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The Institute of Current World Affairs
4 West Wheelock Street
Hanover, New Hampshire 03755

ASA-14 1996

EUROPE/RUSSIA

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The Different Faces of Tashkent

TASHKENT, Uzbekistan

May 12, 1996

Adam Smith Albion

As in many cities, the Old and New Towns of Tashkent are divided by water. What passes for Tashkent's river is a skinny, sickly-looking stream called the Anhor Canal. It runs north-south through the center of the city. When the Russians under General Cherniayev captured Tashkent in 1865, they established their cantonments to the east of the Anhor. Tashkent at the time was Central Asia's most prosperous city, with a population of 70,000 to 100,000, encircled by walls sixteen miles in circumference. It had belonged to the Khan of Khokand, all of whose lands were destined to be conquered and incorporated into Russian Turkestan within a decade. After the Tsar designated Tashkent the administrative capital of Turkestan in 1867, a permanent Russian presence was assured. In place of an army camp, a Russian settlement grew up. A whole European quarter — the New Town — took shape on the east bank of the Anhor, ranged around the residence of the new Governor-General, General Kaufman. (As well as building an Orthodox church, the Russians were responsible for introducing viticulture and hog-farming to the region. Presumably, they could not have offended the sensibilities of the Muslim inhabitants more successfully if they had tried.) The Old Town, with its labyrinthine streets of mud-brick houses and market clearings, punctuated by the domes of mosques or Madrasas [Muslim schools], remained a separate entity to the west of the city.

Today Tashkent is Central Asia's largest city with a population of 2.1 million people. (It is twinned, incidentally — or perhaps tripleted — with Seattle and Birmingham, England.) The earthquake of April 1966 leveled over half of Tashkent. Evidence of the disaster can still be discerned even downtown, despite thirty years of rebuilding: rotting slabs of roofing piled up beside apartment buildings, mysteriously undeveloped land alongside main streets, mossy blocks of concrete bulldozed into dumps and abandoned there... the same sort of indomitable detritus as one still sees in downtown Dresden, half a century after the bombings.

New Town: Soviet urban planning — Paper trails

The earthquake contributed to the distinction between the New and Old Towns by shaking down most of east Tashkent, while treating the west more leniently. The mud-brick withstood the tremors much better than more modern building materials, including the wood and stone of the original Russian dwellings. As a result, New Town has taken on a more contemporary meaning: those sections of Tashkent rebuilt in concrete after 1966. The "Russian" New Town was transformed into the "Soviet" New Town.

Outstanding examples of New-Town architecture are the ghastly Hotel Uzbekistan; the Soviet-style skyscraper housing the state press organs; and the huge, empty plaza bordered by government buildings, previously called Red Square and known to everybody since 1991 as Mustaqillik [Maidoni] or "Independence [Square]."¹

1. The colossal statue of Lenin that overlooked the square has been removed from its pediment. In its place sits an enormous bronze ball. On closer inspection this turns out to be a globe depicting a single country, Uzbekistan, dominating an otherwise empty, sea-girt Earth. The popular interpretation of this baffling sphere is that Lenin may be gone, but has left behind a single part of his anatomy to remember him by.



Central arteries were broadened and straightened. As a result, the New Town lacks ambiance, to put it mildly. Soviet urban planners held that human behavior could be modified and improved by a built-up environment that reflected the state ideology. They strove for "unified and uniform architectural ensembles and thoroughfares to accommodate periodic mass, orchestrated public demonstrations" [Great Soviet Encyclopedia, "City Planning"]. It must be admitted that in Tashkent's New Town they achieved this goal. Consistent with the ideals of socialist society, there were no provisions made for a central business or commercial district, or even a shopping High Street as understood in the West, although the last five years of snail-paced economic reforms have brought incremental improvements in this regard. Private shops selling Western goods, generally chocolates and deodorant, are popping up, as well as a number of Turkish supermarkets, but their prices are out of reach for all but the richest citizens.²

