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21 August: Istanbul - Eszabata Escabet

Arose to catch the 7:45 boat from Büyükkada to Köprü, but Yalman who had been out late the night before wanted to sleep more & we caught the 9:00 boat. Took a dolmuş to Cigli & then waving a 5 liras note urged him on to Medideköy: he demanded 6½ liras in all which is highway robbery, having gone down in the other direction for 1.75, but then I had spent also 20 liras to get there by taxi — so about average. At Tatkö it took another hour to get the bill paid — 50 — & Haliki Bey offered me some tea while I waited. Yalman showed up just as I was finishing, having chatted to the Mayor of Istanbul about a road which was to be built on a property on which the Yalman's have an option. We drove down to Tatkö / Taksim where I collected my stuff & Sean almost talked me into 2 tires but then showed up in the nick of time. Then sat in the L/R & sent off receipts to Kathy — was accosted in the process by shoe shine boy who begged some chocolate off me & then pretended to want to do my shoes in return — then off course demanding money; and a money changer — 13 to 1 — and hashish pusher. Re. money, Yalman says he's heard 17 to 1. Says also Turkey is cracking down hard on narco. Finally pushed off c 2:30. Outside town picked up two hitchhikers — 2 French boys from Dijon making their way from Lebanon back to France. Took them to Kesem & then turned south to Ec. Was flagged down by a lorry which had run out of fuel & sold them a grey car for 1000. Soldiers all over the place & guard houses along the road. Terrain: fr. Istan then Macedonian fields & then coastal hills of ~~the~~ pine forest & scrub. Decided to cross Dardanelles in daylight.

I picked up a French hitchhiker, son of diplomats, has been living the last two years in Morocco - a student at Nantes. He was heading for Bodrum + thence to find a boat to Rhodes - Crete - Sicily. He had been working in the office of the Turkish Student Union since May. We went to Pirene - again set atop a hill overlooking the valley - a very nice small theatre. Then across the valley on a dirt road with a sign that said it wasn't open to vehicles; but (a) it didn't look bad, (b) we did have a Land Rover, (c) some guys said a taxi had gone thru. There were reasons for the sign: a wooden bridge that I held my breath going over + then an impassable ditch across the road c 3 feet deep, the road itself being raised above the plain - a little boy was found who showed us an alternative dirt road thru a nearby village so that we didn't have to go back over the bridge. That bridge was over water; not as usual a dry bed, - the famous Herander R. whose silting left Miletos high + dry giving trade to rival Ephesus. Eventually we arrived at Miletos - on the plain itself: the large Amphitheatre seems to be constructed en masse rather than carved into a natural hillside as at Pergama, Ephesus, etc. Many ruins widely scattered in the plain, but there didn't seem to be much else strikingly obvious. I decided to take the French fellow to Milas which was by way of arid hills + Bafa Lake. At Milas we had lunch - yogurt, pilau + melon - then parted. I headed toward Aydin over a terrible road tho it did go thru some very nice pine (almost alpine) forested hills + then through some magnificent barren rock gorges from Yatagan to Aydin. Saw again a number of accidents turned over buses + trucks, car collisions - all recent. Arrived in town just before dark + stopped to ask a hotel for a policeman who happened to be in front of the tourist info kiosk - a friendly guy speaking excellent English took over - Ergun - said I could share his hotel room for 7.50 YL. Ergun

25 Aug. Not drive to Alanya. At Post Office there difficulty in making myself understood but about three visitors mail - nothing from Reidar. Bought some cheese & bread & went out to a beach for a brief swim - water warm & not clear - not refreshing in same way as cool clear Aegean. Pushed on to Gündoğmuş - 37 km of steeply graded dirt road but - pine tree forest so quite nice. Picked up two guys along the way - communication almost nil: name Gökhan brought no recognition. Got to the town of 4 thousand pop & they gave me some tea & a crowd quickly gathered - again name Gökhan brought no recognition. An elementary school teacher was found who spoke a little English - we went to the Post - still no recog. Went back to another cafe & had some more tea - another crowd - picked up another young elementary school teacher who also spoke a little English. Went back to the Post Office to try to phone the Yalmane - connection was established in a few moments but I couldn't make myself understood to the male voice on the other end & he signed off with an revoir - the operator tried to help but the conclusion was that the party I wanted to speak to wasn't there (? Mar?). Probably a useless queue enigma - Mar is probly still in Vienna & Shirley in town & no one else who would know Reidar's whereabouts. So I had lunch there & took off for the main road debating whether to return to a beach motel since it was late 3:30 & maybe call Istanbul again on the morrow or to head for Kenya. Decided (a) calling Istanbul not much use (b) too late for much swimming; therefore see if can at least get 1/2 way to Kenya depending on the road before dark - road turned out to be dirt - never eaten so much dust in my life - everything absolutely covered. Getting stuck behind a lorry was absolute terror - visibility reduced to nil. As dusk approached kept debating whether to pull off road & sleep in Rover or push on to Beyşehir. Eventually did latter arriving 1/2 hour after dark but fell near so not too bad. Main hotel in town said

Comparison of the terrain between Konya, coal and Ankara is the meseta of Spain - yellow grass, brown, arid, adobe + cement buildings.

27 August (Wed) ANKARA. Went down to the Tatko office where I was warmly received by Bayan Firath (Günar Hanım) + we discussed the loan residence permit - a friend of hers knows the new Iranian ambassador to Turkey apt'd about a week ago + is having lunch with him on Monday - ~~the~~ Günar Hanım called the friend + he agreed to take up my case. In the meantime a pretty young girl, Zena, came in - ed. at Ht Adyok - + she called a fellow at the Iranian Embassy, Adil Bey, who seemed to know what was going on. So I was sent to the Iranian Embassy to see them. A nice building. Adil Bey, a tall slim long-haired, long-side-bearded young man greeted me friendly + took me to see another man. The two of them agreed that there is no such thing as a residence permit + that the longest visa is a 3-month one which I have anyway. Drove then to see Atatürk's mausoleum - very stark. Had lunch in the youth park (chikkelab) + then went back to TATKO where we agreed that if Adil Bey knew nothing about a residence visa - waiting til Monday for the lunch with the Ambassador probably has no point. Then told me of 2 American female reporters who are being driven to Iran by a TATKO driver on Sat. + maybe I would like to follow them. Was then introduced to a ^{17 y old} Habren - Nus's Fa Si So So who is studying public admin at METU - he hopes to be the 3rd Habren to find a job outside of Tatko: the others being Nus + a theatre director in Milwaukee. He went with me to 2 hostels at Ankara U. to see if there were blue boards of kids going east - weren't. He then took me 10 km out of town on the Izmir road to show me METU whose claim to fame now is the burning of the American ambassador's car last year (the guy had been in charge of Vietnam pacification)

29 August (Friday) Took off this morning for train still debating whether to go straight across the Anatolian plateau or go up to the Black Sea. Eventually decided to take the cooler, probably more scenic, if longer northern route. Made it to Samsun about 2 & headed on towards Trabzon. The air was indeed much cooler & the coast is a refreshing green after the arid brown. A feeling of fertility - many cotton fields - good brick & cement houses. A different atmosphere from the raininess of Ankara. Stopped around 5:30 at a DT hotel - had perhaps another hour of twilight but 200 km to Trabzon & the road is beginning to get variable again. Will see if I can make an early start tomorrow & try to make Erzurum at least. The way I'm eating gas I'll probably have to cash another $\frac{1}{2}$ traveler's check here. Going up to my room, passed two older fellows on the landing doing their devotions.

30 August (Saturday) Left early in the morning after a disappointing breakfast of tea - stale bread & honey - must have been over anxious & hurried off ~~to~~ Trabzon instead of waiting for the later better road, but the sign said this way to Erzurum. Road was paved & so not bad but very slow winding & steep - back up the Trabzon valley which remained green & fertile for a way & then the hills gradually became brown. Outside of Aşkale I picked up 2 English hitchhikers, Tim & Pedro (of Sphadic Jewish descent - 14th cent to Eng but no longer Jewish - a mid stud in Lad.) They had been on the road & were hitchhiking across N. Afr to Benghazi & then since the border of Eg is closed luckily caught the northbound boat to Izmir. P. has worked as a kebbutrim 3 summers & begins to find the Israeli anxieties - business of tearing down the Arab dwellings around the Whitehall, destruction of housing in the Gaza Strip, destruction of road signs on the W. Bank & replacement w/ large Israeli signs 1st in

as if she might be retarded but was good for me because she made me talk Farsi. They offered us coke + mdm + the porter left us* in charge of a friend of the family a beautiful girl named Firuze, (youngster) - an Eng student at Tabriz U. (* He asked me, after learning I was interested in relig if it were true as a Russian paper said that there was no ^{state} of Israel in ancient times). The youngsters, Firuze, Shirzen? (the cute sis), the bro, + his friend, drove us about a bit in the car showing us the Tomb of the unknown soldier (fr 22 yrs ago), the Blue Mosque + the town etc - a beautiful mod stone built by the Shah in honor of himself w a crown bit on the outside. Then to the hotel owned by the Parsas for dinner + then to bed. They own the hotel + c. 3 cement

1 Sept (Monday) Left saying goodbye to Mr Parsa c 9 - long drive to Tehran arrive c 7 after dark - impression of large mod city - no tourist info - kept stopping by police stands - eventually bedded down in a dormitory for hours for 50R.

2 Sept (Tue) Said goodbye to Tui + Pedro. To Amer Embassy for mail, to PC, to Br Inst. Met Prof Alan Butler, wife + 2 girls - for Ann Arbor on sabbatical to translate a 12th cent Seljuk text. Met Bill Roger fr Princeton doing a Hist thesis on Safis who took me to see Howard Folklatt - friendly long chat + lunch - must work thru U to get permit. Prejudice vs Jews. Is working on video social in small town near Garm. Bazar feeling apart due to Brit anarchy + rural cops. Israeli devel proj out that way. Share room w Prof Frye. Spent after dinner chatting w him + the butlers. Closing of Suez been wh well cont as long as Arab-Israeli conflict - building up of Badas in S - Arab flowering in Shikr buying property - ahleb Beirut dies. Only 20 zeros in Shiraz but built post temple. Convert to Bahai. Talk + unrest at Kambing.

Dozin

The conversation w. Howie & ^{butler} centered e. polit attitudes; one can lampoon everything here except the monarchy. Everyone loves the Shah - he is everywhere - he is not the gut & therefore does no evil. And after all he is a progressive driving force. The city planning fellows says no one talks e. Bourgeois. Howie says no one in Cairo has anything good to say about Nasser - is a plodding city unlike Damascus which is dedicated w. Israel. Thinks that is not new post 1967.

For dinner went to Howie & Nancy Rothblatt who were dressed in the most delightful Perdicch outfits they got in Karamanashar. Howie says the latest word is that Nagdi has been axed as head of the Inst for Soc. Res. Possibility that the G. foundation may help Am. scholars w. residence permits. Pope (former hd of Asia - did die). Andy - & - were at dinner the former a city planner w. the Peace Corps, the latter a Oxford man who has been in the Arab world now teaching Eng lit here. After an excellent, tho not hot chicken - ~~why~~ we went over to Don West & met the Stilo's who are just back from Yugoslavia. Had a hair raising trip back thru Bulgaria - 1/2 of them: were told the train would stop in Sofia 1/2 hr so Don & a girl got off to buy food - were left by the train which only stopped 10 min - left w/o money, passport etc. Bulgarian officials nasty - Bulgarians cant speak anything but B. only understanding but not speaking a little Russian. Sent telegram to have his wife & the faith get off at the next town & wait - ~~the~~ it didnt get there & she got off at the border where eventually they met up. Then trip by bus to Istanbul - Sina - ~~Belem~~ - with fights: typical occurrence: loories wait let bus pass - eventually pass & then stop & make loories wait: never fights. Stilo has disc a Gypsy village in the Caucasus

Down to BOAC who had the papers for my carton but I'll have to get to Mehrabad Airport to get it. Went to the dept store Foruchga Fardowski & bought some shoes & rubber sandals & razor blades. Back for lunch at the Inst. better to folks. Drove out to the Airport but they were closed for the Sabbath & told me to come back Sun. at 8 am. Back to the Institute. Rich Salter introduced me to Reza Fasel, a Persian doing anthro at Berkeley who said there's a mass of data in Persian on the Zoro.

After dinner read some & then to a party at Don Stilo's (his 20th birthday). Horie & Nancy Rofeldt gave me to Kay & Alas the letter told us to call his name when we stepped over him because 'one only ignores a corpse'. Don says Zoro by rel to Kurdish - ^{one of the cent plateau group}
5 Sept (Fri) - quiet day reading. Jacob Black was in & suggested that in c. 10 days I might move into the Germ. Inst. where the rate is only 10 tomans a night instead of 15 for a private room. Also suggested I see Haligi at the Museum & research & residence permit. Apparently I first need a research permit ~~then~~ then a residence permit & finally perhaps a work permit. Haligi will need a letter & my project & a letter from the Embassy to the Foreign Ministry & once he gets approval from the latter he can get the research permit from the Ministry of Culture & Art. Then he writes a letter to the Police for a residence permit & they may require a work permit. Black is the nephew of the philosopher Max Black - his wife is working in a Quechua group in Peru.

6 Sept. (Sat) Jacob Black took me to see Haligi & did my talking for me as Haligi speaks French but not Eng or Ger. Haligi asked that I get the Cultural Attaché to write a letter to a Mr. Shahzadeh at the Foreign Ministry (Vezarate Omur-e Kharije Edareh-ye Resabet-e Farhang) requesting the latter to clear the project & then write a letter back to him (Haligi - Director of Edareh-ye Farhang Ameh, Museum Iran Bastan).

stewardess refusing to allow him to take the serum in her icebox, making him put it in ice under the seat, etc. etc. Dropping him off at his home up Pahlavi, he introduced me to his landlord, a Zoroastrian who speaks some English, named Kabouli but apparently from Kerman. Kabouli upon being told I was interested in Z. said Z. was the first to talk a one Ed, followed by Mani, Mazda, Moses, Jesus, Mohammad.

Returned to the Inst for lunch & talked to Inez about people's dislike of Iran. She said that her first trip out here also was her first trip to Delhi & the latter turned her on while this place depressed her. I've not heard much good comments on Iran & it's odd that all 3 of the modern novels I've read are pessimistic & cynical too. Finished reading Esfandiary's *The Day of Sacrifice* in which he argues that the family rearing practices rob the individual of initiative, independence etc. & consequently the individ oft withdraws (& Azia then calls him a spiritual mystic) or lashes out in polit demonstrations (whether or not they understand the polit probl.)

8 Sept 1969 (Monday) This morning I paid a visit to Dr. Richard T. Arndt, the Cultural Affairs Officer, USIS to whom I apologized for the congressional letters - an apology which he accepted and was then very friendly, he & his assistant Miss Roth. He guessed, and for better or worse I admitted, that Saltzman was my informant. The basic problem he said was the gov simply didn't want S. in Baluchistan & the run-around was a nice way of saying couldn't you do something else. Said Thorge have been getting better & Howard Rothblatt & Sid Mintzer were the 2 catalysts he latter became a senior social scientist his presence raised a no. of questions, and the former made a complete record of everyone he talked to & this was taken by the Ambassador to the Minister of Ed. so show what a waste of time (175 days) & poor TA this was. I told him c. Haligi but he seemed to want me to wait for Semester or an affiliation w Pahlavi U. Talked about Kerman - a buddy-buddy with the Gov-General who is an

2 Sept. 1969 (Tues) - Said good-bye to Tui and Pedro and proceeded to the American Embassy to collect mail, to the Peace Corps Office where I met a fellow named Wade Corder who has been working in Kirman and has Zoroastrian contacts but was in a rush and said to check back tomorrow; he has some degree in anthro from some Calif. college and will be teaching in Shiraz this coming year. There is supposed to be a married couple in Yazd. Then went to the British Institute of Persian Studies, introduced myself to David Stronach and secured a bed. Met Prof. Alan Luther, on leave (sabbatical) from Ann Arbor, with his wife and 2 small daughters, here to translate a 12th century Seljuk text. They were here 9 years ago, had studied in Hamburg. Met Bill Royce from Princeton who is doing a history thesis on the Sufis; he took me to see Howard Rothblatt, with whom I stayed for lunch for a friendly long chat. Howie is working on industry and social change in Qazvin thru informal interviewing; says the bazar is falling apart due to the Gvt monopolies and rural cooperatives which bypass the middle-man bazaris. There is also this feeling that if you are a rich bazari you dont want to let your children remain within the bazari milieu, but you push them to get out, get an education and do something better and something with a future. The Israelis are helping to develop the Qazvin plain. Howie says he has run across prejudice vs the Jews, and it is stronger than vs the Christians. Prof. Richard Frye came in from Shiraz; he is my roommate. Spent the evening chatting with him and the Luthers or rather listening to them. Talk shifted from politics, how tho the one thing one cannot do is make fun of the monarchy and yet how the shah is getting things done, to the Iran-Israeli politics: Frye points out that the closing of the Suez Canal is a boon to Iran--oil consumers moving to Iran recognizing that the Suez problem will continue as long as the Israeli-Arab conflict goes on which is liable to be a long stretch. Bandar Abbas is growing while Beirut is a city dying. Meanwhile the Iranians and Israelis are cooperating in covert aid to the Kurds. The talk briefly turned to me and Zoroastrians: Frye says there are 70 Zoroastrians in Shiraz and they have just built a fire temple. Many of the Zoroastrans however seem to be converting to Bahai, which I find intriguing since traditionally Bahais have had a rough time in Iran, but Frye thinks it is the appeal of a kind of free-thought. Luther explained to Frye his project for computerizing a bibliography of work on Iran, current research, etc. The evening ended up on the subject of student unrest, Frye quite suprised to hear about the unrest at Chicago, since he had just recommended to a colleague at Hamburg to go to Chicago where such things wouldnt happen. Hamburg this year apparently was quite a place with some demonstration or other going on all the time and professors not speaking to each other over their various positions in the ruckus. (Frye had been defending the chair there, but had it after one year; he has to go back to give some exams but then is calling it quits.) Here apparently he is busy starting up a bulletin of the Asia Institute which he now heads.

3 Sept. (Wed) - Breakfast was a novel treat of eggs. Dick Saltzer came in from Shiraz with a full ~~xxxx~~ red beard; he's from Berkeley and is working with a group of the Qasqai nomads (Qaskuli kacek). I went out first to the PTT to get some aerogrammes, then to the Peace Corps Office to find Wade Corder but he wasnt in. Then back across to register with the Police on South Parah. Then by taxi back south to the Egerabat Bank to collect the \$250 Dad wired (taxi ride = 25R, metered). Then walked back to the Institute. The afternoon was spent sitting in the library there writing a letter to Nancy Foner and chatting with Saltzer, Jacob Black (SOAS-working with the nomads in Laristan), the Luthers, and an American girl, Louise, studying Islamic art in Cairo. The conversation between Saltzer and Black centered about the tribal structure of their nomads: the Qasqai have a very neat hierarchy whereas the Lurs have practically none. The Qasqai have not been effectively disarmed as have the Bachtixari: there are occasional shoot-outs, but guns are discreetly kept hidden. The Lurs are very well armed and not discreet. The Qasqai however have been effectively placed under Gvt control with a gendarm assigned to each group who has the final say on migration routes and dates, etc. which effectively undercuts the political confederacy at the Khan level.

The Qasqai speak Turkish among themselves tho often discuss Govt policy in Farsi: at least all the men are bi-lingual. They have been ordered to get rid of their goats presumably because goats eat forests, but Saltzer points out that the farmers are much more destructive of forests since they are snow-bound 7 months of the year. The tribesmen only use dead wood or wood from their own groves. Black remarks the Lurs wouldnt use their own wood but would save it to sell. Luristan is apparently a very wild place with lots of game--bear, wild goat, pig, etc.; also a fair number of highway men. Jacob was held up the other night with a companion after dark: he had been warned not to go out after dark but rejected the warning and since enough they were stopped. Jacob's companion shouted if you dont move off we'll shoot', altho they had no arms; and the bandits did move off, tho it is very likely they were armed since you dont go around holding people up without arms. Tribesmen always ask how much he makes--eventually a gendarme publically announced 'I know how much you get, you get 21 thousand dallars a month dont you!' Black told him to 'fuck off'--says the phrase will soon be a commonplace to a whole generation of Lurs. Black's other claim to anthropological fame seems to be that he is known as the man who got the British Govt to buy him a camel; he did in fact get a grant for a camel, but the Lurs dont have camels, so he's bought a black stallion for 800 tomans, which is good for prestige tho not as practical as a mull.

The conversation btw Louise and Luther centered on political attitudes: one can lampoon anything here except the monarchy. Everyone loves the Shah--he is everywhere--and since he isnt the govt and therefore does no evil why shouldnt everyone love him. And finally, he is a progressive force. A fellow passing thru with an MA in city planning from Columbia, says that in contrast, no one talks about Bourguiba at all. Louise says no one in Cairo has anything good to say about Nasser, everyone always runs him down; Cairo is a plodding city unlike Damascus which is dedicated to the fight against Israel; she thinks this is not new post 1967.

For dinner I was invited to Howie and Nancy Rothblatt's. They were dressed in the most delightful Kurdish outfits bought in Kermanshah. Howie says the latest word is that Naraghi has been axed as head of the Institute for Social Research. There is a possibility that a foundation (G--?) may help American scholars with residence permits. Pope, the Persian art expert and head of the Asian Institute til recently when he retired to emeritus status in favor of Dick Frye, died. Andy--- and --- where at dinner as well, the former a city planner with the Peace Corps, the latter an Oxford man who has been in the Arab world and now teaches English literature here. After an excellent chicken curry we went over to Don West's and met the Stilos (Don & Sharon--he a linguist fr Mich., she is secretary at the Br. Inst.) who are just back from Jugoslavia where they had a hair-raising trip back thru Bulgaria; 4 of them were travelling together. They were told that the train would stop for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in Sofia so Don and one of the girls got off to buy food and were left by the train, which took off after 10 minutes; the passports, tickets, money etc were on the train with Don's wife. The Bulgarian officials were just plain nasty and apparently could speak nothing but Bulgarian, understanding even little Russian. Don managed to send a telegram to have Sharon get off at the next town and wait, but it didnt get thru and she got off at the border where he eventually went. Sharon was apparently babbled at constantly in Bulgarian. The trip by TBT bus from Istanbul apparently was just as eventful: fights, somesort of epileptic attack, and the typical road play: lorry wouldnt let the bus pass, eventually the bus would pass and then would stop so that the lories would have to wait leading to near fights between the drivers. Don apparently discovered a Gypsy village in the Qazvin plain which is settled gypsies who speak Gypsy (Rumi) w a mixture of European words: ie. had been to Europe and came back, but the people know nothing about this history, and aside from the language are just like the surrounding people. Stilo found gypsies in Jugoslavia with whom he could talk and they identified his Rumi as having been learned from the Turic gypsies. Howie told a story of a bus trip from Shiraz: they were stopped by gendarmes who eventually found 100 radios under the floorboards (they pulled them out one by one and put them in a pile; by the time they carted them off they had lost nine again to some of the young male passangers with quick fingers).

4 Sept. (Thurs) - Got up to go ~~xxxx~~ with Rich Saltzer to an 8:15 meeting with Dr. Rbt Liimatainen, U.S. Science Attache, and a guy called Rowse (who Dick tho't was CIA); after a brief inquiry about Bruce Livingstone for whom Saltzer had brought some letters to Liimatainen concerning his permits, and who apparently should come up to Teheran in a couple of weeks, they seemed interested just in chatting about the Qasqai (subtle interrogation as Saltzer put it). The Qaskoli kusek are est. to be 600-900 tents with about 5 per tent; without surveying himself, Saltzer thinks the numbers are closer to the 600 end, and about 6 per tent. They own 3 Landrovers, 2 Tayotas, and some motorcycles. The young men getting an education in the tent schools want to get out; English is considered a magic talisman. The tribesmen are now less opposed to inoculations vs smallpox, typhoid, etc.; they've found that the fatality rate from serum hepatitis is less than that of the other diseases. The problem with wanting to leave the nomadic life is that with falling mortality rates in the villages (the rathethers used to be much higher than in the tribes) and with Pars having little or no industry (mainly a service economy), there is little way to absorb them. Also there is definite discrimination against them in getting lower civil service jobs etc. They have an investment cogg with the national bank (?) where by they put in money (30 million tomans for the whole Qasqai Confederacy) and can borrow up to six times this amount at 6% interest, which is great since they used to end up paying 30% to the bazaris for loans. Most of the loans are used for weddings. They are not likely to challenge the gvt--they massacred some 50 gendarmes about 5 years ago and were hit by the airforce (mapala strafing while on migration), so they realize how vulnerable they are esp. when on migration: at both ends of the migration route they own land and the villages are open (unwalled); in between they own no land and they villages are walled against them. Time was up before we got a chance to talk about my problems but I made an appt with Liimatainen for Monday at 1:00.

Then I went to find Bill Beeman and left him a note. Down to EOAC (K. Reza Shah) who had my papers for the carton I airfreighted, but I'll have to go to Mehrabad Airport to get it. Went to the dept. store Forushga Ferdowsi and bought some shoes rubber sandals and razor blades. Back to the Inst. for lunch; letter to the folks. Drove out to the Airport but they were closed. Back at the Inst. Saltzer introduced me to Reza Fasel, a Persian doing anthro at Berkeley who said there's a mass of data in Persian on the Zoroastrians. After dinner, a party at the Stilo's (Don's 28th birthday). Don says Zoroastrian dialect is one of the central plateau group and is somewhat related to Kurdish. Met Kay (Texan) and Abas (her Persian librarian husband)--the latter told us that when you step over someone as happened, you should call his name because one only ignores a corpse.

5 Sept. (Friday) - Quiet day reading. Jacob Black was in and suggest that in about 20 days I might move into the German institute where the rate is only 10 tomans a night instead of 18, and for a private room. Also suggested I see Haliqi at the Museum Iran-Bastan about a research and residence permit. Haliqi is a folklorist who cannot seem to grasp what social anthropology is the Black for a while tried to tell him. He will need a letter about my project and a letter from the Embassy to the Foreign Ministry and once he gets approval from the latter he can get the research permit from the Minister of Culture and Art. Then he writes a letter to the police for a residence permit; they may require a work permit or a letter saying I'm not earning money here. Black is the nephew of Max Black, the Cornell philosopher who was a student of Wittgenstein. Black's father is from Kiev, his mother from Belgium; the father is now a professor at the Royal College of Art & Design and sent him to prep school and then to Oxford; he's apparently also been to schools in France and Germany (Freiburg). His wife is also an anthropologist, working with the Quechua indians in Peru.

6 Sept. (Saturday) - Jacob took me to see Haliqi and did my talking for me as Haliqi speaks Bench. Haliqi asked that I get the Cultural Attache to write a letter to Mr. Shahizadeh at the Foreign Ministry (Edareh-ye Revabet-e Farhanji of the Vezarate Omur-e Kharije) requesting the letter to clear the project and then write a letter to him (Haliqi, Director of Edareh-ye Farhangi Ameh, Museu Iran Bastan, Vezarate Farang va Honar); he then would get the Minister to issue the visa.

Afterwards we stopped by the German Institute of Archeology where Jacob is staying for some coffee. He wrote a thesis on feuding in the Middle East as a means of establishing hierarchy in societies of "total scarcity" i.e. where everything is scarce including the moral sphere. I.e. there is not enough economic wealth to keep a rigid ranking system established. Also working with the Simmel-Coser notion of realistic vs unrealistic conflict, the former defined as being conflict over a specific goal such as a piece of land, conflict in which when one party wins the goal the conflict ceases; and the latter as conflict over ideological-value goals like honor (including material things like land where the conflict is defined as over the land because of honor) which are endlessly escalating conflicts.

Returned to the Inst. for lunch and agreed to go to the Airport tomorrow morning with Alan Luther. Maj. John Boeing came in from a trip to Afghanistan to track down the ms of Omar Khayam which Hbt Graves has been promoting; he has established what Elwell-Sutton and others had suspected, that the Graves ms is a 19th cent copy or something and the entire story that he has made go with it about a principality in the Hindu-Kush is fabricated: the old man who was supposed to have the ms, not only didn't have it but never heard of Omar Khayam, nor was he a khan, but in charge in his youth (now 85 yrs old) of the king's motor pool). Maj. Boeing himself is a character: came in in bush jacket like something out of the Indian wars; actually very nice.

In the evening drafted a letter to Haliqi which Jacob translated for me into French.

7 Sept. (Sunday). Alan Luther and I went out to Mehrabad Airport. I got my stuff out in about an hour with a minimum of sweat given the multiplicity of people who had to sign forms, affix stamps, make log entries etc. And several Iranians helped me including a couple of employees, an air force recruit who had just returned from Pakistan, and a jolly man who said Washington was a nice place and it was too bad I was coming and not going. Alan had a bit more trouble, he lost the keys to a suitcase but between us we managed to pick the locks without busting them, Pan Am lost the main part of his shipment; they threw out his allergy serum while cleaning the plane in Istanbul and have lost any record of the radiogram sent about that--due to the stewardess' refusal to let him put it in her refrigerator making him put it in ice under the seat. Dropping him off at his home up Pahlavi, he introduced me to his landlord, a Zoroastrian who speaks a little English, named Kabouli, but apparently from Kerman. Kabouli said Zoroaster was the first to talk about one God, followed by Mami, Mazdak, Moses, Jesus, Mohammad. (Jacob Black said on another occasion that what the Muslims are really concerned about is monotheism; thus admit Zores, Jews, Christians, and even Buddhists as real religions.)

Returned to the Inst. for lunch and talked to Inez about people's dislike of Iran. She said that her first trip out here also was her first trip to Delhi and the latter turned her on while this place depressed her. I've not heard much good commentary c. Iran and it is odd that all three of the modern novels I've read are pessimistic and cynical as well. Finished reading Esfandiary's "The Day of Sacrifice" in which he argues that the family rearing practices rob the individual of initiative independence, etc., and consequently the individual oft withdraws (and Asia then calls him a spiritual mystic) or lashes out in polit demonstrations (whether or not the political problems are comprehended, it is a chance to rebel).

8 Sept. (Monday). This morning I went to see Dr. Richard T. Arndt, the Cultural Affairs Officer, USIS, to whom I apologized for the congressional letters--an apology which he accepted and was then quite friendly, he and his assistant Miss Roth. He guessed, and for better or worse I admitted, that Saltzman was my informant: the basic problem with Saltzman he said was that the gov simply did not want him in Baluchistan, and the run-around was a nice way of saying couldn't you do something else. Said things have been getting better and Howie Rothblatt and Sid Mintz were the 2 catalysts, the latter because as a senior social scientist his presence raised a no. of questions, and the former made a complete record of everyone he talked to and this was taken by the Ambassador to the Minister of Education to show what a waste of time (175 days) and poor PR this was. I told him about Haliqi but he seemed to want me to wait for Summer and the American Institute or an affiliation with Pahlavi U. Talked about

Kerman--he seems to be buddy-buddy with the Governor-General who is an ex-Communist turned violent anti-communist; was Pres. of Tabriz U. and fired the top 16 guys altho they were senators, etc., but then he was canned and sent off to Kerman; but now in Kerman also he is bringing the "white revolution". Kerman used to be run by 6 barons (carpets,)--but he stepped in and said 'I'm boss!': threw one of these barons into jail till he agreed to pay his workers more: the Minister tried to can him, but apparently he has the ear of the Shah. Anyway, Kerman with the copper and coal is a place of "social change" while Yazd is more dead with its elite continually decapitated and sent off to Teheran. He got me an introduction to Parviz Varjovand, a Zoroastrian with an architecture degree from Berkeley.

At 1:00 I went to see Lilmatainen who wrote off the letter to the Foreign Ministry immediately saying he would have it hand-carried over, thinking that Arndt's idea of waiting not worth it. Lunch then at the commissary and a hair-cut there. In the late afternoon, I went out to the airport to pick up a girl flying in from Rezieh from the accident; 4 of them driving back to Europe in a VW hit a man just before the border (he walked right into the car, clearly not their fault) and he died of internal hemorrhaging. The driver was tossed into jail till the trial (13 days). The compensation asked was \$2000 and the settlement was for about \$1000 (the surviving wife has 6 small children and is pregnant). The settlement has been completed, but altho everyone agrees it wasn't Tom's fault, he still faces a prison sentence--if it is less than 2 months he can be bought out for ten tomans a day; if it is over 2 months he's stuck the he will probably be moved to a bigger prison (this one is one large cage with about a 150 men and 2 small rooms). Apparently because the accident was not their fault, and the kids were well dressed, the people are being very nice and hospitable, even the relatives; this has impressed the kids and they kept contrasting it with stories of what might happen in Turkey or E. Africa where they say people are told if you hit someone dont stop because they'll stone you. (The advice isn't that good: a similar thing happened in that area before & apparently the car didnt realize what had happened and went on, they were caught in Tabriz and were in serious trouble.)

For supper I was invited out to this Parviz Varjovand's. There was the smell of incense and smoke in the garden of the house across from his (down 2 blocks from Tachte Jamsid off K. Shiraz), and he stopped, sniffing, said that was the good smell of a Zoroastrian house: there were some wedding celebrations going on. He is an architect; his wife is American of Catholic background (Susan) and a painter; her parents are quite upset that she didnt have the children baptized (a boy and a girl). They were married in a civil ceremony in the States--she says that another such wife converted but the Zoroastrians sort of laugh at her; does say that it has been suggested they be remarried in a Zoroastrian marriage in India, but the ceremony involves drinking cow's urine with milk which Parviz refuses. He works in the Ministry of Science and Higher Education.

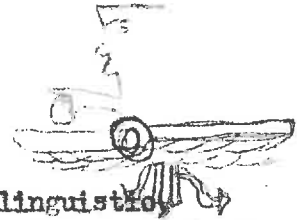
Parviz gave me a marvelous introduction to his sophisticated version of Zoroastrianism. He compared Zoroastrianism in contrast to Christianity--Judaism--Islam to Canis' statement that it is much harder to be good without a god. He accepts the Islamic distinction of people of the book vs idol worshippers vs religion w/o a book into which last fall the Zoroastrians and the related Iranian religions. When I asked about the Avesta, he replied that it is not a "revelation of God" but a work of man. And when I mentioned Caliph Omar's opinion that Zoroastrianism is to be considered a book religion, he passed this off as a political move. This theme of there being no revealed tablets was repeated several times and the contrast was repeatedly drawn between the Zoroastrian as Aryan vs Christian--Jewish--Islamic as Semitic thought patterns. He kept playing with the notion of an eternal Aryan--Semitic conflict, the notion of "thought patterns", and with Hitler--Nazism as deformed Aryanism. Part of the contrast was in terms of the good and evil problem: Christianity asks 'why can I not conquer evil today' and thus comes to answers of original sin, pride and so on. Whatever man does on his own is sinful and represents a stealing from the gods: in Islam it is stealing grain from the godhood, in Greece it was stealing fire (Prometheus)--he gave as an example the Pope's attitude towards celibacy and birth control: those closest to the hierarchy are supposed to be celibate, those further away are supposed to have

many children, to admit their sinfulness, helplessness etc., while those who limit their families so that they can help themselves buy a better house, TV etc. are condemned as bowing to the sin of pride. Zoroastrianism, on the other hand, says evil will be conquered in time, not today; today is a struggle against evil. Evil is evil and must be treated so; it is never good (e.g. as punishment for past sins of payment for future ones); Zoroastrianism is thus an activist, self-help philosophy. And in this way it is related to positive existentialism; Nietzsche had something but he did not work out the notion of superman; he just "masturbated" with this notion of power; ~~xxxxx~~ and then Hitler came along and just took up this notion of power completely perverting the activist Aryan thought patterns. Why he kept accepting Hitler's claim to represent Aryanism is not clear and towards the end of the evening I suggested that Germany did not in fact fit his description of the Aryan thought pattern of eternal conflict rather than the Semitic pattern of peace (salam), but that it in fact belongs to the Christian pattern: Final Solution, victory & peace. (But then Pavriz is right that Fascist philosophers explicitly talk of war being the milieu in which the finest in man is called into play: war builds men). Earlier in the evening he has said that Zoroastrianism was the fount of Nazism; I thought I misheard and let it go, but apparently he meant that. His wife at one point asked my faith and when I said Jewish, she remarked that Pavriz should be careful not to make any anti-Semitic comments. And he said something about the lack of the Israelis to accept any criticism or humor about themselves. But he then went on to say that in a way Israel is a natural political ally of Iran because if it were not for Israel, Iran would be the focus of Arab venom. During the 6 day war, the Iranian army was on full alert and oil was being loaded on wartime scale: had things gone bad for Israel, Iran was prepared to get oil to Israel and to open up the Iraqi front--all calculated politics. Getting back to Zoroastrianism, Pavriz says the Parsees are overly ceremonial and place too little concentration on the good thought. Draws a distinction between Parthian and Sassanian Zoroastrianism. The symbol of the former is the wings of time (2 directions from whence to where) on either side of the circle representing consciousness (Ahura Mazda) descending down from which to man is the triad 'good words, good thoughts, good deeds'; and the 2 curved arrows represent the actualization of words, thoughts, deeds for good or for bad (may also be 2 fluttering cloths representing thought). Zurvan or Time is the pre-Zoroastrian god and time is still the central holy of holies:



everything occurs within time: evil will eventually be conquered within time. But the notion of timelessness such as Christ's claim that he was eternal and what he says is eternally true is foreign to Zoroastrian philosophy. Thus history is holy. There are 5 criteria of good vs bad: time, life, words, ,) Asceticism, withdrawal, denial of time is bad. Anything that strives for life is good. The business about words was unclear: I think he was arguing that Pahlavi is a clearer language than English or other modern languages, that it is philologically more exact so that one has fewer nominal definitions, e.g. given of sine, cosine, tangent which are roots, but of stick, shadow and ground. When I pressed him on whether he was saying that Pahlavi was a clearer language (which he said he was) or whether he was saying something about the theory of language, or whether he was arguing that Zoroastrians paid more attn to rhetoric, philology, etc., he pleaded difficult of the concept and asked me to take a rain check for a year. Afraid if we didn't take this step by step I might decide he was a crack-pot. In any case the way he expressed himself was that English did not express simple thought patterns which could be used to build clear thoughts but was rather only words. Going back to the symbol, it may also have a flame coming out of the top representing life. A stone has less heat than a plant, a plant than an animal, an animal than a man. Unlike the Indian philosophy in which it is wrong to kill anything with heat, it is Ok to kill say a snake because it has less fire than man and threatens you, but it is not Ok to kill another of equal heat, i.e. another man: priest and layman, king and pauper have an equal amount of godhood and

and must have an equal right to live. The handshake (hands, grasping elbows) communicates heat btw men. One says of death, the heat has gone out. The symbol of Parthian Zoroastrianism is the youth; of Sassanian Zoroastrianism it is the elder who represents authority and thus the whole tenor changes: The old man is pointing the way and holding the ring (which represent "promise"). The Sassanians introduced a church, hierarchy and authority rather than self-decision--more like Catholicism and less congenial to Pavriz. Driving me home, Pavriz again mentioned that he and a few others want to tell the Western world about their linguistic, astrological and philosophical ideas, but it is difficult because they fear looking like crackpots and need documentation of their ideas.



In between all this talk, a friend, a Mr. Kabouli, young man, brought over an American from Wash, D.C., a Mr. Arms who wants to buy Iranian craftwork en masse and sell thru catalogues to Americans. Pavriz was quite put off and talked of American culture as a cancer in which any garbage would grow. I asked about the name Kabouli, remembering it to be the name of the Luther's landlord who claimed to be from Kabul and now from Kerman. This man is also from Kerman. Pavriz says there were Zoroastrians in Kaffiristan until a great massacre several centuries ago when they all left. He himself has relatives in Yazd and Kirman who apparently made good as merchants on the India-Iran route during the heights of the British Empire. Now many of the grand merchant mansions are empty and I should be able to find one to stay in. Some 60% of the Zoroastrians in these areas are farmers and live in the villages.

9 Sept. (Tues) - Morning, took the letter to Haliqi and then went into the Museum Iran-Bastan--very nice: seals, statuettes, jewelry, and a room of Chinese porcelain. Afternoon took one of the girls down to buy some examples of calligraphy at a very nice bookstore on Saadi. Evening, dinner out with Jacob Black. Before that chatted with a fellow who is "going up" to Oxford this fall who had been on an expedition to Afghanistan: he was telling some story of the number of Nazis who after the war came to Afghanistan, and still occasionally dress up in their SS uniforms and apparently have quite a bit of influence in Kabul.

10 Sept. (Wed.) - Morning, went down to introduce myself to Mr. Shahzadah at the Foreign Ministry who was busy and gave me only a moment but was nice--said he hadn't received the Liimatainen letter but when he did he would let Haliqi know his opinion and would let me know. Tried to open a bank acct with my check book but will have to write back for a draft. Had my Rover picked up by George for servicing and ordered 4 tires leaving 10 thousand rials with David Stronach for that. Met Howie Rothblatt on the street with his Fa-in-law--they are off for Isfahan tomorrow for sightseeing. Alan Luther went to see Dick Arndt and got the same line I did: we want to do things the Iranian way meaning wait for the American Institute--Luther being a trustee of the Inst was not impressed. His luggage has been found by Pan Am.

