medical note must be attested by the imams of the places where the future spouses live. Only after a thorough check can they go through with the marriage according to all the Muslim canons.

Does this long procedure make sense? Today, many residents of the republic, puzzled with such a statement of the question, are trying to determine this. In Ingushetia there are already around 900 cases of HIV, and in the opinion of

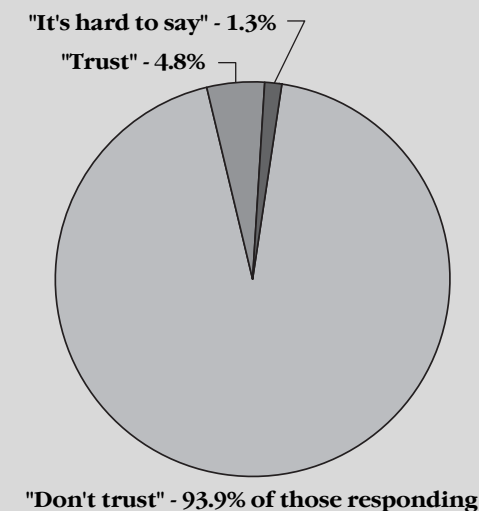
doctors, this figure cannot be considered final, since each day the disease is infecting more and more people, among whom there are children as well.

It would seem that for a society, confessing Islam, obligated to observe its moral-ethical norms and strict rules governing the relations between the sexes, this problem cannot fail to be of concern. The situation that has arisen should bring round every person who is concerned with his or her health and the health of his or her relatives.

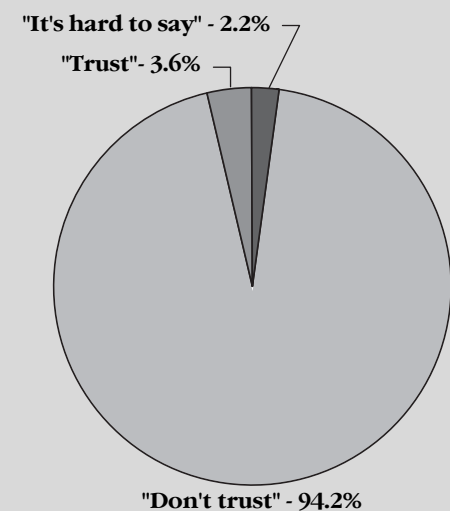
In Ingushetia the majority of those sick with AIDS are those suffering from drug addiction. All too often they live as if nothing had happened, but not because they are undergoing drug therapy on schedule. It's simply that they don't suspect they are infected. A person can suffer from an ailment for years, the name and origin of which never occur to him. The residents of both republics, Chechnya and Ingushetia, have only heard in passing about the dangers associated with HIV infection; it is perceived by them as something unreal, striking other peo-

ple, but not concerning them at all. In addition very few people are aware of the seriousness of this disease: for the ignorant it is all one, whether it is AIDS or chronic bronchitis.

On the other hand, there are cases when people go to the other extreme. One woman, infected by her husband, having learned the test result, went into hysterics and threatened to immolate herself and her children, since she considered that any life from then on would have no meaning. This story was told by an immunologist of the Central Nazran Hospital of the Republic of Ingushetia, Zalina Bogatyreva. She also shared some of her observations concerning the more frequently encountered reactions of men infected with HIV, who when the doctor asks them to tell their wives, refuse to do that, giving as the reason that now this is a common burden - if I'm going to be sick, then with the whole family. There's an understanding of solidarity! It is an extremely egotistical and stupid position. But even this can be explained - a person is driven by panic fear. It is the fear of remaining one on one with the disease, of



"Do you trust the actions of the government?"



becoming an outcast not only in society, but even in one's own family. Fearing to lose his honor and dignity, of being abased in the eyes of his relatives and acquaintances, a person often conceals his problem and lives by the principle of "whatever will be, will be".

The doctors are convinced that people react like that out of ignorance.

