

III. Equipment [restricted allowance: \$100]
 Sony TC-100 tape-recorder - \$99.50 CATEGORY CLOSED

IV. Supplies [allowance: \$500]

A. Films-tapes-batteries	
cassettes, aux. jack	\$41.48
battery pack & transformer	35.00
photo development (4 receipts)	18.65
B. Medical	
Polanil Tablets (allergy)	10.80
Turkey supplies (tetra cycline etc.)	9.00
Iran gargyle	.40
C. Books--postage--clerical	
books	11.00
tracing paper, etc. (2 rec.)	6.70
maps (3 receipts)	24.25
D. Automotibe	
tires and tubes (4)	133.00
gasket head	1.75
chains	21.25
	<u>313.28</u>

V. Other [allowance: \$1398]

A. Shipping	
excess baggage: Balt-Lond.	63.52
Paris-Istam.	21.20
BOAC Air Freight	83
parcel, customs	3
B. Per Diem	
museum receipts (24)	4.60
British Institute Hostel	273.00
(4/9/69- 8/1/70)	
Hotels: London (3 receipts)	10.44
Paris (1 receipt)	12.00
Ankara	9.80
Restaurants	
Afghanistan (3 receipt)	4.00
C. Carnet de passage	
AA membership	8.52
carnet fee	3.00
indemnity (Royal Insurance)	100.90
insurance (St. Paul)	117.00
Turkish customs storage & broker	250.00
	<u>963.98</u>

GAS EXPENDITURES BY MILEAGE AND BY LITRE

TURKEY: Istambul to Iran

13696	Taksim, Istambul	60+	98.00 TL	19811	Charikar	58	348
13703	Istambul	↓			Khinjan	16	100
13843	Kesän	32,8	49.55		Mazar-i Sharif	58	348
13932	Canakkale	39.3	58.50	20166	Sherbegan	41	246
14112	Bergama	35 ?	45	20319	Maimana	52	312
14247	Selcuk	30.7	46.95		Qala-i-Nau	89	524
14396		35	52.50		Herat	79,5	480
14550		38.5	57.85		Torbati-Jam	36	216
14694	Budar	33.9	37.60	20940	Nashang	75	450
14851	Antalya	36.9	55	21021	Bandjand	25	150
14986		34.0	38.10	21145	Tost	36	216
15136	Konya	38.9	44.50	21211	Gorgan	20	180
15285	Ankara	39.9	44.55	21342	Amol	36	216
15387	Ankara	28.50	43.50	21497	Teheran	74	444
15547		39.0	60	21639		34	204
15670		31.1	46.40	21865	Ghazvin	34	204
15806		36	50			41	246
15957		38.1	44.20	21998	Teheran	40	240
16114	Erzerum	39.5	47.50	22098	Ghazvin	34	204
16267	(+oil)	40	58.50		Teheran	45	270

TOTALS: 2571 miles 707.1 litres 939.10TL = \$78.25

IRAN

16418	Macou	39	240 R
16510		35	240
16700		47	288
16819		33	204
17022	Teheran	48	288
	Teheran	35.3	285
17644	Teheran (oil- 1gal spare)	45	270 240
17739		33	200
17857	Damgan	36	216
17903	Sharud	18	108
17986		27	162
18061	Sabzivar	24	144
18131	Nishapur	22	132
18267	Torbati-Jam	39	235
18400	Herat	43	258 Af's
18522	Fahrud	30	180
18671	Gerishk	20	140
18884	Qalata	26	155
	Ghazni	36	216
19114	KaBul	32.2	193
19188	Kabul	23	143
19290	Jalalabad	24	144
19386	Chakaserai	26	158
19443	Jalalabad	16	100
19546	Kabul	29	170
19689	Bamyan	42	152

TOTALS	miles	litres	rs/\$
	5800	1718	10655R
			\$142

GRAND TOTALS

8371mi 2425L. \$220.25

7 January 1970

Kathy--

Thank for packet II; packet I has not arrived--if it does I'll return it to you. Yalman I take it is still somewhere in Istanbul, but since he is being incognito--not answering letters, possibly not in Istanbul, etc.--I wouldn't feel safe sending it to Istanbul. Please have Mr. Smith or someone else take over for him till he resurfaces.

