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## Travels in Romania, Moldova and Gagauzia

BY ADAM SMITH ALBION

TRABZON, Turkey

10 May 1995

### SENTIMENTAL JOURNEYS

I set off from Istanbul on a circuit of the Black Sea intending to visit the Crimean Tatars, but became so intrigued — re-intrigued, I should say — by the Romanian-speaking world that I abandoned myself to it and never even reached Odessa. Of all the Balkan countries, I feel most at home in Romania, and I enjoyed wending my way north through the Turkish and Tatar communities along the Dobrogean littoral. In the Republic of Moldova, I was welcomed by the Gagauz Turks, and traveled their autonomous republic of Gagauzia. It was fun and exciting to be in a country where my Romanian, Russian and Turkish interests coincided. Finally — undertaking a sentimental journey of a different kind — I was transported back to the time of Peter the Great and spent Orthodox Easter among the Russian Old Believers at the fork of the Danube Delta.

### THE MOLDOVAN ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

To fly from Bucharest to Chisinau, the capital of Moldova, I chose Air Moldova. Even dirt-poor countries consider the prestige of a national carrier a necessity. I was curious how Moldova would advertise itself in the air. We were not in the air for a long time. The passengers waited in their seats for half an hour until the pilot arrived. It was 7pm, and as we waited the sun went down. Then we waited in the dark. One man had brought a dog on board, a terrier, that ran up and down the aisle barking. Eventually a flight attendant asked him to keep it on his lap. There were piles of luggage on the empty seats, small crates and plastic-wrapped bales that passengers had been reluctant to stow. Finally someone put the key in the ignition, the lights went on and the propellers began turning.

The ex-Soviet Republic of Moldova is a skinny, virtually landlocked country of 4.4 million people that launched its independence on 27 August 1991. From 1919 to 1940 it formed a part of Romania (Moldavia-Bessarabia) until it was sliced off by Stalin along the Prut river and incorporated into the USSR. It was heavily Russified, and all schooling was naturally in Russian. Its ethnic make-up today is 64% Moldovan, 13.8% Ukrainian, 13% Russian and 3.5% Gagauz Turk. Moldova is famous, incidentally, for its wines.

The country is bisected by the Dniester river, and the Russian population is concentrated along the eastern bank. Moldova hit international headlines in 1992, when the Transdnistrian Russians declared that they were seceding. After fighting that initially sparked fears of a new Yugoslavia, a separatist republic of Transdnistria was established with its capital at Tiraspol. They received strong support in

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this from the Russian 14th Army, stationed in Tiraspol. After protracted negotiations, Russia agreed in October 1994 to withdraw its army, but the troops remain, and there are no prospects that they will leave soon.

Chisinau is a pleasant, leafy, unexciting town of 700,000 people. It has the atmosphere of a provincial capital, which is precisely what it was. From its neo-classical *Teatrul National Mihai Eminescu* to the statue of Stefan Cel Mare in the park, it reminds you of a nice Romanian town in Moldavia like Iasi. It makes you unpopular to say so aloud, however. (At least people react less severely, thankfully, than Ukrainians, who become apoplectic if you stand in the centre of L'vov beneath the statue of Mickiewicz and dare to remark that not only Mickiewicz but all the architecture around you is Polish.) Moscow has added, in its usual heavy-handed way, the grey parliament, the ugly government offices, the Cosmos Hotel, and the signature Soviet miles of prefabricated apartment blocks. I didn't see any Westerners, although I bumped into a couple of Ukrainian tour groups being herded from place to place, still faith-

fully taking photographs of the public buildings.

One such building was my first stop in Chisinau. As in all the ex-Soviet republics, the Academy of Sciences of the Republic of Moldova is a grim cube that appears to have been modeled after MVD police headquarters in Moscow. I do not imagine that this is a coincidence. If the British Museum's columns and pediment are intended to reassure the visitor that the treasures are being housed in a temple of reason and enlightenment, then the architecture of Soviet Academies implies that scholarship and science are things to be cornered, trapped, nailed down and imprisoned. (As for the message being beamed out by the glass pyramid in front of the Louvre, I am agnostic.) I had my fill of Soviet-style scholarship later, as I describe below.

I was hoping to get some advice and orientation about the Gagauz. I was also taking the opportunity to pay a courtesy call on behalf of the Ethnic Studies Centre at the Romanian Academy where I served on the International Board of Directors in 1992-1994. The connection

## Current Fellows & Their Activities

**Bacete Bwogo.** A Sudanese from the Shilluk tribe of southern Sudan, Bacete is a physician spending two and one-half years studying health-delivery systems in Costa Rica, Cuba, Kerala State (India) and the Bronx, U.S.A. Bacete did his undergraduate work at the University of Juba and received his M.D. from the University of Alexandria in Egypt. He served as a public-health officer in Port Sudan until 1990, when he moved to England to take advantage of scholarships at the London School of Economics and Oxford University. [THE AMERICAS]

**Cheng Li.** An Assistant Professor of Government at Hamilton College in Clinton, NY, Cheng Li is studying the growth of technocracy and its impact on the economy of the southeastern coast of China. He began his academic life by winning the equivalent of an M.D. at Jing An Medical School in Shanghai, but then did graduate work in Asian Studies and Political Science, with an M.A. from Berkeley in 1987 and a Ph.D. from Princeton in 1992. [EAST ASIA]

**Adam 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 Environment, 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]

**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 and still blind, 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]

**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]

**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 Paine-Webber 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]

**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]

**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]

ensured me a warm reception from the Moldovan Academy's Vice President, Dr. Haralambie Corbu, which I gratefully acknowledge here.

In his office — it was spacious and bright, but to reach it one had to walk through long, unlit corridors — I sat down to coffee with the Academy's minorities specialists. The top expert on the Gagauz was Dr. Stepan Kuruoglu, an older man with a shock of white hair. A Gagauz historian and poet, Dr. Kuruoglu one of the 13 Gagauz MPs (out of 364) who served in the 1990-1994 parliament.

