

INSTITUTE OF CURRENT WORLD AFFAIRS

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Dear Peter,

Due to a variety of circumstances I have avoided reporting about my first month in Uzbekistan until today.

There are two reasons behind my reluctance:

1) up until the August 19th and the aborted putsch in Moscow, there was precious little to write about here save for the more tedious aspects of settling in, reviving acquaintances and standing in line to receive food staples

2) following August 19th (and its aftermath) there has been simply too much to keep track of, with every day's notes hopelessly outdated by the next day's events, forcing me to re-edit everything or to postpone alterations in the hope (or fear) that the day will (or won't) bring some new item into view that will galvanize all into some interesting and organic whole (or force me to throw all previously compiled notes away).

In a word, I have been stricken with journalistitis: a writer in the middle of a coup but with nowhere and no means of filing. Up the news river with no paddle, as it were.

It has been frustrating.

But even more frustrating than being unable to write any news has been the effort to gather it. Sources of information here are so meager and people so tight-lipped that getting anything of substance or even speculation has been like squeezing water from a rock.

Indeed, at the end of the day (or month, as it were) the only truly motivating factor for my reporting at all is that a friend is leaving the country this week (and thus giving me a chance to get some mail out) and the almost incidental fact that Uzbekistan declared itself independent today.

What?

He moans about writer's block and scanty sources when a Soviet Republic declares itself to be free of 70 years of Moscow domination? Nothing to write about? Are you nuts?

No, I am in Uzbekistan.

I have never imagined such a careful (or totally carefree) people could exist, but here they are, and I am in their midst.

Thomas Goltz is an ICWA fellow researching the Turkic Republics of Central Asia, with an emphasis on those in the Soviet Union.

Since 1925 the Institute of Current World Affairs (the Crane-Rogers Foundation) has provided long-term fellowships to enable outstanding young adults to live outside the United States and write about international areas and issues. Endowed by the late Charles R. Crane, the Institute is also supported by contributions from like-minded individuals and foundations.

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Waiting for the Roller Coaster

It takes no great insight to suggest that August 19th, 1991 will go down in Soviet history as the commencement day of the post glasnost era in Russia and much of the USSR.

In Uzbekistan, too, the old-guard, hard-liner putsch against Mikhail Gorbachev resulted in dithering confusion that directly led to the dithering and confused declaration of independence on September 1st, 1991. Whether anyone will register that date anywhere but in local annals is another question; it is perhaps good that the date is also the start of the school year, otherwise most people would be likely to forget it entirely.

For in Uzbekistan, the people were silent on August 19th and they were silent on the 20th. They were silent throughout the show-down between the people and the army in front of Moscow's White House and they were silent when the coup failed. They were silent when Gorbachev arrived back in power and were silent when he was slowly stripped of it by his savior, Boris Yeltsin.

At first it seemed that the Uzbeks just felt far away from the center and were scared lest they come down, too early, on the wrong side of the fence. They were not alone in holding their breath to see how things would shake out in Moscow; some say even George Bush might have been a bit more forceful initially, but I guess that is not his style.

Then, about a week after the coup and still with no public discussion whatsoever leading up to the issue and without a single, solitary demonstration pro or against it, Uzbekistan President and local Communist Party boss Islam Karimov announced that his country was joining the line of Soviet Republics seeking independence from the USSR. In order to facilitate this change, he also banned all Communist party activity in the police, army and KGB and brought all those forces under his direct control lest, presumably, the forces of reaction attempt a counter-coup.

Independence by Diktat.

The response from the Uzbek public was--well, silence; not a word and not a whisper.

Where were the crowds? Where were the cries of 'freedom!' in the streets? Incisive articles in the local press or debates on the television?

One doesn't necessarily have to topple the obligatory statue of Lenin, but the response of the Uzbek nation to their President's announcement of symbolic secession from the USSR was so strange that it began to seep into my thick skull that maybe, just maybe, the reluctance to show the flag for either Yeltsin/Gorbi or the coup makers in Moscow was not so much that people felt powerless to effect change so far away as that they felt totally powerless even at home, where they have long been inured to keeping their mouths shut.