IRAN Journal: TRIP TO THE NOMADS OF LURISTAN

11 Sept. (Thursday) - After a leisurely breakfast and paying my bill to Tony, Jacob and I took off in his VW on the Save road along the edge of the desert. It was quite windy, many dust devils, and sometimes the dust was so heavy visibility went to zero. Save has two Seljuk-Mongol mosques which we debated stopping to see but decided the trip was going to be long enough and a tentative rendezvous had been set with John Hewitt, a cockney engineer near Kharramabad where he and a Persian crew are setting up an electricity sub-station (BICC); so we didnt stop but pushed on, past mud construction of various forms: square bldgs, domes and cylindrical tops. For lunch we stopped in a small chai-xane (tea house) and were served eggs and tomato, bad mast, and tea. The proprietor asked 100R which Jacob refused, saying let's go to the gendamerie down the road and offered 50R--eventually after some tustling, we got into the car, locked the doors, and drove off tossing the 50R out the window; the man picked up a stone and threatened to throw it thru the windshield, eventually throwing it at the rear fender; Jacob maintained that the refusal to go to the gendamerie was an admission that he would lose, as was the eventual ineffectual throwing of the rock. Cites as typical the immediate resort to violence, the non-interference of the other people in the chai-xane. Also says that had the man had some young sons we would not have stood a chance. Jacobs says he refuses to pay more than Iranians, and is put off by the insistance of people that he do so even when they see he knows what the proper price is--says he now can get better prices in town than his Luri nomads because they dislike dealing with people who are not regular partners in trade. John Hewitt was not at his camp in Domad, so w/e pushed on to Khorramabad. Khorramabad is located in a narrow gorge thru which most tribes must move and is a strategic bottleneck, long a garrison town--with a citadel. The town has a number of water fountains in the center of traffic circles; there are many permanent springs about. We stopped first at the PTT so Jacob could pick up his mail, and then went to the BICC headquarters (British Indus C-- Cables?) where we were given dinner and a place to sleep (Jacob uses this as a depot for his things which he doesnt take with him to the field). The talk over dinner was about the roughness of Luristan--auto accidents and murders.

Jacob's nomads are Hassanvand; the camp is led by Hadji Reza, son of the titular head, Hadji Musa; his special friend in the camp where he gets his meals is Ehir Ali. Historical changes: (a) from a milk and wool producing pastoralism to a meat producing one; (b) sedentarization: 50 yrs ago almost entirely nomadic, now probably more Lurs are settled than nomadic with the consequence that every nomad is linked to settled relatives. Hadji Musa is basically sedentary tho he comes out to the camp every so often; his first son is sedentary, and the camp is under the second son, Hadji Reza. Preferential Fbd marriage with differential bride-price for non Fbd, but the FZs seems to have little real rights, and in any case Fbd is categorical rather than real Fbd. Average marriage may run 6-7000 rials plus a few animals. The rich may betrothe sons early but this involves long, and hence expensive, presentations.

Turban colors: mottled reddish orange on white = Hadji

black = profeny of the prophet (is alternative for a green turban)

white = normal mullah

12 Sept (Friday) - Breakfast at BICC and we drove to the bank to see if J.'s money had come before fealizing today is Friday; so walked thru the bazar which is open at least in the morning. Caught a chevy pick-up truck with seats along the sides of the back and a roof, which operates like a dolmus plying up and down the road. We drove up the valley to the north between a range called White Mt (Safid-Kuh), presumably because of the snow on the higher parts to the north, and a range called Black-Velvet Mt, because of the Bahtiarri Formation of conglomerate which sports a black lichen. (White Mt. is limestone). We got off about 30 km up the rd (?) paying 2 tomans. We descended from the road down a hill and walked by a nomad camp with a large number of horses and mules--perhaps 50; we then had to ford a river, wading across boots in hand; and then past a small hamlet where two men approached us and demanded to know who we were. Jacob says the older man was quite suspicious and wouldnt answer questions about who the villagers were or how long the village had been sedentarized, but the

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Younger man was more open and would have talked had the older not been around. All we learned was that some of them had been nomads: the younger man said his father had been one. They queried Jacob as an Englishman why England was taking Iraq's side against Iran. Jacob says Englishmen are often considered enemies because Iraqi radio has been broadcasting that if Iranians were good the British would help them too. The people say that the broadcasts are a lot of propaganda and at the same time believe the broadcasts. None of the villages in Luristan are walled, because all are settled nomads of relatively recent origin. We continued up the valley and after a couple of hours arrived at the last village, obviously still with strong nomadic traditions: the people live in tents during the summer pitched in a group next to the mud-brick village. Jacob asked a man walking back to the village for some water (ab-i-kordan) and we were invited in for lunch. Spacious balck tent open on the sides but with bamboo stake mats tied together with wool and goat hair cord (goat-hair is stronger) around the sides. The bamboo used to be obtained by the nomads in their warmer quarters on migration but now the stuff is brought into Khorramabad where the villagers buy it. We were given water first, then bread and cheese and tea. The bread was round and thin (but not the paper thin kind) which you tear off in strips; the cheese was cut up in small pieces and then you break off even smaller pieces. The tea you drink by taking a piece of sugar (the sugar comes in large lumps which the host chops up and supposedly the size has something to do with his generosity, but you can take several pieces for one cup), dipping it in the tea and holding it in your mouth while you drink. If the tea is too hot, you pour it into the saucer and drink it from that. The rule is you cannot refuse the first two glasses of tea. You are supposed to drink quickly so that the glass can be used by someone else (usually there are only 1 or 2 glasses). Order of tea drinking thus becomes a ranking index. A crowd gathered, the men coming in and sitting, the women and children, except for the wife who fixed the tea (the her husband served it) outside looking in. One man recognized Jacob; another said he was a Kurd. The women were dressed in green and yellow frons opening from the neck to the waist, with or without a blouse underneath, and a pair of trousers. The men wore the Luri cap , the trousers with the long crotch, and cord shoes (items which Jacob says his people try to get him to buy). One of the men's daughters was offered to Jacob who replied he was married but I wasn't and asked how much, and the man grinningly said 30,000 tomans (even a princess wouldn't get more than 20,000). We took off again and eventually came to 3 tents related to Hadji Reza (thru FFB?) and had tea there. There was a fellow present, a servant of Hadji Reza, whom Hadji Reza wants to kick out, but can't yet because the man's servant is betrothed to another servant who has been making prestations for a long time; Jacob was surprised that the man was there since he is not of the status that would be visiting; he walked back with us and said that he was related thru FB, then later changed it to MB-- typical not knowing where people are--Jacob runs into this frustration constantly. They say that talking about the dead is bad (which is odd within the Middle East), and they only know their genealogies back a couple of generations. The tent we had tea in had a partition separating off a special men's quarter where we were received; but since Jacob was known the women did come around as well. Walking on to Jacob's camp we stopped at the first tent which was that of Shir Ali, and Hadji Reza came over. Theoretically we should have gone to Hadji Reza's tent first; Hadji Musa was also there and gradually a whole group gathered. Shir Ali's tent has no partition. Shir Ali's father was rich but when he died S.A. was only about 18 and was the oldest son; the sons were taken advantage of by their uncle and consequently were left with nothing. Other people present were the "man w/o a penis", i.e. impotent (a servant); a young shepherd who had run away but came back, a second shepherd, another relative of Shir Ali, lots of children, and 3 women (wives of Hadji Reza, Yadullah, & Shir Ali). The women and some of the children formed a second circle. Jacob showed his photos of the camp which caused a sensation, and the children grabbed at them and wanted to appropriate them. Then Jacob gave Shir Ali and Hadji Reza each a hunting knife (the these people could afford it, they don't have decent knives). We then went to Jacob's red pup tent to unpack our stuff and a short walk to the gorge which is the drainage

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outlet of the cul-de-sac of mts where the camp is. We then returned for dinner of rice with clarified butter which is eaten by squishing the rice into a clump and plopping ~~it into one's mouth~~ into one's mouth with one's thumb (tho a spoon was brought for me which I refused). The rice was to honor me, and Shir Ali said they were going to kill a chicken in my honor which would have been worth \$1.30 (100R). Afterwards the tea was very hot and people laughed at my gingerly handling of the rim of the glass. These people have iron fingers which Shir Ali proved for me by picking up some live coals from the fire. Of the little girls, Shir Ali has a cute da of c. 5, wh Jacob and I call his (J.'s) wif because when ever he is offered a wife he says he wants this one and they laugh saying he'll have to wait; the young 15-year old girl whose father Hadji Reza wants to kick out but cant because of the prestations to one of his servants, has eyes for Jacob saying he's better because he is white. The lurs dont like short-sleeves because they say Jacob would become "black" like them (!). Jacob doctored a little boy after dinner for mild ophthalmia (pus in the eye) with an eye drop and handed out some aspirin for headaches, and diarrhea pills.

13 Sept. (Sat.) - Awoke at 7:30 after a restless night--an indecently late hour--I with still 4 bad blisters on my feet, Jacob with a splinter and a sore knee and sore shoulder. Breakfast of bread and cheese and tea. Jacob gave some of the boys jerseys (last night he also gave rifle cartridges to Hadji Reza and Shir Ali). We retired to the pup tent and medicated our bruises and then went up to some rocks overlooking the gorge. 8 little boys soon followed scrambling over the rocks and swimming in the pool.

The tents are arranged into two lines with high status in front and low status behind. At night the sheep are brought in between the two lines. Last night the horses and mules were tethered--Jacob says this is unmsal precaution against thæeves in this territory (that of Bestum). Shir-Ali says he fired his rifle vs a thief last night; that I didnt hear but the dogs did make a ruckus. (Dogs lying in front of a tent or at least in the living space are haram, taboo; the dogs are quite vicious sounding towards people they dont know and are controlled by picking up stones which are thrown at them often enough so that very regularly they will begin to run when a stone is picked up and one shouts roughly.) Jacob recounts some funny attempts to piss at night when the dogs still didnt know him. The force of the custom of wiping oneself with the left hand, eating and giving gifts w the rt, is brought home in this environment where there is no toilette paper. Jacob points out that using water is in fact cleaner than toilet paper.

Jacob is impressed by the cultural poverty of these nomads--no games (Barth's Basseri only had one stick game; tho later in the week I saw Hadji Reza, his younger brother Yadullah, and a couple others playing a primitive form of bouls with stones), no sacks for carrying things (which is a problem when they move), no knives, little knowledge of their own society's structure, practically no ritual. Barth apparently thinks the moving of nomadism is a ritual in itself--Jacob denies this and I dont see how it really could be. Jacob says the nomads dont like the work of moving and say they like being nomads because of the "recreation"--of being in new places with nice scenery. Many of the men carry prayer beads, but they rarely pray and if so usually only once a day in the evening. They say the Koran instructs them to pray 5x a day. Jacob told them it was 5x and they didnt believe him till a mullah came by & agreed. (Alan Luther says there is a popular tradition which does maintain that 3x a day is all that is required.)

Shir Ali this morning told us that after weeks of trying to find a mare at his price, Hadji Reza finally b/ought one which was supposed to be pregnant, but when he brought it back Shir Ali who knows about horses (Hadji Reza doesnt) says not only was it not pregnant but it was a broken down worthless animal.

They do have a few songs in Laki but they wont readily translate them: what is it about? about a girl or a horse? About a girl. What about a girl? Its just a song.

heck

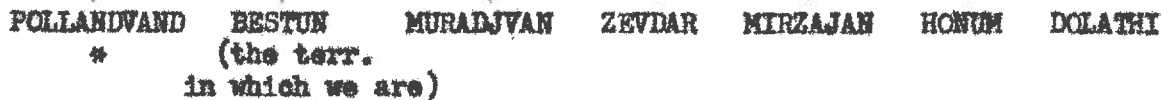
IRAN Journal; TRIP TO THE NOMADS OF LURISTAN

Last winter was a rigorous one: lots of people died, the crops were poor, and the nomads had to move down from winter quarters early. Most marriages usually occur in late August, but the camp was already here by the 23rd of Aug., and thus there was only one marriage this year. Preoccupation all the time is where are we going to get more grass. Winter feed is barley and straw. Jacob claims that these nomads use poor herding techniques and dont know much about animal diseases: they throw stones at the animals to keep them in line and occasionally kill an animal that way--this happened once and J. asked Shir Ali if he were mad at the shepherd who did it: his answer was no, it was only a shepherd. Stratification; Hadji Reza has money (he went to Mecca last year and spent \$1300; he doesnt believe in prestige items and doesnt own a horse, but he counts everything in terms of money.

Lunch in Hadji Reza's tent with Hadji Musa--Hadji Reza and Shir Ali were out looking for stolen sheep--rice with small lentils. Hadji Musa prayed after lunch with a disk of Mecca mud on a small cloth to which he bowed his forehead. After lunch we were taken by the boys to the swimming hole--we watched while some of them went in but we pleaded the water was too cold and wandered down the gerge a bit. We returned to the tent and went thru some genealogies before making coffee for Shir Ali, Hadji Reza and ourselves.

Our camp is Polladvand section of Hassanvand (-vand seems to mean 'children of' thus Polladvand = children of steel):

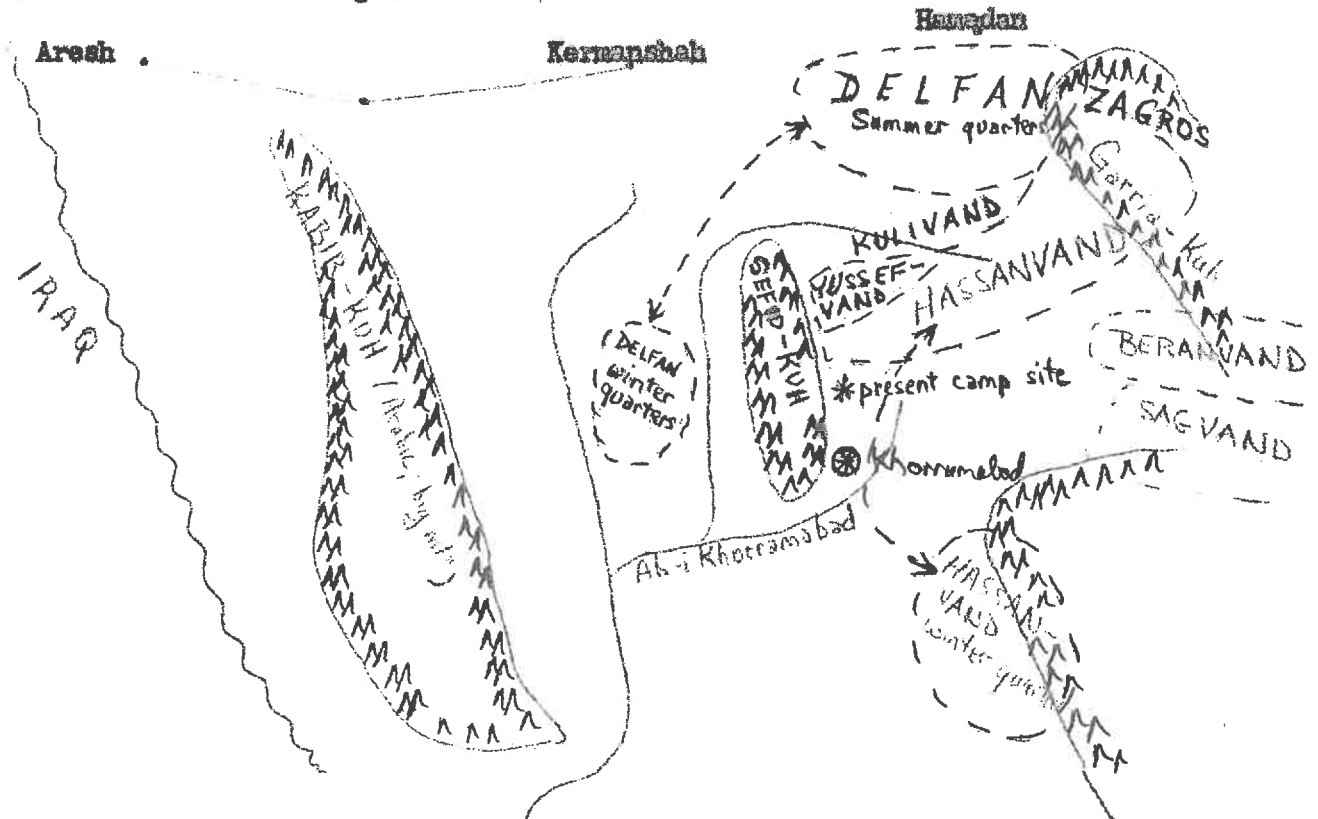
HASSANVAND



A genealogy given to Jacob ran: Shahpour Δ \square \circ an Arab woman



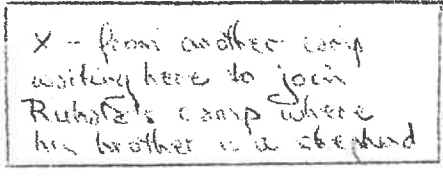
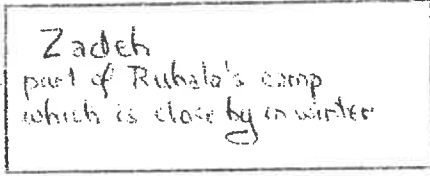
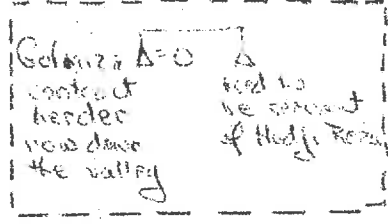
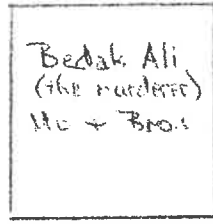
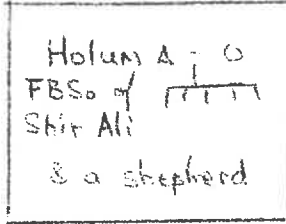
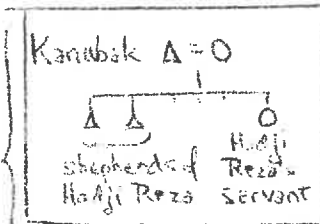
Coequal to Hassanvand seem to be Kulivand and Jussefvand. The geographical distribution looks something like this;



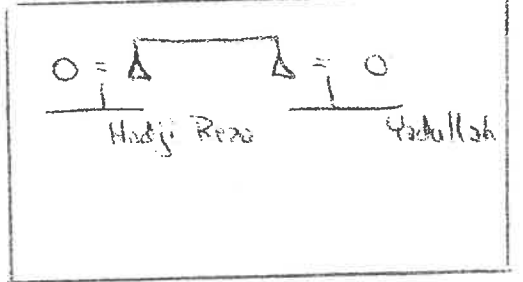
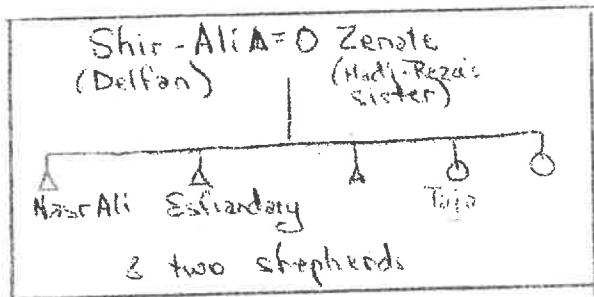
IRAN Journal: TRIP TO THE NOMADS OF LURISTAN

The tents of our camp:

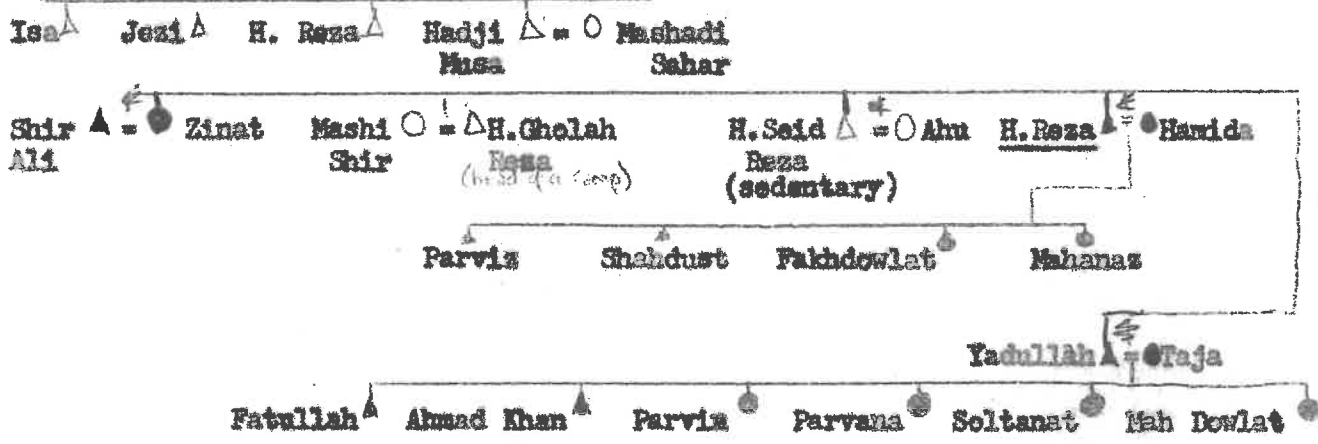
rear line of tents



front line status



Hadji Reza's Genealogy:



(Filled in people belong to H. Reza's camp)

- Children promised in marriage:
- Fatullah is promised to a daughter of H. Seid Reza (FBD)
 - Ahmad Khan to Mahansa (FBD)
 - Parvana to Farzollah, so of Shir Ali (MBD)
 - Makhdowlat to So of Seid Abbas (Parvin & Soltanat are not yet promised)
 - Parvis to a daughter of H. Gholam Reza (FBD)
 - Shahdust not promised
 - Fakhdowlat to a So of Mir Reza (a so of H. Reza) (FFBsd)
 - Mahanas to Ahmad Khan, so of Yadullah (FBD)

IRAN Journal: TRIP TO LURISTAN

The Basseri and Gasqai have smaller tents-- Saltzer says elementary families.

Talismanic guards against evil; 2 razor cuts drawing blood (or more) are made on children's foreheads to ward off evil when they are ill. The little boy Jacob is giving eye drops for incipient ophthalmia (Ahmad Khan, son of Yadullah) wears a blue cloth necklace with beads and a little cloth packet containing a verse of the Koran. There is a belief in evil eye, but as yet Jacob has had little success in getting anyone to talk about it--it does not seem to be that only close relatives are accused of having the evil eye. Pressed, Shir Ali admitted that a low status man has the evil eye, and added 'so does his mother'. (Physiological theory of evil eye? In any case, Jacob does not have enough data to know if Barth's observation about close relatives among the Basseri holds here.) Animals which are taboo to eat: kakik tortoise, pig, bear, wolf (mesle sag = like dog), dog, cat, leopard, hare, any animal which hasn't been bled. (Is there a connection--inversion--with the Zoroastrian use of the dog as sacred witness to death and rites de passage?) ^{Tattoos are also used as}

Dinner is Hadji Reza's tent of egg and cheese, the egg fried in clarified butter ^{Combine cream & beauty marks: dots + line design on the arms ... #1..} (made from yogurt which keeps indefinitely if really clarified, else gets slightly rancid--mast is churned into butter and what is left is durch; sometimes this durch is also the name for mast mixed with water, i.e. what in Turkish is called ayran) Hadji Reza gets quickly bored by Jacob's questions, and rarely answers accurately-- Jacob finds this lur habit of lying a constant frustration. They lie when they want to end a conversation, think a question impertinent, etc., but also as a game just to see if they can make you believe something that's not true. The guys where we had lunch on the hike up here tried to tell us that our camp had moved over the other side of the mountain. When we arrived in Shir-Ali's tent, he jokingly said all J.'s belongings had been stolen (in fact they were sitting just behind us in his tent). They often however deliberately mislead. Jacob now has learned to get back at them by telling them his own lies, and then later telling them how untrue it was--they usually get caught because J. has a reputation for not telling lies. When we came up with the rucksack, J. said he had stolen it from John Hewitt (his cockney engineer friend whom the tribesmen know because he was here once--they replied "good, good, you're learning").

Hadji Reza is the leader of the camp but his power is basically economic, i.e. he hands out and can take away herding contracts. But he can't order anyone to do anything. Nor is he really the decision-maker on moves; e.g. just before Jacob left for Teheran, Hadji Reza wanted to move up the hill where he said there was more grass for the flocks. His wife didn't want to move because of the good water here. Jacob didn't want to move because of the water, swimming hole, beauty and convenience. J. and Shir Ali went up to look at the pasturage and it really wasn't so great, and then Hadji Reza's brother joined Shir Ali's side--result: the camp did not move. (cf. 16 Sept) Another indication of lack of power--one cannot refuse a man to pitch his tent in the camp which is how the murderer came to stay; he was brought in by Yadullah who is his only friend in the camp. Yadullah is something of an idiot, and H.R. is quite mad at him for having brought in this man. Thus H.R.'s power is based on his ability to control herding contracts, i.e. his wealth (cf. 16 Sept.) kaxi: He owns 4 houses in Kherramabad--one for his Pa, one for ea of the 3 bros, altho it is rare that all are there at the same time, and if they are, they all live in the same house.

After we turned in we heard several shots--they went after thieves (2 guns of wh one is double barrelled, in the camp).

14 Sept. (Sun)--We got up late again (8:30). Hadji Reza is still constipated the Jacob gave him double the normal dosage last night. He's supposed to be off today collecting from his tenants: this is where he gets his winter supply of straw and barley. He dressed up, somewhat, with a Western-style hat--as Jacob said he looked like a big stupid stooge of a big time Chicago gangster. The land on which we are camped used to be a village, so the mill stone we saw yesterday was in truth a millstone (it was lying in the bush by the gorge). The land was sold by the owner of the village which consisted of only about 5 families and it now belongs to the camp down the road.



IRAN Journal: TRIP TO LURISTAN

After breakfast, Nasrali (So of Shir Ali) gave me a lesson in Farsi; then Jacob and I walked into the gorge and found a marvelous pair of green ponds in the river with beautifully carved rocks and some trees around the edges where we sat to talk and write. Back for lunch of bread and cheese and coffee in Jacob's tent.

In the afternoon we watched some boys cutting off branches from a tree for the sheep, explaining there was no grass. Jacob was upset at this wanton killing of trees, but the Lurs say it wont kill them, ie. they dont want to kill them therefore they wont die (!). A visitor around 1911 to Luristan also noted this phenomenon: the cutting down of a 800 year old tree for fodder. The forestry service is supposed to fine the tribesmen for cutting trees but they get paid off to see nothing.

Everything is divided into dāng or 'sixths'.

In the late afternoon Shir Ali returned with Jacob's saddle and we caught and saddled Jacob's black stallion and I rode it around for half an hour. When I returned the men were trying to get a donkey to impregnate a mare, using a female donkey as bait; he wasnt terribly interested but the affair was eventually completed with Shir Ali directing the onomatopoeia of the men's encouragement and helping direct the ass's penis after which he was Haram and had to wash. They say 5-10 times are needed to ensure impregnation. Dinner was again in Hadji Reza's tent: rice and chicken but one leg of chicken was supposed to suffice for 3 of us. The radio was turned on for the news and when the subject of Birain came up, they kidded Jacob about Britain being an enemy of Iran (since the British protectorate is coveted by Iran); Jacob asked if they knew where Birain was, if it was nearby, if it was big--and it was clear they had no idea tho they answered each question as if they knew (Birain is to the North, it is very big, etc.). Hadji Reza prayed before dinner. After dinner the men went out to hunt thieves--we were ready to go along but they decided it was too dangerous so we went to sleep.

15 Sept. (Mon.)-- The men ^{tried to} get the donkey to mount the mare again but were unsuccessful. Jacob and I were going to go for a ride but we couldnt catch Jacob's horse, so I went off for an hour's ride on Shir Ali's mule. When I returned Shir Ali and Hadji Reza were shoeing a horse with full shoes  rather than . I asked J. if since H.R. knows little about horses etc. if he might retire leaving Shir Ali in charge; answers (1) H.R. has a brother who would take over, (2) H.R. likes the nomadic life, (3) H.R. has said his children wouldnt be nomads. Lunch in Shir Ali's tent (bread and cheese) and S.A. made a bridle out of goat hair. In the afternoon we went hunting with Holum and Nasrali. Of course we caught nothing tho a bear was sighted (which wasnt much use as it is haram). It was a glorious if painful 5 hour hike (thanks to my blisters); magnificent vistas of the mountain chains running north from Khorramabad and of the summer territory of Hassanvand (a plain in the dist.) On the way up we saw where the camp is supposed to move on Thursday for more grass: covered with thistles, little water for a camp of 50 people. Nobody likes the site, but Hadji Reza is afraid that if they dont move there someone else will and will thereby appropriate the grass.

16 Sept. (Tues)--Shir Ali says he wont take any more herding contracts--his brother-in-law (Hadji Reza) has refused to renew his contract because too many sheep died last winter, which wasnt Shir Ali's fault since all the flocks suffered. Hadji Reza is a real business man always calculating the money--will travel as far as Kermanshah to buy animals and to Teheran to sell if he thinks he can get a better price. He doesnt care for prestige; he doesnt own a horse. He is the only one in the family with a bank account--neither the first brother (the settled one) nor the 3rd (Yadullah) have their hands on the family money. We were going to take a ride this morning around a ridge, but Jacob's horse was released this morning and we couldnt find it. Last nite they maintained it was too long a ride for the horse: they are always telling J. he'll kill the horse by riding it--horses are for having, not for riding. The men again got a donkey to mount the mare. J. and I took off into the gorge for a wash; the water was freezing cold. Lunch with Shir Ali: cheese and bread. Shir Ali agreed with Jacob

IRAN Journal: TRIP TO LORISTAN

that the new camp site was not nice and said he wasn't going to move, so J. felt perhaps he could stay too since Shir Ali was where he got his food. But it turned out that S.A.'s suggestion was a joke--he couldn't possibly not move. Hadji Reza, Yadullah, and the murderer came in and plans for the next few days were proposed: a man had come with an invitation to a marriage of some of their peasant-tenants, they had to go kiss the hand of a man who had just made the pilgrimage to Meshed, they have to go south to the winter quarters to buy grain, and they must go visit Dalfan. At first we thought that I might be able to go along to the marriage, but it became clear the men wanted to get rid of me and send me back to Khorramabad tomorrow--we figure probably because I don't speak Farsi and Jacob talks to me in a language they don't understand they feel I'm an inhibition in Jacob's relation to them.

Yesterday, Shir Ali's wife beat one of her sons--he hit back till she subdued him to tears--very unusual: usually Lurs are very indulgent of children. Lurs are constantly picking up children and kissing them even though the child is not theirs.

We went looking for Jacob's horse and still couldn't find him. Jacob's patients today: a servant of Shir Ali complained of swollen glands (neck) and was running a fever (J. found some fever repressant pills); Yadullah's wife complained of morning nausea and vomiting (we suspect she's pregnant even though she's nursing--gave her some anti-nausea pills); Shir Ali complained of worms in his stools and says he has a tape worm. A servant old man complained of headache. Last night another shepherd complained of some weird foot wounds which looked like long curved knife cuts but the Lurs say it is a disease. The most common complaints the last few evenings have been headaches and colds and children's ophthalmia. One man came with a boy with what Jacob calls ringworm--the head completely covered by scabs--I successfully cured another case of ringworm which was pussing and had been going on for years but in doing so used up all the medication he had. He was given piles of medication free by drug companies before he left England when he wrote them letters saying he was going to these tribes who were in need of medications. The people enjoy taking pills and were impressed by the size of one kind of aspirin (the woman for whom it was intended sent it back saying it was too big), by the fizzing of another aspirin compound, etc.

According to J., Iran used to be in the coffee-drinking sphere rather than the tea-drinking sphere until the English encouraged the change for the sake of their Indian tea estates. Confirmed by Shir Ali from his father's accounts. The men in the camp seem to like the coffee J. brews.

In the afternoon J. tried to convince Hadji Reza not to move camp by demonstrating that no one wants to move to the new site, and by saying he would intercede with the suspected rival for the grass (a FB's rel of some sort to HR) saying they should share. "H.R. looked pensive"--J. says he once before cast the deciding vote vs moving camp.



The yearly cycle of the camp is only some 30 moves: winter and summer pastures are not far apart and the gradient is quite steep (a difference of c. 3000m in 15 days). This contrasts with the Basseri who move 165 times a year doing 2000m in 80 days. This camp site for instance serves about a month, then they move down slowly past Khorramabad; the final move is made quickly as the rains begin.


Eventually the horses came in and we caught J.'s horse which he took out for a short ride and then I took it out; it took off galloping across the plain to the south. (I was told I didn't look terribly secure and the Lurs were afraid I'd fall off, but we managed ok.) When I got back Shir Ali et al. maintained the horse had a slight limp and therefore we wouldn't be able to use it tomorrow to get me back to the road to Khorramabad; Jacob has a feeling Shir Ali doesn't like me anymore for making the horse limp--it has a weak leg having been made limp once before--Shir Ali has an option on the horse when Jacob leaves. Dinner in Hadji Reza's tent (bread and cheese).

17 Sept. (Wed.) - The business about the limping horse turned out to be a joke. So I rode the horse, and Jacob and Nasr Ali on a mule; we got as far as the village where we had had lunch on the way up and found a vanette (chevy pick-up) just about to head to Khorramabad, so I got aboard. The road was really something for the vehicle, alternating between a visible track but one with deep water cut ditches and an invisible one merging with the desert; the most difficult part was crossing the river but eventually we found

but I gave him the 2 toman standard fare (Jacob had guessed about 3, the villagers told us 2, and had warned not to pay more than 4). Jacob always has the opposite problem of people trying to charge too much. I took the rucksack we had borrowed back to BICC and found J.'s notebook in it. Went to the Bank-i-Melli to check if J.'s money had come which it hadn't but the bankers were very friendly and gave me some tea and joked about the name Elack -- Jacob was white wasn't he. (Back where I caught the vanette one of the village children was an albino and the people joked that he was J.'s BrSo because he was white.) Then went to the PTT where the postmaster and I had a hilarious charade till I could make him understand that I wanted to put J.'s notebook into J.'s box and not collect anything; he too then gave me some tea. Next I walked up the street to find a bus to Tehran--the 1st place I tried (Iran Transport) had none for 13 tomans leaving at 2 and arriving at 11, so I went out for lunch of rice kebab and walked around a bit. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ For all Jacob's warnings of not letting myself get cheated by these nasty money-grubbing Iranians, esp. Iars, they treated me well. The guys in the bus station were esp. friendly and we resp. pursued our English and Farsi. The bus left at 2:00 and a hydraulic engineer who spoke some French befriended me--he was working on a water reservoir for Khorramabad, is from Meshed where live his parents and 2 brothers and 2 sisters; several more siblings live in Teheran whom he was going to visit. Thinks the Khorramabad people are underfed due to not knowing the proper agricultural techniques. Just over the mt chain which marks the boundary of Luristan, passed a sugar refinery, and further up the road an aluminium factory. The bus stopped at a chaixane around nine o'clock where we had some chelo-kebab, and my friend went off to pray in the attached chapel. We got into the terminal in Tehran around 11:00, and I took a taxi to the Institute which turned out to be rather full, but I found a cot in the Persian Room of the Library.

18 Sept. (Thurs.) A leisurely morning reading the papers and then I went out to get the tires which David Stronach had gotten for me put on my car (cost 3 tomans), and paid Tony 2,900R for George's servicing of the car. Back for lunch, I met Inez and Jenifer coming out the door saying they couldn't stand the food in the Inst. (a case of more of the same stuff we've been having for days) and they invited me to come along for a hamburger (!) across the street in the Caspian Hotel, where we met Moritzio, the Director of the Italian Archeological Mission, a lively, girl-chasing Italian. The afternoon I spent typing my notes. In the evening Tony threw a party where I met Jerry and Jane Clinton (he had been in the Peace Corps here, and is now doing a degree in Persian Lit at Ann Arbor under Alan Luther), and Bill Sumer, the head of the infant American Institute who quite candidly said that the Institute quite likely wouldn't get established fast enough to be of use to me in getting my residence permit, but I could be of use to them in doing a Rothblatt log of whom I see etc. Most of the people there were archeologists--Tyler Young Jr., Klaus Schwimmer (?), Claire -- , etc., Moritzio; the Luthers, the Stronachs, etc.

19 Sept. (Fri.) - Louise Mackie (student of Edinghouse, currently studying in Cairo), Jenifer Scarer (art cataloguer in the Edinburgh Museum) and I drove out to Demavand, a magnificent oasis about 30mi. east of Teheran whose attraction to the two art students were three tomb towers, two from about the 13th cent. and one from the 10th. The first tower had a conical dome of turquoise glazed brick, and its cylindrical walls were accordion-like grooved, topped by pointed arches (all brickwork). The bricks are not square but almost triangular.  Quite a lot of stucco plugs with designs.  The second tower seemed somewhat more primitive to me, tho of basically the same design. The oldest of the towers, set on a hill overlooking the town was of a different style: an octagon with brick work design in three tiers on each face, and the corners with round buttress pillars; the tomb itself was in a small room below ground level below the main chamber. Looking across the town to the 2nd tower, it's ribbing seemed to be light columns w/ir btw and blending nicely with the lines of the trees of the oasis. The town also sports a nice mosque, newly built on the site of the old one with only pieces of the old inside. many aluminum rooves on the mud-brick houses.

shade which makes these brick tower sculptures  one looks at in dating the towers are the use of color (from monochrome to poly)

20 Sept. (Sat) - Last night at Ines' request I drove Jim Humphries to the airport to

catch a VAN BOAC flight to London. My pay-off is having him mail my carbon copy of

my journals from London. I planned to sleep it off in the morning but as I am still

camped in the Persian Room of the library, Tony kicked me out at 9:am. To gather my

my strength before essaying forth to the Foreign Ministry, I leisurely read the papers

after breakfast but was recruited by the librarians to paste labels in books "since

you aren't doing anything". I did the favor and managed to make it down to the

Foreign Ministry where I learned that Dr. Idmatashen's letter had been received and

acted on 4 days ago, and I should check with Khalilq. So I went over to see Khalilq

who it turned out is off on a trip to Azerbaïjan and won't be back for 4 days. In

the afternoon I walked down to the Bazaar--it would take a lot of time to really learn

one's way around. Built around a mosque, it seems to be a maze of endless little

alleys; I wandered thru streets of metal-working, books and stationary to the east.

Presumably, jewelry, skins and more touristy things are to the west.

In the evening I read Edmonds' articles on Iran (QJ 1922). Jacob had been

impressed by the cultural poverty and by the anarchy which he describes in terms of

"decadence" the nature of the actual historical processes. Edmonds points out that

no European accounts of the area exist before 1835, so the time span is somewhat

short and limited. Within that time period, anarchy seems to have been continuous

in the northwestern 2/3 of the area (all but the Pusht-1-Kuh area adjoining Iraq where

there was a hereditary Governor called the Vali). He mentions some deserted villages

in the Khorramabad plain, but otherwise Khorramabad was the only town in a land of

nomads. One wonders however about the evolutionary position of this anarchic

nomadism in terms of say Owen Lattimore's thesis of secondary adaptation to agriculture

and marked economy. And the contrast with the wealthier, hierarchical Qasgal is

also intriguing--a matter of simple ecological scarcity? Jacob's societies of total

scarcity? Edmonds sums up the Lurs' character in the sentence Jacob likes to quote:

"He is a 'swine', an undiluted swine, without one single redeeming trait" (p.312).

Edmonds does give some indication of a more hierarchical order esp. among the Sagard,

but says of Hassarand as well that several generations back there was a ruling Khan--

the last supreme chief of Hassarand was Khandal Khan. Edmonds claims to have gotten

the following origin myth from the Lurs: "King Solomon, as is well known, ruled all

the supernatural world, the Lurs, the Falles, and the others. One day he

called together five hundred trusty Lurs and bade them to fly to Europe and bring

him back five hundred of the fairest damself of Firang. On their return, however,

the Mary Monarch, their master was dead, so the Lurs kept the damself for themselves,

and from this horrible union the Lurs are sprung." (p.310). Edmonds describes tribal

bands of drums, pipes, and dancers. The Edmonds article was presented as a lecture

and Gen. J.A. Douglas then comments confirming the description of the Lurs as w/o

redeeming qualities, greedy for gain (ec. incentive to modernization?), unworthy

and violent.

In pacification of the region--the villages were easily disarmed by the

central Govt and the tribesmen then swooped down, so there's not much good will betw

them (ie. villages to the north of Iuristan on the edge of the desert).