We had a real Babel going. Two colleagues were speaking Russian, which should have been the obvious *limba franca*, but a young woman wanted to practice English, while Dr. Kuruoglu resolutely determined that he was going to speak Gagauz Turkish with me. Dr. Corbu and I had already started in Romanian. Most of the Russians speak Romanian poorly or not at all. The attitude of many, long accustomed to dominance in the USSR, is that Romanian is an upstart language that they have no use for, independent Moldova or no. Interest among the Gagauz in learning Romanian has also been generally low. Plenty of Moldovans have even fallen out of the habit of speaking their own language (President Mircea Snegur speaks passably). Thus our conversation at the Academy was regularly punctuated with breaks to translate between Romanian, Russian, Turkish and English.

The Moldovan sitting on my right explained, however, that efforts were being made to conduct more of the Academy business in Moldovan. After all, it befitted the country's premier intellectual centre to work in the state language. I blandly remarked that Moldovan was Romanian, of course. I was not prepared for his reaction. He colored a bit and looked pained. "No, no, no — not at all," he said. "Well, perhaps once, yes, in the past, possibly, but not now, no, no — indigenous morphological changes, you see — vocabulary transformation — borrowing and adaptation of Russian scientific terminology — no, no, quite different things altogether!"

Meanwhile Dr. Kuruoglu was sitting on my left. He had watched us talk and smilingly inquired what we had been saying. I summarized, in Turkish. He was non-committal. He even nodded when I expressed my opinion that linguistic nationalism was a very silly thing. His sympathetic reaction emboldened me to suggest that Gagauz might be just a regional variant of Anatolian Turkish. Now he colored. "Ah, now there you're wrong," he said sharply, tossing that mane of hair. "The divergent path of the Gagauz nation has been well chronicled. If we begin with the Ottoman destruction of the Dobrogean Uzi state, which is the ethnogenetic source of the Gaga-Uz people, in the thirteenth century, and their subsequent separate courses of cultural and linguistic development..."

And thus I was assured that Turkish and Gagauz are as

different as chalk and cheese [see Appendix]. What an odd situation! On my right, a man speaking perfect Romanian (albeit colored with soft dark L's and other liquid Russian sounds) was protesting that he was doing no such thing. On my left, another was patiently explaining, in what was recognizably Turkish, that he wouldn't be understood easily on the street in Trabzon. I could have sworn we were playing out an absurd scene written by Ionesco or Stoppard. Or was I in the presence of two latter-day versions of Moliere's M. Jourdain, who had spoken prose his whole life and never known it? I listened to these dogmatic speeches with disbelief and then with dismay, until the happy thought dawned on me that at least my resume was expanding effortlessly, with two new instant languages. "And if I know Moldovan and Gagauz," I said to myself, "I can claim fluency in Canadian and Australian as well."

The fiction of a separate Moldovan language was part and parcel of Stalin's land-grab of Bessarabia. To create a psychological obstacle between Romania and the new Moldovan Soviet Socialist Republic, he decreed that the language be written in Cyrillic letters — Atatürk's strategy in reverse, as it were, when he eliminated a major barrier between Turkey and the West by banishing the Arabic script. To pretend that, in 1940, the artifice of Stalin's blue pencil could spontaneously generate a brave new language, like a mature Athene jumping fully-armed out of Zeus' ear with a war-cry on her lips, is absurd. But before anyone assumes that absurd means impossible, let them cast an eye toward ex-Yugoslavia today, where coals are heaped on the head of anyone rash enough to maintain that there is, or ever was, a joint language called Serbo-Croat. Newly edited, rigidly separate Serb and Croat grammar books (written in Cyrillic and Latin letters respectively) are being churned out in Belgrade and Zagreb as I write.

But one must keep perspective when discussing language developments in the Balkans, because all this lunacy pales in comparison with the last twenty years of Ceaucescu's rule, when he launched the campaign to prove that Romanian is a Slavic language. Here is more grist for Ionesco's mill (who indeed was Romanian). I can hardly imagine a more hopeless task. Romanian is a Romance language whose roots are in the colonies the Romans planted along the Black Sea (one recalls that Ovid lived out his exile in Constanta). Romanian's Latin roots are inescapable. Translated into Romanian, Julius Caesar's most famous book begins "*Gallia este divisa in trei parte*" and his most famous utterance is "*Venii, vazui, invinsei*" — a remarkable correspondence given that 2,000 years have elapsed. Nevertheless, Romanian scholars were exhorted by Ceaucescu to show linguistic solidarity with the Soviet Union. They pounced on words imported into the language from Russian and Ukrainian; instituted small spelling reforms to make Romanian look more "Slavic"; invented silly declension categories, and combed the language for aspectual verb usage [!]. In short, they mercilessly lopped arms and legs off Romanian in order to force it

into a Slavic *Prokrustovo lozhe*. I sincerely hope those scholars today look into the mirror with shame. The spelling reforms were quietly rescinded a few years ago.

### Language wars

Comic theatre is powered by dramatic irony. Twenty minutes' walk from the Academy there was an ironic backdrop to our discussions over coffee. At the very moment that the man on my right was affirming the separateness of the Moldovan language, 5,000 protesters were shouting outside the main government building. Their purpose was to debunk the idea of a Moldovan language and to boo those who were perpetuating it. Students had announced a "permanent strike" on March 27, and a hard core of fifty had pitched tents on the steps beneath the Prime Minister's office. The daily demonstrations lasting from 10am-1pm had swollen to 150,000 people at their height and had quickly become the most important issue in Moldova.