Check list of items still to be filled in:

Application: #2 Social Security No. (I can't find my card) -- could you take the number off my last year's application or other form.

#17 Sponsorship

Invention Statement: 5- sponsor signature
official responsible for patent matters

Protection of human subjects: B- date of approval
signature of institutional official

Part II: Sponsor's statement

Also enclosed are some assorted receipts:

photographic:	1340 rials	737.50	new carnet de passage	\$36 + 25 = \$61	
	1460 rials		travel: P.I.A. Quetta-Karachi-Qu.	213 rup	
auto repairs			(=213 tomans)		
(radiator & steering)	200 rials		bus: Teheran to pick up		
customs & telegraph (Mirjavah)	100 rials		residence permit	400 rials	
medical - glasses	1200		bus: Teheran to pick up		
books - 4.50 rupees (45 rials)			money (2 receipts)	250+210 rials	
	1350 rials		hwy toll receipts (10)	330 Afs	
shipping - customs:	197 rials			<u>\$44</u>	
← telephone to Teheran:	62 rials				
hotels: Amer. Inst. Ir. Studies	1180 rials	} \$38			
Hotel Tourist Kabul	235 rials				
Apadana Hotel, Isphahan	1400 rials				
Point Four Hotel	48 rials				

exchange: 76.4 rials = 1 US dollar
1 rupee = 1 toman = 10 rials
1 af = 1 rial

Thank muchly,

Mike
Mike Fischer
3 Tir 1349

29 October 1971
Box 62 - Yazd

Dear Kathy--

Hiya! How are things? Keeping receipts does not seem to be one of my strong suits, but have some odds and ends:

POSTAGE: mailing notes home (7 receipts):	19 Sept 71	256 rials
	28 Sept 71	270 rials
	7 October 71	215
	28 August 71	175
	28 August 71	120
	receipt # 1404	409
	# 1403	409
		<u>1854</u>
	16 Jan 70	718
	# 1495	390
		<u>2962</u>

telegraphs & telephone (7 receipts):		37 rials
		25 rials
	3 to Kirman	24 rials
	2 to US	594
		<u>1726</u>
	1 to Teheran	47
	1 to India	791
		<u>3244</u>

book post	receipt # 151373	20 rials
	151379	21
	151148	20
	151149	22
	13578 & 13579	58
	2063	25
	61	21
	62	20
	89	21
	90	15
	91	23
	92	24
	93	21
	94	27
	88	19
		<u>362</u>

parcel post (3 receipts)	#1300	254 rials
	6185	334
	1650	34
		<u>622</u>

SHIPPING: Excess Baggage (Bombay-Teheran; Air France) \$34.30
Unaccompanied Baggage (Bombay-Teheran; Air France) NF54.50 = c. 13 dollar

\$ 47

Total 7190 - \$9

Photography: Agfa slides	135 rials
Agfa slides	78 rials
Max Photo	248
Max Photo	120
Saeed & Daulat	805
Tyoti	305
Photo Vehe	240
	66
	43
	90
	750
	250
Akasi Sayeh	325
Akasi Sayeh	118

3573 = \$48

Books: Chetana Ltd	16 rials
Manneys	1600
A to Z	800
	640
	400
International Book House	168
	450
	200
New Book Company	320
	200
	540
Taraporevala	250
International Book Service	625
Universal Book Shop	122
Everyday Book Shop	128
Oxford	375
Ten Muslims Meet Christ	230
Grenich	550
	400
Kharazmie	465
	200
Otto Harrassowitz	

\$111 = 8368

45.90
 DM 130
 32
~~162~~ DM
 178 = \$44

Medical	900
Gifts to Informants: Gushtasp Tea Depot	2600
3 recording tapes (no receipt)	\$12
1 goat (no receipt)	1200
1/2 goat (no receipt)	800

