

The material you are about to read, was transcribed from a journal I kept during a trip to the Soviet Union in 1987. The trip was organized by Bill Shaw, PhD of Crosscurrents Institute, Sidney, Ohio, U.S.A. (<http://www.crosscurrentsinstitute.org>)

The purpose of the trip was to engage in "Citizen Diplomacy". I.e., a direct citizen to citizen form of contact between the United States and the Soviet peoples.

The record of this journey was written in haste because we met many people, traveled to many locations and we were quite busy every day. I mention this because the notes you will read, below, can be fragmented and difficult to understand at times.

*You will find some sections of this document rendered in **italics**. Italicized text is current day commentary about the journal's original 1987 text.*

The document is divided by date and time headers like this:

21 Jun 87 - 1500 - Leningrad [LogPage 12]

This header indicates that the text is from 21 Jun 87 at 1500 in Leningrad. The LogPage ties these notes back to page 12 of the physical journal itself. Times, if given, are always local.

The Itinerary of the trip:

<i>Day</i>	<i>Date/s</i>	<i>Locations</i>
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01	19/20Jun87	- LAX -> JFK -> Iceland -> Luxembourg-> Leningrad (flights)
02	21Jun87	- Leningrad
03	22/23Jun87	- Leningrad -> Moscow (by train)
04	23Jun87	- Moscow
05	24Jun87	- Moscow
06	25Jun87	- Moscow
07	26Jun87	- Moscow
08	27Jun87	- Moscow -> Fergana (flight)
09	28Jun87	- Fergana
10	29Jun87	- Fergana








- 11 30Jun87 - Fergana -> Tashkent (flight)
- 12 01Jul87 - Tashkent
- 13 02Jul87 - Tashkent
- 14 03Jul87 - Tashkent -> Almaty (flight)
- 15 04Jul87 - Almaty
- 16 05Jul87 - Almaty
- 17 06Jul87 - Almaty -> Moscow -> Leningrad (flights)
- 18 07Jul87 - Leningrad
- 19 08Jul87 - Leningrad -> Luxembourg (flight)
- 20 09Jul87 - Luxembourg - Iceland -> JFK (flights)
- 21 10Jul87 - JFK -> LAX (flight)

Map of former Soviet Union with the five cities we visited and their order:






- 1 = Leningrad - Russia
- 2 = Moscow - Russia
- 3 = Tashkent - Uzbekistan
- 4 = Fergana - Uzbekistan
- 5 = Almaty - Kazakhstan

The People who were on the trip:

<p>Bill Shaw - Group Leader - Crosscurrents Institute</p>		<p>Maribeth Eiken Graham (Delaware, Ohio)</p>	
<p>Dennis Gallagher (Irvine, CA)</p>		<p>Linda Groff, PhD - Southern California</p>	
<p>Barbara (Dayton, OH)</p>		<p>Bryan - Son of Ethel (from Oxford, Ohio)</p>	
<p>Fred Mcconnaughey (of Dayton, OH)</p>		<p>Ethel (from Oxford, Ohio)</p>	<p>???</p>

Elsie		Delia Callahan (Dayton, OH)	
Cathy		Chris Saunders	
Mary	???	Stella	
Margaret	???	Charlotte - Southern California	

<p>Janelyse</p>		<p>Elizabeth Hanestock (Pennsylvania)</p>	
<p>Zhenya - Our Soviet Guide (AKA Eugenia)</p>			

(I've realized that I wasn't much of a photographer in 1987. One would have thought that I would have captured intentional photos of my trip mates. But, alas, it wasn't so. And all the photos above are just incidental photos. And I failed to catch any useable photos of at least three of my trip-mates. Also, as you will notice, I have only first and last names for a few of my co-travelers. Thanks to Bill Shaw for supplying a few more!)

Errata:

'Alma Ata' was renamed as 'Almaty' in 1993. I've changed to use the new name throughout this document.

In the early parts of this document, I refer to our official USSR guide as 'Eugenia' but later I call her 'Zhenya'. Not sure why.

The 18 names I provided for the group members in the personal photographs section, above, are, apparently, not 100% accurate. In the text, I recorded the names of other folks who would appear to be part of the group but who are not listed among the 18.

Also, the names of some folks like Mary Beth and Janelyse both appear with spelling variations. And finally, I could not associate photos with the names in all cases.

Peter Kanabrodski, the Polish Circus worker we met appears in the log as both 'Peter' and 'Petr'.

Brian, one of our travel group appears as both 'Brian' and 'Bryan'.

--- Log Book Begins ---

19 June 1987 - 0835 [LogPage 2]

I am sitting in LAX with Joan, my girlfriend, waiting for my flight and drinking coffee. I had a scare when we first got here. My flight to New York, #816 at 9 AM, had been canceled. I could just see my trip going down the drain. I talked to the TWA ticket agent and he got me on a flight an hour later, at 10:15, which still gave me a reasonable overlap at JFK to catch the Iceland air flight with my tour group at 2045 EST.

I am interested to meet my fellow tour members. Charlotte O'Gorman is the only one I've met so far. She's one of the two tour group leaders. She's nice and seems idealistically motivated. It's always strange putting yourself in close contact with strangers for an extended period. You get to decide (and have decided for you) who you are again.

19 Jun 87 [LogPage 2]

I am in the middle of the USA on TWA flight number 912 to New York's JFK.

I discovered a new word in my reading in a Scientific American magazine. "WetWare" meaning brains. As in hardware, software, and wetware are required. Adds to firmware and vaporware. I have four seat mates. A father and a son 55 and 30, are bound for Israel for a metallurgical conference, the father's to attend. They will tour Israel, and then fly to Cairo, Egypt for more touring. The other two are apparently husband and wife. He's 12 years here now from Italy. He's going back for a visit. He works at the jet propulsion laboratory. This flight apparently links in New York to flights to Madrid and then onto an Israeli city.

19 Jun 87 - 1932 [LogPage 3]

Sitting in baggage claim at JFK hoping my luggage comes soon. Because my original flight from LAX was canceled, I'm here one and a half hours later than scheduled. My tour was to meet at the Iceland Air desk at 6:45 PM local time. The flight to Luxembourg is at 2045. I'm listening to New York FM. It's humid here.

19 Jun 87 [LogPage 3]

I'm mid-Atlantic bound for Iceland.

I'm at 29,000 feet it's 8 PM at home, 11 PM in New York. We finally got off bound for Iceland at about 1900 PST.

I'll recap what happened after my last note. At 7:50 EST, I decided I'd waited long enough. My luggage must be lost. I talked to the TWA luggage folks and in five minutes my baggage had been found in a stack full of stuff that was there when I originally got to the luggage claim area after walking straight from the plane. It seems a mystery to me how it got there. I watched all the luggage come down and hadn't seen it. It was now 805 PM and the Iceland Air departure was at 8:45 PM. I found the free airport bus system and took it over to the Iceland terminal. Unfortunately, the Iceland terminal was the next building to the left while the bus visited 10 other terminals going to the right before it got there I arrived and now it's 8:25 PM. As I stand in line, I faintly hear a man in another line quizzing the airline representative about me. I hear him say my name, faintly. I go over and it's Bill Shaw, who, along with Charlotte O'Gorman, are our tour leaders. Bill, sorts out my boarding pass (a minor hassle in itself) and I go to gate 18 to await departure.

At gate 18, I meet my tour mates. 18 of us total; four men. Everyone seems open and friendly and (how to say it) humanistically oriented. Bill introduces me to one group and points out a second group whom I go over and meet on my own. The second group quizzes me asked to "why" I am there. Seems they did a group "tell about yourself" earlier. I talk a bit about spiritualism and political involvement. And wanting to be a writer and work for positive change. I end up, as I do many times, feeling like I came off a bit abstract and intellectual. Reminded me of my encounter group days.

Our flight is flight is late departing and one of our group has not gotten her luggage.

Amazingly, when she was waiting for hers (before I even landed) she'd seen mine! Apparently, since my first LAX flight has been canceled, and I'd been bumped to a later flight, my baggage and I had become separated. It, my bag, must've come on an earlier flight.

Bill Shaw thought, after hearing about my luggage, that there was some chance that her luggage might be buried in a stack over where mine has been found and asked if I wanted to go see. At this point it's 1150 EST and Iceland Air estimates takeoff at 2145. We go (by foot (it is the next terminal right to the right of ours)) and we search. But no luck. Turns out that Bill is a runner who's done a marathon. We run part of the way. We arrived back at the Iceland Air at 2125 and boarding is in progress. We board.

The plane is small (don't know what model) and full. Announcements are in Icelandic (which sounds Scandinavian to me), English and French. The stewardess is seem quite Nordic with their characteristic blonde hair and smooth peach fuzz skin.

More interaction with my tour mates. I'm given some articles on the Soviet mindset versus USA mindset and another on Central Asia. (where we're going).

Iceland is (if I calculated correctly) four hours ahead of New York or seven hours ahead of LA. Flying time to Reykjavík, capital of Iceland, is approximately five hours. Will be on the ground for 45 minutes there and then off again onto Luxembourg.

19 Jun 87 [LogBook 5]

We are 1/2 hour from Iceland. At home it's 1120 at night. In Iceland it's 6:20 in the morning. The windows are full of sunshine and the sea below is covered in cotton in all directions. Inside the plane it's a morgue. People are sprawled and every possible contortion trying to sleep. The plane and its air conditioning hiss softly and it seems like we're hanging in space going nowhere.

I've always had a fascination with types and the Nordic type is one. Many of the people on board constantly catch my eye with their blondness and good features. I find myself remembering Iceland's history and isolation and thinking that people willing to sail off into the north Atlantic on wooden boats in the year 1000 A.D. or so to settle in the new land named Iceland probably were not your average sample of Scandinavians. I look at their faces to see the faces of those who set sail so long ago.

I also find myself wondering at many of their current journeys too. Perhaps returning from vacation in New York? And today, after we've flown off towards Luxembourg, they will return to a picture perfect and colorful house in Reykjavík ala National Geographic. With polished wooden floors, Scandinavian neatness and order. And outside lies the small capital of an enlightened country of 260,000 or so souls in the middle of the North Atlantic. I want to come back here someday to see what I will only see today for 45 minutes.

20 Jun 87 [LogBook 6]

All I saw was Iceland what is the new airport terminal at Keflavik which is some distance outside the capital, Reykjavík. We had about 40 minutes to wander the terminal while the plane was re-supplied. I shot five or six photos of the terminal, interior, our plane and outside scenery.

Outside the geography is flat and gray. It's a lava flow area. In the distance, northeast apparently, there are low mountains with snow on them. My feelings were a mix of austerity, Scandinavian warmth, and low population density. The shops were nice. And their goods were priced in US dollars. Especially notable were Icelandic, woolen goods; sweaters, caps, etc. They had lots of books, almost all in English. Many were translations of the Icelandic Sagas, which I had forgotten existed. They also have the current New York Times, and the top 10 seller paper backs.

90,000 people live in Reykjavík. 260,000 in the whole country. I'm bringing the Icelandic in-flight magazine, "Atlantica", home. It's got lots of good and info on Iceland. I read it all the way through after we took off. It just made me want to come back.

I tried to sleep for an hour or two before we landed without a lot of success. It's now 0305 in the morning at home but I don't feel too bad. This leg to Luxembourg is 1300 miles or three hours. Then we have three or four hours before we're off to Leningrad.

I bought 6 to 8 postcards and an automotive sticker for my Land Cruiser in Keflavik. \$4.50 US. I wanted to get some of their coins but I forgot.

20 Jun 87 - Luxembourg [LogBook 7]

Meeting of our group in the transit lobby to give information and to get our desires regarding our Soviet union plans.

After the meeting, I find a recliner lounge and lay down for a semi sleep of about an hour.

I didn't see much of Luxembourg. Just the tarmac, the terminal, the lounge I slept on. And the tarmac on the other side, where we boarded the Aeroflot.

I don't have a feeling of loss about it. The scenery seemed unremarkable. There was a tourist shop but I didn't make it so no postcards. Hopefully, on the way back.

Everyone in various degrees seemed a little nervous about boarding the Aeroflot with the big CCCP on the tail. I think I was too groggy from my nap to have reacted much.

The plane seems plain. A little more seating room than the Iceland Air's seating. Everything looks like it's been in service for a while. Not much on pizzazz. More like a commuter bus than an airliner. No magazines or safety cards. The announcements about doors, oxygen, seats/trays at the takeoff was all in French and Russian. It seem to be mostly about the inflatable life vests, which is weird. Very little water between Luxembourg and Leningrad. The plane is nearly empty. There are, besides the 18 of us, maybe 10 others. No first class compartment which makes sense. Everyone sat as they wished; all to the front. No separation for smokers that I can see. I got a window seat. Fred is next to me. He'll be my roommate on our journey.

I have done very little with my Russian language book. So far, I can say thank you. Next I'll learn to say, "Do you speak English?"

Not much to see. Everything is socked in below by clouds. I have to keep reminding myself that it's the day after I left here at four in the afternoon. True number of hours since I took off at LAX is 21 1/2 hours.

20 Jan 87 - Leningrad [LogBook 9]

I moment ago an announcement in broken English indicated that we are descending into Leningrad. Most of us are asleep across three seats. As I sit up and watch, I see mostly white clouds below with the scattering of clouds in places piled high.

The pilot banks hard left and drops the nose and we began a dramatic turn and descent.

U.S. pilots usually come in with gentle approaches where the actual motions are lost to the observer because of how long they take. Here, I can see thousands of feet of altitude drop away as we spiral rapidly down.

Now we drop through the dark bottom clouds and bank hard right lots of turbulence here. Below is flat and green with roads and lakes and various buildings at cross roads. I see buildings which look like blocks of six and eight story apartments.

(I learned, years later, that many Soviet pilots use this landing approach as a remnant from WWII when they had to get over the destination at a high elevation and then spiral down hard to avoid coming in low over the enemy lines just outside the city.)

20 Jun 87 - 0015 - Leningrad [LogBook 10]

At the Gavin Hotel in Leningrad. This is fun. We just finished supper downstairs. Outside the sky is light. June 22 is the longest night. "**White Nights**" is their term for it here. *(The movie got its title from this annual event here in Leningrad.)*

Where to start? Everyone is interested in customs.

We landed and they brought out a walk down ramp. Outside, once the plane came to a stop, several military types appeared. No visible weapons, but they were looking looking sternly at everyone. Their uniforms are neat. They employ a bright green in them in the hats and the epaulets. We boarded a bus and drove a short distance to the customs building. Nothing was new. It all seemed attended to or obviously defunct (like an old air control tower we saw), but there was nothing new or snazzy.

Customs was a two-step process; visa and passport check. And then luggage check. I really had to go to the bathroom while we waited for the first check. I was bouncing all around and squirming. I'm surprised they didn't check to see if I was smuggling ants in.

Customs and luggage check were OK. It didn't make me nervous. The worst was that they would confiscate something. Nearly everyone had some article (magazine) or other, which was critical of the USSR. As it was, they took nothing from us. One lady had two new pair of jeans, and they hassled her. But, ultimately, she got through; jeans at all. The woman who checked my stuff, asked to see my money and checked that it matched

what I'd declared. They're quite strict on money in/out of the USSR. It's done to prevent or minimize black market interactions with foreigners. She saw my gum and pens and quizzed me as to why what they were for. I said 'gifts' and she said OK and asked me for a pen; explaining that they write a lot. I was happy to give her one.

We met our tour guide. Her name in English is Eugenia. Blonde 30 to 35 good looking, with glasses. Speaks English clearly but a little slow and thoughtful as she does it.

We boarded another bus and took off to the hotel Gavin. Leningrad is neat. Nice feeling to it. Again, nothing is new but everywhere it is well kept. At this point it was 10:30 PM and the sun was at least three diameters above the horizon. Eugenia talked over the bus amp system as we drove and told us where we were and what our schedule would be for the next three weeks.

She talked about "White Nights" as a special time in Leningrad. Romantic. People go out walking and enjoying themselves. Says it does get dark for about one or two hours at 2 AM. It's 0045 now and it looks like late twilight.

We drove by block after block of residential structures for five and six stories high. She said most were from the 50s when there had been a massive building effort. The Soviet goal is everyone in a flat or home of their own by 2000.

We also drove by a huge monument with statues and an obelisk in the middle of a traffic circle. It's commemorates the 900 day siege of Leningrad. I'd like to go inside.

Stopping for now ... Too tired to write more.

21 Jun 87 - 0550 Leningrad [LogBook 12]

In terms of Los Angeles or PST, I slept from 1:30 PM to 9:30 PM just now. It's early morning here. Outside, it is daylight but a bit muted due to the high thin clouds.

When we arrived at the hotel, Bill Shaw, our tour guide, collected all of our passports. They are turned into the hotel and held for the duration of our stay. We were issued a paper which has the hotel name and logo, and various information printed on it. Also written there are our dates of stay and room number. There is one paper per person. The idea is when you leave your turn in your key to the floor lady. She sits by the

elevators on each floor and keeps the keys and she watches who comes and goes. There is only one key per room given so you have to be aware of your roommate. The paper, I'll call it the hotel pass, must be shown entering the hotel, for meals and for getting your room key.

Breakfast here is not until 9 AM. I am eating some of the "almost home" brand cookies I brought in with I bought with Joan the night before I left they are goooooo!

When we had all been issued our rooms last night, we met in the hotel restaurant for supper with our Soviet tour guide from the trade unions unions council, Eugenia. It was 2300 and she said they had stayed late open late for us. I watched the waiters and waitresses to see what they thought of this, but couldn't get anything. Here jobs are assigned along with hours and pay (I think fixed), it seems people would resent such disruptions of their normal patterns of obligation to serve. I'm on thin ice here. There may be more operative that I'm aware of.

Supper itself. Some fruits on the table which I had to ask to identify. They were lemon sized and they were a mottled green, but somehow didn't look like a lemon or a lime. Turns out that they were oranges. We had a glass of fruit juice which may have been orange juice. A salad which seems sort of like coleslaw. There were small slices of brown or white bread and butter. The main course was fish cooked in a stainless steel dish, similar to what we use sometimes for Eggs Benedict. The fish was in a yellowish sauce with the consistency of pudding. Fish was OK. It had bones so you had to go slow. Dessert was a circular pastry about the size of an English muffin. It reminded me of Mexican pastries with its horizontal flakiness and low sugar content. The meal ended with a serving of tea.

The group split between two tables; one large and one small. I haven't learned everyone's name yet, but at my table were Eugenia, Sylvia, tour guide, Barbara from Dayton, Ohio, Fred, my roommate from Dayton, Linda, a professional at Cal state, Dominguez Hills, and the blonde lady, whose name hasn't lodged in my brain yet. We were at the smaller table.

I joked around at first with Eugenia about how was the meal to be eaten. I.e. order of events. I said I didn't want to begin with something out of order and provoke gasps or laughter. We had fun with it.

During the meal, I quizzed Eugenia about a number of things (I want to say first that

there is no heaviness here. No sense of "state control" or "big brother, watching". It is relaxed. When we ask questions, my sense of Eugenia was that she was more worried to not offend us by pointing out our misconceptions, than because our questions were breaking forbidden ground). She works for the central counsel of trade unions rather than Intourist, which is the more formal or normal thing.

In fact, our group is only here with the itinerary and pricing we have because of a special invitation from the council of trade unions. That's apparently where our US-USSR pro-peace orientation gains us leverage. I quizzed her first about what the central council of trade unions is. I.e., what's its function? I.e. how I should think about it? She said it was analogous to our our AFL-CIO. I told her that our unions exist, primarily to fight for worker's wages and rights and I doubted that theirs were the same. She agreed and pointed out that tomorrow, Monday, we will be meeting with local trade union representatives from the garment industry. (Indeed, we will meet such representatives at every city on our tour.) So we deferred that subject.

We found out she's been to virtually everywhere in the USSR due to her work. She does other things to besides just leading tours. She'll be with us for our whole tour. Apparently, she had vacation scheduled and had had to cancel it to lead us. No sign of any emotion about that.

We discussed the fact that both our cultures have stereotypes about each other. A few were discussed and we laughed. Also that we each pick at each other's faults. We "amplify" their dissident's importance; just as they do with our dissidents. Like people who go on hunger strikes against nuclear weapons, for example. She mentioned a dissident of ours, who is currently on hunger strike and running for president. We had no idea who it was.