The students' primary demand was that the government formally admit that the existence of a Moldovan language was a lie and modify the Constitution accordingly. Article 13 of the Constitution reads, "The state language of the Republic of Moldova is Moldovan written in Latin letters," which they were insisting be changed to "The state language of the Republic of Moldova is Romanian." In the same spirit, the students wanted more Romanian and less Russian history to be taught in schools and universities. They considered obfuscation of Moldova's true language and history to be symptomatic of their post-Soviet government's lies, cover-ups, contempt for the populace, continued reliance on Soviet-style ideology, unreformed attitudes towards democracy, and barnacle-like tendency to cling to the past. The handbill they were distributing (in Romanian) reads, "*Those in power want to forbid us to study the true history of the nation and to oblige us to learn a false history, written at the command of those who occupied us, who took your land, forced you into kolkhoz's and took many off to Siberia.*" The preamble to their list of demands reads, "*We cannot let lies, falsehoods and ignorance affect the souls of generations of young people, such as has happened to us....*"

### Student osculation

I spent an evening with the students at their tents. No one was older than 22. It was a never-ending slumber party. Where were the austere, disciplined Czech and Slovak students I remembered fighting for their cause in November 1989? Here they smoked, played chess, strummed guitars, sang, hugged and kissed a lot, and thought up slogans for the next day. Here is a selection of that evening's product: "*Jos analfabetii, jos Agrarienii* [Down with the illiterates, down with the Agrarians (the party in power)]," "*Astazi capitala, maine toata tara* [Today the capital, tomorrow the whole country]," and "*Libertate te iubim/ Ori invingem ori murim* [Liberty, we love you/ Either we win or we die]." Occasionally citi-

zens would bring them a loaf of bread or a plate of savory pastry and whoever got to it first would eat it immediately. I asked for their names and noticed that some had difficulties writing them in Latin letters. When it got late I was offered sleeping space in a tent and I accepted. But after an hour all the jungle noises of hugging and kissing got on my nerves. I had to walk the mile or so back to my hotel. I spent the whole way turning over in my mind moral laxity vs. seriousness of purpose, asking myself if the students were just stupid kids playing, or engaged in something fine, and furiously wondering whether Hemingway was right when he wrote that the surety and righteousness that you need to make a stand can only come from continence.

On April 16 the "permanent strike" was suspended, conditional on the government's showing progress within fifteen days. On April 20, the Constitutional Court directed that Articles 13 and 118 of the Constitution, where the word "Moldovan [*limba Moldoveneasca*]" appears, be modified to read "Romanian [*limba Romana*]." President Snegur spoke to the parliament and said it was time to face reality. The students were happy and high-fived one another. I still fretted over whether young revolutionaries should be more dignified. Moldovan passed into history, probably as the only language not abraded away by time but abolished with a stroke of the pen. And my resume shrank, diminished by a court decision.

### CHISINAU MARKET AND A SOOTHING PAMPHLET (FIRST READING)

There is a third demand on the students' list that hangs rather uneasily with the other two. This is that salaries, pensions, and student grants be increased to match the costs of living — *and* that they be paid on time — *and* that privatization and land reform be implemented immediately. This portmanteau demand has not been met. I argued with the students for a long time that Demand Three was too broad, throwing in virtually everything including the kitchen sink. The key to pressure is focus (after all, Pressure = Force divided by Area), and here they were spreading themselves thin by trying to cover too much. Their retort was that the economic crisis had reached such a pitch that they couldn't remain silent. Furthermore, all three demands dovetailed with the theme of government lies and the anti-reform mentality. For instance, there was money to pay salaries, but the President didn't want to release it until the eve of elections in 1996;<sup>1</sup> and there were no real reasons to stall privatization — only the sullen, half-veiled hostility to the idea on the part of ex-communist bureaucrats and apparatchiks in the administration.

Certainly the country is in poor shape. The average monthly salary in most places is \$28, dropping, however, to \$5-10 in Transdnistria where the separatists' ersatz currency has declined to 10,000 coupons = \$1, while a kilogram of the cheapest meat I saw costs \$2.50, a sum equal to a monthly pension. Forty-six per-

cent of exports still go to Russia, and only 8% have been re-oriented to the hard-currency customers in the European Union, to whom Chisinau sells mainly tobacco and wine. Moldova doesn't even have its own bottling plant (the Soviets bottled the wine outside the republic), so it is constructing one now with a \$30 million credit from the EBRD. Sixty-six percent of GDP comes from an agro-industrial complex that is wasteful and uncompetitive. Moldova also enjoys the dubious distinction of having the biggest cement factory in Europe.

In the Soviet period there was food to spare and the fruits and vegetables in jars that one saw in Soviet stores often came from Moldova. Today almost everyone I met partly relied on a garden or on relatives living in the country to grow food, especially outside the capital. It seems that the best that the President himself has to say about the present state of affairs is as follows: “

After all, the Republic of Moldova is a country, automobiles drive from one end to the other, the trolleybuses run, people are well-clothed and good-tempered, there is water, no one is dying of hunger” (*Tara*, 18 April 1995).

The economic situation can be judged from Chisinau's central market. It is an extensive, mainly open-air complex with two central pavilions for vegetable stalls and separate small buildings for meat and dairy products. Cooking oil was being decanted from huge tanks labelled “*Lapte* [milk].” Half-rotten mackerels were sold ubiquitously. To approach the gate, you elbow your way through a crowd of money-changers, men and women, willing to buy as little as a dollar or a few DMs. Once past them, you find yourself entering an eerie corridor of middle-aged women. They line your path on either side for at least 20 meters and you cannot help walking between them. Although there is only an arm's length between you and them, they don't shout or jostle or try to attract your attention as Turks would, but watch you, quiet and sullen with serious faces. They are holding up things for sale. These items are almost certainly their own possessions ransacked from drawers and closets or ice boxes at home: a pair of socks, a Derby hat, tennis shoes, a bra and girdle (dangled by the straps by the unselfconscious owner who presumably wore them in better days), a jar of jam, boys' and girls' colored underwear, toys, rope, farm implements, and lots of dried fish, gripped rigidly and held vertically like spatulas, as if I was about to be slapped as I passed. I was profoundly uncomfortable. I felt like one of the Fascists made to run the gauntlet to be hacked and beaten to death by Republican villagers in *For Whom the Bells Tolls*.