\$40

International Travel (to India)	
(did I send you the Kuwait Air ticket: Bombay-	
Bombay-Teheran (Air France)	\$176.10

Internal Travel: bus:	Iran Peyma	520 rials
	Iran Peyma	130
	Iran Peyma	300
	Auto Hamedan	80
	TBT	250
	Mihan Tour	120
	Mihan Tour	120
	Gilan Tour	120
	Auto Taj	100
	Auto Taj	310
air:	Iran Air 1741317	750
	1626401	1800
bus:	Auto Taj	220
	Auto Taj	110
	Mihan Tour	460
	Mihan Tour	400
	Auto Taj	180
	Iran Peyma	110
	Levantour	100
	Levantour	170
	Auto Taj	180

6540 = \$89

Gas Expenditures by Mileage and Litre

22324	Teheran	73 l.	436 rials		
22487	Teheran	43	258	25931	Yazd 45 270
22646		44	264	26109	Yazd 30 180
22760	Isphahan	34	204	26198	Yazd 70 438 & oil
22822	Isphahan	21.5	130		Yazd 45 270
23117	Yazd	33	198	26650	Yazd 30 180
23209	Yazd	39	235	26799	Yazd 22.5 & oil 155
	oil		18	27201	Yazd 30 & oil 200
23375	Rafsinjan	44	264	27360	
23445	Kirman	23	138	27534	Shiraz 47 288
23474		9	56	27738	Marv Dasht 75 450
23594	Bam	46	276	27963	Shah Roza 40 240
23792	Zahedan	90	540	Isphahan 29027	15 90
23854	Mirjaveh	20	127	28173	
23944	Norkundi	9 gal.	360	28337	Teheran 46 276
24047	Dalbandin	8	320	28489	Chalus 45 270
24167	Nuski	9.2	370	Bandar Pahlavi	33 198
24252	Quetta	6	240	28629	& oil 36
24352	Nuski	6	240	Ardebil 28775	40 240
24472	Dalbandin	7	280	29913	Tabriz 39.5 240
	Mirjaveh	20 l.	127	29063	Maccou 40 240
24715	Zahedan	90	540		
24916	Bam	71	426		
25...	Kirman	48	288	Turkey: 29220	40 50 TL
25117	Rafsinjan	37	222	29356	39 40
25298	Yazd	44	264	29485	37 41
25390	Yazd	20	120	29630	38.6 44.00
	Yazd	16	96	29752	41.3 47.50
25485	Yazd	31.4	189	29883	47.1 54.65
25595	Yazd	45.5	277	29976	36.5 41.50
	oil		20	30125	43.9 50
25678	Yazd	40	240	30270	41 45.50
	oil change		120	30438	43.8 50
			<u>7883</u>	30588	43.2 50

30725	40.5	48.50
30868	41.6	47.90
31017	43.3	55.00
Turk Total:		<u><u>765.55</u></u> TL

31185	Shapur	40	240	49/4/18	100 rials
31319	Tabriz	30	180	49/4/15	valve job 2730
31497	Zanjan	75	450	49/5/9	part 60
Gazvin	31605	40	240	49/4/7	service 390
31792	Teheran	60	360	49/4/7	plugs, filter 417
31925	Babel	38.1	228		<u>7053</u> = \$94
32079	Gorgan	40	240		
32200	Amol	38	230		
32519	Teheran	40	240		
32661		40	240		

	Yazd	30	180
	Ardekan	30	180
33360	Yazd	40	240
33496	Yazd	90	535
33791	Yazd	30	200 & oil
33932	Yazd	30	180
34042	Yazd	30	180
	Yazd	40	240
	Yazd	30	180
	Yazd	30	180
34473	Ardekan	40	240
Kashan		40	240
34858	Teheran	30	180
34970	Teheran	50	300
35123	Teheran	40	240
	Ispahan	30	180
	Ardekan	40	240
35595	Yazd	70	420
antifreeze			400
35661	Yazd	20	120
35798	Yazd & oil	30	198
36331	Yazd	48	288
36488	Yazd	41	246
36711	Yazd	40	240
36909	Yazd	30	180
37198	Yazd	30	180