She warned us about the water in Leningrad. About the same situation as Mexico for us. Unfamiliar bacteria. We ended up borrowing five rubles from her so we could buy a bottle of mineral water for each of our nine or 10 rooms. 37 kopecks per bottle. 100 kopecks per ruble. Still don't know what the ruble versus dollar exchange rate is.

[LogBook 64]

(a poem recorded on LogBook 64 but which was written on 21 Jun 87)

The Leningrad siege, 1941 to 1944, 900 days.

How green grows the grass and how softly wave the trees.
here, under these gray skies.

The winter and summer sun, smiling,
the seasons turned,
and all the agony man can give himself
came to pass.

The breeze tugs at me,
dim faces and memories of families gone.

The grass grows so green
and people walk here through memories of death.

They bring a child and touch their soft cheek,
hold their small hand and cherish their eyes.

Here against these stones and the mass graves,
how could it be?

Wind, death, sun and child here.
Mankind is surely asleep.

gallagher

21 Jun 87

"At the burial ground of the victims of the siege"

I saw a girl's diary, in Russian, with the dates
that her mother died, her father, her sister....

I saw how much bread 125 grams is (2x2x6")
they lived on that during much of the siege.

gallagher

21 Jun 87

Leningrad



(View over the huge Leningrad burial ground of the victims of the siege)



(Just one grave of many with some of the victims who died in 1942)

22Jun 87 - Leningrad [LogBook 16]

Yesterday, on the 21st, we had a city tour scheduled. But we'd heard that local council elections were going on and we'd asked Eugenia if we could see them and she'd agreed. So, before we began our planned activities, she took us first to an election center. What follows is my description of that event:

Eugenia took us to a building, whose entrance was decorated with red signs; one on each side, and one above. We went to voting district number 11. This was in a building, called a "Palace of Culture". It's use is for the local shipyard workers in district 11. Our closest analog might be a community center.

Voting looked a lot like ours physically. Just subtract American flags and add the Soviet.

The room was large with the higher old style ceiling. To the left, as you entered, were five or six voting booths. Ahead, to the right, and along the wall beside us were tables

with two or three people per table. And perhaps 6 to 10 tables total. These folks checked the voter's registrations to ensure they voted in the correct district.

The two men who talked to us (through Eugenia) answered our questions. They said it was 96 to 98% voter turnout and it was a secret ballot. Other questions involved who and what the voters get to chose among. The new 'glasnost' has brought a change so now they get to choose between two candidates.

More questions got very unclear answers. Eugenia said we could have our questions answered today at the meeting with the trade union people.

(At this point, we pressed on with the day's planned city tour activities. Here's my notes from LogBook page 16A on what we saw on the city tour:)

Museum in Leningrad University parentheses 20,000 students)

- Lennon attended here for Law.
- All education is free.
- 40 to 60 rubles per month for university students.
- 100 rubles for Lenin Grant for outstanding students.
- University and Institute level degrees are the same.
- 190 rubles/mo. For the average worker.
- 150 rubles/mo. For the average farmer.
- 200 rubles/mo. For the average teacher.

The 1984 school reform resulted in more students going to vocational school. Problem was too many engineers and not enough workers.

- Computers now. How to think is more important and not so much memorization.
- Teachers learning new methods.
- Different levels of education changing at different times.
- No unemployment since 1928. Jobs are signed at graduation and you have to stay at it for three years and then can change.

We saw also: Main square of Leningrad, Hermitage, Bloody Sunday, October 17 revolutionary storming of the winter palace.

Building which was used as the headquarters of the 1917 revolution (a nunnery was here).

Visit to the burial ground of the victims of the 900 day siege.

Visit to the fortress of Peter and Paul prison. A Russian guide with Eugenia interpreting for us.

22 Jun 87 - Gavin Hotel [LogBook 17A]

What follows are my notes on our meetings with the trade union representatives. These were held at the Gavin Hotel. These notes are sketchy as they were made on-the-fly.

Eight floor of the Gavin from 1000 on.

We met with the Trade Union Representatives (7 representatives).

This is the textile industry. Two factories here; one textile and one fur.

55 kinds of garments.

- 70% are cotton.
- 70% (of the workers) are women.

First function is to fulfill the state plan of production.

Second function is to guard the rights of the workers.

The goals of Admin/Management and the Union are the same.

- 1800 workers divided into 63 groups; each with committees.
- Annual collective bargaining agreement admin. and the union.
- Issues are better conditions for the workers.
- 100,000 rubles/yr. to better the conditions.
- Children's camp setup and supported at the expense of the union.
- Medical center at the factory.
- 1% of everyone's salary goes to the union.
- Length of vacation is a function of the type of work.
- Function of the union is the organization of vacations.
- 18 to 24 working days vacation per year.
- Rest areas associated with the union exist in various areas.
- Voucher to a rest area is 70% paid by the union.
- 20% or all vouchers are given free to the best workers.
- 4,000,000 rubles/yr. Establish for R & D.
- Production is driven by sales and not by federal quotas.

Fur Factory - 4 factories

- Coats & hats.
- Each factory is divided and each with its own trade union.
- 3000 people working. 21 on the committee
- All else is the same as the Textile Union.

At this point, a succession of speakers begin to speak to us.

- ! Lady speaker does quality control and visits shops used by members of trade unions to defeat corruption.
- ! Next lady is the deputy of the workshop.
 - o 70 people there.
 - o Her function is to help workers improve conditions.
 - o Gets them help to repair equipment.
 - o Orients new workers.
 - o Each month she reports the results.
 - o Works to get bonuses for good workers.
- ! Next lady is the chief of the trade union library
 - o Open the same hours as the working day.
 - o 14,000 books.
 - o Each year they get > 1,000 rubles for new materials.
 - o Newspapers provided.
 - o Also a cultural event organizer in her leisure time.
- ! Next lady is a representative of the Soviet/Bulgarian Friendship Society.
 - o Trade of specialists.
 - o Cultural exchanges.
 - o Sister city is 'Plouden' in Bulgaria.
 - o Local radio station that the factory tells the workers about Bulgarian Holidays.
- ! To make women's work easier with in the factory, there is a market and a hairdresser. Husbands also try to help. These can be done during working hours so long as their quotas are met.
- ! 8 hours and 12 minutes is the workday. Therefore, 41 hours/week. 5 days/week.
- ! Women retire at 55 & men at 60. Other industries (chemical) may go earlier; 45/50.
- ! Average retirement pension is 120 rubles/mo. Is a function of one's work record.
- ! You get 50% of working salary + 20% for uninterrupted service.
- ! Requesting a change of job results in loss of uninterrupted service status.
- ! Definition "Socialist Emulation"
 - o Competition for the benefit of all.
 - o Not for the destruction of the competitors.
 - o Best of competitors are rewarded and set as models for the others to emulate.

In the afternoon, we visited with Soviet Figure Skaters and we visited St. Issac's Church.

22 Jun 87 - 1838 Leningrad [LogBook 18]

I'm getting behind in this journal. Beginning with our tour of the city yesterday so much has been happening. It's been hard to keep up. But I want to keep it up so these memories don't fade before I catch them. I find I'm so full of today I want to write about it, but I don't want to skip yesterday!

Going to dinner.

22 Jun 87 - 2000 Leningrad [LogBook 18]

I'm sitting in the lobby of the hotel, Gavin waiting for everyone to come down. We leave for Moscow tonight on an overnight train ride. I'm going to go shoot an outside shot of the Gavin Hotel now.

22 Jun 87 - 2145 Leningrad [LogBook 18]

We are at the train station, waiting to pull out. While I was out, shooting a panorama in front of the Gavin hotel, a guy approached me and wanted to sell or buy things. He wanted my jacket, one of my Levi's, wanted, basically anything I had. I gave him a pen.

He wanted to sell me a lacquer box, a Russian flag, or whatever I wanted. I had to decline as I had heard that customs checks our money. Excess rubles (for sales) or weird things like Russian flags just won't cut it.

Tonight, on the train, should be fun. At least two people have brought booze with them.

I'm going to cut back to yesterday, 21 June 87, and pick up stuff I missed.

Last night at dinner was nice. A wide ranging discussion started, and before we were done quite a few book titles had flown by.

I decided, after dinner last night, to skip the scheduled entertainment, which was a ballet, and take a brief nap. I wanted to nap for an hour and then get up and go run and then clean up and go walk the "White Nights". As it turned out, I slept from 7 to 11 PM.

When I woke, it was obviously too late to run so I got ready to go out. About then Linda knocked. We had agreed earlier to go walking, if I was still around when the ballet was over.

The train trip itself was interesting. I do not have specific notes. My primary memories are of learning how many different types of vodka there are in Russia. And in toasting each other at midnight as the train rolled south while the White Nights sun shown outside. Surely, a once in a lifetime experience.

A few notes here that were on LogBook 21A but I'm not sure of which day I wrote them.

Someone had suggested that with the multi channel television systems that we have in the US that we could also watch some Russian TV as it would serve to lessen international tensions. The US information agency parentheses (USIA) publishes a journal called "America". It is for bidden to be sold in the US by an act of Congress. Its sale is allowed in the Soviet Union and the amount of those sales have to be balanced with the sales of the Soviet publication, "Soviet life", in the US.

I found it interesting that the US would publish a magazine about the US that is forbidden to be sold in the US but intended for publication in the Soviet Union. I'm not sure I'll ever get to see a copy of "America".

23 Jun 87 - 0630 Moscow [LogBook 19]

Arrival in Moscow. We exit the train and walk to the buses. Lots of confusion about which bus our luggage is going onto. Even our normally efficient guides seemed to struggle with the baggage handlers.

Driving away from the station, we are in a large square in which there are three railway stations. One of which is the Leningrad station which we arrived at.

We are staying in the north east quadrant of the city (at the Hotel Izmailovo) in a huge complex built in 1980 by the trade unions for the Olympics and now given over to be the largest tourist complex in Europe. There is a metro station just out front so we can get to the city center easily.

Coming into Moscow on the train (Moscow is 9 million people and 900 km²), you see mile after miles of square high-rise apartments with substantial amounts of space between many of them. Everything is green and wet in the 6 AM morning light

As we drove here from the station, I noted the buildings were more modern and they have signs with advertisements on the lower floors, which is definitely different than Leningrad.



(At the bar in Moscow's Hotel Ismailovo with all the ladies in our group. I bought a round a drinks for everyone and the total bill only came to \$19 USD.)

(Around the table beginning with Mary Beth (in the front in purple and white), behind her is Delia, then ???, then Chris, Linda, Janelyse, Barbara, myself and then in the front again, just beside Mary Beth, is Stella)

23 Jun 87 - 1645 Moscow [LogBook 20]

Outline of plans for the day [LogBook 20A] and notes on the Pushkin Museum:

- Red Square
- Moscow University
- Lenin Hills Overview
- Moscow Swimming Pool
- Lunch

Pushkin Fine Arts Museum:

The Pushkin name was chosen as a symbol of art. This is the second largest museum after the Hermitage in Leningrad. Opened in 1912. Purpose: first used by Moscow university and was a specific gift to the people of Moscow. The building is a historical monument of Moscow. It tries to show development of world art. Originals have been used to replace copies. Private collections were nationalized in October 2019 17.

[LogBook 20] resumes

[later at 1645] Sitting in front of the Pushkin, Fine Arts Museum. A boy has come to talk to me. But other than a few words, we cannot communicate. 15 minutes later, his sister came up right after our last sentence and she begins to talk. She knows a little more English. It was fun. I showed them my flight itinerary, as a picture which I drew here in the journal. They live in the Urals. Really nice kids. They've been here in Moscow for six days.

Museum was OK but museums to me are basically the same. The kids were worth three museums.

Back to 21 June and Leningrad: Linda and I went walking at 2300 and came back at 0130 Linda's a PhD in something and a great conversationalist. We've gone into a lot of stuff about capitalism versus socialism. Her doctorate is political science with a thesis on revolution. These days, she's much into futurist studies. In fact, she says, futurist studies and work towards peace and personal enlightenment her major doings. Teaching/grading/being an academic - it's just how she makes a living.

It rained as we walked but not so hard as to force us to find shelter. The streets at

night, even on Nevsky Prospect, which is the main street, or not lit. We were walking and talking and looking for a coffee shop or a nightclub but when it was 0045 and we had still seen nothing, just stark streets and some people walking in the light rain, and half light of the "White Nights", we began to think of how to return. Without any Russian, it's hard to get help or directions. Finally, five minutes before the metro closed, we found it. We kept asking people until we found a black man from France who spoke English and was teaching in Moscow. He took us up and down through tunnels to where there was a door with a long Cyrillic word on it, and said go there, get on and get off in one stop. Then he was gone. Like an Alice in Wonderland.

We rode and got off after one stop and it put us as close as possible to the Hotel Gavin. That left us about an eight block walk. It was 0130 or so when we got in. Linda was pretty wet with the bare head and light clothes. I had my New Zealand hat and a Levi coat so I was fine

In the morning of 22 July, on Monday, I went out and went for a run around our local area. I saw, on the map of Leningrad, a large cemetery, not too far from the Gavin Hotel so I went that way. There were quite a few people on the street at 0630. Most would watch as I approached and then look at look away as I glanced at them. The neighborhoods I ran through seem typical of Leningrad. I ran down a lot of back streets. Things are gray and bleak. As I got back near the cemetery, I passed through neighborhoods where things were, if anything, even grayer because they were side streets. I found the cemetery. About half Christian crosses and half non Christian. All overgrown and green and wet with lots of trees and ferns.

24 Jun 87 - Moscow [LogBook 22A]

These notes are more a quick outline. Apparently, the 24th moved pretty quickly.

Planned schedule notes:

- Beryoska (*a store*)
- Kremlin Tour
- Armory
- Lenin's Tomb
- 1830 Dinner

My Notes:

- Run 0700-0745
- Staying with Charlotte
(at some point in the trip, Bill asked me if I would room with Charlotte because otherwise the group was paying extra because we had one extra male and one extra female. I agreed and I think Charlotte and I shared a room there after on this trip. All platonic and she was an excellent roommate.)
- Visit to Beryoska - Buy children's book, metro book, stamps, and postcards.
- See Lenin's tomb - talked with Janelise about child abuse/criminals.
- I met Bill and Charlotte at the National Hotel with Fred to go and find an American who has worked at the Moscow News for years.

- **Bob Meyerson** - We had lunch in the cafeteria at the Moscow News and had a discussion of a plane "landing" under the title "catcher in the rye". Then we went upstairs to talk to several people and exchange views.

- There was a story of Latvia/Riga in 1917 leading up to a 1940 vote.

- Then we discussed the issue of American stereotypes regarding the socialist ultimate takeover. Then we discussed Khrushchev banging his shoe on the table, saying that you will hang yourself with your own rope.

Response: yes, ultimately Socialism will take over.

Question, Americans would not mind if we fall off a cliff by our own mistakes but we're very nervous about being pushed.

Response: we will not push.

Question: how then to understand the suppression of Dr. Zhivago?

Response: Khrushchev lacked sophistication and listened to people like Lysenko. He listened to the wrong people on cultural issues.

(The 25th was, apparently, a huge day. I have notes on it scattered across [LogBook 23, 24A, 24, 25A, 25 and 26A]. So, the notes, below, for this day might seem a bit jumbled.)

From [LogBook 24A] plans for Thursday, the 25th:

- Kindergarten visit
- Lunch at Arbat Square 1330
- The Exposition of Economic Achievements

- also pictures of the Space Pavilion
(some of us ended up not going to the Exposition but rather went to John Nicolopolus' apartment.)
- Dinner 1930
- Nadia's apartment

25 Jun 87 - 0140 Moscow [LogBook 22]

Just leavings Anya's apartment. I wanted to make some notes but the cab's just arrived.

25 Jun 87 - 1338 Moscow [LogBook 22]

At the Arbat Restaurant in Moscow. We just finished visiting a kindergarten with the tour. A nice visit. I've written outline notes that I want to detail.

Kindergarten Address:

USSR Moscow 117421
Obrucheva Street, House 6, Bldg 2
Kindergarten 438
Director: Eremenko, M.D

(notes inserted here about the KinderGarten visit from LogBook 24A)

A piano was played while we had a bread and salt ceremony. Then a music classroom where there was singing and native dancing. I have a note about 'racing for the flowers'.

Had a tour of some classrooms. 1.5 to 2, 2 to 3 and 3 to five years old. Identical rooms but the toys varied by age.

The children are of two groups. In one group, the parents pick the children up daily. In the other group, the children are there for five days a week and spend the weekends with their parents. The 5 day children option is for parents working shifts or for single parents.

Cost is 50 Rubles/week? 10 to 20 of this is charged to the parents and the state picks up the rest.

Each group has a garden at the school. There is a 1 acre playground. Trees, paths, buildings, furnitures and ?

We go inside to find tables set with tea samovars, rolls, vanilla wafers and candy.



(Children and teachers at the Kindergarten)

(more notes form [LogBook 25A])

This is an average kindergarten 272 children and 72 staff.
Each republic has its own program within broad guidelines.
Five day children go to bed at 9 PM and there are night nurses and showers.
25 children here are the five day type.

In some schools all the children stay five days.
No separation by hyperactivity or intelligence until after they are through with kindergarten

(I clearly remember this visit and thinking to myself how much the Russians love their children)

(Resuming here from LogBook page 22 after the insertion of the Kindergarten information.)

I'm getting frustrated because I'm falling so far behind on this journal. It seems the things we are doing are each very worth doing but each day I fall in bed exhausted with only rough notes on the day. My visit to Anya's family with Ethel, Mary, and Janelise was just terrific last night. I want to write that up while it's still fresh.

(this is a flashback to the 24th written on the 25th.)

24 Jun 87 - Moscow [LogBook 22]

Last evening Anya was to meet us in front of the Hotel Izmailovo at 2000.

Unfortunately, there are at least four different buildings in the Hotel complex and she waited by building 'A' while we were at 'G'. At 2040, we finally got together after realizing the problem. (Yum, Just had a bit of Caviar on 1/2 a hard boiled egg).

Anya led us on a metro trip of quite a distance to the south east quadrant of the city. When we came up from the subway, it was raining hard (it had been raining all day on and off) and we had to find a taxi as it poured. One umbrella between us, and we were all laughing. After a brief ride, we arrived at her apartment building. 6 to 8 stories high. It looked a lot like thousands of others. I asked and she said it was midway in quality for those with the same size families. One half were better off and a half we were worse.

There was a lot discussed at Anya's but I was only able to make bulleted notes - some of which are not particularly clear. Family is Anya, Boris and Julia. Husband is retired. Daughter is studying English. These were from [LogBook 23A]

- **Topics:**

- Trade Unions - Joining
- Kids become Pioneers (10), Young Communists (14) and then a certain % join the party.
- Internal Passports - Moscow/Leningrad - Marry in
- International Mail / Internal Mail
- Spread of Spiritualism in US and USSR
- Glasnost
- Coop apartments - inheritance - 40% down
- Americans at home attitudes
- Travel to USA / Rubles / Convertible currency
- Pay is not a function of the quality of work
- Some who leave are disappointed
- Getting fired
- Summary statement of love of country as patience with parent
- My story
- Janelise's commune story / other stories
- Showing of photos

USSR

Moscow 113209

Perekopskaya ul.

d. 14, korp. 2, kv. 12

Lazareva Anya

Phone 121-90-79

(now we return to the 25th)

Ah, Socialism, you die so badly.
All shine and glory to begin
and all gray and lifeless later.
Theory come onto the rocks;
a rough stab of an idea gone wrong.

gallagher
Moscow, USSR

25Jun1987

25 Jun 87 - afternoon Moscow [LogBook 26A & 27A]

We are at the apartment of John Nicolopolous, and his wife Galina.

John has a Telex. He's going to have a modem link soon. Others in Moscow have them now.

Small computers are now legal on both ends of the pipeline. I.e. in the US and the USSR.

Xerox machines are currently limited; partially by paper shortage or censorship.

John feels the information explosion is resulting in the Soviet government saying, "Oh, well", and ignoring the flow of data.

Origins of peace ideas in the Soviet union: they go back to Tolstoy and the ascetics' ideas of nonviolence.

The Soviet system is just now dealing with Stalin's genocide. Some assert that perhaps more died in Stalin's purges than in WWII.