The languages of these tribes is more purely Indo-Iur. than the heavily Semitic

(Arabic) influenced Persian. Laked word for bag is "sack"; for hole "hole". The

Bachdard word for barim ('let's go') is firm (the. Lat. firm).

The most frustrating part of doing ethnography among the Lurs seems to be that

a Lur will never give a straight answer--they enjoy telling lies and seeing if they

can get people to believe untrue statements; they will give any answer if they don't

know, and often even if they do know; they don't seem to be eager to deal with any

subject systematically; and they seem to be abysmally ignorant to the kinds of things

ethnographers want their informants to be expert on--genealogies, oral traditions, etc.;

Jacob even criticizes them for being poor herdsmen.

21 Sept (Sun) - 30 Shahrivar. Spent the day writing letters (Singer-Talman-Rubright-

Tydings-Percy-Mathias-Julia Jacobs) and waiting for Parvis to call back. I had called

him last nite and he said there were some Zoroastrian tribes in Iuristan but they

didn't want to be "discovered", but were different--were really Mithraism which he

described as being ritually like Catholicism, with masses, regal bishops costumes... After dinner, Inez and I celebrated her last night in Iran.

20 Sept. (Mon) - 31 Shahrvaz. A non-litigious day: went to see the Zoro, woman at the Gt handkerchiefs but she wasn't in called the AMS people but got a Farzi-speaking secretary who hung up on me. In the afternoon visited the Rothblatts; Nancy's got typoid. Bruce Livingston was up and left Sunday; the Asia Inst. served him and now he's teaching Anthro fieldmethods at Pahlavi (including fieldtrips with the kids, so the time's not totally wasted) so that Pahlavi will sponsor him. Nancy talked about the low standards at National University; they just instituted an MA in English which is ridiculous since the BA is worth no more than a high school sophomore in the States (so they should have strengthened the BA before giving out MAs. Kay dropped in and apparently is not talking to her husband (an Iranian) and is sick of Iran.

23 Sept. (Tues) - 1 Mehr. Drove out to the Gulf District to find Topo Command (AMS) and got lost ending up in Tadjik (a northern suburb which is nice and cool, lots of trees) too far to the west. Going east I passed the Shah's new palace (he, of course, is in Morocco at the moment, for the 1st Islamic summit meeting) with some nicely landscaped terraces. Topo Command is sandwiched in btw one of 3 bases for the Shah's body guards and a munitions installation. Most of the people--Woodward, Gahner, et al are in Meshed, but I had lunch with Mr. Albert who chatted to me about the intelligency of the Iranians and of the Army as civilians (he and his secretary support 13 civilians and 129 Iranians in the field while 50 odd GIs are needed to support 4 men in the field)--they are finishing up the survey along the N. boundary with the USSR east of Teheran, and may possibly get a contract to do a similar piece west of Teheran to Turkey. He then took me up to see Mr. Sprinsky who was very nice and friendly what with my connections being the son of the famous Mrs Plesher (the Mrs. Plesher?)-he apparently has a degree in geodesy from Columbus. He offered to let me or my archeological friends use (but not quote etc) aerial photo coverage such as exists. Then chatted a bit to Lt. "Kuchek" (Velamzadeh). Afterwards I drove west again thru Tadjik and down Pahlavi past the Hilton and the Asia 1969 Trade Fair Grounds into town.

24 Sept (Wed) - 2 Mehr. Went to find Mrs. Jegenet, Director of the Zoro community center, but I was told she's sick and is leaving for England tomorrow for a mo. Spent the afternoon working on Persian. Maj. Bowen went to see Dean Nasr and met the chief Dastur of Bombay there who speaks excellent English. I'll have to run over tomorrow and intro. myself to Nasr and maybe catch the Dastur as well. Prof. Morrison is back from Meshed and is my roommate; he's a very nice, but I preferred a room to myself. Called up the Zonts, and am invited over for tea tomorrow.

25 Sept (Thurs) - 3 Mehr. I went to the Univ. and a series of boys helped me find Dr. Nasr Sun moon. Tried to find Prof. Minovi and Arasteh w/o success. Worked a little on Persian. In the afternoon went to visit Mrs. Zonts (Victoria), a plump little lady, and her daughter Adele. Her Hu, a road engineer, is in Meshed. Because he's mostly in Meshed, they've lost contact with the Rumanian (Ashkenazi) Jews here. They've been to Israel twice where he has relatives. She is Armenian; the family was Azerbaidjan till the Turkish massacres in the early part of the century when they fled to Russia and then returned to Iran. They met Martin by a quirk; Ella gave a concert at the Iran-America society and the announcement was in the paper: so Victoria called up and asked if they were from Rumania. Martin said he had gone thru the phone book looking for the name Zonts but hadn't found any; Jacques didn't want a phone, Victoria did and it was listed in her name. Interesting pt: since in Islam, divorce is so easy, women not legally under their maiden names; passports etc are issued in the maiden name and the husband's name is added only as an additional piece of info. Like color of eyes etc.

26 Sept. (Fri) - 4 Mehr. Spent a quiet day starting to go thru Kilwell-Sutton's Persian Grammar systematically, and reading Nasr's book "Ideals and Realities in Islam". Nasr is an interesting combination of conservatism (the gate of the Jihad should not be reopened to the whims of expediencies the Quran, Hadith etc. are revelations and not human creations) and existentialism (Islam demands that man try to make

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himself human, to achieve that primordial reality which is his share of Absolute health beneath his corporeal imperfection: only man is an existentialist, animals merely exist).

Sept - 5 Mehr. Went to see Khalid at 9:00--he wasn't there, but I was told he'd be back at 11:00. I went back to the Inst. and was conscripted to drive Louise Macke to the airport. Returned to Khalid's office at 11:00 he was there, confirmed he had received the letter from the Foreign Ministry, and said he had written a letter to his

Minister and guessed it would take another 5 days for a reply. Back for lunch at the Institute. Read Nasr's Three Muslim Sages. In late afternoon went out to find Victor Hay's brother-in-law, the banker who presumably speaks English. Eventually I found the house of Nader Shah and the door was opened by a teen-aged son who spoke English, and then a second son (22-yr old) drove up. The latter was very friendly and took me up to the Iran-America Society for a coke. He is an engineering student at Reza Shah Kabir Univ. and wants to emigrate to the States because he thinks life as a Jew would be better there. He said he would intro. me to his Pa and uncle ("that hochm--he didn't seem to know the word "rabbi") sometime.

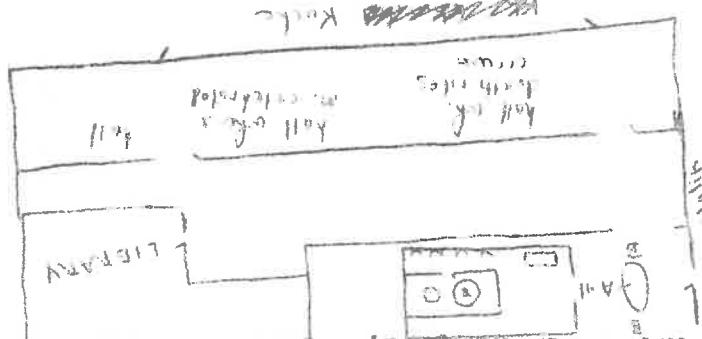
28 Sept--Mehr. Went to the University and saw Nasr--it was a very brief chat (no chance to attempt an interview of this sort) but he introduced me to a Librarian and to Mr. Tazazzoli, a young Bahai scholar who in turn intro me to Dr. Navabi, hd of the Linguistics and Pre-Islamic Studies Dept. Tazazzoli studied in London with Mary Boyce and now is working on a Bahai Dictionary for the Cultural Foundation. Behrus showed up and we had lunch at one of the snazzy bars--rice and meat--and then went to the Iran-America Society to check into Persian courses--but their course doesn't start until mid Nov. Drove around a bit out towards the east past a military installation. Then went to see the Bobblatts who took me to the Clintons and Jerry & I discussed learning Farsi--he said he felt the best thing is just to get out and talk. He and Alan further discussed the lexicography problems; no complete Persian dictionary yet. In the evening wandered out and met a Florida boy traveling around the world on a ticket wh PanAm gave him when his Pa, an employee died; a junior at Fla U in polit sci; totally used about where he's going; keeps forgetting the name of Kafaan where he's going tomorrow.

29 Sept--Mehr. Called Mrs. Jegeneg and made appt for 7 this eve at the Cultural Assoc. Met 3 young persons who offered to teach me but is a loud-mouthed egotist. His grandpa was a Russian carpet dealer who fled the Rev and came to Kerman; his bro is still a carpet dealer in Vienna, but he is a teacher of English. Barmah Hakimfar came by to intro me over; Behrus came by and went to TBI to buy bus tickets to Yazd for Fri. At 7:00 I went to the Ansvaran Farangi Iran Bastan and met their board of directors Incl. Mrs. Jegeneg and Dr. Varjovand (Farzad's Pa) and was invited to lunch tomorrow at Dr. Varjovand's clinic with Dr. Anglessaria, the dastur from India. Afterwards I went to the Hakimfars and met the entire family--3 boys (Barmah, Farhad, //). Abdoulah, the Pa, retired from the central bank after working there 25 yrs (he gets \$300/mo pension) and is now the manager of a legal firm handling a series of large companies (Incl. Esso, General tires, VW). He says he would move to Israel if there were peace (goes to visit at least once a yr); wouldn't stay here one hour--even the Arabs would be invading Iran. Also cautioned me not to go around telling people I was Jewish (among the educated people, it's OK, but the rest hate us because of Islam) His family is from Hamadan--thinks there may still be 500 Jews there, but once were many more--now emigrate to Israel.

30 Sept (Tues)--Mehr. Went to Mrs. Jegeneg's house and met Dr. Anglessaria--who is dark and looks like an Indian--who will be leaving Bombay and the Cama Oriental Inst. to accept a chair of Zoro. Studies at the U. of Teheran. He apparently studied at SOAS under Mary Boyce too. We then went to Dr. Varjovand's clinic for lunch with Dr. and Mrs. A., Dr. Behrus (an expert on Ferdowsi et al), Mr.--? from Fed whom I will see tomorrow at the Jegeneg Library (she built it in honor of her husband), and Dr.---

Mrs. Jegeneg's is apparently famous too. Her Mo. was in at age 9, had her first study at about age 9-10 when there were few Z. families in Teheran (just some merchants but few families). Now in this city of 0.3 million there are 10 thousand Zoroastrians. On Thurs. is a celebration of Mehrigan to which I am invited. Apparently the festival is only now being revived and consolidated as in India (cf. Thrus below). Anklestris dressed in white cap and white tunic and white pants.

1 October - 8 Mehr: Morning did some reading. At 4:30 to the Rothblatts for a seminar of Americans--things didn't get started till late but Howie began talking about his work in Gavain. I had to leave at 6:00 to go to the Jegeneg Library to meet Mr. S.-- and so passed out on the substance. Present: Howard & Nancy, Bill Royce (Princeton, hist), John Lowenz (BLL's roommate), John Wertme (Princeton, Safavid hist), a Welsh guy at Princeton, Don Stille (Ann Arbor, Linguistics), Jerry Clinton (Ann Arbor, Pers. Lit) Mr. S. was not at the Jegeneg Library, but I met Mr. Shahzadeh, the Librarian and trained as a priest at a college in Bombay (all the priests are sent to India for training; there is no school here--previous to this procedure, priests were trained by sitting at the feet of a practicing high priest), and Mr. Nassami. They were very cordial; showed me the Fire Temple and the Library and wrote me some letters of intro. For Yazd (Mr. Keyantian and Mr. Sharia Kodgari). Took off shoes to enter the fire temple; inside carpeted and could see the fire from the doorway ~~at the doorway~~ and they took me around to look at the fire thru the doorway--use hard woods for the fire behind is an old lamp used "to strengthen" the fire if need be; and sandalwood put on as incense. Priests dressed in white to go to the library afterwards, Mr. Shahzadeh and a man discussed the interpretation of the Avestan phrase Ahura Mazda's Fravash (Fravash=progress or God's spirit); Shahzadeh said some of the Indian profs. said Ahura Mazda progresses as well; the other man maintained that Ahura Mazda is absolute and thus doesn't progress. I was asked how Zaehner or Boyce would interpret this and when I pled incompetence, was asked for the Christian interpretation of God's Spirit. So I answered with the Quran of Near that progress of the world is towards the Absolute; God's spirit is the evolution of the world--all of which was taken by the man as support for his side. As I rose to leave and thank them for the letters, I said I'd see them at the celebrations on the morrow at 8:00, but Shahzadeh said to come at 3:30 to go with him et al to the Z. cemetery where there would be a more important function.



2 Oct. - 9 Mehr. Morning went to Teheran Intnl School and saw Dan and Jerry but not Kamran whom I want to tutor me in Farsi. At 3:30 back to Mojgan-Zardoshti; Mr. Shahzadeh and Mr. Nassami and I drove out in Mr. Nassami's car after two buses, to the east of town to the Zoroastrian cemetery at Gajar Palace. Under Reza Shah who was good to the Zoro's it was sold to the Zoroastrians. The palace itself was subject to vandalism (taking out the tiles) so the tiles were removed and the buildings demolished. Some twenty Zoroastrian families live in a sort of walled village next to the cemetery. Another Zoroastrian settlement is closer to town on the same road and is a settlement of detached houses with gardens surrounded by walls looking thus: Mr. Shahzadeh showed me around and explained that Mehrigan is a festival in honor of the ancient Iranian god Mithra whom Zoroaster deformed from his divinity but who managed to regain his prominence. He agreed that it was a kind of harvest festival--after the harvest and with the new plowing. A kind of 1/2 way mark to Nowruz, or the real New Year.

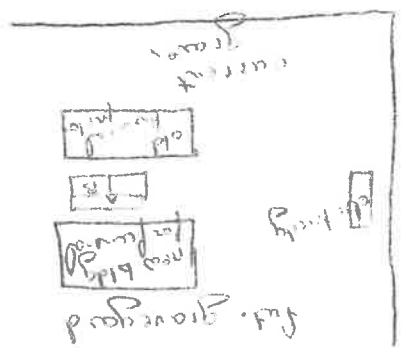


He, the graveyard, Shahadeh explained that since the Aryans originally lived in a very cold climate where the ground was too frozen for burials or for decomposition, the practice began of exposing the dead to the birds of prey. As they moved south, during the bodies became a practice in India. But today here in Iran burial of the bodies is practiced because the Zoroastrians, Christians and Jews all of whom bury and find the exposure distasteful, the what they don't see in burials of the decay processes aided by worms and even rats is really no better. Bodies are washed in room A, the washers wearing rubber gloves and those who touch the body should wash afterwards, because corpses are considered unclean. The bodies are dressed in room B and services are held in C. They are put into iron coffins which have legs on the bottoms to keep them off the ground and the bottoms of the coffin are belts rather than a solid sheet of metal. These are placed into the grave which has cement walls but dirt floor and is cemented in the top so that no dirt falls onto the body when the grave is filled in. The rationale of all this is so that "the blood may sink into the ground" and be purified in the first few centimeters of dirt, so that there is a minimum of pollution, and a maximum of hygiene cleanliness. The blood of course congeals in the body, but as the body decays, the "water" seeps into the ground and is purified before it reaches the water table and pollutes the latter. The injunction that the body not be allowed to pollute the elements (earth, air, water) is thus maintained, and is also the reason for insisting an iron (metal?) coffin and not wooden ones. Then after a year, the grave is added to the grave—an attempt is made to make all the gravestones more or less the same size and shape, except if a man is somebody extraordinary such as the Fieldmarshal who has a 10' or more mausoleum. When people pay their respects to the graves they bring fire (and incense or sandalwood), fruit and flowers. The graves are neatly arranged in rows each row being filled in order so that there is an order section of gravestones, then a section of rounded but un-headed stoned graves, and then some holes awaiting bodies.

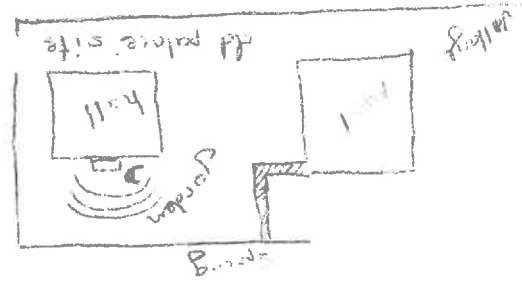
After touring the graveyard and the hall across the road where the ceremony was to be held (D) and where there is a spring and a pool which acts as a reservoir for the gardens below, we wandered thru the pomegranate garden and ate some pomegranates (sour pomegranates—we couldn't find any sweet pomegranates) and figs. The pomegranate fruit is said to increase and purify the blood; its roots are boiled and taken for diarrhea, and its leaves chopped up with water for making kidney stones (!); its twigs are used as barsan and thus its stands in the courtyard of fire-temples.

When we returned the ceremony had started. Mr. Shahadeh said it was a Jasma ceremony (Av. Jasma), but I think it must be a rather abbrev. one. About 150 people were seated in semi-circle at the entrance to the hall in the garden facing a table and which two priests were chanting. The table covered with a white cloth contained a tray of fresh fruit of all kinds (grapes, apples, watermelon etc.) which an elderly man was cutting up into pieces, and 2 trays of dried fruit and nuts (nuts and apricots and raisins). Behind these were two vases of flowers and directly in front of the priests were a glass of water and 3 twigs which Sh. said were hurd or nyrtle (he gave me one afterwards and it smelled sweet; small green leaves). The priests were dressed all in white with white caps and white gowns. And they chanted the not particularly in unison. The younger one (c.40) carried the burden of the chanting singing into a mike. The older man played a second fiddle and seemed to be plodding through. They made few

A - with body in wood
B - with body in dirt



Read to them



gestures but a couple of times held up the myrtle twigs and the younger man made
circling motions with the glass of water, after which they would gesture towards
the twigs and water ("volla!" as it were) and raise their hand to their face in a
sinoidal curve which might have meant good words, good thoughts (mouth & head); the
older man once or twice seemed to end a refrain with a prayer (palm to palm brought up
to his chin) gesture. Audience participation was still all the way and when the priests
arose off their chairs and gestured for all to rise which they did. The chanting was
almost monotone--le definitely a chant and less musical than either a mass or a modern
Torah rendition (of the Telchman variety). After this a psalter with lire and sandalwood
was placed on the table and the priests cleared off; the myrtle twigs were placed in
the vases with the flowers whence Sh. retrieved one for me.

Dr. Farhang Mr. Pres. of the Anjvand Zardosht then gave a speech in which he
welcomed me (I wish I could have understood what he said) and presented a necklace of
flowers to an elderly Indian lady in a white sari who had donated money for the
electrical power in this place. Tea and cookies were served. Another speech. Nuts
and dried fruit were passed out from the trays in huge handfuls which you stuffed in
your pockets. Sh. compared this partaking of food of the trays to the participation
of the people in a Catholic Mass when eating the flesh and blood of Christ.

After it was all over the man next to me introduced himself as a follower of Meher
Baba (he apparently has done translations into Persian from English of Meher Baba's
texts) altho Meher Baba was originally a Zoroastrian and he himself a Muslim. But
now he is convinced that Meher Baba is God. Told me to look him up in Yazd. He is
giving a lecture here in Teheran tomorrow and going to Yazd on Sat. I'm somewhat
intrigued by this chap--what's his story? what's his position in Yazd? how would he
fit the theory in my proposal--but also somewhat suprised to find him among these more
sophisticated Zoroastrians and so was pleased (after securing his address in Yazd)
that Sh. rescued me from his evangelical clutches.

Sh. in response to a question o. whether the Muslim community was growing said (1)
only by natural increase--Z. only have one wife (as Muslim allowance of 4) and usually
have only 3-4 children (as Muslim 5+); (2) Z. does not accept converts (not only does
not proselytize, but does not accept)--trad stems fr days of Arab invasion when the
Z. felt they were civilized and the Arabs barbarian and therefore did not want to
mix their blood because mixing civilized and barbarian can only corrupt the civilized.
Says religious enmity of the Muslims is rapidly disappearing and things are much
better now than 80 years ago. Z. women never wear chadors, but have their own style.
Drove back to town a. 7:30--9 I missed the function in town to which Mrs. Jegeneght
had invited me; just before we left Sh. took me into the hall and there was a boy
practising on a tar (?? strings). Mrs. Jegeneght had said it was mainly going to be done
by young folk. In her reference to consolidation of earlier festivities, I eventually
found this note on Mehrigan in the Enqoy. of Rellig and Ethnos:

"Our chief knowledge of the Zoroastrian feasts is derived, not from Avesta or
Pahlavi texts, but from Perso-Arabic authors, the most important of whom... is
al-Biruni (Chronology of Ancient Nations tr. Sachau, London 1879).
"In each month an especially sacred day was the one now called 'Jasn' (Av. Yasna,
'praise'), on which the month-name coincides with the day name, as the day 'Frawardin
of the month Frawardin. (The 'Jasns' are accordingly the 19th day of the 1st month, the
2nd of the 2nd, the 6th of the 3rd, the 13th of the 4th, the 7th of the 5th, the
14th of the 6th, the 16th of the 7th, the 10th of the 8th, the 9th of the 9th, the
1st, 8th, 15th, and 23rd of the 10th, the 2nd of the 11th, and the 5th of the 12th.)
"The two great festivals of the Zoroastrians are the New Year (Nouruz) and the
Feast of Mithra (Mithran), both of which last six days, perhaps being based on the
six Bahambars.... the celebration (or both festivals) was at one period spread over
the second for the nobility, the first five being, according to al-Biruni, 'feast days for the princes,
the third for the nobility, the third for the servants of the princes, the fourth
for their clients, the fifth for the people, and the sixth for the herdsmen.' Thus
instead of each of the six Bahambars being represented by only one day of the
festival, it was at one time honoured both at Nouruz and at Mithran by a period of
five days. (Mithran has given its name to the 7th Armenian mo., Mehragan; also satrap
of Armenia sent the Persian monarch 20,000 goats annually at the
Miθpāhava ;

Mihraj and Nuruz wer the 2 times at wh earlier Sassanian K.s gave public
and dance the national dance. Orig--possibly both were New Years viz multiple
beginnings among Baby. Heb; Maxquart argued that Av. yr began w the autumnal
equinox and that during the closing yrs of the reign of Darius I (522-586) it
was changed to conform w the Babylonian yr thus commencing at the vernal equinox)
--L.H.Gray Vol 5 pp 872-5

3 Oct. (Fri) - 11 Mehr. Add. to yesterday's notes: (1) Zoro's trying to put in industry
in their villages just outside Teheran: cement; (2) Yesterday I greeted Mr. Sh. & N.
w salam alekham & N. responded w that's Arabic, we have enough Iranian words--

In fact; (3) Behruz this morn says: In olden days Iran was forested and Mehragan was
the day that one burned the forests to clear the land for farming (NB: burn-five-light
=agrt renewal, b of new agrt sea, -like kerritity); also repeats the al-Biruni Infor
that M. was the day the K. received the people; also was supposed to be the 15th Mehr(?)
At breakfast, Tony once again recounted the Pope burial and the independency of
cementing it in whill all were watching. The grave is a cement vault because the water
level is so high (he's buried by the Rhadjoz bridge in Kspahan), but I remember thinking
of the "anal retentiveness" of the metal casket in the Japalean funeral of Jahl which
also would not allow decay.

The day was taken up travelling on the 10:30 bus from Teheran to Yazd via Qum and
Kafahan, arriving in Yazd about 11 in the evening. Once we stopped in the middle of
the desert (on the way to Qum) for a girl signalling with a plastic water pitcher
and people also collected some coins for her. Then I saw where she & family lived:
literally in a hole in the ground by the roadside. We passed another beggar later on
but his was a hut on top of the ground.

4 Oct (Sat) - 12 Mehr. Breakfast of cocoa w milk, bd and honey and tea. Then down to the
bank to visit Mr. J. (Behruz' father is manager of the Bank-1 Melll and they live
above the bank; he will be moving next mo. to take over the Bank-1 Melll in Abadan).

Then up Kh. Pahlavi to buy some Lewis for Behruz in a little shop (50 toman) wh sold all
sorts of things. A German woman even tried to buy some asparagus there but didnt know
the fact for it; I translated from German to English but Behruz didnt know what asparagus
Then to a camera shop to ask how the meter on my camera is supposed to work--he didnt
know; he is a Behat-Behruz says the Behat's worship Mohammad Ali Bab secretly, giving
as evidence that a Behat friend of his has a picture of Mohammad Ali Bab which he doesn't
like people to know he has. Then we walked to the Amir (Kasra) Imamzadeh (a son of
an Imam doesnt mean a F-S rel but a classificatory son) in front of which stands a
large wooden construction called a nachl () which used to be carried by men
during Mohazzam (or Noruz), but now they carry a smaller one. Went back to the Bank
and met the Mr. of PPT (Mr. G. Amagand) who lives next door, and
the Mr. of Finance. From the roof of the Bank-1 Melll one can see 360° around town
seemingly a square town out on the flat desert floor with near mountain horizons on 2
sides, the outstanding architectural features being the bad-girs or wind-catching towers
which rise above the town like elevated Greek spectors, he have a very classical
columnar look. The entire town seems to be mud-brick (with some true brick and a few
stone and cement bldgs like the Bank-1-Melll).

We then took Behruz, Vazpa and drove out to the daahne () or Towers of Silence
3 round cauldrons on a ridge. Below is a new graveyard laid out behind a wall. Around
are several houses each for a village when they come out (3x a year: Noruz, Bahand or
the no before Noruz, and 1x or 2 mo after Noruz) for a day (individuals may come in btw)
The buildings are in a cross shape with domes over the cross and ea of the 4 wings
with holes in the tops to let out smoke. There seems to be a rather new fire temple and
well (the latter has a plaque given by an Indian Parat) One of the daahne also has
such a plaque (& a locked door). One of the daahne is broken down and one sees within
old walls scattered bones bleached by the sun, brittle and fibrous: craniums, joints,
ribs and tibia, femurs, phalanges, jaws and joints. On the far side of the ridge are
some abandoned and melting mud bldgs (presumably an older version of what is now below
on the Yazd side of the ridge). On the way back into town, passed a Zoro. school.

Back to the Bank-1-Mall for a tea, then afternoon tea. From the balcony could watch the children playing home from school. A girls school in the distance still had the girls in green uniform practicing formation exercises. We then went out to the Zoroastrian quarter between Soroya and Kerman roads and found the manzale Kayanian but he was out of town. His wife called Mr. Sharta Kodayari and we went over there; he speaks only a few words of English (his Pa was an English teacher) and Behruz did the talking. Apparently there will be a Zoroastrian congress in Tehran in a month at which it is to be debated whether to allow converts to Zoroastrianism. Mr. S-X seemed enthusiastic that if the measure passed, the hist. of Iran would change. Behruz suggested that I could get permission to tape some of the debate, he would transcribe for me. Mr. S-X is to pick us up tomorrow to see the fire-temple.

5 Oct. (Sun)--13 Mehr. Slept late. B. & I went to the dome Mosque and climbed up to its dome for a view of the city but we couldn't get into the minaret. Then scooted thru some kucbe behind the mosque and eventually decided to seek a Zoro. village, but the clutch string on the Vespa broke so we had to get it fixed and as we took off again past the crossing of Pahlati and Zaroya, a policeman stopped us and asked to see B's licence which he had left in Tehran--they arrested him and were going to hold him for court at 4pm but he called his Pa who called the chief of police and B was immediately released w the reproach 'why didnt you call us immediately you were the son of the manager of the Bank-1-Mall.'

In the afternoon, Mr. S-X took us to the fire-temple built 35yrs ago. I tried to ask about some of the traditional arrangements (that the fire had to be against the S. wall so worshippers wouldn't face N; that 3 things are fed to the fire: fuel, incense, ghee; that a pomegranate and palm tree are supposed to be in the garden of the temple) but the questions were taken the wrong way; they took great pains to stress the highness of their monotheism and non-ritualism (thus they said only wood was fed to the fire, the sticks of incense were added just for the good smell; denied that pomegranate & palm had to be in the garden). Met the Mobad who explained the Frash; the central circle stands for the world and in his hand he points the one way to God; the 3 rows in the wings represent good wds, hot, deeds, whereas the 3 items on the bottom represent bad wds, hot, deeds. Pictures on the wall of the fire chamber of Zardosht and of Z. w the first 4 converts. People come to pray 3x a day of an early morning is the most popular. While we were there a man came in to pray; Behruz says he snapped his fingers in time. Afterwards we went across the way to Mr. Jamshedi, a wealthy landowner with pistachio-gardens. The wealthy Z.'s are moving to Tehran and villagers coming in to take their place. There are about 10 Z. villages. These new urbanites are not rich enough really to maintain the town houses or to send their kids to school. We were shown a Z. house by a grandda of the owner who still lives here so that it wouldn't be empty--the da of a wealthy Teheranite, B. Zardosht who gives money to the fire temple. On the way back, Mr. S-X said there was a 2nd reason for the movement to Tehran: if a poor Muslim is sick, he is taken to the hospital and cared for; but the same would not be done by the Hosp. for a poor Z.; if a Z. touches fruit the Muslim will say it is forbidden; if a Z. goes into a barber shop service may be refused. Mithras was not celebrated here this year. Used to be but the guy in charge was replaced and the youth who did it are either in Tehran or were too busy w school.



In the evening we went to the movies--James Bond--the whole family; the woman of the upper crust w/o chador. We took the Vespa out for a 5 hr ride which ended in Tar after passing by the as yet uncompleted airport and thru or past a couple of villages. Tar is an oasis in btw two ridges running out towards Kadi; it is a cluster of houses w trees all around (B. says like Shiraz) and on either flank a shrine to All--All was supposed to have visited and left a footprint, but it is not clear which side of the valley is the footprint (on the one side there is a polished bit of granite which sparkles all the way across the valley in the sun.) On the trip out I banged my foot rather badly against a rock we passed too closely while following a motorcycle track across the desert more-or-less paralleling the dirt road which was too dusty for us; on the way

6 Oct. (Mon)--14 Mehr. We took the Vespa out for a 5 hr ride which ended in Tar after passing by the as yet uncompleted airport and thru or past a couple of villages. Tar is an oasis in btw two ridges running out towards Kadi; it is a cluster of houses w trees all around (B. says like Shiraz) and on either flank a shrine to All--All was supposed to have visited and left a footprint, but it is not clear which side of the valley is the footprint (on the one side there is a polished bit of granite which sparkles all the way across the valley in the sun.) On the trip out I banged my foot rather badly against a rock we passed too closely while following a motorcycle track across the desert more-or-less paralleling the dirt road which was too dusty for us; on the way

back we carefully skirted around town coming in by the dachme and then thru the kuche

Mr. J. confirms that Fereidun Kanyaryan speaks Eng.; his bro. was in the States

for 10 yrs and m. an American but when he returned to Iran they divorced because of

the injunctions of the Z. welig. The Bahanshahs were suprised to hear of Parvis' Am vi.

7 Oct. (Tues)-15 Mehr. Morning walked thru the bazar and bought a Yazd silk tie for 1/4 toman

Evening went to a "police day" (Ruz-i-Police) celebration in which Behrus' sister Minova

had a part in a comedy skit. Some speeches during which each mention of "Shahanshah"

was dutifully followed by clapping (you better clap or SAVAK will get you). (There is

a story of the Rashti--the Persian Yorkshirman--who came to Teheran and told the taxi

driver to take him to /clapp, clap, clap/ street, i.e. wanted to go the aryamehr.)

Apparently most of the songs performed were also in praise of the Shah. Presentation of

awards incl. presentation of a picture of the Shah to the police chief who kissed it and

touched his forehead to it. B. & I were driven home by the Post Office director and

were invited in to meet his son, Aram ("calm"), a 16-year old engineering student whose

fa wants me to teach him English (and they'll help me w Farst)--2 other boys as well.

8 Oct. (Wed)-16 Mehr. Tried to find the Peace Corps couple in town--went to the HS where the

police thing was last nite; were sent to the Office of Ed, back down Bahlav; they sent

us to an engineering office where they said a PCV worked; they said he wasn't in but try.

Marka HS (a Zoro HS); went there but they were closed for lunch. In the evening, guests

came: the manager of another bank and his daughters. The two bank managers played a

game of counters w much enthusiasm but quite simple dice-controlled game; they like

the domino-players of the Caribbean slam down the pieces w much noise.

9 Oct. (Thurs)-17 Mehr. Success in finding Peter and Beverly Stinton (PCV) by finding Mr.

the hd of Marko HS, a Zoro, and PC Mason man. (The money for Marko HS donated by an

Indian Parst named Mirko--built 18 yrs ago) He took us when school let out at 11:20

to the Stinton's very close by (1st kuche to the rt and 1st kuche left.) Beverly, a little

oriental girl, teaches at a Zoro girls school, and Peter at 2 H. (neither Zoro). They've

been here a mo., are from San Francisco where he was a journalist with Time.

Item in yesterday's paper a Hehrigan; celebrated 23rd Mehr under the Min. of Cult--

a nationalist revival under Reza Shah. Reports tales of al-Biruni and some others; the

day when God created the animals and man. Supposed to be on Mehr Mehr (the 16th-today).

The twin to Nohuz the latter into the hot seas, Mehrigan into the cold one.

10 Oct. (Fri)-18 Mehr. Went out in the morning w Mr. J. and B. to buy the latter a ring for

his 21st birthday (20 Mehr)--a gold ring w amber stone--price determined by weighing on

scales

We then all piled into Mr. J.'s Moskova sedan and went out the Kerman road to a

village where in a garden we had a picnic with several other families (the P.O. master,

the Bank-1- manager w his daughters; Hazra who works in an iron mine/55re/ where

there are 16 Russians and 2 Germans--he comes to town on Fridays and speaks a bit of Eng.)

Must storms come to Yazd around Nozar. (Just 5/5 kach, but Yazd 2/5 dulaah).

They bring small scorpions (5/5 agrab). Apparently they are needed for the melon and

plachido crops which otherwise are full of worms. Joll (B's sis who has a medical

technicians degree from the Algemeine Krankenhaus in Vienna) says scorpions if put in

a glass bottle will try to escape for 1/2 an hour and if unsuccessful will kill selves.

Special candy of Yazd: 5/5 gotahq--sugar wrapped hard-sweet dough balls; another

Yazdi specialty is baklava.

11 Oct. (Sat)-19 Mehr. 6 am bus to Bafshan. We were taken to the bus sta by Mr. J. There

a decrepit little man insisted on helping carry the luggage to the bus, but was physically

almost unequal to the task as well (whole situation unpleasant; we didn't want help, he

needed the couple rats, he was in tattered shape, he couldn't handle any work) Has

addressed by Joll, B. & Mr. J. with the familiar "Baba", which usually means "Daddy" but

may also be used by fa to child, or sibling, or other close people, e.g.

In Bafshan, B. called Joll's roommate "Baba".

Mr Ardakan (Yazd side) are some dachmes out on the open plain; a mud one in good

repair, and a new white one (cement?) and some pigs in front.

We arrived in Isfahan after 5 hours, took a cab to Jolt's apartment to which we men did not enter, and then we sought out a cheap hotel (5 toman each). Returned to take Jolt to lunch (chalo-kebab); took Jolt back, and went sightseeing; Shah Square with the Shah Mosque (w some interesting acoustics; reverberations under the dome, a spot which faces the back wall. It w sound carries out into the courtyard; a second mosque on the second side of the square; the Ali Qapoo Palace on the third side; we didn't go into the Bazar on the 4th side yet. Then to the

Palace which has some nice murals inside, the place of the "40 pillars" (20 of which are reflections in the pool), now being restored. The Ali Qapoo also needs restoring--a later Shah destroyed the interior white-washing over everything. We then went across the river to the Armenian Quarter (Julfa), where we went into the Cathedral and Museum (the latter had old tombs, costumes, not veiled but a kerchief over the hd, and a white veil piece over the mouth; edicts of various Shahs not to trouble Armenian houses, not to charge extra duties on Armenian merchants, not to interfere w Armenian festivals, etc. incl 2 busts of Reza Shah and Mohammad Reza Shah Pahlavi with accompanying edicts directing the busts to be placed in the museum; collection of bibles. Outside the door of the Museum is a stone on which is engraved: Deutsche Venus Expedition 1874. Inside is a letter signed by a Dr. W.F. Heintz of the Kosmos, Monatschrift für Naturkunde, which explains that "Im Jahre 1874 entsandte das Deutsche Reich eine Reihe von Venus-expeditionen darunter auch eine nach Isfahan in Persien. Der Zweck dieser Expeditionen war, den (sehr seltenen) Vorübergang des Planeten Venus vor der Sonne am 5. Dezember 1874 zu beobachten um aus diesen Beobachtungen den Wert des Abstandes Erde-Sonne neu zu bestimmen. Die deutsche Expedition nach Isfahan kam am 4. November 1874 dort an. An ihr nahmen teil: 1/ Prof. G. Fritsch, Assistent am Anatomischen Institut der Universität Berlin als Fotograf; 2) Dr. E. Becker, Observer der Sternwarte Berlin als Astronom; 3) Dr. E. Stolze, Berlin als Fotograf; 4) Photograph Buchwald aus Breslau." The chief instrument was a "Merz Instrument" used as a helioscope--belonging to the Berlin Observatory. The results wert very good because "die Kontakte Venus-Sonnenscheibe nicht scharf genug zu beobachten waren."

We walked back across the Khadjoe Bridge and then down to an older stimpler bridge which B. says used to be the assignation point for the young boy prostitutes. On the walk back B. talked about how unhappy the students at the Univ. are--people like Nasir (Dean of Humanities), and former Chancellor Reza talk of ed. but do nothing. Four yrs ago the army invaded the U. and beat up the students because they were anti-Shah. Had Jolt control instituted to help keep money in the country--every next man in Izad is a Hajl--was done by borrowing money from friends (w Korand prescription that the Hajl should only be done by those rich enough to ensure livelihood of family and relatives but --so now weed out those too poor and those who've been once before. Out for dinner with Jolt and roommate; a walk along the park along the river, and after dinner back there for roasted corn on the cob which is eaten here and in Turkey as an eat ice-cream.

12 Oct. (Sun)--20 Mehr. Morn. walk thru Bazaar and the large Mosque therein. A fire broke out in the bazaar and people ran w buckets and hoses, and fire engines arrived. Took the 2:00 bus back to Tehran (a beautiful new Mercedes). The area around Isfahan is starting for its round pigeon towers. Groves of apple trees with stores in them as cold weather.

Mon. 13 Oct.--21 Mehr. Read papers and caught up on the news; 2 riots in Chicago (W. side & SDS in support of the Chicago 8), Russians put up space platform on 12th anniversary of Sputnik I. Went down to see Khalid who said try again in a week. To the Bank-1-Mall where money was transferred to Chicago. Lunch. Tried to find Kamran Bassem as a tutor. To the Roshblatta & Vitoria dropped in: Ala Zonts they say has had a brain hemorrhage & is in Massachusetts General Hosp.; he's cancelled classes this term. Back for a Persian lesson with Behruz. Dinner. John Hertrime came in and talked of carpets--he's spent over \$10,000 at David's Carpets (a 29-yr old Jew on Ferdowsi).

14 Oct. (Tues)--22 Mehr. Got some passport photos taken. Another lesson w Behruz. Several of us went down and looked at some carpets at Davids.