84

765 1/2 TL = \$287 - 21489 rials

65

\$352

AUTO Repairs and Servicing

49/10/22	headlight & radiator	250 rials
11 Jan 71	fender dent ('gift to informants')	500
?	points	350
#2904	service	80
49/5/13	oil seals & service	1555
49/7/12		200
?	coil, fuse etc.	420

Stationary - (2 receipts) 30 rials
315
345

Sony Taperecorder repair 300 rials

Hotels: American Institute 11 Nov. 70 - 1700 rials
9 Aug. 70 - 3670
Asia Institute 870
Bam Inn 55
Bam Inn 165
Polaris Hotel 150
6610 - \$88

Translation services: 4700 rials

Again to recap in approx. tabular form:

I/ Personnel /allowance: \$1000 /
items acctd 7 Jan 1970 = \$ 416
items acctd 3 Tir 1349 ---
translation (Abedi) = 64
(no receipts: translation: Bassam= 13
transl. & Assistance:
Farokhpei 80
573

II. Travel /allowance: \$1964 /
items acctd 7 Jan 1970 = \$ 792.15
items acctd 3 Tir 1349
auto repairs 2.50
travel 44.00
air fares: Teheran-Bombay-Teheran 352.20
internal public transport 89.00
gas & oil 22324 to 37198 352
auto repairs & servicing 94
1679.35
1125.85

III. Equipment /category closed 7 Jan 70)

IV. Supplies /allowance: \$500 /
items acctd 7 Jan 70 = \$313.28
items acctd 3 Tir 49
photographic 37.50
medical 16
books 18
PTT 2
stationary 4.50
medical 12
books 155
photographic 48
film as yet not accounted ---
postage 96
\$ 731.50

V. Other /allowance: 1398 /	
acctd 7 Jan 70	963.98
acctd 3 Tir 49	
hotels	38
shipping	2.50
new carnet	61
2nd insurance of Rover	117
gifts to informants	40
hotels	88
shipping	47
tape recorder repair	4
	<u>1361.48</u>

Say hello for me to everyone, esp. Mr. Smith.

Thanks,

mike fischer

June 1, 1970

Dear Mike,

I am now in a little sleepy corner of Anatolia - maybe you know the area - Sivas province - a town called Divrigi. My original idea was to spend a few months here doing a short study of kinship and economic relations in a village in this area. There is a very high rate of out-migration in the general area, so I thought it would be a good place to get some comparative material for my urban study. ~~But~~ Well, after 3 or 4 days of scouting around from village to village with the district governor, I am informed that I cannot do research outside of the town limits; I cannot stay in a village. This depressed me, to say the least, ~~when~~ I decided to stay in and collect what data I could - incomplete as it will be. I have been interviewing workers at a local iron-mine, who are villagers. I am not quite sure what I have gotten out of this, or how much of what information I have collected is really worth anything. but at least I am getting