Things being questioned now that used to be articles of faith. A turning back to common sense.

(John gets a call and has to read a telex to someone in Tallinn. It involves the Ted Turner work here).

John and his wife have a large apartment compared Anya's family. I saw at least three good size rooms. Books everywhere. Has a VCR and a late model TV.

(John has set up a deal with Ted Turner about selling sports clothes here in the Soviet union).

A discussion of import export logic: The Soviets cannot buy stuff to import without hard

currency. Soviets cannot get hard currency without exporting. It's a catch-22. Ted Turner gets his profit out by doing a joint venture with the Soviets.

Foreign firms are being invited to the USSR to get high-quality know how. Then they can hire and fire. New ideas for the Soviets.

To fix the car in the garage, requires 5 to 6 papers to be filled out. Paperwork bureaucracy makes jobs. Hence it is hard to cut it out. People make soft jobs with good income at the expense of others. The function of bureaucracy should be limited by the same logic of non-redundancy that we use in forms design.

Soviet currency is non-convertible, the ruble internationally has to be backed by oil and minerals.

(More about John Nicolopolus from [LogBook 27A]).

Fergana - the last city built by Alexander the Great. The ancient name was "Alexandra the Last".

- I can volunteer my expertise to John through Bill, if I want to later.
- John is optimistic about 'Glasnost'. Feels that they are going back to normalcy.

- Question: "If America had a social reorganization equivalent, to Glasnost, what elements should it contain?"
- Response: The American scene is a self adjusting, politically. Economically is more of a problem. Our deindustrialization. Our national debt.

- The movement towards one world will occur economically.

25 Jun 87 - 2000 Moscow [LogBook 27A]

An over dinner discussion:

Democracy can advance past the 60s ideas to confront the Republicans by embracing a US equivalent to 'glasnost'. So we can match the current Russian creations.

Linda says the information revolution is additive with the opening provided by 'glasnost'.

To shut it down would put the Soviets into a clear third place position. To go ahead will

force a major restructuring; which Gorbachev began.

25 Jun 87 - 2250 Moscow [LogBook 23]

Now at the flat of friends of Elizabeth. The man's name is Dimitri. The woman is Nadia. He is an artist and a poet and a musician. A wiry man of slight frame, a beard, dark hair and glasses. Nadia is a translator of high enough calibre to do translation work for Gorbachev. Her English is flawless.

The flat is on the seventh floor and the walls are covered with graphic art. Most look like charcoal or pencil. The art has political and religious symbols. Books of spiritual/consciousness are around. I.e., Jonathan Livingston, Seagull. Words are scattered throughout, but they are Russian so they are lost on me. Many are sequences of images with a changing motif from frame to frame. They have set out lots of cakes and fruit juice.

(I believe that Elizabeth, Fred, Bill, Delia, Mary Beth, Linda and myself were all present. Possibly, Chris and another lady were there as well.)

Nadia tells us about a women's conference. She's with a committee on women and mass media. Dealing with various forms of exploitation of women by media. Physical imagery - beauty contests - physical versus spiritual.

1000 delegates. 12 commissions. Some three delegates are coming soon who have met Gorbachev's wife this week.

Nadia's dream: upon return from the U.S., she felt inspired and wrote to Mrs. Gorbachev. She wrote, "children are most effective peacemakers" and "that Americans believe in children more than politicians".

The Peace Child is a play set up in 1981 (author Berna Benson). Based on books by the same name. The subject is that US kids visit the Soviet union and are free of supervision. They meet Soviet kids and find they like each other. It develops into a struggle against the adults who want to separate them.

There's a Polynesian tradition, which is to exchange children to put the seal on a declaration of peace.

(A story I think someone told me at Nadia's). Russian kids saw a video machine in the US called "Russian attack" in a roadside stop. American kids saw this and tried to hide it. They cried.

This child movement is growing worldwide. It's been done in Moscow at Armand Hammer's theater by joint American and Soviet kids. Nadia helped out with translation in Moscow and was asked to tour with the kids as a translator.

In the US she met Elizabeth. They are going to play a VCR tape of this play. They described the final run at the Kennedy Center. President Reagan was asked to attend but did not. Many high government people did. Many wept openly.

The children were in New York at the time of Daniloff.

(An American journalist who graduated from Harvard University and was most prominent in the 1980s for his reporting on the Soviet Union. He was briefly detained by Soviet Security Services on espionage charge charges, sparking a diplomatic crisis.).

Mayor Koch used it as a political platform and began yelling at children. Nadia had to take them out. Later, in Seattle, their rooms were ransacked and egged. The kids were devastated.

This leads us to her dream: To set up an international children's culture center. The function is joint work by children from different countries. This was all in Nadia's letter to Mrs. Gorbachev. Mrs. Gorbachev liked the idea. Trying to raise funds here in the USSR. Bill suggested that the center might actually be on a ship.

Gorbachev needs to issue a seminal paper, stating the USSR's position relative to Socialism's belief that it will ultimately conquer the world. That, if capitalism fails as it should, then it will do it in its own time. We can live peacefully with that idea and this would do a lot to defuse things.

Dimitri is a recognized artist. Now his poetry is getting exposure here in the Soviet union. His sculpture is well known.

The faces of these Soviet children
and the idea of war
such an impossible combination
the very thought brings the tears.

gallagher
Moscow, USSR
25 Jun 1987 #2

They take children's education
so much more seriously than we do.
The grounds and equipment
are not parceled out economically
but rather socialistically.

gallagher
Moscow, USSR
25 Jun 1987 #3

Singing with the kindergarten school teachers
Moscow trees and sunlight outside
profoundly different and yet the same.
From the top to the bottom,
they are organized and coordinated.
And from face to face
they are open and loving.
Now a Russian song and now an American.
Outside the sunlight and trees
And somewhere, somewhere, the missiles.

gallagher
Moscow, USSR
25 Jun 1987 #4

(what I think was next was that we watched a film, "Women of America for the

World", in Nadia's apartment.)

(And after that, I think we talked with four women from an American delegation who have also come to Nadia's apartment. I have two photos of these women at the apartment. Diane, Barbara, Lynn and ???)

Four women from the American delegation (to the Women's Conference): Stories of their previous visits and their feelings for, and help from, the Soviets. These ladies are in a lot of organizations. Diane has previously brought children's groups over. Did a concert. John Denver was there. The Soviet Peace Children were there. The second lady talks and tells us about her work in the states with Nadia. Barbara is a representative of 'Direct Action' which is against the Nevada test site.

Discussing the women's conference: It's a follow up on the previous meeting in Nairobi. 2200 women from 158 countries. Gorbachev and his wife opened it. Some committees formed resolutions and others just gave speeches. Lots of highs and lows. Diane divided off a workshop to form a smaller unit so actual work could be done.

Diane's gone to Nicaragua and interviewed Ortega. Works with various people from Central and South America. Decries US policy in Central and South America.

She talked for awhile about Nicaragua. Her discussions seem to cite things as facts which I don't agree with 100% according to what I've read. Perhaps it is more an appeal to emotions than literal facts; I don't know!

Last woman is Lynn - the producer of the American "Peace, Child" tour in Los Angeles.

A long sequence by Lynn discussing some work of hers about celebrating the 200th anniversary. The reason/theme is that we should reflect on what we've accomplished. I have my doubts. If the people in power don't follow these thought paths, what good are they except to fool ourselves. "Change happens when a new reality is perceived as possible".

26 Jun 87 - 1225 Moscow [LogBook 26]

Spent the morning, not doing things after getting in at 2:30 AM last night. Wrote a stack of postcards. Linda called from the women's conference. Possibly Bob Meyerson is

going to meet some of us in front of the Intourist Hotel on Gorky at 1730. His work number is 229-3811. Otherwise I (some of us.) may get together with Anya again.. I'm off now to wander and play.

26 Jun 87 - 1540 Moscow [LogBook 26]

Sitting in front of the Sportinaya metro station. Have spent a pleasant afternoon, figuring out how to get here on the metro and then walking around looking for the Beriozka (hard currency) Store. While I looked for the store, I found the former Novodevichy Monastery. Lots of gold, onion, domes, tombs, and walls. Fred would've loved it. Took a while to find a Beriozka Store. Either locals don't know about it or my pronunciation is bad. Finally, I did find it.

(I was just evicted from where I was sitting on the ground in front of the metro against a pillar by a policeman. He spoke no 'ang-lee-ski', but I got the message).

I wanted to buy a Russian digital watch at the Beriozka Store, but settled for a small bottle of sweet vodka and a record by the Visotsky. There are some nice streets and parks in this neighborhood. I think I could just stroll and eat ice cream and take photos for days. Several times today, I've come across people selling things on the street. I've seen belts, sweaters and oranges. The most original was a man with an old style stand up weighing scale who is getting five kopeks a head to weigh people - and they were lining up. He looked serious, as if it was all 'high-tech'. I'm going to hop the metro now for Gorky Street. And do some strolling and watch trolling over yonder.

26 Jun 87 - 1842 Moscow [LogBook 27]

At a construction worker's Trade Union Palace of Culture. People are going to do folk, singing, and dancing. They're all amateurs - not professionals. Some of these people have been doing this for 32 years; week in and week out. Most of them are heavy women in their 40s and 50s. They all sing with passion and gusto.

I'm trying to imagine that they've been doing this for so long in this room; as the socialist world has turned and changed outside.

The man, who is the leader, spoke to us at length about the dedication of these people. And how generations are beginning to return. He introduces us to several people. We

have a woman who is a construction worker, a man who is an arc welder and a woman who is a kindergarten teacher; who is here with her daughter.

They are warming up now as they go. So far we have two group songs and three soloists. Now , a 4th. All these soloists sing full and rich; they are good. I like the idea, in this fourth song, about the 'Woman of 45'. Tanya is so expressive when she translates. It is easy to see the passionate poetess in her.

Two are doing a duet. They approach and a back away as part of the play. They sing alternatively, with chorus is between.

They have come to get us and we danced with them.

Afterwards, we meet for discussion and questions. There was some confusion around the time when we were ready to leave because I'd loaned my photographs out and thought we were leaving before I got them back.

Now we visiting another group which was formed nine years ago. These people all work at different jobs; and they sing in six different languages.

Now they are talking about where they've gone. Cuba, Kamchatka and East Germany. Only one has professional training. They are singing their first song in English; which they do not speak. It sounds a little 60's, a little Peter/Paul and Mary and a little Brazilian. Now they are singing a song in Portuguese called "Camaraderie". And now a song in Russian, "The Land Where We Dwell".

Now they're singing about Dan Reed; an American who sang and played for many years behind the iron curtain.

Now a question and answer session.

They perform a lot of peace rallies.

Their images of America: they feel they understand the people but they haven't seen the country.

They have survived the war and we have not. They would never want us to feel what they

did.

They want to know if we like Moscow.

These are a trade union group. If the US invited them, the Soviet Union would foot the bill. Someone on the inviting end must, however, set up the structure.

Bill is telling them about Crosscurrents as (I think) a preface to setting it up to have these people come over.

Everyone is willing. Bill collects the names and contact data.

The voices flow like Russian water
peace winding in the air.
Hearts are flying softly.

I'm here, halfway around the world,
and strangers are singing to me
of peace and love.
Here, where the Hammer and Scythe
live that so scared my father.

If I can find some way
to put my finger on the pulse
of such magic,
then God give me the wisdom.z

gallagher
Moscow, USSR
26 Jun 1987 #1

How could any system that could
produce or allow such talent
to flower be wrong?

We dance to the tune

of thoughtless consumption
on the stage of Capitalism
while they dance, poorer perhaps,
on a stage that
cherishes the future.

gallagher
Moscow, USSR
26 Jun 1987 #2

(As an aside, a year later a group called Soviets Meet Middle America arranged for a few groups to come to the USA and tour around. I got involved and organized and coordinated the visit of four Soviets to Irvine in 1988. I' cannot remember if any of that was derivative of these discussions with the trade unionists or if it was all independent).

26 Jun 87 - 2300 Moscow [LogBook 29]

At a nightclub. I've come with a friend of Charlotte's named Tanya. She is a translator of poetry here in Moscow. This is a small club and she knows everyone. She reminds me of my old girlfriend, Helen O'Flarity, from 10 years ago. She's on the edge of manic; but pleasantly so. She stops and talks with anyone, anywhere.

A moment ago, we went into a high school graduation ceremony that's due to run until 5 AM. And the next thing I knew, I had agreed to speak to the students on peace.

Now, we're a block away and meeting with musicians. One of them will play for the graduation down the block in a while. This may run all night. I suppose I can miss some sleep to see Moscow nightlife with someone so capable of showing it to me.

This is "The Visotsky Bar". Photos on the wall. She brought me here because of the Visotsky record album I bought, Tanya said.

27 Jun 87 - 0455 Moscow [LogBook 29]

It is four in the morning, and I've just returned. What a magical night. We went back to

the theater, where the several high schools of the local district are holding their graduation ceremonies. Tonya has an uncanny ability to walk up to total strangers and immediately charm them into being her friend. We went in and were seated four rows back from the show. The seniors put it on themselves. They were amazingly competent and relaxed.

(I could not have begun to capture everything that happened this evening. On [LogBook 29], I make some outline notes which appear just below.)

- Arbat Street
- Bread / Portraits
- Tanya's stories / life / marriage
- Vysotsky Club
- District Graduation Ceremony
- Stage Show
- Guitar folk Singing
- Political Discussion
- Plain Clothes Police
- 0430 home

Tanya's data:

Eidinova Tanya
Profsewnaya Str.
h. 146 block 3 flat 422
Moscow 117321
USSR
phone: 338-95-60

(An amazing evening, some of which I remember. I most recall the High School event. I recall speaking to the students and then being involved in a whirl of conversations afterwards. At one point, a plain clothes police officer came over and talked to me. I think he wanted to see who I was and if I might be up to something. But, after we talked a bit, he could see that I was a peace activist and that I was not anti or pro either the USA and the USSR. I think he ended up liking me, we had a pleasant chat and he approved of me being there and communicating with the students.)

27 Jun 87 - 1642 Moscow-> Fergana [LogBook 30]

We are mid-way on a 3h 45m flight from Moscow to Fergana. I am going back to sleep.

27 Jun 87 - 0940 Fergana [LogBook 30]

I'm sitting in front of the Hotel Fergana. I've just finished breakfast. We are boarding our bus for a day. Long trip to Kokand in 20 minutes.

Bill and I went out and ran this morning for 25 minutes. Very little to see where we ran. This town is composed (as far as I've seen) by broad avenues with trees and small irrigation ditches. The buildings are mostly low affairs painted blue.

I felt spectacularly unmotivated after running. It could be the Coke And vodka, rocket fuel, I swirled last night.

People here are dark, and very between Iranian and Mongol in appearance.

Bill says this area has been Soviet since the October revolution. There was apparently some resistance to becoming Soviet. Witness the monument to the Soviet soldiers, who died bringing the region under "Soviet power".

We arrive last night at nine or 10 PM local (we're three hours different than Moscow). The sun sets at a more reasonable hour here so it wasn't light for long. We checked in.

The hotel is pretty primitive. Especially the bathrooms. The water here cannot be drunk without boiling.

After dinner, I mixed coke and vodka 50-50 in a Coke bottle, and a number of us went out walking. We didn't see much. Some Soviet municipal buildings.

We came to a four-story building where someone was playing piano. We went around to the back and found some students. Between us all we could talk just enough to establish they were in a school of music and art and we were 'American peace tourists'.

We came in from our walk about 12:30 AM.

28 Jun 87 - Morning & Afternoon Fergana [LogBook 31A]

We made a trip to Kokand by bus today. Had a long local history discussion.

When we arrived, we had a tour of a Moslem palace; which is now a museum.

There were three museum sections: (1) natural (2) local history and flora and fauna and endangered species and (3) was about local industry; mainly cotton.

The palace is divided into men and women sections.

Now, we are in the big reception hall which was used only to receive foreign guests by the Khan. One end of the room has a large throne area.

Then we visited a functioning mosque in Kokand; which had a graveyard associated with it.

We had lunch at a Kokand restaurant. Good meal. 20 kopeks for grape juice. We had shish-kebab and ice cream.

Afterwards, we visited a non-functioning mosque.

We also took photos of a monument to the Fergana Brigade who perished in WWII.

(a poem from LogBook page 65 but which was written on the 28th of June)

Lost without my passion in a central asian town
with thoughts of peace and socialism
going 'round in side my head.

gallagher
28 Jun 1987
Fergana, USSR

28 Jun 87 - 1755 Fergana [LogBook 31]

On the bench in front of the Fergana Hotel. This evening looks free.

(Later) Bill came up and we went into the bar in the front of the hotel and talked for an hour or so. Our subjects were (1) me and my career and targets, (2) Joan and I; problems and positives, and (3) funding for organizations like Bill's.

(from LogBook 31A) He explained to me how philanthropic foundations work. They get a 501(c)3 tax status, And then donors can contribute money into the foundation. The foundation takes the money and invests in growth stocks. And as a result, they get growth returns back into the foundation. If the foundation gives this money to grants and deserving projects, then that money does not pay capital gains tax. Foundations have statements of their targets and they must have a board of directors.

That there are 28,000 foundations in the US and maybe 50 of them are operating as designed. There are 1000 Armand Hammers and Ted Turners in the US.

He had an idea that we should write an investigative article on where appropriate groups get their money. How limited the funds are. How little ground level support there is. And that we should target the Atlantic, Mother, Jones, and etc. with such an article.

28 Jun 87 - 2035 Fergana [LogBook 31]

I'm sitting on a bench down the road from the hotel. The evenings here are nice here. It feels like an Los Angeles Santa Ana is blowing through. There are a number of people who seem to be out and strolling around.

I feel a little out of sorts and part of me thinks I should "use" tonight, effectively by going out and meeting some locals. But another part of me wants to go and lay down early and just read. I think I'm going to go with the latter suggestion.

28 Jun 87 - 2100 Fergana [LogBook 31]

We began by balloon bashing. This evolves into a discussion of how peace groups in trade unions can interface. A good discussion with Zhanya.

It could be three main interfaces: (1) would be Intourist (group or alone), (2) trade unions (small option), and (3) peace committees.

The last could invite peace groups, such as "Children Against Nuclear War" or there's another option called Sputnik; which involves students.

29 Jun 87 - day activities Fergana [LogBook 32A]

- I/we exchanged \$ in Fergana.
- We went to a bazaar in Fergana - fruits, vegetables, natives, bicycles.
- We went to Blue Lake above Fergana. Our bus breaks down enroute.
- So, we hike to the lake. Take a boat ride and then an ice-water swim.
- We walk down to the bus again and have a meal prepared in our absence.
- We have a discussion about Gypsies afterwards.
- Altitudes: Fergana is 800m, the Village we ate at is 1500m and Blue lake is 2000m.



(Some of us braved the water at Blue Lake (also known as Lake Kurbankul). It is glacial and very cold. It was the kind of thing you do once - just to say you did it. That's Fred in the water behind me.)



(There were a number of locals at Blue Lake who were curious about us. They came and talked with us and then, later, posed with us. In the back row from the left, Delia is 1st, Janelyse is 4th, and Linda is 5th. In the front row, I'm 1st on the left. There's a lady in the back 2nd from the right and I cannot recall her name.)



(Your author at Blue Lake)

29 Jun 87 - 2000 Fergana [LogBook 32A]

Note on our conversation with our Fergana guide, "Renat".

- He is a member of "Knowledge Society". The membership requirement is to specifically

know about some topics and to give talks on those subjects.

In Fergana there are five such people. This society is everywhere. Our guide is an former Intourist guide.

The "Knowledge Society" is a volunteer organization. It does contracts with organizations in exchange for money. He receives five rubles from the requester and five from the society. It was created in 1947. They speak to all kinds of organizations; because all organizations want to educate people.

He was specifically trained at Gorky State in French and English. But he lectures on theories of Scientific Atheism. He reads lots of books on this subject. Also read on ethnography. He lectures on all these things. He talks about how Islam or Christianity appeared.

He says the USSR is composed of 95% nonbelievers. And he is working to convert the last 5%.

About Freud: "The man who explained everything by sex". He says there is something there, but it goes way too far. Psychology is not studied here in high schools. He gives us a list of required courses which are on Capitalism, Socialism and Scientific Communism. All these are called "Sciences". Dialectical Materialism helped him become a rational man. Studying such theories in close relationship to life is most useful.