Despite a century of inter-ethnic cohabitation in Tashkent, the New Town is still approximately referred to as "the Russian section" by Uzbeks, while "Old Town" is

synonymous with "exclusively Uzbek neighborhoods." I am living at the moment in the heart of the New Town, near the Central Department Store (TsUM) and the colonnaded Opera House. Insofar as the concept of a "fashionable part of town" could co-exist with an ideology of coercive egalitarianism, this was it. The area is not so much Russian, in fact, as an enclave for the ex-Soviet elite. In the quiet streets behind Cosmonauts metro station are the residences of government officials, their friends and hangers-on, Soviet National Artists and at least one retired KGB chief. President Karimov's residence is hidden behind chestnut trees at the end of the block. In fact, many non-Russians are moving in as the Russians are moving out — 20 percent of the Russians in Tashkent have emigrated since Uzbeks declared their sovereignty and grasped the reins of power in 1991.³ In the building beside mine, an Uzbek police officer has recently arrived from Ferghana with his family and bought two three-room apartments at \$15,000 a piece. The neighborhood gossip is still roiling with speculations about the source of such unheard-of riches in the pockets of a policeman.

My building was originally built as military housing

2. As of March 18, the minimum monthly wage is 400 sum (\$8) and monthly pension is 900 sum (\$18 at current black market rates). I would estimate a minimum subsistence wage for people in Tashkent without access to their own vegetable garden at 2,300 sum (\$46).

3. According to the Russian consul in Tashkent, 150 ethnic Russians living in Uzbekistan are granted Russian citizenship daily; 170,00 have taken Russian passports in the last two-three years; three-quarters of a million have left the country since 1991.

for top brass and their families. My landlady's father was a General, and the stories she recounts of her younger years are replete with state-paid trips to sanatoria, saluting chauffeurs in gleaming leather boots, and tasty delicacies delivered to the door in be-ribboned baskets. She feels she imbibed the military with her mother's milk. Therefore, May 9, the holiday commemorating the Soviet victory over the Axis, was an emotional day for her and her family. As a Captain during WWII, her father was detailed to Königsberg, East Prussia (later Kaliningrad), where Goering had his private villa. He was in charge of the inventory of Goering's art treasures and other possessions, and dispatching them to Moscow. Not all arrived. Thus it was that we celebrated Victory Day at a table set with Goering's best chinaware, and toasted the Red Army with Goering's finest crystal.

There are "foreigner" enclaves as well, such as the neighborhood called Hamid Olimjon, where individual houses boast back gardens and verandas. That particular *mikroraiion* houses employees of the BBC monitoring service, UN officials, American businessmen, and staff members of a number of diplomatic missions including the Kazakh and Kyrgyz who have their embassies there. Wandering that area one afternoon, I inadvertently discovered that the relative inefficiency of Uzbek public services makes it easy, for anyone with a mind to do so, to get a rough overview of the business of the foreign community by the simple expedient of poking through their garbage, which is often left on the street for all to see anyway, and is rarely collected with any promptitude by the city authorities. Far from being ashamed of this observation, I remind the reader that the utility of garbage in this respect is appreciated and highly valued as a tool of their trade by both anthropologists and archaeologists.

Foreigners, accustomed to having the means to reproduce information on paper at will using printers or photocopiers, consequently waste more of it and tend to lose awareness of the vulnerability of their documents. (In contrast, I have noticed how all Soviet bureaucrats, to whom these technologies have been denied, handle papers that have been typed or more likely handwritten with exaggerated care and dispose of them with the greatest reluctance.) A case in point is the fine new office building at Turob Tola Street 1, housing almost exclusively foreign firms of the best pedigree, from Barents Group to Deutsche Bank. It is the poshest office complex in Tashkent, with guards at the door, a reception hall, and an alarm system... Fifteen minutes down Turob Tula is the Beshogoch market. More Uzbek and Tajik is spoken at the counters than Russian since most of the sellers are women from the provinces. They sell raisins and sunflower seeds in paper cones. They make the cones from the sheets of

