

## Moscow Journal--August 1991

*In August 1991, almost thirty years ago, Moscow seemed ready for a quiet month, but unexpected changes were brewing. Mikhail Gorbachev, the newly-elected president of the Russian Republic, was vacationing at his summer home unaware that others were plotting his downfall. As was later reported in the New York Times, on August 17, half a dozen conservative communist Russian officials gathered at a steam bath to plot the overthrow the Soviet government. Four of the group would fly to Gorbachev's estate and give him an ultimatum to resign, while others would assume control of the White House—the center of government. Over glasses of vodka and Scotch, they laid their plans.*

*On the day that these conspirers met, another group of people were assembling in Moscow—hundreds of librarians were arriving in the city to attend a conference of the International Federation of Library Associations (IFLA). Most of them were from Europe and the Americas, and some from India, Africa, and Asia. Their goal was to encourage the development of libraries and the exchange of information between the people and governments of the world. Many of the participants were keenly aware of the differences in information policy between the countries of Eastern Europe and those of the West, but probably none of them had expected such a dramatic display of the struggle for freedom as they encountered in Moscow that summer.*

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### **Moscow**

**August 16, 1991; 9:14 PM**

I left the house at 2:00 yesterday afternoon (just about 24 hours ago), took a limo to the airport and checked in for the flight. I was early of course but that didn't bother me. Sitting in the air-conditioned airport reading a book was better than sitting at home fretting over what I should be doing.

When it was finally time to board, my seat was upgraded to a business class. I had more leg room, a wider seat, and delicious food for dinner, even a linen tablecloth, silverware. It really was a pleasant way to fly and one that I could get used to. We stopped at Montreal and took on more passengers but even then, the seat next to me was empty so I had plenty of room all the way over. The only problem was that the flight was too short. I had no sooner drifted off to sleep than the loudspeaker was announcing that we'd be landing in London in an hour.

Security at Heathrow was not oppressive, but I was sleepy as I sat in the crowded waiting room. Nancy found me there and we spent the last hour talking together. The flight to Moscow was pleasant enough. I tried to rest even though I couldn't sleep. Going through the Moscow airport was also easier than expected. We had to register all the money we brought in, but the young

man at customs was not curious about the camera or computer. We had a long wait for our baggage, but when we finally cleared customs, it was no problem to get to our hotel. Intourist arranged a driver who brought us here in a limo.

The restaurant in our hotel was supposed to be, we thought, a foreign currency restaurant, but the waiter brought our bill in rubles. We hadn't had a chance to change currency so we asked how much it would be in U.S. He told us whatever we liked. The official rate of exchange is two rubles for one U.S. dollar, but a colleague told us that the real exchange rate is 30 rubles to one dollar. We paid six dollars for the meal, which seemed an immense bargain

### **Sunday, August 18, 1991, 6:45 AM**



Yesterday was a busy day. We went down to breakfast when the restaurant opened at 7:45. Juice, bread, and individual plates of cheese and salami were on the tables. Waitresses came around with boiled eggs and with coffee and tea. We ate in the group dining room and were served quickly and efficiently. Then we took the special free bus to the conference center.

At the meeting we elected Shirley to be the new chair, and Marille to be the secretary/treasurer. After the committee meeting, Selma and I met with the two of them for almost three hours. Just before then Julia Prosalkova had bought us all a coffee and roll at a special coffee shop set up at the center. It was a ruble shop which means it took only Russian money, the foreign currency restaurants in the center are very expensive. Someone said they paid twenty dollars for coffee and a small cake. The ruble has been devalued and is now about 30 to the dollar instead of 6 to the dollar at the special tourist rate as it has been until a couple of months ago. The official rate is still two to a dollar.

### **Sunday, August 18, 1991, 6:22 PM**

Moscow is not the kind of city in which I would want to wander on my own too much. Tonight Nancy and Shirley have gone out to dinner. I will go to the officer's dinner in half an hour. It is rainy and chilly tonight, far different than it has been for the last two days.

This morning we walked along the river to the conference center. It wasn't as pleasant a walk as I had expected—the sidewalks are torn up all around the city, shrubs look bedraggled. Nothing seems kept up. We passed buildings with broken windows and streets with huge potholes.

Chunks of cement lie on the sidewalk, seemingly left over from forgotten repaving projects. And the buildings tend to be gray and massive, not at all attractive. Of course, except for the walk this morning we have seen very little. Tomorrow morning we hope to get over to Red Square and walk along Arbat Street to see the shops.

When we came out from the Council meeting, we discovered it was raining. We took a taxi back to the hotel. The driver, a young man, asked for five dollars, which seems cheap enough. It was a private car. I'm sure he's not really a taxi driver, and I know that people aren't supposed to get hard currency, but they all seem eager for it. The prices here are cheap for us (except for the hotel) but I'm afraid that most people are doing badly. The economy seems to be falling apart.

I like this hotel room. It is small, but with a large bay window lacy curtains and dark wood which make it seem very European. The wallpaper is old fashioned floral, and the rug an orange and brown design. The effect is not good looking nor tasteful, but it looks like a Russian hotel should. We have miserable worn-out towels, but at least we have plenty of hot water. And best of all, the rooms are clean. That is not true of all the hotels where IFLA people are staying.

### **Tuesday, August 20, 1991, 7:10 AM**

Yesterday was an extraordinary day. After breakfast I ran into Anne G. who told me she had heard there had been a military coup and Gorbachev was ousted. I half discounted this because Anne seems over-excitabile at times, but within twenty minutes the fact of the coup had been confirmed by embassies. Some people in this hotel have TV and had seen some news.

Plans went on as usual. We took the city tour. When we climbed on the bus, our driver turned on English language news and we heard that a committee had been set up because Gorbachev was "too tired and too ill" to carry on normal duties. His vice-president was carrying out his duties. A state of emergency had been proclaimed in Moscow, but it was unclear what this meant.

We went on the tour to Red Square, where we climbed out and took pictures of the Kremlin, Lenin's tomb, St. Basil's, GUM department store and other sights. There were many other tourists in the square, but no sign of extraordinary events -very- few police or soldiers. The tour continued as the guide, a charming woman who will be our guide to Kiev, pointed out various buildings. We stopped at a small boutique where we had a chance to buy the ubiquitous nested dolls, lacquer boxes, scarves, etc. as well as some amber. I bought a necklace of amber, the kind that looks like chips of stone. It is not exactly what I had hoped for, but it was only \$15, so I feel that I can buy another if I find something more finished.