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And the silence echoed through the halls of powers and in the living-rooms of the Uzbek elite: these folks, with money and access to quality food and foreign travel and invariably Communist Party members, were shaken and confused and waiting for any news referring to the coup. At first it was pretty sad but then it became simply pathetic: one night, sitting around and then drinking and dancing with a number of high-level Uzbek friends (one the head of foreign economic relations in the presidential council, another the group leader for 200 other young Commies) I was struck by their sheer ambivalence about events and what they should do next. All the classic rationales started coming to the fore: one had joined the party in the hopes of being able to effect incremental, real change from within but now a time of decision had come...What to do? Resign from the party that made them who they are but at a time when there was no honor in doing so? Go into private business? Leave the country?

In the event, no one did anything and life carried on exactly as before as well it should have, because nothing, absolutely nothing (save for the literally incidental declaration of independence) happened here: no-one has been sacked; not one office has closed; no-one has resigned. Not even the insignia of Pravda has been changed. The monolithic Communist Party may have banned itself from political activity in the security apparatus, but the apparatus itself has now been brought under the direct control of the Communist Party President of the country...The party meets later this month and high on the agenda is the subject of choosing a new name.

A rose is a rose is a rose...

Indeed, events would seem to have revealed Uzbekistan as a repository for hard-liners in nationalist clothing. The leaders may speak of glasnost and the other, new phrases like 'market economy' and now 'independence', but the words ring hollow here: it is, using the old Marxist saw, the same old elite attempting to maintain their class interests.

This attitude is nowhere more evident than in the use and manipulation of the local media.

Right after the coup, Uzbek television dutifully went along with the emergency council's decrees governing Soviet television and started an endless cycle of symphonic concerts, cartoons and light entertainment--a Charles Dickens movie, Donald Duck and a flash-back style film about Ghenghiz Khan--as well as the usual 'feature' news reporting about happy agronomist members of this or that Sovkoz or Kolkoz farm making new strides in cotton harvesting or watermelon hormones. There were also a couple of news programs beamed in from Moscow of the sort that Soviet journalists subsequently apologized for having made.

Then came the Yeltsin victory, and with it, the nature and concept of news began to change--at least on the Russian

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language, super-national channel. Here, an almost ad nauseam, cathartic recounting of the real-coup began to be beamed into living-rooms across the land: crowds, soldiers, screams, cries and finally, victory. But in Uzbekistan, both the Uzbek language and even Russian language media lagged far behind.

While the press served its readers by slavishly reprinting TASS reports (first anti-Yeltsin, then pro-Gorbachev and then Gorbi's messages of thanks to the Uzbek people for their Soviet-style solidarity) side by side with the usual cultural fare concerning the 550th anniversary of the great "national poet" Alisher Navoi or stupid interviews with factory chiefs who had raised the price of parking for their employees as part of the embrace of the free market economy, television continued its familiar, intelligence-insulting programs about happy agronomists and local culture, oblivious to whether a coup or counter-coup had ever occurred.

Typical of the growing difference between Tashkent and Moscow news was the programming tonight, September 1st, Day One of independence for Uzbekistan.

In Moscow, the pan-Soviet first channel had a joint, live Moscow/CNN interview with Mikhail Gorbachev about recent events (and I mean live: we were fed the entire set up, microphone checks in English and Russian, their on-clipping and de-clipping from Mike's collar--the works) and in which he said he would countenance freedom for the Baltics but would not resign. Headline news all over the world. This was followed by a news-feature tour of the KGB headquarters in Moscow, underlining the idea that that organization's day is done in Russia.

Uzbek television, meanwhile, was busy re-running the hour-long speech of President Islam Karimov's incredibly laconic declaration of independence at the national parliament earlier in the day, playing the last two minutes of the speech containing the actual announcement of national freedom twice lest anyone miss the moment.

Fair enough: it is, after all, Uzbek television, and one doesn't declare national sovereignty every day of the week.

But what followed was the most numbingly bad analysis of events ever dreamt of by a network executive in his worst nightmare: a long and babbling interview with the President about how fine and nifty and neat he felt about independence and how everything would now be fine and nifty and neat. Next in snore (sic) was the appearance of four esteemed guests answering a commentator's question of 'what do you think about independence' with long-winded replies based on the idea that independence is fine and nifty and neat and long awaited and that it is very good to be alive today to see it and feel it.

One of the guests, a Tadjik poet and Artist of the USSR, broke into song about independence (I believe); it was more than a little sad that he had to mouth the words play-back style:

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Spontaneity is still not a desirable quality on Uzbek TV.