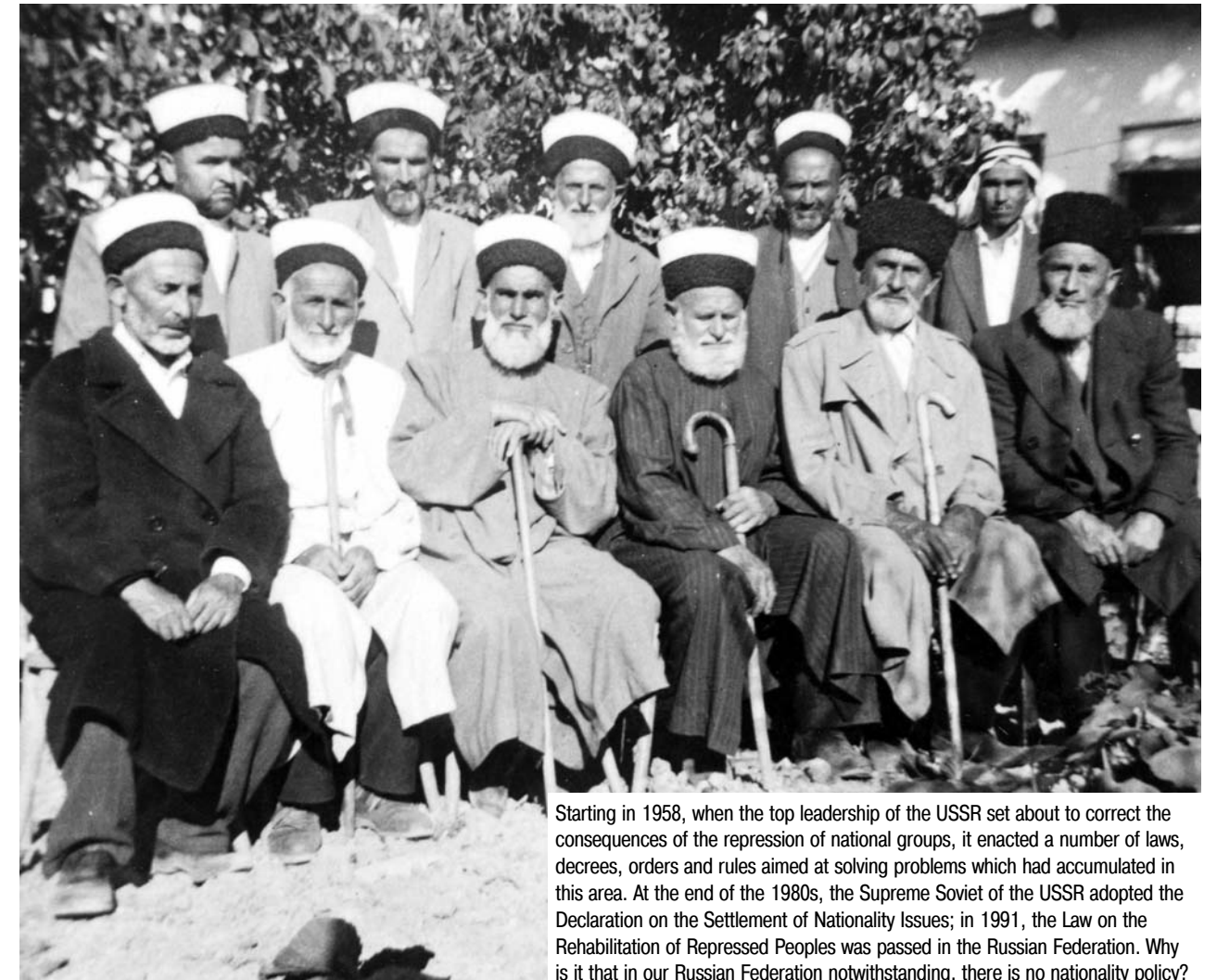
After all on the face of it, in Ingushetia, there is a campaign against drug addiction, so that means a campaign to prevent the consequences of this ruinous addiction, including the one of AIDS. But all this looks superficial, of the same type as the slogan "Just say no to drugs!" Attempts to openly discuss these and other painful subjects run up

against the characteristics of the mentality of society which assumes censorship in the discussion of sensitive issues. Many parents are convinced that children should not know these things. They won't believe it if they are told that their own children have already grown up long ago and now know much more than the older generation.

Today, with the implementation of the "law" about the medical note before a marriage, people are thinking more deeply about the problem of HIV in Chechnya and Ingushetia. This is not an infringement upon the private life of citizens, and not an attempt to divide society into sick and healthy - it is concern for the health of the nation.

But many people ask the question: what should we do, if young people want to get married and live together their whole lives, but one of them, alas, it turns out, is ill? Should we forbid them from starting a family? So, is such a family - a sick nucleus of society, a broken marriage?

After submitting their medical notes, the young people and their parents ought to make any further decision. The only important thing is to make this decision responsibly. The authorities and the Islamic High Council do not have the right to forbid them to marry. The purpose of this measure is only to warn about the potential consequences of such a union, leaving to each the right to choose.



Starting in 1958, when the top leadership of the USSR set about to correct the consequences of the repression of national groups, it enacted a number of laws, decrees, orders and rules aimed at solving problems which had accumulated in this area. At the end of the 1980s, the Supreme Soviet of the USSR adopted the Declaration on the Settlement of Nationality Issues; in 1991, the Law on the Rehabilitation of Repressed Peoples was passed in the Russian Federation. Why is it that in our Russian Federation notwithstanding, there is no nationality policy?

SVETLANA ALIEVA NEW FRUITS OF THE OLD LACK OF MEMORY

In the middle of December last year, and in February and March of this year there were meetings of authorized representatives of the peoples of the northern Caucasus and also of concerned, no less well-known Muscovites. Concurrently, publications saw the light: commentaries characterizing the situation and commentaries with proposals, illustrated with alarming information about the life of the peoples of this region.

Commissions and delegations were frequently seen around the region, and there was even a call for a project "Peace for the Caucasus". This call perturbed me - why peace only for the Caucasus? Don't the peoples of Russia, the Kalmyks, the peoples of the north, Siberia, Bashkiria, Buryatia, etc., need peace?

More and more often one hears the indignant question: "How long are we

going to feed the Caucasus?" Ha! I know the peoples of the northern Caucasus well, I have traveled there often, I was born and grew up there - it is one place where I have not encountered loafers, slackers, and free-loaders. National traditions and historical experience do not permit any manifestations of parasitism, not on the part of women, and all the more not on the part of men. Who is feeding them?

However, there are causes for worry. Today, leaders at all levels - in the center of the country and at the grass roots - are looking for a way out of the difficult, chronic malaise which has really become critical. Yes, one might say, they have already announced that they found a way out. Create a Ministry of Nationality Affairs - nothing more. Concentrate precisely on the northern Caucasus! It seems the other peoples of the Russian Federation, including the Russian people, have no problems. The main thing is to find just such a leader to head the Ministry, who, as soon as any inter-ethnic problem arises anywhere, will immediately arrive at the scene, and, drawing on his authority, will persuade those quarreling, will explain to them what is good and what is bad, and will reconcile them. And that's it!

The Minister is the savior! By peaceful means alone! No violence! Hurrah, long live the fairy tale! Well, it doesn't hurt to dream! Alexander Pushkin said, a fairy tale is a lie, but it contains a hint, and a lesson for good people. The only thing is in the case of our new fairy tale Minister, where does one look for that hint, that pearl of wisdom, if our wonderful minds, initiators of a new bureaucratic undertaking, have not learned a blessed thing from the lessons generously taught by the history of our own Homeland?