We went on to see the university in one huge, monolithic building. There are seven of these buildings, one on each of the seven hills. Two are hotels, two office buildings, one the university and the rest apartments. They are so massive, with a high tower in the center of each, that you can see them from all over the city. In front of the university we stopped for a picture-taking session. These picture-taking places were a ritual, and at each one there were young boys trying to sell us souvenirs.



It was after we left the university that we began to see tanks. They just drove along the streets, soldiers peering out of the turrets. No one took much notice. When we passed by Gorbachev's residence, the tanks were thick, with a number of soldiers. There were rows of camouflaged tanks screened by shrubbery along the edge of the road. It made the story of Gorbachev's house arrest seem very likely. Our tour guide was becoming more

emotional, as she translated radio news to us; she told us how unhappy she was and what a sad day for Russia, and how she hoped that they could not turn back the freedom that people had won.

We got back to the hotel and changed to dresses for the opening session and reception. The buses picked us up at 1:40. We started down the river road, the one that Shirley and I had walked yesterday to get to the conference. The traffic was horrendous. At one point a number of people got off deciding to take the Metro. A crowd of gypsy children suddenly appeared on the street and tried to grab Nancy's purse. There were twelve or thirteen of them and although they were all young and small, as a group they were frightening. Nancy and Shirley climbed back on the bus rather than try to push their way through the gypsies.

--8:54 AM (after breakfast)

Our bus continued onward, but traffic finally came to a total halt. People got out of their cars to walk up ahead to see what was going on. We couldn't see anything. The street is about six lanes wide (it's hard to tell because they don't tend to have center lines) Finally we reached a point where we could see a demonstration in front of Yeltsin's office building. Young men were carrying a Russian flag and stopping traffic. Cars were zooming up a hillside to try to escape the road, but traffic seemed blocked everywhere.

We finally left the bus and started to walk back to the Hotel Belgrade. There were several Scandinavians on the bus who left with us, but they surged ahead and Nancy, Shirley and I were left on our own. We walked up to the street leading to Yeltsin's office and found the street completely blocked to traffic. A group of tanks were lined up along the sidewalk, young soldiers perched on them talking to the civilians who crowded around. There were even flowers stuck into one of the guns on the tanks. Further along the street, the intersection was blocked by trolley cars which had been pulled off their tracks and moved across the street. Young men were pulling the trolley cables down and using them to block the streets. Blocks of concrete had also been used to block some corners. It looks as though it will take weeks to restore those streets. Yet, ordinary people were walking along through all this paying very little attention, going about their

business, as we were.

We were uncertain of where we were, but we turned down toward what seemed the right



direction and sure enough, found the hotel. (My Russian lessons have not stood by me. I can't even remember the alphabet.) All this time it was raining. We changed into raincoats and went outside to find a taxi. No problem there, we were accosted on the steps of the hotel and agreed to pay five dollars to go to the Hotel Rossia. The driver turned down the river road and found the heavy traffic again, by driving along the sidewalk, he managed to bludgeon his way through to a quiet road in the other direction along

the river. It was the long way round, but we arrived safely at the hotel.

The IFLA reception was in the theater adjacent to the hotel. First we watched some Russian dancers and listened to music, then we were turned loose on the tables of food. It was a madhouse! People snatched food from the tables and then stood there eating so that others could not get at the food. I managed a few slices of salami, and some bread--never did find a plate. I had a couple of glasses of champagne and that was it. The room was overheated. Everyone stood around talking about the political situation, pooling our lack of knowledge. Some people get CNN in their hotel and could tell us that the news sounds worse on TV. I hope people at home are not worrying. We did learn that the airport has been closed as well as the rail stations.

After the reception we went to the ballet. Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*. It was a lovely production--gorgeous costumes and ingenious sets, as well as excellent dancing. It did seem to take a long time, as all of us were worried about going home, and many people left during the first or second intermission. We stayed to the end. Our courage was rewarded when we found a taxi without difficulty and were driven home for another five dollars. ("Five dollars" seems a phrase that all taxi drivers know, and you can go anywhere in the city for it.)

We were hungry, not having had a meal since breakfast, so we went to the second-floor restaurant. A band was playing loud rock music, but we were glad to be able to order sturgeon, champagne and mineral water. Shirley and Nancy had ice cream. Very comfortable and almost normal.

During the night we were awakened by a very loud noisy rumbling outside but could see nothing on the street. This morning one of the people at breakfast said it was a row of tanks going by. We went to breakfast and asked about news. John D. had called home and said that the news was the army is split into two factions-- one supporting Yeltsin and Gorbachev, the other supports the conservative group. No one knows who is winning. The U.S. television is having constant



coverage. A Finnish woman at our table said that Yeltsin has gone to Kurdistan, which is supposed to be a democratic stronghold. No one knows about Gorbachev. There is a partial strike on. I believe that Yeltsin called for a general strike today. The traffic seems heavy outside, but we were told that the streets between here and the conference center are blockaded. We are going



*Bus barricade*

to try to walk there. To top it all off, it is raining this morning, so it won't be comfortable walking.

-10:21 PM (still Tuesday, Aug. 20) Another fascinating day. When we went downstairs after breakfast, we didn't know whether there would be buses to the Sovincenter or not. There were not. The barricades were up along the river road. Anne G. told us we should stay in the hotel. Some Germans said

they had been told by their embassy not to leave the hotel. The Intourist guide said we could walk safely to the Conference Center. All was confusion.

Our program meeting was scheduled for noon, so when we saw a group of people leaving, we decided to walk over with them. It turned out that not all of the group were IFLA people, but about half a dozen were headed that way. We walked along the river road in the light, misty rain. New barricades were up preventing cars from passing, but pedestrians had little trouble. At one point we came to a barricade where the pipes stacked across the sidewalk made it difficult to walk. Three teenagers, who were sitting beside a fire of wooden debris helped us across. We gave them cigarettes and money. Everyone was very friendly and helpful. No one seemed worried about our passing through -or anyone else either. The feeling was one of camaraderie and good fellowship.

There was still a large demonstration outside Yeltsin's office. Smoldering fires just in front indicated that a crowd had been camped out all night on the balcony, or entrance steps. A dirigible with a Russian republican flag, was stationery overhead.

When we reached the Conference Center, the programs were going on as usual, although people were avidly passing news about what each embassy had said about the safety of staying or leaving. There was a meeting planned for 11:30 for U.S. delegates telling us what the embassy said. I stood around for fifteen minutes waiting, but nothing happened so I went up to our Section program meeting.