box 82 yezd iran shrunk london fib
2 September 1970

Dear Allen--

I don't believe what I just found: your June Letter under my stack of mail to be answered! Forgive me. I was going to postpone my answer till I knew whether I would really be coming to Turkey and Istanbul, and then I guess it just got shoved aside. I had to take the car out of the country again in July and did come to Turkey but a lot of complications arose and I didn't have the time to make it to Istanbul--a pity! I was going to call you but only had your in-laws address with me having forgotten to bring your letter along which is why also I did not write from Turkey. Turkey in any case is a very big country to drive across especially when you are feeling guilty about not having done any work (ready to write up your dissertation yet, fella? --sorry but misery loves company and one must get one's pleasure where one can even if slightly sadistic). Things here needless to say are moving fantastically slowly: I'm not really aggressive enough especially since my language is still a problem. Work in any case is always off-and-on (which as any psych will tell you is great breeding ground for neuroticism). The first week I got back I did some factory interviewing: a very brief questionnaire (occup., prev. occup. did you marry your sister, did your father, do you think it would have been better if he had?...) but nonetheless it took me a month before I left for Turkey of tea-drinking to get the permission to do it, and even so on the last day of interviewing the manager got nervous and started phoning the police to make sure I was OK. I was so impressed by the ease of doing that questionnaire that I immediately worked up comparable ones for shopkeepers in the bazaar and Zoroastrian shopkeepers, but trying to do these are very slow: there are only about 23 of the latter and trying to get the last eight of them looks near impossible and so far I've done only 14 shops in the bazaar. Attitude questions are difficult to get decent responses on, partly because of my linguistic incompetence but partly because people don't know how to answer stupid questions like about class structure etc. Anyway then I thought that it would be nice to get the same information from some white collar workers and since the Postmaster with a staff of 100 is a friend...but it seems that the secret police recently sent around instructions that such information is not to be given out especially not to foreigners. Otherwise of local interest, an election is coming up for the state councils written into the Constitution 60 years ago but never implemented. People don't seem terribly interested and I can't seem to find out much about it. Teheran newspapers are headlining a statement by Hoveida (the PM and leader of Iran Novin Party) that Iran Novin will win by a crushing landslide which will be hardly surprising here in Yazd, not so much because of tampering which the main opposition Mardom Party already charged a week ago, but because there are only 3 non Iran-Novin candidates fielded. Also there is cholera around--a couple of people have died, (a couple of months ago there was an epidemic in south Teheran)--but the Govt is neither admitting it to WHO, nor even to the local people. I was told that everyone had been shot (injected), but in my new neighborhood-to-be they said that the doctors came around, but only invited those who wanted to have a preventive shot saying that there was no cholera. Tune in again next week for more exciting developments in the White Rev. Next month I hope to move into a village on the edge of town and hope that will improve things.

So how are things? How did the factory interviewing in Divrigi go? What sorts of things were you looking for?--and might you be interested in something for comparison from a factory here? What have you been up to since?

As to UC. I know nothing about the Julia story except that Connie has the job now. I hope you got the fellowship renewal forms--the first ones they sent me got lost. I hear that Yalman finally made it to Ceylon laden down with electronic equipment (cameras, tape recorders etc). Demais is still whiz-banging away. Steve however ran into trouble: the local politician is the sister or something of the PM and accused him of being a CIA agent at a summit of the opposition party because his car was green as is the color

Yazd, 27 Mordad; 18 Aug 70

Dennis---

Thanks for the "complimentary" missive: it's what was required for me to sit down and tackle a month's backlog of mail due to my periodic trip out of the country (to Turkey this time since one can come in a different check point as exit...) on account of Pedarsuchte Harabzadeh (translates approx. to S.O.B. Son of Brokenness) the loveable UC L/R. I finally went by way of Shiraz (which as you will note on your handy 5th grade map is south of here whereas Turkey is north) and so managed to see Persepolis, Parsagadae (1st Achaemenid capital--where you can tell Yalman I ran into David Stronach who was exstastic about finding a serated disc impression in the gable of Cyrus' Tomb unnoticed for thousands of years as indeed it still was for the first 10 minutes after he tried to point it out to me--meaning, of course, unknown which is a minor point), Nakshe Rostam (the really impressive tombs of Xerxes and gang), and Firuzabad (currently famous as the capital of the Qashqai tribes, but also a Sassanian palace site). Finally got around to looking up Bruce in Shiraz, who is linked up with a group of medics and has become their field director and so is in the enviable position of being able to collect a vast amount of demographic-kinship statistics: 23% of 700 marriages are 1st cousin, 1st cousin-once-remove, or 2nd cousin marriages (! He's got two short papers in the works, and is contemplating doing another on divination systems. He complains that he's got possibilities for a lot of paper but nothing for a full scale thesis, but I think he's AOK (furthermore, why cant a series of papers = thesis?!). Lois, I havent seen since she actually got into the field, but the rumors are all glowing: she fell into a family who happened to have a son who knew her from when she was at Pahlavi U. and so is in solid; also, someone saw her in Isphahan and said she looked "positively radiant and more relaxed than ever before witnessed" (she left ripples in Tehzvan.) I also took the occasion of Pedarsuchte Harabzadeh Festival Time to see a bit of the Caspian coast, and we went to a periodic Turkomen market. I was going to do the other major leg of archeological monuments on my way back from Turkey, but was disgusted with the car business, said the hell with it.