papers kept in stacks under their tables. They buy the sheets of paper, which are covered in strange foreign symbols they cannot understand, I presume from poor Uzbek cleaning ladies who are trying to earn a few pennies to supplement their income. The papers originate, as the reader will have guessed by now, from the litter bins and scrap-paper piles of foreign firms sitting at Turob Tola Street 1. The office managers do not seem to have cottoned to the fact that a selection of their confidential documents are available for the price of a handful of raisins down the road. I am amusing myself by building a collection of Arthur Andersen internal memoranda from a Davron Rustamkulov to a Stephen A. Stophel, for example. White & Case stationery is generally to be found on the left as one enters beside the bread stall... and so on. If I could care less about the integrity of these firms, and I couldn't, I would advise them to invest in a shredder. In the meantime, the word is: economic/industrial espionage is looking pretty easy these days in Tashkent for anyone who care to play the game.

"Europeans" and "Asiatics"

I have heard from both Russians and Uzbeks that, since the days of the first Russian settlement, the "Europeans" and "Asiatics" have tended to live apart. This proposition may hold true, in general, for the indigenous Uzbeks and Tajiks. Not all "Asiatics" behave according to type, however. For instance, there are also significant numbers of Kazakhs living in Tashkent, but a straw poll of my Kazakh acquaintances suggests that they are generally more Russified and comfortable living beside "Europeans" than among Uzbeks and Tajiks, whose neighborhoods anyway are close-knit and difficult to penetrate. Uzbeks and Tajiks marry one another (and marry Uighurs), for example, but I have yet to come across a member of either group wedding a Kazakh.

Marriages between Uzbeks/Tajiks and Russians/Ukrainians do seem to occur extremely rarely. My impression is that they are limited to the most Westernized (Sovietized) of the "native" elite.⁴ Examples include the Uzbek Frank Sinatra, Farruch Zakirov, and his brothers, all of whom have Russian brides, and President Karimov himself. An Uzbek woman on the national radio recently praised the tradition of the bride price, whereby the bridegroom pays his prospective in-laws for the privilege of wedding their daughter, on the grounds that the custom is alien to "Europeans" and tends therefore to dissuade mixed marriages (BBC news item, Jan 28).

As for what I have observed among the Tatars, it seems to me that the Crimean Tatars, who were forcibly deported to Uzbekistan in 1944,⁵ rigorously marry only

4. Moreover, a district court judge recently noted a rise in the number of inter-ethnic couples applying for divorces. She attributed it to tension arising when one spouse was Russian and wanted to emigrate.

5. See ASA-9, "Crimean Diary."

among one another, whereas the Kazan Tatars, who have lived here much longer, represent a half-way house between Slavs and Central Asians and intermarry with both groups — incidentally with extremely pleasing miscegenatic effects.

The country's Korean population of 220,000, also deported to Central Asia by Stalin, are concentrated in the capital. From the Korean-run Master Art Gallery on Navoi Street to the popular singer Galina Shin, they are a visible and universally respected component of the Tashkent community. Every dinner party will feature a plate of carrot salad or spicy fish sold at the Korean stalls in the markets. Moreover, on the strength of its ethnic links to the region, Daewoo Corp. has turned its sights to Uzbekistan and invested \$450 million in an auto-building factory in Andizhan. The Uzbeks have a consulate in Seoul and a South Korean mission is scheduled to reciprocate soon. Socially, however, the Koreans are very inward-looking and I have never heard of Koreans marrying outside their community.⁶

Old Town: First thoughts on the *Mahalla* — Plov recipe

Traditional Uzbek neighborhoods are still to be found in the west of Tashkent. Strictly speaking, everything on this side of the Anhor is Old Town, but much of it is indistinguishable from the New Town as Soviet prefabricated apartment complexes and grandiose esplanades have encroached on areas that were once exclusively Uzbek. In practice, Old Town today refers to the district around Chorsu market, which alone has retained the flavor of the Uzbek settlement of a century ago. One passes through narrow, badly rutted streets, between high mud walls mulched with straw. There are twisting alleyways and *cul-de-sacs*. No windows give onto the street. One can sometimes see the flat roofs of the houses behind, but otherwise there is no hint of what lies behind the doors set at intervals in the walls. This is where the city's most important mosques are to be found, including the Barak-Khan Madrasa, which was the headquarters of the Spiritual Board for Muslims of Central Asia and Kazakhstan during the Soviet era ("the Central Asian Vatican") and is today the central religious administration for Uzbekistan.