(Our Fergana Guide, Renat)

(Jump now to LogBook 33A to continue)

Question from our guide: "what is mafia?"

Question from our guide: "what about unemployment?"

He asserts that the lack of consensus understanding of social forces means that Americans do not understand their own processes. Hence they have a very disconnected analysis. It is much like a mechanical illiterate trying to describe what's right or wrong about an engine.

He says, "Those who work, eat" in the Soviet Union.

The productivity per worker is twice as high in the US than it is in the USSR. But new policies are being created now in the USSR to deal with this problem.

Soviet's have equal pay for equal jobs. But higher paying jobs tend to go to the men. He says this is traditional. If you had a man washing the floor, there would be a crowd in a

minute to see this event.

Highly intellectual people tend not to focus their questions. Clearly, then they add a sides, exceptions, all to anticipate the general issue at hand. When dealing across wide cultural gaps, this lessens effectiveness. When dealing across language barriers, it's even worse

"National policy": if a Russian, or a Uzbek are both nominated for the same position, then the result will be that the Uzbek will get it; even if the Russian is the clever man. That is true, if this is an Uzbek area.

In Russian areas, you have to work hard to keep people on the farms.

In Uzbek areas, you can't get people to come into the cities.

In this area, the people cultivate their own fields and have cars, televisions, etc.

A "Podryad" is a collective farm being divided into many small plots. The new method will be to only allowed subdivision for the harder workers. But before each new couple could ask and get a plot. But the long term problem is looming that the whole valley will eventually be divided and no collective farms will remain.

(Jump now to LogBook 34A to continue)

There are two kinds of collective farms; the State Collective and the True Collective.

The True Collectives decide things by internal voting. The State Collectives are run by the state.

In each district there are 10 to 12 collectives. Currently 1 to 3 collectives per district are trying the new "Podryad" theory. State Collectives are failed True Collectives which then reverted to State ownership. Some State Collectives run up huge debts. And State Collectives usually do not revert to being True Collectives. To do so would require decisions from Moscow.

Before, if a specific crime was done, then there was a specific penalty. And there was no other recourse.

Now changes are occurring which allow knowledge of the specific circumstances to

influence the penalty decision. People named "Procurator" (we have no equivalent word) can decide if someone is guilty and how long to hold them until matters are understood.

30 Jun 87 - 0840 Fergana [LogBook 32]

At the morning meditation.

Yesterday I turned most of my clothing in for washing. I'm curious to see if they are going to come back. We are leaving this evening for either Tashkent or Alma Alta.

(notes about last night)

Last night, Linda and I went out walking & talking about politics again. And then later, Linda and Charlotte and I talked some more. I had two glasses of Pepsi and vodka.

The first conversation was about Socialism versus Capitalism versus Alternatives. I feel that my points of view are firming up.

The second conversation was about men versus women. It was fun.

My thoughts on the first conversation:

Socialists have a conceptual framework. Capitalists do not. You cannot have two number one priorities. Socialists can adopt the best of Capitalism easier than the reverse. Capitalism has two things; motivation due to compensation, which is good, and exploitation which is bad.

You cannot develop a new system without structure. And structure cannot be determined without first doing an analysis of goals.

30 Jun 87 - 0950 Fergana [LogBook 32]

Joan, I've been thinking of you a lot this last day or so. Being in a strange place wears on me sometimes and I remember how warm and loving you are.

I want to learn so much here, but it's not easy. Each side has it's assumptions about the other. This morning, I asked Zhanya, our guide, a question.

And she interpreted it the wrong way, and took off for 10 minutes lecturing me about American misconceptions. She wouldn't let me interrupt and it all left me a bit frustrated. After I thought about it, I realized that in spite of the fact that she is a potential goldmine of information, she is generally not disposed to be so.

Sitting here waiting on my clothes to be done. There's a woman ironing them outside now. Very inefficient how things are done here - and yet they are such nice people.

Today, we're going to visit a silk factory in the morning and then in the afternoon we'll meet with some English speaking students at Fergana Language University.

30 Jun 87 - 1137 Fergana [LogBook 33]

Today, we're in a silk mill in Margilan; which is just north of Fergana.

We are touring. There are many large factory rooms. The workers appear to mostly be women who are locals. The factory conditions look uninviting. Primitive methods, and poor safety. There are lots of Lenin posters and exhortations. And the noise levels are very high. Safety earplugs have been given out.

Tatyana, the trainer of new workers, is giving our tour. There's also Victor who has the same job. And he's also a secretary of the young communist league. And yet others will come to meet us.

Tatyana is giving us the history of the silk mill: It was opened in 1928. One of the USSR's best. In 1928 there were 300 workers. By 1940, there were 3000 workers. In WWII some mills were moved from the West to the East; here. In 1942 the mill was moved here.

In 1945 more workshops were built. And in 1945 they started with printed silks. In 1949 they started with new patterns; woven/printed.

There are 39 nationalities here. 10,000 workers. They have their own power station, transport, their own medical facilities, their own orchards, and their own cattle farms. They have their own rest area, (like up at Blue Lake).

There is a sanitarium which is available at only 30% cost for overnight. Advanced workers get these vouchers without charge.

The majority here are Uzbek people. And 70% are woman. Each workshop has a medical room. And doctors do inspections of the workshops. Outpatient services are available. There are 11 childcare facilities. Families are big here. And big families get priority on vouchers. And also priority on housing. They don't have to pay anything for kindergarten if they have a high number of children.

The work is done in shifts. Sometimes three shifts at 8 eight hours each, and sometimes four shifts at six hours each. Women who are expecting our transferred to easier shifts so they're not on night shifts.

They get 56 days off pre-birth and 56 post plus one and a half years post. They paid 35 Rubles per month with each child. They can stay off for an entire year, if they wish but they get no pay.

The next five year plan will change the time to 70 days before and 70 days after. Vocational training is done within the mill. Either one year or two years for training depending on the previous education. There are two secondary schools here so they can work and finish. There's also an institute of higher learning for the textile industry. And the diploma that you get there is the same as a university degree.

Technology: the cocoons are steamed, the thread unreeled. 5 to 6 threads are combined to form one. They are spooled up to bigger spools and then shifted to the weaving shop. Some are woven into patterns. The cocoons come from collective and state farms. Special processing stations kill the worm within the cocoon.

They buy enough for a year and store them at a specific temperature. The cocoons are sorted by thread thickness. At unraveling time, any waste is reused. Worms are also re-processed. New employees, sort cocoons and then they go to boiling stations. One and a half kilograms of cocoons is equal to 10 to 12 m² of fabric. There is 500 to 1500 m of thread per cocoon. Shifts are eight or six hours. 30 minute lunch. No breaks.

They are paid by the piece. They manufacture 30,000,000 m per year here. In this room are greater than 200 different fabrics displayed. At this time, they do not export direct to foreign countries. But they do export through the Soviet state to France,

Egypt, and eastern Europe. The cost in the shop is 8 to 10 rubles per m². Also, the workshop can make artificial cloth using thread from another source.

Everything is concerned with young people's concerns. The Young Communist League. (not the Communist Party). The Young Communist League accepts up to age 28. The Communist Party accepts from the age of 18. 10% of workers belong to the party here. The communist party can be joined directly but the normal sequence is the young communist league members transfer up to the communist party. To begin here the minimum is 18 the normal is 21 to 24. It looks like the pay is 180 to 250 rubles per worker per month. That averages out to 200 rubles per month regardless of whether it's a six hour shift or an eight hour shift.

30 Jun 87 - 1515 Fergana [LogBook 35]

After the silk factory, we went to a market. They were selling silk; among other things. I looked around for a while and then went outside to watch people. Folks in this area of central Asia are very direct with eye contact. At one point, a native Uzbek girl and I looked at each other. And a moment later, several girls were chattering and laughing and sneaking sideways looks at me. I backed away, and re-joined the tour group. You never know what the local signals might be for "Let's get engaged!"



(An outside market we visited in Fergana)

Right now, we've finished lunch and we are in the hotel's third-floor lobby meeting with people from the local Language Institute.

We go around and introduce ourselves. Then the Soviets introduce themselves.

This institute begins after secondary school (17) and they graduate at 21. We have no exact equivalent to the Russian method in which English is taught and then used in other classes (like geography). Lenin said people should be considered 'civilized' if they know, at least one other language.

They quizzed us a lot about how we teach Russian and other languages. I.e., the number of hours per day. Russian education in foreign languages is much more extensive than ours. The discussion gets into teaching methods. Unfortunately, I am falling asleep. All these folks are members of trade unions; which they normally join as students. In fact, nearly 100% of all workers are members of trade unions.

I got too sleepy and Charlotte had the room key, so I went down to the lobby and sat in a chair and slept for an hour. Now, I'm sitting outside on the bench. It's been warm the whole time we've been here. It's nice.

Central Asia is much more a tourist experience than Moscow was. Moscow was more cultural and educational.

30 Jun 87 - 1730 Fergana [LogBook 36]

While I'm sitting here and watching people walk by, I stop to go back and write up my recollections of our evening at Anya's.

(Here I go into flashback mode to record my memories from LogBook 23A & 23 @ 2250 when we visited Anya Lazareva's place in Moscow.)

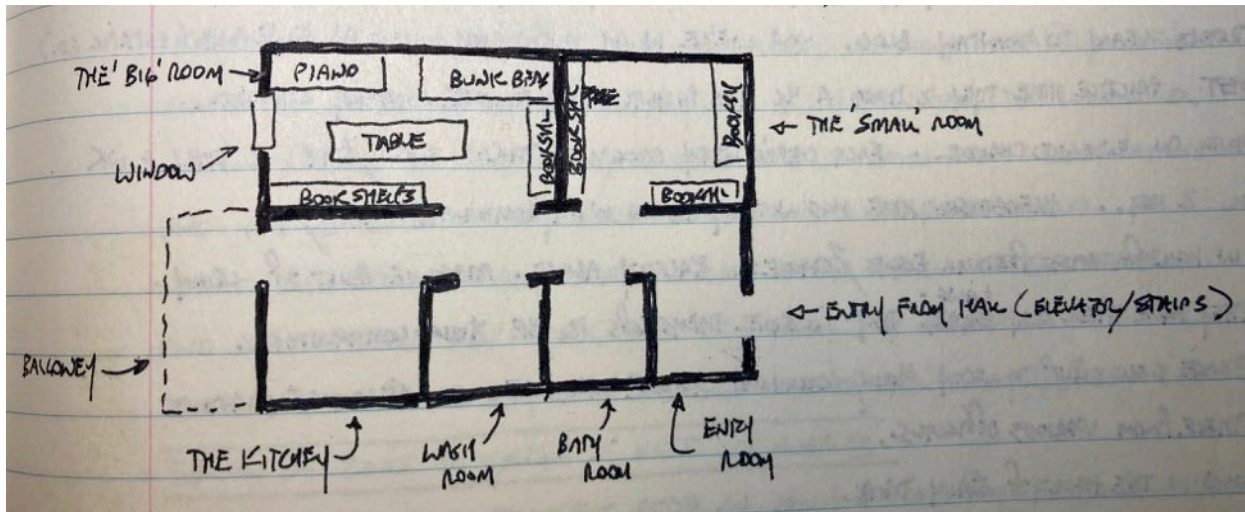
Anya and her family are very intelligent people.

The first impression I had of their apartment, however, was its small size. It was explained to us that was is a 'big room' and a 'small room'. Later I found out that the

current five-year plan allows 5 m² per person; exclusive of the kitchen and the bathroom. By our standards their place is very small.

But my sense was that they made the best of it all.

I think I mentioned before how impressed I was with Anya's two children; especially Julia.



Her husband, Boris, on the other hand was very quiet and therefore quite hard to get a reading on.



(Anya Lazareva's Family: Lf to Rt: Boris, Timothy, Anya and Julia)

Henry had told me that visiting people here at their homes could impose a burden on them, because they would want to "entertain" us. And they did.

In spite of working all day, they still put on spread for us. It was while Anya went off to do things in the kitchen that I realized how special a girl Julia was.

She stood looking at us as if she was a rabbit in the headlights. But when we began talking to her, her poise and intelligence really began to show. Later, at dinner, the communication I saw between Anya and Julia illustrated for me deeply that Julia was going to be a very special person.

The evening, which was notable for its hospitality and Julia's, quiet intelligence, really centered on Anya.

She is fierce in her intelligence and in her approach to things. I could well imagine that under nearly any circumstance she could carve out a niche for her family. We talked about their flat. How people get flats or "buy" them. And about 'Glasnost'.

She said, "Just wait 10 or 15 years", for people to really begin to absorb the ideas of Glasnost. People now still remember the 30s and Stalin and the 50s and Khrushchev's rise and fall. They remember the Five-Year Plans; so many have failed their goals.

We discussed Spiritualism and if it's sweeping the world or not. I felt it was making strong advances due to mass media communications and due to people like Shirley MacLaine. But that it is not necessarily sweeping the world.

Anya wasn't sure because within Russia it's not even an acknowledge subject. And most people don't talk about it; except with friends.

30 Jun 87 - 2055 Tashkent [LogBook 37]

We have arrived in Tashkent after an hour's flight from Fergana. The hotel here is more what I would want. Modern, a flush toilet and a balcony. (I took pictures off the balcony but my film supplies are getting thin).

It's humid here too. Strange seeing out on the balcony. I see slum dwellings and industrial trash just across the road.

The city has 2 million people so it's probably well worth walking around in. However, 2 million people here doesn't translate to 2 million as it might in, say, Vancouver, BC, Canada.

The buildings here are rarely 20 or 30 stories tall and most things look a bit like a fancy version of Tijuana, Mexico.

People here, like in Fergana, are a mixture of things. Tashkent is the capital of the Uzbekistan Republic. The people are locals and Russians. So you have basically everything but blacks and American Indians. The women, many of them, are exquisite crosses of arabs, orientals, and Iranians. (I've learned that arabs and Iranians, are not the same).



(A statue about the 1966 Tashkent Earthquake. The block in the foreground is split in half and has a clock showing the time of the quake.)

01 Jul 87 - 0700 Tashkent [LogBook 38]

I'm awake early this morning, so I'm going to catch up on this journal.

Bill, our tour leader, along with Charlotte, has talked about the "The Crunch". It's a psychological thing that can happen mid-tour on a 2 to 3 week tour. Basically, everyone begins the tour very high, then bottoms out mid-tour, and then ends high again. The bottoming out in the middle is called "The Crunch". It is characterized by homesickness and complaints about the heat, facilities, people, sites, etc. I think I've had a minor case of this. Fergana didn't do much for me.

I had another go at our guide, Zhanya, at dinner last night. As a Russian, she seems such a potential resource of information, opinions, and discussion. And, yet, it's so hard to get much out of her.

She had just completed an exchange, in Russian, with the waitress about getting us some fruit juice with our dinner. And I said to her (I happened to be sitting across from her) that when I listen to languages I don't speak, all I can get is the emotional tones in the sounds. It may be just how Russian sounds, but it always seems to me to be so passionate and almost argumentative.

She looked at me and smiled the smile that says, "That's very nice, but I know you're trying to draw me out, but I can see you coming".

It was on this exchange, or the very next, that I kidded her about the meta-communication in her smile by saying, "You know I'm trying to draw you out?".

This drew another smile. My second or third attempt was to ask what did she think about the problems of sending mail across international borders to the USSR?

She said, "so what can be done about it? "

I responded that maybe nothing. But discussion can aid understanding. And that understanding can reduce the sense of mystery; even if it cannot alleviate the problem. And so it is worthwhile.

At this point, she engaged a bit and said, "So how do we know which side the problem is on?" She said, "I correspond with a lot of people, and it's not clear to me where the mail goes astray".

I asked her frequency of loss? And she said that she'd never counted, but it was maybe one in 10. I thought for a bit and suggested an experiment could scientifically determine which government was "losing mail". It would be to set up mail exchanges between the US and the USSR and a number of other countries and measure the loss rates.

As my next and last attempt, I mentioned Linda's theory, that if the Soviets did not block free flow of electronic data across their borders, then any fiddling with the physical mail would become meaningless. This because massive amounts of data can be transferred from modem to modem in just minutes.



(Picture of Fred shooting anti-war signs in Tashkent. And, in the back, the ubiquitous pictures of Marx, Engels and Lenin.)



(Later, back in the U.S., I used one of these images in a sign for my son, Dan, and I when we joined an anti-war & weapons demonstration in Orange County, California.)

At this point, she took the offensive and led us off onto a sequence of questions and answers about personal computers, and what they are, and what they're actually used for.

My sense was that she didn't see them as becoming widespread enough to have the effects I suggested. We talked for a while about the French's "Minitel" experiment.

I'm still not clear on what it takes to get her involved in conversation or what the roots of her reticence are.

(Perhaps, given that she was a paid employee of the Soviet State, it was incumbent on her to 'push' the state's POV and to avoid conversations which might 'compromise' her with her employer?)

Last evening, after a late dinner (9 PM), Linda, Charlotte, Janelyse and I went out and sat in front of the hotel. (The Hotel Moscow, 22 stories, tall built, right on the fault line the devastated Tashkent in 1966).

The weather is so hot and muggy that staying inside is just the pits. The sky was still partially light; even at 10 or 10:30 PM. (The Soviets run all 11 of their time zones one hour ahead of the time they should, according to most of the world). There were big Texas style thunderheads all around and heat lightning every 20 seconds or so. It was all quite beautiful.

Linda, Charlotte and I had engaged in a running conversation for two days now about men and women relationships. I think they find it fascinating to get the male perspective and, for my part, I always like to talk about such things. Janelyse joined us last night.

I had laid out the genetic-logic theory of why men "tend" to be polygamists and why women "tend" to be monogamous. They, in concert, responded that this was more likely, an 'enculturation'. And they cited various matriarchal societies and the ancient "goddess" religions as clear examples of women in historically significant and polygamous roles.

Then we continued with a thread about can people relate to God, Spirituality and their higher self enough to not need a personal relationship with another person. I.e., someone to love and be loved by.

Linda says she's lived a lot like this and picks up the slack through her friends and her academic associations.

The rest of us seemed more conventional in acknowledging our "addiction" to love to/from another specific person. Janelyse told us how she just broken it off with someone after a long time because she'd realized that her reticence to make a commitment was really a reflection of the fact that the relationship wasn't right.

There was a long sequence then of various personal anecdotes and then I told them about the dynamics between Joan and I.

As I was in the middle of this, a guy who was drunk, came up and began talking to us.

He would say, "My name is ...", "What is your name?" And I'd answer him.

It took two or three passes before (A) it was obvious he was drunk and (B) that these two sentences were about all the English he knew.

We were all laughing a lot by this time. I kept trying to get my story told, and he kept inserting sentences of gibberish; as if he was really in the conversation. Our laughing only encouraged him. Every several minutes or so, he would begin again with, "My name is ...".

After a while, he was sitting down next to Janelyse and moving closer and closer to her. And I was telling him how I could sell him these three women (which he didn't understand a word of) And there was more laughter.

I finally got my story told, and we walked inside with the three ladies clustered tightly around me and him following and trying to pull Janelyse away with him. We lost him at the door.

Other than the weather, I like this hotel. We have a small snack bar right on our floor, and the facilities are nicer than Fergana.

01 Jul 87 - 1840 Tashkent [LogBook 41]

We're on the second floor of the Tashkent Hotel having had a meeting with a large group of students. They danced and sang and played guitars for us. There must be 20 or 30 of them. The Russians we've met so far seem to be quite uninhibited about performing.

01 Jul 87 - 2035 Tashkent [LogBook 41]

What is zing I get from meeting Soviet people sometimes. The meeting I was just at quickly broke up into one-on-one talks. And it was really nice. I met a 20 year old second year student of English at the local university. I don't recall her name now and I also forgot to get a picture of her. (Dumb!) But, the real value of it all was the conversation we had.

The students here are more open than their adult counterparts. They are open to ideas; believing still that they have much to learn. The adults seem more closed and fixed as if something in them has frozen into place.

This girl and I talked for nearly an hour and a half, like everyone around us, and we covered a lot of things. She's going to be married in August. Her fiancé is about to graduate, and when he does, they could be assigned to anywhere in the Soviet Union. She had questions about my career change from a chemist to a computer programmer. I explained profit versus nonprofit organizations to her.