I regularly heard that the government was dragging its feet on economic reforms. I did not investigate the question. But it is well to remember that Moldova, like most of the East European countries, has not only an ex-Soviet administration but an ex-Soviet population

as well, for many of whom the mechanics of capitalism can seem obscure, discomfiting, and not very welcome. (Anyone who remembers the attack of angst when their first computer was unpacked, complete with a hefty instruction manual, might sympathize.) For insight into how ordinary Moldovans must regard privatization, I enjoyed immensely a 28-page saffron-colored pamphlet, in Russian, cheekily being sold on the street outside the Ministry of Economics. Its very title seems to hint at the panic that it knows the reader is feeling and that it aims to quell:

### **“You Have Received Vouchers and You Have Acquired Shares.”**

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THEM?  
[CHTO S NIMI DELAT'?]

Part I: How Does Voucher Privatization  
Threaten Us?

“How does this measure affect us? Wise people say: We survived the war, we'll survive privatization too. And they're right: so the thing to keep foremost in mind is that there's no reason to be overly frightened. First of all, privatization — like all sudden calamities — encompasses everyone, running the gamut from new-born babies to those who (as the phrase goes) don't give a damn any more. Second, some of how it will all turn out depends, of course, at least partly on us: we all have to mobilize ourselves and think hard together how we are going to get out of this business with minimal losses — or even, to the extent that circumstances permit, with a little profit. So we want to share with you some observations and recommendations on this question.

“First and foremost, there is no direct threat of our tumbling into the swamp of private property. Private property is being created in our country in different ways which we will not describe to you here, inasmuch as those involved in the process know all about it, while those who aren't involved don't care anyway. So, it is simplest to regard privatization as an inoculation. It won't leave a trace on babies. It may display some irritating side-effects on youth. Adult citizens must treat it as an unlucky but not dangerous infection. And pensioners have to watch out for a heart-attack. But basically, citizens are going to come through this development calmly and are going to understand that, whatever happens, family peace and harmony will not be disrupted by the cries of irresponsible television journalists....”

The pamphlet runs through the basic concepts of vouchers, stocks and shares, equity and dividends, and ends with Ten Golden Rules for the Voucher-Holder (“Rule 3. When acquiring shares or investing vouchers, pay attention to the dividends, not the value of the property belonging to the company issuing shares... Rule 7. Avoid investment funds wherever possible... Rule 9. Don't participate in auc-

tions"). Who's afraid of voucher privatization?

## **TURKISH ACTIVISM IN GAGAUZIA MARIA VASILIEVNA NARRATES**

It takes 3 hours, traveling directly south from Chisinau in a filthy local bus reeking of gasoline, to reach Comrat, the capital of Gagauzia. It is a muddy village of 26,000 people, 68% Gagauz. It stretches in two strips, sandwiching a large common about a kilometer long for grazing animals. Walking from the bus station, I passed right through the centre without realizing it and had to double back. There were plenty of reminders that many Gagauz, living in the poorest area of Moldova, feel keenly the loss of the USSR. In fact, when voting on Gorbachev's All-Union Treaty, a majority chose to remain in the USSR. The most powerful party in Comrat is the communists — not the reformed communists calling themselves socialists, but the communist communists. (To be fair, the second town of Gagauzia, Ceadir-Lunga, is more liberal, with a more "progressive" mayor, although such terms are all relative, a smattering of private enterprise, etc.)

Overlooking the main thoroughfare, Victory Street, is a building still crowned with the hammer and sickle and a "Glory to Labor" sign. Near the bus station is the "Kolkhoz market." The Parliament of the Gagauz Republic is still on 196 Lenin Street, with a statue of the man himself untouched outside. I later asked a Gagauz MP why the statue hadn't been taken down, as elsewhere in the ex-USSR. (Significantly, the statues are still standing in Transnistria.) He answered gruffly that people had a lot to thank Lenin for, and Moldova today was a good deal worse off than during the Soviet period: "When the situation sufficiently improves that we are better off than we were under Lenin, we'll take the statue down." And, importantly, there is a sky-blue and-white church with cupolas, since the Gagauz Turks are Christians.

I say importantly because Dr. Kuruoglu insisted I look at it and absorb the message that, as one of Europe's oldest Christian groups, the Gagauz "deserve their place in Europe." Racially, the Gagauz are an offshoot of three Turkic nomadic groups, Pechenegs, Polovtsi (Cumans) and Oghuz (Uz) who appeared in Dobrogea around the beginning of the millennium. There are records that 3,000 Pechenegs adopted Christianity in the year 1140, and 30,000 Cumans followed a century later in 1246. They moved progressively north to avoid pressure to convert to Islam at the hands of the Ottomans. Eventually they ended up in the Budjak steppe (south Bessarabia), where they are now.

Today there are 153,000 Gagauz living compactly in the south of Moldova (with another 40,000 to be found scattered around, mainly in Kazakhstan and the Odessa district in Ukraine). This tiny group of people has generated interest out of proportion to their numbers, particularly in Turkey and in Strasbourg, for two reasons.

First, the new Turkish activism toward "Turks abroad"

from Bosnia to Kyrgyzstan has not overlooked the Gagauz. Gagauz President Stepan Topal is received at high levels in Ankara. Turkish embassies have helped Gagauz representatives to lobby abroad, and Turks paid, for example, for Gagauz to attend the Meeting of Ministers and Representatives of Turkic Republics in Bishkek in 1992. Respectable Istanbul art galleries like Alkent Aktüel have hosted shows of Gagauz painting, and a Days of Gagauz Culture show is being planned in Ankara for September.

The Gagauz have not been loath to stress the ethnic connection. The third largest street in Comrat is Atatürk Avenue (*Atatürk sokaa* [sic]). There is a large map painting on the side of a building in the center of Comrat depicting "The Turkish World." Turkey, Central Asia, Crimea and Gagauzia are all picked out in red, together with their national flags. The flag of Gagauzia is blue with white borders and has a white medallion in the middle showing the Bozkurt, the legendary grey wolf that led the Turks across the mountains onto the steppes. (On their map, Azerbaijan is shown connected with Nakhjivan across Armenia and touching Turkey — mistake, or prediction?)