The Section meeting was interesting enough. The speakers had not arrived at 12:00, and I was

afraid they might not come, but Julia and several friends arrived soon after that. The first speaker was a Russian, the head of the National Children's Library. She spoke in Russian, with an interpreter. Then Julia read the paper she had written in English. Her intonation was stilted, so it was difficult to understand her, although the paper was well-written and interesting. A large part of the audience was Russian and spoke no English. They chatted in the back during the papers. The French women in the front row also talked quite a bit among themselves. Difficult to figure out what etiquette is supposed to be. Julia was annoyed at the two teenage helpers assigned to our meeting because they did not provide bottles of water. All in all, I guess the program went all right. There wasn't much response or many questions, but it seemed to be was of interest to the audience.

After the meeting, a group of us went to the ice cream store for a snack. The IFLA board finally posted a bulletin about the situation saying that neither the conference nor the tours were canceled at this time. Rumors abounded about Yeltsin being barricaded in his office, about his making a speech on TV, about Gorbachev being ill, or on vacation, and about his desire to return tomorrow. Yeltsin is supporting Gorbachev against the conservatives.

I checked on the post-conference tour and picked up my information. The Intourist representative told me that my visa was incorrect, it was marked for Moscow but not for Kiev or Leningrad. She wanted me to give her my passport and visa for two days so that she could have this corrected. In view of the situation, I didn't want to give up my passport for any time at all. I photocopied the first page of it, and my visa, but decided to hold on to it. The embassy is advising that we never go outside the hotel without our passports and tickets.

We walked back to the hotel at 5:00, When I picked up my key, there was a telegram from Laura asking me to contact her. I quickly got ready for the trip to the Pushkin Museum reception and then came downstairs to the international phone to call her. After some help from the woman standing behind me in line, I was able to place the call but got a busy signal. Then I tried calling Pam and got through to her. She said she had called the State Dept. and they said they were advising all Americans to come home. That was not what we heard here. A few of the men have changed their flights and gone home. The non-Americans are laughing about the Americans all flying home. Anyway, I was surprised at Pam's concern and reassured her that I would not do anything foolish but would follow whatever directives the embassy gave. I think they are being very conservative. Someone said it was because they are afraid of being sued if any Americans have any trouble.

We took a bus to the Pushkin Museum and arrived quite early for the reception. Had plenty of time to admire the lovely exhibits--Egyptian, Coptic, many lovely icons and some good Italian renaissance art. Then we went downstairs for the refreshments which were plates of crackers and nuts with apple juice and mineral water to drink. Apparently, it is hard to get wine now in Moscow because the ring road is sealed off. After our refreshment we went to the second floor to see the impressionist paintings. They have an excellent collection. At one point I wanted to go to the washroom and discovered that the only one in the building was closed for repairs. I don't know how people survived.

When it came time to go home, we could not get a taxi and so followed a group on the Metro. We had to change and to walk up and down several sets of stairs (which is hard on Nancy) but we arrived without difficulty. We went to the dining room and managed to get some dinner before closing hour. We were lucky that we had gotten back here so quickly because many groups were turned away from the dining room.

And now to bed and to wonder what has become of Gorbachev and whether he will arrive tomorrow. We searched all over for an English language paper, but all are very old. The Russian private TV stations are closed down and the state station plays only music or shows "Swan Lake". Some people have CNN in their rooms, but it is not available at this hotel. Oh, for a news broadcast we could understand! Although, I'm not sure that the news agencies know what is going on any more than we do.

### **Wednesday, August 21, 1991, 8:34 AM**

Last night was scary. After we went to bed at 11:00, we heard tanks rumbling through the streets. They really make a racket -a loud roar that sounds almost like a -low flying aircraft. Then we heard gunfire, first pistols then machine gun fire. Not much of it, but enough to make us listen. We kept peering out the window and trying to see what was going on. We could see the tanks but could not see where the shooting was. There were lights all over the city. In the hotel across the street we could see people silhouetted in windows. I began to realize how people must feel in Beirut where no one knows what is happening.

The noises stopped at about 1:30 and we finally got some sleep. This morning at breakfast rumors were flying. Some people can see down the street to the Yeltsin office building. Some said that there were crowds out on Kalinnen Prospekt yelling "Yeltsin" "Yeltsin" and that the tanks turned back when they came upon the crowd. There is some hope that the fact that the tanks refused to fire means that the junta is going under. Some reports on the radio say that two junta members are "ill". CNN doesn't go on the air until 9:00, so there has been no outside news. The Intourist woman said that Bush and the Common Market countries have both denounced the junta. Who knows what will happen now?

-9:02 PM Another incredible day. We went to the Congress Center on a bus at 9:00 this morning, taking a long route around back of the Center. The barricades were strengthened during the night. When we got to the Soviencentre, we met Bob S., who told us to go up to his room and watch CNN with others there. The news showed the scene at the Russian Republic building, which we could see out the window--crowds lining the street, boats in the river seeming to form a barricade.

Hope C. told us that the executive board was meeting and that the conference would be shortened and end on Thursday. We had a light lunch, bought a few souvenirs, thinking that we'd be leaving soon. The hotel still had our Finnair tickets for confirmation; that was my greatest worry. We pretty well decided that we would try to go to Finland on Sunday and stay there a few



days before flying home.

We had our standing committee meeting at 2:00. It was shortened because the Kremlin reception was moved to an earlier time---6:00 instead of 7:30. We cut our meeting short, although completing the work that had to be done.

#### **Thursday, August 22, 1991, 6:43 AM**

After our standing committee meeting yesterday, we took a 3:30 bus back to the hotel. The traffic did not seem quite as heavy. We saw several army trucks filled with soldiers moving along the streets, and some tanks rumbled past. We were back at the hotel a little past 4:00 and here we heard amazing news. The leaders of the junta had been arrested, it was said, on their way to the airport. The Intourist guide was bubbling with happiness saying the coup had failed. We hung around the lobby trying to get news, although it seemed no one knew for sure what was going on. Shirley and I had coffee with John D. in the little cafe downstairs. He said he had been talking to a man who had interviewed Yeltsin and the flight of the junta leaders meant either that they were defeated or that the two divisions that were massed outside of Moscow were coming in to attack the White House.



The next news we heard was that the junta leaders were in a plane trying to find a place to land and that no airport would let them land. I heard one version of it saying that they had one hostage, but no one knows whether that is true. All evening this continued to be the

final news. The Russian parliament was meeting, and the broadcast of their speeches was playing in the lobby. We could see one speaker after another addressing the assembly, but we could get no clear information about what they were saying.

While all this was going on, we got back our Finnair tickets. I also got the address and telephone of Finnair so we could call to change our reservations, but at the moment it looks as though we will go forward with our original schedule.

The Kremlin Reception was moved ahead to 6:00, so the bus left from here at 5:00. I had decided not to go to the Kremlin reception, partly as a protest against the government, and partly because I am somewhat tired of these huge, crowded receptions. Shirley and I went up to the restaurant for dinner.