Another guest, an Uzbek from New Jersey (whom I had met briefly the week before in another context and while in the company of the ethnic Uzbek Afghan Minister of Finance and Customs) came closest to actually saying something of content when he referred to all the Uzbeks in the diaspora (Afghanistan, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Turkey and the USA) who would be looking at the coming days with eagerness. There was some clearing of throats by announcers through the man's short oration, but no cutting I could tell of.

Then came another series of interviews with three more marionette-like figures representing several of the various 90 identifiable minorities in Uzbekistan: a Tatar, an Uigher and an unidentified third party (Turkmen? Kirghiz? Azeri? The last of the Mistikh Turks?). Of interest here was the Tatar's statement that there were Tatar language schools in Uzbekistan and the Uigher's veiled criticism of the regime because there were none for Uigher children, otherwise the three men contented themselves with wishing the Uzbek people well and stating how happy they were to participate in the glorious future of the newly independent land.

But if folks were talkative on the tv, the entire spectacle was made the more remarkable by the absolute dearth of interest in the streets. I swear, half the people I asked about the concept 'independence' had no idea that it applied to them or that such an event had happened at all.

Indeed, "just folks" appear to be thinking with their stomachs--which is at least an honest response and maybe a refreshing contrast to the elite whose bellies are full.

Early on in the coup, I made a casual survey of taxi driver opinion (the classic font and repository of public sentiment accessed by journalists the world over: when in doubt or in need of a quote, hail a cab!). Curiously, all I spoke to on August 19th said "good riddance" to the demise of Mr Gorbachev. Many openly hoped for a return of the "good old days" of Leonid Brezhnev when the shelves were full even if minds were empty.

The sense that many Uzbeks truly had no truck with Gorbachev and his policies was elevated after his return to Moscow and the demise of the putschists. Rather than cheer the return of the 'legitimate' Soviet government, I had the chance to watch people literally spitting at their TV sets when Gorbi's image came on.

I guess one might read into this very action the success of glasnost: even those who yearned for the full-shelf days of Leonid B admitted that public and private expression of one's political sentiment was ill-advised whereas today one could say what one pleased even if one couldn't eat it.

Finally, the most eerie element of all was the total silence of all the many non-Uzbeks in the country toward both local and

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national events. The reticence of the "cousins"--the Tatars, Uighers, Tadjiks and other sundry Muslim/Turkic minorities in Uzbekistan, or even such groups as the 200,000 Koreans (now served by a Grave Church missionary from Los Angeles) to speak out might be understandable; their numbers are not all that significant anyway, and they really have no place else to go should they not like the way events unfold.

But what about the Russians and other European migrants and settlers, the people who make up more than half of Tashkent's population and up to a third of Uzbekistan? Their forefathers were the backbone of Czarist colonialism, the railway workers who made the Revolution here, were the heart of industrial development during the Great War or the soul of the reconstruction effort following the Great Earthquake of 1966. It is hard to believe that they have remained immune from the democratic diseases their cousins in Mother Russia have fallen victim to, but outside a few private murmurs, they, too, are quite as the grave, or Uzbeks, as it were.

The reason for this apparent indifference may simply be that they don't want to go back to Moscow where it is cold and where there is no food; it may also be that the memory of the massacres of the Mistikh Turks in Fergana two years ago at the hand of Uzbek mobs seems uncomfortably close to home and that they have no intention of collectively opening themselves up to the charge of meddling in the internal affairs of a republic that is not titularly theirs.

Well, the entire affair has brought on a deluge of questions which I will turn into a single rhetorical one because I know I don't have the answer:

When will the roller-coaster hit the first curve?

On that note, I will leave this global subject and return to the banal--a review of my first month in Tashkent town.

Turning Nelson's Nose

The acrid smell of burning trash wafts in through our window every night and sometimes during the day. The distinctive odor permeates shirts and sweaters and sheets and anything else left on the cloths' line on our balcony.

But we have grown used to the smoke smell and maybe even welcome it now for we are all too familiar with the alternative--the redolent odor of fetid, rotting vegetables and garbage slowly decomposing right outside our door.

There does not seem to exist any public system of sanitation in the usual sense of the word here. Some unidentified soul is

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apparently empowered by someone else to ignite the trash dump outside each of the many "massifs", or massive housing blocks that make up the many neighborhoods in town once every day or two. I am still not completely used to the phenomenon and the first waft of smoke through our abode usually sends me scurrying around the place to check that some electronic device (like a computer) is not frying itself or that I have not left a pot on the stove overnight. Finding nothing amiss, I usually stick my head over the balcony to make sure that it is indeed the morning's trash-fire, reassuringly sending up a cloud of black smoke down the way.