President Süleyman Demirel came to Moldova for three days in June 1994 and visited the two major towns in Gagauzia, Comrat and Ceadir-Lunga (population 23,000, 67% Gagauz). He pledged \$35 million in aid for Turkish teachers and schoolbooks and to help develop agriculture, irrigation and drinking water facilities, which are large problems for the Gagauz. (Only a tiny fraction of this sum has been disbursed, about \$800,000 in Eximbank credits.) Also, TIKA, the foreign aid agency of the Turkish Foreign Ministry, began operating in Moldova in August 1994, with almost all its projects oriented towards the Gagauz. Here is a selection: the Gagauz newspaper *Anasözü* was given computers and a photocopier; Turks helped set up the Gagauz bank (Oguzbank); the Gagauz have received primary school textbooks from Turkey; there are academic exchanges between Turkish universities and the Gagauz university in Comrat, which opened in February 1990; a Gagauz printing press is being set up (only 34 Gagauz books have been printed in the last 30 years); and there is talk of offering the Türksat communications satellite to beam Turkish TV (state channel TRT1) into Gagauzia.

Second, the status of Gagauzia itself is unique in Europe. According to the Law on the Special Legal Status of Gagauzia, adopted in December 1994, "Gagauzia is an autonomous territorial unit, with a special status as a form of self-determination of the Gagauz, that constitutes an integral part of the Republic of Moldova" (Art. 1). The autonomy offered the Gagauz, at least on paper, exceeds anything ever offered the Basques, the Corsicans or the Bolzano Germans. They have a President and Speaker of the Parliament, Departments of Culture, Education, Health Care, Labor and Social Protection of the Population, and Mass Media and Publishing. Gagauz are not obliged to perform their mili-





tary service outside Gagauzia, and should Moldova go to war, they stay within their own borders as Home Guards defending Gagauzia. There are some muffled voices at the Council of Europe muttering that the extent of Gagauz autonomy could be a bad precedent and open a Pandora's Box if ethnic minorities in the West get wind of it.

I wish to single out the day I spent at the home of Maria Marunevich, Director of the National Research Center of the Gagauz Republic. Maria Vasilievna was an academic in Chisinau who exchanged her apartment there for one in Comrat in order to dedicate herself to the Gagauz cause. We ate sheep's feet in aspic, fried brains, pickled mackerel and black olives. We drank a bottle of wine from her own press that was excellent and a Kaberne sauvignon that was not as good, and

then a red Romanita from Ialoveni, and then a vodka that went down like alcohol astringent or tincture of iodine being poured into an open wound. I asked her how Gagauz autonomy had been achieved. This is what she said:

"We've been working to preserve our identity for a long time. Don't forget, a Comrat Republic was proclaimed during the 1905-7 revolutions, as far back as that. It was suppressed by the Russians and Bessarabians but we didn't give up. We are like the Chechens in this. And we are very conscious that the suppression of Chechnya could happen to us and everything that we have gained will be reversed. Moscow's bad example has emboldened leaders across the ex-USSR to try strong-arm solutions to their problems. Just look at Kiev cracking

down on Crimea and Nazarbayev ruling by decree in Kazakhstan. Who says the leaders in Chisinau won't change their minds about us? Who will stop them if they do? Europe? Ha! Turkey? Maybe.

"Gagauz autonomy was proclaimed again in November 1989 by a Congress of Representatives, at that time of course within the framework of the Soviet Socialist Republic of Moldova. There was a lot of discrimination and provocation to make us give up but a council of 16 kept working and a year later, in August 1990, the council went even farther and expressed the united will of the people by proclaiming the Gagauz Republic independent of Moldova. We scheduled elections for the new Gagauz parliament a month later, on October 24.

"When Chisinau found out, it sent busloads of thugs to disrupt our elections. They were later called "armed volunteers" but they were there at Chisinau's behest, just like in Romania when trainloads of Jiu Valley miners were brought in by Iliescu to rampage through Bucharest and smash opposition offices. There were clashes and there was blood. Russia's paramilitary troops came from Transdnistria to help us defend ourselves. [Why?] They made common cause with us because they could appreciate our fears. The Russians are as afraid of discrimination by Chisinau as we are, which is why they have thrown in their lot with the 14th army and set up their own state in Tiraspol.

"But as I was saying, for four days there was a stand-off and then a siege. People were being killed, and we were approaching the threshold of a civil war. [How many people were killed?] Maybe five. I don't remember. Our major towns were surrounded but we still managed to communicate secretly and we held the election. The thugs besieging us were loud, rowdy, often drunk, shooting in the air or at our houses, but the Gagauz were disciplined and grimly determined and worked together. We really consolidated as a people then.

"1991 was the year that Kuruoglu and our other MPs walked out of the parliament for 7 months when our autonomy proposals were shelved without a hearing. The Moldovan deputies had been elected as old Soviet officials and nothing could be done with them. In the meantime we held Presidential elections in December 1991 and Topal was chosen with 97% of the vote. Only when the new parliament was elected in February 1994 — the first post-independence parliament — did things get moving again. And in fact everything moved very fast. Demirel's visit had an impact by smoothing the path for a provisional understanding between Comrat and Chisinau. He underscored that Turkey wanted to see a settlement for the Gagauz Turks within the framework of an integral Moldova, which was helpful. It damped down the radicals in Chisinau who were accusing us of separatism. The \$35 million

credits also oiled the wheels. But that does not mean we aren't very cautious, always looking out for any backsliding by the government."