We had a strange experience in the restaurant. When we went in, one of two young male waiters asked us whether we were paying in dollars or rubles. I said rubles, they seemed unhappy, so I switched to dollars. One waiter started to take us to a table, but the hostess grabbed Shirley's arm and insisted we sit at another table. A waitress served us and told us there was no champagne. The tables around us all got champagne, so I complained to the hostess. With the help of the Intourist guide she explained to me that each waiter gets a certain number of bottles of champagne and when they are sold there are no more. It seems an unlikely story, although she did say that our waitress might have sold her champagne earlier to some of the other waiters. This is a strange country for service. We were given the long menu, as usual, although it turned out there were only three entrees available--chicken, beefsteak, or sturgeon. We had the beefsteak, which was quite good, and glass of vodka to drink.

We came upstairs and were joined by Nancy when she came back from the Kremlin reception. She, as well as others, said it had been a very good reception. We went down to the hard currency bar in the basement. It was jammed with a mix of IFLA people and locals. All seemed to be celebrating loudly and with lots of drinking. We stood at the bar and had a beer. Ilona G. and a German friend came in and we talked to them. Later we bought a bottle of champagne and took it up to Ilona's room. We had a good talk about children's work, German writers, and libraries in general. When we finally came back to our room it was after midnight. Actually, I stopped to try to make a telephone call to Laura, but had difficulty using my credit card, I hope there is no problem with that.

This morning we hope to walk around the area a little and look at the barricades, which are said to be coming down. If the news continues good, all will be well. Last night was quiet and there is no sign of a disturbance today, so it seems as though the junta must be really gone.

### **Friday, August 23, 1991, 7:07 AM**

Now the political situation seems definitely stabilized. We are so glad that we stayed rather than panicking and running home.

Yesterday morning we walked up to the major street above the hotel and walked over to the barricade. Several buses turned on their side formed the bulk of the barricade. One was completely burned out inside. Along the side of that bus people had placed flowers. Groups of people were standing about talking. There was also a box for collecting money. As we walked through the barricade and on the street behind it, we found six places where the ground was covered with flowers, cigarettes, bread and fruit --almost like primitive sacrifices for the dead.

One improvised wooden cross was placed on the wall at the side, and several icons and lighted



*Memorial flowers for slain fighters*

candles decorated the memorial spots. Groups of people were gathered around speakers here and there around the broad open area. The street is a very wide boulevard, so with the traffic removed it was almost like a public square. The sight of all the people and the flowers made me feel very emotional.

We continued on to the next barricade which was already

being removed. Large trucks dragging off some of the concrete blocks that had been there. We walked past the American embassy where quite a long line of people waited outside. They looked like Russians, although it was hard to tell, and we saw no entrance for information or U.S. Citizen Services such as in Toronto.

We climbed down a long, dirt path toward the river. Many other people were also going down. When we got closer, we could see that we were at the back of the White House (Yeltsin's office building). There was bunting hung over the long balustrade. The dirigible was above the building as before, this time with six flags dangling, flags of the different republics. Crowds of people were gathered about, and we could hear a loudspeaker, although of course we could not understand the words.

We walked all around the building to the river side and walked back to the hotel. The street in front of the White House was littered with trash, and the blockades under the bridge that we had walked through on Tuesday were much denser than when we had seen them before.

When we arrived back at the Belgrade, we decided we wanted to eat. We bought some meat and mineral water in the cafe downstairs. Unfortunately, they had no bread, but we ate crackers which Shirley had brought. Nancy was then considering going out for another tour, while Shirley and I left for our workshop.

We had been told to take the trolley from our corner, but after we had waited for five minutes or so, a policeman came along to say there were no trolleys. We were with Ilona and Vivi, the Danish woman on our SC. We walked toward Gorky Park, passed it, and found the National

Children's Library without trouble. The walk took us about 45 minutes and Shirley was very much afraid we would be late, but we arrived just at 1:00.

Our workshop went quite well. We had about 60 people, many of them Russians. Shirley spoke first, and it was difficult to tell whether or not people could follow her. The next speaker spoke in Russian and then we had two more English papers before we broke for tea.

The Deputy Minister of Culture came to the workshop and talked about how happy she was that we did not leave but stayed to see them through the coup. There were a number of references by the Russian speakers to how happy they are now that the troubles are over. One woman said that for the last two days she wondered whether it was worth talking about children because there seemed no future, but now there would be a future. It's an emotional time and I am so happy that we stayed.

--9:09 AM (Friday) After breakfast now and I feel livelier. We had frankfurters and sauerkraut for breakfast. It's been a variety, some days boiled eggs, poached, souffle, rice pudding. Each of them served with bread, meat and cheese, good substantial breakfasts to get us through the day.

Anyway, the tea yesterday was magnificent. We had tables set with bread, cheese, meat, fruit and of course tea. We were able to sit, which is unusual here. After the tea break, we had the second half of our program. The whole thing ended at 5:00. Then we had a tour of the magnificent children's library.

The library has more than a dozen separate reading rooms, -music, national groups of USSR-, foreign language books, esthetics, etc. In the center is an atrium three stories high with statues and a huge globe in the middle. Children's pictures decorate the walls. A fairy tale room is fantastically decorated with murals and hanging spider-web designs made of yarn. Hard to describe but lovely.

After our tour, we had a reception. More meat, cheese, bread, caviar and of course the ubiquitous champagne. Valeria and I each gave a little speech of thanks to the director of the library and the staff for having us there for the workshop. Other people were introduced and gave short speeches. I got carried away at the reception and decided to try to publish the papers that were given at the workshop. I hope this works out. There is a very bright woman, Marina, at the workshop who gave a very interesting paper and also did much of the interpreting. I would like to do some work with her.

When we finally left the reception, we asked about a taxi--very hard to come by--or for directions on the Metro. In the end a young man walked us back to the hotel. He struggled with his English but was very helpful and kind. We had no cigarettes to give him but gave him five dollars. It's hard to know what is acceptable and what is not. I also gave him two of the Canadian pins I had brought. I wish I had brought cigarettes.

When we got back, I tried to telephone. My card doesn't seem to work. I hope I'm not going to

have more problems with it. I borrowed Nancy's card and used that this morning to reach Laura. Anyway, last night we went to the bar to buy a bottle of champagne in the hard currency bar. The barman wanted \$17 for it, so we decided to stay there and have a drink. A beer costs two dollars. The currency situation seems very strange since in rubles the champagne costs about one dollar. Anyway, the bar was not crowded so Shirley, Nancy, Marion T. and I had a drink there. Gorbachev was on the TV making a speech. He is definitely back in Moscow and in charge again. And so, to bed by midnight. Another quiet night with no tanks, thank God. It all seems to be over.