I was first invited into a house in the Old Town to celebrate the host's 80th birthday. We entered a short, narrow corridor and emerged into a courtyard twenty-five paces long and half as wide. Swathes of calico had been draped over it to keep off the sun. It was planted with apple and pomegranate trees, beneath which well onto a hundred guests and family members were seated. There was a constant circulation of people as some left and new visitors arrived. The tables were laden with raisins, walnuts, mounds of *Lepeshka* (circular,

unleavened bread similar to Indian *nan*) and many Uzbek specialties (*manti*, *Chonim*, *Medovi*, *Cherpak*, *Pashmak*, *Chakchak*) that I will describe in detail another time. A space had been cleared for dancing; three professional musicians, hired for the day, were singing to a synthesizer, *childirma* (tambourine) and *Dombira* (a string instrument). At the end of the courtyard, on a raised veranda partially hidden by a wooden balustrade, the older women sat on colorful velvet and cretonne cushions behind a low table. Younger wives with children sat apart, beside the improvised dance floor. Windows and doors leading into the house (in fact, three separate houses of two-to-three rooms each) ran along the right and far walls. This was where our host lived with his two sons and their families.

Men wore *Tubeteikas*, the Uzbeks' traditional, black/green square skullcaps. Some of them can be beautifully embroidered; the best examples are said to come from Shakhrisabz, which is Tamerlane's birthplace and famous for its needlework (and, incidentally, thanks to the Russians, its wines). The women flashed and sparkled in rainbow-colored headscarves or *fichus*, long dresses worn over *Lozim* (what might be called "harem pants") and sandals worked with gold thread.

The whole neighborhood, or *Mahalla*, had turned out for this celebration. The host, after all, "*Mahallaga osh beradi*" — was "treating the neighborhood to food." The Uzbek *Mahalla* stands for more than just one's local community: ideally it represents the matrix for all one's most meaningful social interactions. One lives, marries and dies in one's *Mahalla*, according to traditional precepts. It is supposed to be the vector in which one's sense of belonging grows. German sociologists might call it *Gemeinschaft*. I imagine that feeling was once centered on one's tribe, as long as the Uzbeks remained nomadic, and that the concept of the *Mahalla* developed as an urban substitute when they became sedentary, which happened much earlier in the Uzbeks' case than for either their Kazakh or Kyrgyz cousins. I cannot pretend to have come to grips with the Uzbek understanding of *Mahalla* yet, although I hope to. For example, I have not understood whether there is a sense of hierarchy within a *Mahalla*, or even a *Mahalla* headman analogous to the Turkish village *Muhtar*. Where does one *Mahalla* end and the next one begin? And how do Uzbeks conceptualize, or perhaps even neutralize, someone who is neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring — in other words *Mahalla*-less?

While turning these questions over in my mind, the host's eldest son had begun making the *Plov*, so I went over to lend a hand. *Plov* — brown rice pilaf — is the national dish, a staple of everyone's diet and a must at practically any Uzbek celebration or party. *Plov* is always made by men. Here is the recipe for

6. Ethnic breakdown of Uzbekistan (total population 22.2 million people), not adjusted for recent emigrations, is as follows: 71.4 percent Uzbek, 8.3 percent Russian, 4.7 percent Tajik, 4.1 percent Kazakh, 2.4 percent Tatar, 2.1 percent Karakalpak (living in the north-west of the country), the rest Korean, Ukrainian, Byelorussian, Armenian, Uighur, etc.

the *Plov* we made that afternoon:

PLOV

20 kg *Devzira* (large-grained, brown rice)
5 kg carrots
2.5 kg onions [2.5 kg quince when available,
i.e. in autumn/winter]
5 kg lamb
2.5 kg fatty sheep's tail
0.5 liter cottonseed oil
Condiments (to taste):
black pepper, sweet red pepper
caraway seeds
raisins, peas
salt
garlic

Chop up the lamb into bite-sized portions. (Beef can substitute if lamb is unavailable: dice the beef into small pieces.) Slice the onions into rings and the carrots into strips. Wash the rice. Put the fatty sheep's tail (Uz. *dumba*, Rus. *kurdyuk*) in a saucepan and cook it down. Fry out the grease until only the shriveled fat is left. This is called *jizza* by the Uzbeks, and is considered a great delicacy.