A few points here merit comment. First, Chechnya is on everyone's mind in Gagauzia. It is a symbol, a shadow, a metaphor, a premonition of what could happen to them. Their apprehensions are surely exaggerated. Moldovans at large approved the autonomy arrangement in a referendum. Most people I met in Chisinau said they'd heard of the Gagauz but couldn't care less about them. I challenged Zinovia Ocunschi, Director of Chisinau's Department of National Relations, with the information that the Gagauz were wary of possible steps taken against them by her office — that they even conjured up Chechnya-type worst-case scenarios. She sighed and gave me such a long-suffering look, as if she was at the end of her tether with giving assurances and about to throw her hands in the air, that I felt sorry for her and dropped the subject. However, it is a fact that the Gagauz have been collectively traumatized by the standoff against the "armed volunteers." As well as stashing a lot of weapons that have come from Transdnistria (including hand grenades — I have seen them), the Gagauz have organized a local militia, the 300-man Budjak Battalion, to protect them in the future.

Second, the Transdnistriians' support for Gagauz autonomy is revealing. Their interests have converged insofar as both Russians and Gagauz refuse to be wholly subordinated to Chisinau. After Moldovan independence, one shared fear in particular drove the Gagauz to seek autonomy and the Russians to declare independence in 1992: *viz.*, that Moldova would reunite with Romania. Romania's occupation of Bessarabia from 1919 to 1940 is remembered, not fondly, as the time of the right-wing Iron Guard, Romanian nationalism and anti-Turkish feeling. Fears of Anschluss with Romania should have been laid to rest with the March 1994 pan-Moldovan referendum that firmly rejected the idea. Nevertheless, it is true that corner kiosks sell reviews such as  *Glasul Natiunii: Revista Reintegrării Neamului* ["Voice of the Nation: the Magazine for the Reintegration of the People"], which prints the Romanian national anthem on its front page; it is true that the state publishing house churned out last year an old classic by Stefan Ciobanu written in the 1920's called *The Union of Bessarabia*; and it is true that nationalists in Romania such as the Romania Mare group make irredentist noises.

Therefore, for most Gagauz, the most crucial and emotional sentence in the Law on Gagauzia is hidden in Art.1.4: "*In case of a change of the status of the Republic of Moldova as an independent state, the people of Gagauzia shall have the right of external self-determination.*" This remarkable concession by Chisinau — a victory for the Gagauz negotiators — can be decoded to mean "Gagauzia can secede if Moldova joins Romania." (Given its geography in Moldova, poor economic prospects, limited natural resources, etc., it is unclear how Gagau-



zia could secede in practice, however. Patriotic elan could only carry the Gagauz so far.)

From the Russians' viewpoint, the Gagauz have been *too* successful. They egged the Gagauz on to demand autonomy, but lobbied desperately to put on the brakes when they unexpectedly saw a liberal settlement coming. The Russians had long maintained in discussions with international organizations such as the Council of Europe, the UN and the CSCE (now OSCE) that the leaders in Chisinau were unreasonable hardheads with whom it was impossible to do business. Chisinau's remarkable flexibility towards Gagauzia denies the Russians this cover and exposes Tiraspol's own intransigence.

## HISTORY AS SCIENCE, SOVIET STYLE

"If I may ask," I said tentatively to Maria. "I grasp the chronology of the struggle for autonomy, but there is still a central mystery about it all. What is autonomy for?"

Like all Gagauz, Maria instantly replied, "We are a nation [*halk, narod*]. We live where we have lived for centuries, compactly, in Central Budjak, which is our one and only Motherland on Earth. Accordingly as a nation we have a right to an autonomous republic, for a nation must have its own state, or it can never determine its own destiny."

In case this argument does not appear as self-evident to some Western ears as it does to many Eastern Europeans, I wish to excerpt from a document that Maria lent me to read for the evening. It was originally prepared for the Council of Europe in March 1994, to "present the truth" about the Gagauz once and for all (51pp + cover letter, in Russian). Part I is called "Brief Historical Information about the Gagauz Nation and the Scientific-Historical Aspects of its Fight for Self-Determination." Part II is called "Sovereignty and Self-Determination of the Gagauz Nation." In my view, the document is a masterpiece of Soviet scholarship. In its appeals to historical determinism and apodictic truths; its inability to build an argument or define terms; its non-sequiturs; its sweeping generalizations; its crashing pedantry; and its clap-trap about the scientific lessons of history, it is a worthy product of an educational system that discouraged people from thinking clearly.

When I brought these papers to my bare hotel room to look them over, I was hardly surprised to find the electricity cut off for the night. I did not expect, however, that neither the reception nor the single shop in town would have a candle. Since that evening was my only chance to read the papers (and a photocopier was unheard-of), I thanked my luck when I met the gatekeeper of the church closing up for the night. He unlocked the heavy door, I nipped in, thanked him and returned to the hotel. Thus it was that I read this warped, almost surreal document, taking notes through the night, in a dingy cell lit by twenty orange prayer-for-

the-dead candles, set at intervals along the window-sill.

The cover-letter, signed by the Gagauz President and Speaker of the Parliament, explains that these materials will categorically prove that the Gagauz are a nation, and overthrow the notion that they are just a national minority living in Moldova: since to maintain that they are a national minority "distorts the basic argument substantiating the natural right to self-determination of the Gagauz...[who are] undoubtedly a classic example of a nation deprived of its statehood." It is never explained what a national minority is; what makes for a natural right; or why a national minority should not enjoy equally broad rights of self-determination.

What is a nation? "Contemporary science defines a nation (synonym: *ethnos*) as a community of people distinguished by a commonality of language, a single ethnic territory, a single ethnic self-consciousness and self-denomination (*ethnonym*), distinctive particularities in traditional and daily culture, common origins, and a common historical destiny" (II. 8). What "contemporary science"? A problem over which UN rapporteurs have anguished and Western think-tanks poured seas of ink is solved in a paragraph without support or justification.

To "prove" the Gagauz are a nation, we embark on an indescribably tedious, 10-page unsourced (and hence unsubstantiated) journey through Gagauz history, introducing us to every Turkic tribe and group related to the Gagauz ethnogenesis from the fourth century on and bringing us up to the Soviet era. Enormous pains are taken to establish that the Gagauz belong on their patch of territory more than anyone else, because they were there first. "Ideologists' ideas during the last 70 years on the status of Moldovans as an 'indigenous' population... are responsible for just one more myth of a chauvinist character" (I. 16). Does this imply that the Moldovans are not a nation and thus, because they had the wrong history, do not deserve a state?