Today a Kremlin tour, then the closing ceremony. Tomorrow the trip to Zagorsk. I am glad that we can carry on as planned.

### **Friday, August 23, 1991, 9:30 PM**

Another interesting day. The weather was perfect all day--sunny, not too hot. We went on the Kremlin tour this morning. Took the bus and walked through the tall gates into the large open square within. Tatyana, the guide, showed us the cannon that never fired, can't quite remember why it never fired, and the bell that never rang because it cracked during a fire. It is a huge bell, something like two hundred tons, if that is possible, and the piece that fell out when it cracked weighed two tons.

More interesting than cannons and bells was the church, the Cathedral of the Assumption, with its five golden towers. Inside, the walls are covered with icons, all of which have been restored to their 17th century original form. This church is the one in which tsars were crowned and in which the patriarchs of the orthodox church were buried. It also contains the throne of Ivan the Terrible, a beautifully carved wooden throne.

After our tour of the Kremlin we stopped briefly at a shop where I bought some painted spoons and a dish. Although the guidebooks said that there would be little to buy in Moscow, I am finding that they have lovely things.

Back to the hotel where I changed into a dress for the closing ceremony. Then by bus to the Sovincentre. People were watching CNN by the information desk, but I couldn't see anything of interest. The closing ceremony was quite pleasant although long. The outgoing Executive Board members were recognized as were members of the professional board. Because so many members were not there, the names of the outgoing chairs were not read. Bob Wedgeworth made a brief, graceful speech. Perhaps the highlight was the speech by the Minister of Culture in which he said that he had offered his resignation because he did not want to work with the new government. He was loudly applauded. There was also loud applause in recognition of his tribute to us as delegates who had had the courage to support the Russian people and not to return home precipitously. All of this was somewhat undercut by the news I heard later that he had been dismissed today because of having too close ties to the dissident junta which took over the government.

Although no one seems to know for sure, it appears that the coup has collapsed, and that government is back to normal.

After the closing ceremony there was a reception. I stood by the door and exchanged greetings with Valeria, Julia P and others. Shirley and I gave souvenirs to both of them. Marina, the Russian woman we met yesterday, gave Shirley and me each a model of the Tsar's bell which we saw in the Kremlin today. She is quite interested in doing research with either or both of us.

We invited Marina back to our hotel for dinner, but she had been invited to another dinner. We invited Julia and she accepted. Nancy took a taxi home with some other people and Shirley, Julia and I walked back along the river. It was a glorious evening, blue sky and sinking sun made the river gleam with light. Julia had not seen the White House ever, she said. She was surprised at the barricades, which have been largely taken down by now. We clambered over the wooden stakes beneath the bridge for one last time. Even if I do come back to Moscow again, I will never see it as I have seen it during this past week.

Our dinner with Julia was quite pleasant. She is still struggling with English, but she does very well. Her visit to IBBY in Williamsburg seems to have made her feel very friendly toward the U.S. She met Shirley there and was friendly with her too.

### **Saturday, August 24, 1991, 8:53 PM**

Today was tour day. We left at 9:00 for the Rossia Hotel where we got the bus to take us to Zagorsk. Before that I was able to pick up my passport and corrected visa, a blessing. After having refused to leave them with the Intourist woman at the Sovincentre, I gave them to Tatyana yesterday because she said the visa should be corrected. And I have learned to trust her---besides, the coup is over). Our guides wanted us to leave the city early because of the expected demonstration. Today was the day that the three young men killed in the coup were buried. People started coming into the city by Metro and walking early this morning. The gathering was at Revolution Square which is directly behind the Russian Congress building. We didn't see much of this because we left the city at 10:00 A.M.

We drove through the countryside, about 72 km. to Zagorsk, which is a fairly large city. We arrived there at 11:30 and were taken to an unpretentious basement shop before anything else. Then we went to lunch in a large restaurant. We had a large lunch there which included--bread and meat, cabbage soup, pork chop, potatoes and cabbage salad, and then ice cream, cream puff and coffee. The largest lunch by far that we have had since we came to Russia.

Next, we went to the monastery of St. Sergius. The gorgeous gold domes of the cathedral rose over the gates as we approached. We walked through the gate into an enclosed area which seemed filled with churches. We went into one church, the oldest of all, to see the walls covered with icons. Women and men were approaching an ornate silver tomb, kneeling down and kissing the ground in front of it, and kissing the glass above the tomb. I assume the bones of St. Sergius are entombed there, although I am not absolutely certain. At the side of the tomb, a Russian



Orthodox priest in black robes chanted prayers, interspersed with a chorus singing hymns. I could not see the choir and am not sure whether or not it was live, but I think it was. There were many people lighting candles. The whole atmosphere was very religious. I wonder whether this religion has revived since the perestroika or whether it has always existed.

When we went outside the guide told us the history of the monastery. It was interesting, but I couldn't remember it all. The churches are colorful and striking. The five golden domes of the cathedral stand for Christ and the four evangelists. A more ornate structure houses a holy well. Many people there were paying a small amount of money to drink water from the well. They also lit candles there. We saw the tomb of Boris Godunov, which seems quite plain and simple. He gave money to the monastery to build one of the churches as a token of his repentance for killing one of his sons, so he is the greatest patron of the monastery. We saw a rather plain white church, 17th century, which is built of stone in imitation of the wooden style of architecture. The Russian churches, we were told, are plain on the outside and ornate on the inside so that one can find inside an atmosphere completely different from everyday life. This contrast causes one to contemplate spiritual matters.

We next went to the museum where we had to put on large leather overshoes to keep from damaging the floor. We saw impressive icons, the earliest imported from Byzantium. The guide told us that the figure in an icon does not look directly at a person but into their soul, so that they cause a person to think spiritual thoughts. She said icons are flat and frank. I wish I could remember more of what she told us.

Part of the museum was devoted to folk art, carved wooden toys and household implements, costumes and embroidery from different parts of Russia most of them not too far from Moscow so I don't think they were from other republics. Then we saw jewelry. We didn't see nearly all that there was in the museum; there was a wealth of things to see.

We had about 45 minutes to wander about the monastery on our own and then we took the bus back to Moscow. It was an uneventful trip, although we did stop to take pictures of a lovely yellow painted wooden house. We reached the city but found no unusual traffic and were at the hotel without problem. The TV was on in the lobby and we saw the burial of the three young heroes who died at the barricades.