After all, a Ministry for solving brewing nationality problems was already created at the beginning of the 1990s, and at the time, Shakhrai was appointed to head it. Remember? That's just it; it's hard to remember because it didn't come to anything. What did this Ministry do to help the prevent the barbaric pogrom, disgracing Russia, against the Ingush population of Northern Ossetia driving people from their own land, in October - November, 1992? And this was the second year after the adoption of the Law

on the Rehabilitation of Repressed Peoples! To this day (we are now into the 20th year) there are more than 60,000 Ingush who were forced to flee from Northern Ossetia living in temporary trailers.

After Shakhrai there was a second minister and after him, a third. The latter so zealously tried to find a solution to nationality issues that he entered the fray by establishing "constitutional order" in the Chechen Republic. But he didn't succeed, and lost his job because he failed to provide the ideological - scientific approach the higher authorities called for to justify the war. This was where they shuttered up the Ministry. The State Duma took over and began to work on a new nationality model. This model was presented to the world in a multipage opus, which carefully preserved and secured the Stalinist nationality model - in all its imperial-repressive Soviet order. The key subject matter of this hefty tome was the meticulously elaborated instructions on how one ought to interrelate with the national minorities of Russia so as not to permit inter-ethnic conflicts. They even created a new scientific discipline - conflictology.

A new State Duma got to work. It deemed the labor of the previous Duma successful, and withdrew nationality policy from circulation; it was unnecessary, extraneous in the Russian Federation - multi-ethnic and made up of a number of ethnic states. But the war in Chechnya, started in December, 1994, went on for practically 15 years with a short break. There have been hundreds of thousands of victims of this carnage, one of the bloodiest and cruelest in contemporary history: killed, crippled, missing, and languishing in prison on trumped-up criminal charges only because they are Chechens.

Nationality problems are becoming more strained and thorny, not with

every passing year, but with every passing month, and ignoring them naturally makes them more difficult as time passes. So these concerned gentlemen have thought up a solution - to create a Ministry of Nationality Issues. Forgetfulness has become chronic. No lessons are put to future use. Everyone has descended into demagoguery and an empty talkfest.

Is it not time for us to come to our senses? Maybe it would be more sensible to appeal to the Procurator General and the Constitutional Court, asking why government decisions made years ago, which were answers to prayers, and which are necessary to normalize the lives of Russian citizens of all nationalities are not being enforced? Starting in 1958, when the top leadership of the USSR set about to correct the consequences of the repression of national groups, it enacted a number of laws, decrees, orders and rules aimed at solving problems which had accumulated in this area. At the end of the 1980s, the Supreme Soviet of the USSR adopted the Declaration on the Settlement of Nationality Issues; in 1991, the Law on the Rehabilitation of Repressed Peoples was passed in the Russian Federation. Why is it that in our Russian Federation notwithstanding, there is no nationality policy?

An avalanche of paper and lofty speeches, but the train hasn't left the station. To this day, the peoples of the Northern Caucasus and others, including the Russian people, are forced to suffer the absence of and the failure to carry out the law, while violations of civil and ethnic rights continue with impunity.

After all, until the laws are observed, no new spending on a costly executive agency like the recently conceived Ministry will correct or decide anything, even if you put an angel from heaven in the Minister's chair.

MAIRBEK VATCHAGAEV

President of the Association for Research on the Caucasus
Paris, France

IBRAGIM CHULIK, AN UNDERAPPRECIATED PERSONALITY

... For us every historical figure is important; it is our duty to understand what his role was in the fate of his people. One shouldn't elevate everyone to the rank of a hero, but one should not pick apart and throw stones at those who perhaps are sometimes beyond our comprehension. After all, we are guided by values of a new era. Opinions differ. Some consider a man a hero, others, an enemy. There are no ideal people, and there cannot be any among those who have left a meaningful imprint on our history. But their merits are incontrovertible and one must give them their due. One simply ought to discuss everything that actually happened, neither whitewashing it, nor getting carried away by the negative. Everyone, writer and reader, should have the right to draw independent conclusions, determining from his own point of view who is who.



When one talks about the emigration of the mountain people after the 1917 revolution, most often the first person who comes to mind (for 99 percent of the population of our republic), and sometimes the only person people will name is Tapa (Abdul-Mejid) Chermoyev. Actually one ought to talk about hundreds and thousands of Chechens who left their homeland to save themselves from the persecution of the Bolsheviks. With Tapa Chermoyev alone, the majority of the members of a large family left Russia: his brother's children, and also his brother Abdul-Muslim, his sons-in-law, his cousins: in total, 30 of his relatives. But this is only a small part of the Chechen emigration, and not the entire emigration, but that part which settled in France. The older brothers of the well-known Chechen playwright Said Baduev, Akhmad and Abdul-Mejid, and also Umar Aliev from Shali, Zaurbek Zhanarsaev from Vedeno, Ibragim Chulikov from Urus-Martani, Said Turkaev, and the family of General Eliskhan Aliev, among others, settled down there. And, for example, Mustafinov settled in Czechoslovakia, Ibragim Chulikov in Poland, but there were others - it is impossible to name them all. At various times there were about a dozen Chechens scattered across Europe. Some left their homeland and settled in Turkey after the Second World War.

I see my task as tracing the path of emigres from the Northern Caucasus who chose Europe as their place of permanent residence, and in part, the Chechen diaspora of the first wave (after the revolution) and the second wave (after the war). Now I propose to draw attention to the person of Ibragim Chulikov, who changed his last name in Europe, removing the Russian ending, and became known among the mountain and overall emigration from the Caucasus as Ibragim Chulik.

Ibragim, son of Makhta Chulikov, was born in the village of Urus-Martani, into the Gendergenoi family line (note: the Chechen "teip"). Some believe he was born in the village of Starye Atagi, but this is a mistake, arising from the fact that during the establishment of Soviet rule, it was there that he headed the Chechen National Council. It must be said that this position was the least significant of a number of others which he subsequently held.