And I am not talking about little, localized fires.

The dump fires (and thus the dumps) can be quite extensive, often spreading into the main streets. The largest act like a magnet for others to dump their non-flammable junk--rusted bed frames, scraps of wood, old pots and pans and virtually anything else that would go into a landfill or incinerator elsewhere. To be overly generous, one could say that the good citizens of Tashkent have thus solved the problem of co-lateral ecological damage: waste does not pollute the environment outside the city because it pollutes the city itself.

And the public burning of discarded goods is not the only unsavory aspect of Tashkent.

The large and small canals of the Syr Daria River that wend their way through town, attractive enough from afar, upon closer inspection reveal themselves to be veritable running sewers. That men fish and children swim in them goes along way to explain the extraordinarily high rate of hepatitis in the population at large; a specialist in epidemic and communicable diseases warned me not to think of going near the river or canals, thus spiking, at least temporarily, my plan to raft the system.

There are also many other little, lacking things in Tashkent, a city of some four million souls but with the soul of a huge, extended Third World village, and I think it best to capture these and other visual images and olfactory impressions before they become so ordinary and normal that I no longer notice them-- a syndrome I define with the phrase of "turning Nelson's nose" to reality, an oblique reference to the even more obscure phrase of turning (Trafalagar Square) Admiral Nelson's (blind) eye to the ambient scene and seeing (or smelling) nothing.

Indeed, already this sensual and psychological defense mechanism has started to kick in.

The trash odor is accepted; the reality of rationed goods is quickly becoming just as blase: we are now registered at a local market where we buy our rationed and non-rationed goods, and it now seems quite normal to stand in line while the attendant digs in the files to pull out our card to make sure we are not trying to cheat the system by buying an extra pound of butter or 100 grams of tea.

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The non-rationed goods in the shop are there for everyone, but are limited to such items as salt, sour mango juice, tomato juice, diverse unattractive jams, small-kernel rice and overly fat noodles. There is also a soft-drink section where we buy bottled juices when available--light flavored lemon, orange, pear drinks which really aren't too bad if one chills them thoroughly but are worse than a cola when warm. In order to buy any, though, we have to return the same number of empty bottles; I felt I had finally arrived when one day the attendant actually trusted me to purchase six bottles on the promise that I would bring my empties later, which of course I did.

The rationed goods, meanwhile, are not open to any trust or dodging and include such items as tea, butter, sausage and vodka (from a special dispensary). To tell you the truth, I am not sure of the amounts we are privy to and I rather suspect that we are drawing a single ration and not two, thus allowing the attendant to hawk our second ration on the open market at twice the price.

One rationed item which we never buy and wish were banned from sale altogether is cotton-seed oil. The heavy, noxious substance seems to be the only oil available for everything from deep^{as} frying meat to preparing salads and lends such basic dishes, plov (pilav) a heavy, greasy taste. This would be sadder if we had not already started following local custom and avoiding restaurants, especially the street variety. Of these, most are dirty and bad and after an effort to make the broadest possible contact with the public food sector we have limited ourselves to a few, select establishments. The black list even includes a couple of places that I formerly favored: a kebab stand near the bazaar and a student restaurant near the university. In the former, we were obliged to watch the tomato-slicing lady mop up after a young man who had lost his lunch on the restaurant floor and then see her blithely return to her culinary duties without washing her hands, while in the latter we were served a glass of warm, flat beer we knew had just come from the pitcher shared, but not emptied, by four young bucks just then staggering out the door.

Another favorite sanitary story of mine concerns the juice stands that line sidewalks all over town. Here, one takes the glass just used by one's predecessor, sticks it in a sort of water-jet scrubber for an instant or two and then fills it with the gassed juice from the adjacent jet before replacing the glass for the next customer to wash and use. The most remarkable thing about this system is that no-one steals the glasses; perhaps the city's many thieves have become hygiene-conscious.

Our House

Upon our arrival in Tashkent, we were shuffled off to our new, university-supplied flat on the northwest edge of town in a neighborhood named Karakamish, a name which appears to be

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intimately associated with burglars and bad news.