Afterward Shirley and I walked up the Arbat. It was filled with salesmen trying to sell us amber (far more than I had seen other places), dolls, trays, all sorts of things. They didn't want to take U. S. dollars and said, "Don't show money". Evidently, they are quite concerned about having American money, although it seems to be acceptable in most stores. I bought an icon and an embroidered baby cap.

Back at the hotel we had dinner with Nancy, Miriam T., Maxine and her friend the art librarian from Australia. It was a good meal. We had tomato salad, caviar, beef stroganoff and champagne. And now back in the room to pack. We leave tomorrow morning at 8:00 A.M.

There's so much more I should write. I hope that I take time to do when I get home. Right now, I'm too sleepy at 9:28 PM.

### **Monday, August 26, 1991, 6:38 AM**

We left Moscow yesterday right after breakfast. A bus took us to the airport --not the international one where we arrived, but a smaller one for internal flights. We sat in the small, crowded waiting room for almost an hour and a half waiting to go through security and board the plane. I used the washroom which turned out to be a hole set in the floor like the ones I saw in Taiwan in 1983 and in Italy years before that. Russia has a lot of catching up to do.

We had to take a bus to the plane. The driver drove furiously, swerving around corners until finally a woman fell on me, banged my head against the window, knocked off my glasses, and cut my lip. Fortunately, it was no worse than that.

Finally, we boarded the plane. It was open seating, and very crowded, but I was lucky enough to get an aisle seat. Across the aisle from me a large, Russian man was balancing a cloth--wrapped package on his legs and taking swigs from a flask. He never buckled his seat belt at all, and I kept hoping we wouldn't hit rough weather that would bounce him into my seat. The plane was old but adequate. The walls were papered with fancy aqua and gold paper, --a rather baroque plane. For refreshments we had mineral water or orange drink, quite nice.

When we arrived in Kiev, we didn't even have to go through the airport. A bus was waiting for us and we didn't have to pick up our luggage. We drove to our hotel where we were assigned our rooms and then went to the restaurant for a hearty lunch. Once again, we had an appetizer of bread, cheese and meat, a delicious soup, and some sort of meat with rice, French fries, and beets. For dessert there was ice cream, of course. Our hotel room is not bad, a large window and lovely view of the city. It is much quieter than our hotel in Moscow. Unfortunately, I saw two dead roaches in the bathroom, which makes me unhappy.

We boarded the bus for our afternoon tour of a monastery. This one is even older than the one at Zagorsk. The golden domes rise against the sky from the turrets of several churches. This is a working monastery, so black robed Orthodox priests, many of them quite young, were walking around the grounds. I can't remember that we went into any of the churches, but it's all beginning to blur in my mind. Oh, no, we were taken to a museum of folk art. We saw the long, embroidered towels that Ukrainian girls make for their hope chests, and costumes, toys, wooden carved household utensils, rugs, etc. It was a large and varied display. Our guide, Adele, told us that she never learned to embroider but that she hoped her daughters would have the opportunity to revive this skill. I wonder whether these traditions will ever really catch on again despite the lure of nationalism. The highlight of this tour was to be the visit to the caves where saints and priests are buried.

When we came to the entrance of the cave, we were denied admittance because it was too late--4:50 when the cave was to close at 5:00. We walked quite a distance through a cloister and

up a hill to another cave. Here we were admitted. We each bought a candle for a ruble and were told to hold the candle in our left hand and hold the railing with our right. The stairs circled downward for a long, long time. It was pitch black with only the narrow tapers lighting our way. I was in front of Nancy and of course it is worrisome hoping that she will not stumble. Her ankles give her a lot of trouble.

Finally we reached level ground and walked through narrow unlit corridors where we could see the rich vestments of the buried saints. The soil and air down in these caves preserve bodies naturally, so the bodies are mummified; --an occasional brown, shriveled hand poked out of the vestments to show us that. We were supposed to be silent in the caves, priests sat beside some of the tombs and prayed. It is a living place of worship as well as a tourist attraction.

We had a long climb back to the bus. The guide had warned us that we would have some climbing to do. She told us that once she had taken a group of Americans down and they declared they could not get back up, she would have to call taxis. I don't know how she handled that. Americans certainly do have a bad reputation as tourists, most of it deserved, I'm sure.



We were whisked back to the hotel for a quick change before setting off for a folk concert. The bus took us to a large, modern concert hall where we saw a troop of Ukrainian dancers and singers. They put on an excellent performance, starting with the national anthem for which everyone stood up. (Yesterday the Ukraine declared independence, so this is a dramatic time for us to be visiting here.) The music sounded to me a little monotonous, but the songs were rousing and the dancing unbelievably agile. The costumes were colorful and ornate. No two seemed exactly alike. It was an exciting performance, although I think

I've now heard enough Ukrainian music to last me for a lifetime.

At 9:30 we had dinner. This time we had chicken Kiev. Shirley, Nancy and I invited Tatyana to join us at the table and had an interesting conversation. Her husband is a TV journalist and she spent nine months in Chicago last year with him. She is an excellent guide and very accommodating. There were four people who did not come to the concert last night and who were late for dinner because we had changed our plans and ate at 9:30 instead of 10:00. I could hear one young man complaining to her of the change in plans and the fact that a band played rather loudly during the meal. It must be a hard job being a guide and putting up with all this nonsense.

This morning the sky is clear. The weather has been beautiful ever since the coup ended. It rained steadily on the emergency situation, but the sky blazed with sun when Yeltsin won---surely an omen. We go on a city tour this morning and a boat ride this afternoon. Tomorrow we leave early for Leningrad.



--8:50 PM Our day started this morning with a city tour. Our guide, Adele, gave us the history of the city as we drove to a lookout point near a war memorial. At this same point, which overlooked a good part of the city, there was a monument to the eternal friendship between Russia and the Ukraine. A rather troubled friendship right now it seems, since the Ukraine has just declared its independence. This is a city of massive monuments, in addition to the two robust soldiers celebrating victory and the stone carving of the friendly Ukrainians and Russians, there is a huge metal arch about thirty

feet high which must commemorate something, but I didn't quite catch what it was. There is also, on a hillside a huge stainless steel statue of "Mother Russia" built by Brezhnev during the 1960s. It's quite an ugly statue, which each of the guides pointed out.

We went on to look at a church from the outside, since it was closed, and to walk through the old section of the city. This part doesn't seem extensive but has attractive buildings. We had trouble collecting everyone from the stop at St. Andrew's and finally drove off leaving one couple, but since they spoke Russian it seemed safe to leave them. We went on to the cathedral of St. Sophia, an impressive 11th century cathedral. It is whitewashed, as so many of the churches here are, this makes them cleaner and more attractive than many western European cathedrals. The domes of this cathedral were of gleaming gold, just like many others we have seen.