Our hero (according to his Polish passport, Ibrahim Czulik) was born on August 15, 1891. He received a good education: by the beginning of the collapse of the Russian Empire he had gotten a law degree. But, as was characteristic of the time and typical of the mountain peoples, he chose to go into the military, believing that it was good preparation for life. His career went well: by 1917, he was a cavalry captain in the Savage Division.

However, the collapse of the empire made its own adjustments to the fate of all those who were involved in politics and tried to influence the future of their people. It is worth noting that in this period, Chulikov's political views were not yet clearly defined. At that time there were quite a few people who in a short period of time (from 1917 to 1924) changed their views about the future of the Chechen people several times, starting with defending the ideals of constitutional monarchy, to Bolshevism, to preferring the social-democratic path to development. Ibragim Chulikov was searching for his place in history. His political career began in March, 1917, when he became a member of the Chechen People's Executive Committee.

At the first congress of mountain peoples of the northern Caucasus (in May, 1917), he was among those

elected to be a member of the "Provisional Council of the Union of the United Mountain Peoples of the Caucasus". Among the members of this council were the leading representatives of the intelligentsia of the northern Caucasus of that time: Rashidkhan Kaplanov and Bashir Daglat from Daghestan, Tapa Chermoyev and Ibragim Chulik from Chechnya, the brothers Vassan-Giray and Magomet Jabagi from Ingushetia, Elbyzdyk Britaev from Ossetia, Pshemakho Kotsev from Kabarda and Adygei and Basiyat Shakhanov from Balkaria and Karachai.

At the same time, in May, 1917, Chulikov became a member of the committee on the establishment of the Terek Oblast, and in June, joined the delegation of the oblast executive committee on the organization of new elections in Chechnya. At the end of 1917, he was already a candidate for membership in the All-Russian Constituent Assembly from Chechnya and Ingushetia. In the last days of January, 1918, a congress held in Starye Atagi elected a Chechen National Council (medzhlis) made up of 30 people. Practically all of the leading Chechen public figures of the period were in the Atagi Medzhlis: Ali Mitaev, Sugaip-mulla Gaisumov, Ibragim-khadzhi Goitinsky, the tamada of the Kunt-Khadzhi Shuaip Nazakhadzhiev, Magomed-mirza Tokaev, Ibragim Chulikov, Tashtemir Eldarkhanov, Bilo-khadzhi from Urus-Martani, Yusup-mulla from Starye Atagi, Akhmatuko-khadzhi from Shami-yurt, and many others. Akhmad Mutushev was elected chairman of this Council. However, in March a split occurred; in Goita Chechens sympathizing with the Bolsheviks announced their own council, headed by Aslanbek Sheripov and Tashtemir Eldarkhanov. In response to this, the opponents of Bolshevism replaced the chairman

Mutushev with Ibragim Chulikov. Thus, in April, 1918 he headed the Chechen National Council (the Atagi Council, formed to be a counterbalance to the Goita Council); however, by this time the Council had moved from the village of Starye Atagi to the settlement of Alda.

A man whom Ibragim Chulikov trusted completely and who was prepared to go the distance with him was Lieutenant General of the artillery Eliskhan Aliev, who became ruler of Chechnya during its occupation by the forces of General A.I. Denikin. In 1920, he was shot by the Bolsheviks in Grozny, but during this period, Eliskhan Aliev, still under the influence of his oath of allegiance to the emperor, almost without wavering took the side of Denikin, a proponent of the restoration of a constitutional monarchy. He was convinced that power without a monarch would lead to chaos, a view which was close to the truth. General Denikin who knew him well, appointed Eliskhan Aliev ruler of Chechnya, and his deputy for civilian affairs - Ibragim Chulikov. In the days when the Cossacks were being decimated, according to documents of the headquarters of the forces of the Terek Oblast, White Army officers, organizers of the rebellion, hid in the mountains of Chechnya with Ibragim Chulikov. This also characterizes him as a man of his word. After all it was far from safe for him to hide Cossack officers, who had been considered the cause of all the woes of the mountain peoples. The very fact that they fled not to Russia, but to the mountains to Ibragim Chulikov tells much about how they put their trust in his honor.

The defeat of Denikin's forces and his participation in the governance of Chechnya led to a falling out with leading Chechen politicians like A.M. Chermoyev (although they were rela-

tives and had been friends from childhood on), the Sheripov brothers, and others.

The victory of the Bolsheviks and the death of Eliskhan Aliev (who was shot together with two of his sons; the third managed to make it to Paris with his mother, later settling in Switzerland). Chulikov was not prepared to flee and leave his relatives at the mercy of fate. Tashtemir Eldarzhano was among those he trusted. It was he who suggested that Ibragim agree to work for the Bolsheviks. Chulikov was able to convince the new authorities that he could be of more use abroad among the emigres from the mountains of the northern Caucasus. Knowing practically all of them personally, he proposed to convince them to give up their anti-Soviet activity. That the Bolsheviks agreed to this adventure might have been considered strange, if it weren't for the support Ibragim got from the Chechen leaders whom he knew (T. Eldarkhanov and the Mutushev brothers) - they facilitated his leaving the USSR.

According to the Bolsheviks' plan, he was supposed to become their eyes and ears among the emigres of the mountain peoples. However, Ibragim Chulik, finding himself in Prague, immediately made a public statement that he was sent there as a spy by the OGPU (note: Joint State Political Directorate, the Soviet secret police from 1922 to 1934). Some suspected that this was a trick on his part in order to ingratiate himself into their midst, and they handled themselves warily, coldly. First among those to extend a hand to him was his old acquaintance, Ossetian Barasbi Baitugan, who, based in Brno, was trying actively to unite the diaspora of the mountain peoples. To this purpose, the "Union of the Mountain Peoples of the Caucasus" was founded

in Prague. With the help of the Union's board of directors, Ibragim Chulik received a second education, this time that of a medical doctor. This was made possible because in the 1920s, the government of Czechoslovakia, trying to win the support of a significant number of Russian emigres who were the elite of the nation, funded a number of educational programs for refugees. The government provided money for scholarships for students and doctoral candidates, which permitted many to survive in those circumstances. In Prague and across the country there were six higher education institutions in which thousands of emigres studied. And there was a quota just for mountain people from the Caucasus. It was precisely around the students from the Caucasus, although there were not many of them, that the Union of the Mountain Peoples of the Caucasus was formed - their first political organization abroad. The Union saw the emergence of new figures who joined the struggle against Soviet power at the end of the 1920s. The first emigres journal of the mountain peoples saw the light under its auspices. The active members of the organization were Mustafinov, Akhmed Nabi Magoma, Barasbi Baituran, and, to be sure, Akhmed Tsalikati (Tsalikov), one of its founders.