Heat a large, shallow cooking-pot (traditionally cast-iron, nowadays more likely to be aluminum) on a wood fire outside in the courtyard. Cut the *jizza* into squares and set them sizzling until they turn red. Add butter, onions, carrots, lamb, raisins, peas and the spices except the garlic, and cook until the carrots are soft. Pour on water: how much depends on the desired cooking time. If guests have already arrived, 10 centimeters of water (approximate cooking time, 30 minutes). Add whole cloves of garlic, letting them boil in the water.

Pour the rice on top, brushing the surface smooth with a spatula. Keep adding water to keep it moist at all times. Dig holes in the rice to let the steam escape. Do not mix or stir the ingredients: only move the rice around from time to time by pushing it into hillocks, then patting it down flat. Otherwise the *Plov* should be left to cook under a tight lid.

Serve on communal plates, from which the guests help themselves with spoons. Feeds 200.

A Navruz party — The origin of *Sumalak*

Uzbek neighborhoods, especially the extensive quarters to the west of *Khalqlar Dostigi* (Friendship Between Peoples) Avenue, are cleaner and brighter than the Old Town. Houses are still ranged around courtyards, where typically four brothers might live with their

families,⁷ but they are larger, often white-washed on the outside, and have windows onto the street. As a rule, families built these houses themselves with the permission of the Soviet authorities, if it proved impossible to furnish them with apartments. They owned the houses, but not the land beneath them, which technically the Tashkent *Hokimiyat* (Town Hall) leased them for free. Since independence, paradoxically, they own the land, but now have to pay the *Hokimiyat* a land tax which averages 1,000 *sum* (\$20) a year.

I attended a New Year's *fête* at one such house. The New Year in question was the *Navruz*, the festival of the spring equinox. It originated in fact as a cultic Persian practice that has managed to survive despite the overlaying of many subsequent cultures, including Islam. As such, it is a reminder of the deep roots Persian traditions have in this region, beginning with the introduction of Zoroastrianism into Central Asia in the sixth century BC.

Navruz need not be celebrated on March 21, but any time between then and May 1. This particular party was in mid-April. The whole extended family, totaling 76 people, had assembled at the grandfather's house in the mid-afternoon. Apple and cherry trees grew in the courtyard, approximately 15 square meters in area, which had been carefully tilled into a vegetable garden and planted with radishes, onions, cucumbers, carrots and parsley. With prices rising so fast in the shops, gardens such as these are the lifeline for many an Uzbek family. They are a primary reason why many Uzbeks live better these days than Russians. This family kept chickens and a goat on their smallholding; there had been a cow, but they were forced to sell it two years ago. A tap by the wall provided their water. The house itself was made of wood built on brick, painted peppermint green with white trimmings. Over the passageway leading to the street was a loggia, facing toward the courtyard, with gables carved into gingerbread patterns like the houses in Key West. The roof was made of wooden shingles.

The centerpiece of the afternoon's and evening's entertainment was the preparation and consumption of the *Sumalak*.

SUMALAK

10 kg winter wheat
40 kg flour
5 kg butter
30-40 liters water
25-30 small rocks

Set out two large tables, which must be made of natural (untreated) wood, in a dark room. The

7. Brothers stay together; married sisters always go to live with their husbands' families. The only exceptions to this rule might occur if the bride were an only child — extremely unlikely, as traditional Uzbeks have four or five children at least — so that there was no one left to look after her parents, or if the couple opted out of the *mahalla* for some reason to live separately in a modern apartment. For a man to live among his wife's family is considered shameful. Popular superstition has it that if a man sits at the corner of a table, either he will never marry or, worse, he will marry and go to live in his bride's house.

shed or barn in the corner of the courtyard where you keep your goat and chickens is ideal. Spread the wheat out on the tables to make a uniform layer 1-2 cm. thick. Cover with cheesecloth. Tip a bucket of water onto the cloth till the wheat is thoroughly moistened. Repeat the operation later in the day and leave overnight.