We discussed my basic concept of the differences between Socialism and Capitalism. We laughed about American advertisements. I try to explain why Americans don't trust the USSR and got off asking if the USSR would trust Germany?

She surprised me and said not only her generation, but also her grandfathers generally would trust them now. She told me that from a Soviet's first day of school, they hear, together, the ideas of Socialism and peace. That 'peace' is an idea that pervades the USSR.

I took a different approach then to explaining why Americans don't trust the Soviets.

- (1) We remember that Marx says that Socialism will take over the world.
- (2) We remember Khrushchev beating his shoe on the table saying, "We will bury you."

It is hard to trust someone who talks peace when these are the abiding images that Americans have.

I explained the idea that I first came up with at The Moscow News. I.e., if Capitalism is doomed by its own flaws, then it is already standing by the cliffs of its own destruction. But if we are going to perish, we would prefer to make the mistake of stepping off the cliff ourselves. But we wonder if the Russians are going to push us first.

I told her that as Citizen Diplomats we will have a tough job going home to explain to Americans that the Soviets are OK when these are the memories and the images that most Americans have of the Soviets.

I talked about how much it cost me to fly here, and how much I made. She wanted to know if it was difficult for me to get permission to come. I explained it was not.

She wanted to know why my route was so convoluted (through Iceland and Luxembourg) rather than coming direct from New York to Moscow.

I showed her my pictures of home and she and two other students looked at them. The pictures were a bit disjointed since when I showed them to the Uzbek girls at the Blue Lake they'd gotten out of order. They were amazed at the size of Joan's apartment. "How many rooms?", they wanted to know.

People here live in such cramped spaces that they find our homes gigantic. They were interested in our homes, our cars and the yard space outside. The cost of such things. Here, it cost about four rubles, a month for a flat (6 dollars). The average salary of a Soviet is about 190 rubles per month (\$285.). So they pay 2.1% of their money for rent.

Their language schools are different. If they go for English, then, after a certain proficiency is attained, then they have all of their classes (math, science, etc.), taught to them using English.

Before I quit the subject of these students, I want to try to catch my strongest impression of Soviet students. They are sincere and open and they project an amazing sense of personal innocence. They are intelligent, secure, but not in the least arrogant. In short, in the US, I would think them very special people. Here, they seem to be the norm.

It could be thought that the group we met were handpicked. Except for the fact that I attended the district high school graduation in Moscow unannounced. And it was all the same there. Meeting and influencing these students in a positive way towards Americans and American intentions is a very positive way to make an impact.

02 Jul 87 - 1210 Tashkent [LogBook 44]

(Some side notes next, indented below, from 02Jul87 - LogBook page 35A)

Five of us have gone to Samarkand today, several are down sick and our guide is uptight with our group over the issues of our removing bottles from the restaurant.

This morning we had meditation together and then we went to the pool at the Hotel. Uzbekia.

The Friendship Society - a volunteer organization dedicated to friendship between countries. It has many inter-USA connections. There are twin cities such as Tashkent/Seattle and Samarkand/Olympia. The number of tourist going back-and-forth is rising. There's an American/Armenian Association and there is an American/Jewish Association which have visited. The society sends data and books to Americans who want information about the USSR. We are welcome to visit again the Uzbek friendship Society.

Charlotte leads off with an explanation of who, and what CrossCurrents is.

Another peace group has been here before: The U.S. University Physicians Against Nuclear War.

We're discussing Star Wars now. The discussion move to escalation. Question: what about Soviets coming to the US?

Even if the Soviets do not push towards the conversion of the world to Socialism, it would appear to the US that they did anyway because our own U.S. economic policies drive Third World countries towards Socialism.

If we contact the friendship society prior to coming, it can result in various meetings being set up.

(a poem recored on LogBook page 65 but which was written on 2 Jul 87)

"At the Friendship Society"

These formal meetings, leave me empty.
Gestures and motions, politeness,
and the table settings.
I try to get down to sharing views,
but we end up sitting in frozen tea parties.
The chairman talks and talks and
when it's our turn, we ask.
"What's the best size group?"
"My sister in Ohio, said..."
He says the US has its misconceptions.
It is true.
I want to ask about Soviet misconceptions.
but the words fly, ignored.
The hands wave,
and we will leave empty.

gallagher
2 Jul 87
Tashkent, USSR

(a side note from LogBook page 35A dated 02Jul87)

I'm struck by the difference in attitudes between students and adults. My suspicion is that the students are still immersed in the idealism of the system and adults have confronted the reality.

02 Jul 87 - 1338 Tashkent [LogBook 44]

The meeting we just had was very disappointing to me. Charlotte is telling us now that this experience of Soviet bureaucracy is necessary. This society can connect us through to other groups which is valuable. But talking directly with them is an exercise in frustration.

2 cups of tea drunk, one new fact about Khrushchev and lots of handwaving rhetoric.

The speaker explained how Americans had strong misconceptions about the Soviets but somehow we never get seemed to get to the Soviet misconceptions. At another point, he seemed to indicate that the only reason Soviets don't travel to the US. is because of Pan Am's prices.

02 Jul 87 - 1530 Tashkent [LogBook 45]

We are now meeting with the head teacher from the school whose students we met yesterday. I gave her my card in case the student I spoke with, or some others, would like to write to me. A discussion of 'Glasnost' and conscientious objector status in the US ensued. She's coming to the US and we discussed where she'll be visiting.

02 Jul 87 - 1700 Tashkent [LogBook 45]

The chairman of the Keroff district of the Uzbek Women's Society. He is the head of some medical specialty at the hospital. He also has 10 years in the US/USSR friendship Society.



(The entire Tashkent Women's Society and our group are seated together.)

In every area of the city is involved with the Women's Society. It looks after the rights and problems of women. It ensures two medical check ups per year. A major task is the upbringing of the younger generation in order to help women find work.

If a woman has multiple children, then they can provide work at home. They help with the cultural education of women. Women are active and put their heart into work. These councils are made up from working women and pensioned women. ... US visitors know much more about the Moscow area than the Uzbek area. They want us to go home and talk about the Uzbek people. They're happy that we brought young people with us.

Now, some of the others are going to speak.

They are speaking in Uzbek, so we've got a double translation going from Uzbek to Russian to English.

Next speaker: They mention a famous astronomer from this area. She has six children; three male and three female. The oldest son has a degree in math. She's a retired teacher who works for the local women's council as chairman.

Next speaker: This is the chair lady of public canteens. She has a boy who's been drafted into the Army. In two years he will return. Identified with Bryan and his mother.

Next Speaker: This is a teacher from school # 51 biology. Teachers mainly in French. All three of her children went there. Her son who is 25 speaks French/Arabic/English. Specialized in Arabic. Spent time in Tunis and Iraq and he's married. 10 years now she's been on the pension. Her older son is 37 years old and the second is 35 years old. The first is an engineer and the second works for the industry of transport. The third son is 31 years old and he is a transport engineer. She works for 37 years in the same school. She was born here. She went to school with her husband.

About the Council:

1st Commission: industrial.

2nd Commission: medical

3rd Commission: young girls training.

4th Commission: work for local area committees.

They do not have agriculture here so there's no such Commission.

5th Commission: a cultural condition.

Each commission is independent. Presidium meets each three months. There's a conference of women committees.

They discuss a general plan, but each area has autonomy. They have close contact with the trade unions. And the government helps a lot. They try to organize activities with various institutes regarding visiting foreigners.

Now we're switching to music. People began to clap. I get the card of the chair lady of the local women's group who chaired this meeting. I see your picture as I open my wallet, Joan. I wish you were here to see this. It's now 8:30 in the morning in Los Angeles. You must be sleeping now. Many of the women here are dressed in their traditional silk colors. Others are in Western Garb. The music is somewhere between

Arabic and Oriental. I have a photo which shows the instruments. Fred is up and dancing again with a local woman. Everyone else is fanning them selves. The tables are littered with bread, tea, and sodas.

02 Jul 87 - 2136 Tashkent [LogBook 46]

It is intermission at the circus. We're three blocks from our hotel.

The circus is nice but much less exotic than I've seen. Charlotte says the Moscow Circus is much better. She left at intermission.

The heat here in Tashkent is oppressive. We're sitting here sweating. It must be 95°F. I've only seen one or two buildings with air conditioning. Our hotel is supposed to have it, but it's broken. Speaking of such things, it is very rare to find a public toilet here which has a toilet seat. The public bathrooms are a real Tijuana nightmare. Joan, remind me to tell you of my adventure at the Lenin Museum in Moscow.

Some other oddities; while we kill time. There are very few public drinking fountains. There are machines which sell water, mineral water, or juice for a small amount of money. Each machine has a glass which is reused by everyone who uses the machine.

The people at the circus (and in other places) all clap together here.

03 Jul 87 - 1015 Tashkent [LogBook 47]

We are touring the circus now with Petr.

We meet a woman with goats who has worked with animals for 25 years. Now we are seeing the horses. Now the poodles. There are carts, buildings, cages everywhere. Everyone is in shorts. It's very hot. We're meeting the dog trainer. A picture of me, the dog and the trainer. Now we're seeing a monkey and a cat who live together. Now we see foxes, eagles and a porcupine. Now a woman is feeding the eagle. Bryan does it as well. The eagle is one year old.

All the language used here is Polish. Mary Beth pets a lioness named "Oama". Now we see so the Soviet circuses' camels in the ring area.

Now we go back to Petr's cabin and have Pepsi's and we trade gifts. He gives me a five zloty coin and I give him a US quarter. We are trading gifts. Mary Beth tries to give him an American flag and he resists. But then he takes it. Now we show photographs. Poor Joan, she's always in her night clothes all over Russia.

The Russians are surprised at our photos when they see city skylines because they think they are apartments. The idea of big business buildings is new to them.

(a side note recorded about my health on 03Jul87 on LogBook page 35A)

Some cramps and hot flashes during the night.

03 Jul 87 - 1253 Tashkent [LogBook 47]

We are sitting in a lobby area on the 10th floor of the Moscow hotel. Petr is with us. He doesn't want to talk a lot here. He mentions microphones and prison in Siberia. He talked earlier about a movie named "This is America". I want to know more about this. (so we go downstairs and outside.)

This is very confusing. Petr is now talking about a movie that Elizabeth thinks is "America". A moment ago he said it was made for propaganda by the USSR. But now he says it's made in the US!

Polish debt is increasing due to the interest charged by the US. This was in a story on Polish radio and TV. Which is all controlled by the USSR.

Petr can listen to the West on the radio - when it's not jammed. He believes neither side. He feels that somewhere in the middle is the truth.

A small segment of the Polish population thinks that the US wants war. Most know that this is not so.

Reagan is put down because he's on his second marriage. But the Polish leader is the same - and there's no criticism of him. Petr likes Reagan. Doesn't like Carter. "Reagan, the new Hitler", was a Polish headline.

Petr likes Gorbachev. Here, people need a special card to cross Republic borders. (a

domestic passport). Petr wants to go back to Poland and study agriculture. He wants to buy a flat in Warsaw. He would have to work many years to buy a flat. The cost is somewhere between 1 million and 20 million zlotys. And the salary per year is about 20,000 zlotys. He can buy many things in Poland. He could own a factory there, if he had the money. They are 37 million people in Poland.

He tells us a story of a friend who went from Poland to Czechoslovakia to Mexico and across the Rio Grande and into New York. One year later, he spent \$2000 to buy papers.

Petr spent 15 months as the customs officer in Poland. It required three months of school. He describes a book they used which list books by the country published. For example Dostoevsky was forbidden.



(Left 2 Right: Petr Kanabrodzki (from the Polish circus), Maribeth, Bryan and me)

03 Jul 87 - 1615 Tashkent [LogBook 48]

We are waiting for takeoff. Hot as ever in here.

Some interesting notes on Aeroflot. Around the entry door to our plane (similar to a DC-8), is black sealant at the bottom with newspaper over it to prevent it sticking to the door when it shuts. Also (I register seven on a scale of 10 for amazement!), the galley structures (at least the several I saw) are wooden! The quality of the seats and the panels vary a lot from plane to plane. The attitude of the cabin crew is uniformly the same. Indifferent service; the same as in Soviet restaurants. Over the audio system, a large chorus singing. I'll hazard a guess that they're singing something political. (Like God bless, Lenin?).

Well, back to finish my notes on our visits with Petr from Poland.

Petr said he felt that 60% of Soviets are pro-Soviet. Of the Polish, he said 10% are pro Jaworski. 'Solidarity' is still active but underground. He says when he goes home from this trip, he will not come again to the Soviet union. His first and last time.

He also told me the circus is too tough for him. I asked, 'Yes, the changes the work and the traveling?' But he said "No, it was the people."

Many criminal types end up working in circuses. One man and his wife fought a lot and he beat her. It sounds like my impression of our own US carnivals.

The border guard work he did was at the Warsaw airport. He said that what ever they confiscated, they could keep. His father was involved in the 'Solidarity'.

200 zlotys equals one ruble on the black market.

03 Jul 87 - 1645 Tashkent Airport [LogBook 49]

I have just spent a very hot 20 minutes in a closed jet without air conditioning. One thing you can say about Soviet society, it's not big on creature comforts.

03 Jul 87 - 1700 Tashkent Airport [LogBook 49]

So, now that we are back to human temperatures, I will continue. We (Mary Beth) met Petr at the circus last night. He was working as an usher. Sometimes, he says, he works as the clown. For the Tashkent run, the clown, and his straight girl, are both Russians; as well as the ringmaster lady. There is, traveling with them, is Soviet headmaster too. Petr's views are definitely not pro-Soviet. I think groups, such as ours, should tour places like Poland occasionally to get their view of the USSR.

Some of the first things he said seemed bizarre. Enough so that I didn't give him much credibility (he said that the Soviet Embassy in Warsaw told the circus members that many things were forbidden to them in the Soviet Union. For example: socializing with Soviet people and wearing shorts). Neither of these are forbidden. (Note: except that our Bryan had to put on a pair of long pants pants to visit a functioning Mosque).

Also, Petr said, there will be another war in 20 to 30 years. A non-nuclear war. When we asked him who will begin it, he said, "Poland". These were things he told us last night when we walked back to the hotel with us after the show.

This morning, at 1000, Mary Beth, Bryan and I went to meet Petr again.

(Side note: Aeroflot's idea of an in-flight beverage is to give you warm mineral water)

Everyone else went off to see an art museum. (Except for those with the trots or those who are looking for their friend 'Ralph' in the commode).

We met Petr by the fountain in front of the circus, and he took us on a behind-the-scenes tour of the circus. (This was described earlier).

We were the first Americans to receive such a tour. Petr had only spoken to Americans briefly on the streets of Warsaw before. He's been seven months traveling with the circus on the way towards one year of total time. He hopes to be home for Christmas. Tonight is their last show and then they pack up their trucks, load them on a train, and travel for six days to Siberia to the Lake Baikal region. He said he's heard there are mosquitoes there as big as birds.

Leaving the hotel was uneventful. Petr ate lunch with us and saw us off. I exchanged addresses with him; as did several others. He said he would write in January. I said if he swims the Rio Grande to call me!

On and off since last night, I've felt on the edge of some physical problems, but so far it's quiet. Some feelings of gas and some strange tastes in my mouth. We'll see. I'm drinking lots of Pepsi. Mom said it was good for upset stomachs.

At the Beriozka at the airport, I bought two cheap watches for \$10 each. I priced the digitals at the GUM Department Store this morning when Bryan, Mary Beth, Petr and I went there after our circus tour. Soviet digital watches, with 32, 50 and 60 rubles. 32 was for a woman's watch and 50 and 60 were for men's watches. The 32 and the 50 didn't have any functions other than the alarm. None of the three were waterproof!

Currently, 32 rubles is \$48 USD, 50 rubles is \$75 USD and 60 rubles is \$90 USD. I can buy CASIO's with mega functions at the local Orange County swap meet for \$10-\$28 USD and they are waterproof to 50 or 100 meters. Thin watch cases are not an idea the Soviet watchmakers are capable of.

At the GUM store I looked at a lot of stuff: watches, drafting equipment, drawing supplies, stationary, TVs/radios, some clothing, toothpaste, microscopes, binoculars and telescopes.

All I bought was another Vysotsky album. Petr helped me. After he got the clerk to let me look at it and I decided I wanted it, he removed it from the jacket and the inner liner and inspected it for scratches, dust and warpage. Then he replaced it and I paid two rubles and 50 Kopeks or \$3.75 USD.

Some stuff is quite expensive here but records are not among them. My new (2nd) Vysotsky album still does not have the piece, "The Horses", on it. In Leningrad or Almaty I'm going to have to find some nice stuff for Joan, Rose and Dan. Chris is already covered. So far, he's got two Soviet children's books. I also got one book for Joan's niece and nephews; Alicia and B.J.

Almaty is more in the mountains so we expect a 10 to 20° drop in ambient temperatures. Hallelujah. Supposedly, our hotel is perched, somehow, on a mountain, and we must ride some form of conveyance to get up and down to and from it.

Before lunch, but after we got back from shopping at the GUM Store, we ran into Elizabeth in the lobby. She used to do radio and TV stuff. Exactly what, I'm not sure. Now she's rebuilding and restoring houses and buildings.

Anyway, when we got Petr to a place where he was comfortable to talk (he objected to the 10th floor lounge, as it might be bugged (but he talked freely to us in there last night), Elizabeth got into interview mode and it was quite fun to listen. She taped it too. My notes on this are earlier (see 3 July 87 at 12:43).

Petr's now convinced that Elizabeth is a big-time reporter and that his comments may appear in Time or Newsweek. Who knows?

The flight is getting rougher now. Apparently we're dropping into Almaty's approach. What I can see outside are green flat spaces with mountains quite close. The gear is down. The flaps are engaged. The mountains are tall, and suddenly they are snowcapped.

04 Jul 87 - 1040 Almaty [LogBook 52] Medeo Hotel

(Sad business. I've realized, as I've looked through the photos I shot on this trip, that I must have lost a roll of film or two because the last photos I have end in Tashkent but I know, from the text, that I made other shots in Almaty.)

We just completed a walk to the sports complex with our guide Olga. The sports complex is a 10 minute walk above our hotel.

This place is nice. It's a 45 minute drive out from Almaty to here. Temperatures are definitely lower. Almaty looked nice. Some unique Alpine wooden architecture. We'll see more in a bit when we go down to the town.

The hotel/sports complex were all built in the 1970s by the Soviets for sports training at high altitude. We are about 1700 m here. That calculates to be about 5500 feet. The hotel is a nicer quality than we've seen so far. My guess is that it has to do with Soviet state, sports pride. Above us rise mountains; some raw and treeless above the green. Olga says that mountain building is still going on here and that the mountains are only 1 million years old. (I doubt that).

When we were at the sports complex, she told us a story about a problem this area has because of the mountains in glaciers. Moraine lakes form behind ice barriers from runoff and some years, in the heat of summer, they will break loose and roar down the mountain bringing mud and boulders the size of cars. Back in the 40s or 50s half of Almaty was destroyed by such a flow. In the 60s, engineers built a huge dam to protect the city and it sits immediately above the sports complex. Currently there is no lake behind it. It is just a huge containment wall 150 m high and 500 m thick. In 1973 there was another flow and the wall held.

I came down with a moderate case of the trots last night. Every few hours I go. I feel a bit weak, but not too bad. I took some Soviet pills this morning to "stop" me up. We'll see. I've brought extra clothes and toilet paper. We'll be in town all day.

04 Jul 87 - 1351 Almaty [LogBook 53]

We are in the restaurant in The Kazakhstan Hotel. We've just finished lunch. The Soviet pills I took seem to have stopped the trots. (I think...). The ceiling in here is so weird. I wish I'd brought my camera.

We spent the morning touring the city. We've seen several weddings today; including at the Wedding Palace.

Lots and lots of people have gold teeth here in the front. It's disconcerting when a pretty girl smiles.

I like Almaty. It reminds me of British Columbia. Or what I would imagine the German Alps are like.

04 Jul 87 - 1420 Almaty [LogBook 37A]

We're at the Central Pioneer Palace of Kazakhstan, which was opened in 1983. They have 2000 pioneers come here per day.