However, by the end of the 1920s, the emigration started to move westward, principally to France. Ibragim Chulik settled in Poland, where his friends from Prague and Brno moved. Here he applied for citizenship and on December 11, 1930, received a Polish passport. He was active politically in the international movement outlined in the journal Prometheus, which was conceived as a center destined to unite not only people from the Caucasus, but also Ukrainians, Tatars and representatives of Central Asia.

Ibragim Chulik joined the editorial board of Prometheus. Along with him, other well-known representatives of the era also joined: the Georgian Giorgi Gvazava, the Azeri doctor Mir Yakub Mekhtiev, Mustafa Chokaev from Turkistan, and Alexander Shulgin, the professor and important Ukrainian leader.

The Polish committee delegated Ibragim Chulik to go to Paris to set a right work with the Paris office of the journal Prometheus, supposing that the journal had come under the negative influence of the adherents of Gaidar Bammatt, with whom the committee was feuding. When in 1938 under the influence of Poland it was decided to alter the journal and thus the movement it headed, Ibragim Chulik was one of the few who criticized that decision. He was categorically against the reorganization of Prometheus, as part of which the Caucasus was to cede the leading role to the Ukraine. At a meeting of the SKK (note: Northern Caucasus Committee), he stated: "We created it twenty years ago and we have been producing it all this time, and now it is being taken away from us, without our even being asked". By the way, it was precisely at that moment that the Promethean movement lost its position in the international arena.

Ibragim Chulik arrived in Paris on March 8, 1931. This was a temporary business trip; who could have known that it would end by his moving to France? Officially he was a journalist, since he had worked for a few years as editor of Prometheus, and this journal was the engine of the anti-Soviet movement in the West.

Vigorous political activity pushed Ibragim Chulik to the forefront of the political figures from the Caucasus in Europe. He tried to unify the positions of all the national councils of moun-

According to the Bolsheviks' plan, he was supposed to become their eyes and ears among the ÿmigrñs of the mountain peoples. However, Ibragim Chulik, finding himself in Prague, immediately made a public statement that he was sent there as a spy by the OGPU (note: Joint State Political Directorate, the Soviet secret police from 1922 to 1934). Some suspected that this was a trick on his part in order to ingratiate himself into their midst, and they handled themselves warily, coldly. First among those to extend a hand to him was his old acquaintance, Ossetian Barasbi Baitugan, who, based in Brno, was trying actively to unite the diaspora of the mountain peoples. To this purpose, the "Union of the Mountain Peoples of the Caucasus" was founded in Prague.

tain peoples. The culmination of all of these efforts was the signing on July 14, 1934 of a "Pact on the Confederation of the Caucasus", which was supposed to draw the attention of the international community to the problems of the Caucasus. Among the signatures were those of delegates from the Transcaucasus and the Northern Caucasus, M.E. Rasulzade, former President of the National Assembly of Azerbaijan, President of the National Center for Azerbaijan, Ali Mardan, the leader of this delegation B. Topchibashi - in the past, President of the Parliament of the Republic of Azerbaijan, Noi Jordania, the former President of Georgia, now President of the Georgian National Center; A. Chenkeli, former ambassador of Georgia to France, and finally, from the Northern Caucasus - Giray Sunzhev, Ibragim Chulik, and Tausultan Shakman. Armenia refrained from signing this pact, on the basis of which a Council of the Confederation of the Caucasus was subsequently formed, having the authority of an All-Caucasus Government.

Another endeavor of Ibragim Chulik was discussion of the unification of

the language of all the peoples living in the Northern Caucasus. In 1933 in Warsaw, the emigrees from the Northern Caucasus created a commission on linguistic issues. The members were the Avar Said-Bey Shamil, Avar Emir-Khasan Khursh, the Kumyk Urkhan Tarkovsky, the Balkar Magomed-Giray Sunsh, Hussein Kumuz, the Ossetians Barasbi Baitugan and Bala Bilati, Magomed Chuku, the Chechen Ibragim Chulik, the Kumyk Yusuf-Bek Umash, and the Adyg Zhanbek Zhavkhoko. Notably, it was Ibragim Chulik who proposed that a variant of Kumyk be recognized as the language of communication, since it was used by the mountain peoples before the Russian conquest of the Caucasus.

In politics, Ibragim Chulik was very principled. When, for example, in 1936, the question was raised of including the Cossacks in the Promethean movement, Ibragim spoke out categorically against it, stating that unification was impossible until the Cossacks officially give up their claims to mountain peoples' lands. Despite pressure from the Poles, who were demanding he soften his position, he remained adamant, and the Cossacks at that time

remained outside of the movement. After all it is one thing to be opposed, but another to talk about it for all to hear. When the position of the peoples of the Northern Caucasus needed to be firmly defended, Ibragim Chulik was pushed to the fore.

While in Paris, of course he could not fail to get back in touch with his old contacts in the large Chermoyev family, who had almost to a man all settled in Paris. Tapa Chermoyev extended his hand of friendship and assistance to his relative. Together they organized the "Union of Mountain People - Oil Producers of the Northern Caucasus" with Ibragim Chulik, one of the founders, its secretary.