Now we move on to "scientific concepts of sovereignty and self-determination of nations in their concrete historical manifestations" (II. 1). This section aims to demonstrate the categorical need of a nation for a state, but it does no such thing. Far from arguing anything, it merely repeats the axiom in different forms. The reader is bombarded with alarmist exaggerations, appeals to "common sense," and references to "life." Here is one example of each:

*"In its relations to the Gagauz nation, the Republic of Moldova shows that it is a mini-empire, and the Gagauz play the role of a politically and economically oppressed nation without rights (or rather, such a situation will arise if their legal status is not constitutionally determined)..." (II. 2).*

*"Can a nation exercise its full powers and political freedom, preserve and create new national values without a defined state organization and its own representative and judicial organs? Without a budget? Certainly not" (II. 12).*

*"Life has shown that only by creating their own national structures for self-government (in the framework of political territorial-national autonomy) will they [the Gagauz] ensure their protection against inevitable assimilation (whether the Romanization or Russification) and be able to consolidate the intellectual powers of the nation, and thus ensure their national revival and self-preservation in the future" (II, 14).*

I believe this awful document merits the space I have given it, because it explained a mystery that had nagged me since I arrived in Gagauzia. I had not had an answer to the most basic question that sprung to my lips about all the fuss to forge a Gagauzia: "In practical terms, what does territorial autonomy allow the Gagauz to do that they were unable to do before?" I had put this question in various forms to MPs, bank tellers, shopkeepers, asked the librarian, quizzed the head of the Artists' Union and the director of the Gagauz Ethnological Museum, and interrogated Kuruoglu till I was blue in the face: "What particular grievances were unable to be addressed without territorial autonomy? What goods, services and advantages might the Gagauz now enjoy that were unavailable before? Why were you so eager to create a new tier of regional government above your heads?"

These were the people who had voted for autonomy, after all. But I only heard the mantra that the Gagauz were a nation, and there could be no self-determination without a state structure. If I pressed for clarification, they were lost without a compass. I must conclude that, with all the agitation and struggle, no one really knows what an autonomous Gagauzia means for them, including the leaders who now have the reins in their hands.

As the Republicans' 100 days were winding down in Washington, it was bizarre to be poring over a document that appeared to boil down to an emotional but motiveless call for more government. You don't have to be a die-hard fan of Proudhon or Paine to believe that less bureaucracy is usually better than more. With my candles burning low, I tried to put the best possible interpretation on what the Gagauz were about. Possibly, territorial autonomy could be interpreted as an appeal for less centralized government in Chisinau and more local administration in touch with the people. In that case the Gagauz were keeping pace with the most modern trends in the European Union towards subsidiarity and devolution of power. But somehow I doubted that anyone had been thinking in those terms. I remembered the statue of Lenin and the communist emblems, the Soviet-era reliance on the state, and felt sure that the Gagauz had fixed on the idea that Gagauz bureaucracy must be the solution to Gagauz problems, and had not thought much farther than that.

The secession clause in case Moldova unifies with Romania is impressive but symbolic. The military service option is a limited but at least tangible concession from Chisinau. Otherwise, the Gagauz ideologists must now

consider what they want to do with their new edifice. One important provision in the Law on Gagauzia concerns language: "*The official languages of Gagauzia shall be Moldovan [Romanian], Gagauz and Russian*" (Art. 3). In other words, the Gagauz effectively can opt out of having to learn Romanian for official purposes — I communicated with no one in Romanian the whole time I was in Gagauzia — and can stick to Russian.<sup>2</sup> The number of people who still speak fluent Gagauz is very limited. Intellectuals are naturally eager to re-establish education in Gagauz (the last primary school was closed in 1961). This aim is laudable if the Gagauz are truly to be preserved as a nation, although it is far from obvious that achieving it required territorial autonomy: probably it could have been pursued together with Chisinau in the framework of already existing CSCE provisions for minorities, to which Moldova is signatory. As for the real business of making territorial autonomy work, the practical details of regional government — budget, taxes, and the running of local services — I can only wish that the Gagauz would start turning their minds away from the fourth century and face the twenty-first.

## LIPOVANS

I cannot close without two words about Romania's Russian Old Believers, although they do not impinge on Turkey in any way and I am exceeding my brief. But they deserve a newsletter of their own. I spent Easter week, celebrated by the Orthodox Church a week later than in the West, in the village of Jurilovca. Old Believers are those who refused to accept the reforms in the Russian Orthodox Church introduced by Patriarch Nikon between 1652 and 1666, a period known as the Raskol of Russian Church Schism. To escape persecution, the greater part fled through Ukraine and Bessarabia (crossing the path of the Gagauz at some point who were moving north away from the Ottomans) and ended up in Dobrogea. In Romania they are called Lipovans, presumably because somewhere along the way they settled among lime groves (Russian *lipovii*, lime — so they are the original Limies).

Their traditions have been preserved intact from the 17-18th centuries; their culture is the village culture of the early Romanovs. Their Russian is old and tricky, often sounding like Ukrainian or even Slovak-Ruthenian. Men and women greet by kissing on the lips. Religious services including the homily (*pouchenie*) has stayed in Old Church Slavonic. So has the Easter greeting *Christos voskryesye*, "Christ has risen." Before the Easter midnight service, where we processed around the church carrying candles, I had to be coached how to stand, bow, and cross myself Lipovan-style. The Lipovans cross high on the shoulders, as if throwing salt behind them for good luck, using two fingers instead of the three dictated by Nikon.

There seem to be an immense store of folk songs and oral religious poetry transmitted usually from mother

to daughter, forgotten or at least unexplored by outsiders and uniquely preserved among the Lipovans. They await study and transcription by a Lord or a Millman Parry. Their low, polychromatic houses with courtyards come out of folklore and fairy-tales that were old when Pushkin was retelling them. As a guest I sat in the Red Corner under the icons in the kitchen, and slept on a stove.