Concerning memberships:

- 10 year olds can join the pioneers and it's not overly political.
- 14-year-olds can join the young communist league. (14-28).
- 19-year-olds can join the communist party. (19 and on).

There's two school sessions; an a.m. and a p.m. The day is divided for the children. If they have school in the morning they can come here to the palace in the afternoon. And if they have school in the afternoon they can come here in the morning.

The children come here, two days a week. There are many departments: nature, sports... It is a beautiful building. Students learn to maintain the building. Now we're in an auditorium. It's used by fine arts dept.

Two times a year the parents come to see. They have many concerts. And there's never an entrance charge.

Each department's study program takes two hours per day, two days a week, for two years.

Membership here has nothing to do with the Communist Party.

We're in a hall for mass festival, events and dances. There's a balcony above, and a massive bust of Lenin. They say they have their own laws. They consider themselves to be Young Communists.

Those who want to join the Young Communist League require two recommendations and these have to come from various officials.

Now we're in the hall of fairy tales.

We are introduced to 'Ina' who is the chair girl of the friendship club.

There's a map of the world with flags. Red for socialist and blue for capitalist countries.

There are lots of books on the table in English - photo books. They are paintings on the wall. Mail takes one to two months to get to the USA.

Penpals were people who were here or we could leave our address is here. These books are full of letters from children all over the world.

Following the pioneers club, we went to the Beriozka, where I got a necklace pendant for

Joan and a native Kazakhstan doll for Rose.

Then, we went to an Intourist Hotel where I located a restroom and did my imitation of Mount Saint Helens, while others exchange their dollars.

Now, we're at the Folk Music Museum; which is very near to the triple statues we saw this morning.

04 Jul 87 - 1637 Almaty [LogBook 53]

We are at a folk Music Museum. The music is interesting and very hard to classify. It's only remotely oriental or Indian or Arabic. It is something else altogether. Apparently, this is local Kazakhstan folk music. The costumes are folk also. I'll get a photo.

Outside, I saw a map of the Soviet Union with small models of the various instruments and where they occur.

Oh, this piece of music nice! A woman sings over the music while another strikes a very pure sounding bell. The singing, again, is hard to classify. It reminds me of Jean Auel's trip to the Soviet Union to study prehistoric instruments. This building is wooden and in a very interesting fashion. A woman dances, "the white swan song". This music sounds like it's not too far from some of our "NewAge" music.

These people remind me of things I've heard of Tibet. This music comes down through history to us, through floods of Mongols, and the rise and fall of empires. Buddhism, the rise of Islam. The enslavement of women to the west in Uzbekistan. And these people, nomads, are holding the thread of their cultural identity. Now comes the massive reorganization of Socialism, and they sit here playing in a museum.

Ha! Olga just told us that the players are scientific investigators restoring knowledge of old instruments.

We're on a tour of the museum. The building was restored in 1984. The map is just of the republic. Now we're looking at a stone from 400 BC showing a shaman playing. Display of prehistoric images. Drum was first. Dombra is a local guitar-like instrument. They show a man who first collected information on Kazakhstan musical instruments.

Here's a picture of the 16th century shaman and his instrument. And now a row of drums for various purposes.

04 Jul 87 - 1835 Almaty [LogBook 54]

We are sitting in the upstairs lounge back at the Medeo Hotel. I just had a bowl of ice cream. Yum!. The cost was 95 kopeks. Well worth it.

Dinner is at 1900 so I have about 30 minutes to kill. I understand this place turned into a disco last night at about 2200. I didn't go, but I may tonight. I could go for some dancing. I think I'm beginning to straighten out physically. My energy levels seem to be returning.

I just went to visit Linda who's been sick all day. She still has diarrhea. She talked to me from behind the door as she sat worshipping on the porcelain throne. Marjorie counted, and of the 18 of us, 13 have had something or other. Bill caught a ride home today at noon. He was feeling pretty thin with a major headache. Said it's the first time in six trips that he's been hit. He also said that in the past usually only one or two people got small bouts of diarrhea. Said he figured that some food we ate just didn't keep from the heat.

(I am recalling that in Tashkent, the air conditioning wasn't working, and it was hotter than hell. And I suspect that's where most of us got ill.)

I grabbed a "Laguna postcard" from my room when I went by Linda's and gave it to the bar man. He was nice last night when Ethel, Bryan and I bought ice cream's. We drew Maps and talked as much as we could. I found out he's read a book by the American, Theodore Dreiser. That makes me want to know what titles belong to Dreiser.

Tonight, dinner should be special. We're going to do something special for the Fourth of July and the other group of Americans (and two Brits) are going to join us. They are a Quaker peace group - or at least some of them are. I think I'll get my camera before I go.

I've really messed up the pattern of this journal. Originally, the right size pages were suppose to be for prose recording, and the left side was for a quick outline notes. Now the left has slipped, at times, into prose recording also so.... You may find some stuff

about 3 July 10 pages ahead of some other stuff. The earlier stuff on the left and later on the right. Oh well, it's my first attempt.

Next time I do a trip like this, I'll bring a tape recorder and get the sounds. And then I'll transcribe the dialogue.

04 Jul 87 - 1910 Almaty [LogBook 55]

Damn! No camera and Zhanya and Olga got us a cake for the fourth!

I got Olga into a bit of conversation before Zhanya showed up and dinner began. Nice eye contact. I found out she was raised in Frenze; which is a town not too far from here (200 km?).

She attended Language University here in Almaty. She said that students are usually assigned within the republic upon graduation. She, apparently, ended up assigned here.

Good dinner tonight. In addition to the cake, we had chicken nuggets, baked apples, caviar on cheese and bread and a very small salad. There was coffee, tea, water, mineral water, and beer. Soviet beer is good.

05 Jul 87 - 0840 Almaty [LogBook 56]

We're having a meeting in Bill's room. Most people are sick. Bill, Cathy, Mary Beth, Ethel, Fred, myself, Chris, Linda and Marge are present.

Bill's talking about our schedule being rearranged to drop The Museum of Natural History and just spend the morning laying around. The decision will be made this morning.

We're talking about attending a Russian Orthodox service in Almaty at 1700 today. We can still catch the Hermitage in Leningrad as we exit the USSR. Maybe, also, we can get to the Summer Palace which is 20 km up river. The grounds there are special; if the weather's nice.

We listen to a recording of "The World is My Parish" by a friend of Bill's. This is a Tucson Methodist minister's work. We engage in a discussion of Liberation Theology.

Hospital scenes and scene at La Vitoria. Guides were friends of Ben Linder. They learned of his death upon return from La Vitoria.

(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ben_Linder)

(some additional notes from LogBook page 38A taken on 05Jul87)

We learned that the United States has a 1940 law that did prohibits Soviet Trade Unionists from visiting the US. Bill says that our laws that grant visas makes it very hard for even western Europeans to visit the US. This is counter to dropping international barriers.

"Servase" Organization is associated with Esperanto.

People in this group stay in each other's homes internationally.

There are a few ideas for individual private enterprise in the Soviet system. Handmade jewelry and silkscreened T-shirts would be among these.

05 Jul 87 - 1620 Almaty [LogBook 56]

This morning, Fred, Elizabeth and I took a walk in the woods along the road which leads to the dam. We began on the trail, and we were soon climbing the side of the mountain going cross country. After a while, we wanted to come down and we located a culvert going down. It was pretty steep, and we slid for much of the way down. It was fun. We got good and wet from the dew all over the foliage. You don't have to go more than 100 yards off the road to feel like you're in complete wilderness (except for the music being piped down off the dam).

Linda and Charlotte are both quite sick. Linda wanted company so she ended up in my bed for the day so that she and Charlotte could talk. I got some good photos of them (which I doubt they appreciated).

05 Jul 87 - 1645 Almaty [LogBook 57]

We are on a visit to a Russian Orthodox church. The room is roughly square. The walls are covered with Christian pictures and icons. There is a ritual, prior to the service at 1700, and it is to go counterclockwise around the room stopping at the "Stations of the Cross" and saying specific prayers at each. Following this will be a sermon.

The imagery is not discernibly different (to me) from Roman Catholic. Perhaps more oriental or Greek somehow. There are no pews. The worshipers are nearly 100% women, 50 years and older. All are wearing scarves.

Lots of gold decorative motif. I saw a younger woman of 30 or so. Pretty. Wooden cut outs. Painted figures. Hanging candles at various places. Some images are done in metalwork. The metal looks like silver and gold.

One woman makes the motion of the cross (they all do it each station) and pulls a rag out to clean the image which is behind glass. People frequently kissed the glass. This going to the "Stations of the Cross" is an intrinsic part of the service.

Another woman approaches, kneels, makes the sign, and kneels again; repeating it all three times. Others just sign or sign and kiss. One station, near the center, behind the Dias, has flowers. I see a few other flowers. The room is symmetrical down a center-line from the front door. Through the Dias, through the flowered station, and onto a major assemblage towards the center rear.

Singing occurs at 1700. The priest enters with chant-singing. A woman pulls me from the aisle to stand aside as another priest passes, swinging a burning incense holder. I tell her "Thank you" and I get a "You're welcome" in return. The chants in the priest's deep voice goes on alternating with a choir's responses.

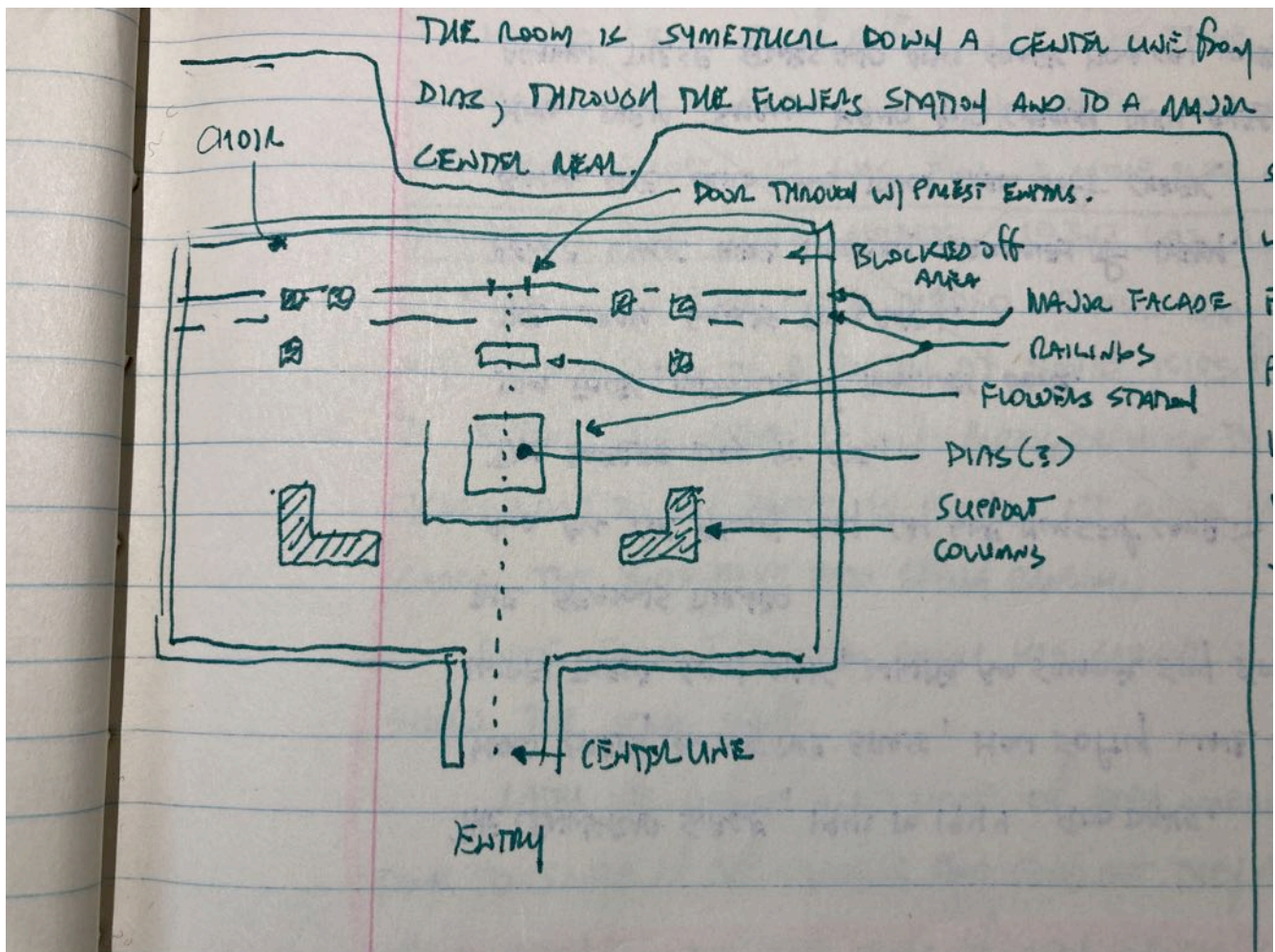
All this time people are constantly genuflecting. A bearded man gives one of our women a candle to light and points to a large candle stand into which she is to light and put it.

Now, a few men and a boy are also present. The building has been slowly filling up.

When the central priest intones, he makes the sign of the cross while holding the end of the sash he's wearing. Now he's gone from the center. Now he's back swinging a burning incense holder. Now he swings it before the flowered station. Then he circles the room again. This time I noticed he swings the incense towards each station, and generally towards each worshiper.

Outside the church (we had to leave before the services ended), I note there is no obvious sign of the church; no sign saying that it is there. The gate to the church's

grounds is between some small stores off the main street.



05 Jul 87 - 1855 Almaty [LogBook 58] Hotel Medeo

I just spent 45 minutes with the fellow at the upstairs bar here and his assistant. They've been our ice cream connection. He's a native Kazakh and she's Russian; several generations back. I had two free cups of coffee while I was sitting there and wow am I wired. I showed them my photos and even with the very little English they had we talked a lot. It was fun. A little more citizen diplomacy.

05 Jul 87 - 2030 Almaty [LogBook 58] Hotel Medeo

It's later and I'm sitting in the Hotel Medeo in the upstairs bar again.

I've just given away all my photographs to a bunch of Soviet kids from Siberia. Bryan and I spent the next 10 minutes autographing them on the back. These kids look to be about 14 to 16. I also passed out all my business cards. The kids have now begun dancing.

Dave, from the other group, brought a Southern California map to show the kids.

Later, we dance and more of both American groups show up. We talk to some of the students and find out that they are from Omsk in Siberia. It is a town almost due north of here; approximately halfway to the Arctic Ocean.

[LogBook 63A & 63]

(Here, I recorded what I then termed 'Common Denominators'. I.e., short, pithy observations.)

Limited perspectives yield conclusions that are correct within the set but wrong from within the superset. (5 Jul 87)

It is not possible to have two #1 priorities. Consider, at the highest level, the difference between Socialism (where the #1 priority is the general social good) and Capitalism (where the #1 priority is individual freedom and economic gain). (5 Jul 87)

Man's perceptions of causal chains are a function of his intelligence. (6 Jul 87)

As you work your way towards solving a problem, information will be of three kinds at any discrete point in time. (1) Relevant and true, (2) Relevant and false and (3) Irrelevant. Also, as time passes and new information adds, previous information may change its category. (6 Jul 87)

05 Jul 87 - 2238 Almaty [LogBook 67] Hotel Medeo

So, tomorrow, we begin to chase the sun towards home. A night in Leningrad and then another in Luxembourg. And then I will see you, Joan. I've missed you and I've thought many times that your eyes will trace these lines. And I write, most of all, for

you.

In Luxembourg, we will spend an evening debriefing each other about our feelings and learnings from this trip. It's happened, for me, on three levels that I can name. All of them about equal. The tourist, the political man, and the emotional man. Each of these would take a book to trace.

Tomorrow, we leave early from Moscow. In Moscow we transfer planes and continue to Leningrad. Roughly, this is a trip equal to Los Angeles to New York. Given the delays before, it will probably take us all day.

Almaty will always be a favorite place of mine.

(this poem was written on 5Jul87 and was recorded on LogBook page 66)

Dark eyed beauties, Caucasian princesses so far from home.
in these mountains behind China's flank.
Dreams and smiles and eyes
passing ... our eyes meet; sisters of a distant land.
There are stories running here that I may never hear
save for these passing looks in exotic eyes.
Arm in arm, they pass me,
their words are strange music.
And, as they pass,
our moments touch; like curtains in the wind
So many women in this world
made of love and distance.

gallagher
5Jul87
Almaty (Alma Ata), USSR

06 Jul 87 - 0703 Almaty [LogBook 67] Hotel Medeo

I'm sitting on the steps of the Medeo Hotel. A moment ago. I shot my last photo. Probably there will be no more until Luxembourg. I'm out of film. And this, even after

Fred gave me two rolls.

It is cool this morning with clouds almost solid. They obscure the upper part of the peak behind the dam. A quiet place. A moment ago, a coach arrived with a mixed group of boys and girls. They talked for a few minutes and then the kids all ran off down the mountain. Now a bunch of people I suspect are Soviet vacationers arrive. They climb the steps near me and several stare at me. If I meet their eyes and nod, they smile.

Another insight into the Soviet idea of social good above the economic. 'Good' is the Siberian kids we danced with last night. Their rooms here are probably free, or very nearly so. This, in spite of the fact that this is a very popular place.

06 Jul 87 - 0800 Almaty Airport [LogBook 68]

We had breakfast at the airport. A half a glass of buttermilk as thick as plaster.

All Soviet cars have medical kits. Seatbelts are required. A maximum of five people per car; two in front, to and back. In Leningrad, we had six in a car and we got a three ruble fine.

Everyone is getting ready to go home psychologically. I know I am.

I haven't written much about my new understandings and perspectives on Socialism. Perhaps, on this flight, which will be four hours, I'll give it a try.

As usual, I began with a jumble of things and I continued to accumulate stuff while at the same time I am sorting through what I have. And all the time, I am trying to determine which ideas are subordinate to others, i.e. which are a function or are derivative of others.

The deepest ideas, those which must be fundamental because they represent direct perceptions of physical reality, I try to isolate.

It seems to me, in the context of an analysis of the pros and cons of Socialism versus Capitalism, that the two system's primary differences are of priorities.

Socialism's highest priority is social good and Capitalism's is economic.

Since physical reality will not allow two number one priorities, then these ideas should be mutually exclusive. Linda says, that this is "either-or" thinking, and that a new paradigm is necessary.

I agree that "either-or" thinking is limiting. But I assert that any paradigm must have priorities. And unless we can extend our reasoning to such a place where we can show the mutual exclusivity of social versus economic to be apparent rather than real, then we are stuck with choosing between them.

Beginning from my own subjective choice that a social priority is better for mankind in general, I proceed.

06 Jul 87 - 1343 (airborne) [LogBook 68]

I have Bill on my left, and Linda on my right, as we fly towards Moscow. We've just concluded a vigorous discussion of how to approach political analysis; past and projected.

I'm trying to think of an analogy to describe our relative positions, as I see them. I guess the best I've come up with is 'dance'.

I think they mistake my passion for technique as lack of creativity and spontaneity; a lack ability to break out from old forms and to find new paradigms.

From my POV, they are so eager to dance, they long for the passion of it so much, that they discount the value of a technical approach and they just begin begin a-priori.

Man is such a Symbolizer, such a pattern maker, he constantly stares into the reified mirrors of his own imaginings.

New subject: I want to let these political ideas settle for a bit.

Last night, I drank 2 cups of coffee before dinner and wow did I get wired. Later, about midnight, I was lying wide awake. I had been reading, Jean Auel's, The Mammoth Hunters, and had just gotten to the part where Ayla sleeps with Ranec and Jondalar is nearly destroyed by jealousy. Whatever else we might say about her books, she has a good grasp of sexual jealousy.

Reading this, and still being wired, had me remembering things which have happened to me. In a small way, Jondalar's feelings made me relive my own. I hope I never give Joan cause to feel like that or for her to make me feel like that. I lay awake more than an hour in a semi dream state of emotional remembering.

06 Jul 87 - 1200 Moscow Airport [LogBook 70]

Types of information relative to a specific problem or subject:

- (1) relevant and true.
- (2) relevant and false
- (3) irrelevant

Knowledge of a specific problem or subject, is comprised of various pieces, much like the pieces of a puzzle. The relationships between pieces are many. I.e. subset, superset, horizontal, vertical, dependent, independent, associative, causal... Whatever.