One more aspect of his activity is journalism. His articles, which were published in Prometheus, Severny Kavkaz (translation: the Northern Caucasus), and other magazines and newspapers of the time were always permeated with anguish for his homeland. They were characterized by solid analysis and intelligent views on the events happening there. Sharp attacks on those who tried to use the Northern Caucasus movement for their own personal ambitions befuddled his opponents. Ibragim Chulik's honesty and candor were qualities which those he ridiculed did not like very much. This aspect of his biography needs to be fully examined.

The Second World War and the occupation of France put the expatriates in a difficult spot. Many decided it was possible to become allies of the Germans in order to free the Northern Caucasus from the rule of the Bolsheviks, even if it was with the help of the devil. Others, including the Chermoyev family, did not desire to cooperate with Hitler, and moved, some to Lausanne, some to the south to Cannes, where the Germans' power was nominal.

Chulik was one of the latter. All the more, he considered it necessary to resist the occupiers by whatever means possible. According to the records of the French secret police, on November 19, 1941, he was arrested by the Gestapo and sent to a concentration camp in Germany for forced labor "as a figure of political importance". It is true that the place to which he was sent should not be likened to the concentration camps for prisoners of war; the regime was not as strict. Here, they tried to convince him to agree to work for the Germans, if only for appearances' sake. However, from the look of things, in Germany, too, Ibragim Chulik managed to avoid all forms of cooperation with the fascists. At the first opportunity, he got away to northern Italy and joined the ranks of the Italian Resistance, a fact confirmed by documents. There he fought till final victory. The fact that his name is on the lists of founders of the Committee for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia for the Fight against Communism on November 14, 1944 in Prague can be attributed to a mistake made by one of his comrades with the best of intentions. Ibragim Chulik could not have been fighting the Germans in northern Italy and at the same time have signed a founding document created under the auspices of Hitler's Germany. Further, why would he join General Vlasov's committee, if, according to the testimony of Abdurakhman Avtorkhanov, he had just refused to join the SKNK (note: National Committee of the Northern Caucasus), created by Alikhan Kantemirov, which was joined by all of his acquaintances among the mountain people. **It was precisely through the efforts of this committee that he had been released from the concentration camp.**

After the fall of the Mussolini regime the allies sent Ibragim back to France via Germany.

When the Second World War ended, Ibragim Chulik categorically refused to continue efforts to fight the USSR. It was not because he was afraid, and not because he had changed his previous attitude toward the Soviet Empire. He simply lost faith in the capabilities of his friends and comrades of yesterday, who once again divided up into a multitude of parties and unions and began denigrating each other.

In 1948, Ibragim Chulik made the decision to leave France and move to the U.S. His choice of country was not accidental: there, Emilkhan, the son of Abdul-Muslim Chermoyev (the elder brother of Tapa) and his wife Olga Sherbacheva, were awaiting him. They had become known for arranging for permanent residence in the U.S. for mountain people from the Caucasus.

Ibragim Chulik lived a long and eventful life. He died in 1986 in Seattle. But he died alone. The Chermoyevs were no longer nearby, they had moved back to France; there was no one who could lend support to an elderly man in his last days. Chechens living in New Jersey corresponded with him and kept in touch by telephone, and it is from them that his relatives learned of his passing.

Was Ibragim Chulik a hero? Is that really so important? He was a son of his people, lived and died for their sake; is that not worthy of respect? The time will come when someone will write a book about him, and thus put the record straight, and he will occupy his place in Chechen history and in the history of the whole Northern Caucasus.



VAKHIT BIBULATOV HEROES OF A DISGRACED PEOPLE

In what ranks didn't Chechens serve in the Great Fatherland War! They served in the "mother infantry", the cavalry, the artillery, there were tank crewmen, intelligence officers, pilots, they fought in partisan outfits behind the German lines, and even abroad in the ranks of the Italian, Czech and French Resistance. Our glorious countrymen, citizens of the USSR, made it to Berlin, were first to meet the Allies on the Elbe, and later fought in the Far East. Specialists in a rare engineering profession saw action - pontoon builders. And even among them there were Chechen fellows who were worthy descendants of their ancestors.

Possessing such qualities as bravery, equanimity, and composure, these pontonier warriors worked up to their chests in the water, under withering enemy fire, and in any weather putting up pontoon crossings across rivers, lakes and swamps! The tank crewman is protected by his vehicle's armor, the infantryman can dig himself into a trench, but the pontonier is an excellent target for the enemy.

Dzhebu Visingiriev, representative of the Chechen people, served with honor as a pontonier all the way from Grozny to Berlin. But for him, the joy of victory over the fascists was darkened by the fact that he, a victor, was deprived of the right to return to his homeland. Stalin and his criminal clique labeled him and all of his compatriots: enemies of the people.

Here are some details from the personal file of front-line soldier and special exile Dzhebu Visingiriev (from the Central State Archive of the Chechen-Ingush Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic, collection - P-1094, inventory list - 5, file - 21909): "Born in 1910 in the village of Amir-Adzhi-Yurt, Gudermes District, CIASSR, Visingiriev, Dzhebu (Zhabu - spelling varies in different documents), did active duty from 1941 to 1945. He arrived at the special settlement after demobilization in 1945. In 1945 - 46, he lived at the special settlement in the city of Alma-Ata, and later in the city of Karaganda. Along with him, registered at the special settlement are: 1). His wife, Baiset Visingirieva, born in 1909. 2). His son, Hussein, born in 1938. 3). His son Hassan, born in 1947. For his military service, he was awarded the medals "For Bravery", "For the Liberation of Prague", "For Victory over Germany in the Great Fatherland War of 1941-45", and "For the Taking of Berlin".