Pour water over the wheat twice a day for the next four days. In the meantime, the wheat will sprout; the shoots should be about two centimeters long. After five days, remove the cloth. Cut the wheat, fused now into large cakes, into squares. Grind them up in a quern, if your family has managed to inherit one, as happens occasionally. Otherwise use a hand-held meat grinder, until the wheat has the consistency of Kasha/porridge. Scoop it into basins and add water, one part water to one part wheat. Leave to soak for an hour. Strain the wheat through the cheesecloth, collecting the water in buckets. Replace the wheat in the basins and repeat with fresh water. Perform the operation a third time, keeping the water each time and setting it aside.

Meanwhile take an iron cauldron (*Qozon*) two meters in diameter, set it in the courtyard in a hollowed-out depression and build a wood fire underneath it. Heat the butter, add the wheat and flour and stir together using thick punting-poles. Add the water previously collected in buckets. Fold in the rocks.

Bring to a simmer and stir continuously for 8-10 hours. (The rocks, which rattle noisily against the bottom of the cauldron, are intended to serve a dual purpose: to prevent the *Sumalak* from boiling over, and to keep the cooks from falling asleep during the monotonous hours of stirring.)

The *Sumalak* starts off white but gradually turns a golden brown and becomes thick like honey. Serves 76 family members and their guests — plus all their neighbors and friends, who are guaranteed delivery of a jar of *Sumalak* during the following week.

[Waterson's Uzbek-English dictionary defines *Sumalak* as "Jelly made from crushed sprouted wheat, flour, sugar and butter," which is misleading on two counts. First, it is much closer in consistency to

peanut butter than jelly (jam, Eng.). Second, although it is sweet, it is a matter of some pride to the Uzbeks that no sugar is added, as everyone pointed out to me more than once.]

By the time I arrived, at 4pm, the women overseeing the *Sumalak* had already been stirring for five hours, and we would not taste it until nightfall. If you make a wish while stirring *Sumalak* it will come true, so I dutifully took a pole and pitched in. The woman beside me assured me that *Sumalak* is the most nutritious food possible. It is meant to build you up with vitamins after the depauperate winter diet, she said, and after swallowing a jar of it I would have no need to eat again until autumn. Did I know how *Sumalak* had been invented? It happened during the time of Alexander the Great's invasion of Sogdiana, the capital of which was Maracanda, modern Samarkand. The Sogdian leader Spitamen led out the men to fight, leaving the women to cope as best they could. The wife of one of the absent Sogdian warriors had four children and nothing to feed them with. She was at her wits' end. To distract them from their hunger, she had them empty the larder, throw the ingredients together in a pot, and promised them that if they only kept stirring and stirring something delicious would result. Eventually she fell asleep exhausted and in despair over how to comfort her children when they find she had deceived them. She awoke (8-10 hours later?) and found to her astonishment and joy that her children were scampering around happily and licking their fingers. And that, Best Beloved, is the origin of *Sumalak*. □

P.S.

A last word on the subject of paper trails left by foreigners: the following "US Embassy Tashkent Security Notice #1/96" was distributed after the text of this newsletter was written:

"All Americans in Tashkent are cautioned to remove name and address information from all periodicals and correspondence before discarding them. Many discarded magazines end up in local bazaars, and some Americans have been approached by local entrepreneurs trying to "sell them back" the magazines. While this is mainly a nuisance, it could result in escalating harassment and targeting of fraud and other criminal activities against the American community."