When studying a new subject without the aid of someone knowledgeable, the pieces will be delivered or obtained in an order somewhere between correctly sequenced and completely random. The pieces, so obtained, may be any of the three types. And the caveat about the types changing as you go, applies.

What is implied by all this is several things:

- (1) when studying a subject....

(the text stops here. apparently, I was interrupted and never got back to complete these thoughts.)

06 Jul 87 - 2220 Leningrad [LogBook 71]

Joan, I feel like addressing this entry to you; even though in content, it will not be different from the others.

It's 10:30 PM and we're back in Leningrad after traveling most of the day from Central Asia. The sun is pouring in to the hotel rooms window. Some of our group has gone out to walk the "White Nights". (<http://www.saint-petersburg.com/virtual-tour/whitenights/>) We are as far North here as Anchorage, Alaska, is.

The day's travel wasn't too notable. We departed Almaty and the Medeo Hotel at 7 AM and ate breakfast at the airport.

Then a four hour and 20 minute flight brought us to Moscow. Moscow has four airports. All of them are large distances outside the city. We arrived at one, which was domestic, and had to depart from another across the city. After a long bus ride, we came to the central Moscow Hotel of The Trade Unions and ate lunch. Then we drove some more to the second airport and flew to Leningrad.

Then another long bus ride brought us here to the Hotel Gavan. It's the same hotel we stayed at before. We've crossed three time zones. It's 10 PM here now, while back in Almaty it's 1:30 AM. All in all, real time, it took us 15 hours to cross half of Asia.

Charlotte's really sick again. Bad diarrhea.

Lydia, another trade union guide, is here. She was here and in Moscow when we were here two weeks ago. Back then I had heard she did something with cards. I asked her and she said she'd show me some stuff, but I never had time to follow up. Tonight I went and asked again and she said yes. Tomorrow night.

Sun or no sun, Joan, I'm going to read, and then sleep. Love.

07 Jul 87 - 1020 Leningrad [LogBook 72]

(Apparently, I recorded the date, above, and then didn't write anything)

07 Jul 87 - 1300 Leningrad [LogBook 72]

We just finished a tour of Leningrad's Hermitage.

It is amazing to me how, being a tourist, can get you past massive lines here in the Soviet Union. There's a line that goes 100 to 200 yards long to get into the place. But, as we've seen many times before, Zhenya just walks us to the front and we go in.

The Hermitage is nice. A lot like the Louvre in Paris. The Tsars lived a very rich existence. But, somehow, it doesn't catch my interest very deeply.

I met some Dutch guys last night on the elevator, and again at the bus here in the square by the Hermitage. Nice guys. Probably going to talk to them tonight instead of going to the ballet.

Also, I had some boys 16 or 17 years old approach me about changing dollars and rubles. Fairly common if dangerous business.

The weather here is nice. Tee-shirt, weather with a light wind and an almost clear sky. A good day for my last full day in the Soviet Union. The group is split up in several ways this afternoon. Some have returned to the Hotel Gavin for lunch and some have gone to see about going outside town to the Summer Palace.

Me, I'm going to walk Nevsky Prospect Street. It is the main Boulevard of Leningrad. I want, one last time, to mix with the people on the street and feel the rhythm of Soviet life. If I can, I will return here later to rejoin some of our group for a river cruise at 3:10 PM.

07 Jul 87 - 1355 Leningrad [LogBook 72]

I just met a mechanical engineer, named Sasha in a bookstore where I bought two English books; 1987 Soviet Year and Gagarin's death Ray.

He saw me fumbling in the store. My bill was 3.2 rubles but I thought it was 32 rubles and I didn't have enough money.

He followed me out and walked beside me and asked, "What kind of books are you interested in?" We walked and talked for about five minutes. He had to get back to work.

Several interesting things came out of it. He kidded me about 'openness', and everything changing. But later, he said it's good. He hopes it will continue.

He said that two years ago everyone knew, because they had been told, that talking to foreigners was bad.

Now, because of 'openness' (Glasnost), it's OK (apparently). My sense was that he was

about 70 or 80% sure it was OK.

He asked me what my profession was and I told him and also I said how much I made and he said I must be a rich man. I said, "No, not in my country." I said I was coming back to the Soviet Union in probably a year and that we should meet for lunch or dinner.

I gave him my card and he gave me his phone number. He said that he hoped his job was going to evolve into something that would allow him to travel the world sometime in the future. So he scribbled down my number. He said if the KGB associated him with foreigners, he would never be able to go. He also said he would write me. We talked a little bit about pay for engineers here, and he said that gravediggers and truck drivers made more. He said this was due to Khrushchev and Brezhnev who had decided that engineers didn't produce anything physical.

(An interesting follow on from this meeting was that Sasha did write me in the US after I returned. And later, he came to the US and lived in the Washington DC area and continue to write me. Our letters were always cordial and we were curious about each other. But for the life of me, I couldn't understand exactly why he spent all the effort to stay in touch. And after some thought about it, I decided he probably was associated with the KGB or a similar service in the Soviet Union, and was exploring whether or not I might be Useful to them. In the end, I think he decided I was not useful - and our correspondence broke off.)

(The U.S. was concerned about such things as well. I had a visit, at my work by an FBI agent a month or so after I returned, and he wanted to know what sorts of contacts I'd made there in the USSR.)

07 Jul 87 - 1445 Leningrad [LogBook 75]

I think I'm going to pass on the river cruise. I'm having too much fun just walking and looking. I had a sidewalk ice cream after standing for five minutes in a line.

Nevsky Prospect is very long and straight. Four or five story buildings line the street which is wide and fairly busy. It is six lanes wide. Electric buses run along it using overhead electric. I walked to what appears to be the natural end. It opened out into a traffic circle with an obelisk monument on the island in the center. The monument's

shape is a four pointed star as seen from the top looking down. On top is a gold five pointed star. There are, near the bottom, some plaques, but I can't read them from here. They're probably written in Cyrillic anyway.

I just had another spontaneous contact with a Soviet. His name was Igor. He was about 23/24. He's a student at the Soviet Maritime University here. He's going to be a ship captain someday (non-military). He also wants to be a writer. His topic would be, "The Life of the Soviet People". He says he knows a lot of people in the US and names several cities and states.

I told him about the Peace Group I'm with. He says Soviets are very much for peace. We talked about Soviet versus U.S. systems and I used my simple analogy that the Soviets put the social first whereas the U.S. puts profits 1st. He agreed.

He talked about how hard it is as a Soviet to make much money. I told him about my Tee-shirt and jewelry ideas. (*no idea now what those were*) People love to look at me as I write and see what I'm doing. It's easy to see why Igor meets a lot of people. He just walked up, sat down and said, "Hi, can I help you?"

To resume. The obelisk is one year old and celebrates the 900 day siege of Leningrad. I found this out from Igor. He had to leave. He and some friends were going to go and, "make money".

I'm going to continue and walk some more.

(this poem was written on 7Jul87 and was recorded on LogBook page 66)

There is no place where life is more real
than the moment in which we live
and the place in which we stand.

No reflection, in word or song,
no matter how passionately done,
can equal this immediate life we live.

There in the hands and the eyes
of someone loved

is more, with every emotion given
and care taken,
more that passes over
in spirit and true being,
than a hundred books could ever record.

The love we give is all there is.

gallagher
07Jul87
Leningrad, USSR

07 Jul 87 - 2215 Leningrad [LogBook 76]

(at the top of this page are some outline notes apparently to help me to remember to cover these subjects later, if I could find time and remember. I'll copy these outline notes here.)

- Notes on talking with Patrick and friends:
- Details of Soviet University Education
- Testing methods and grades
- Quality of graduates
- Who pays for education
- In Zambia how Soviet graduates are regarded
- The secret 'money' s4
- The beer run
- The women
- Mao's theory of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd worlds
- Journalist, robotics engineer and a locomotive engineer.

- Other things:
- Lydia and the cards / The Stalin Years / The Suspicions
- My metro journey looking for a bathroom
- The Soviet Beer Bar
- Street Ice Cream
- Meeting Patrick

- His group

08 Jul 87 - 1315 Leningrad time (flying to Luxembourg) [LogBook 76]

An uneventful morning, getting up and getting to the airport. It was lots of hurry up and wait - as is typical with Soviet inefficiency as regards people handling.

We had a hotel breakfast in a box. I've still got the runs. I have had for four or five days now. I'm drinking lots of water (in the form of Soviet beer last night!) And I'm eating normally. I feel OK mostly except for an occasional sharp stomach cramp. I expect I could get dehydrated at the rate water is passing through me.

Cathy sat next next to me on the flight (we're on approach now) and we were going to talk about my meeting with the African students last night (I'll write about that later today) but we ended up in a long discussion of relationships and our personal histories. It was nice. It made the flight pass easily.

"Simple, definition of democracy: A political system, whose leaders are chosen to regular elections in which candidates freely compete and virtually the entire adult population is free to vote."

This definition is by Joseph Schumpeter an economist.

08 Jul 87 - 1530 Luxembourg [LogBook 77]

I've been here two or three hours now. It's nice, very nice, to be back in a western country. Customs in Luxembourg was such a snap; compared to the USSR. A stamp and a wave through.

At the airport, while we waited for a bus to come, we cruised the newspaper stands for U.S. news. I bought a Time Magazine and read what's been going on in Korea. There's also an article about this new idea which is growing in several places in the world called "Democracy"; including the Soviet union. That should be interesting to read; as I've just seen it first hand.

Once in town, Ethel, Bryan, Cathy and I dropped our bags and made it down to the McDonald's a block and a half away. Oh, Yum! A big Mac and fries!

Things seem highlighted here for me. I suspect because of the strong contrasts between the Soviet Union and here. Examples: people on the street here seem happy, confident, and even arrogant. The clothing is varied and more ... more ... original or aesthetically decorative. The expressions on peoples faces are different (the faces are the same - it's just the expressions that are different.) The Soviets seemed colorless by comparison.

Store windows here knock your eyes out. Colors. Effects. Artistic displays. A whole shop full of hats. Another with cameras and stereos.

The Soviets will never learn such pizzazz unless they're allowed to come and see it.

People here seem to revel in expressing their individuality. But, right in the middle of it all, was an old man with his face, either beaten or covered with sores, sitting on a wooden crate as the well contented citizenry streamed around him. At that moment, I wondered which would've caught a Russian's attention more.

My stomach feels on the edge of queasy. I still have the runs. I'm beginning to feel a little drained or something. I'm really looking forward to getting home, seeing Joan and being lazy.

The group is going to meet meet here in the Kons Hotel lobby in 10 minutes. We're going to attempt a post-mortem on our experiences. I'm going to record what I can.

Later, this evening, I want to write up last night in Moscow with the Africans. A lot happened that I should capture while it's current. Already Moscow and Leningrad seem far away.

All this here in Luxembourg seems somewhat familiar. Both French and German are spoken here. The currency is the Belgian Frank. After McDonalds, I walked and window shopped. I was drawn into several stores to look at things. Clothes are expensive. Casio has lots of lot of watch types here that I don't remember. I'm going to have to go to the Orange County swap meet Sunday and see if we have them at home.

We're in a meeting room on the sixth floor with a big circular diplomatic table. Everyone is here, but Delilah and Elsie. The former is sick and the latter is off with local friends.

1620 - Bill is talking about the meetings purpose. I.e. a group debriefing. He wants all of us to share our experiences and impressions. He's warning us to that others at home may not be that curious about the experiences we've had.

People are beginning to share.

Ethel - says she noticed more changes coming out then when she went in.

Elizabeth - says thanks to Bill for setting up a debriefing day.

Janelyse - talks about understanding that as an American she does have a culture.

Linda - talks about the contrast of people's simple living standards versus the monumental statues and art of public buildings. She talks about Voloda's art from last night. The work was overly spiritual; in spite of the system.

Mary Beth - says going from Central Asia to Moscow/Leningrad and then back to Luxembourg is very much a better transition than going from Central Asia direct to the US.

There was a general discussion now at about courage and risk-taking in Soviet society.

Stella - says they have a major commitment to the past.

Elizabeth - comments on their respect for peace.

Chris - comments on their respect for their past, for example, Samarkand and their churches.

Bryan - says they have pride after centuries of being run over and invaded now they are strong.

Chris - says it is amazing how they separate Americans from American policy.

Linda - mentions the Russian soul.

Bill - says their policy of not exploiting people is admirable.

And now a general discussion about the helpfulness of Soviet people ensues.

Barbara - says she expected to be a tourist but found the human contact to be more important.

There's a general discussion now of the weakness of the Soviet system and the problem of the prejudice of Soviets against black people.

A discussion now about the lack of freedoms and a general discussion of the many pros and cons.

Elizabeth - says those who've traveled seem to be the most frustrated.

Bill - says Americans are much more liberal towards the USSR than western Europeans are. And that the majority of the world's Third World countries would love to live like the Soviets do.

At this point, there's a discussion of the ironies of the society.

And then a discussion about how we are going to return home and be effective at explaining what we've seen. How to talk without losing credibility. Too much enthusiasm can kill credibility. It's important to speak of personal experience and not of generalities.

We discussed the idea of Mary Beth (volunteer) doing a newsletter.

Bill thanks us all and we thank him.

(this poem, written on 8 Jul 87, was on Logbook page 65)

Being human
two ministers and a psychologist
have 'helped' so far.
Power figures, father figures,
they have the power we give them,
unjustified.

gallagher
8Jul87
Luxemborg

(poem, dated 9 Jul 87, was written in Luxembourg and was on LogBook page 80)

Mankind is such a beginner
 at this business of living in a finite world.
Soviet society, European society, American society.
I walk the streets and scan the faces.
I see young girls on a playground;
 the boys are just becoming real to them.
A mother pushes a baby carriage looking so serious.
Men, hard eyes, walking and smoking pass me.
Motorcycles, signs, shop windows and traffic all around.
The sky shimmers over stones
 that have stood here 'just so' for centuries.
And the newspapers gather in many tongues
 on the racks, murmuring.
Today, I am here ... tomorrow I'll be gone into the sky.
Money and power and history pulse
 just out of sight,
 just behind the headlines.
It stares from the windows of banks and government offices
 while mothers walk, children play and the waiters wait.
The crowds swirl by the newspaper racks
 and the boys preen for young girls
 and the leaves stir in the grass.
The air is cool here in Luxembourg
 where I walk in a breeze
 that feels like the silence in my mind.
Bridges and greenery, moss stone walls, a European park.
The movies begin
 and the faces pass;
 Moscow, Leningrad, Paris, Los Angeles

So many stories of right and wrong;
 Socialist, Capitalist, hunger and wealth.
Empty eyes, happy eyes, righteous eyes, proud eyes,
 eyes that cannot see the mother and cannot feel the breeze.
The symbolic mind ascendant; trade, war, credit, capital.
The balance of power.
The windows stare above the streets
 and soft counters fall; papers signed, symbols agreed upon
And outside, love and compassion, the child skins his knee,
 the young girls dream, the couples walk,
 a nun asks me in French for Rue St. Michael.
Innocence in the sunlight
 while the newspapers whisper
The symbols gather against the silence and peace
 soft counters falling ... counting the days, the dreams,
 the dollars and the moments.
Where is sanity?

gallagher
09 Jul 87
Luxembourg

9 Jul 87 - 1750 Luxembourg time (flying to Iceland [LogBook 81])

Airborne towards home at last. Iceland Air had a problem with one of our plane's engines and that delayed our departure by hours. I'm pretty sure, at this point, that making my New York connection to Los Angeles is dead. So, I'll get in sometime Friday.

Joan, I'm bummed I'm going to be late. Seeing you has been on my mind a lot lately.

I've written quite a few poems on this trip but the one I wrote in the airport at Luxembourg is my favorite. It was one of those rare times, when the flow of images was both multi focused and smooth.

Lots to catch up on. I'm going to go back to Tuesday evening, our last night in Russia and Leningrad. I left off Tuesday afternoon; as I was walking through Leningrad.

As I walked back up (North?) Nevsky Prospect, I found I had to go to the bathroom.

Thus far, having the runs have been a discomfort, but not an embarrassment. When I realized the Soviets have very few public toilets, I knew I could have a problem. It wasn't real pressing yet and I found myself across the street from a metro station (at this point I'd left Nevsky Prospect and had gone five or six blocks west on another street to see if things were significantly different off the main run). One plan, regarding my need for a bathroom, was to take the metro back to the hotel. This assumed I could remember enough from my brief exposure to the Leningrad metro two weeks before. I decided to try it.

The metros require a five kopek coin. Just inside are 10, 15 and 20 Kopek change machines which yield back five kopek coins. These you insert into a turnstile to gain entry to the metro proper (unlike in Paris where you buy magnetized tickets from a ticket vendor and these the turnstile stamps, and returns to you as proof of your having paid). The outer station had no metro system maps, so I put in my five kopeks and went into the inner station. It also had no maps, so I was "blind".

I decided to experiment and go one station (either way), and see if I came to a station with maps. After a short ride, I got to a station but it had no maps either. My problem was still not acute. But let us say, the potential for embarrassment was growing.

I decided to go up on the street and see if I had, by chance, got onto the metro station on Nevsky, that Linda and I had used before. It should've been one jump from where I had been assuming my departure station was on the same line and that I picked the right direction. Nope! Outside nothing looks familiar until I saw the train station. It may have been the one we departed Leningrad for Moscow from. Maybe not, but, either way it would have public restrooms.

I went over and walked around until I found familiar international men and women symbols that means toilets. HooYa!

It was a toilet, but not by much. The stalls were just a little higher than waist high. To find an empty one you just walked along and looked over the tops of the entry doors

until you found one where you weren't looking at someone's head and back.

Upon entering, you found a porcelain depression in the floor with a foot pad on either side. 'Sanitation' was not an operative term here. On the floor and in a plastic basket were pieces of newspaper. But a quick exam showed that they've been used once. I had trouble with the idea of using them twice - so I decided to exit and regroup.

I remember being struck by the image of a stern military officer next to me in uniform, looking very serious as he dropped his pants to squat. Truly people are equal here.

I went outside and tore some pieces of paper off the book wrappings in my carry bag and then went back in. The fact that I squatted over porcelain helped. It seems so "civilized". Whew!

Back at the metro station, the Outer station had a map, and I quickly got my bearings. I was on a different line, but I could see what to do to get home. I rode back to my previous station and walked back to Nevsky and then continued north until I hit the Station Linda and I had used. From here, it was a one station jump to the street called <??> which is the one the Hotel Gavin is on. From that metro station, it was another seven block walk.

During those seven blocks, I came across the Soviet bar.

These are few now due to Gorbachev's new anti-alcohol controls, but some are still around. The idea is to cut back but not to ban consumption. I'd thought of entering one before. I had three blocks left to walk and 40 minutes until supper at the hotel. I went in.

The line began at the door and wove all the way to the far end. It took 35 minutes to gain the head of the line. Those were 35 interesting minutes. I learned several things. All that was for sale was beer and small plates of greasy looking fish.

Most people drinking the beer seemed to also have the fish. When people made it to the head of the queue, they bought as many mugs of beer as they could carry. Most tables had four or five mugs for person; and most were full.

People seemed to share a booth with strangers and all sitting very close. Several

animated discussions would overlap, and in the middle of it, someone would sit reading.

There were very few women. The beer dispenser and the table cleaner and one girl sat in a booth with five men. Military men and police were there. Maybe eight or 10 of them in a room of 80 to 100 people.

Two military types (officers, I think, from their bearing and briefcases) were ahead of me in line with a short, bald man, with a recent scar on top of his head in between them. As we near the front and we were still two or three places away, people approached us to ask us to buy for them.

The fellow in front of me said, 'Nyet', and motioned the man to the back of the line with his thumb. The fellow asked me next, and I also said, 'Nyet'. He still stayed and asked me a second time and I said, "Pah Angliski?" Which is Russian for, "Do you speak English?".

This seem to encourage him. He stayed and asked me three or four times more before he moved on to the man just after me. During all of this no one seemed to pay any attention, not even those just behind me in line.

A second man approached me when I was one place away from the head of the line. I was more curt this time (and believable), and he moved on after muttering something.

At the head of the line, I signaled to with two fingers and held out a three ruble note. Two beers I got with no problem, and I carried them away.