On the website of the Central Archive of the Ministry of Defense of the Russian Federation "Feat of the People" (note: www.podvignaroda.ru), there was another commendation list with the name of Dzhebu Visingiriev "Military rank of Red Army Man - Pontonier of the 159th Detached Motorized Pontoon-Bridge Tartu Battalion of the Order of Alexander Nevsky, Order of the Red Star; recommended for the Order of the Red Star. He had been in the Red

Army since July 24, 1941. He participated in battles of the Leningrad, 2nd and 3rd Baltic and 1st Ukrainian Fronts. He was wounded twice. He was drafted by the Gudermes Regional Military Commissariat". There follows a description of Visingiriev's feat: "During the forcing of the Spree River on April 18, 1945, near Bilov he exhibited bravery and courage. Despite heavy enemy artillery, mortar and machine gun fire, he deliberately did not cease work on putting together a 40-ton floating bridge. Working up to his chest in cold water, risking his life, he fearlessly carried out his combat mission. Thanks to his selfless work the tank battalion of the 4th Guards Tank Army was able to cross the river. For this display of bravery and courage during the forcing of the Spree, Comrade Visingiriev deserves the government decoration the Order of the Red Star".

This text is accompanied by the signature of the commander of the 159th Detached Motorized Pontoon-Bridge Tartu Battalion, Lieutenant Colonel Skorokhod, and dated May 15, 1945.

In addition, Dzhebu Visingiriev was given the Order of the Red Banner; the Order of Suvorov, 3rd Class; the Orders of Bogdan Khmel'nitsky 3rd Class, Alexander Nevsky, Fatherland War 1st and 2nd Class; the Order of Glory 2nd and 3rd Class; the medals "For Bravery" and "For Military Merit". All of this information is taken from the publically

accessible electronic data base "Feat of the People" (collection - 33, inventory list - 686196, file - 6120).

It is surprising that Visingiriev went through the entire war as a private Red Army Man. Usually only higher ranking soldiers have so many meritorious decorations.

There was another fearless pontonier, born in the village of Shali, Captain Yakub Yeziev, an officer heading the 44th Pontoon-Bridge Battalion of the Southwest and Stalingrad Fronts. He died a brave death in 1942 during the defense of Stalingrad. Soviet soldiers of many national backgrounds fought fearlessly for their land, but the fate of a warrior from a repressed people is of particular concern. After all, the leaders of the State for which he lay down his life repaid his heroism by low cunning, sending his people into exile.

Here are excerpts from the memoirs of Kim Naumenko, a participant in the Great Fatherland War, a retired Lieutenant Colonel, now living in Ukraine, on the military service and feats of arms of our compatriot: "The war found Yakub Yeziev at the post of director of the Grozny Perforating Equipment Factory. In September, 1941, he was called up into the ranks of the Red Army and sent to the engineering forces, in line with his background. Unfortunately, information about his service and participation in any battles before the summer of 1942, contained in the Central Archive of the Ministry of Defense of the Russian Federation, is not accessible to us. But the fact speaks for itself that during the period of the Battle of Stalingrad, he commanded the 44th Pontoon-Bridge Battalion of the Southwest Front, and later of the Stalingrad Front. This battalion was charged with setting up and maintaining bridge, ferry and amphibious crossings, and was directly under the command of the Front. Captain Yeziev stood out in battles on the Don in July - August, 1942, when his battalion pro-

vided the crossings over water barriers for units of the 62nd Army of General Vladimir Kolpakchi while under constant German air interference. But his prowess as a commander, his personal bravery and his courage showed themselves with flying colors in the defense of Stalingrad.

On August 23, 1942, the lead motorized units of the German 6th Army under General Friederich von Paulus broke through to the city and as the result of September fighting pushed the 62nd and 64th Armies of the Stalingrad Front right back literally to the banks of the Volga River. The front line ran along the right bank of the river, and all that the enemy needed to throw the defenders of the city into the water was to make it only 200 meters in some places. Soviet forces held that fringe of Stalingrad ground by heroic efforts, at the price of enormous casualties and exertions. Without the steady supply of fresh reinforcements and the continuous flow of all supplies necessary for the battle they could not have held out: courage and self-sacrifice alone were not enough. This most difficult and responsible task lay on the shoulders of the pontonier warriors of the Volga River Flotilla.

One of the papers documenting those days was an order of the commander of the 62nd Army, General Vasily Chuikov, which is preserved in Volgograd in the Museum of the Battle of Stalingrad - it testifies that the commander of the 44th Pontoon-Bridge Battalion, Captain Yakub Yeziev was appointed head of the central crossing for the army and by his efforts organized this task. He was charged with getting fighting units across from the left bank to the area of the fighting with his own and auxiliary assets; with equipping the docks to receive ferries and armored launches of the flotilla, and with organizing their activity. The task was quite difficult: the army's frontline extended 25 kilometers. Ten divisions and six brigades were defending the city. The

crossing was under constant bombardment from enemy aviation and artillery-mortar fire, especially from the end of September on, when the Germans took the Mamaev Kurgan and overlooked the Volga.

For a short time, Captain Yeziev supplied several piers in the area of General Chuikov's command post and the Barrikady, Krasny Oktyabr and METIZ factories. Across the channel between the bank and Zaitsevsky Island he built three pedestrian bridges on pontoons. Troops were transferred first to the island, which was safer, and then over these three pedestrian bridges to the bank. In the 1960's, the newspaper Groznensky Rabochii (Grozny Worker) published the memoirs of a former soldier of this battalion, M. Gordalae, who was at the side of the battalion commander on September 15, 1942. "Captain Yakub Yeziev was a wonderful person, a courageous commander", wrote his countryman and regimental comrade. "All the soldiers and officers respected him. Before the war, many of them lived and worked in the ancient Russian city of Yaroslavl. But, it seemed that they had known the mountain man Yeziev for a long time. On his part, the captain dearly loved and valued his fighting men. He cared for them like a father and was always present where things were most difficult".