15 Oct. (Wed)--23 Mehr. Contacted Kamran & he'll come teach me Persian in the mornings. Behruz didn't show this morn. so I read an article on development in Iran by Bayne. Spent the rest of the day typing the journal

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- 16 Oct. (Thurs)--24 Mehr. Kamran called and said he'd overslept. For lunch I went out to the University to meet Behruz. The dorms are up Kh. Amirabad--an all male campus: they are allowed this year for the first time to bring girls in on Thurs. fr 10am-3 pm. Girls dorms are down by the University proper. Afternoon: went to visit Bill Sumner at the Amer. Inst. In the evening: dinner with the Rothblatts and the Wenns. Howard described Qazwin as part of the Tehran indus. complex--new indus. is bringing its skilled technicians from Tehran and will leave the Qazvinis simply displaced. The Bazaris foresee their replacement by large-scale retailers but make no effort to do anything in the way of finding themselves a place in this future. In the past the Bazaris have been an obstacle to the Gvt--now their power is being broken--because they are stagnant capital pools. They invest to sell and make a profit but they don't reinvest excess capital in expansion. Further example of this non-capitalist attitude is found in the retailers outside the bazaar too: Iran Super for a long-time had a monopoly on European patronage, but rather than open other branches further north as the European community grew, another store filled this slot, but the latter did not then engage, as would an American firm in price competition. Unsolved: why is it that the bazaris are particularly religiously fanatic? (The source of the stories of both Zoroastrians--ie S-X--and Jews--ie Mrs Hay--c. salesmen saying it was forbidden to touch fruit) Howard says his Bazaris in discussing wine say they would not sell grapes if they knew it would be made into w
- 17 Oct. (Fri.)--25 Mehr. Kamran gave me a lesson in the morning & I slept most of the rest of the day. Read Leo Vaughan's novel The Jokeman which takes place in a Persian town called Kojast: the theme is expressed in the line out of the mouth of a leading Persian character: "Reality is an insult to the sensitive mind. I insist on living in a world full of nightingales whether they are here or not." Andrew Williamson thinks Vaughan's 2 years in Persia were at Pahlavi U.
- *8 Oct. (Sat)--26 Mehr. Lesson with Kamran. His father was originally Iraqi; so he speaks Arabic as well as Farsi and English. Also knows some Hebrew, French, Russian. In the late afternoon Behruz helped me translate the article on Mehrigan we had clipped the 16th from the newspaper. I then went to the Bank-i-Saderat and was handled by a fellow named Mohammad Doghehsat who spoke to me mainly in German tho he also knows English. He spent 5 years in Europe, mainly Germany and Sweden--studied film at Upsala U. til his parents became ill and he had to return to Iran. He is bitter about what he considers a lost opportunity: he wants to emigrate to Canada and get back into film but is stuck here as a bank clerk and has just married 4 mo. ago. His Pa. makes metal handles and clasps for suitcases etc. He is a rabid anti-Semite: they are dirty, capitalistic, "ungemütlich", only friendly if you have money. As the bank was closing we went together with a friend to his house. The friend, a chemistry student at National U. has been studying English for 6 years but knows about as much English as I know Persian. The first question he had to answer about a homework story was 'what was the girl looking at out of the window?'-- his answer was 'her name is Sarah.'
- 19 Oct. (Sun)--27 Mehr. Kamran called to say he was sick and might or might not show tomorrow. I worked on Persian in the morning and then read 'Abd Al-Latif Al-Baghdadi's Kitab al-Ifadah Wa'l-itiban which is about his trip to Cairo and Egypt in 596-600 AH (1199-1204 AD): he describes the geog, plants, animals, foods, bldgs etc. in the first book--is particularly good on the method of incubating eggs, on digging foundations in soggy land, and on burial remains of the ancients: wooden coffins, cloth wrappings, gold leaf skins, and moumia (mummy)--a pitch-like substance found in the bodies and collected by the Egyptians (for what?)--buried together with various birds, animals, fish but not (why?) horse, camel, or ass. The second book is a description of the horrors of the famine in 596-7 attendant on the failure of the Nile to rise above 12 cubits and 21 fingers (lowest ever since the beginning of the Hejira) and reducing people to cannibalism: accounts of roasting children, burning adults alive for this crime and eating the latter as well--just too fantastic (really true?)

In the afternoon I finally made it to the Zoroastrian Library. Mr. Shahzadeh affirmed that a national Zoroastrian Congress will be held next week (an international one is held each 4 years); and also affirmed that the subject of conversion is on the agenda. In Iran refusal to allow conversion was a mechanism of survival vs the Arabs --had they allowed conversions of Muslims they would have been killed. In India another problem; it would have been the Shudra--untouchables which would have converted as they did to Christianity and so would have brought c. the community's downfall.

I then quickly read-skimmed S.F. Desai's book A Community at the Cross-Road which is about serious demographic and social problems of the Bombay Parsees. It's a very nice piece of work full of statistics, but written in 1948, one can with hindsight now smile at some of the demographic projections such as a continued decline in European rates of increase. If the demographic theory must be read with caution, it is of interest to learn that approx. 40% of the Parsee families in Bombay have at one time or another been in want and have been obliged to ask for charity. He paints a picture of a rich class with a growing poverty-stricken class.

I then went to the British Council which was showing 3 films: the first on the tribes (Basseri) or Bachtari) showing migration thru the snow and across the river--the latter quite spectacular: making rafts with inflated pig-skins on which women, children and goats wh cant swim were ferried; sheep then forced into the water--apparently they get waterlogged after a while and panic and try to turn back when 2/3 across, so men riding pig-skins and often being towed by horses must catch them and pull them across. Grass. Second film on Nepal and 3rd on Africa.

- 20 Oct. (Mon)--28 Mehr. Lesson with Kamran in the morning. A polit. sci. prof. (chairman) from Alberta displaced us from the Persian Room--turns out he's a Hopkins PhD; we chatted for a while about George Carter and Owen Lattimore (he worked under Lattimore and helped gather his defence for the trial); after spending a year at Cambridge he's chafing about the research facilities here. Afternoon in the Zoro. library.
- Oct. (Tues)--29 Mehr. Lesson with Kamran in the morning & with Behruz in afternoon.
- 22 Oct. (Wed)--30 Mehr. Lesson with Kamran. Afternoon drove with Sarah and Elizabeth, two English girls out here for 8 months who will work in a school for the blind in Isphahan to Veramin south of Teheran. The Friday Mosque is really falling apart and as the guide book understates you must use your imagination; still some indications of very nice decorative work. A nice tomb tower at the center of town. There was supposed to be another tower and we walked around a bit, attracting a mass of children who began chanting "Amrikai", which grew into a mob wordless chant of rising and falling sound waves and they began throwing stones as well, but it did not seem very serious--nonetheless we retreated to the l/r with the aid at the end of a policeman. In Rey on the way back we went past the famous Mongol tomb tower and past a couple of funerals (Rey is a favorite place for burial because of its shrine) and to a water hole where women wash carpets and clothes and where the Qajars had a carving made in their honor in the style of the Sassanians. The Veramin plain is covered w small shrin
- 23 Oct. (Thurs)--Waited for Kamran but he didnt show. Tried to find Khaliqi at the Ministry but he had left. Afternoon, Behruz and I went to see Nessami at the Anjomani Zardoshti--he did not think I could come to the Congress next week, but he would get me a copy of the proceedings both of this year and last year. The question of allowing conversion was brought up 5 years ago but still was not resolved; perhaps Gd-willing this year. Other questions to be discussed have to do with administration of the various Anjomanis. He explained why the 10th of Mehr was Mehr-Mehr: Mehr is the 16th day of the Z. month, but the Z. name days are a series of 30, and the 1st 6 Muslim months have 31 days, so that by the 7th month, the name days are 6 days behind, thus the 10th of Mehr is Mehr.
- * Evening slide show with narration by David Stronach for the Swann tour (a high priced archeological tour for rich Americans, led by a famous archeologist).
- 24 Oct. (Fri.)-- Put in a good day reading.
- 25 Oct. (Sat.)-- Went to the University to try to see Nezami, but couldnt find him. Behruz and his friend Habib took me to a course taught by Saderi (Hd of Sociol. Dept), but most of the period was taken up by calling the role; Saderi then dictated his lecture and everyone tried to get it down verbatim--going faster as he ran out of time at end

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We then had lunch and played ping-pong: I got trounced by everyone. Then we went to see what was left of the 2nd Asian Trade Fair which had officially closed yesterday, and so most of the Pavillions were closed.

- 26 Oct. (Sun.) --4 Aban. The Shah's Birthday; he and his twin sister are 50. The city last night was all lighted up and tonight fireworks. Spent the day reading Zurvan, A Zoroastrian Dilemma by Zaehner.
- 27 Oct. (Mond)--5 Aban. Birthday of the 12th Imam. All sorts of people showed up at the Inst.: Dick Eaton(?), ex-Peace Corps/Iran, on his way thru to Hyerabad, India (Wisc. Muslim history; Dr. McGuire Gibson (PhD. Chicago Oriental Inst), has been teaching archeology in the Anthro Dept at Univ of Ill. (Circle Campus), is currently the Annual Prof. at the American School in Bagdad--in exile--the Iraqis wont let him in. He says they almost let him in but then this business about American citizens being able to serve in the Israeli Army w/o losing their American citizenship blew up, and Lebanon blew up. His analysis of the Lebanon situation: Israel's continued pressure on the Lebanon is a calculated power play to be able to move northwards to the L. River, a far superior strategic position-- the Lebanese have done very well for 6 months in avoiding the trap by not having a gvt and thus not being able to make any decision or take a stand. But Al-Fatah is moving in with Syrian support and eventually to maintain its autonomy the Lebanese army is going to have to engage the Israeli's at which point the Israelis can move. The aftermath will probably bring down the syrian gvt as well which at the moment is the most open towards the West of the series of recent regimes. The Israeli strategy of keeping things bubbling effectively keeps the Arabs unstable and offensive to the West--a vicious circle from which they seem incapable of extracating themselves. Meanwhile on the other front, Iraq has withdrawn forces from Jordan vs a new Kurdish offensive. Iraqi press is referring to the Shah as the "open sewer". The Iraqi English language paper refers to the Iraqis gvt leaders as the "struggler President", etc. apparently a crude transl. of "valient or patriotic"; so the foreign community goes around calling ea other the "struggler mother", "the struggler professor" etc. [the next days brought about a warming of relations between Iraq and Iran: the Iraqi Pres. sent a birthday message to the Shah; apparently the Iraqis inflicted a severe defeat on the Kurds, and now from a position of strength are willing to talk to Iran about the Shatt al-Arab]

Also in are Mike and Marylin Bonine. Mike is a student of Paul English at the Univ. of Texas, with plans for a central-place study of Yazd & environs.

- 28 Oct. (Tues)--6 Aban. Lynn Boden (fr. Calif, BA small Presbyterian college in Kansas, doing a thesis at McGill on Nasr's Sufism, teaching at U. of Teh for the last 4 yrs) took me down to the Christian Mission's Linguistic Inst where they teach missionaries. I may be able to copy some tapes but at 8 in the morn! Mark Bliss, the missionary whose car accident yesterday killed his own 3 children, an Iranian friend's child, and put 3 of the 4 parents in the hosp. belongs to this crowd. Lynn says Nasr doesnt publish much in Persian because his point of view is not accepted by most Suffis, esp the idea that Islam is not the one unique true relig but that all religions say the same thing.

Evening went over to Parviz Marjovand and went with them to see an experimental Yugoslavian film at the Minsitry of Fine Art with a couple of Persian shorts (one of weight lifting and one on the Friday Mosque in Isphahan); the Jugo. film was an attack on Fascism. Then to a place for drinks (semi-avant garde decor; pasteur decor). Conversation again on Aryan relig vs Semitic--Semitic (Judaeo-Christian) takes as a premise the sinfulness of man, an imperfectability, which can only be combatted in the search for a perfectible-harmonious society governed by the law (Judaism) or by the guidan of Christ (Chr). When asked, why I'm interested in Zoroastrianism, I jestingly tried out David Schneider's line "The fundamental fantasy of anthropology is that somewhere there really must be a life worth living"--it received the response: ah there's the crux--a Judaeo-Chr search--you wont find it in Yazd.

Parviz went on about how resurrection etc. is absurd--is a rationalistic pt of view while I tried to draw out the similarities of the mythos in Zoro and "semitic". He argues that the monotheistic Gd premise leads to the unsatisfactory result of an authority which in fact leaves out the individual autonomy ~~of~~ of the average man--one must

obey the handed-down (albeit interpreted) authority. Pristine Aryanism, however, does not do this but leaves all open to the individual's thought. Resurrection, and the reward-punishment system, based on pleasure-pain, are ways one trains animals, not sentient beings. Things just are: the knowledge of what is symbolically expressed as the battle between Ahriman and Ohmazd is a matter of observation. One observes good and evil events; one can tell that at death the body disintegrates; and thus rather than do good for reward in the hereafter, one does things because of their future result (time is holy and unidirectional, not cyclical in the sense that reward and resurrection suggest--one can't undo what is done). Thus there are not absolute injunctions (10 Commandments) like do not kill (it is good to kill harmful creatures).

As we were talking about the non-existence of after-life, Bahram (Parviz' little boy) said, 'Daddy, don't you know the eyes, nose, and mouth go up to heaven.' Daddy was very surprised--Bahram's been worried about death and this is his latest solution: he wants to preserve the senses. Later we told the occurrence to Sue, and she also said he had been much concerned with Death, esp. since he'd seen a Chr. program on TV--she finds it painful to tell a young child that one day he will die. (She let drop that sometimes Parviz' parents get after them for bringing up the kids w/o relig.)

Semitic Religion, Parviz went on, is more sophisticated in some ways than Aryan religion: it takes an older man to know what it means; the youthful 20 year old warrior doesn't understand yet he is the standard bearer. Aryan Religion insists that since he is doing the fighting he understands as well, therefore the doctrine must be simpler; but thus it's also easier to corrupt, since each man takes on himself the decisions of the world (thus to Nazism).

Buddhism and Christianity are the same: both are world rejecting, as opposed to Zoroastrianism. Buddhism (hyp.) really extended to Mesopotamia and the fertile crescent before Mani. Hyp 2: there were 2 Christs: one who was alive c. 1 BC and was not crucified, and one 200 years later who was crucified. Hyp 3: Alexander never existed his name (Iskandiar) means '2 horns', and 2 horns exist thruout history, e.g. Cyrus' inscriptions show him w helmet w 2 horns encircling ~~him~~ the sun; Alex. coins have ram horns in his curly hair (Mithraic theme)--Alex had a barber who knew c the horns who finally couldn't contain himself and went to a well and shouted down that Alex had 2 horns; a bamboo grew there, was made into a flute which repeated that Alex had two horns. The Western myth of Alex is a revision of hist attempting to show an Eg-Greek-progression of creativity. [Andrew Williamson confirms that he has also heard of a Persian work on this theme; as he puts it: Alexander never existed, but if he did, he was Persian]. Mithraism as Catholic ritual precursor: blood sacraments. Reversals in interest in sex fr phallic worship (like in India) to later ascetic "sex is bad"; from worship of bull (phallus) to killing of bull in humbling manner, cutting off legs first so run around on stumps--as orig of bull fights)

- 29 Oct. (Wed)--7 Aban. Behruz called to say Nezami would be at the University, so I went over but we couldn't find him. Back for lunch and read Widgren's book on Manichaeism.
- 30 Oct. (Thurs)--8 Aban. Lesson with Kamran. Afternoon reading. Meeting at the American Inst.: John Lorenz talked about his thesis on the 19th cent. reformer Amir Kabir, who intro military schools with French lg. and Austrian teachers. Evening, great party at the Rothblatts.
- 31 Oct. (Fri.)--8 Aban. got up late, lunch at the Caspian Hotel with the Bonines, Carol and Tony. Afternoon lesson with Kamran, and then spent the rest of the afternoon teaching Carol and the Bonines the 1st lesson. Afterwards went over to the Rothblatts where found everyone recuperating from the party and spending the day playing yatsi.
- 1 Nov. (Sat)--10 Aban. Morning lesson with Kamran. Read a couple of articles. Lunch at the Embassy. Went to see Mr. Rowse c. maps & he referred me to Dr. Colbert Held, the newly arrived Geographic Attache. Held knew Dad around 1948 when he was doing his dissertation on the Saar; also remembers Mom. Says Biggs was pulled back from overseas in a Nixon "economy move" and is fed up with the business and is retiring. Archer from

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the Census Bureau was out here and got the Ir. Stat. Office organized. There are town plans etc. but they are next to impossible to get ahold of--from NCC but request must go thru the Committee which hasn't been forwarding requests. He's got 1:50,000 maps of the immediate vicinity of Yazd which he'll let me use in the office--for Ir and US Gvt Use Only--all other requests must go thru the Ir military. Mike B. went to see Gen. Sadaglan at NCO, and bought some 250,000 but when he got them home they turned out to be the old India Survey maps, instead of the new ones; but Gen. S. said something about if the US Embassy sent him a note saying it was OK we could get the classified maps too. There apparently is a new law on map distribution which Held is having translated. Then went over to Sahab Commercial Map place--terrible work!

Robert Hillenbrandt just got back from the Tabaz trip--he was arrested for not carrying his passport and has been in custody for a full week, 2 days in Teheran without being allowed to contact us! His advisor Sammy Stein just died at age 48; that makes 3 big names in Iranian studies this year: Arberry, Pope, Stein.

Back to the Institute for a lecture on Omar Kayam by J.A. Boyle. He said nothing new; very academically dry, but very nice review of what we know, esp. going step by step thru the attempts to determine the date of his birth like a detective story: established by his horoscope. On Rbt Graves and Ali Shah, he just repeated Elwell-Sutton's arguments. I talked to him afterwards for a while: he knows of no good introduction to classical systems of astrology--I was inquiring about the Sassanian period; he more interested in the Islamic period--is a means of dating. Dinner at the American Embassy with the Bonines, Stilos, Marsha & /. Afterwards I went to the Stilos and talked linguistics with Don--if I can find a Zoroastrian informant for him he'll tell me the grammar of the Yazdis: is a Central Plateau dialect. The Silos have a dog (a bitch) they've named (what else?) "Schwan": is. proto-Iranian for "dog", whence then sag, saka, etc.

- 2 Nov. (Sun)--Mike Bonine and I went to the Stat Center and got the Village Census album for the Yazd Shahrestan. They didn't seem to be overly anxious to do a special run breaking down the categories by religion.
- 3 Nov. (Mon)--Morning lesson with Kamran; went out to NCC with Mike Bonine and bought a set of maps of Yazd (24 large sheets at 1:2,500!) and 4 of the less well-done 1:100,000: they maintained they had nothing in between. Also saw Khaliqi and had a hilarious conversation in which not one sentence was completely French or Farsi. He called someone up and urged him to get a move on since I've been here 2 months.
- 4 Nov. (Tues)--Morning lesson with Kamran, which ended by our going out together to a little tailor shop where he's having a suit made--150 tomans for labor and 150 tomans for material, ie \$40. He tried it on and made them open a few seams to make the coat fall right, and the trouser legs to be narrow enough. He's been patronizing this place for 6-7 years. Evening--was supposed to drive Howard to the vets to have his sick cat attended to, but the L/R wouldn't start--Andrew Williamson helped me start it with the crank and fiddling around with the starter. When Howard returned (Kay drove him up) we went for chelo-kebab at a place on Ferdowsi which he's been patronizing. His cousin, Mike, who works for American Airlines was in town on his annual trip. Howard's been offered a job by Joint (Jewish Agency) to do a mobility study in Teheran--they have a feeling that things are not so bad here and more could be better spent elsewhere but want "hard data" to support these feelings--Howard's written up a proposal, questionnaire etc. but HQ in Geneva is pussyfooting around. As drove home L/R really quit and had to push it to the side; luckily, massallah, it was just across the st. fr In
- 5 Nov. (Wed)--Morning lesson with Kamran. Called George for help with the L/R: said he'd come at 11:30--finally after a call came at 4--we took the engine apart and eventually he took off with ~~the~~ distributor and fuel pump--will return tomorrow. Went to Howard's; he, Mike and I went down to Djafari Zurkhana but arrived late. Very nice interior: pit in which the men did spinning exercises and arm exercises w a metal chain bow-low contraption to the beat of the drum. The founder of this Zurkhana, Shaaban Djafari was the guy who organized pro-Shah demonstrations at the time of Mossadegh's overthrow; the Shah rewarded him with this Zurkhana; his nickname means the "brainless one".

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- 6 Nov. (Thurs)--Morning lesson with Kamran: got on the subject of religion; he's a Christian ("Massai" ie. Messiah). Jesus in Persian is Esaw which means light, ie light of God, i.e. Jesus = Esaw = Nur.
- Afternoon meeting at the American Institute on modernization; we were supposed to discuss Halpern's new theories under John Lorenz' guidance, but he had a cold and didnt come so it was a rather free wheeling discussion. Bill Summer suggested Cargo Cults as an aberrant extreme of attitudes about modernization (build airstrips, build fires along it as warning lights, and wait for the cargo to arrive). What do Cargo Cults tell us about Ataturk? What would a general theory of modernization be like? -- the place of change-orientation, need-achievement, kinds of hierarchy relations, functional modifications which a modern industrial system might tolerate (e.g. Japanese factories: family structure which like civil service provides security of tenure rather than competitive promotion--if someone is inept, promote him laterally so he cant do harm), relation btw risk, knowledge and acceptance of innovation-- Would a general theory of modernization be simply a biological-response-evolutionary model (or a systems model of growth and internal differentiation)? Binner with the Bonines and McGuire Gibson at Ferdowsi Chelokebab.
- 7 Nov. (Fri)-- Waited for Kamran and wife to show up, but after an hour, Mike & Maryline & I took off for Demavand in my L/R. Just before the town we stopped to look at a tomb tower which apparently is quite recent: electric light burns inside where stands a green covered large casket and on the green cloth are a pile of (millet?) seeds. Outer portico-chapel has many green (Shia) flag-cloths. Outside is a Muslim graveyard-- several slabs with inscriptions but many more simple upright flat stones. I asked a shepherd who was passing by with a flock the name of the tower: Imam Zadeh Chale. We then went into Demavand and I showed them the 3 tomb towers and the Friday Mosque. Leaves have been turning color and in the cool wet autumn the summer contrast between green oases and brown arid hills isnt so striking. Ate Chelokebab for lunch. As drove past the first tomb tower on the way back (Chale) and on to the next turn in the road we turned off onto a gravel track towards a portal which turned out to be a Jewish cemetery with over 250 graves, the majority quite recent. Most of the gravestones were inscribed in Hebrew with some Persian at the bottom. One or two had Hebrew dates, e.g. (5752); most had Arabic dates, of which the earliest was 1325, but there seemed to be older graves as well: the newer graves all had small stones on them and quite a number of small rose water bottles with their necks broken off, or buried in a pile of stones or stuck in a pile of stones upside down. One with a buried bottle had some greenery (still green in quite recent) underneath the bottle; one grave had a rose (still red) under a broken bottle. We at first thought 2 or 3 of the graves had been tarred by some kids, but then we recognized that quite a number of graves had been tarred and the inscriptions scraped out so they read white on black. Quite a number of grave-mounds without grave-stones. One gravestone was inscribed on one side in Hebrew, one side in Persian, and one side with English name: Hershel Ezra Reuben Nairi. The Entrance portal contained one major and a couple smaller grave stones. Tony Hutt and I shared some soup for dinner. Talked about cars and the fact that he doesnt drive & has no desire to--his father was a racing driver, but he didnt seem to want to offer more than that.
- 8 Nov. (Sat)--Made it downstairs by 9:30 and as Khalil was late he invited me to breakfast which may or may not have suited Habib who had to cook the eggs. Then Robert Hillenbrandt (Islamic Tomb Towers of Northern Iran, Oxford) and I went up to Iran Doc and introduced ourselves to Dr. Harvey who has a library science degree from Chicago and runs the place, and who in turn introduced us to Dr. Daneshi, head of reference, who said they would located some sources for us, and maybe set up some appointments--we're to come back tomorrow at 2/30. A Yazdi who works there confirmed that while Yazdi differs considerably from standard Persian, Gabri is yet something else.
- After returning to the Institute, I walked down to some bookshops most of which were closed but got a book of minatures in a Russian Bookshop (Gutenberg's) which I wrapped up after reading for the Folks. After lunch, Behruz showed up and then Mike and Marilyn and I went wandering thru bookshops. Evening meal at the Institute.

After dinner, Martin Weaver showed up from Ankara where he's teaching "restoration" in the Architecture Faculty of METU (Middle East Technical Univ). Says they're having more trouble there: a fellow accused, but let off, of being involved with the car burning of the American Ambassador last year, tried to stir something up; the troops moved in and he escaped to the Tech. U. in Istanbul where he was found armed; they shot him; then the students wanted to bring him back to METU for burial on the campus, but a plucky officer stood up to the students and said 'not on this campus you dont'; so they took the body to a mosque but could find no one to officiate; eventually they got a funeral and buried him in the municipal cemetery. The students wanted to fly the flag at half mast, but the army wouldn't allow them to do so with the national flag, so they raised and lowered the University flag. (They just have finished last spring's term; Martin is here on the break; when they begin again in December they will be starting this fall's term: only about 4 months behind schedule.) Talk then turned to Sir Max Mallowan (Mr. Agatha Criste) and Tony told about how he handled a stroke here in Teheran; he was introducing a lecturer, H. Bailey, and looked like he was drunk, unable to hold the paper on the lecture; he got through the introduction and was handed down along the front row to his seat where he sat manfully exercising a leg and giving directions to David Stronach to get the pills out of his pocket, while Hal Bailey gave a long, hour-length, dull lecture--he was then taken out, muttering 'it's just a cramp'--apparently has been bed-ridden since til quite recently (the big question at the time after getting him to the hospital was since he missed his plane back to London, how to break the news to Agatha over long-distance phone; she is older than he)-- his first excursion out of bed was to be knighted. [Agatha apparently has left her mark on the British Institute in Iraq: she had the servants do everything very formally to the bringing of finger bowls around, and they still do so, even if there is only one person in to eat--according to McGuire Gibson.] The dullness of Bailey's lecture was stressed and compared with the difference of opinion over the excitement of J.A. Boyle's talk last week on Omar Kayam and contrasting his academic style with the humorous, personal style of John Bowen. [Maj. Bowen was an officer in the Indian Army and then in a consulate here (Bushire?) where he started translating Persian poetry. It was probably he who began the war vs Rbt Graves over the "original ms" of Omar Kayam, and allied himself with Elwell-Sutton. Apparently Indries Shah and Ali Shah have never been seen together at the same time; are the brothers one and the same?] Martin Weaver (large black handle-bar moustache and short cropped hair) says nothing quite so exciting has been going on, on the academic front in Turkey. But then he and Tony launched into the continuing Darac Affair (Darac is a village nr Bursia). It seems a treasure was illegally and secretly excavated from Troy II and Troy III--2 graves with 2 inhumations in one, and one in the other, and lots of fabulous god etc. objects, held by a Greek family in Izmir til the 1950s; at which time Jimmy Meillet happened to be on a train to Izmir and noticed a girl opposite wearing this fabulous set of earrings: My what an interesting set of Troy II earrings you're wearing my dear--oh are you interested? would you like to see more? He allowed himself to be taken off the train, put in a taxi and driven to this house (unfortunately it was dark, and he had never been to Izmir before). He spent 3-4 days in this house w/o stepping out, sketching this fabulous jewelry and photos of the illegal excavation (question 1: since when do illegal excavators take pictures of their activity?). Any way he came back to the British Institute in Ankara and showed the stuff to Seton-Lloyd, and said the only thing was the Greek girl said he couldn't publish for 5-7 years so they could get rid of the stuff. He should have gone straight to the authorities but he didn't. Anyway later on Thames and Hudson included some of the stuff in a book The Dawn of Civilization (Weaver did some of the drawings from the sketches for them) and at the same time The London Illustrated Times published the stuff. Well the Turks demanded to know where the treasure was. Seton-Lloyd told them what he thought the address of this Greek house was; but neither the street nor the girl exist. The Turks then maintained the treasure had been smuggled out, and blaming Meillet, kicked him out of the country. Seton-Lloyd retired to a chair in London, and gave Meillet a job as lecturer. The Affair nearly closed down all the Institutes in Turkey. Later on Henry ? wrote a monograph circulated

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privately showing that technically much of the treasure items could not have been made with the technology available in Troy, e.g. gold set in obsidian handles, or well carved features in similar hard materials; that certain of the things were oddly unique, like the amber, lapis-lazuli, gold and obsidian axe-heads; and finally that a cloth under one of the bodies clearly could not have deteriorated in the manner sketched. Two young journalists wrote a book called The Darac Affair in which they suggest that there was a treasure but that fakes were added. In any case, Meillet was banished from Turkey, which perhaps is a good thing because he disastrously bungled the Chichas (Hittite) excavation: not having the trained personnel he pushed on rather than waiting for trained people and destroyed many of the friezes etc. Informed Turks say this is why he was banished, the Darac Affair being the perfect excuse. British archeologists agree that it's a good thing; it's great to be an inspired archeologist and have a nose for where to dig, but then it should be done carefully--Schlissmann was the same way, apparently drove a trench through Troy with inspired sureness of location, but destroying much in the process. As to what the story of the Darac Affair is: 2 possibilities: either there was a treasure (not a single piece has turned up) and added fake bits, and it is now in some American private collection out of sight till the collector dies, or the entire thing is a fraud. In the former case, Meillet's role was to authenticate the treasure, so that the treasure ring (such things exist) could get the price that authentic objects would command; authentication was achieved by the Illus. Times story; Meillet was one of about 6 people in the world who could authenticate it. The tragedy is that altho this "find" did make Meillet's reputation, it was not the way he would have wanted, and shortly thereafter he found the Hittite stuff which legitimately made his reputation. The value of the Lunch Books at The British Institutes: they form a log of who signs in and who is out when; with the lunch book of the Ankara Inst. and other records Meillet's activities have been reconstructed. One day he came in waving a letter fr this Greek girl to the effect that now he could publish since obviously the objects meant more to him than she did--ref. as were to some affair. David ? looked up w some suprise, since he had brought in the mail that day and there was none for Meillet.

[Re. the Ali Shah ms of Omar Kayam: the ms is well done, as is the other suspect ms translated by Arberry in the Cambridge Museum; it is known (M. Minovi knows) who made them: they were made here in Teheran.]

The problem of illegal selling of archeological finds is a large one. The Persegae treasure contained beautiful earrings which the Queen, it was suggested, was to wear at the Coronation. A Minister's wife was seen wearing them. Had the Queen done so millions of Parsegae earrings would suddenly have popped up--Parsegae would have been completely dug up. Stories of bandits in the area at the time of excavation (early 1960s).

The other problem is that of restoring monuments. Weaver is here for UNESCO. UNESCO agreed to help Iran with its campaign of restoration; Iran wanted to do 50 monuments; UNESCO wanted to do 10 properly; they compromised on 23 or 24, but the Iranians probly will do the rest themselves. Both Iranians and Turks seem to have a tendency to want to "improve" monuments as they restore them (to do what the ancients would have done if they had known how!). The results on tile work is to make them look like public conveniences. Or even ground-plans are altered. Tony complains that the monuments selected are only on the Teheran-Isfahan-Shiraz axis, while many nicer ones are on the less tourist-route and poorer road: Qom, Kashang, Ardecan, Na'in, Yazd.

Then Tony and Martin took turns telling hair raising stories of traveling through this part of the world. Tony and Australian friend Grant took a Lambretta from Europe to Australia--coming over the mountains from Trebzon they encountered Turks putting up electrical wires. Turks put up utility poles by laying them on the ground, stretching the wires between them and then lifting them up. The Lambretta came across such a wire a few inches off the ground: Tony says he must have thought of God and knelt in prayer, because when he got up, his knee was bloody: he stormed and shouted and waved official letters of introduction at the Turks who in the face of this mad Englishman were prostrate with apology and who eventually took them to Erzerum. In Erzerum there was no way to repair the Lambretta, so they pushed on. Nr Arat, Grant got a bad case of the Turkey Trots and they pitched a tent--disturbed during the night by snorting noises: Tony peeked out to discover a number of camels and nearly died of fright from the large shadow thrown by the bike. It then appeared that the bike would no longer take both of them.

So Tony hitched, eventually getting a lift in a lorry sitting between the two drivers with his knee against the gearshift so that every time they changed gear he would get a hit in his injured knee. After 24 hours of this they reached Teheran and he couldn't walk, so they put him in a cab and sent him to the British Embassy, where he was given injections and placed in a hotel. The bike couldn't be repaired in Teheran either (1959 this was), so they loaded it on a train to Khorramshah and caught a boat to Karachi using their official papers to convince the ticketed salesman that although they were Europeans they ought to be allowed to buy the cheaper deck class tickets. In Karachi they got hepatitis. Eventually got the bike repaired in New Delhi and made their way to Australia.

Martin's tale was a colder one of a bus and train ride to Erzerum-Istanbul in a blizzard. Bus just thru border as blizzard closed it, and the bus driver kept wanting to stop to put on chains while the passengers kept urging him to push on till he hit an inhabited place. Eventually he did stop and tried jacking up the bus, but discovered that there were a couple of meters of hard packed snow under him on the road, so that when he jacked the jack would go downwards into the snow instead of lifting the bus; he lost the jack a couple of times before he learnt the lesson, and eventually laid the chains on on the snow and drove onto them. They got into a little town where they holed up in a chi-xame; the floor just covered by people on bug-infested mattresses. Next day got into Erzerum just as the train ready to leave and found their baggage frozen onto the roof of the bus, and a long queue of peasants at the ticket counter. Weaver's wife told a sob story to a military officer who pushed people out of the way and bought them 3rd class tickets--wooden benches, no heat. Next stop got out and changed to dining car--turned out that the loco was there over the pipes, but since they had colds didn't notice: Turks would open the door seeing only 3 people in the compartment, turn up their noses in disgust, slam the door and leave.

9 Nov (Sun)--Went to the Zoro Anjomani and saw Mr. Nessami who says that the proceedings of the Congress should be ready in a week or two. He didn't seem to want to say very much about it only saying that everything is never finished because then we are finished, illus. it by saying there is an old custom of not finishing a building by leaving out one brick. Then went to some bookstores and to what I thought was the Afghan Embassy: It said Royal Afghan Embassy and Charge d'intereste de Arab Unie--it turned out that the only visa you could get was to Egypt--a dusty, dingy, decaying building out of the last century with a nice garden compound on Kh. Stalin, s. of Naderi.
Newspaper item: earthquake in S. Iran with epicenter in the Gulf, measured at 7.2.

Also; 50 owners of carpet weaving looms are being prosecuted in Nishapur and Meshed for engaging children under 12 on the looms. [with the new child labor laws, the price of carpets will cont. to rise]

10 Nov (Mon)--Went to Univ. Library, then to Afghan Embassy. Afternoon brought a wool cap. Took Don to meet Shahzadeh and went to Iran Doc with more photocopying; the man who was supposed to take me to meet this linguist was not there.

11 Nov (Tues)--20 Aban. The newspaper says it snowed in Meshed yesterday. Tony and Martin joked about our caravan to Afghanistan and suggested we show up in Meshed on a Friday in Ramazan eating and smoking and take plenty of pictures swallowing the film: the film could always be recovered from our bodies. Ramazan starts tonight. Ramazan is not so bad this time of year, but when it falls in the summer, people get very irritable: not only may you not eat, can't drink, or even swallow saliva. I don't really understand all this nonsense: it's only a fast during the hours of light. [Fasting is condemned in Zoroastrianism] The fasting is supposed to commemorate Mohammad's writing the Qur'an.

Evening slide show by Tony of Bangkok and India--magnificent--funery: cremation in Bangkok: first stored in jars then cremated--Banares: burn til money gives out, then throw remains in the river for the vultures. Don was there and said Shahzadeh was too sophisticated to be a good informant--he's got opinions on everything and it takes too long to get what you are looking for. Jerry Clinton was there too and talked about Persian literature which after all he finds less exciting than English lit--the latter has so much more variety and depth. No novel has been developed in Iran--there is one modern novel but it is totally unrealistic: a provincial barber commenting on European philosophy. Everyone's tolerance level of reality is just too low to support realistic literature.

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12 Nov (Wed.)--21 Aban. Morning--collected Afghan visa. Afternoon Don Stilo talked about linguistics at the American Institute. In many ways Persian is unique among Iranian languages: many of the others have a j or z in to know, but Persian has d (danestan); many of the central dialects make a diff btw intransitive and transitive verb forms. Jewish dialects: in the Ispahan-central region, speak a central dialect; in the Kurdish areas speak a derivative of Aramaic. Turkish is spreading--local dialects often give way but are replaced in local communication by Turkish rather than Persian. In Teheran many professions are controlled by local-language groups. The linguistic variety ranges from Semitic (Arabic, Aramaic) to Iranian, to Caucasian, Turkic, to ~~Drauidi~~ (Brahui). The Indus Valley lg turns out neatly to be very close to what had been reconstructed as proto-Dravidian.

Colin Meredith and wife were at the British Inst. when we returned and were as usual laden with ill-tidings: this time vividly describing the packs of dogs that roam Teheran's streets in the winter nights esp. turning on each other for food, and the very high incidence of rabies; also the possibility of getting anthrax from improperly cured leather goods.

Don Stile called and offered me a ticket to the Opera since Sharon didn't feel like going. It was Tosca in the new Opera Hall: Rudnaki. An earlier Opera House had been built on Ferdowsi but was torn down because there was no support. Longest runs are about 8 performances.

13 Nov (Thurs)--22 Aban. Morning: Kamran did not show up again; Mike Bonine & I went down to buy snow chains--the price is starting to skyrocket: in summer they are about 80 tomans; now 170 tomans, tho we finally got some Turkish chains for Bill Sumner for 135 tomans--we'll have to go back down for ourselves Saturday.

14 November (Friday)--23 Aban. Martin Weaver, the Bonines and I drove to Rey in my L/R. Great numbers of people were at Reza Shah's mausoleum and the Shrines. We did not attempt to go in with them but kept trying to find roads to the nearby hills where according to Schmidt's areal photos of 1936 are the ancient walls and citadel. Eventually we found them: all of course mud-brick in an advanced state of decay. By the old walls runs a stream (i.e. within the walls, between them and the citadel hill) where shepherds were washing and salting skins. The citadel hill, itself is slowly being dynamited away by a large cement works. The little boys who followed us, about said since today was Friday they were only blasting at the smaller of the hills, which indeed they were. It was clear that once the smaller hill had been part of the larger one; and when we again looked at Schmidt's pictures we were amazed to recognize that that whole piece of hill had been extant at his time although the cement works were to be seen. Towards the end the boys showed us a couple of holes (deep pot holes in form) one of which they said was for pounding flour (?), and one quite larger; they also kept saying something about birds (ref. to once extant daxmes?--extant as late as the 1880s.) The citadel, then is the citadel of the Great Seljuk 11-13th city, devastated for good by Ghengis Khan (1221) and Timur; the fortresses, mosques, palaces, and houses turned into mounds or flat hillocks, eroded by spring sa'ile (torrents) raising the level of the plain, so that "the peasant of today sows his wheat where once stood the roofs of Rayy" (Schmidt). Earlier habitations incl. a town under the Umayyad and Abbasid caliphates; Sassanian remains of 3-7th cent. slightly to the east; a religious structure of Parthian times (3rd cent BC to 3rd AD) with coins of the time of Christ uncovered on the Chasmahi-Ali mound; potshards of 1000 BC in the fortress hill and early prehistoric towns found in Chasmah-i Ali.

We then drove to the near-by Chasmah-i-Ali (Spring of Ali) where in the pool at the bottom of the mound, carpets are washed and laid out to dry on the hill; and where the Qajar carving of Fath Ali Shah is. In Schmidt's pictures he shows the ratio between commercial digs for pottery and the scientific digs: the area being vastly greater for the former. Nearby we stopped to see the Seljuk Tomb Tower, which no longer has its top but is now just a cylinder; according to Schmidt's plans it once was within a large park; now considerably diminished in size.

From there we took the road to Veramin and turned off to the left to a small Imam Zadeh high on a hill and foundations of a huge one just below, and nearby back against the next ridge a new shrine (with several graves a couple of years old) with one small tiled dome and one untiled dome, and where there were a goodly number of people; all around the hill were mine tunnels, but we couldn't determine what they were mining. The shrine was next to a well; its name the people told us was Bibishabanu (); they maintained it was very old, about 2000 years! (would make it pre-Muhammad; the oldest Islamic shrine anywhere). Consulting Schmidt, the foundations of the large Imam Zadeh was the Naqarah Khanah ("Drum House"), a royal tomb of the Seljuks. At his time the tower rose above it (i.e. the little one still extant), and there were foundations of another below it; the latter has now disappeared and the ground is covered by a cement factory. Schmidt suggests that Naqarah Khanah was once a tower rising more than 100 feet above the circular foundations, judging by the still standing though probably older tomb tower of Gunbad-i-Qabus in the Gorgan plain. The tomb chambers were rifled about ten years before Schmidt's excavations. He locates the tower as on a rocky outcrop of Mt. Bibi Shahrbanu.

For dinner we, and Tony, went to the Marmara Hotel, one of the 3 places in town serving draft beer, which used to be a center for the expatriate community til the Asian Fair when the regulars were told not to come. Anyway we thus got to see the take-off of Apollo 12 on TV.

Conversation with Martin Weaver yesterday on magic symbols. He's seen witchbottles in England: bottles with moulded bearded head on neck (Cardinal ?) and often with arms clasped around the belly. The bottles themselves are wine bottles, and a museum had one in a display case in what they thought was virgin condition, with the seal in place; one day it exploded, shattering the display case. Inside had been nails and apparently small amounts of air had been getting in oxidizing the nails: as they corroded they expanded eventually breaking the bottle. Martin's Cretan wife (fr. Knossos) has seen sympathetic magic performed both with bottles and nails, hair and nail clippings and with soap carvings. (I put in the story of my Jamaican shop keeper.) Martin was working on an old Greek house in Turkey: above the door lintel, a number of symbols are carved into the stone, incl. a six-pointed star, a cross, a line of birds all going in the same direction; and behind the lintel between some boarding was stuffed a folded paper six-pointed star, made by doubling a triangle and tied with a red-string. Inside were some Arabic letters which apparently mean nothing in exoteric Arabic, Aramaic etc. Martin went to some Jewish friends and asked them what the meaning of the six-pointed star was in Jewish tradition--after some searching, they came up with the story that the six-pointed star was carved into David's shield.