When I had first entered, people had been drinking on the sidewalk outside in the sunshine. But now everyone was inside, so I turned back in. At the bar a place was open next to the two officers who had been in line ahead of me. I stood next to them and had a drink from one of my mugs and found the beer very watery.

I turned to the officers and said, "Pah Angliski?" - and neither of them so much as blinked an acknowledgment.

I waited a moment and then leaned closer, and I said more loudly, "Pah Angliski?"

The man closest to me, blinked and appeared to resist cutting his eyes towards me.

Again, neither acknowledged me. There was no possibility they had not heard me.

I had another swig of beer and reflected for a moment and realized that for a Soviet officer to be seen in conversation with an American could probably be fatal to his career. About then a second thought hit me. This watery beer ... and the undrinkable Leningrad water ... just what was I pouring down my pipes?

About this point, the second Soviet officer swilled the rest of his mug and left, decisively. I debated about drinking more beer and looked at my watch and thought about dinner at the hotel.

Then I thought about the officer's leaving and about Daniloff ...

(<https://www.usnews.com/news/articles/2023-03-30/nicholas-daniloffs-1986-arrest-in-russia-on-espionage-charges-from-the-archives>)

and I thought about the spy charges against him and about what a paranoid society this was. I left my one and a half un-drunk beers behind me and I walked out.

As I walked towards the hotel, I noted an officer walking a half block ahead of me, He looked similar to the one who had left before me.

I smiled as I thought of him, glancing back and seeing me "following" him. The shoes on the other foot, turkey! Suddenly, I was in a spy novel. But he turned off to the right, and I just kept going towards the hotel and my dinner.

Other than a creepy feeling the car might swoop up beside me with the other officer and several plain clothes types ... other than this, ... I was over it. The hotel arrived without incident, and normal reality returned.

Some of our people were going to another ballet that evening. Others were going to meet with a Soviet man, named Velodia and a friend of his, who is a very gifted, self taught, and officially unsanctioned artist who works with spiritual subject matter (probably the reason for his non-recognition).

I had met some Dutch fellows the evening before on the hotel elevator. (they were very friendly and asked if I was a 'cowboy' when they found out I was in American and saw

my New Zealand hat).

I had also seen them again at the bus area after our Hermitage tour. I had made a tentative plan to meet them that evening, and had given them my room number (747).

I also had another idea to maybe call the Soviet engineer I met on Nevsky during the day and see if he'd want to meet and walk and talk in the Leningrad "White Nights". As it turned out, I did none of those and the evening turned out in quite a different way.

After dinner, I checked in on Charlotte, who was down all day with severe diarrhea. And then I took a spin in the lobby looking for the Dutch fellows. No luck.

I went and banged on Linda's door and she was out too (she'd said earlier that she'd like to get together with the Dutch guys and me).

Oops! I forgot something else that happened between dinner and the last paragraph's events.

Lydia read my fortune for me and she and Zhenya and I had a discussion. I had talked to Lydia in Moscow about reading the cards for me and she had agreed. But I'd been too busy to connect. So, I was glad to run into her again and to follow up on this idea.

To explain: Lydia is a trade union tour guide, like Zhenya. She was in Leningrad and Moscow with us the first time because her group's itineraries matched ours for those two cities. But when we went to Central Asia, they went off to the Ukraine. Later the two tours finished together in Leningrad.

Lydia's position on 'reading the cards' is curious.

First, she'll say, she was just joking when she read them for the others. Then, she'll say, "You don't believe this stuff do you?" (I've been through this twice with her). Then she will come around to saying, "It's really nothing but 'fun' but if you'd like to do it...."

I watched as she laid the cards (After requesting that I shuffle them thoroughly).

There was pattern and method apparent, but more than that I didn't catch. I watched her closely too, as she talked. I saw nothing out of the ordinary. (Reader, beware I'm

not looking for cheating here. I'm watching for the opposite.) The sense of it that I got was that there was a definite method and associative meanings to particular patterns of cards. And, beyond this, a good amount of intuitive/spiritual interpretation; much like what I've seen with Tarot Cards.

The reading itself was notable for pulling up several general facts about me, that I doubt that she would've known. My divorce, Joan's younger age, the fact that I have no apartment and the hassles at Joan's.

She also made a prediction about 'the thing I want to do'. And that I won't be able to do it for a while (for unspecified reasons). Also that I would 'get some money' and then I would 'have' to take a long time. She said Joan and I would 'get it together'.

All of this and a lot of other detail was generated by her laying down and moving around the cards for five times in various patterns.

Following this, she and Zhenya and I talked about political things. They asked me what my biggest negative impression of the Soviet Union had been. I said I had two, but that I felt that Gorbachev's new policies might deal with both.

(1) It seemed to me that there was still a certain level of secrecy in the society that was unnecessary and made Soviet people unnecessarily cynical and fearful of what was happening.

(2) The poor quality workmanship in the Soviet Union.

The second point was no contest and they acknowledged it and moved on.

But on the first, they resisted.

They pressed me for a specific examples of such secrecy and fear. I trotted out the story of the Soviet engineer I had just met who had written his phone number down, encoded, in case it was picked out of my stuff at customs as I left.

They ridiculed his notion and said such fears were misplaced, and had been for years. Since at least 1960, asserted, Lydia. A couple of other examples, notwithstanding, they were steadfast in their view of things. Lydia said that there was justification for such

fears in the pre-60s.

Lydia said that she had just graduated from English Language University, then, and knew of what she spoke. That she had "felt it through her skin"; the fear. And that babies like Zhenya (not even born then) just didn't know.

Talking with Soviet guides is an interesting experience. In spite of our personal experience, the general testimony of people we meet and impressions gained from the western media - all notwithstanding - they can tell you, "It's just not so", and sway you (me I mean) by their sincerity.

Sometimes I think there's a penalty to being an empath willing to "see" the other person's side of things.

Now, we resume to where I was before I remembered this interlude with Lydia.

I went up to the eighth floor bar to get a coffee and to see if anybody was around while I pondered if I should wait on the Dutch guys or phone Sasha, the engineer.

As I walked in, I passed a group of blacks seated on the floor and discussing politics in English and drinking beer. A minute or so later, having gotten my coffee, I decided, on a whim, to join them.

I walked up and said, "English, and politics! Can I join you?"

And got a warm reception. After several minutes of seeing who we were (I explained I was an American traveling as part of the peace group, etc.) and I found out that they were all Africans studying at various Leningrad institutions. One was a journalist, another was a robotics engineer, and another one was studying railway engine stuff. They were (3) from Zimbabwe, (1) from Zambia, (1) from Angola and (1) from Zaire.

They have been studying in the Soviet Union for between one to six years. They began to continue their original conversation with lots of side journeys to ask my opinions or to ask questions of me.

Their original subject has been about what the main differences were between China's flavor of Socialism and the USSR's.

I don't recall, I ever heard the definitive result of that inquiry, but I did learn Mao's definition of the first, second and third world countries.

The first world countries are the US and USSR. The second world countries are those satellites or associated countries like England's relationship to the US or the Romanians relationship to the USSR. And third World countries are the former colonies of the first or second world countries.

Thus Zimbabwe derives from England and England derives from the US. An interesting idea - but I'm not sure I buy it.

The conversation ran far and wide. I'll just try to hit the high points. Aside from the conversational topics, the things we did were notable too - and I'll come back to them.

(Now we jump away from the Africans in Leningrad, but we'll return to them.)

10 Jul 87 - 1050 flying NY to LA [LogBook 90]

I didn't make my connection in New York last night and Iceland Air got me a seat on a TWA flight this morning and a hotel room last night. Joan and I talked briefly so I could give her my new arrival time and I had my first experience of being a bit inarticulate about the trip. She asked how it was and I was flooded with such a sense of how much there was to say, and how inadequate words are. The conversation was like something glimpsed through the elevator doors just as they shut and carry you away. But today I will be there, and we will be real again.

Charlotte got lucky twice last night. She had intended to stay over in New York for three days but decided to fly home immediately because of being sick. I guess she felt burned out. She didn't have a seat on the flight I missed LA but at some point, I think she had reserved a seat and then canceled it.

Anyway we went to the counter together and by being there together, being in the middle of a group, and the fact that her name was on the computer, she got a free room at Iceland's expense - just like me. (We shared a double).

Also, Iceland made her a reservation on the next morning's flight saying that she'd have

to work out with the difference with TWA.

In the morning at TWA we both went together, indicated we were traveling together, and they issued both of us a seat with no questions. Lucky lady!

So, to return to the African students:

Two of the Africans stand out in my mind. One was Patrick, the robotics engineer. He was by far the most articulate of them. The other fellow's name escape me, but he was getting a masters degree in journalism. He was adamant about expressing his point of view and he was about half drunk.

Patrick had been studying in the Soviet Union for six years and had another year to go. He was from Zambia. The journalist and two of the others were from Zimbabwe. None of them gave me any sense of seeing themselves as second-class people. All were a bit surprised and cynical at the racism they'd met in the USSR.

Patrick told me that at home he had been the number one political science student in Zambia one year. All his life he's always been deeply involved as a young Marxist and was now a member of the Communist Party.

When he described his visions of the Soviet's society; the problems and the contradictions, it was especially poignant because of his past pro Socialism. He said, however, to keep things clear, that, in spite of the disappointments, i.e. the large gap between theory and practice, that Socialism was, in his mind, still far superior to capitalism, and would eventually be the future of the world.

They laughed at a joke common among them, that Marx would turn over in his grave to see what his Socialism had become.

The first issue of significance we hit was their university educations. Once they got going, I knew I'd hit pay dirt for myself and our group. We began somehow with quality control in the USSR and got into how their methods of education do not guarantee excellence. These guys are not attending a university dedicated to foreign students like Maurice Lumumba University in Moscow. They are with the main stream Soviets. Patrick's class has 11 people; two of them are foreigners. He and a woman from Cuba. There's about an equal number of women as men.

Examinations: you walk into a hall and on a table are numbered slips of papers or cards. They go from one to 40 or 50. You pick one as your own and then turn it over. There are three questions there.

You go to a desk and sit and do whatever you want to prepare for several minutes. I.e. write some notes, try to remember. Nothing prevents cheating. Many people bring the answers to all problems (the students have been provided with a list of all the possible questions) and pull them out and review them right there.

Three or four students test at a time. When they are ready, they approach the professor and hand, him/her the numbered card, and then the professor quizzes them Orally about the questions. The professor assigns them a result. I.e. five, four, three, two or one. Five is equal to 100%, 4 is 80%, 3 is 50% and 2 and 1 are fails.

Most students get fives or fours as a matter of course - but it's not a problem. You can retest six or eight times if you wish; without penalty. They said that someone who is the son or the daughter of a high party official will tend to get automatic fives and with a minimum of questioning.

They joked that if people saw you actually studying, they would kid and harass you saying "What are you doing this for? You've got a job waiting when you graduate."

Patrick said that as a measure of how Soviet graduates are seen, most Zambians, upon returning to Zambia, must be tested to prove their competence. In most areas, the Zambian authorities regard Soviet graduates as having less quality than their own domestic graduates.

Who pays for the education: Countries which are very pro-socialist and/or Marxist and which are struggling financially (like Angola, Cuba and Nicaragua) - their students are financially supported completely by the Soviets.

Other countries, like Zambia and Zimbabwe, which are more to the capitalistic side, have to pay their own student's way. But the Soviet union does award a certain number of outright scholarships per year to different countries. Zambia, Patrick said got 60 to 70 scholarships per year. It wasn't clear to me if he was on a scholarship himself.

The students, as a matter of course, support themselves (beyond the minimum support from their state) by black market activities.

Once, or twice a year, they go to Europe (West Germany was mentioned and Denmark) and buy clothes and stuff. These they bring back (and rarely do they ever have any hassle in customs) and they sell them for large profits in the black market here in the USSR. Because they are not Soviets, they can go in and out of the USSR without major hassles. Virtually all students (according to them) do this.

What would happen? I asked if they got busted for Black market activities. "They'd just send me home, no big deal." Apparently, hassles are not frequent.

This got us onto another subject. For this there is a sign that they use. You rub your thumb and first or second fingers together. It's symbolizes 'money'.

It is the 'secret' method of getting things done, problems cleared and etc.

For instance, they are not guests here of the Gavin Hotel, so how did they get in? A handshake happens as they enter and money passes to the door guard. Later in the evening, I saw this in concrete form.

We had gone to the first floor restaurant, which was by now a beer hall with a band. It was 11:15 PM and we were told that no beer was served after 11 PM. We could get beer and take it outside or we could enter and have no beer. We entered.

Patrick and I were together at this point and we found five or six of his buddies and a Russian girl at a table and we joined them. They had a number of beers opened, but had not yet begun to drink them and they gave us some. We talked and the waitress came by and there was some friendly banter and 10 minutes later another six or eight beers arrived. Everyone smiling; including the waitress.

Patrick told me that if you got stopped for a traffic violation, or a black market bust, usually 'money' (and he made the sign) could get you out.

The Beer Run: At one point (earlier in the evening), the journalist and I went on a beer run. We were, at this point, still sitting on the floor up on the eighth. He wanted me to go along because they had refused him earlier (maybe because he was intoxicated, we

thought). So I tried it, but it was the same result. It looked like the eighth floor was out of beer.

Then we took the elevator down to the first floor restaurant and I asked (I was a hotel guest with a card to prove it) and we were allowed to buy eight beers.

When we tried to take the elevator back up to the eighth, the doorman intercepted us and began to hassle the student.. Apparently, it was OK for me to go up, but not him. The discussion got quite loud and animated there in the lobby. I was interested to see what was gonna happen. The student was acting real disgusted with the doorman's arguments, whatever they were.

Finally, he motioned that I should follow and we'd go to the main desk and override the doorman. The student was saying I was his friend and he was coming up to join me in my room (I showed my card several times) and the doorman was saying he was just going to go and get drunk up on the eighth floor.

We went to the desk and talked for a minute or so with the lady there who then got a phone call and thereafter seemed to be ignoring us.

The student said let's go back and just jump on an elevator, and go. The doorman caught us and more handwaving and loud talk resulted.

Finally, another elevator door open behind me and the student gently pushed me in with everyone still talking as the door closed. When we got to the eighth floor, the students talked about this and some were in favor of taking our beers and going outside to drink and talk (drinking outside is legal, they said).

Others, the journalist, and Patrick mainly, said to blow it all off, and just sit down here and talk. This we did. Some of the students weren't comfortable with this and drifted off. But about half stayed.

I asked about women. I said that I'd heard that black students in Moscow were pretty lonely because Soviet women avoided them like the plague.

Patrick said it was "yes and no". He said that the Soviets terrorized people with stories of syphilis and AIDs coming from Africa. And so many women were afraid.

He also said that for whatever reason (not clear to me, what the reasons were) there were many more women than men in Soviet society and that this really worked to the student's advantage.

In fact, he made it sound as if they had many more women than they needed and they were all feeling a bit sick of the whole business. He also told me later that as Americans we would have a major advantage as....

(Stopped writing here as Joan found me at LAX.)

(I am at LAX waiting for Joan and she's just arrived - and how pretty she is).

11 Jul 87 - 0805 Costa Mesa, California [LogBook 95]

I'm in my office now, having just walked here from Joan's (about a mile). I woke early this morning. The jet lag's still got me dancing to a different drummer.

Last night and this morning have been strange. I've got two images, two stories constantly on my mind.

One, what I'm currently seeing here. And two, a mental overlay of scenes from the Soviet Union.

I hear an advertisement and I hear it as an American and I try to hear it also as a Soviet would.

I look at an apartment building going up and I see a building site scene in the USSR.

I think about the force is driving each. The attitudes of the workers, the place of the project in the overall scheme of things, and what it will look like when it's done.

These visions will fade as the Soviet images fade from immediate to past recall.

I'm going to pick up my previous narrative with the African students where I left off at LAX.

<<resume>>

He also told me later that as Americans we would have a major advantage as Soviet women were fascinated by Americans and to go out with one was a great coup.

I looked back over my rough notes to see what else I might want to say about the Africans. I can't see that there's much else. I introduced Patrick to Bill, Charlotte and Linda at different points during the evening. He gave me his address in Leningrad and seems quite willing to have future groups contact him. I think he's a good resource because of his time in the Soviet Union, his articulateness and his willingness to discuss socialism's shortfalls; in spite of his avowed pro Marxist orientation.

At this point, I'm going to quickly go over the events between that last evening in Leningrad and now - and then close this journal.

We got up early the next morning, and the balance of the day was spent getting to Luxembourg. Soviet exit customs was not bad. They looked through our stuff pretty closely, but so far as I know nothing was confiscated. Soviet customs and general airport proceedings, however, leave much to be desired. So much of what Americans do is conditioned by the ubiquitous principle of 'pleasing the customer'. For us, if there are economic incentives involved, the lines we stand in, and the forms we fill out, will have been optimized to minimize the hassles they present to us.

In the USSR, because economic incentives are not meaningful at the individual level, there is no motivation to speed things up from the point of view of the individuals passing through procedures like customs or aircraft boarding.

To clear customs, we stood in three separate lines. To gain entry to the aircraft, we passed through two holding areas (each with a wait) and then we stood in line to board a bus. Then we got on the bus and waited. Then the bus drove to the plane and we waited. And then we got on the plane. At no time, during any of this, was any explanation given to us of what the problem was, if any.

The plane flight to Luxembourg was OK. Customs there was a wave through.

Bill had arranged a night in Luxembourg for us. This was not part of the original itinerary. It was to be a "debriefing" session - and it was. It was interesting to hear

the various people's point of view about what it happened to us.

Walking around Luxembourg was extremely nice. I hadn't realized how pretty it was going to be. It is a virtual park. French and German are spoken universally with English coming in third.

The stores, advertisements, the general attitudes of the people on the street (my initial impression of their attitude was that that it was one of arrogant self-absorbed happiness) and their dress was a bit of a culture shock; after three weeks in the USSR. It made me realize the physical and subjective poverty that exists that exists in the Soviet Union.

In the evening, a group of us walked to the "old town" part of Luxembourg with Chris leading us. We found a large square with many restaurants with outside tables around its periphery in a band stand in the center. Darkness falls late here, the sky was clear, the temperature optimum and the square was filled with people enjoying the perfect evening. The square's ambience was nicer than anything I saw in Paris. Charlotte and I ate together at a place that served my favorite: Spaghetti Carbonara. The others ate at various other establishments around the Square. Later, they came and found us and we took some fun photos and laughed a lot and then walked back.

The next morning, we had some free time, so I went for a long walk, and then just looked and thought about the contrasts between the USSR and the west. The feelings that built in me, then, were the impetus for the poem, dated 9 July 1987.

We flew Icelandic Air to New York. Icelandic had engine problems in Luxembourg so we got off 3/4 of an hour late and this caused me to miss my connection in New York to LAX. Icelandic put me (and Charlotte) up in New York for the night free. The next morning we flew to Los Angeles where Joan met me - and that was yesterday.

Some threads will probably continue forward from here.

Mary Beth has said she would take the point on organizing a newsletter to communicate among our community of 18. I think that's a good idea. The Los Angeles group (includes Charlotte, Linda, and myself; among others) has discussed getting together.

Bill's going to be out here within the next few months and I think we'll all get together

for that too.

Finally, there are the 'futurist' things Linda does in Los Angeles in the ideas for modem link ups to the Soviet Union via peace-net or on our own to be explored.

This journal is going to be read through and Xeroxed and distributed to the 18.

(I'm pretty sure that I did not Xerox and distribute this journal as I'd intended.)

To all of you who shared the trip to the Soviet Union into anyone else who might read this... Enjoy.

Dennis Gallagher
11 July 1987
Newport Beach, California

LogBook ends on page 99

(If you have any suggestions for how this logbook might be improved, I will be happy to make corrections, additions and updates. Please just let me know.

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Note: a large PDF photo record of the original physical logbook is also available.

Be well,

Dennis Gallagher - 13 May 23)

(Version Record for this Document)

<i>Ver</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Description</i>
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<i>1.0</i>	<i>11May23</i>	<i>Original</i>
<i>1.1</i>	<i>13May23</i>	<i>Added text about Citizen Diplomats at the beginning. Added this version record section. Added my current contact information at the end.</i>



(A photo of various trinkets I acquired during our trip to The Soviet Union.)