Institute Fellows and their Activities

Hisham Ahmed. Born blind in the Palestinian Dheisheh Refugee Camp near Bethlehem, Hisham finished his A-levels with the fifth highest score out of 13,000 students throughout Israel. He received a B.A. in political science on a scholarship from Illinois State University and his M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of California in Santa Barbara. Back in East Jerusalem, Hisham plans to gather oral histories from a broad selection of Palestinians to produce a "Portrait of Palestine" at this crucial point in Middle Eastern history. [MIDEAST/N. AFRICA]

Adam Smith Albion. A former research associate at the Institute for EastWest Studies at Prague in the Czech Republic, Adam is spending two years studying and writing about Turkey's regional role and growing importance as an actor in the Balkans, the Middle East and the former Soviet bloc. A Harvard graduate (1988; History), Adam has completed the first year of a two-year M. Litt. degree in Russian/East European history and languages at Oxford University. [EUROPE/RUSSIA]

Cynthia Caron. With a Masters degree in Forest Science from the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies, Cynthia is spending two years in South Asia as ICWA's first John Miller Musser Memorial Forest & Society Fellow. She is studying and writing about the impact of forest-preservation projects on the lives (and land-tenure) of indigenous peoples and local farmers who live on their fringes. Her fellowship includes stays in Bhutan, India and Sri Lanka. [SOUTH ASIA/Forest & Society]

William F. Foote. Formerly a financial analyst with Lehman Brothers' Emerging Markets Group, Willy Foote is examining the economic substructure of Mexico and the impact of free-market reforms on Mexico's people, society and politics. Willy holds a Bachelor's degree from Yale University (history), a Master's from the London School of Economics (Development Economics; Latin America) and studied Basque history in San Sebastian, Spain. He carried out intensive Spanish-language studies in Guatemala in 1990 and then worked as a copy editor and Reporter for the *Buenos Aires Herald* from 1990 to 1992. [THE AMERICAS]

Sharon Griffin. A feature writer and contributing columnist on African affairs at the *San Diego Union-Tribune*, Sharon is spending two years in southern Africa studying Zulu and the KwaZulu kingdom and writing about the role of nongovernmental organizations as fulfillment centers for national needs in developing countries where governments are still feeling their way toward effective administration. She plans to travel and live in Namibia and Zimbabwe as well as South Africa. [sub-SAHARA]

John Harris. A would-be lawyer with an undergraduate degree in History from the University of Chicago, John reverted to international studies after a year of internship in the product-liability department of a Chicago law firm and took two years of postgraduate Russian at the University of Washington in Seattle. Based in Moscow during his fellowship, John is studying and writing about Russia's nascent political parties as they begin the difficult transition from identities based on the personalities of their leaders to positions based on national and international issues. [EUROPE/RUSSIA]

Pramila Jayapal. Born in India, Pramila left when she was four and went through primary and secondary education in Indonesia. She graduated from Georgetown University in 1986 and won an M.B.A. from the Kellogg School of Management in Evanston, Illinois in 1990. She has worked as a corporate analyst for PaineWebber and an accounts manager for the world's leading producer of cardiac defibrillators, but most recently managed a \$7 million developing-country revolving-loan fund for the Program for Appropriate Technology in Health (PATH) in Seattle. Pramila is spending two years in India tracing her roots and studying social issues involving religion, the status of women, population and AIDS. [SOUTH ASIA]

Teresa C. Yates. A former member of the American Civil Liberties Union's national task force on the workplace, Teresa is spending two years in South Africa observing and reporting on the efforts of the Mandela government to reform the national land-tenure system. A Vassar graduate with a *juris doctor* from the University of Cincinnati College of Law, Teresa had an internship at the Centre for Applied Legal Studies in Johannesburg in 1991 and 1992, studying the feasibility of including social and economic rights in the new South African constitution. While with the ACLU, she also conducted a Seminar on Women in the Law at Fordham Law School in New York. [sub-SAHARA]

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HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03755

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

Author: Albion, Adam Smith
Title: ICWA Letters – Europe/Russia
ISSN: 1083-4273

Imprint: Hanover, NH

Material Type: Serial

Language: English

Frequency: Monthly

Other Regions: Mideast/North Africa; East Asia;
South Asia; SubSaharan Africa;
The Americas

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ICWA LETTERS

ISSN 1083-4273

ICWA Letters are published by the Institute of Current World Affairs Inc., a 501(c)(3) exempt operating foundation incorporated in New York State with offices located at 4 West Wheelock Street, Hanover, NH 03755.

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