So here I am back in the sizzling desert. Mary Boyce sent out her only student for a couple of weeks who in 5 days found out more ritual goodies than I will in years and who is to return next year for 6 months. Ah well. But wait: at last a beacon in the distant horizon--I finally landed a house in a Zoro. community tho I cant move in for another month. It's not a bad set up: a house to myself with an almost joint entrance to a friend and informant next door, and across the alley, his in-laws: kind of like becoming a son of an extended family

Meanwhile I've been asked to do an article for a new British journal called RELIGION which is hilarious considering the nil data I've got. At the moment, I'm doing a brief census survey in a factory: does 50 out of 700 make much sense?--nodal point: the only person I couldn't understand was the only Zoro in the sample so far! I envy the exotieness of Ceylon: my comeback to your Shaivite festivals is that tomorrow is the 28 Mordad--the day of the royalist restoration.

What kind of paperwork have you trained your assistants to do????

On your two trip plans: am interested in both. (1) The India thing--as late as possible next summer (maybe even Fall if you can squeeze it). (2) Nepal is more problematic thanks to Pedar Harabzadeh: I'm working on a possibility of getting permission to keep the car in the country for a year (I'll believe it when I see it). If that works, I dont know if leaving will jeopardize things again, and I just cant afford to take a month off ea three months to take it out of the country. If the deal doesnt work, I may just dump the car and would then be free. Keep it in mind: I should know more in about 2 months.

Also got a letter from Nancy F. in NYC bubbling with enthusiasm for her new job and the paper she giving at the meetings, tho irked at the dissertation revisions. Dubetsky I got a letter from just before leaving for Turkey inviting me to L., but given all the troubles I never made it and havent answered him yet his sit. seems to be fairly good despite harzssments: he went out to some place on the plateau and was told he couldn't stay in a village, but he managed to do some sort of factory interviewing. Yes, what ever did happen to Howie Bernstein? Oh Nancy said David Schneider had a mild heart attack--he's OK but the faculty's all walking around like their about ready to drop dead.

Yazd: sunstroke dry
28 Mordad 1349 (All hail the day of
the Return of the Glorious King)--18 Aug

Dear Jon & Cissie--

Jon, luv--grad. skull. is obv. not doing your style any good! But then with reason: from bog to shining bog, phthieu can you see, Wash. burshing mid-ere...Howsomesoever, what with the Tories planing to put the Empire back on Singapore, the Ceylonese trying to prove how red they are by telling off Israel, and the South Africans crusading for free trade, no wonder the cosmonau were having eye trouble. What meaneth additional little Zinner: great juicy pumpkins, how many be there?

As to the more mundane events of the free world, your trip sounds great. But as to assignations, gather round fair young maidens and list while I sing of permit procurements and other such tragic things... Having after the 9 mo. gestation (as I believe I wrote) procured a research permit and thereafter a residence permit, I then needed an exit permit so as to renew my car permit, which can only be done by going in and out: an exhausting exercise the least to say and having been spent producing only yet another temporary reprieve, inasmuch as having a carnet for the car while having a residence permit is technical not permitted because people with residence permits must pay import duties, the proof of which must be submitted to get an exit permit, of overpowering proportions to be permitted to have a car permit permit permit permit permit pe...As you can see my neurogyro is precipitating hallucinations of prosecution before the U.C. select star chamber for having lost one Landrover to the Imperial bogocracy of the Shahanshah Aryamehr, may his structural hierarchies find binary oppositions. In any event (of a random number not selected by a computerized number series), after many machinations (not to mention machine breakdowns--throwing a coil, OK that's one thing, but breaking the cap clip of a spark plug while going over a mountain pass in a hail-snow-sleet story in the middle of July!) I am delivered back unto the desert wilds. You will by now, I fear, have gathered the heavy import, which as Coleridge, bless his marinatings, would say are hung about my neck. And so, alas, until a nether year

As to King Hen, Imp Ex, is he out on parole yet? And what manner of Wein does Sheldon traub? (I assume the condition being drunkenness merely, you twain managed to peek under the lid.)