15 Nov. (Sat)--24 Aban. Mike and I went back down to Kh. Amir-i-Kabir to continue our hunt for chains and were successful in each getting a pair for about 160 tomans. An Iranian came in to a shop we had just bought Mike's chains at, and paid 200 tomans for his. This seems to be a real sellers market--apparently in summer you can get chains for 80-100 tomans; as the snows approach and the compulsory police rules for having chains in the snow, the price rises. The price between retailers varies, but there seems to be a more or less standard one as well: ie all 1st quotations ran about 1750R. We bargained one man down to 1350 for 3 pair but he changed his mind on two of them when we got down to checking actual sizes, then wanting 1800 for mine (the largest of the 3), and 1750 for one of the others; another man wouldn't bargain at all; the ones we bought today for Mike were brought down fr 1750 to 1600. One dealer began by writing down 2000 crossing it out and offering 1800 and then said he bought at 1600. They guy from whom I bought mine spoke English and we compared notes on prices, he telling me he was getting in a shipment of English chains in a month which would be cheaper; I asked if he would take 1600 for the chains; and he said yes about that; I said: no for these here, and he laughed and said 'oh you want to bargain--it's the Middle East--well for you 1650; oh well take them for 1600. My chains are American, as are Mike's; the ones we got for 135 toman were Turkish. The market on a quart of anti-freeze was tighter. Three stores; #1 quoted 25 toman and wouldn't budge, but when I walked out he offered 24; #2 quoted 26, I offered 21, we agreed on 24 and he gave me change for 30 of 5, so I refused the deal; #3 quoted 25, stuck on 24½, then agreed on 24 which we accepted. After noon Mike & I tried on our chains, and I drained my radiator, flushed it, and put in the antifreeze.

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- 16 Nov. (Sunday)-25 Aban. Afternoon lesson with Kamran. Evening we stuffed ourselves at the American Embassy smorgasboard, which is an affair they used to have every Sunday night but now only have occasionally. Went to bed with a bad cold.
- 17 Nov. (Monday)-26 Aban. Slept late. McGuire Gibson came in and said Dr. Held would give us some free film (or rather would give Mike Bonine as geographer) to take pictures of roads in Afghanistan, so Mike went over and picked up 20 rolls.
- 18 Nov. (Tuesday)-27 Aban. Morning I went to the Peace Corps office to see if I could get hemaglobulin shots against hepatitis, but both doctor and nurse were out of town this week. Andrew Williamson suggested I buy the hemaglobulin over the counter at Takhte Jamshid drug store as well as a syringe and then have ~~them~~ take me up stairs where a little man would jab me for 100R; I decided to take my chances with hepatitis. Went to the Embassy for lunch with the Bonines, and there saw Mr. Alpert (U.S. Topo Com) who says Meshed is snowed in; he just flew back this morning leaving a convoy of trucks stranded. Dr. Liimatainen showed up in the afternoon with a carload of canned food he had gotten for us from the PX. Then Mike and I went down to Khiaban Amir Kabir to buy some inner tubes as spares.
- 19 Nov. (Wed.)-28 Aban. Woke up with a bad sore throat, and began taking Tetracycline. George brought back my L/R after checking it out. Lesson with Kamran for an hour. Lunch at the Atlantic Hotel whose speciality is curry--not very hot curry--with the Bonines. After lunch Mike, David O'Reagen and I went over to the Marmara Hotel to watch the moon walk on TV; we played darts and had some beer while waiting for the delayed broadcast, and it then came in very poorly so we left. Pckg arrived at Customs so I went down but the place is only open in the mornings so it will have to wait till we return from Afghanistan. Meeting at the American Institute: Colin Meredith talked about Defensive Modernization: Iran 1803-26, i.e. the alliance with France, the misconceptions both on the part of Napoleon and the Iranians (the Iranians wanted France to get rid of the Russians, the France wanted the Iranians to get rid of the English), the lost opportunities in the diplomatic game, the insufficiencies in modernizing only parts of the social system, eg the army. Dinner at the American Embassy, and then McGuire, Mike and I debated about routes to Herat: the paper has been reporting snow all around Meshed as far south as Sang Bast; Tony Hutt finally helped us decide not to attempt the northern route via Gorgan but to go the southern route through Semnan and Sabzevar altho the road is much worse. We discovered our cholera shots were running out and would have to be renewed.

THE TRIP TO AFGHANISTAN

20 Nov. (Thurs)- 29Aban 1348. We finally got the Landrovers packed and pushed off from the British Institute around 10:00, going first to the Pasteur Institute for Cholera Shots. The latter place is very efficient--2 minutes and it was done, and for free. You walk in, they take your yellow immunization card and while one person fills it out, two or three other people give you the shot and you walk out again--they didn't even ask us what we wanted. We then proceeded to the American Institute where we picked up McGuire, borrowed a Coleman stove, and decided to go back to the British Institute and borrow some blankets. Report of more snow south of Meshed. Finally left the British Institute at 11:45.

Through some magnificent country: the Deli Chai (Turk. for "Mad River") Gorge and then onto a plain; then turning south through a ridge of mountains to Semnan. It got dark and very cold going through the mountains; my sore throat and laryngitis returned with a vengeance, also an earache. In Semnan there is a new hotel--one of a chain call the Inn--which Tony had recommended, which while very expensive (1550 for 2 beds, dinners and breakfasts), was just the thing I desperately needed: heating, hot shower. I tanked up on antibiotics and vitamins.

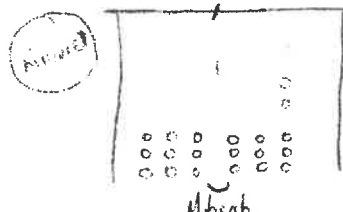
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SEM NAN has a pop. of about 40 thousand, is surrounded by orchards at the foot of the Elburz mountains. Typical history: it dates back to Sassanian times, was pillaged by Ghozz (Turk bands) in 1036, by Mongols in 1221, by Timurids in the 14th cent. It was rebuilt each time as it was an important staging post on the Khorassan route.

21 Nov. (Fri.)--30 Aban. The car would not start in the morning cold: even cranking did no good; in fact something seemed to be wrong with the starter since nothing happened when one turned the ignition. So...we pushed it out onto the street. At that point a procession carrying a black draped coffin turned into the street. McGuire shouted "Oh my God, it's a Shia procession! Let's get it out of here quick!" So Mike revved up his Rover and pushed me down the street and I managed to jump start it. We drove around the block and came back behind the procession which turned out to be simply a funeral procession. As we went around the block a second time to get out of town, we stopped at a very nice Qajar arch with a mural across the top.

The road outside of town rapidly deteriorated into dirt corrugation (caused by heavy truck use in the same manner as sand ripples). The only way to drive on this is to go fast enough so that you only hit the tops of the corrugation--a principle which has to be tried to be proved but apparently is also physically sound; anyway one can't steer unless one is doing about 50 mph. We went through some very nice mountain villages with trees and pools, and past a couple of village with houses dug into the the badland hills, then coming out ~~the~~ of the mountains onto a plain with a large mosque and an old fortified caravanserai. An old man and woman said the mosque was Shah Abasi--actually the "mosque" was probably a newer caravanserai. The old man and woman said a hamam was nearby at the end of a ~~path~~ path lined with stones leading from the newer caravanserai. Caravanserais seem to be spaced at about 6 miles. At Qusha there was a caravanserai in good repair, still in use as a barn: fresh droppings and grain being stored. Further on just before Damghan we passed an impressive fortified caravanserai with round towers and a bad-gir. We thought it might be Gerd Kuh (Round Mt), an Ismaili castle, but apparently that is 20 miles north of Damghan in the mountains.

In DAMGHAN we stopped in a chai-xane for chelo-kebab and talked to a couple of men and boys who maintained that there was no snow in Meshed. One of them came with us to show us around. Damghan is a little town of about 10,000 situated on the Lab Rud not far from the Elburz. Tepe Hissar, dug by Schmidt, is just to the south, but there is not much to see: some walls and pottery fragments; occupied since prehistoric times, the railroad now runs through the mound. Presumably the Parthian capital, Hekatompylos is somewhere in the vicinity (never found). In the Tepe Hissar mound were found a Sassanian palace and fire-temple. Nearby is the remains of a citadel, with a conical ice-house in front. Damghan was captured by Arabs about 640; sacked by Mongols 1221, and by Tamberlane end 14th cent. Shah Abbas restored the town; it was destroyed again by the Afghans in 1723; reconquered by Nadir Shah in 1729. There are two mosques of importance. The Masjid-i-Tarik Khanah or Masjid-i-Chehel is Umayyad (8th cent.), probably destroyed by Ghozz and rebuilt by the Seljuks according to the original design. It is not of the classic Iranian design of 4 iwans opening onto a central courtyard, but has a square courtyard lined by riwaqat or porticoes. The design is typical Arab, but the building technique is typical Sassanid: columns of baked brick. The North, E, W sides have simple porticoes; the West side where the mihrab is, is dominated by a quincunx of 6 rows of 3 columns forming 7 aisles leading to the courtyard where 2 men were praying when we visited. Next to the courtyard is a very nice Seljuk minaret with very nice brickwork and a spiral staircase up the inside; the entrance was blocked up with plaster but there was a hole in this, so Mike and I and the boy we had picked up as a guide in the chai-xane climbed up, leaving McGuire below to stop the rest of the children from following. From the top one gets a nice view of the city, whence we snapped pictures till one of the praying men shouted for



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us to come down. Across the street is a twin minaret with the Masjid-i-Jome. Nearby are a couple of imam-zadehs

Along more washboard road with many turn-offs--presumably they are doing something about this road. We reached Shahrud by 4:30 (a town of 20,000) with the Landrover making loud grunts; cracked manifold. We found a hotel: a room with 4 beds for 220R. Three other ferangis (an Englishman, Canadian, Aussie) with a long-wheel-base L/R who said that there was no snow on the road to Meshed and Herat: They were in Herat yesterday morning. We went out for chelo-kebab and some more anti-biotics. Listened to the radio in the evening: the Peace & Progress Broadcast from Moscow was all about the massacred village in Vietnam at the hands of US troops, Mai Lai, in 1967, which story has just broken a few days ago.

22 Nov. (Saturday)- 1 Azar. Got up at 6:30; McGuire went out to get bread but said the town was absolutely dead. We then went to look for a mechanic to fix the manifold; when we finally found one, Mike and McGuire made a big show of not trusting him when they started to dismantle the machine to take out the manifold. I sent them off to see Bastam, while I stayed with the car: the manifold was split so they welded it (the exhaust out-take). The sun came out in a glorious blue sky and finally the car got put back together shortly after the others returned having travelled some 50 miles like headless chickens to get to Bastam some 9 miles away. We got some bread and cheese and took off: I ate Mike's dust for a short time, but then passed him and we took off across the glorious plain. We stopped at a huge old caravanserai, Mayandakht. Outside its walls were some ruins, and a village of sheep-herders; the latter brought back their sheep as we began to leave and put them in mud-walled pens. The caravanserai itself was in excellent shape: 2 large courts, each with 4 iwans, the larger one with 2 wells in the center, the smaller with a raised platform in the center. A shepherd was putting winter stores of fodder into the caravanserai. Very nice brickwork and arches. The next stop was Aliak caravanserai which is used as a village: we just stopped for a picture. Next picture stop was Abbassabad, a neat little village of domes against a backdrop of greenish-white and red hills. On to SABZIVAR, just outside of which is the minaret of Khrosrowgard dating from 1111; it is all that remains of the town of Khrosrowgard which was destroyed by the Mongols; Sabzivar then became the capital of the district of Bayhaq and was itself called by that name in the Middle Ages. Sabzivar seems to be quite a bustling town with many paved streets and a very nice Friday Mosque. We waited for the Bonines to catch-up and debated pushing on to Nishapur: the sun was going down but it seemed we might stand a better chance of making Herat the next day if we did, so we did. It got dark as we went through town, but there was a full moon (dark by 5). The road was paved or oiled all the way which was a pleasant surprise, enabling us to get to Nishapur by 6:30. A policeman in a jeep took us to a hotel in town (12 tomans for a double). There is also an Inn here.

23 Nov. (Sun)--2 Azar. We got up at 6:30 and were on the road by 7:30. At Sangbast we turned off towards Herat and after going down and up a gully were surprised to find ourselves on a beautiful newly paved road for about 100 km. Quite obviously the Iranians are trying to finish this road by the 25th Century Celebrations of Continuous Monarchy. The Mountains in sight have some snow on them, but there is no evidence of snow on the ground. We've been going past cotton fields, white turbaned people, and round housing of a cross between Russian long-houses of wood and yaurts.

TORBAT-I-JAM was a lunch stop after visiting its very interesting Masjid-i-Jome. It is the tomb of the sufi Ahmed Ibn El Hassan and dates from 1383. The entrance court is full of tombs. We assume his was the old tomb in a little dark chamber along whose entrance were 2 bins filled with torn bits of the Koran. Next to this chamber was a little courtyard with another tomb, with newly inscribed head and foot tablets, ^{stones} of remembrance along the rounded belly of the brick tomb, and a green Shia flag; a little tree near-by was adorned by many little cloths tied to its twigs. Behind this court is a large "cloister" off to one side of which are some remnants of the ~~ex~~ ornate Timurids. The main part of the mosque was locked.

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We then went onto the border Tayabad-Qala Islam. The Manifold began to sound off again: but we figured the welding simply either hadn't held or another strain had developed, and it was not serious as long as it was just the exhaust. When we arrived at Tayabad it was about 1:30 and we were told the officials would not return from lunch until two, but someone showed up at the police station shortly and processed us, then we had a short wait at customs across the street but got thru quickly. A bus pulled up behind us, and off of it trooped a group of hippies as high as the sky, said they were going through to Goa: the winter haven of hippies. Between the two boarder posts is about 20 km of open land mainly on the Iranian side: very bad road yet. At the Afghan side one picks up the new American-built paved road to Herat. On the north side of the road is a dirt mound with a fort and gun emplacements, to the east of which on the road is the boarder post of Qala-Islam: again the police are on one side of the road, the customs on the other; there is also a mosque.

The Afghan boarder is a real change of cultural environment. Everyone is in traditional dress, with turban, pajamas, etc. Even the officials wear pajamas. We walked into the customs building and found an official frisking an Afghan, pulling things out of his clothing. We were processed relatively quickly, having to fill out a form, on which we declared not only cameras and radios but also the cars (and so saved a page in the international carnet). Then we went over to the police, and there we had to wait while the officials dealt with a few Afghans; there were 3 officials doing the book work. The senior one (wearing a uniform) took identity papers away from one man, and they disappeared into an inner room for a while. While they were out, another Afghan wearing a poustin and also having something not quite right with his papers discreetly slipped one off the officials 50 Afs and got his papers approved. The third official tore a page out of yet another man's identity papers, crumpled it and stuck it in his mouth making as if to swallow it: it must not have been entirely useless as the man got it back. ETC.

We eventually got out of there (one of the clerks borrowed my pen and then discreetly hid it under a pile of papers while he used his own pen which he found again, hoping I would forget it, and gave me a very dirty look when after I had my passport safely back in hand I retrieved it), and back onto the paved road. We passed a windmill just before dark so I could get a good picture. Then in the dark we sped towards Herat, suddenly coming to a screeching halt as a flimsy steel fence barricade appeared in the dark road: a guard came out of a little guard house and motioned us to a house just off the road saying we needed to buy a toll ticket, this was a hotel, we could have a meal, sleep, hashish, tea... So we pulled in somewhat bewildered, thinking it very odd but telling ourselves that if this weren't official they were very clever bandits. Our fears were not entirely allayed when the ticket seller inside said he would sell us the requisite ticket for 30 Afs or 45 R, but we had no choice but to take his outrageous exchange rate. We proceeded on to Herat; there I tried to ask directions of two American girls who were walking along the road, but my "hello" must have sounded too Afghan to them because they determinedly ignored me, so I chased them around the traffic island and tried again, this time they responded satisfactorily. Town proper had an extraordinary exotic atmosphere: a row of shops selling tourist items and fruit and food, etc., horses and donkeys, guys in turbans etc. all in the glow of lanterns, a couple of restaurants with loud oriental music wafting the air. But the biggest surprise was that the town was jammed full of hippies, so full that it was hard to find hotel accomodation: including floor space. Then we ran into Ben Wint, an undergraduate philosophy student at Cambridge who had come through Teheran a few weeks before, and was out on a search after Sufis who he had heard were in Jalalabad. He got us accomodation on the floor of the room he was sharing with 3 other fellows (for 10 Afs apiece). One of these fellows was a Texan who passed around some hash. The other two were from England, engineers from Kings, London they said. The one said he was Mauritian, his Fa was a Tamil who had come after emancipation of slaves; in Mauritia the whole village was transferred from India with the social hierarchy intact; he however had been raised in England.

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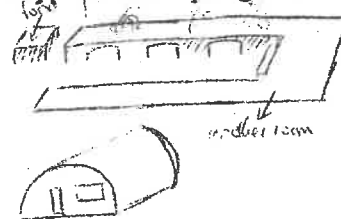
How much of this was a put-on I dont know; physically he fit his story, but he tried to tell me he did engineering at the LSE, but then he did know a lot about the LSE. McGuire tried to change a traveller's check on the black market, but the man returned while we were eating dinner and wanted his money back which was a bit of a problem since we had spent some of it. One of the guys in the room changed a \$20 bill for me afterwards. Wood for the fire cost us 10 Afs/kilo.

McGuire offered some more information on the Durac Affair: it is (a good source says) in Israel, and the Israelis are scared that with any publicity it would become a big international affair--scared since Turkey is its only friend in the Near East--and unable to do anything about it since it is in the hands of a private collector.

24 Nov. (Mon)--3 Azar. In the morning we walked to the citadel: they won't let you in as it is a military installation. A few women were in Iranian style chadors, but most were in the Afghan chadri which is a full veil covering the face as well with only a set of small holes over the face for the woman to see out of and breathe. We then went to the Friday Mosque which is magnificent: very large and in perfect condition (except for the Old Timurid portal in a very small courtyard). Boys sat around doing their lessons; men strolled about discussing the affairs of the day, or sitting about; nice gardens in front.

We then took off for Qandahar. For about 30 kms. the road was lined by trees on both sides. This part of the road was built by the Russians and at one place there was a memorial plaque to the death of Alex Seergevitch Melo and his assistant Galina Amitri, a road engineer. After dark we pulled into the little town of Gerishk for gas: the man charged us 7 Afs per liter altho it is supposed to be a uniform price of 6 Afs all over Afghanistan (and was). We decided not to try to push on to Bost which was off on a secondary road. We asked if there were a hotel in town and were told there was in the bazaar. In the bazaar I asked again and they pointed to what looked like a chai-xane: after some hesitation, but being told again that this was the hotel, we went in. It was in fact a chai-xane with facilities for travelers to sleep: ie. you rolled over on the ground and slept. Food was served, but sleeping was free.

p There were 7 other travelers squatting on the platform on one side, so we lined up and sat on the other side. Conversation was not exactly fluent, but they seemed quite happy to have us to look at (McGuire said some Arabs had once asked him to stay in their village and be their television). Then latter on I got them to start teaching me some Afghani Persian but this proved to be abortive soon because my companions kept laughing at my attempts to verify meanings, synonyms etc. which was unfortunate since other wise I could have collected a good deal of information. As it was a few minutes yielded the following: F → P, thus /Parsi/ instead of /Farsi/. They called themselves /Abwrani/ instead of /Afghani/; thus /Abwrانستان/. To sleep /xabidan/ → /bederam/. To drink /wobitshisham/ or /xowatsham/. To eat /chap chap/ or /do de xaram/. The building was acylinder. The travellers had some conical cloth-wrapped objects which they hung on the walls which turned out to be /canak/ or quail. One man gave me this relationship of languages in Afghanistan; calling himself Abrwani: Abrwani Pashto Farsi Uzbeeki
During the night, the men arose at 2am and again at 5 for meals (to get everything in during the Ramazan fast).



25 Nov. (Tues)- 4 Azar. In the morning we found that we had indeed slept in the bazar, and that the bazar was underneath a large citadel. As we drove out of town we passed another building which had a sign saying hotel. We then cont. across the main road down along irrigation canal #3 of the Helmand Irrig Proj to Bost, the center of the Helmand Project, with a new section of town with Calif. style houses with American name plaques. Outside of town is Lashgar-i-

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Bazar and Qala Bost, the huge winter palace grounds of Mahmud the Great. We changed travelers checks at the Bost Bank, a matter which took a couple of hours! We then took the road to the east of the canal back out to the main road and on to QANDAHAR where we put up in a wild hotel which featured a band and 2 singers and 2 female-impersonating host(ess)es, with an audience of some 200 stoned men. We went to a restaurant for dinner where we found a group of respectable looking men playing chess: Ben Wint challenged one to a game and got beat twice. When we returned to the hotel, the band was still going on: 1 sitar, 1 set of drums, a tambourine, 2 bellow-operated box organs, a lute, and a lute-like cello. I tried to record some of the music, but the batteries had run down while the Bonines had used my recorder, and the set up in the hall was not very good. Outside guys kept trying to sell us hashish: McGuire was offered 1000 kilo shipped by air back to the States! The last song of the evening was what seemed to be a long epic sung by an old man with grand oratorical gestures. It all ended at 1:am. Though then people began eating in their rooms.

26 Nov. (Wed)--5 Azar. We left Qandahar passing a nomad migrating group (coming the other way) near 2 imam zadehs, then some graves with red flags (one of which had a toy gun on it), then past Qalata where I tried to stop in front of the citadel to copy down what was written on the hill but soldiers made me move on. On to GHAZNI where again the police tried to stop us from photographing the citadel and old city walls--these latter particularly interesting with wooden balconies giving a kind of Tibetan facade. Much wood construction. We stopped for lunch, and then went out to the tomb of Mahmud the Great which was closed, and back in past the two fabulous minarets, back past the walls. We tried to find some "skin shops" to buy sheepskin coats as we had heard Ghazni was a good place to get them cheap, but all the shops were closed except for one and he was anxious to get home to eat: Mike Bonine bought a coat of western cut, and I did almost as well but then did not because the stitching seemed not very secure. The new town is very scruffy, but the old town looks like fun if one can get in.

On to KABUL after dark--a large metropolis with lots of lights, buses, telephones, many cars (in comparison with the towns we had just seen). We called up Glen Bowersox (Tony's friend) who suggested we try the Tourist Hotel.

27 Nov. (Thurs)--6 Azar. In the morning McGuire and I went to the Post Office and the Tourist Office and then to the Museum which had closed by the time we got there. Mike called up Glen Bowersox again and we went over there to chat: he is the Asia Foundation representative (HQ in San Fran; originally W. coast business money, but now diversified incl. AID funds; mainly applied advising and AFS exchange, and scholarships for Asians to the States; no pure research grants; Afgh. is the furthest west country in wh the Foundation operates.) Glen is the only administrator here; he is supposed to have an assistant, so he just hired an English lass who arrived on a motorcycle; he's the only Asia F. rep. to have commissary privileges. They have a man who has increased the acceptability of Afgh. raisin for the European market. An Afghan medical student was there, who was organizing Afgh. AFS kids and parceling them out to American homes for Thanksgiving dinners: he said the biggest problem for the Afghan kids was that the Americans in fact isolate themselves--there isn't that much communication across the American community boundaries. The same of course holds for the other European enclaves. Through Glen we were invited for Thanksgiving dinner to Ruth A.'s: the party included Glen, Tom & Mary Gautier (ex Peace Corps/Afgh., now History, Indiana), 2 other PCVs, a Travel Hostess, (who had just gone to Bamyan and back today!), Dr. & Mrs. Mitchell (from Georgia), an English couple, and an English volunteer.

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28 Nov. (Fri)--7 Azar. In the Morning we went to the Kabul Museum which deserves its reputation: a very rich collection in which the various interweaving strands come alive: pre-historic, Greco-Roman, Iranian, Indian (Buddhist), Chinese, Nuristani. Some particularly nice Greek statuettes and Buddhist ivory carvings. In the afternoon, while Mike Bonine went to the Zoo to find out what a Yak looks like, McGuire and I and Ben drove to Guldara to find the Buddhist stupa. We followed a valley south of Kabul turning off the paved road over a small bridge onto a dirt road which went through two interesting little villages with very large walled compounds with entrances with decorations in the mud portals and with wooden balconies above the portals. Then back up a river bed (a trip which would be impossible in spring) to the Stupa. There is a minaret further up the valley and then a second stupa which one can approach from the other side, neither of which we had time to hike to. In the evening Mike B. and I went with Glen to an evening mass at the home of John V. ..(the Fulbright rep., also ex-PCV/afg This mass is a weekly affair conducted by Father P., an Italian priest, who has been in Afghanistan 5 years, was in Chile the previous 14, speaks fluent Farsi, English, German, Spanish, Italian, French... He is the only priest in Afghanistan and says the Afghan police watch his movements closely--he needs to get permission to visit his parishioners outside of Kabul. The mass is an ecumenical affair in which even the sacraments are available to all who wish to participate: Glen and Tom for instance are Anglican, Mike B. I think is Baptist (?). Father P. says there are 2 Protestant Reverends in Afghanistan. He seemed to know little about the Jews since they are not part of the foreign community, but said there was a synagogue near the cloth bazar, a rabbi, and 10,000 members. (This is the same figure that was given in the Wash. Post. for 50 years ago in a story on migration of Afghani Jews to Israel and feelings of discrimination there as well as Oriental Jews.) I talked to Peter ... (Director of USIS) about the difficulties of working in Afghanistan, and while he confirmed the difficulties, he seemed optimistic that if one played the game through his office so that he could sound out how wordings of proposals etc were currently being viewed by the Afghans, it could be done: e.g. Tom Gautier was an example of having played the game and being allowed in after some tactful changing of his proposal wording. It was interesting to hear his side of the story, but I don't think he caught my complaint's full import of the non-cooperation I got from his boys back home at State: it's easy for him to say over a glass of wine that I contacted the wrong people, when presumably the point of having an organization is to have communication between the people who work for it! (He says for instance that Ed Bernier would have known nothing, the new ~~kick~~ assist. Cultural Attache; nor the man I contacted at the Afghan desk.)

29 Nov. (Sat)- 8 Azar. In the morning we did various errands like changing money, unsuccessful shopping for a sheepskin coat... In the afternoon we took off for Jalalabad, passing on the outskirts of town some nomad tents (pup-tents) and in the background on the south side of the river the high-rise flats built by the Russians which Tom says the Afghans refuse to live in (they would much prefer the smallest detached mud hut of their own) and so are inhabited by the Red Chinese, a few of whom we saw in town this morning wearing their blue uniforms and red Mao buttons. We then passed through the narrow Kabul gorge, past power dams, then out into 2 lakes and finally onto the Jalalabad oasis. We got into town just before dark and while I wanted to try to make a mad dash to see the Buddhist remains at Hadda, I was vetoed by a combination of misunderstanding and tiredness on the part of the others. So we parked and walked a bit around town: everyone was off the streets and in the restaurants waiting expectantly for the gun to go off signalling the time to break the fast. The gun went off, food immediately appeared and was dug into. After dinner we walked about a little and had some tea.

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30 Nov. (Sun)--9Azar. It took us a couple of hours to find the proper road to Chagha Sarai--none of the various maps we had agreed, and we went up to the road to Laghman and tried a couple of tracks, but eventually went back to Jalalabad where we got the proper directions straight up the Kunar Valley. The lower part of the valley has fortified villages. As one proceeds up river one begins to get a hint of wood architecture and just before Chagha Sarai are several grave yards with the famed wooden-carved "tombstones". An intriguing feature of even the non-wood tombs is that the upright stone markers are in pairs like bunny ears:

~~rather~~ rather than either ~~boxed~~ or ~~Asse~~

Chagha Sarai is as far as one may go without special permission. At this market town (the market seems to be very much curtailed to necessities: clothes & food, no luxuries) there is a new, 3-year old bridge across the Kunar, where guards stop you. We stopped for tea and debated whether to try to make it back to Jalalabad or spend the night: ~~the~~ we opted for the former against Ben Wint's protests; he then decided to leave us and stay on at least over night. I bought a Nuristani hat and we left, it getting dark quickly, but we still made it back in 3 hours going through 2 road blocks (for what?). On the way back we noticed hay being stored in trees.

1 December (Mon)--10 Azar. We drove back to Kabul in about 2½ hours waiting only once for the Bonines at the Laghman turn-off where there was a toll station: They arrived an hour later. In the afternoon I went to the University to locate Prof. Peter Snoy; I went to the Economics Faculty which is a German concession, and found a German professor who called up the Snoys and gave me directions for getting there (near the Parliament). Snoy told me the university is in terrible shape at the moment: there was a strike last year, followed by a punitive bill passed by Parliament, followed by more unrest, followed by the closing of the University; it has only reopened as of Nov. 6, and it is now Ramadan so nothing gets done; faculty members are insecure in their positions; the pedagogical set-up is inefficient: one signs up for a course in a faculty and then is obliged to take a whole series of courses whether or not one is interested; disciplines such as anthropology, sociology, geography, history are thus only portions of larger courses (teacher training, literature, ~~music~~ etc.) rather than departments standing on their own. As to working in Afghanistan, there are a lot of stories current about difficulties people have run into, but it can be done. The Snoys have not heard from Richard Strand recently but think he has finished his research in Nuristan, and probably is back in the States. They had heard that Schuyler-Jones had been in Afghanistan this summer but he had not looked them up. He confirmed that there was an anthropologist just arrived from Indiana to work in Nuristan, had talked with him briefly getting only the impression that his theoretical ideas were unclear. He suggested I talk to Louis Dupree. There were some young doctors staying with the Snoys passing through to India--they gave me some Camembert to take to some friends in Teheran: one cannot get Camembert in Iran.

After the Snoys I went looking for a poustin and finally found one I liked. Evening: dinner at Glen's. Met Mick Sullivan (anth. Pitt), a Californian doing a study of change in attitudes toward education in Afghanistan: 10 yrs ago people were anti-mod-ed so the lower class got a crack at the education and thereby at better jobs till the Khans wised up and now are pushing for ed themselves: Now of course there's the problem of what to do with all these educated people-- Snoy had incidently touched on this as well: if you go through the Univ. doing a course in German or French lit. what can you do afterwards except teach the same and there are only so many such specialized teaching posts available. Mick says he's been having a lot of trouble and has had to constantly revise his hypotheses toward something more simple to accomplish. He's in love with the S.F. area and wants to go back there to teach--less interested in the "jet set scholarship".

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2 Dec. (Tues)--11 Azar. We drove from Kabul to Bamiyan, following the main road as far as Charikar through Kohistan. Kohistan has many straight populars and Grape Drying Towers. Nancy Hatch Dupree lists several ingenious methods of preserving fresh grapes as well (ROAD TO BALKH): pack each grape individually in cotton; dip whole bunches in mud to seal them; encase grapes between 2 cupped mud dishes stuck together like a clam. Kohistan is also famous for its mulberries of 3 main varieties: pale pink (very sweet), darker "Ibrahim Khan" mulberries, and dark purple "Shah Tut" of King Mulberry; these may also be dried, often ground and made into hard bars called talkhan, the "bread of Kohistan"; also chukida, a mixture of ground walnuts and dried mulberries. From Charikar the road is dirt for 100 miles to Bamiyan--there was one bad patch of ice--over a very nice high pass. We arrived at dark and stayed in a hotel in the bazaar where a PCV girl--Susi Long, a blonde from Calif--also resides.

3 Dec. (Wed)--12 Azar. Woke up at 6:30 after 11½ hours of sleep which refreshed me after feeling quite ill the previous evening. We wanted to get out and take pictures of the Buddha before the sun got up to throw shadows, but found the front door locked, and by the time we got out the sun was up. We visited the Buddhas, and then McGuire and I tried to find a road to a 7 m. buddha and the citadel, but most roads did not go where we wanted, and the one really likely one had a sheet of ice on it which we decided not to attempt. We then headed back to the main road and proceeded to the impressive Salang Pass (12 thousand feet) through 3 miles of galleries and Russian-built tunnel. We was dark by the time we got to Doshi on the other side but we pushed on to Pul-i-Khumri where we stayed at the very nice Textile Club Hotel. The town (Bridge of the Dove) has a textile factory, a cement factory (Czech aid), and a substantial hydro-electric proj.

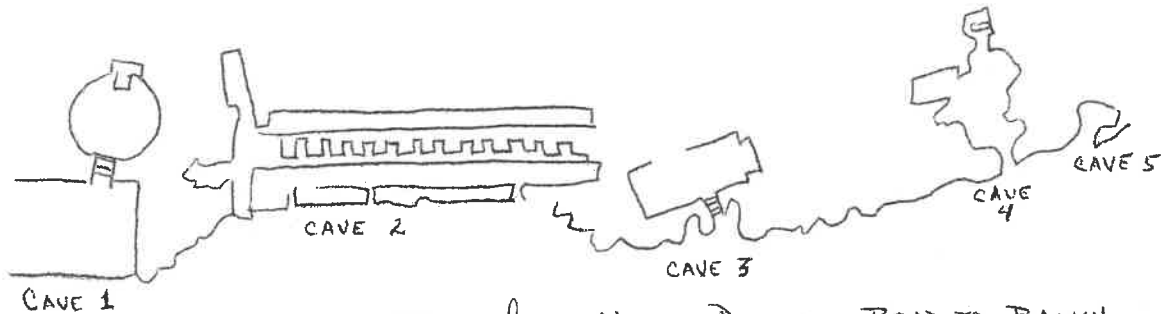
4 Dec. (Thurs)--13 Azar. My L/R wouldnt start again--took it to a mechanic in town after jump starting it--a matter of loose wires it seemed. We then pushed off to Surk Khotal; absolutely magnificent: 5 tiers of grand staircase leading up to a fire temple on top--McGuire says it is very comparable to a Parthian fortress he's been digging in Nippur--very ziggurat-like--in Nippur there is no dressed stone as there is here in the staircase. From Surk Khotal comes the large stone slab in the entrance of the Kabul Museum inscribed in Bactrian lg, saying that the temple was built by Kanishka the Great of the Kushians (2nd cent) and was restored by Nokonzok who made the plaque; coins found in the fire chamber are of Huvishka (successor of Kanishka), and the walls show an original building, some modifications, than a great fire, some mediocre restoration and abandonment--i.e. the fire was probably in the 2nd cent and the restoration followed immediately. The place is referred to in the text as Bagolango which is close to the Old Iranian word for "altar"; thus Baglan in Arab geographers ref. to the province of Kanishka's sanctuary. Schlumberger, Director of the dig, argues for labeling the culture "Greco-Iranian" since there is such a mixture of a Persian lg written in Greek letter, a Greek portico, a fire altar, etc. (Kushians are the predecessors of the Sassanians).



Surk Khotal

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From Surk Mhotal we went across flat plains to SAMANGAN ("cave dwellers" in Uzbek), mentioned in the chronicles, e.g. by the Chinese pilgrim Hsuen-tsung (630) and by the early Arab geographers as one of the great cities with a great Friday Mosque, destroyed by Ghengis Khan and described by Tamberlane's chroniclers as being in ruins. Just south of the present small town is "Takht-i-Rustam" (Rustam's Throne); in Firdausi's Shahnameh Rustam marries Tahmina, da. of the prince of Samangan, but "Takht-i-Rustam" is a name given to unusual hills or mounds in Afghanistan, as "Takht-i-Suleiman" is used in Iran. This "Takht-i-Rustam" is a Buddhist site of the 4th or 5th century, and consists of a large rock-carved stupa sunk into a large pit on the summit of which is a square harmika, and a set of 6 near-by caves. The harmika is a typical feature of all stupas, originally conceived as a balcony surrounding the high pole holding the chatna or umbrella, and later becoming a solid block decorated with a balcony motif as here. The S.E. face of this harmika has an arched door which leads to a domed room where the reliquary was kept--this seems to be unusual as usually it is buried in the mound itself--the harmika was probably reached by a bridge, which was lacking when we were there so we could not inspect it's chamber. One can enter the pit at the base of the stupa through a cave and circumabulate (clockwise of course). The outer rock is ribbed to drain rainwater into a tank on the south side.



A lower limestone hill to the northeast contains 5 caves (plan above), the first of which contains an anteroom and a large round room behind with two niches for statues of the Buddha and a huge lotus carved into the domed ceiling which unfortunately at the moment is somewhat obscured by being blackened (fire soot?); The second cave, the vihara, is a long double corridor with vaulted ceiling and individual cells for the monks; cave 3 has an anteroom and a square room behind with niches for Buddhas; cave 4 has 4 rms, the middle one of which has a square tank in the floor fed by conduit from a side room, probably a bath-house; cave 5 is a very small room, possibly the lavatory;

We then followed the Taskurghan River through its Tangi Taskurghan gorge, the walls of which are 100 feet high and 40 to 300 feet apart, onto the Turkestan plain to Kulm (or Tashkurghan), where there is a fairy-tale citadel (baroquely ornate when viewed from the road) and a very busy bazar, parts of which are wood-covered (with pigeons in the rafters). "Kulm" is the name of a near-by ancient city 7 mi to the N given to Tashkurghan in the Afghan program to revive ancient names; Kulm was destroyed by Ahmad Shah Durrani (1747-1773). The town used to be the great tradesmart of Turkestan; the transshipment point of caravans coming from India and Bekhara; it is now supplanted by Mazari-Sharif, but is still a busy place. It was an Uzbek Khanate in the 18th cent. and an independent political center at various other times as well. From Kulm we drove across desert plain which is once supposed to have supported a lion population, past numerous tells to Mazar-i-Sharif.

MAZAR-I-SHARIF (Tomb of the Exalted) is, of course, the great religious center, where the Afghans say Ali is buried. (The orthodox view is that he is buried in Iraq). The story is that Ali's followers feared desecration of his body, and so to gain divine direction they put his body on a white she-camel and allowed her to roam until she dropped at which point the body was buried. The spot was later identified by a man in the reign of Sultan Sanjar Seljuki; this

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MAN was ridiculed by a leading mullah, but the following night the mullah was visited by Ali and berated, so Sultan Sanjar had the Shrine erected in 1136. Ghengis Khan destroyed this shrine; it was rebuilt in 1481 and constantly renovated since. (The 1481 shrine was erected by the last Timurid monarch of Herat, Husain Baikara, after an inscription saying "This is the tomb of the Lion of Allah and his saint Ali" was found in a grave in the course of investigations as to where Ali was buried.) There are many white pigeons around the mosque, and it is said that if a grey one is added, after 40 days it will turn white. Entering the shrine, there is a richly carpeted ante-room and at the right at the entrance of the inner chamber is an immense bronze cauldron like the one in the Mosque at Herat. We got as far as the cauldron where we were stopped by a guard who had followed us in-- looking into the inner chamber we could see people walking around the tomb and seated, chanting and praying; strong smell of incense. To the right of the shrine is a mosque; between the two is a square platform where a flag-pole carrying the janda (religious flag) is raised during Nauruz.

5 December (Friday)--14 Azar. BALKH, BACTRIA, the great transshipment point of the Kushian Empire which stretched from Benares to the Gobi; Hsuen-tzung reports that it had 100 Buddhist monasteries and 300 monks. A foremost fire-temple was established by the Sassanians, and Firdausi says that Zoroaster was killed while praying in a Balkh fire-temple when Turk tribes broke in. In his order: Zoroaster preaches during a period in which the settled sheep herders were threatened constantly by Turkic nomads; Bactria became part of the Achaeminid Empire of Cyrus (550-530 BC); Alexander pushed on thru Persia to Bactria "the pride of Ariana" (Strabo where he is supposed to have married Roxane, a Bactrian princess, and where he made an unhappy attempt to introduce the oriental act of prostration to which his Greek followers objected to the point of a conspiracy to murder Alex by his pages; after Alex's d, an independent Greco-Bactrian dynasty succeeded by the Kushians in whose empire Balkh was the transshipment point between the Roman empire (bringing gold, silver vessels and wine), China (rubies, furs, aromatic gums, drugs, silk), and India (spices, cosmetics, ivory, gems), and under whose Emperor Kanishka Buddhism flourished (c.140 AD)--still in 630 Hsuen-tzung describes the splendid Buddhist edifices which today are large mounds south of town known as Tepe Rustam and Takhte-Rustam; the Kushians accepted Sassanian suzerainty in the middle of the 3rd cent. who revived Zoroastrianism and built a lavish temple in the suburb of Balkh, Nau-Bahar, which was described by Yakub (/891/ and /1225/ in Le Strange):

"Its walls were adorned with precious stones and brocaded curtains were hung everywhere to cover these, the walls themselves being periodically unguented with perfumes especially in the spring time, the season when pilgrimage was made to the shrine. The chief building was surmounted by a great Cupola, and around this central building were 360 chambers, where the priests who served had their lodgings, one priest being appointed for each day of the year. On the summit of the dome was a great silk flag, which the wind blew out at times to a fabulous distance.

"The principle building was full of figures or idols, one of which in chief the pilgrims from Kabul, India and China prostrated themselves before. The great Nau Bahar Shrine was destroyed by Abhaf ibn Qais, when he conquered Khorasan in the days of Caliph Othman and converted the people to Islam."