Certainly, the flat gave us pause: not only was it a dump, but it lacked any and all precautions against the very burglars we were being warned about twice a day. Situated on the second floor of a four story building, the two room place was accessed by a cheap door with two locks; one fell off when I touched the door after having forgotten that I had locked it; the university said they could not replace it because there were no locks in Tashkent, and our survey of the market seemed to suggest that this was so.

More to our concern was the balcony which, unlike most standard Soviet apartments, had not been converted into a third room but had been left open with no burglar bars or any other anti-theft devices or constructions and thus represented a green light beckoning any and all thieves in the neighborhood to visit "the Americans" apartment when we were out.

The reader might think that the above represents some sort of paranoia, and it may well be so: but the irritating habit of the neighborhood youths to paw at, assess and demand the sale of one's clothes as one walked down the street was more than a little unnerving and suggested that someone, some night, would find a means of getting his hands on computer and blue jeans by this means or that.

Our concern was actually heightened by the university rectors' office, which informed us that a "convention of thieves" had descended upon Tashkent from Russia, and that we had to beware; the best thing to do, we were advised, was to check all of our worldly goods of value into the university safe. Given subsequent developments with the university, it is a good thing that I did not accept their kind offer, for the university may have been the biggest potential thief of all.

In the event and upon our insistent demands that the university do something about this state of security in our abode, a regular stream of repairmen began appearing at our door every morning, staying only long enough to drink tea and then clear out. One man arrived to put up curtain rods with a slug-gun but no other tools; the air-conditioner arrived and sat in the kitchen for three days until the electrician arrived to extend a wire from the wall socket serving the frig: when another brace of lads came to put the system in place it was discovered, of course, that the cable from the air conditioner was an inch too short and the whole process began again, taking another three days...The circus went round and round and I finally threw the workers out after three men and a foreman showed up to connect the telephone to its line but not the line to the system (literally: one held the two wires from the telephone, another held the two wires from the wall, a third twisted them together
~~together~~

while the fourth directed the other three in their ten second endeavor; the telephone only came on-line a week later).

It was then that we decided that the university was not very serious and started to repair things ourselves.

The work was enlightening mainly for what it revealed about Soviet labor relations and equipment and supply.

There was, truly, much to be done in the apartment: a cement block, the floors had been covered with a sort of cheap linoleum that is usually grafted together at the seams, but not in our house, making the center seam a constant source of dust and dirt and accumulated cement; the balcony had served as the repair center for whatever workmen had once graced the place with their presence, and they had left an inch of cement dust on everything. Sadly, they had neglected to create any sort of drain when they left, making the task of cleaning up the cement dust tedious indeed: water it down, mop it up; water it down, mop it up. The other option of simply closing the door was not acceptable because of the heat; a fan might have alleviated our suffering, but sadly, there were only space heaters on the market. It goes without saying that in opening the doors after cleaning the balcony we began to attract a stream of insect visitors.

But these remained details compared with our main task: the demolition of the wall separating the toilet from the bathroom.

I still fail to understand this standard feature of Soviet construction technique save for serving as the perfect invitation to use the phrase "as useful as tits on a bull" which I have always wanted to employ but have never found the situation for.

Now here it was: Imagine a bathroom of perhaps six feet by eight feet, into which you must cram a tub/shower combo, sink and squatter. Space is at a premium, as are obvious other factors like the pipes and fittings that a plumber employs in his trade. In a brilliant move, you first run a single, swivel faucet between the tub and sink--rather the opposite concept of the His and Hers basins popular elsewhere in the world, but no matter--it conserves on material and space and thus so far so good. Then, in a fit of design madness, you erect a four inch concrete wall between the sink and the squatter, reducing the total space in the latter to a narrow, two-foot wide corridor. Why? Not only does it remove all sources of water from the toilet (save for the device one is sitting on) but seriously hampers the arm and hand movement necessary for performing essential functions to a clean conclusion. And then one is obliged to wander back out of the tiny room, through the hall and then visit the adjacent room...

The only explanation for this is that in Soviet residential reality space is at a premium and that normally a family of five or six might be living in the same space as Professor Goltz and spouse and sharing the toilet/sink/shower facilities on a rotational basis. Dividing the bathroom in two thus allows for double use. While sound, the theory would appear slightly flawed by the fact that most hotels enjoy the same design.