The trip which took me from my beloved home for just over a month was to Turkey this time, and I finally went by way of Shiraz, city of song and poetry--Hafez, saadi et al.--, (which as you will note on your handy 5th grade atlas is south of here whereas Turkey is north) and so managed to see Persepolis described by a Orientalist not quoted on the tourist leaflets as "the product of the caprice of an all-powerful dilettante indulging in his taste for the grandiose" (the same man who lameted that--and this 2 millenia after the event--that Alexander had not done a good enough job: With all the prejudices and ignorancē, the contempt of Greece for Persia, born to slavery, has been one of the most powerful sources of the progress of humanity"--put that in your opium pipe and smoke it!), Parsagadae (the first Achaemenian capital, where I ran into its current archeologist who was exulting over the vague impression of a serated disc in the gable of Cyrus' tomb which as he noted had remained unnoticed for millenia til he discovered it last spring--it remained unnoticed to our eyes for yet another 10 minutes while under his pointing finger, but in a time scale like that, what is 10 minutes?), Nakshe Rostam (the really impressive tombs of Xerxes and gang dug into the side of a mountain), and Firuzabad (a Sassanian palace). I also took the occasion of Pedar Suche Harabzadeh Festival Time (Pedarsuchte Harabzadeh is the sometime love-name for my L/R translating approx. S.O.B. Son of Brokenness) to see a big of the Caspian coast: there is a section of it in which the housing is all thatched rooved and set in rice fields like a cross (excuse the religious symbolism) between Shakespearean Burma. I fear however that Noam Chomsky would have his machine retort: between required two objects ~~in which may not be an adjectival modification of the other.~~ realities that may bring in the way of research not yet begun...

Box 82, Yazd, Iran, 4 Sept 70

Jaaaaakunubbb!!!!

It's about time you wrote! Here I've been sitting with your last letter from L-stan waiting for you to send me an address (you betcha: I lost your previous one with the ads--never fear not lost only temporarily misplaced amid the chaos of letters, news clippings, roaches (the cock kind), scorpions (idll a back 2" one yesterday) etc. in a dusty sanduq. I would have gotten it from S. who told me of your distress--which you do not mention! (what's Andre going do?--sorry, have another bottle of Glenfiddich in my honor--anyway there are precedents: Highland Burma, and did you hear about all of Srinivas' notes goin up in flames in Calif?) when I was in T. last but that I still had same...)

To let you in on the exciting adventures of Rusti Rass in the Land of Bog having, as you know, after a nine month gestation procured a research permit thereafter a residence permit, I then needed an exit permit so as to put the I on a new carnet permit, all of which as you are aware is technically haram inq much as people with residence permits cant have cars without import paymt proc of which is theoretically required to get the exit permit needed for the permi permit, permit permit...as you can see my neurogyro tends to precipitate hallucinations of prosecution before the U of Chicago select star chamber for having lost one Landrover to the Imperial Bogocracy of the S. Aryamehr, may hi structural hierarchies find binary oppositions. (Dont object that you did, oh charmed Khan of cultured French: the Becks tried and failed--tho admittedly th had the help of the US Embassy--and I need not point out the case of Khaliqi w ruling you will be pleased to hear has finally been reversed, tho I'm still stuck with Hejazi and gang who are aftzand of their own shadows) In any event of a random number not selected by a computerized series), after many machinat not to mention machine indispositions (throwing a coil, OK that's one thing, but breaking the cap clip of a spark plug while going over a mountain pass in hail-sleet storm in mid-July???) I am delivered back unto the desert wilds (a neat under the steering wheel porno at the border effecting the final penetrat which alas, for comic it was, is better to relate a nether year...) In T-town one Nemdari at Gumruk promised to extend the carnet for a year but alas my lad again it was, but do come back for that in 2 months or 3 or 4--we shall see, howdver I shant let it bother...