(quoted in Nahey Dupree ROAD TO BALKH pp73-4)

Balkh submitted to the Arabs in 645; the Arabs destroyed the temple of Nau-Bahar after an uprising as a deterrent to further uprisings: such is our power, beware. By the 9th cent. there were 2 score Friday Mosques. With the fall of the Abbasids, Balkh fell to several local dynasties the most famous of which were the Samandis of Bokhara (872-999) under whom lived many famous writers of early Persian lit., e.g. the first woman of the Islamic period to compose poems in Persian, Rabi'a Balki who before being killed for indiscretion in falling in love with a Turkish slave wrote of Balkh:

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The garden is so full of flowers
That it looks like Mani's book of painting.
Is it because of the admiring eyes of Majnun in the clouds
That the meads are adorned with the beauty of Leyla?
The dew in the tulip's cup looks like wine in the agate goblet.
The fresh narcissus shines like the crown of Chrooses,
And the violet is dressed in blue like a monk.
Has it turned to Christianity?

Balkh was also a metropolitan see of the Nestorian Church. (The sees of Samarkand, Balkh and Herat are mentioned through the 13th cent and then disappear.) It was shortly under Ghaznavid rule but they soon long the norther provinces. In 1220 100,000 mounted troops of Ghengis Khan rode through Balkh; Ala-ad-Din Ata-Malik Juvaini, b. 1226, wrote (in J.A. Boyle transl.):

"Chingiz-Khan crossed the river and advanced on Balkh. The chief men of the town came forward professing submission and servitude and bearing all manner of presents. But as Jelaluddin (of Khwarizm) was still casting confusion and disorder into these regions...the Mongols could place no confidence in their professions of submission. Therefore Chingiz-Khan commanded that the population of Balkh, small and great, few and many, both men and women, should be driven out onto the plain and divided up according to the usual custom into hundreds and thousands to be put to the sword; and that not a trace should be left of fresh or dry. For a long time the wild beasts feasted on their flesh, and lions consorted without contention with wolves, and vultures ate without quarreling from the same table with eagles. And they cast fire into the gardens of the city and devoted their whole attention to the destruction of the outworks and walls and mansions and palaces. When Chingiz-Khan returned from Peshawar and arrived at Balkh he found a number of fugitives who had remained hidden in nooks and crannies and come out again. He commanded them all to be killed. And wherever a wall was left standing, the Mongols pulled it down and for a second time wiped out all traces of culture from the region." (N.Dupree p.80-1)

Marco Polo (1275) and Ibn Battuta (1333) talk of the ruins, the latter writing:

"...we arrived at the city of Balkh which now lies in ruins. It has not been rebuilt since its destruction by the cursed Jenghis Khan. The situation of its buildings is not very discernible, although its extent may be traced. It is now a ruins without a society. "Its mosque was one of the largest and handsomest in the world. Its pillars were incomparable; three of which were destroyed by Jenghis Khan, because it had been told him that the wealth of the mosque lay concealed under them, provided as a fund for its repairs. When however, he had destroyed them, nothing of the kind was to be found, the rest therefore, he left as they were." (N.Dupree, p.83)

Yet Tamberlane waited til he got to Balkh in 1359 to announce his accession the he had divested himself of his last rival sometime before; and he rebuilt much of the city. The city experienced a renaissance, as did Herat, under his son Shah Rukh, but only the ruins of the city walls remain today. After the Timurids, descendants of Ghengis Khan's son Juchi, under the name of Uzbek began to build their power and Shaibani Khan after conquering Transoxiana descended upon Khorasan, but in 1510 was captured by the Persian Safavids who stuffed his head with straw and set his skull into a gold drinking cup. The following centuries saw Balkh change hands frequently in the power plays of the Uzbecks, Persians (Nadir Shah took Balkh in 1737), and the southern Afghans (Ahmad Shah of Qandahar who had been a member of Nadir Shah's body-guard took Herat in 1749, and pushed on via Maimana and Shebergan to Balkh in 1759). Burnes in 1832 reported the ruins of Balkh extended for 20 mi., its gardens lay neglected, its blgs used as brick mines, its aqueducts broken and filled with debris leaving stagnant marshes which bred malarial mosquitoes and chders. In 1866 the capital of Afghan Turkestan was finally moved to Mazar-i-Sharif leaving Balkh as an insignificant village, at that time with only about 500 houses. Today things are begining to improve again the the ruins still dominate; apricot and plum orchards.

Abu Nasr

In the center of town we visited the Shrine of Khwaja Parsa (theologian, d. 1597): the body of the bldg is a brick octagon concealed behind a tiled portal facade flanked by corkscrew pillars rising from bulbous vases; a turquoise-blue dome, fluted and resting on stalactite corbels rises eighty feet above; on either side of the facade are wings formed by two-storied niches. Across the circle is an arch-portal, also Timurid in style, the remains of the gateway to the Madrassa of Sayid Subhan Quli Khan, built towards the end of the 17th cent. Outside of town in the direction of Mazar-i-Sharif, but to the north of the new road, we visited the shrine of ~~Hadji~~ Khwaja Akash. Returning to the center of town we found the men of the town gathered in a field behind the Madrassa gate to watch dog-fights. After watching one of these we went to search the newly published mosque of Hadji Pioda to the south of the new road, ~~then~~ following the road btw Tepe Rustam and Takhte Rustam and then the first right: some magnificent pillars-- one of the earliest surviving Muslim religious monuments in Afghanistan, and the only one from the pre-Ghengis Khan period of Balkh (i.e. one can speak of 2 Islamic periods, since after being overrun in 1155 by the Oghuzz Turks and in 1220 by the Mongols the city was virtually abandoned til the beginning of the 15th cent when the Timurids began to rebuild it: the shrine of Kwajah Abu Nasr Parsa, the Madrassa facing it and the palatial residence excavated on the citadel mound all belong to the latter phase.) discovered by Lisa Golombek (Oriental Art, Autumn 1969; XV(3): 173-189) searching after the Friday Mosque of the Ghenghis Khan story (above), tho whether it is this mosque she doubts since it seems to be outside the town, whereas the mosque of the story is supposed to be in the city proper. It is called the Masjid-i Ta'rikh (Mosque of History), and the locals say that the mausoleum beside the columned mosque contains the tomb of Ka'b al-Akhbar, the early 7th century prophet who converted from Judaism to Islam. (Some sources report that the tombs of Ezekiel and Job are supposed to be in Balkh.) Deeply carved stucco ornamentation occurs on the capitals, impostes, and bases of the columns and on the spandrels and soffits of the arches in the crevices of wh carvings are traces of blue and red paint. The carvings have a vocabulary of motifs of grapa-leaves, vine-scrolls, palmettes and fir-cones separated fr one another only by narrow, deeply cut lines; the surface of the design is varied thru the drilling of holes, incising of striated and hatched patterns, pearl rings, feathering etc.--technique of 9th-10th cent, called Tiefendunkel or "deep shadow"...Architecturally fits somewhere btw the 3 types: (1) large, vaulted, ceremonial hall of early Islamic and Sassanian times, oft divid into 3 parallel corridors by 2 rows of columns (2) the central Asian apadana: a square structure with four columns in the centre to support 4 cross-beams of the ceiling: divid into 9 equal parts by 4 central columns but the effect was diff fr arcaded hall since as there were no arcades, the internal space didnt appear to be composed of individ bays; (3) the Cent. Asian kushk-- a small square bldg, w interior divid into 9 squares of equal size ea covered by a cupola, but ea cell sealed off fr its neighbor by walls; (4) series of 9-12th cent mosques (Cairo, Aswan, Susa, Mosul,...): i.e. 9-domed oratory. The Balkh mosque seems to be of this last type, an adaptation facilitated by the earlier kushk etc.

From Balkh the road deteriorated rapidly to nothing and we were out in the sand desert--many tells. The main road is being worked upon, and at one point there was a large tent and 3 men ran out to stop us, telling us the road was harab and we were to take a detour; we proceeded a mile up this latter road to a second turn where there was a small town, where we stopped to wait for the Bonines so they would make the right turn. After 45 minutes we headed back, and asked the guys at the tent if they had seen a Land Rover like mine: they started waving their hands excitedly affirming saying the road was harab didnt we understand and these people had just plowed through... So we went after them and found them a few miles up the road with the caré stuck in a bridge, a little birdge over an irrigation canal of 2 cement slabs, the axle resting on one. After a couple of hours we got him free and pressed on making Shebergan completely encased in sandy grime by dark.

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We went out to dinner; as we were finishing two policemen came up and told us how bad the road was (harab). At first it seemed they wanted us to turn back to Kabul, but it turned out they just did not want us to go on at night; they escorted us back to the hotel to make sure and said they would call on ~~the~~ to Maimana.

6 December (Sat)--15 Azar. In the morning one of the policemen from the night before saw us off; today the road was good, tho there would be sand around Ankoy. The day turned out to be another rough day: the sand was miles of dunes which indeed would be impassible at night. At Ankoy the police checked us into their records. The dunes then turned into hills of dust which were cultivated; it had rained as there was some mud and puddles. At Daulatabad we came to a river crossing which was up to a horses belly--the supervisor of the bridge reconstruction gave us a boy to take us back up river to a bridge and we got into Maimana after dark: a total of only 207 km today; I got stuck in the mud once at a point where I was going to try to skirt ~~at~~ a place where the road had turned into a morass of mud and follow the mound next to an irrigation canal, but McGuire urged me into the morass: "All the trucks have gone straight through, and you wont be able to cross the canal (normal to the road) unless you do"--so damn me, I went in, got stuck, Mike skirted the mess and pulled me out from the other side.

7 Dec. (Sun)--16 Azar. Day of Infamy: a very grey day, but began to make good time running before the rain; then the dams of Hell broke: we crossed a mud ford barely and waited for the Bonines to catch up and cross...and waited...and then re-forded skidding all the way: they had a flat and their jack wasn't working. It then appeared that their spare tire was much smaller than their other tires; it was vaguely close to the size of one of my spares, so I gave them one, and we changed their rear tires. Off again through the mud ford. A ways further on we stopped to wait again, then retracked: Mike had forgotten to tighten the lagnuts off his RL tire and they had sheared off--luckily the bolts seemed OK so we took one nut off each of his other tires and found one of the original ones. Just before Murghab we hit another large water hole in the middle of the road which we couldnt go around--a Russian jeep came from the other direction and plowed across, and then stopped on our side, and the driver got out, seeing our hesitation jumped into Mikes car and drove it across ~~chucking~~ it out on the other side, then came back and jumped into mine but forgot to take off the emergency brake so it stalled in the middle of the puddle--so we tried to dry off the spark plugs on both machines: mine started again before Mike's so we didnt need the cables we had also taken out. Then it began to rain. McGuire argued that we had better try to push on because after the rain had a chance to sink in the mud would be that much worse and we might be stuck here for weeks; but it was getting dark, and the word was that there was water on the road ahead so Mike and I decided we would stop here. Murghab used to be a border post with the USSR, but it is now a very sleepy little town: the hotel was musty, the bazar had bread but nothing else; the only good thing was that we broke out some of our cans and had a good dinner on the Coleman stove.

We are back in black tent area--many are pitched on mud foundations, and are among mud houses: ie must be relatively permanent, either winter quarters or recently sedentarized. Still in "silt dune" area: large hills of fine dirt, cultivated to very steep angles; cows as well as goats, sheep and camels.

8 Dec. (Mon)--17 Azar. A grey morning, but things did not look so bad. We put on chains, and took off. As we came through the first hills out of Murghab, the view was spectacular: low hanging clouds but blue sky in steep-sided valley. Then we hit the mud. Hills of switch-back turns in the slippery mud where the best steering guidance depended less on the steering wheel than the ruts of the previous traffic. And then the Rover gave out: the engine would die everytime I slowed down or tried to downshift. I had had a rare nightmare the previous night of endless driving through mud, but this was worse: everytime the Rover died we had to jump start it. At the many fords it was a constant battle of trying to

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stop without killing the motor so we could inspect the ford, going through the ford fast enough to make it up the other bank, but slow enough so we wouldn't splash and wet the spark plugs which would kill the engine. At one point we changed the fan belt, changed the oil in the air filter, put water in the battery, etc. and at the end of the day when the oil pressure light came on, poured in oil, though the oil gauge didn't register less than normal. We finally made it to Qala-i-Nau: a total of 70 miles of the hardest driving, over cliff edges of slippery mud with only ruts to keep one on made by trucks with wider wheel bases than the little Rover. We also used up all our spare gas. In Qala-i-Nau we were met by a welcoming committee--they knew we were coming and ushered us immediately to the hotel, where I met a German-speaking Afghan who owned land between Herat and Maimana. He had just come over the pass from Herat in a Russian jeep and said the road was OK--a little ice, but his 4-wheel drive was broken and he didn't have chains.

9 Dec. (Tues)--18 Azar. We tried to fill up on gas, but the gas attendant would only give us 90 liters each: plenty to get to Herat he kept saying despite our protests that my car was "harab" and we were using a lot of gas. While this was going on a policeman came up and demanded our passports. At the same time 3 young boys demanded rides to Herat for which they were willing to pay: we finally accepted one on the theory that one more to push might be useful. As things turned out it was a relatively mild day: I managed to keep the Rover going stalling it only 4 or 5 times by a procedure of using the hand-throttle to rev the motor while taking it out of gear and slowing it down with my foot off the brake. We even managed a dozen or so small fords without having to clean out the spark plugs. There were only a couple bad stretches of mud; and the pass though tense for a while on the ice was fairly easy.

By the time we got into the flat plain of Herat we were feeling pretty good though very tired; and I even stopped a bogus time to take a picture (luxury!) of a pigeon tower; we ended the day light hours gloriously by driving north of town to the Shrine of Gazargah, built around the tomb of the 11th cent. Sufi Khwaja 'Abdullah-i-Ansari (1006-1088). This was a real treat from the gardens to the Timurid decoration of the main iwan to the little cartoon-like frescoes in the entrance vestibule. We then got gas and went to what passes for the most extravagant hotel: the new Hotel Herat--only small space heaters, electricity which flickers on and off and goes off for good at 11:00, but we did get hot showers. After dinner in the hotel, Mike and Maryline and I went to the bazaar in Mike's car: I went wild and bought two small carpets: a Baluchi off the floor of a shop, and a prayer rug from northern Afghanistan.

10 Dec. (Wed.)--19 Azar. Got up early and roused the hotel for breakfast. Then out of town past the governor's palace, the central square where festivities for the end of Ramazan were obviously about to begin: the square was lined with police and people were streaming towards it from all directions. We stopped at the Mussallah complex on the way out, and then took off for the border, stopping only to pay the road tax (and change money now at 1:1) and to take another picture of the windmills, and to pick up a hitch-hiker, an Italian (Mario) from Turino (the b. in the south) with a large black beard (what is the world coming to if even the Italians are growing beards) and a poustin: he said he'd been walking from Herat for two days (40 miles out) and no one would pick him up, though people along the way had given him water and cigarettes; he had been on the road for about 2 years tho he had been home once in between for a couple of weeks. We got to the border at 11:15 and were informed that the Customs officials were out to tea and would not be back for an hour or two. Among the crowd that was waiting were a French girl (on a scholarship off to India to study Sanskrit and Buddhism) and her boy friend; an English couple trying to return home for Christmas; a Pakistani who had been studying in Vienna with an Austrian companion; a group of Pakistanis, one of whom was an agricultural advisor who had been living in Iraq but said he was now fed up and would move his family back home. The French girl became a major attraction when she borrowed someone's horse and went riding to the border and back: it may well be that the Afghans hadn't seen a woman on a horse before and she fit their conception of fem. beauty (wide-hips, well-built)--as long as she was on the horse she was a complete show stopper. Eventually we got through by 2:30 and

IRAN

~~TOLD~~ the Bonines we'd try to make Sangbast and wait for them there. We did so stalling twice, once in a gas station where we got a push from a jeep, and once on the road where we got a push from a long-based land-rover with 2 young fellows going to Nepal (English) to work on a Development Proj.: they said they had a busted differential and so were proceeding on front-wheel drive. We made it to Sangbast just before dusk, and McGuire urged me to go into town to see the mausoleum and come back to wait for the Bonines but in looking for the road we seemed to have passed the town by and we stalled, so we sat and waited till Mike caught up and gave us a push. We then went into Meshed and found a hotel where Mario had stayed before, and the brother of whose owner was a mechanic.

11 Dec. (Thurs)--20 Azar. The morning was spent getting the car fixed: the starter has some coils which were no longer connecting. A young Iranian helped us with the language and stayed around to practice his English: a nice young guy, well dressed, shaved, with a little mustache, and a flair for the elaborate lie--a real "operator". First of all he maintained that he'd only been studying English for a month; next he told us he would be leaving to study orology ("the study of mts"?) in a 5-year course at Baliol College, Cambridge (there's no Baliol at C.). He said he'd been born in Egypt; his Father was an Afghan gypsy carpet merchant; his mother a Russian gypsy; they met in Egypt; his father is now in Teheran, is very rich but "very jealous" and wont spend money on his son, so the son lives in Meshed which is cheaper than Teheran; he has a 22-year old married sister in Meshed, a nurse married to a driver for the Tourist Organization, and a younger brother who is in Teheran with the parents. He was bursting with political discontent--why does American rob other countries, take our oil--and with sex--'once I get to London I wont have any fucking problems-- Said his name was Mohammed Saberi.

He explained the Shia hand: it is Hussein's hand which was cut in battle. In explaining this he said "you know Hussein: the son of the Prophet"; I said: "you mean the son of Ali"; he replied: "Yes, the son of Ali, that's the same." In the center of the hand often you see what looks like an eye: it is a stylized H \supset the first letter of "Husseain". At the end of Ramazan the head of a family is supposed to give out alms of 25 tomans per person in his family to the poor.

When the starter was fixed, battery recharged, choke shortened, and the machine purred like new, we took off, stopping in town only to snap a picture of the shrine of the 8th Imam, and some young carpet dealers seeing my Afghan carpets offered to exchange for Meshedi ones. Spent the night in Qushang.

12 Dec. (Friday)--21 Azar. Qushang to Gorgan along the flat plains of fertile-looking land though the people did not look that well-off, past some interesting thatched housing some with wood and mat siding but mainly mud base. Unveiled women in very colorful dresses and scarves. Just before Gorgan we made the side trip to Gonbad-e-Kavus to see the 167' tomb tower (completed 397 H. or 1006) which was seen on the plain from 20 miles away. Inside there is a rope hanging down from which legend has it the body of Kavus was suspended in a glass coffin; no subterranean tomb chamber has been found. Just north of town one is supposed to be able to see remnants of "Alexander's Wall", 11-18 miles north, the great probable Sassanian wall.

13 Dec. (Sat)--22 Azar. Had breakfast in the restaurant below our hotel: on the wall was a calligraphy in plastic:
Fatima the earth-goddess. We made for Teheran, passing under the Shah's residence on a promontory of Behshahr: a Safavid palace, restored by Reza Shah; it sits above the little town like a feudal palace, but next to it on the ridge is a surrealistic large sphere (radar?). Through the mountains and down the Demavand valley to Teheran.

APR Allah Muhammad
Fatima
Hussein Hussein

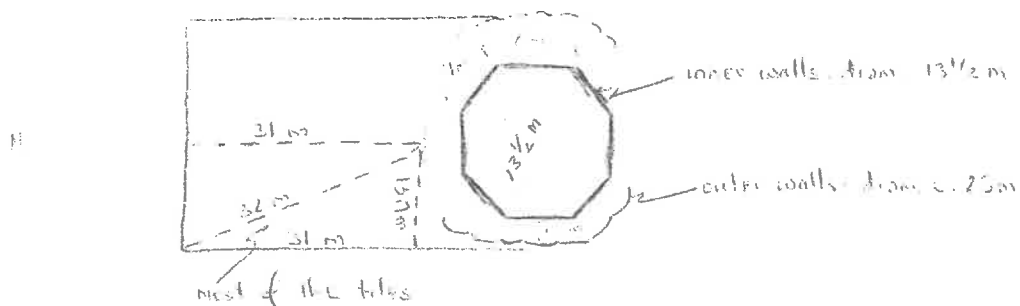
At the British Institute, Lois and Sam Beck had arrived, and we all went to the American Embassy for dinner and then to a Claude LeLouch film: *Une jour vive*


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- 14 Dec. (Sun) - 23 Azar. Delivered films for developing, went to bank, and then to see Mr. Khaliqi would said his Minister refused to grant me a permit: c'est impossible pour les etudiants maintenant; passe oui, mais maintenant non; mes regrets. Went to customs to get out a parcel. Back to the Institute for lunch. Visited Nessami at the Zoroastrian Center and got a copy of the last issue of their magazine which has a short report in it on this year's congress; we talked abit about my trip to Afghanistan; he was interested in traces of Zoroastrian fire-temples, esp. at Balkh where Zoroaster was killed while praying by Turkish invaders. I then went to the Rothblats and talked to Nancy: Howard was out in Qazvin the returning this evening. Delivered the Camembert from the Germans in Kabul to Frau Peter, #61 Kh. Sepand, whose husband, a road engineer, is at the moment in Saudi Arabia; they've been here 10 years, originally from München; very nice. Chelo-kebab for dinner with the Becks.
- 15 Dec. (Mon)- 24 Azar. Tony Hutt told me about Dr. Parvin Hejazi at the Ministry of Science and Higher Education, a young girl who has just gotten her PhD from the Sorbonne, and who had come to the Institute to offer her services as a troubleshooter for foreign students. So I went to see her, having to wait til she returned from the British Council; she said she was busy and could I return tomorrow mornign. By the afternoon ~~the news~~ the news had made the rounds of the English speaking community: The British Institute knew, the American Institute knew, Dr. Arndt knew, and Dr. Liimatainen knew. The gravevine is good. Mr. Sumner made an appointment with Mr. Tabari at the Ministry of Science and Higher Education, and offered to consider talking to the American Ambassador. The Institutes feel threatened by such arbitrary policy decisions. Spent the afternoon writing a letter to Mr. Smith, and typing a record of my applications for the research permit for Bill Sumner, with whom The Becks and I had dinner.
- 16 Dec. (Tues)- 25 Azar. Went to see Miss Hejazi: her reaction was 'why did you go to the Ministry of Arts and Culture, that was a waste of time; get a letter from the Foreign Ministry redirecting the matter to us, call me back in a week and we should have the permit for you in a month. I picked up my pictures and took them to the Inst. where I found Howard Rotblat and Bill Sumner. Bill and I went to see Dr. Liimatainen who suggested I try to get my dossier back from the Ministry of Culture and Arts so that the SAVAK thing would not have to be gone through again. In the afternoon I went over to the Rotblats and we went through my slides.
- 17 Dec. (Wed)- 26 Azar. Robert Hillenbrandt accompanied me to Khaliqi to speak French and ask for the dossier. Khaliqi repeated that there was now a law for Iran ("Regelment deux) which said no pre-doctoral students in anthro or archeology. He maintained he had no dossier on me other than the letter I had written to him; when I responded by saying that he had at the very least also a letter from the foreign Ministry he responded by saying "write me a letter asking for whatever you need". I said I would visit the Foreign Ministry first and then if necessary do so. So I went to the Foreign Minist and saw Mr. Alam, Director of the Cultural Exchange section (he went to school in NY: NYU and Columbia, has an MA in internatl rels, was in Japan and speaks Japanese) who intro me to Mr. Bahrami who has replaced Mr. Shahizadeh as Director of the Cultural Affairs section; he intro me to his assist Mr. Osahi who said he would have the letter ready by 1:00; I talked to him a bit about Iran as the Home of Many Religions and Sufism. Did some shopping. Got the Letter. Returned to the Institute and found the letter of refusal from Khaliqi together with a copy of the "law". Saw Liimatainen who took a photo-copy of the law. Tried in the afternoon to delive the letter from the Foreign Ministry to the Ministry of Science and Higher Education but no one was there. Went to the American Institute where Alan Luther was talking about the computerized bibliography.

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- 18 Dec 1969 (Thurs)- I took the Foreign Ministry letter to Miss Hejazi. Mariam translated the "rule #2": Permits for foreigners doing Iranian studies will only be given to people who have a PhD and are from a research institute or one of the larger universities. Tony Hutt had been to dinner last night ~~and mentioned that the second in command at Science & Higher Education who had never heard of such a ruling.~~
- 19 Dec. 1969 (Fri)- Typed on the journal; wrote a letter to Marvin Zonis.
Andrew Williamson came in from Shiraz with stories of a harrowing experience in Nezami Hospital there; after seven days out on survey he took ill and went into the hospital; they diagnosed it as diphtheria; put him in a bed and started giving him glucose water although he showed a sensitive reaction to it, etc. etc. Finally he refused to cooperate and the doctor said 'if you don't have confidence in us, sign a release and leave': Andrew jumped at the chance; Teheran Clinic gave him tests the result of which was everything is negative for diphtheria, everything is positive for mononucleosis! So he's back at the Inst. just sleeping it off.
- 20 Dec. 1969 (Sat)- read the folder of archeological reports ~~in~~ the Illus. Lond. News Evening party at the Summers: Arndt was there and told me how upset he was at my permit refusal and said Nasr was mad too.
- 21 Dec. 1969 (Sun)- went to see Reza Alevi, a consultant to Science and Higher Education (6th floor), a friend of the Haskells (David Haskell, correspondent for the Times); his reaction was predictable: you went to the wrong Ministry, there should be no problem here. George brought back my Land Rover.
Robert Hillenbrandt, McGuire Gibson and I then set out for Sultaneia. Robert makes a distinction between tomb tower and Imamsadeh though the two shade into each other: people forget who built the tower, assign it to a sayyed, maybe even build a mosque. The tower, however, is basically a monument to a man's vanity whereas the imamsadeh is a shrine. The great period of tower building was the 11th and 12th century: decline thereafter. Possibly one or two known towers date from the 10th cent. Three towers have Pahlavi inscriptions. Re. evolution of the towers, Rbt works from nomadic burials in tents (round, mud-wattle, yurt-like tents) to tomb towers presumably also built by nomadic chiefs. Question: did the Zoroastrians always expose in Towers of Silence or did they also have towers?
We got to Sultaneia just before the sun went down, photographed the Sultaneia shrine and Ghelobi, and then went into town where we found a chai-xane--mehman-xane which supplied us with an egg dinner and a mat to sleep on.
- 22 Dec. 1969 (Mon)- We got up at 7:30 and had breakfast. Robert inquired about the remains of the Tomb Tower of Argun Shah and one man said he knew where it was and would take us there, but then he changed his mind and left; the others did not know, so we headed off on the road to Sejos hoping to ask a farmer. We stopped an old man with a donkey who told us to go to the next "quave-xane" and ask for Kaboot Gumbar (Blue Dome). We did so; they knew where it was and gave us a boy to take us. We headed off on this tertiary road directly ~~west~~ east of the quave-xane; it had rained and this track was very muddy so we promptly slid off the road into an irrigation canal; after 45 minutes of maneuvering; putting on the chains etc. we got the car out of the canal and put it safely on a nearby field, and walked the remaining several hundred yards to a crude brick shrine (domed with wood-roofed forecourt): this was obviously not what we were looking for. We decided to walk up a low tepe which seemed to have something on the top: that was what we were looking for! A depression at the top with eight sided, seemingly a second wall outside the first, lots of Mongol bricks and tiling and some pottery, a series of depressions round about; most of the sherds were on the North and East sides of the mound: rectangular forecourt?



We did some rough measurements with a tape-measure which a stiff breeze made a bit difficult. It seemed that the forecourt was not only rectangular but built on three terraces. McGuire thought he discerned remains of structures along lines xy and zt . The series of depression around the outer walls: at first we thought these might form a regularly spaced series (buttresses perhaps), but later we decided that these were probably just digging holes. Most of the tiles were found in the NW quadrant of the forecourt. McGuire says he noticed no post Mongol pottery. Our-boy guide told me that his father had sold a piece of tiling to a German a year ago of the shape . The tomb tower is of the Ghengis Khan period; it had been discovered and published by Goddard in the 1920s, but he described it minimally and gave meagre location directions, so it was a bit romantic to re-discover the place.

After Arghum Khan we went on to Sejos, picking up a man to guide us at a rest house just beyond the turn off on the tertiary road. We went past one village after the houses by the turn-off, and then came to Sejos; from the distance we could see the dome of the old Friday Mosque, but as soon as we got into the village it of course disappeared. The streets were very muddy so we parked at the edge of town and walked. They first took us to a modern mosque-madrassa; even when we showed a picture of what we wanted, they did not seem eager to show us. Eventually we found a young man to guide us, by which time, McGuire had also climbed a building and located it himself. We were followed to the building by growing crowds of boys and men. When we got to the mosque we tried unsuccessfully to keep the crowds out, but eventually turned some of the men inside with us into guards (albeit not very conscientious ones) to keep the rest out. We then began to photograph, sketch, and take measurements. By the time we left the younger boys had made a game of trying to throw mud into the mosque ruins, and when we walked back to the car, Robert and I ahead, and McGuire bringing up the rear, they threw sheep dung, mud, and stones at McGuire who got mad and hit one of the teen-aged tormentors and got rewarded by a real deluge of dung and stones; we got out of the village with the aid of three or four men who held off the hordes with stones and sticks. We decided not to go back to our Sultaneia chai-xane but seek a proper hotel in Zanjan.

- 23 Dec. 1969 (Tue) - a leisurely breakfast on a rainy morning before heading back to Sultaneia: the mausoleum we found was fenced off with barbed wire and we were told we could not get in because it was being restored by the Italians. Robert finally talked the caretaker into letting us in by showing a card with his name introducing him as an Iranshenas. Next we went to Chekobi; it had become very cold and windy and looked like a storm was brewing; we took some pictures, measurements, I drew the Mihrab and took some pictures of the graffiti as a gesture towards anthro. Then with not much time left we went to see the tomb of Mulla Hassan briefly, and took the long drive back to town. We tried to find the Helds by a map he had drawn for a party there, were unsuccessful: the geographer as usual drew an inaccurate map. We had a late consolation dinner at the American Embassy where we met Marsha and McGuire and As'ad Khayrallah (both in Persian Lit at Princeton): As'ad was interested in the stoning at Sejos and said this sort of thing is beginning to happen in Egypt where hate is being systematically built against Americans.

24 Dec. 1969 (Wed).--Lois and Sam Beck had talked to ~~Jacob Black at the Berlin Institute~~ Peck (Berlin Institute, American nationality) and said that he seemed to have had similar problems in Khorassan as Jacob Black has in Luristan. We discussed Jacob's problems for a while: Lois felt that two major parts of Jacob's problem are his inability to play the game of verbal abuse the Luri way (he gets mad, over-rational, is irrelevant to them), and his inability to reciprocate their hospitality other than by isolated gifts and medicine.

I then went to the German Institute to see Jacob. He relates that things have been getting sour in Luristan. It has not rained (it rained 20-26 Oct which was early, but since has been dry) and tempers are rising. Conflict over camp sites with other groups. Haji Reza has turned out to have a big reputation as a rich, powerful, mean man. He is able to command (he has the "right": zur dare) because of (a) economic herding contracts, and (b) brute force. He is absolute in his own camp: incident of his taking Jacob's horse blanket for a load on his mule; Jacob saw him and said "what are you doing?"; he said he was borrowing it, so Jacob said OK as long as it is not for a load of wood; it was for a load of wood and Jacob went over and took his blanket off the mule; the mule started to kick and HR laughed as long as it was possible Jacob would get kicked, then he got into a rage, went and pulled down Jacob's tent, picked up a rock and threatened Jacob grabbing him by the shirt, but allowed himself to be dragged off. The others in the camp told Jacob that HR had acted dasturdly, BUT he had the right (zur dare) and Jacob was wrong. (When the fight began all the children began to cry). An uneasy reconciliation was effected with HR maintaining the principle that he was boss (and is if he wanted to borrow something he would borrow it). When I asked viz brute force as the basis of polit power, J. only cited one incident of actual fighting: Shir Ali broke another man's arm in a fight initiated by the latter and had to pay for the setting. Now in the dry winter there are constant calls to arms over various conflicts. Shir Ali got his teeth knocked out by his mare and has been playing the role of the cranky old man since; he wont be an old man when he gets his new teeth, he said, but in the meantime he is unhelpful. He used the lack of teeth as an excuse not to keep the fast in Ramadan. During Ramadan people became very religious and would pray. Re. Persia's rate of devel and stability, Jacob expresses admiration for the Shah--thinks there is no reason things shouldnt cont. The introduction of law and order has had some temporary bad side-effects in the province: poor people have less control over their destiny in a corruptible but publically honest civil service than they did under the old system of nepotism and payment for justice.

The Lurs count time by quarters: Noruz to June... Thus the "45th day of autumn"; they commonly use only the Quarter and the $\frac{1}{2}$ Quarter (45th day); but occasionally they will reckon the decimals: the 10th day, 20th day, 30th, then 45th, 60th. One shouldnt do things on Wed, esp. Wed the 13th. (Of the Catholic Church: Wed is the 2nd day of meat abstention: if a holiday falls on Friday so that one can eat meat then, then Wed of that week becomes the day of abstention.) One shouldnt do things if one sneezes only once.

Sangsardi nomads c. Semnan--summer in the High Elburg and winter in the desert: are quite rich and serve as brokers for meat in Teheran and other cities.

We had lunch at the Forusga Bozorg: a cafeteria high up with a view over the city and filled with the elegantly dressed young bourgeoisie of Teheran. I spent the afternoon in the German Inst. library reading Jackson's travels in Persia in 1903. In the evening ~~with~~ we had dinner at the Paprika with Peck: Jacob in true argumentative form picked poor Peck to pieces, but it does seem if Peck only catalogued a lot of villages, got their pop. from the Malaria Inst. and recorded their language, and collected some material objects, notably a large yab for the Hamburg Museum. Peck says his object was ethnodistribution of the Kurds transplanted to that area: their only link to Kurdistan is their language; they are Shia and in a way more Persian than some of the Turkomen who are Sunni.

: Trip to Ghazvin

cc. 1969 (Saturday)--6 Dey 1348. I picked up Howard Rotblat around nine and we drove out to Ghazvin via the freeway to Karaj, the real industrial side of Teheran. He spent the afternoon looking at the sights of Ghazvin itself: the Ali Qapu, of Safavid times with an ornate portal facing the south onto a boulevard from which the idea was taken in Isphahan for Charbagh when the Safavids moved their capital from Ghazvin to Isphahan, today the police headquarters; the Friday Mosque entered thru a nice tree-lined ally, dating from Seljuk times with a very nice northern ivan with Safavid faience; the Madrasseh Haidariye in the courtyard of a modern school possessing one of the finest seljuk mihrabs in Iran, the ruins have been getting more and more ruined and a modern dome has been placed over them making it quite dark inside; Chahzade-Hossein with a very nice portico of mirrors just restored, and some interesting pictorial tombstones in the court; the tomb of Mostowfi Qazvini (d. AD 1340), which tho no documentary material exists linking it to Mostowfi would fit the Mongol period in style, square at the base becoming octagonal above, and then cylindrical, crowned with a pointed conical roof.

We then walked through the bazaar which is quite large and the surrounding areas of caravanserai now used as various kinds of shops. The bazaar is basically a retail bazaar, in which the bazaari acts as an agent for the farmer, paying after he has sold the farmer's goods, ~~then~~ taking a percentage as commission. It does not fit Geertz' description of the bazaar in Modjokuto (Indonesia) where each sale is a battle between buyer and seller the seller trying to make a one-shot gain. It seems that the Qazvini bazaaris dont really care if they make a sale or not: they have regular customers (retailers) with whom there is no bargaining; of others they don't seem to care whether they sell or not, and certainly are not "depressed" if someone does not buy from them but goes to a competitor". Bazaaris also lend money to the farmers. Percentages on stock sold for farmers vary according to the good: lowest for things like gold (one percent commission) and carpets 2%, highest for grapes.

Along one of the streets a small boy (7 or 8) watched by his mother gave a show with a snake and a turtle collecting money from the audience which he skillfully gathered, tho he only managed to squeeze some 4 tomans from them in one and two rial pieces. Walked around and saw some of the factories: the tannery is owned by Ghazvin's only Jewish family (another Jewish family owns a factory but lives in Teheran); spinning factory; the municipal offices; the army--Health corps hospital; the Israeli school (they just closed their high school as most of the couples are young with small kids--47 families; the Israeli kids must go to Ministry of Education approved schools so cant be sent to Iranian schools) for the consultants of the Development Project. In the evening, the males of the family had dinner by themselves on the very nice carpets of the 2nd floor of the Imani home.

c. (Sun.) --7 Dey. We went to the Project office of Mohandes Eliasion (the project's sociologist) and went with him in an OMRAN landrover to a village south of town: Kamalabad. Most of the villages south of Ghazvin speak Turkish. Kamalabad has 121 households of which about one fifth are extended families; the rest nuclear. Much of the land of the village is developed by OMRAN with large-scale machinery, the profits being returned to the villagers in proportion to their ownership of shares of land (post-land-reform). OMRAN has planted orchards of pear and apple: the former need 4 years to produce, the latter 7. Kamalabad was among the second group of villages to come under OMRAN. There is no compulsion for villages to join the development project, and in fact a couple of villages (e.g. Sharifabad) have withdrawn after joining. Such decisions on the part of villages are made by kin-group-heads rather than the katxoda; the katxoda may or may not have power in the post-land-reform village. Incentive to join OMRAN was economic: in 1341 (1962) an earthquake estroyed many existing wells (some villages as well), so when OMRAN began to sink deep wells the farmers wanted the water.

1: GHAZVIN cont.

At the moment, within the project, everything is decentralized, but in a few months things should be centralized into a Rural Center. OMRAN has a cooperative store in the village, but as the farmers told Howard one cannot buy there on credit; but reforted Eliasion the Ministry of Land Reform has set up a credit coop on which the farmers can borrow up to five times the amount they invest, at 6%. The katxoda's son told Howard that when the farmers need money they go into the bazaar. The Project has a Coop Marketing organization but they only market what is produced on Project lands; thus the farmers still have to take the rest of their produce to the bazaar, which is good if they need to keep up the relationships with the bazaaris for loans. (There used to be speculators who would go out to a village or two before the harvest and contract to buy the harvest at a price which they hoped would be lower than the market price at harvest time, but these never developed into real entrepreneurial wholesalers and when they lost they would not try to speculate again the next year, i.e. they were not true speculators who built losses into their expectations.

There are two Bahai villages and one Armenian village in the plain. It turns out that Eliasion is a Teherani Jew. He knew about the graveyard at Demavand: called Gilard; there is a book about it in Persian tracing a history back 2000 years; it is supposed to be a holy place and pious Jews want to be buried there. One of the Moslem villages of the plain has a mosque in which a fire is kept (Zoroastrian carry-over).

Eliasion showed us some maps he had plotted from the 1956 (1345) Census: oxen show a concentration away from the plain (presumably the negative of the distribution of tractors?); dairy cows show a concentration near Ghazvin in the plain just south (ease of marketing). After we left Eliasion, we went to visit Mr. Meir, the director of publications of the Project, on leave from the Israeli Ministry of Agriculture. He is very pessimistic about the future of the project: will it fall apart when the Israelis leave in three years? There is simply no comparison to be made with similar projects in Israel. One of the big problems is attracting and keeping qualified professional personnel: pay is much better with the oil companies. He was a bit more interested in the Zoroastrians: a dying community, which will die faster under the Shah's favor (keep them persecuted, keep them alive!) and on the debate over whether to allow conversion he wondered (a good point!) how far that depends on a decision by the Shah. As to the Persian Jews, they are also a dying community but it doesnt matter since Jews are all over the world: Iran is not important to survival; and of the Persian Jews, it is not so much a question of dying as degenerating (?).

Afternoon: we drove out to the Arik Industrial Estate 10 km. southeast of Ghazvin which is just under construction. Will have light industry: so far tires (Dunlap), compressors (GE), glass, electrical ... (AEG). Evening: we dropped by the Meirs for a while: he was educated at Redding U. Met another Israeli consultant who had seen some qanat construction: guys give each other air down below with a crude bellows. We then we to one of the several Zurhane's.