Do you ask me if I was bewitched and enchanted? How can I avoid confessing that I lived on sentiment for seven days? I forgot my age and surrendered the critical skills that had been bought for me by an expensive education. I fell prey to all the traps laid by the early Romantics. Where Sterne and Radishchev led with their own sentimental journeys, I followed. Village ways were patently better and modern cities were noisome. I learnt that the beautiful is morally good, just as Plato said all along. I stood on my feet for hours during services, fed with meditations and dazed with incense. What cake was ever better than *paskha*? What grape made better wine than Afuzalie and Dvofranoshny grown in Dobrogea? And when I encountered village girls on the street in their *shal'ky* and *shupky* and *kofty* — headscarves, pleated skirts, and short coats cut like Voltaire jackets — and wearing bright tassled cords around their waists, how could I not prefer them,

like Radishchev, to the most sophisticated women that St. Petersburg had to offer? □

#### NOTES:

<sup>1</sup> Certainly it is suspicious that the Mayor of Chisinau turned on hot water in the capital for the first time in six months only a few days before the April 16 local elections. As an election bribe, his strategy failed: low voter turn-out (34%) necessitated a second round of voting in Chisinau. (66% were bathing?)

<sup>2</sup> Russian is the language of inter-ethnic communication in Gagauzia, and was even established as such by one of the first laws passed in Comrat ("On the Functioning of Languages on the Territory of the Gagauz Republic"). Securing the primacy of Russian is another interest the Gagauz share with the Transdnistrians.

#### APPENDIX

It is such a close call whether the Gagauz language is separate from Turkish — the distinctions are so technical and the subject so emotional — that I offer an excerpt from the Ceadir-Lunga local paper (*Gagauz sesi*) and suggest the reader judge for him or herself. Spoken Gagauz is looser, naturally, and subject-verb-object is common word order (hence, little Turkish-type clausal embedding).

"ГАГАУЗЕРИ" - ДУШУНМЕКЛЕР ХЕМ КАНТАРЛАМАКЛАР

## «ГАГАУЗЛАР ХЕМ БУЛГАРЛАР БИРЛИКТӘ ОЛСУННАР ЛӘЗЫМ...»

"Гагаузийе - Гагауз Ери" маасузулк доорулук статусу ичин канун чалкалады диил сәде Молдовайы, ама ачыкча дүнианын түрлү кенарларында селенилди. Бу документ ООН-үн Генел Асамблейасыннан миллет проблемлерини карарламакта нижә бир өрнек кабул едилди, Европа Советин отурушунда метедилмә селери сблинлди хем Молдованын Президенти Мирча Снегур Американын Бирлешмиш Штатларында "Ыл адамы" сайылды. Дүйгүлүклү диил ми?

Ама биз, бу тарафларда йашайаннар, диил ләзым буун хершейа тоз пемба гәзлүклериндән бакмаа, ама айык кәфайлан хем тарафсыз чәзүм-пемәй кануну те о гәруштән, не истәрдик, не единдик хем регионда бу Канун кабул единмесиндән сора орталык дизилмесинә бакалым.

Илк гәруштән хепси аннашыклы: гагаузлар доорудан хепсини каблеттиләр, не истәдиләр - автономийейи, кенди символикасыны, Конституциясыны, ко оннара башка түрлү денилсин... Ама дүшмер буннан айыры оларак кәзл-маа (завлуждаться) Молдова-

да административ - топрак реформасыны гәчирмектә (бблә реформа өркен ми, гәч ми, хеп окарда олажек, нижә оннара денилөжек - үезд, жүдөц оса цинут му, таа диил белли) бана калса, оннара биртүрлүә йакын кендибашынлыны өерилөжек. Онуштан Канунда 2 хализл өрлөштирмели пунктлар өар. Биринжи - 1 статьянын 4-жү пунктунда: "Молдова хер кенди статусуну дииштирәса, Гагаузийе халкын өар доорулуу кенди статусуну диишти-

луу кенди баамсызлыны кабул өтсин." Хем икинжи - 3-жү статья (1) "Гагаузийеда официал дилләр молдован, гагауз хем рус кулланылажек. Барабар официал дилләрлән Гагаузийеда башка дилләр да гарант өерилер." Хализ бу булунмаклар бана гөлөр Канунда хөн өнемли. Сәде хализ оннар ичин, бууқ сайыа гәрдә гагаузларын миллет акынтысы чөкетти.

Хализ бунан да чөкилмәй ләзым, бакарак орталык "Гагаузийе - Гагауз Ери" маасузулк доорулук статусу ичин кануну кабул өтмесиннән. Ләзым мы сблимәй, ани молдо-

ван йашайаннары Канунда, хализ бу 2 пунктү олүмсуз (негативно) кабул етти, неләр ичин икарда лаф гитти. Хем дүшмер оннары бу ичин айыппамаа - бу гәрушү пак цинсанжасына өар нижә аннамаа, ки Молдованын сырадакы адамы - Приднестровьейә айыры статусун өерилмеси. Бу көрд автономийанын үүсекли, нижә аннәрыз, таа икарда олажек, бакынжә Гагаузийеа, неа да айырык-лы шашмаклар молдованнарын тарафындан олмайжек.

Бурада вакыт Тараклы районна данышмаа, ангысы да кенди айырык статусуну кабул етмәй истер. Те ону, ани Тараклы району калажек кендибашына административ планында диил бир көрд үүсек трибуннардан сблинлди. Еибегки, Тараклы булгар културасынын илерлемесиндә меркез статусуну единөжек. Ама хадийнииз дүшүнелим: буну му, бууқ сайыа гәрдә, оннар истәди, ким кенди өакыдында Приднестровьядан хем Гагаузийедан пай тутту?

Сәде саймайын бени экстремист өринә - бән хөркерә митингдөрә хем калкынтыларә

(Өтөөси 2-жи сайфада.)

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