We waited in line for twenty minutes or so to get into the cathedral and to see the original mosaics and some of the 16th century frescoes. They are really lovely. We walked around the cathedral grounds and then headed again for the bus.

We came back to the hotel for lunch, and in the afternoon went for a boat trip. The boat trip on the Dneiper was calm and relaxing. After we left the boat, Shirley, Nancy and I asked the bus driver to let us off downtown. We walked through the crowded main street of the city, watched the demonstration of Ukrainian nationalists waving their new blue and gold flags and making speeches, stopped in a department store and saw the lines of people waiting at every counter. The walking was not easy for Nancy because we had to use underpasses at most street corners.

We walked too far and could not find our way to the hotel, but a man passing by offered to help and he showed us the way to the Hotel Rus. We had to climb a long flight of stone steps to get here. I thought Nancy might collapse before we made it, but she didn't. When we got back,

Shirley and I walked up to the Intourist hotel to change some money. We stopped there for a drink in the dimly lit, cosmopolitan looking lobby.

Back to our hotel for a Ukrainian dinner of two dough covered ravioli type things, one filled with meat and the other with potatoes. Not the kind of food I like best, but certainly hearty. Tomorrow we leave for Leningrad.

### **Wednesday, August 28, 1991, 7:02 AM**

Most of yesterday was spent in traveling to Leningrad from Kiev. We had breakfast at 8:30, having left our packed bags in our rooms. The bags were brought down and loaded into a truck for the airport while we had another hour to take a walk or write postcards or whatever. At 10:00 the bus took us to the airport. Tatyana had to hand in our tickets and check them through while we waited in the crowded lobby.

At 11:30 we were taken to lunch in a pleasant restaurant hidden away in the recesses of the airport. It had white linen tablecloths and good service; --almost impossible to believe that it was in the same tacky airport we had been waiting in before. We had the usual full lunch of appetizer, soup and main dish (rather bony chicken this time). Then we went down to stand in line for security and finally climb into the plane.

Our flight was more comfortable than the one from Moscow to Kiev. The plane was quite large, the wall decorations a more subdued gold and white, and the seats quite comfortable. The washrooms were good too, which was a blessing, since the washrooms in the airport were smelly and dirty, too much so for me to use.

We were taken by bus to our hotel which is the most elegant hotel we've stayed in so far. Our room is large and had a small fridge, a color TV, a radio, and a modern bath. This is the Pulkovskaya Hotel and it seems strange that we are not supposed to drink the water in this elegant setting. I'm glad we didn't stay in this kind of American style hotel all the time we were in Russia, but it is a relief to be here after the dinginess of our Kiev hotel.

Our tour yesterday afternoon was to the library of the Soviet Academy of Science. We visited their rare book room, their manuscript department where an enthusiastic young man showed us books annotated by Peter the Great, and other treasures. We also went to the stacks where the books damaged in the great fire of 1988 are being restored. It is sad to see the charred spines of the books which are waiting for restoration. I hadn't been enthusiastic about going on a library tour, but this was quite impressive. Today we are supposed to go to the public library, but Shirley, Nancy and I may skip off that to go sightseeing.

Leningrad looks like a beautiful city. We crossed the Neva river. and saw some of the beautiful 18th century palaces. They are colored blue, green, and red with white trim. And the huge, sprawling Heritage, light green and white, is the most intriguing. I'd like to go there this





afternoon instead of just having the tour tomorrow. We'll have to see what we can manage.

We still haven't found any English language papers, and although we have two English stations on TV, neither of them has news. One is a sports station and the other is World Television from the U.K. which is broadcasting documentaries about Biblical lands and Nepal and other such places. The guide told us that the mayor of Leningrad has proclaimed that the name of the city will be changed quickly because of the heroism of the people who refused to accept the coup last week. There is more news every night, we watched Gorbachev give a speech yesterday on TV, but it is difficult to know what is happening. We would know more, no doubt, if we were at home.

**Thursday, August 29, 1991, 7:03 AM**

Yesterday morning we took the bus to the waterfront where we boarded a hydrofoil. It was much the same size as the riverboat we took in Kiev. The ride was smooth, zooming across on top of the water we scarcely even rocked. Nancy and I stood outside for quite a while and watched the banks of the Bay of Finland as we sailed across. The trip took about half an hour.

We disembarked at Petrodvorets. This is a summer palace that Peter the Great built. We walked through the large formal gardens toward the palace. The fountains were not operating and there is still construction going on. The palace, like so much of Leningrad, was badly damaged during the war. The palace and its grounds reminded me very much of Charlottenburg in Berlin. It is from the same era, --the 18th century. We walked through room after room with ornate gold and white baroque decor. Elaborate wallpapers designed in China or France graced the walls of boudoirs, libraries and receiving rooms. There was a large white dining room with a table set for about forty people, cream colored Wedgwood china especially made for Elizabeth, Peter's daughter. Peter's own office was paneled in carved oak, much more simple and attractive than most of the other rooms. (As in other palaces, we had to wear heavy felt slippers over our shoes.) After the palace we had 15 minutes to browse through the stalls set up in the park outside. The same familiar souvenirs for sale. I took a number of pictures, but it was a very gray day and I just





hope they came out. Finally we gathered at the bus.

We had lunch at the restaurant here, which is quite large and elegant. Our food has been very good ever since we started the tour. Russian food is not my favorite, but it is hearty and satisfying. The soups, which we get for lunch each day, are truly delicious. They are more like unthickened stews than soups, rich with potatoes, chunks of meat, cabbage, carrots, sometimes beets.

At 2:15 we left for the public library tour. There were five of us who wanted to go to the Hermitage instead of the library, and the bus driver dropped us off there. Surprisingly, there was no line and we could buy our tickets quickly. When we drove in the bus down crowded Nevsky Prospekt, I was sure it would take forever for us to walk back to our meeting point.

It is difficult to find your way around the museum, some of the signs are in English, but not very many. The Hermitage is in the Winter Palace and the setting, the ornate ceilings, the inlaid tables, are all

part of the beauty of the museum. We walked around about two-thirds of one floor and saw the Dutch and Flemish paintings. They have a large number of Rembrandts as well as lesser painters. We went downstairs to look at the shops but found they had very few postcards. I did buy one set of cards--reproductions of 18th century paintings for 1.75 rubles; --the price is ridiculously low.

At 4:15 we left for the bus. We walked across the Palace Square with its tall marble shaft in the center. Nevsky Prospekt seemed slightly less crowded than it had looked from the bus, but people jostled against us. Many tried to sell us something or asked us to change money. We passed queues outside many of the stores. It was not a pleasant walk. Although we saw no gypsies, I got the same feeling of unease that we had had in Moscow.