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In order to effect the destruction I hired on the university-supplied plumber who was lurking around the place doing nothing one day, convincing him I would make it worth his while to help me destroy the offending wall. I thus discovered several things:

- 1) that plumbers, masons, carpenters and electricians all supplement their ridiculously low state salaries with black work
- 2) that judging by the quality of workmanship in the bathroom the next earthquake in will bring down nearly every building in Tashkent town

There was also the additional insight that most workers are drunk most of the time. The plumber declined the chilled juice I offered and asked instead for vodka--and it was still morning. A pair of masons I then found to cement the floor area between the two, now reunited halves of the bathroom likewise arrived blitz-drunk, and a neighbor who just happened to be a painter I brought on to fix up the plaster on the walls simply disappeared for a three day drunk on the advance I gave him, turning up chastised, contrite and hung-over to ask if I wanted my money back.

More sobering, as it were, was the actual state of the wall I destroyed: four inches of cement crumbled under medium blows delivered by a cheap hammer and the reinforcing rods came tumbling out with a mere twist. Was it because it was the mystery wall dividing toilet from sink that had been put in later, or were all walls in the apartment so flimsily and shoddily constructed? What about the building? The city? The metro?

Again, that creeping sense that despite the super-power pretensions of the Soviet Union for the past 40 years, much of it has been a lie: I find it impossible to believe that the workers in a high-tech plant (building nuclear bombs, say) can be basically different from those working on my bathroom wall or telephone, or that the command and control centers (again, why not for nucs?) do not somehow reflect the state of communications throughout the land as expressed in such things as the totally dysfunctional telephone system.

Well, all such deliberations were given pause during the end phase of the de-construction of the wall when a car arrived at the house to pick me up and take me to meet my sponsors at the history department of Tashkent University.

There, waiting for me with smiles painted over their faces, were the three members of the staff responsible for my visa. After suggesting that certain of their responsibilities toward me, such as supplying tutors, guaranteeing research permits and the like might 'take some time' to set up, they got around to the real point.

It seemed that several Uzbek students were on their way to the United States and the university was a little strapped for cash. They wanted the monthly honorarium I had agreed upon now, one year of it, and in cash.

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I said that I was certainly prepared to aid in anyway I could but that I would like some guarantees that the university begin to fulfill various aspects of its end of the bargain.

They said they would try and fix up some security bars in the apartment, but if I still was complaining at the end of a week, I might just return to the USA.

I smiled and assured them I would consider this option and then began to look around for alternative sponsors...

Then came the coup and chaos, but somewhere in the muddle we found a couple of old friends and have now succeeded in wrenching ourselves away from the avaricious university, changed abodes and have entered into a new mode of existence here, and I will end this report with the following up-date.

Our new sponsors are a local joint venture smiled upon by the foreign economics boss of the President's inner consul; with their aid we moved to another place across town from Karakamish and may well move again; the security is better here but the neighborhood lacks access to markets and the nearest working telephone is a twenty minute walk away.

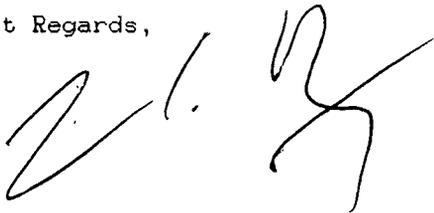
At the height of the coup-crisis I decided it best to remove myself from the temptation to file and went down to Samarkand for four days to hang out with Muslim types and now appear to have secured an invitation to attend some zikrs in the Pamir mountains along with a local imam who has a taste for "sentimental" western literature--Dickens, Jack London, etc. (Yes...)

Also, we have kicked in with Uzbek and Russian language tutorials; the former is progressing rapidly (despite the difficulties of bending one's ear around the Tashkent dialect) while the latter is progressing Tarzan fashion: numbers; infinitive verb construction sentences (I to want to go street left now) and have-to phrases. I had initially planned on avoiding Russian altogether for the first three months or so here, but have jumped in earlier than expected after confronting Tashkent reality as well as the prospect of trips to Moscow to take a closer look at events as they unfold there.

What else?

This else: as you will note from the date on the Azeri manuscript (tcg-10) there are serious problems in getting mail out of here in a timely and reliable manner. I hope to solve that in Moscow by establishing some courier route, but for the time being, please be patient with delayed reports.

Best Regards,



Thomas Goltz
Tashkent
Republic of Uzbekistan (!)
September 1st 1991

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