Dec. 1969 (Monday)--\$ Dey 1348. We drove back to Teheran via the all-weather dirt road through the south of Dasht-i-Ghazvin, past the sugar beet factory, past the salt flats.

orts on the Ghazvin Project

Tahal Consulting Engineers, Ltd. Ghazvin Water Development Project Progress Report for the Year 1346 (1967/68). Ghazvin: Tahal PG 317 / The Imperial Government of Iran, Ministry of Water and Power 7, Shahrivar 1347 Sept. 1968. 5 year contract to make available for agri use a little over 500 MCM per yr from groundwater, surface streams and imported Telegham River water making possible the irrigation of about 80,000 ha. of cereals, indus. crops, veg, orchards and vineyards; about 200 MCM by 1350 from groundwater, while the major surface contrib will be delayed til 1353 fr Telegham R. Scheme

N

replacement of the qanat system with pumped well water powered by electricity from the Emress Farah Pahlavi Dam on the Sefid Rud money for the Project from IBRD loan of \$22 million; budget for 1346 incl admin, personnel & investment = 140 million rials; professional personnel is a problem: poor material rewards, high turnover, poor quality

Arik Industrial Estate (Meaplan Co.) planned for 135 industrial units and a residential pop of 40,000; response to Govt prohibition of new indus w/in 120 km of Teheran to limit the growth of Teheran

Khar Rud (flowing west to east across the southern part of the plain)--12 villages presently irrigated from it; stream flows during the summer and spring is 50% of the total annual flows while flow in the peak month of irrigation demand is between 5-7% of the annual flow. Water is distrib to the villages by a main earth canal sys (85 km) with aid of temporary diversion structures: losses in this system are high and are estimated at about 30% of the total annual flow--need to regulate stream flows through construction of dam and storage resevaoir and by construction of a lined canal sys to increase supply in critical months as well as preventing overall loss, and thereby getting increased cultiv area and higher yields

qanats are drying up (when T. River diversion scheme put into effect they should be recharged.) Annual flow of Khar Rud at Rahimabad is 56.8 million cubic m.; of the Abhar Rud at Gherveh 30.7; of Taleghan at Galinak 500.0.

well water supplied by the Project wells for irrig of Project fields is sold at .45 rials per cu.m. (covers energy and direct operational and maintenance but not capital recovery)

al Consulting Engineers, Ltd. (The Agricultural Development Project Progress Report. Ghazvin: PG 316, Shahrivar 1347 Sept 1968

goal of training personnel for this and similar projects is not going well IBRD loan of \$22 million repayable over 25 years at 6% interest w grace per of 6yrs Poultry scheme at Toufak: individ ownership w large-prod unit: 9 poultry houses for 45,000 hens (90 farm units ea w 500 layers) ea farmer w his own poultry rooms, but central feeding, egg sorting etc. for ea 90-units.

milk: to 100,000 head and 4.5 million litres per year after 5 years w annual yield per ewe of 120 l.; central dairy at Choubindar

vineyard rehabilitation; orchard planting; fruit packing and storage diversification of crops: intro crops of rel salt tolerance and low or off-seas peak water demand; oil crops promising: sunflowers, safflowers, castor beans; onions, other veg (dehydration plant); potatoes for seed; tomatoes, raisins. conditions: hot summers, low rel humidity, high velocity of winds (to high rates of evapo-transpiration) and soil texture and structures give even with the application of water of low salinity (150-200mg/liter of chlorides) soils crusting and sealing and developing saline conditions.

crop results:

winter wheat: av 2.7 tons/ha.; gross inc. of 9,955R/ha.; av gross inc. per cu.m. of water 1.39 R; highest yields of 5 tons/ha; low yields of 750 to 960 kg/ha in Joharin and Velazgerd owing to alkalai spots, lack of fullstand, late irrig; of the total 3,850 tons, 90% kept by the farmers for self-consumption; took up 32% of Project crop area and 23.3% total gross inc.; 20% of the water supplied; may be able to improve yield w better wheat variety and reduce water demand with better sowing methods

sugar beets: 27% total crop area; 35% inc.; 45% water supplied; av 31 tons/ha. w gross inc. of 18,100R/ha; av gross inc per cu.m. of water 0.95; highest yield 56.5 tons/ha.

chickpeas: 14% water; 11% inc; 20% area; av 1.38 tons/ha. and gross inc. 7,940 R/ha; av inc/ cu.m. of water 1.03; highest yield 2.9 tons/ha.

sorghum: 743 tons of wh 33% for self-consumption; 2.66 tons/ha av; gross inc. of

30 Dec. (Tues)--9 Dey 1348. In the morning I was going to check with Miss Hejazi about my permit, but she had an appointment with Tony at the Institute, so she came to me as it were; she said she had not heard anything yet from the "security organization" but would let me know when she had: dont call me I'll call you.

Evening: Tony, Mike Bonine, McGuire Gibson and I went to a reception at the American Friends of the Middle East. I met there Dr. Ali Mard , Dean of Political Science at Daneshga Melli who talked about the difficulties of the university: the campus is only about 5 years old; there is no library; the faculty does not keep current in their fields; the administration has changed with a consequent dislocation in orientation, e.g. the medical program has been changed from the American prototype followed at Pahlavi U. to a shorter French type (reduction of time from 9 to 6 years). The Polit. Sci. dept. offers an M.A. but the difficulty is getting students who can handle European languages in which all of the literature is written: this year they started an admissions policy for the graduate program which bases acceptance 50% on the ability to use one of the European languages, preferably English. Also met a Mr Hinciz, an engineer with Worthington, who works for Dr. Esfendiar Jegenegi who is also the Zoroastrian representative in Parliament.

Afterwards Jacob Black and I went to dinner at the "Paprika". He defended himself against charges of not holding up his end of reciprocity and of not being submissive enough by saying it's a rough game: he is in an anomalous position since he embodies values of the outside recognized as prestige items by the Lurs (e.g. normally a man who speaks English is treated with respect, i.e. a Lur who knows other languages) and which the Lurs know is more valued by the outside world than their own qualities; on the other hand he also embodies Luri values: he can shoot, ride, swim better than most of them; but then not being of their social system, ie. being a temporary resident, how do they deal with him in terms of authority. Clearly Haji Reza feels him to be something of a threat, which is why the incident over the horse blanket blew up. [I would try to separate out decision-making spheres etc. in which I would try not to express authoritative opinions, but Jacob responds what about situations like the horse-blanket thing:] Were he not to stand up for his rights he would be exploited mercilessly; at least this way he gets grudging respect. [Under other circumstances perhaps the horse-blanket thing would not have arisen; can one not play a passive guest?]

31 December (Wed)--10 Dey 1348. New Years Party at Kay and Abbi Mazahar's home. Went to see Dr. Harvey at Iran Doc about translating an article: it turns out they have a translator only once a week on Sundays and this coming Sunday will be a holiday--had seen Harvey about this at the reception yesterday. Abby M. says they have instituted a 3 rial/page charge on photo-copying. Also they plan to institute a computerized information-bibliography profile on subscriber's topics of interest. The 3R charge on photo-copying is less than cost, and will be increased after people get addicted to the service.

First day of snow in Teheran, but only in Shemiran, not in town.

1 January 1970 (Thursday)--11 Dey 1348. Morning walked down to Worthington but Mr. Hinciz had taken the day off. Walking back the grey drizzly day suddenly got very dark and very windy, and then a strange storm broke: pellets of snow-hail rained down with terrific velocity covering the streets within minutes; in half an hour or so it was over, and everying melted quickly.

2 Jan 1970 (Fri)--12 Dey. Went to visit Lynn Baumann, whose bro-in-law is in from Israel: the latter is studying at the American Institute for Holy Land Studies on Har Zion; after an ulpan course in Hebrew he is now attending lectures at Hebrew Univ., Jerusalem. An Iranian was there for a short time, one of Lynn's students in English, whom Lynn said after he left was from a village north of Teheran which until relatively recently (within memory lore) had been Zoroastrian. Also talked a little about Davudpcur who just died (and whose library Dick Frye is trying to buy for the Asia Institute in Shiraz) who was the leader of a

movement to revive Zoroastrianism--many changed their names to ancient Iranian ones, and the literature of a few years ago was full of this; things have now died down.

Dinner at the Gilards (David Gilard is Director of the American Friends of the Middle East) with Tony Hutt, Charles Mathew (ex-public accountant, who gives himself imature airs of being a far-right conservative budding politician: I shant go back to England until the people in their wisdom see fit to change the government; The problem with England today is that people are only out for themselves; People must learn to work again for the love of work; You Americans just dont know how to behave in your colonial situation), an English textile consultant who just spent 2 years setting up a polyester factory in southern Turkey with his wife & 2 daughters.

3 Jan. 1970--(Sat)--13 Dey 1348. Went to see Mr. Beheshi at the Statistical Center and showed him exactly the kinds of tables I wanted from the Census Data: simply taking his tables and breaking them down into 3 by Zoroastrian, Muslim, Jewish affiliation. He thought this a very costly operation, especially since I wanted to do it for Yazd, several towns outside Yazd, one village near Yazd (Mary Boyce's), Kirman, Isphahan, and Teheran, saying that the sorting of some 3 million cards by so many codes (the tables) would take 10-15 hours of computer time! and might cost me \$100 thousand \$! It turns out of course that everything is on tape; he's never heard of the data-text program and suggests I try to get a copy for him.

Lunch with the Bonines at the American Institute. Dinner with Jacob Black at the Hillenbrands who are living this week at the Haskill's (London Times reporter) flat while the latter are away.

4 Jan.--Sun--14 Dey. Went back to the Hillenbrands to take a hot shower; accompanied by David O'Reagen; lunch there. Back at the Institute found the Becks had returned: they made it to the border OK, snow was on the ground but none on the roads; at Bazargan they were told that the carnet they had bought in Teheran was not good for Iran!--new law!--so they didnt cross over but came back and the car is momentarily illegally in the country. They should be able to get a months extension by which time they should be able to get their residence permit and then follow the procedure Jacob used to get his car in. Went to dinner at the American Institute and afterwards six of us went to see the movie "The Charge of the Light Brigade", obviously cut--a 2½ hour film which only ran 1½ hours: they cut all the love scenes, leaving only the blood and thunder.

5 Jan.--Mon.--15 Dey. Walked down to Worthington Co. and saw Mr. Hinczig--Dr. Jegenege was either not in or busy--but he intro me to Mr. Shio²⁴,^{ur} a Muslim, who is an immigrant to the US who had some books on the Ancient Zoroastrians 3 of which he gave me and one he lent me. Afternoon spent reading Cottam's book on Iranian Nationalism at the Hillenbrands. Went in the late afternoon to the Japanese Embassy to inquire about the work of a Prof. Ohno, who Jay Gluck reports did a comparative study of 3 Iranian villages: one Zoroastrian, Muslim, Christian. I talked to Mr. Inoe, the Cultural Affairs Officer, who has been in this part of the world 36 years, incl. the war years in the Kabul embassy; he visited Yazd 36 years ago with a Prof. , a linguist who studied with Marcel in Paris (?). He, it turns out is a friend of Prof. Ohno and will write to Tokyo for me and perhaps get something returned for me through diplomatic pouch.

At dinner back at the Br. Inst. we established that this is the 12th night after Christmas: one is supposed to burn the tree and leafy decorations for good luck; one is also supposed to have eaten a mince-meat pie for good luck on each of the 12 days repres ea of the coming 12 months; thirdly (says a Lebanese Christian) at midnight of Epiphany (when the 3 wise men gave Jesus his gifts) living trees are supposed to nod; so Dale & I stayed up but we didnt see any trees nodding--she has been teaching in a tent school in Shiraz, a newly built HS for the tribal boys, also at IAS while waiting for a permit (now 4 months) to film some weaving in Firuzabad south of Shiraz: she went out there once for 2 days--SAVAK found out and told her not to go back w/o a permit.

6 Jan. (Tues)--16 Dey. On the advice of Chas. Mathew I went down to Dagan's bookstore-- there were supposed to be some books on Zoroastrianism. Afterwards drove to the Hillenbrädds and got caught in the traffic jams around Kh. Stalin Armenian Church where the streets were flooded with people and cars celebrating Christmas. Around 5 in the afternoon I went over to the American Institute, and Bill said he'd had a call from Miss Hejazi about something coming thru for Mike but he forgot to make sure if it was me (in which case it's news) or Mike Bonine (in which case it's old news). When I got back to the British Institute there was a note for me via Mariam.

7 Jan. (Wed)--17 Dey. I went to see Miss Hejazi: my permit has been approved by Science and Higher Education, and now I must wait for a letter back to the American Embassy since it was the initiator of the action; in the meantime please fill out this form in triplicate, and attach 3 pictures. I then went to find the offices of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee on Shah Reza (next to Leon's), and made an appointment to see the director, Mr. Romboro, tomorrow at 1:00. I returned to the Institute and filled out the forms. Howard Rotblat came in and said he had just talked to a guy in the Iranshah branch of the Ministry of Science who is a graduate of Chicago and willing to do anything for Chicago people, and who worked for the Statistical Center so should be able to give me some straight answers about doing a computer run--if I could get up there before 1:00 he would be there; otherwise Sat. morning. I took the forms back to Miss Hejazi and asked her for the number of the letter she was sending to the Foreign Ministry--she said she would get it for me, but really we shouldn't ask for this sort of thing--it betrays our lack of confidence in the Iranian bureaucrats--I countered with saying it wasn't lack of confidence but simple self-protection in a system where things are filed by acquisition number rather than topically so that if in a year one needs a given letter one cannot simply go to a file by name. Anyway I waited around for 45 minutes till I got the number, because it turned out that the letter was sitting on a clerk's desk and had not yet been numbered; so at least my getting the number speeded up that process. In the meantime we chatted; she got her PhD at the Sorbonne in Comparative Literature at the age of 22 after 6 years at the Sorbonne and 3 years in England; she does not consider herself to have a religion but is of Zoroastrian background; she returned with the intention of remaining only 3 months but her mother wanted her to stay so she got this job although she does not like administrative jobs, and she plans to return to Europe or America next fall. By the time I got the number, it was too late to catch the guy at Iranshah Sci & HE the I tried; walking back I stopped at the Pakistani Chancery to check on visas: one needs no visa, but if coming in by road, one needs a road permit which one gets at Zaehdan in 5-10 minutes. In the Afternoon, Bill Summer talked about his research at the American Institute: settlement patterns in Marv Dasht--his raw data consists of a survey of as many mounds as he could find, and pottery off of them which he then catalogued by cultural (vs historical) stratigraphy, and is running size & location analyses. In the Evening, Howard & Nancy, Sammy & Lois, Carol (wife of assist USIS director) and I went first to the Rotblats for drinks and then to the College Inn for dinner. Jeff (Carol's H) is in Kabul helping with Vice-President Agnew's visit there; Agnew made the diplomatic blunder even before he got to Afghanistan of saying that he was very excited about going to Afghanistan after reading James Michener's book the Caravans, a book the Afghans hate.) Carol says there are only 20 or 30 Jewish families left in Kabul and are having a rough time because they are so isolated from the mainstream of life; the Muslims will have little to do with them; so they grab on to every passing Jew they find, and the synagogue becomes a real social focus for them; they apparently drink a fair amount--Carol did not know if they have their own vineyards (my question was prompted by Howard's story of the Ghazvin bazaaris who told him that if they thought their grapes were being bought for making wine, they wouldn't sell them), but says they do grow their own wheat for passover meal.

Permit

Hejazi

Summer

Jews
Kabul


8 Jan. (Thurs)--18 Dey. Slept late and then went to the Israeli Embassy to follow up Prof. Spicehandler's recommendation to see Mr. Meir Ezri. Security precautions are non-existent: a guard at the gate; the people at the information desk asked; who are you, why do you want to see him, are you Jewish. Made an appointment to see him tomorrow at 10:am.

Then went to Joint and met Mr. Romboro, the Director, from Baltimore. He said he was intrigued by Yazd; it is the one Jewish community he can't figure out. People come and tell him that the Yazdis have money and that he needn't spend so much on welfare there; he goes down and everybody looks frightfully poor. Other people come in and say 'what's lots of money; in Yazd if you have 1000 tomans you are a millionaire'. Story of a Yazdi in Teheran whom Romboro knows has several jobs and must have some money, but who comes on like a beggar; Romboro told the enigma to a 3rd party who responded by asking promptly 'is he from Yazd?'--i.e. Yazdis have a reputation for living poorly even if wealthy. There is an Alliance primary school in Yazd, and Joint runs a lunch program there; but there is no secondary school; Joint also distributes clothes. The size of the community has been declining--out migration to Israel, where Romboro hears they do well because of their frugality, and he tells of one man writing back pleading with his family to emigrate--he estimates there are some 600 left. He intro. me to a Meshedi Jew who seems to be in charge of the Financial section (Sion ?). Sion says Jews in Yazd are more isolated than the Jews of Kirman who are on a frontier route more or less; the Yazdis are more stingy, more secretive, etc. Before the state of Israel Jews who went to Jerusalem called themselves Hadji; now when it is so easy to go, there's no point in ~~making~~ making a big deal over the fact you've been to Jerusalem, and the title has lapsed. As to my questions about the cemetery at Demavand; rose water, the essence of flowers, and the essence of purification, is used since flowers are so expensive; sometimes however you put roses on the grave with a black band on them. He agrees with Eliasion (the sociologist in Ghazvin) that the wearing of black clothes in mourning is done after the Muslims, i.e. is not essentially Jewish, and even goes so far as to say that it is against the Talmud inasmuch as the latter says not to follow the customs of those around you. Demavand was the original site of Teherani Jews: at the time of Rey, Jews lived in Demavand rather than Rey and had a full community with synagogue, graveyard etc.; thus the graveyard is very old, and people still ask in their wills to be buried there. I asked Romboro about the rumours that Jews are converting to Bahaism, and his response was not to deny but to comment 'from the frying pan into the fire'; he added that the Muslim Bahais don't like the Jewish Bahais, and the Jewish Bahais are anti-semitic. Sion and Romboro discussed Zoros as being similar to Jews in stinginess or even worse--Sion says their manners, modes of expression, etc. are so Jewish one would think they are Jewish converts. They invest in land and hold on to it. But they are very correct, and honest and truthful. Romboro says with that air of helplessness; all of world Jewry contributes to Israel, except Yazd; Yazdi Jews in Israel send money back the other way.

In the afternoon, I did my accounts.

9 Jan. (Friday)--19 Dey. Went to see Mr. Meir Ezri, a 30-ish man originally from Isphahan. He thinks there are only 80-90 Jews in Yazd, and none in Demavand. On Yazd he referred me to Joint. To my list of Teheran synagogues (Iraqi, Irani, Rumanian) he added Israeli and Meshedi. He will try to get me a copy of Habib Levi's history of the Jews in Iran.

IRAN

- 10 Jan (Satu)--20 Dey. I went to see Mr. Bazargan at the Ministry of Science and higher education; since Howard had tentatively said I would come then. He was engaged in the next room and we exchanged written messages via the tea boy setting an appointment for tomorrow at 10:am. I got the two back issues of the Zoroastrian magazine Hukka so I could take up the complete article I wanted translated to Iran Doc, whose translator supposedly only works on Sunday.
- 11 Jan (Sun)--21 Dey. I went to see Mr. Bazargan at 10 and found a note saying he had waited till 9:55 but had been called to an urgent meeting. In the afternoon I drove to the off-campus building of the University of Teheran (Kh. Kennedy) where Lynn Baumann had his office and classes and when Amiri-Far finished the exam we asked if he could stay and talk a while; he said he'd like to talk very much but unfortunately he had a meeting at his school (he is a high school teacher of mathematics) from 4:30 to 5:30, but if I liked I could come along and we could talk afterwards; Lynn had an engagement to practice singing with some friends for a toastmaster's performance, but we determined that Amiri-Far had a friend who knew English and the three of us ought to be able to communicate. So Amiri-Far and I drove to his school down near the railroad station. There we were ushered into a small office lined with chairs; a female personage without chador who seemed to be a colleague of Amiri-Far, ~~seven~~ ^{six} women in black chadors (including a 19 year old girl), a pregnant middle-aged woman without chador, two well-dressed men, 3 other men, and 1 very lower class man. Tea was served, and then Amiri-Far took over delivering himself of a long speech, at one point handing out some forms which the parents had to sign: only one of the women and the 19yr old girl were literate and could sign their names; the other women used their fingerprints (an inkpad was provided) as signature; all of the men could sign their names. Then there apparently was some sort of election or committee formation during which Amiri-Far and his female colleague stepped out of the room; the 19yr old girl was made a member of the committee as well. The meeting broke up around ten to six. Amiri-Far explained afterwards that it had been a girl scout meeting, an activity in the school in which he was charged, we then went to his home, not far away where I met his friend, an English teacher at the high school in Firuzkuh (near ~~Damavand~~ Damavand). It turns out, of course, that the business of having been Zoroastrian refers back several centuries to the time of the Arab conquest. There are two kinds of Zoroastrian remains: a bell-shaped building with a door but nothing inside (?), and some graves (X) which differ from modern Muslim graves in that they are found in threes.  Supposedly one of these grave-stones has the date on it "128"--which Amiri-Far interprets as "128 of the Hijra" and thus as evidence that the place did not convert from Zoroastrianism for at least 128 years after Mohammad or 1261 years ago by the Arabic calendar (1389-128 = 1261) or c. 709 AD. (~~what was the date of the Arab conquest of Iran? Yazdigir was ousted and killed about 651).~~ Amiri-Far is of a religiously Muslim family from the area of Sardandasht, near Firuzkuh; specifically the village of Ateshsham---fun for the philologists Atesh, of course is fire; Sardandasht= Zardosht; another village has the name Mazdaram (Mazda, Mazdak). Amiri-Far then went into the internal divisions of Islam: first into 2-- Sunni vs Shia; then Sunni into 4 (the 4 legal schools: Maliki, Hanafi, Shafi,); and Shia into 3 (Jafari or 5 Imam; Ishmali or 7 Imam; and Asnashadi, fr Arabic ~~shah~~ for 2 + 10, or 12 Imam which of course he and most of Persia belong to).

Dinner with the Becks at the American Embassy schmorgbord--the Bonines and Carol Hillenbrand preceeded us not being able to wait for my return in their starvation; and the Baumanns on my recommendation were there as well. The Becks had supplied a bit of information yesterday to the permit affair--after Mike B. had gone to see Mr. Alam at the Foreign Ministry and gotten the unsatisfactory opinion that Science and Higher Education was to write the permit; Dr. Iimatainen called up Foreign Affairs and Sci & HE and got them together: they've now decided to have Science and Higher Education write the permit.

12 Jan (Mon)--22 Dey. In the morning I first went to see Mr. Bazargan who was in and very friendly; he had been at Chicago doing a degree in statistics when his father died and he had to return to Iran; he plans to go back hopefully in 1971. He said he would talk to the people at the Statistical Center for me and I should give him a call tomorrow afternoon; I then walked up to Iran Doc where I was informed that they had no translator but perhaps a Mr. Banami could help me. Mr. Banami is a young man who studied in the states and speaks excellent English with a slight Connecticut accent (at New Haven?-- took a course with Sidney Mintz). He translated the report on the Zoroastrian congress for me which turned out to say absolutely nothing, i.e. this meeting was called in accordance with the wishes of the international Zoroastrian congress, we must not simply talk but do, etc. finis. Mr. Banami and I then chatted briefly--he was doing social anthropology and got as far as Uganda but did not finish. ~~He~~ He knows Heshmet Moyad, Moyad studied in Germany (Tubingen) and has a German wife. So we got onto Bahais--he confirmed that Bahais do not have official status as a recognized minority and therefore are not supposed to get government jobs; but this is a problem inasmuch as the Bahais as a group are well-educated and thus an asset to the state--they in fact get jobs either by leaving the question of religion blank, or allowing some clerk to fill in the name of a recognized minority. In the 1930s, in the early years of Reza Shah, they had a fair amount of freedom to proselytize and made much headway among the other minorities: Jews and Zoroastrians. There have however been periodic waves of discrimination since, kicking them out of jobs, etc. They do not keep statistics or if any exist they keep them quiet out of fear. As to Zoroastrians, the nationalist revival under Reza Shah used the Zoroastrian heritage as a rallying point--Casseri (?) was the intellectual in residence who tried to purge the language of Arabic words, etc. During the war the son of the leading lay leader of the Zoroastrian community Shahroch was in Germany and did Persian language propaganda broadcasts for the Nazis (common Aryan heritage etc), and his father had a hard time as a result; but it turned out after the war that he was something of a double-agent because he returned with the British in a high post to Iran. Unfortunately I had to cut the discussion short, since I had a noon appointment with Jim Hinciz and Dr. ~~Yaganegi~~ Yaganegi.

Bahai

Zoro

I took a cab down to the Worthington offices (666 Saadi) and arrived on time at noon, but it appeared that we would not be going to lunch til around 1:00 pm. Hinciz had a lot of work to do since his boss was coming in from Paris, so I sat and read the Sept 1969 issue of Modern Government and National Development in which I learned (Vol X No.7 pp.67) that a Pakistan project had made a stride towards the problem of reclaiming land made too saline through irrigation: "A successful experiment in Pakistan has produced a bountiful rice crop on land that had been unusable for a quarter of a century. Their fertilized crop was 25% larger than those of surrounding farms" done w 6 tons of ground gypsum; 1st spread on the acre of sodium-laden land--"It is not news that gypsum breaks down and removes sodium from the soil, but the Pak. experiment showed the application could be done economically." A second adv. in arid land agri was the "drip-irrigation" method developed in Israel being introduced for vineyard culture in South Africa and in waterless areas of Australia; the system is said to increase fruit and veg yields up to 100% while using 30% less water than is customary: "This Elass method of drip irrigation involves use of thin, non-corrosive plastic tubes with droppers placed in shallow ploughed furrows. These transfer drops of water with fertilizer to plant and tree roots; developers of the sys say it has special value in regions of poor agri soil and saline water in comparison to conventional spray and open irrig sys.

While I was in the office reading this; they had a meeting about patenting a pump in Iran which Worthington invented but cannot patent in the US (presumably because it is not sufficiently different from other pumps)-- a pump developed particularly for wells in sandy areas. The idea was to have the pump patented in Iran under Dr. Yaganegi's name or that of his company--in this way I learned his relationship to Worthington is not simply one of affiliate. He owned a co.

called the Yagenegi Pump Institute which is now incorporated as the ~~Sharkazi~~ Z ... (?) and has been in business over 25 years. Worthington has been his supplier of generators for the pumps, and he has been their distributor; and the two together have developed a series of pumps. (Thus, the thesis that would be suggested by Hincig's defense of international corporations as has being open to world-wide stock holders and having as is the case of Worthington more non-American employees than American ones--i.e. a thesis of training entrepreneurs of the third world within these international corporations and thereby short-cutting the need to completely develop indigenous entrepreneurial attitudes from scratch--was not followed. Yagenegi has a PHD in Economics and Finance from Columbia Univ. (and gave me an autographed copy of the dissertation). *

Around 1:00 a whole group of us piled into Yagenegi's chauffeured black Cadillac limousine--General Ahmad Beharmust (who later gave me an autographed copy of his recently published book on the Shahnameh), Ret. (he fought as a corporal under the early Reza Shah against the Kurds and the Turkomen, but when promoted no longer saw any action; he visited the U.S. military installations in Georgia, Kansas, Okla, etc., and the occupation forces in Germany after the war), Rustom Yagenegi (his son, degree from Ohio State), a French-speaking gynecologist, Mr. Mansour--to go for lunch at a Rotary Club luncheon at the Park Hotel (Hafez?). There we had a magnificent meal amid the fat cats; the guest speaker was the Economic Attache of the West German Embassy, preceded briefly by the West German Ambassador (a suave grey-haired gentleman who spoke English without a trace of German accent, something his younger colleague has not yet accomplished)--Germany has only recently been replaced by the Soviet Union as the leading customer of Iranian exports; the leading exports to Germany are the traditional items of carpets, skins, etc. but Germany is willing to diversify her importation and there is no reason why Iranian vegetables, fruits, semi-finished and finished manufactured products should not be competitive on the German market with South African etc. suppliers; Germany is one of the leading credit suppliers for Iran: a public stock was floated which raised 80 million DM for the Fourth Development plan; a new low credit rate of 3-3 $\frac{1}{2}$ % is being offered on purchases for periods up to 25 years; Germany is to be the first European nation to invite unskilled labor to Germany from Iran --approximately 150 such laborers are about to begin a preliminary German-language course at the Goethe Institute here for this program.

After lunch the General, Dr. Yagenegi and I retired to the Yagenegi home for cherry and tea and some talk. He, Esfendiar Yagenegi, b. 1908 in Yazd, is the brother of Ardeshir Yagenegi after whom the Zoroastrian Library is named and who died in his 50s; there was also a third brother. Although from Yazd Yagenegi traces his paternal line to Khorassan and his maternal line to Fars; he maintains that many Zoroastrian families can trace their genealogies back centuries; Yazd is not a point of origin but a site of refuge; he says that some written genealogies exist as well. Though the Zoroastrian representative in the Majlis, and ~~the~~ a member of the ruling council in the Zoroastrian community, he is anti-religion. He personally is opposed to minority representation in the Majlis although this might mean that no Zoroastrian at all would be in the Majlis; politics ought not be based on religion; but such representation is not likely to be changed or abolished since it is a constitutional rather than legislative matter. He like his friends who were with us at lunch are anti-Islam, feeling that it is an un-dynamic religion and a strong contributing factor in Iran's stagnation since the Arab conquest; the Arabs are bastards and Nasser is a simple-minded fool in claiming that Iran is part of Arabia, and even more of a fool inasmuch as not even Egypt is part of Arabia; Iran did save itself from a overly large influx of Arabs by converting to Islam and then setting itself off by becoming Shia; were Zoroastrians to have allowed conversion Iran might have become Zoroastrian in religion again and that might have been an dynamic ideology, but now the modern ideology is taking over and there will be little need for religion at all. The prophets came and the foolish people believed them when they said they spoke for God; there's a story of the mullah who was asked if

imported Russian sugar were haram or haskal (sacred or profane, dirty or clean) and whether the Prophet's shit were dirty or clean--the mullah responded by saying that Russian sugar was dirty, but the Propet's shit was clean;--an absurdity which the good doctor gets an immensely uproarious charge out of. Most of the educated people in Iran, he goes on, are not religious; the Parsees in India are orthodox (=foolish), while the Iranians are liberal, but of them all the Yazdi Zoroastrians are orthodox and backward; Yazd is the worst place, there the Muslims are the most fanatic in Iran, the place is still run by the mullahs despite all the modern changes; most of the educated Muslims in Iran are not religious either. When the issue came up in the Majlis of whether to institute civil courts for deciding divorce, marriage etc. cases or whether to allow the religious courts to continue to have jurisdiction, Yeganegi voted for civil courts (for which the Jewish and Christian representatives got angry at him); he thinks it would be a good thing to have religious intermarriage even if religious distinctions (and specifically the Zoroastrian community) were to disappear especially in the Zoroastrian case where inbreeding among a very small community has led to high rates of various diseases: diabetes (he is diabetic), heart conditions, idiots. As to whether there were a high rate of conversion to Bahalism, he was affirmative: although Bahais have no official minority status, they can therefore rise to higher office than a Zoroastrian, Christian or Jew: 4 ministers are Bahai, and even the PM (hoyveda) is rumored to be one; whereas he, a Zoroastrian, could never become a minister or Prime Minister (had he not been a member of a minority, he threw in, he could have become Prime Minister half a dozen times). All in all the impression he conveyed was one of enthusiasm for the modernism of a new industrial, secularized Iran. Personality-wise, he's a ball of fun, full of humour good sense and intelligence, but impossible to interview. I went in with 9 semi-prepared questions in my mind which I noted down while waiting in mr. hinciz's office: (1) are there any statistics kept by the Zoroas. community (he referred me to Nessami); (2) Is there any desire to abolish separate representation in the Majlis (affirmative on his part); (3) What happened at the Zoroas. Congress on the question of conversion, and is this a political issue to the Muslim majority or to the Shah's controlled use of pre-Islamic heratige as a nationalistic rallying point (evaded the question, but seemed to blame all on "conservative" members of the Zoroastrian community; offering the opinion that the origin of non-conversion at least in India, was a contractual arrangement by the hosts and the refugees which after time was taken by the conservatives of the Zoroastrians as the way Zoroastrianism was supposed to be: non-proselytizing); (4) Has land reform changed the flow of Zoroastrians out of the villages, and (5) How has Land Reform changed the holdings of the middle class: is land in Yazd being exchanged for land in Teheran (evaded: there is no difference between Zoroastrian farmers and others); (6) what is the structure of the welfare and governing organizations within the Zoroastrian community (there has been an attempt to organize self-government within the community: there is a welfare council, a youth council, a farmer's children council, the anjomani.s, all of which elect 5 members to the supreme governing council (=30 members) and another 20 members are invited from among the leading scholars and businessmen of the community to make the high council number 50 (he invited me to the weekly Thursday meeting this week at 5:00 at the Community Center); (7) Is there any felt problems in mobility (I never really asked this, but obviously the Yeganegis do OK, except that he cant become PM; he encouraged me to join the Rotary Club when I get out of school because then I'll have the important people of the world at my finger tips and wont have to work through official gvt channels--he told me to look up his friend Sdwartz, a millionaire sign painter or something in Chicago); (8) Is the Yeganegi family from Yazd and when (affirmative; his generatio (9) problem of the daxes and stories of Iran Air overflights, and subsequent(?) transition to burial (didnt get the question straight, but generally daxes etc. are conservative foolishness--ie back to the Victorian modernism and religion dont mix). The general and I were sent home in the black cadillas limousine after a delightful te (Mike at dinner says his friend Rustom father used to own the power plant in Yazd till it was nationalised; now he does nothing. Rashfi, the Majlis rep. fr Yazd

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13 Jan. (Tues)--23 Dey. In the morning I went to see Miss Hejazi to invite her to the American Institute meeting. We also (incidentally!) talked about the progress of my permit: she knew nothing of the agreement that Science and Higher Education was supposed to write the permit--Foreign Affairs had a letter from her and was supposed to write the final letter to the American Institute which would serve as the permit inasmuch as no regular procedure for issuing permits has yet been achieved. Just to make sure she did me the favor of calling Mr. Bahrami at Foreign Affairs ~~xxxx~~ and he said the letter was already on the way to the American Embassy and would call us back to give us the code number--we waited and he didnt call, so I left. In the afternoon I finished reading Cottam.

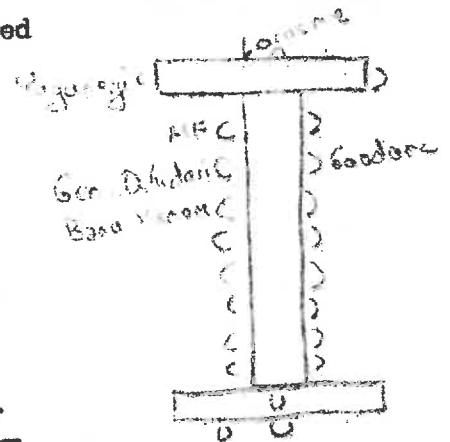
14 Jan. (Wed)--24 Dey. I went to see Mr. Bazargan who said he had talked to Mr. Moharreq at CBS; Moharreq is Beheshti's assistant, and says he has a similar request from the Zoroastrian insurance man (Bimeh Iran), Dr. Fahrangi Mehr whom I should also see. I then went to see Iimatainen to see if the letter from the Foreign Ministry had yet arrived: it had not, but he had received letters for Mike Bonine and Lois Beck which he was having translated (Mike's turned out to say that the Ministries had no objection to his research, but Lois' said her research was permissible.) I then went to the Stat Center. Moharreq was not in, so I saw Beheshti; he said he had a man "working on my study" but he was sick and would not be in till Sat., so I should check back on Sun; this man was "doing" the Zoroastrians, Jews, Christians, and I would then subtract from the totals for the Muslims (???). I said I would come back Sunday. Went back to the Institute for lunch. Mike B. & Dunning Wilson said they had noticed a big dome ~~near~~ on Takhte Jamshid near the Jamshid Drug Store, and they asked a man on the street what it was. The man spit, then said 'Masjid-i-Baha', spit again and concluded 'Man musulman-e.' (Dr. Iraj Soroushian told me Thurs nite that Habib Sabab, who owns several businesses in front of the Temple along Takhte Jamshid incl the Firooz building, is a leading Bahai business man; Dr. E. Yaganegi SiSo Gustashpour added that Habib Sabab used to be one of the richest Jews till he became a Bahai; has shares in some 74 companies). Miss Hejazi called to apologise but she would not be able to make the American Institute meeting because she had just gotten an invitation to the dedication of the Parliament Library. I then went up to the offices of the Research Triangle Institute based out of the Triangle--Durham, Chapel Hill, Realeigh-- and met Herbert Kress Clarence Dillard, and ? who are the only professionals out here at the moment; they are operations research people and have a contract with the Iranian army to help develop research techniques and frame of mind among army officers--very frustrating job. They used to have a contract with the gendarmerie but that is finished now. There was a guy named Bob Alperets, an ex-anthropologist turned OR man who wrote a dissertation on a village near Semnan (available thru Michigan Microfilms--1963), and worked on the gendarmerie project, but he has left. They have no official connection with Topo Coma, but ? lives next door to Lt.Col. Smith who's the CO. I tried to look up Lynn Bauman who had said he'd be home all day but he wasnt. So I went over the the American Institute early and Bill Summer let off about his frustrations trying to find statistical methods for describing his sites in Marv Dasht; he's just gone through King's book which throws doubt on the statistical methods mathematical geographers have been using; but the basic problem is that he only has site locations and no economic data which is the raison-d'etre of competition theories underlying statistical treatment of location theory etc. In the general session with the others Bill Royce said he'd watched a Zoroastrian wedding in which green seemed to be significant. The bride was dressed in a green gown and there was a green cone of sugar; also his Zoroastrian landlord burns vast quantities of incense every morning; when asked why the answer is simply either 'that is our custom' or 'it's an offering to Od'. Ramasani, the political scientist at Va., is married to the ~~daughter~~ granddaughter of Arbab Shahroeh, the Zoroastrian leader who was killed during the war, and the daughter of his son, the guy who broadcast for the Germans but worked for the Brit

Bahai

Zor

He suggested I find out what the Zoroastrians think of Casravi, Reza Shah's intellectual who started the nationalistic revival of Zoroastrianism, purging the language of Arabic, etc. (Also cf. Morgan Shuster's book *The Struggle for Persia* on this period). Also of book in the Br. Inst's Persian room by Abdullah Bahrami, in the first 30 pages of which is a thing about early banking and the role of Arbab Jamshid as the biggest banker in Qajar times (Arbab Jamshid house is on Arbab Jamshid Kuche on way to Rotblat's--huge white bldg). Also of the Feb 1958 issue of *Rahnema Ketab*, in Am. Inst., obituaries (?) etc on Pour Davoud, leader of intellectuals who wanted to revive Zoroastrianism.

15 Jan. (Thurs)--25 Day. I went to the Zoroastrian Community Center around four hoping to speak to Dastur Shahizadeh and Mr. Nasemi before the meeting. Shahizadeh is sick. A service was again going on in the room to the left of the entrance (dastur reading or chanting in front at white covered table dressed in white as all rest sat and listened). Nesami introduced me to Ardeshir Goodarz (Jahanian?) who edits *Huka*; he said there was little point in my going to Yazd: I should stay in Teheran--there's more to learn here since this is where all the scholars are. Dr. Esfendiar Yaganegi showed up and we hustled into the meeting on the 3rd floor around a long table. I was placed between him and General (and veterinary Dr.) Oshidari. It was established that the man at the other end of the table (a lawyer) would chair, the Soorush Lorasme (former high school principle, and Chairman of the trustees of the orphanage Markar Foundation--an old man Mrs. Yaganegi had introduced me to at Dr. Varjovand's lunch for Dr. Anklesaria) was the honorary chairman in lieu of Dastur Shahizadeh (and Lorasme moved from a seat along the long table to the head of the table). Dr. Yaganegi went to the head of the table as the first speaker and began talking about me, saying who I was, that I was from the U. of C. etc. and that I had come to learn from them in person. He went on for a very long time. He then switched into English for my benefit and gave me a public lecture on the structure of the community. He began by saying the Zoroastrians were the pure Persians from a racial point of view; that their religion emphasized personal choice of action rather than direction by authority; that their religion was a nationalistic one but was not antagonistic to other nations; and that it was the first monotheistic religion. There were those, especially Muslim authors, who did a disservice to the Zoroastrians writing untrue things about them without consulting them; e.g. the Persian author Mekkhat, who became Minister of Education, wrote a book about the dualism of the Zoroastrians, and Yaganegi had the pleasure at a party of so insulting him that he left. There are some 20 thousand Zoroastrians in Iran (Goodarz passed me a note which broke it down: Teheran about 10 thousand, Yazd 6,000; Kerman 2,000; elsewhere 7,000). They have been deteriorating because they are not integrated into the national society; 3 things are needed to make the Zoroastrians become dominant again: (1) integration, (2) bring up the level of intelligence, (3) demonstrate we are good Zoroastrians. Until a cent. ago the only education was w/in the family or private tutors. Nationalist reaction against Islam was pursued by great Iranians such as Firdausi, Hafis, and Abi Zarkani. There is probably more Turkish blood than Arab blood among Persians, since the Arabs came to plunder and left, when the Zoroastrians converted to Islam (Persians have saved themselves, he added after the meeting, by becoming more Arab than the Arabs, and then more Turkish than the Turkic invaders: Azerbaidjanis are true Persians who have pursued this camouflage so well they now themselves believe they are Turks, but they are true Persians). Zor. always affiliated with the Shah for protection. As to the structure of the Anjman: first of all for integration, there are anjmanis in each town consisting of 21 members elected by majority vote who are in charge of cemeteries, b, d, m, schools.