We did arrive back at the park with Catherine's statue where we were supposed to meet the bus. We were early, the underpasses not being as formidable as I had thought. At one underpass we were able to walk across the street, another had ramps instead of steps, which made it easier to navigate. We arrived almost half an hour early and sat in the park for a while, watching men playing chess and talking intensely in small groups. We are still suffering from a lack of English language news. How I long for a *New York Times* or even *Time Magazine*!

Back to the hotel for dinner. Afterwards we went to see a folk show. The show we saw was here in the hotel. It was very similar to the Ukrainian show in Kiev, but the troop was smaller and less

professional. The costumes were different and less varied. There was a chorus, a small band, and a group of dancers. It was pleasant enough, although I had to laugh sometimes because it seemed like a parody of folk art. Incomprehensible interplay on stage, men dressed with the heads of animals and elaborate rituals between the men and women which no doubt had meaning but were totally baffling to us. I've heard enough Russian music for a while.

The show ended about 9:00. I came back to the room and read for a while before bed. Had a fairly good sleep although there are mosquitoes here which are a nuisance. I woke this morning to find my arms and face covered with mosquito bites.

### **Friday, August 30, 1991, 7:47 AM**

Yesterday morning we took a bus tour out to Pavlovsk and Pushkin. They are both located about twenty kilometers south of Leningrad. Pavlovsk is another palace. It was built by Catherine the Great for her son, Paul. Designed in the 18th century it is filled with opulent gold and white rooms, brocaded draperies and silk wall coverings. During WWII, it was occupied by the Nazis and terribly devastated. In each room there is a picture as it was in 1944 so that you can see how successful the restoration is. And the restoration is almost unbelievable. Just as in Dresden, each chair and table and decoration seems to have been lovingly restored to its original form. It is surprising that there has been money to restore these treasures, when there seems so little to make people's lives easier. Many of the statues and pictures were buried under the palace or hidden in people's homes, but the onslaught was so fast that there was little time, so larger items had to be left. Our guide told us that one woman took the plan of where everything was buried and slipped through the front lines to take it to safety. The Germans found some of the buried statues and shot twelve villagers on the twelve spots as a warning to others to give up the secrets of the burials, but according to the guide that did not work. Now there is an organization called Friends of Pavlovsk which raises money and gives balls in the palace. The rooms today had lovely bouquets of flowers left over from the ball on August 27.

From there we went by bus to Pushkin, the "czar's village" which contains yet another palace, a lovely blue and white building built by Catherine. The palace is closed, but we walked through the formal gardens. The day was very gray and I'm not sure how the pictures will come out, but it was a good trip.

We returned to the hotel for lunch and at 2:15 took the bus down to the Hermitage. Our guide Nelly, who has been with us all the time we have been in Leningrad, gave us an excellent tour. We saw many of the galleries which Shirley, Nancy and I had seen yesterday, but also additional ones. Nelly told us about the building and furniture as well as the pictures. We saw two Leonardo DaVinci paintings, many Rembrandts, Van Dykes, and many of the Impressionists, Matisse, Picasso, and others. All of them of course predate the Russian revolution.

Last night was our gala dinner. Tables loaded with food, caviar, salads, then came chicken, veal, pancakes served with caviar. So much food that it was difficult to look at it much less eat it. There was also plenty to drink--coke, mineral water, vodka, champagne, wine. We sat at large

round tables. There was a gypsy floor show, loud and energetic, and then the band played for dancing. Our table did not do much dancing. At one point John asked me to dance, but I was afraid to try. Ah well! We did end the party, being the last table to leave at midnight. Too short a night's sleep and now for breakfast.

### **Saturday, August 31, 1991, 7:05 AM**

We're back in Moscow, this time staying at the Hotel Cosmos, which is out by the Olympic Stadium. Yesterday we had our last tour in Leningrad. We went to the Russian Museum, an old palace converted into a museum in 1898. The icon room was closed for renovations, so the galleries we went through were 18th and 19th century Russian paintings. Nelly was extremely knowledgeable about these as she had been about the ones in the Hermitage, but the paintings themselves were not nearly so impressive.

After the museum, the bus took us to St. Isaac's Cathedral. It is the third largest cathedral in the world. It's a 19th century structure built in eclectic style. The mosaics are impressive. They cover almost all of the wall space. There are no pews or seats of any kind, as usual in a Russian church, and the altar is hidden from view behind the icon screen. Filled with groups of tourists, it didn't seem like a place to worship at all. The lush, 19th century paintings were not to my taste. The whole seemed overelaborate and almost ugly.

We hurried back to the hotel to identify our luggage before starting for the airport. Then we took the bus out there and had lunch again in a well-appointed restaurant. The trip to Moscow was short, only a little over an hour, and comfortable. We had to wait a while for our luggage, but then the bus whisked us to the Cosmos Hotel. This is a large, quite luxurious tourist hotel. It was built by the French for the 1980 Olympics. We found a newsstand and I was able to buy the *Herald Tribune* and *Newsweek*, which has devoted an entire issue to the Russian coup.

By the time we got our room and made arrangements for our airport pickup tomorrow, it was time to leave for dinner at the Georgian restaurant where a large group had made reservations. Nancy is sharing our room, which makes it a little crowded, but not bad.

Most people changed into dresses for the restaurant, but I didn't think I had time to dig that stuff out. Of course, then we had to wait, so I could have changed anyway. I felt self-conscious in my traveling clothes. As usual, despite my careful planning, my clothes don't seem entirely adequate for all occasions. I'm going to try even harder next year.

The bus took us to the restaurant and picked us up again afterwards, despite some arguments from people who wanted to take the Metro. The restaurant was near Red Square. We had a semiprivate dining room (one other group). The table was laden with food, about eight different kinds of appetizers, cucumbers, chicken with walnuts, salads, salami, too much to eat.

-8:24 AM Last night's party was something to write about, but we're a bit too crowded here for me to have time. Perhaps tomorrow morning. Anyway, the champagne and wine and vodka

flowed, three musicians came in and played for us, vendors tried to sell us watches, shawls and caviar at the table, and toward the end the group started singing. Ludmilla, the Russian-Brazilian lawyer, has a lovely singing voice and is so lively that she keeps everything going. Nancy was across the table from me, almost falling asleep by 10:00 and looking very unhappy, but I enjoyed it all.

We left at 11:00 and drove to the Hotel Rossia to pick up some baggage. Red Square was spectacular—the ruby stars bright on the towers and the cathedral lighted spectacularly. There is going to be a celebration on Sunday for Moscow's founding day—music and opera in the square, but we'll be gone by then.