At the end of September - beginning of October, General Paulus's forces stormed Stalingrad with particular ferocity. Speaking in the Reichstag on September 30th, Hitler announced: "We are storming Stalingrad and we will take it - you may count on that". In those same days, Stalin wrote in a letter of instruction to the commander of the front, General Andrey Yermenko, "I demand that you take all measures to defend Stalingrad. Stalingrad must not be surrendered to the enemy". Radical measures were taken: in ten days alone, at Captain Yeziev's crossing, four divisions were taken over, each with 8,000 to 10,000 men. They played a decisive

role in carrying out the command's order. In total, 65,000 soldiers and officers were taken across and 50,000 wounded and civilians were evacuated.

Although to get the troops across, watercraft of the flotilla and of other outfits were employed, the brunt of the work was born on the shoulders of the personnel of the 44th Pontoon-Bridge Battalion and its commander, Captain Yeziev. Men were sent over for the most part at night. The battalion commander knew no rest, and by his example inspired the fighting men and the commanders. It is worth noting that the crossings were under constant enemy fire: bombing by day, artillery barrage by night. On one day alone, October 5th, in the battle position of the 37th Division, the enemy made 700 combat sorties.

The circumstances of Captain Yakub Yeziev's death on that tragic day, October 6, 1942 are related in the memoirs of an eye witness, Private M. Gordalae, and also in a sketch by Vasily Grossman. "Things were very difficult for the pontoniers. Enemy planes were flying over the riverbank almost constantly, bombing the dock," remembers the soldier. "Time and time again, the battalion's position was subjected to bursts of artillery and mortar fire... As always, Yeziev was on the dock from the crack of dawn. One by one, from the left bank, launches, water trams and simple fishing boats would come alongside him. The soldiers would quickly unload them, carrying heavy crates with shells, mortars and cartridges right to the front lines. Men were running along the bridge spanning the river towards the city - a new unit that had just arrived was making the crossing. Suddenly the earth shook: a tremendous artillery-mortar barrage. Shells and mortars rained down on the dock".

That was when battalion commander Yakub Yeziev was mortally wounded. The soldiers carried him out of the barrage to the med bunker. But they were

not able to save the hero... Battlefield correspondent Vasily Grossman did not get to meet the battalion commander when he was alive. He wrote that the pontoniers told him about their commander with great pain at his loss, and showed him the fresh grave on the bank of the Volga with the inscription "Captain Yakub Yeziev". "Many fine people died in this fighting", the correspondent wrote in an article about the pontoniers. "Mothers, fathers, fiancées and wives will not see many of them. Comrades and relatives will reminisce about many of them".

This testimony confirms an archival document - a memorandum of General Ivan Smolikov to Lieutenant General Khadzhi-Umar Mamsurov: "While carrying out their duty at the crossing, the battalion commander Yeziev and the deputy commander Ilin were gravely wounded in an enemy artillery attack. On the way to the hospital the battalion commander died..."

In 1968, when the 25th anniversary of the victory in the Battle of Stalingrad was solemnly commemorated in Volgograd, I was able to talk to Marshals Yermenko and Chuikov and Colonel General Alexander Rodimtsev. I wanted to find out why the achievements of Captain Yakub Yeziev were not properly commemorated. After all, 125 soldiers received the Title of Hero of the Soviet Union, and tens of thousands received medals. Marshal Chuikov said that surely battalion commander Yeziev, commanding officer of the army's river crossing was recommended posthumously for a high accolade. Did subsequent events, tragic for the Chechen people, interfere? He promised to take steps for the rectification of an injustice.

How many Chechen soldiers are there who were recommended for a medal for their exploits but did not receive it? Probably more than a hundred. After all, during the war, in order to receive a hero's star, they had to change their nationality in their passport. But only

some would have done that. At the front everyone knew how bravely Chechens fought, but the attitude of Stalin was more important to those who were awarding the medals. For that reason, they were not given to Chechens recommended for them for the most outstanding service. And, Chechens were called up into the army only before the beginning of 1943. The tyrant could not allow the rehabilitation of a people whom he had intentionally maligned. He knew what the Chechens were capable of, for decades resisting Russian colonization in the 19th century, defending their freedom and independence. He also knew that it was only thanks to the Chechens and Ingush that Soviet power was established in the Northern Caucasus. This butcher, who during the period of his rule annihilated millions of innocent people, even people who had deified him, could not stand such an independent and proud people. He needed not personalities, but nuts and bolts in the mechanism of a totalitarian system, weak-willed people, obedient slaves and lackeys. But the Chechens were not capable of putting up with tyranny. They were no good in Stalin's system, and he launched a preemptive strike on this people, taking advantage of martial law in the country.

But, no matter what wrongful accusations Stalin's regime made, our republic's soldiers worthily served in the war, not blemishing their honor or dignity. It is in vain that Stalin's henchmen try to besmirch the Chechen people and to suppress the feats of arms of our front line soldiers. There are more than enough examples of valor displayed by Chechens in the years of the Great Fatherland War. This proud and freedom-loving people, from whence came such soldiers as Khanpasha Nuradilov, Dzhebu Visingiriev, Yakub Yeziev and thousands of other heroes, was not and could not be traitorous. I think that everyone knows this, including even those scoundrels who to this day cast aspersions on them.



On December 28, 2012, in Yekaterinburg, one of the oldest Russian human rights defenders passed on - Vladimir Shacklein, head of the Inter-regional Center for Human Rights. In August, he celebrated his 75th birthday. On December 24th he suffered a stroke and went into a coma.

An engineer by profession, Shacklein dedicated more than a half century to human rights activity. In the 1960s and 1970s he distributed samizdat, was arrested for "anti-Soviet activity", then for a long time he lived in Estonia. At the end of the 1980s he was an active participant in the democratic movement. From the mid-1990s on he was one of the country's leading paraprofessionals in the defense of prisoners' rights.

As a member of the Public Oversight Commission of Sverdlov Oblast, Shacklein traveled constantly, visiting the penal colonies and prisons.

*Alpine meadows,
Itum-Kale, Chechnya, May, 2013*