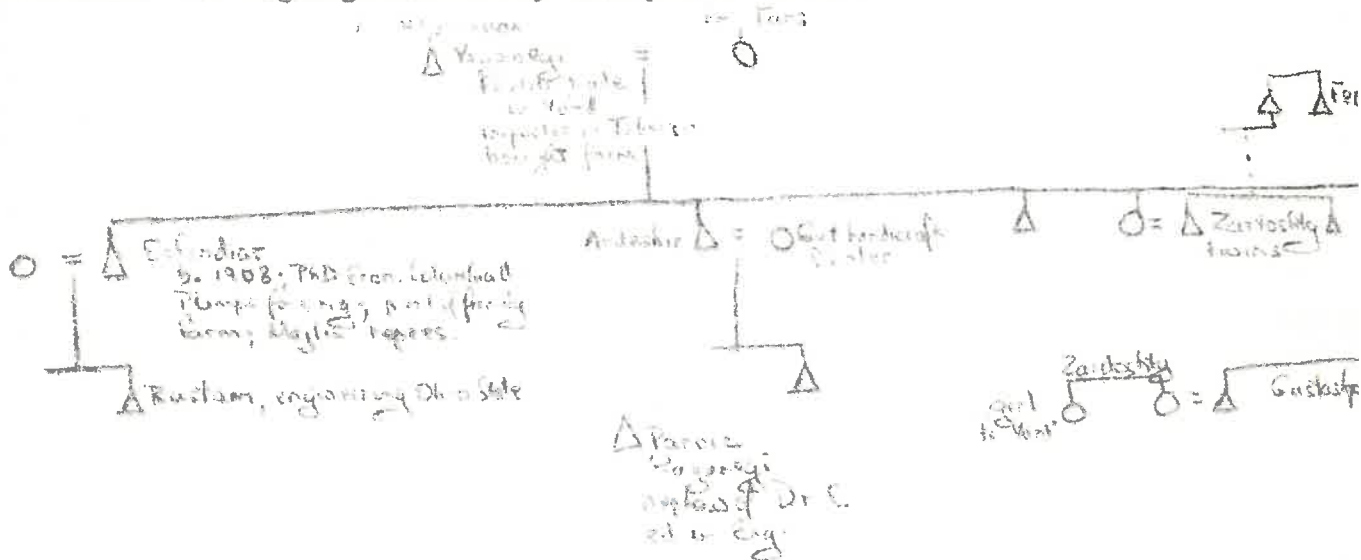
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In the last half-century Zoroastrians have the highest literacy rate in Iran; there is no illiteracy in Teheran. Proportionately they have the highest no. of doctors, lawyers (they can't become judges), engineers, business men, intellectuals. The second council is an association of doctors, dentists and nurses; the chief of the National Medical Council is a Zoroastrian; there has been no legal suit nor even a complaint against a Zoroastrian doctor. Thirdly, there is a Woman's Association founded by a grey haired lady at the table, which teaches handicrafts etc. Fourthly there is a Youth Organization; youth tends to be radical and impatient, so it is led by older people. Fifthly there is a society for people from the provinces. These are all coordinated by the supreme council (Bozorg canshar or tankash?) which this meeting is, and meets every other week; 5 members are elected from each of the previous groups, and 25 members are invited among the dignitaries, scholars, business men of the community. Around the table are sitting distinguished people, Goodarz the editor of Huka, the General & Dr. O. Dr. Jamzade, Tafti the builder of Teheran Pars, Dr. Khodabakhsi... One weakness is the lack of conversion; if we allowed conversion it is my opinion 100% of the intellectuals of Iran would become Z. (Goodarz passed me another note which said that there are 22 recognized and registered anjomanis in Iran; and Lorasme passed me a note saying 'highest no. of schools in Iran: 38 in Yazd, 5 in Kirman, 7 in Teheran). After Dr. Yaganegi finished, he left the room briefly for some water. (Tea had been served during the speech). We were asked to rise in a moment of silence in memory of the death of an engineer. Then I was given 25 minutes to explain what I wanted to do. I began by apologizing for not being able to speak in Farsi, and then thanked Dr. Yaganegi for the opportunity to be here--he was out of the room unfortunately--and then said in response to Yaganegi's outburst against Hekmat that I was an anthropologist and what distinguished my discipline was that we sent people to ask people what they believed in rather than speculating as even some famous Western authors on Zoroastrianism had done such as Darmstetter's Z = thunder; Herzfeld - petty polit, Nyberg-shaman; that I had planned to spend my first 6 months in Yazd learning the lg but had spent the first 4 mo getting a permit wh had just come thru; that I was interested in how customs were really performed than how they ideally were supposed to be; that I was interested in how things were changing, for instance the movement from villages to the towns like Yazd and thence to Teheran; in the statistics of occupations; in theological problems of modernism like the change from the daxe's to burial despite the strong Vendidad injunction against this; in arguments both pro and con allowing conversion; that I was impressed by Z emphasis on self-decision-making, something attractive to intellectuals no matter from what part of the world. I sat down. 5 speakers followed me: Dr. Khodabakhsi gave a speech and said something about Hekmet and quoted several things, mentioned a lot of scholars names; Goodarz; Lorasme; Gen Oshidarie; Yaganegi; Khodabakhsi. Then the meeting broke up. I shook hands with several people incl. Mrs. Masdayarnian whose husband works for the oil co., has a son who wants to study engineering at Kentucky U., 2 other sons and a daughter; she is a mid-wife. Dr. Yaganegi said he was taking me to a party at his brother-in-law's, and so we went in his black limousine (we were helped in by a rag man, and Dr. had him give the man some money). The party was a fairly large affair with a buffet dinner; thanks before. Semi-Persian--everyone sat against the wall but there was some chair hopping, and tho the sexes started fairly but not completely segregated by the end of the evening they were very segregated. Iraj Seroushian, Pharmacologist, BA (Iowa), MA (Wash State), Phd (USC), was at Pahlavi U. and knew Dr. Livingston there; his brother went to Utah; his family is from Kirman. He says there are inbreeding diseases among the Zoroastrians, but people are now recognizing the problem and not marrying so near (cousin marriage); esp. the youngsters are insisting on choice and not having arranged marriages. The diseases he mentioned were the same as those Yaganegi had mentioned; diabetes, heart diseases, mental. (Yaganegi says each of the 20 villages around Yazd speak a different dialect showing the refuge nature of the Yazd area.) The head protocol officer for Iran Air--knows French, Spanish, German, English, Farsi, and a little Arabic; studied at the Sorbonne for nine years. Faridun Zartoshty, the uncle of the host, in plastics and pumps,

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also says there's not much point in going to Yazd; all the scholars are here; only the commoners are left there and they cant tell me much about religious theology. The daxmes are still in use there, tho there are burial grounds below and one is free to choose. (The Daxme at Rey went out of use 20-30 years ago; was badly situated anyway). It is not dogmatic like the Parsees who demand everyone be put into a daxme. As the younger generation is pro-burial most people are buried because that's were the young people take their parents when they die unless the latter specified they wanted to be in the daxme. A old ailing friend of Faridoon left Teheran to go to Yazd because he wanted to be put in the open air, and was affaid that if he stayed in Teheran they would bury him. The Z. quarter in Yazd is getting empty. Among the archeological sites he suggested I visit he also said to go see Meyma, a village nr Isphahan where they still speak Dari--they were Zoroastrians until the terrible massacres under the Safavid Shah Hossein. I met the girl who showed us the Zardoshti house in Yazd. Another girl joked about finding me a Zoro. wife, which theme the host picked up at the end. I had a long talk with Gustaspour, the SiSo of E. Yaganegi, who works in standardizing agri prod.s for the gvt and supervises c. 50 hectares of farmland south of Teheran belonging to his Ma (Yaganegi has another portion) bought by his grandfa. Zoroastrians seem to have gotten into the real estate business. This grandfather, the Father of Esfendiar, began in Yazd as a textile trader, then came to Teheran c. 50yrs ago and went into leather and boot improting, bought this land. He complained about the Jews being cheaters; and then asked if I were Jewish and when I admitted it he was apologetic--some bad apples in every barrel; they were caught making fake aspirin and penicilin and carpets, the chemical dyes; but they, the Gustaspours have two Jewish families as tenants in their 4 story bldg who are very nice, who pray in a way similar to Zoro prayer; his parents live on the 1st floor, he on the 3rd. I was driven home by Dr. Jegenege's nephew, Parviz Yaganegi--ed. in England, in the family business--pumps.

Gustashpour said that farming is not profitable here especially because of high water costs, esp. where water comes from deep wells; he says on his farm 60% of expenditure is for water, 35% for labour, and only 5% for seed, fertilizer etc. The girl who showed us her grandfather Zardoshty's house in Yazd is his brother's wife's sister. The Yaganegi-Zardooshty family tree so far:



- 16 Jan (Fri)--26 Dey. Slept til noon; Tony and I went to College Inn for lunch; took a shower; read M. Boyce's article on Zurvanism; evening we all trooped up to the Bowling Club to bowl after dinner at the Atlantic Hotel (curry).
- 17 Jan (Sat)--27 Dey. Read several articles in the morning; lunch with the Becks at the American Embassy; afternoon to the Zoroastrian Anjomani & saw Nasimi; he said he didnt know how many anjomani there are--Lorasme knows better, or Jahanian--he did know that there are 51 schools: 8 in Teheran, 38 in Yazd and environs, and 5 in Kirman. He called up Ardeshir Goodarz Jahanian (ed. of Muka) for me and sent me over to see him (#25 Lalezar, nr. Madane Sepah--company called Ardeshir & Shirak). I asked him if he could like the 22 anjomans for me; he could name 16--Teheran, Isphahan, Zahedan, Ahwaz, Shiraz, Kirman, Yazd, Taft, Sharifabad-Ardekan, Ahristan, Nasrabad, Elohabad, Rhamatabad, Assimabad, Marimabad, Herabad (the latter all being villages of Yazd); he suggested that Lorasme's figure of 22 might include double counts for youth-and -girl or women's organizations in Teheran, Sharifabad, Taft, Ahwaz, and Yazd. Sharifabad has a branch organization in Teheran for people who have moved from Sharifabad to Teheran. Rustambagh in Teheran Pars was a philanthropic donation of Rustam Qih, late member of Parliament (preceeding Yaganegi) and then member of the Senate; Rustambagh has a fire temple, schools and housing for 60 poor families who tend to be new arrivals from Yazd. Another such place is Teheran Kakh. The Teheran Anjoman also maintains some houses for poor members. About the number of doctors, I should consult the Kanune Peseshkhan, the organization of the doctors; but he thinks there are about 100 doctors (Zoroas.) in Teheran. (The item in the 1956 Census saying there are 1000 Zoroastrians in Nejaflabad-Isphahan is wrong: there have never been so many in Nejaflabad.) He and his 4 brothers turned their family home in Yazd into the Goodarz Hospital (60 beds, 3-4 doctors, agreement that 12 people always be treated free; head doctor: Dr. Mortas, a Muslim) in honor of their father. The dispensary was founded 21 years ago and the rest of the hospital 20 years ago. The missionary hospital donated by Ardeshir ^{Mehr} (of Browne) was directly across the street, (Ardeshir Mehr no relation of Farhangi Mehr of Iran Rimeh) the latter is from Kirman). Goodarz Hospital is one of three hospitals in Yazd; 1 is a government hospital, and 1 is a labour hospital; there are also 2 maternity hospitals or clinics. There are two high schools in Yazd: Marker is the boys H.S.; the girl's is Key Khosrauvi. Primary schools: Khosravi, Dinayri, a boys Marker, a girls Marker. Some 20 schools in the villages (all primary). Two High Schools in Teheran: Firuz Bahram (the one next to the fire temple) is the boys HS; the girls is Anogudya (?). None of these schools is restricted to Zoroastrians. The late (assas) PM Mansour were to Firuz Bahram; Princess Fatma went to Anogudya. Ardeshir Jahanian came to Teheran 35 years ago when there were on the order of 3 thousand Zoroastrians here, the last brother of the 4 brothers to come here. This is the 20th year of Hukka's publication; he was asked to put together a complete set for the Majlis Library but was unable to do so--only had back issues complete for the past 7 years, and partial back issues for 12 years. One of the issues has an article by himself analyzing the data of the 1956 and 1966 census. The Parsees publish two weekly journals, Jama-Jam and another, in English and Gujurati. There are 8 thousand Iranian Zoroastrians mostly in Bombay, of whom perhaps half have dual Iranian-Indian citizenship. There are perhaps only 5-6 thousand Zoroastrians in Pakistan. There are also Zoroastrians in Ceylon, Uganda, Honkong, Tibet (some contact is maintained with Bombay). Re. the problem of conversion; the national Iranian law will not allow conversion of Muslims; if a Zoroastrian marries a Muslim conversion can only be in the direction of Islam; for others a non-Zoroastrian wife of a Zoroastrian man can be converted if she so desires. There is a Zoroas. organization in Chicago, which published a newsletter--ask Shahzadeh; Dr. Bode at UCLA has brothers in Chicago. ~~Recent publications in the field of the Zoroastrian~~ Priesthood is no longer hereditary, but anyone who has the education can be a priest (priests are in demand). Two kinds of priests; those trained for religion, tradition & ceremony; those educated as scholars in the university. Kama Aturnan is the school for

priests in Bombay (where Shahzadeh was educated). There are 4 degrees of priesthood; Deha-Mobed (assitant Mobed), Mobed, Dastur, Herbod (like Prof. of Univ: qualified to teach). There is no high-priest in Iran (perhaps in Bombay, dont know); there used to be a high-priest like the Catholic Pope in Ray (at Shahrbanu), e.g. Kartir, Tansir, Adamospandi. An example of a layman who is a priest is Dr. Farhad Abadani who studied in Bombay and is now at the University of Isphkhan (he is from Sharifabad-Ardekan). Re. daevas; the only ones in use in Iran are the ones at Yazd; there is also one btw Yazd and Taft, and 1 btw Yazd and Sharifabad; these too are going out of use. As to how one gets around the injunctions of the Vendidad; the Vendidad (as I agreed in discussions w a famous old Dastur in India) is a historical book but not one of the religious books. In the corpus of Zoroastrian writings there are two parts: Zoroastrian and pre-Zoroastrian; Vendidad (lit. 'laws against the daevas') are not Zoroastrian laws. The compilers of the scriptural corpus in Sassanian times were unable to keep the two parts separate, but it is clear that the Zoroastrian part (the Gathas themselves) is concerned with good character (the morals of good words, good thoughts, good deeds) and not, as is the Vendidad, with rules of everyday life such as what kind of house to live in, or how to bury. Only the Bombay community still insists on using the daevas, and even there a faction has been formed to get rid of the dead other way. Madras, e.g. has a modern cemetary. I brought Mr. Jahanian a copy of Paul English's book, and he was disappointed that there was nothing on the Zoroastrians, and denied any further interest in the book; English had a baby born in Kirman.

18 Jan (Sun)--28 Day. Went to the Stat. Center and saw Moharreq but we couldnt really communicate; so I went to see Beheshti who said the job would be 10,000Toman ie over \$1000! Went to the P.O. and then to the Land Rover parts place for some rear view mirrors and fan belts. In the Afternoon I waited for Behruz who finally appeared at 6:00 and we read 2 articles in Hukha. In the evening, Tony, Duning, and I went to Rudnaki Hall to see Don Ghavani.

First Behruz helped me read the minutes of the anjomani zardoshti meeting previous to the one I had been to, which minutes I picked up in the meeting Thursday. It was numbered the 54th meeting, and Dr. Yaganegi again was the main speaker, noting something about a 30% tax ~~tax~~ on income for each family to be paid to the Anjoman (cf Mon), and that Cyrus Yaganegi gave 2200 m. of land to the community on which Mohandess Iranpour is going to make a building--the suggestion is to build a girls dormitory; there is an adjacent piece of land which could be bought if more room were desiged, although there is no budget for buying that land; also it would be a good thing if people who lived there would work, while paying a low price for its use. Mr. Jahanian followed Yaganegi saying he hoped people who had income would pay the new tax since the community needs the money for its social works; there is a problem about the money going into a commission and being exempt but if someone of standing is needed to go th the commission he was willing to do it; the money should be put in a special account and the people who give the money should offer suggestions for its use. General Ashidari then said it was very good if we could act instead of just talking. He also complained that people come to religious meetings and talk so that no one can hear what the Mobed says. Also it is better to say andisheh than pendar (for 'good thoughts'). Dr. Namdaran then said it would have been good if we did what we discussed and published in our magazine or else no one can find out what we are doing. Dr. Varjovand wanted Dr. Jahanian to make a list so people know how much they have to pay for the tax; also about the religious meeting, we have to do something so that the people dont talk or else the Rohaniyat (meaning-purpose) will be swept away; meanwhile we dont have to imitate anybody or our customs will be swept away. Sorushe Lorasme said 'I thank Dr. Yaganegi for his useful act. This land is in the center of the city so that it would be good for a girls dormitory. Parviz Rastegori: the people who stay in that building should work. Dr. Yaganegi, Xanom , and Lorasme chose Rastegori to go and see about the building. Finally Shahzadeh said re. the religious meeting: I suggest that the Mobed should read the Avesta for about 10-15 minutes and then someone else should translate it; and the Mobed read another part, etc. But this religious meeting has nothing essentially Zoroastrian about it; it is an imitation of the others. [Behruz didnt know what this referred to, but sometimes the Koran

read a sentence at a time in Arabic being translated into Persian.]

The article we translated from Hukh Vol. entitled "Tomorrow is too Late" began "Several times we have talked about the youth in this magazine and we have discussed how to employ their force but we have talked about the girls less, the girls in the cities and even less the girls in the villages. Soroushe Lorasme has made a study of the statistics of the Yazd villages, and finds that the number of girls is much greater than the the number of boys; because the boys go to the cities and do not want to return to marry the girls of the villages. The the number of girls and boys becomes unequal and makes us scared, esp. because the villages have no high schools or vocational schools; even the elementary schools have mostly 4 classes and so when girls want to continue their study, they have to come to the city w/o anyone to keep them, or they have to stay in the village to do some elementary work. As long as this condition continues, the youthful energy and activities of these girls does not advance. Today education ~~and~~ is not just reading and writing--the people don't call High School graduates educated. Technical and artistic accomplishments are now as important as reading and writing; and with these conditions, boys and girls are not satisfied with elementary education and the old arts. Fortunately, our boys knew this and they continue their education while the girls stay in the villages and cannot do it. So we have to make a way for them so that they can study on a high level. We suggest the following things: (1) In the center of each town make an institute that the girls can come and study with a skilled leader, (2) In Teheran make an Honarestane herfari (a vocational school) where girls from towns and villages can come and study; besides, the school must make a dept. for nursing, (3) next to the Honarrestan, need a dormitory for the girls. Fortunately there is money for these institutes, and also we have possibilities: several places in Yazd which would be good to use as dormitories: (a) Musafa Xaneh Parvisian, (b) kerbar xanebaneh, (c) Pazargaha and people are willing to donate furniture, place for the director, etc. For the opening of an Honarestan for the boys there is about 14 million rials Kuroshe Kabir will be the name of this Honarestan. The supreme council of the Anjomani Zardoshti Teheran now has this money. For the 25th century celebrations the Shahanshah has agreed and ordered this name which the Zoroastrians had suggested. For making the dormitory "Ravashad"¹⁰ the poor orphans Jamshid Jaganegi has given 12 million rials which the supreme council also has now. The money we have to spend each month for this institute comes from the new buildings in Shah Reza which make 100 thousand rials each month and also from selling what they make and also because the hospitals in the country need nurses we can get help from the ministry of higher education. We now expect that scholars and educated people observe these suggestions and as soon as possible do it because it has been well said "tomorrow is too late".

19 Jan (Mon.) --29 Dey. Birthday of Imam Reza. I called Dr. Yaganegi to find out about our luncheon engagement and found him at home--since it is a holiday--so he invited me and Mike Bonine whom I said I wanted to introduce to his home; he sent his black cadillac to pick us up. We had a magnificent interview.

Re. the "30% income tax" item in the minutes (of above), Nessami (the secretary) should have a tape recorder because he gets things confused. The story is this. It had been the case that people who contributed 30% of their income to the 3 national charity organizations (Red Lion & Sun, Pahlavi Foundation, World Welfare League) got a tax deduction; Yaganegi fought and got through the Majlis an amendment which allowed the same conditions to hold if the contributions were to a minority religious community--a victory for which the other minority representatives were grateful. He has a stronger political position than the other minority representatives because no one can accuse him of being a foreigner. At one of the two constitutional assemblies (joint-senate-majlis but with double the normal number of deputies) which Yaganegi attended, where they altered the constitution to allow the Queen to be a regent for an infant son, he suggested that this was only one of many defects of the constitution and they should while assembled attend to others such as allowing non-Muslims to become minister and PM--he was hooted down, but in any case it was something the other minority repres. wouldnt dare suggest. Majlis-Senate. The Majlis is the lower house for which the electorate is universal. The Senate has higher qualifications both for members & electoral

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(the latter must be literate)--to be a Senator one must have been a judge for 10 years, a university professor for 10 years, or Parliament member for 3 terms, a business man who has paid over so much amount in taxes. Both Houses may introduce bills; but the Senate may not veto--only alter--financial bills. The status of the "30% income--charity contribution bill" is: it has been passed by the Majlis and is before the Senate.

The Zoroastrian Majlis representatives have been:

- (1) Arbab Jamshid Jamshidian, now deceased, whose house is on Kuche Arbab Jamshid nr the Rotblats; he had 3 sons, 2 now deceased, and one left. Is related to Yaganegi (how?).
- (2) Arbab Keikosrow Shahrokh (not to be confused with the well-known Muslim Shahrookhs); his daughter is Ferangiz Yaganegi, wife of Ardeshir Jaganegi, mother of Parviz, a son in the States in college, and a married daughter with a child. He is thus E. Yaganegi's BroWifa.
- (3) Arbab Rostam Gieve ^{ارباب رستم گيو}. He is a first cousin of Dr. Yaganegi's Father: my father's mother is his father's sister. He is now about 80 and has given Rustambagh in Teheran Pars where there is housing for poor families for nominal maintenance costs, 2 schools and a fire temple. He had no children. He also built a school in Teheran.
- (4) Dr. Esfendiar Yaganegi. He has 2 sons, no daughters. The first son, Rustam is an engineering grad. from Ohio State and is taking over his father's position in the business; the younger son is now a freshman in college in Colorado. Yaganegi's father's family was called Khorassani; they chose the name Yaganegi at the time of the intro. of birth certificates about 60 years ago because Khorassani was such a common name. His mother's family name was Angori ('wine-maker'? he laughingly suggests). Dr. Yaganegi has built 2 patesgehs (?) "prayer-places" which is a more usual term than ateshkadeh (fire temple); one in Shiraz which has a fire in the name of his mother; and one in Zanjan which doesn't have a fire but is simply a prayer-meeting hall. He is related to all the previous Majlis representatives. [When asked about Mrs. Ferangiz Yaganegi's trip to Europe, he denied any knowledge saying he didn't meddle in their affairs, they wanted to be independent.

The Jewish Majlis representative is a friend--Lotfallah Hai, an industrialist with a pharmaceutical firm affiliated with CIBA and a cashmere factory. [After lunch we drove out to Teheran Pars and passed what used to be a Jewish cemetery, but now is a Jewish training school.]

The Cyrus Yaganegi who gave land for a girls dormitory (in the Anjomani minutes) is a 2nd cousin. He died as a young man just after completing H.S. of sclerosis of the liver. His mother gave the land in his name; and in her grief suffered a cerebral hemorrhage which has left her partially paralyzed.

Qabus the father of Rustam Qabus (Mike Bonine's ex-roommate, 1st foreign student to become President of the Student Body of a major university in the States, i.e. Texas, doing a PhD in econ.) has 7 kids, one of whom is a dwarf (but intellectually bright), and is married to the daughter of E. Yaganegi's uncle. One of his daughters is married to an American ed. MD who lives in Teheran Pars.

There is nothing in the Iranian const. which would prevent converting Muslims.

Wells which he sank around Yazd are quite deep--drill to 600' and pump from 300'. The water thus tapped is not local water but comes from Isphahan and Fars. It is only luck that one found sweet water. The business now is not going so well: there are 200 employees and the company is discharging people. But what is important is the number of people put to work with these wells.

Water is no longer a problem in Teheran--there are 2 dams, one to the east of the city (Latian), and one to the west (Karaj); but everything else is: sewage (there is none), traffic, telephones.

The Japanese are now coming into Iran in a big way (re. the proposed Japanese construction of a subway for Teheran): before there was a barter agreement--Jap could only import into Iran as much as it exported. But now that Japan (1) buys a lot--oil, salts, stone; and (2) offers long-term-low-interest credit which is the only way Iran can do anything because it has no money; Japan is coming into Iran with lots of consumer goods etc.

The Russian steel plant is all "go" and paying for it with gas is a good idea and good deal for Iran since Iran is burning gas to get rid of it.

All politics is puppet-play of the big powers: US, USSR, GB and France the France doesnt realize she is no longer one of the big powers. They sell arms to the poor Israelis and Arabs keeping things balanced so neither can destroy the other and thus end the market (e.g. the last French deal of 5 gunboats to Israel, 50 mirage jets to Libya) and they make sure there are no strong political ~~men~~ leaders (Nasser and Golda Meir; keeping Dyan out because if Dyan had the PM or army he would conquer all). So too in Iran, the Iran has been lucky in staying out of the Arab-Israeli armaments race. Mossadeq was a British puppet, thrown out by US oil competitors. There are 3 geopolitical factors in Iran's politics: (1) It has a thousand mile border with the Communists; (2) Therefore, to fight the atheists, all religion is encouraged (by the US puppet string-pullers) even the religion is anti-progressive; the mullahs are secretly in US pay; (3) Oil exploitation by GB and the US--the mullahs help keep down the people so the exploitation can continue.

Re. why there are so many cars in Teheran (with such high import taxes etc.)-- psychology of the people is not to hoard money but to spend what they have; can get a car for payments of \$50 a month.

After lunch, the Doctor played some for us on both his pianos--one tuned for Western music and one tuned for Persian music. All Persian music is Persian--the Muslims contributed nothing. He then gave Mike an autographed copy of his PhD dissertation and told us to read Chapters II & III but warned us that he hadnt told the truth at the time about the oil concessions, saying then (out of youthful ignorance, political discretion, and desire to please American professors) that the Shah intended consciously to do things for economic reasons which are really the political machinations of the big powers.

He then took us out to see Teheran Pars, a development section in N.E. Teheran, bought cheaply, developed and then sold, by Tafti. This is where Rustambagh is located, built by Giv (whom we met, an old man who speaks some English) on the pattern of charity in India.

The Kurds are Persians but have become Sunni; the Yezidis are Persians and Zoroastrian who have become mixed up.

In the evening, the Rotblats, the Becks and I went to a pizza place for dinner. It was Nancy's birthday.

20 Jan. (Tues)--30 Dei. In the morning I met Behruz at the University and we read a bit more in Hakht; in the afternoon I went to the Zoroastrian library, reading an article by Hekmat, and one by Unvala on dakhmas in Tena (India). In the evening answered letters which just arrived from Nancy Foner, and Dennis McGillvray.

21 Jan. (Wed)--1 Bahram. In the morning, I went over to the Embassy to see Dr. Limatiner and make sure nothing yet had arrived from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. I then took a taxi down to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs--I saw Osahi walking out of the door and he said the letter had been written, and I should go see Mr. Uyanuri who has replaced Mr. Bahrami. I saw Mr. Uyanuri and he got Mr. Ashurinuri to take care of me. Mr. Ashurinuri assured me a letter had been written--to the Ministry of Arts and Culture! Why! I demanded. Because that's where it is supposed to go. No its not; Arts and Culture has nothing to do with it. Eventually he disappeared and returned to assure me that all would be well and I should come back in a week! I said that was what I had been hearing for 4 months and didnt he know that the Ministry of Culture had refused to give me a permit. Why would it take a week? To the last question he said that was their business and he couldnt tell me why it would take a week, but dont worry all will be Ok, I should come back Sat. or Sun. preferably Sun. and all would be well, I would be in Yazd Monday. To the former question--there was nothing in the file from the Ministry of Culture refusing me a permit. So I took a taxi back to the Institute, got the letter of refusal, and drove back down; he took the letter and disappeared for a few minutes, and came back saying, don't worry you will get the permit Sat.; we will send the letter to the Embassy and you can come here and get the number.

Talked to Eckhardt, a German PhD from Frankfort, on a German Gvt grant, doing a study of folk music here after 3 years in Turkey (around Erzerum). He says he's found a lot of Turkoman, Kurdish etc. music but little real Persian. He has been here 4 months and came only now to Teheran to get a permit--He went to the police, said here are my papers, all is in order; the man said yes, yes, only a little late (one month expired tourist visa) but there's no paper from the Ministry of Culture. Oh, how come? I thought it was here. Our ambassador called the Ministry and it should be here. Oh well, in that case let me make a phone call. It turned out that although the Ambassador hadn't said a word, and no one knew about him officially, they all knew unofficially and SAVAK had a file.

In the Afternoon, the Bonines, Dunning Wilson (ex PCV/Afgh, at UCLA) and I went to the Banki-Melli Zurkaneh. It was a special occasion--a show for the Sheikh Sharjah--there was a red carpet and honor guard--he showed up in black robe, and white headcloth. The performers before doing individual acts bowed to a picture of the Shahanshah and then to the guest; at the end they shouted in unison: something about the glory of the Shah and Iran, and rose petals were thrown down from the dome of the bldg into the pit. The acts were: push-ups with the bar; the chain-bow; the large pins, whirling, and one man juggling small pins.

We then went to the American Institute and after dinner trooped over to a Persian film which Jerry Clinton supposedly recommended but it was the wrong one, but we went anyway. A kind of anti-tribal picture: the plot was the stealing of some sheep by an outlaw and killing and raping settled folk. A shepherd got killed and the head of the heroes family says he did it because otherwise circumstantial evidence will condemn his son; he is sentenced to hang and gets to the noose but the first time they try to hang him the thing falls over, and they try again, but his son arrives just in time to save him with the real bandit in tow.

22 Jan - 2 Bahram. Anthony Wynn was in Yazd last summer and stayed with a Zoroastrian fellow who had fought with the British in the last war, by the grand name of Shahriya Rustame Mobadi. He showed him a small fire temple and introduced him to an old man who had read all the Zoroastrian books and knew a fair portion of the Koran by heart and claimed to be something of a "witch". It was only last year that the people of Yazd had troubles over the Dakmas--the health dept said the two closest to town were unsanitary and had to be closed. The Muslims took up arms and shot all the vultures; new ones had to be brought from India. Sandlewood for the fires is brought from India.

Mike Burrel says there is a note somewhere in Sykes that the British used Zoroastrians exclusively to fill their native posts in the consulates(?). Also the British Indian Gvt gave out scholarships for Zoroastrians to study in Bombay bringing people from Kirman, Yazd and even Isphahan.

Anthony Wynn and another fellow from Oxford tried to track down this Zaehner story about the Ahriman worshippers, but the closest they got was a man who claimed to be a relative of Zaehner's servant. Zaehner said that after his Zurvan book he gave up scholarship. It was quite a scholarly crew the British Embassy had out here during the war; Zaehner in charge of Bribery and Corruption; Ann Lambton; Elwell-Sutton...

23 Jan - 3 Bahram. (Fri)--I walked over to the Israeli Embassy to see if Mr. Meir Ezri had gotten Habib Levi's book on the History of the Jews in Persia for me; I never got past the receptionist but got the message to go talk to Habib Levi himself at Kings Hotel on Pahlavi. I went back to the Institute and called the number I was given. I was informed there was no Habib Levi, but there were some Levi brothers who owned the hotel and I could call back around 12:30 and talk to them--one is an engineer, one a doctor; they speak French and English. So I went up to Kings Hotel which is a pretty snazzy place, and met one of the Levi brothers (the eldest, a engineer: Mohandess Levi); he said to come by their office at 273 Pahlavi on Sunday morning at 10:00 and I could talk to his father.

In the evening the Becks and I went over to the Rotblats for dinner and the Stilos dropped in. It turns out Chicago doesn't have money for the Stilos and can't hire him next year. But they're still going back to Ann Arbor the 20th of next mo.

24 Jan--4 Bahram (Sat)--slept all morning. Afternoon went to see about tickets for Funny Girl but the lady at the ticket counter said it was not going to be in English again until next Sat. So dropped by Howard's to tell him and stayed for dinner. Jeff dropped in and we all agreed to see the Pawnbrokers at the Ice Palace.

25 Jan--5 Bahram (Sun)--I went to find Habib Levi. In their office I first met a young (30ish or less) son, who ushered me into his elder brother's office (the Mohandess) and waited there till Dr. Habib Levi came in. He unlike his sons couldnt speak English, knew no German, so we conversed in French. He gave me a copy of his 3-volume history of the Jews in Iran.

I then drove down to the Foreign Ministry--it took over an hour to get there thanks to a traffic jam caused by a Boy & Girl Scout parade, going down Naderi. At the Foreign Ministry, a phone call was hurriedly made; and I was told the answer had not yet come, but not to worry I would have the permit in a day or two. I asked if he were still waiting for an answer from the Ministry of Culture and he said no--then from whom?--he couldnt tell me. So I went back to see Miss Hejazi, and she called the Foreign Ministry; she said they said to come back tomorrow morning and they would have reviewed my dossier again. She said she couldnt understand the hang-up: as far as normal procedure is concerned, The Government of Iran has approved my research.

Accompanied the Stilos to the American Embassy for lunch & discussed the possibility of staying in Teheran and taking over their apartment--perhaps not a bad idea.

In the afternoon, I went to the Zoroastrian Library. Shahzadeh explained that the usual mortuary ceremony on the 3rd night after death is not open to non-Zoroastrians, so that when the Zoroastrians began moving to Teheran and becoming integrated with Muslim and Christian and Jewish co-workers, the latter wanted to participate in ceremonies commemorating their friends; so a second religious meeting was introduced patterned after a similar Muslim affair, which is held in the hall near the door of the Anjoman offices. (This was in ref. to the "relig. meetings" which were in the Anjoman minutes.) Shahzadeh maintained that the Jews were introducing a similar ceremony because they too would not allow non-Jews to attend their ceremonies. The Zoroastrian nine-night ceremony takes place in the fire-temple.

26 Jan--6 Bahram (Mon)--I went down to the Foreign ministry first thing in the morning. Mr. Shahrinuri was not in, so I went immediately to see Mr. Nayanuri who got my folder and began reading it: he asked me to give him another two days and he would have a definite answer. He admitted quite candidly that they were indeed waiting for an answer from the Ministry of Arts and Culture and that since a conflict between the two Ministries had developed it would be best to get them to agree. The business of the two day promise was delivered with all sincerity of intonation, but he let me know that Mr. Bahrami would be back on Saturday, and that he was only acting as a temporary replacement until then. When I told him that Mr. Shahrinuri had promised I would have the permit in hand yesterday, he called him but as he had not returned, he called in another man from the same office who told me that he would follow up the matter with the Ministry of Arts and Culture as quickly as possible. I re-explained my objections, and left with his promise to work quickly. I then went to see Mr. Osahi and the previous man came in as well. They listened again to my explanation and agreed that if all I wanted was a letter to the American Embassy saying that the Foreign Ministry approved my research they could write that without waiting for an answer from the Ministry of Arts and Culture. Unfortunately before this could be acted on, Mr. Nayanuri came in and restated his position that the two Ministries must be gotten together. So things were back at an impasse. Mr. Osahi now maintained that nothing could be done until the Ministry of Arts and Culture gave its approval because the original letter from Dr. Liimatainen at the American Embassy referred to Mr. Khaliqi in the

Ministry of Arts and Culture. He refused to consider the suggestion that I bring him a copy of the refusal letter from Khaliqi so that he could close the file on the initial correspondence, and bring a new letter from the American Embassy opening the matter via the Ministry of Science and Higher Education. He then decided that Science and Higher Education ought to be able to simply write a letter of introduction for me; he called Miss Hejazi but as she was not in, talked to Mr. Kiahashemi who agreed to write such a letter.

I then avoided the demonstrations in honor of the the anniversary of the White Revolution marching down Kh. Sepah and drove up to the Ministry of Science and Higher Education. Neither Miss Hejazi nor Mr. Kiahashemi was in.

I returned to the Ministry of Science and Higher Education at noon; Miss Hejazi was not in, but Mr. Kiahashemi was in and assured me that he had received the phone call from Mr. Amiri at the ministry of Foreign Affairs and would have the letter for me in the morning tomorrow.

27 January (Tues)--7 Bahram. I went back to see Dr. Kia Hashemi and he said that Miss Hejazi was sick and she would write the letter when she returned.*

At a lunch party for the return of David Stronach I talked to Reza Alevi about the problem and he said to come to his office tomorrow morning and he would invite in Dr. Tabari (Miss Hejazi's boss). He sympathized with my irritation at the bureaucracy saying his brother had just graduated from England and was supposed to have his papers evaluated but the only response they could get was that it was "at the University".

(*He, of course, would have had no opportunity to talk to her about it as she was out yesterday as well.)

28 January (Wed)--8 Bahram. I went to keep the 10:00 appointment with Reza Alevi, stopping first to make sure that Dr. Hejazi had not returned which she had not; Reza was not there, so I did ~~nothing~~ went to see Parviz Varjovand but ~~he~~ he was not in; when I returned Reza was there and he called Dr. Tabari; no answer. We waited half an hour; still no response, so Reza promised he would contact Tabari for me and I should check back tomorrow.

I took a cab to Bimeh Iran to look up Dr. Farhang Mehr. He was not in, so I left a message asking for an appointment with his secretary, a little Indian girl. For lunch Dunning Wilson and I went over to the American Embassy where we met Dr. Held who had just returned from Beirut and was full of stories about his favorite restaurants.

In the afternoon I gave the weekly talk on my research project; fewer people were there than had said they might come--David Stronach got a chill at the last moment and couldn't make it; Marsha and Asad had a conflicting engagement; etc. But Bill Royce did show, as did Jerry Clinton, Howard Rotblat, Lois and Sam Beck, Bill Summer, and a new addition: a political science guy from Illinois; and Guity.

In the evening several of us found our way over to the Rotblat's to celebrate Howard's birthday--Nancy's was on Monday.

29 January (Thurs)--9 Bahram. Dr. Farhang Mehr's secretary called and we made an appointment for Monday morning. I then went to see Reza Alevi; he was not in so I left him a note telling him that I had heard that we hadn't been able to reach Tabari because he was in Turkey for a week or two; Miss Hejazi was still out, and I would check back Saturday. Mr. Kia Hashemi said he had no authority to write such a letter. I went to see Parviz Varjovand and was told his office was on vacation (tatil dare). Went to Iran Doc to find they also Tatil Dare, on Thursdays.

30 January (Friday)--10 Bahram. There was a party at the American Institute for Daniel Lerner which Dick Arndt had set up. Arndt said nothing to me, but it was reported that he was saying things looked bleak for American scholars (is he happy or sad?) because (1) Dale X's application to film weaving techniques in Firuzabad (a-

that's the Qashqai capital; b- she's not connected to any university at all) was refused; and (2) I was having trouble; the acceptance of Lois Beck and Mike Bonine's research notwithstanding.

31 January 1970. Miss Hejazi was back so I re-explained the situation to her and showed her the letters of rejection from the Ministry of Culture. Her reaction was (1) she could not personally write a letter for me because she had no authority to sign letters; (2) Tabari probably would not do so when he found out about the written regulations of the Ministry of Culture (how many times do they have to be told the story?); (3) we should wait for Tabari to return; (4) in the meantime I should go see Bahrami again: 'he's an influential man'. I went to see Reza Alevi and laid all the papers on the table before him. Although I had told him all about the letter of the Ministry of Culture and their regulations, he too was shocked and distressed to see them in black and white: this really meant they did not want research done. He said he would see the Minister of Science and Higher Education later in the morning and would try to bring up my case.

1 February 1970. Reza Alevi said he had seen the Minister and he did not seem to want to take up cudgels (?). We should wait for the return of Tabari from Turkey as he is something of a politician and knows his way around, and for the return of a deputy minister from London who is a close friend. In any case things look bad: he kept trying to find a way around the mess by having me write a "front proposal", although I pointed out that it was not the subject matter which was the hang-up but the identity of my presumed discipline: anthropology. But he reasonably retorted one of England's greatest economists was trained as an historian.

The rest of the day I typed letters, which may or may not be both irrelevant and foolish, to Dr. Wolman at Hopkins and Dr. Mikesell at Chicago to get letters of intro. as a geographer; and to Dr. Friedrich to get one as an anthropological linguist. Also writing to Marvin Zonis. At the Sunday night piggery at the American Embassy I saw Howard who urged me to write to Zonis, and said he was writing and would put in a plea for me as well.