The trip which took me from my beloved home for just over a month was to Turkey and I finally went by way of Shiraz, city of song and poetry, which as you will note on your handy 2nd Form atlas is south of here whereas Turkey is north, and so managed to see Persepolis, described by an orientalist not quote on the tourist leaflets as "the product of the caprice of an all-powerful dilettante indulging in his taste for the grandiose" etsk-etsk--(the same man w lamented that--and this 2 millenia after the event--that Alexander had not do a good enough job: "With all the prejudices and ignorance, the contempt of GRE for Persia, born to slavery, has been one of the most powerful sources of the progress of humanity"); Parsagadae, where I ran into Stronach exulting over th vague impression of a serated disc in the gable of Cyrus' tomb which as he not had remained unnoticed for millenia until he discovered it, as it continued to for yet another 10 minutes under his determined pointing finger (but in a time scale like that what is 10 minutes). I also took the occasion of Pedarsuhte Harabzadeh (the sometime love-name of my L/R) Festival Time to see a bit of the Caspian coast: there's a magnificent section between Bandar Pahlavi and Astara with all thatched rooved housing set in rice fields like a cross (reli symbolism aside) of Shakespearean Burma (let Noam Chomsky stuff that in gramma formality generator!).

So here I am back in the sizzling desert. Mary Boyce sent out her only student for a couple of weeks who in 4 days found out more ritual goodies than I shall in years and who is to return next year for 6 months. Ah well. Be wait: at last a beacon in the distant horizon--I finally landed a house in a Zero-community tho I cant move in til next month. Meanwhile things move fanat cally slowly: I'm really not agressive enough for one thing. And work in any case is always off-and-on (helle usrah: neuroticism did you say?). The first

As from: Flat 6, 160 Gloucester Road, London S.W.7., England.

Tuscany, 19 August 1970

My dear von Rasklotz,

Fresh strawberry jam and toast with creamy butter and Italian coffee, followed by a visit to the Central Market of Florence where we bought pig's trotters, quails, brandy, Parmesan cheese, another Gorgonzola-like specimen with brown - instead of green - veins, tender small green beans, raspberries, rye bread, parsley, ~~time~~ thyme, bay leaves, a large piece of smoked bacon to go with dried white beans stewed in white wine, peaches, blue grapes... And so it goes on from dawn to dusk in one long Five-dollars-a-day orgy rolling on the opulent carpet of Wenner-Gren, Horniman, SSRC, The Canada Council, the Province of Québec, the School of Oriental and African whatnots. As I have always said, social anthropology is for the birds. So we do an average of a couple of hours per day of the stuff and spend the rest of the time drinking (J & B whiskey, Pernod and the excellent wine of the local Abbot who rented us one of his disused priories which ^{stands} looks out on an eminence ^{commanding} ~~over~~ the whole length and breadth of the Arno valley in the environs of Florence) and looking out of the window (one of the most beautiful views I have ever possessed) when we are not indulging in bedroom extravagances.

I felt myself at an intellectual all-time low during the last five months I spent in Persia. But I thought that the warm blood of intelligence would gently seep back into my mental veins the nearer I got to the intellectual heartlands where culture grows on every church tower and history is a way of life. However, to put it vulgarly, not on your nelly! I am as atrophied as before and only too happy to take refuge in the material solace ^{with which} ~~that~~ Tuscany presents the weary traveller in every direction in which he may care to seek it. I am rereading my notes (all one million plus words of them); but although I find them rather less inept (after my fifth month in the field) than I suspected, my chief problem is to know what to do with them. I feel as if I had carted an enormous white elephant all the way from Luristan to Europe: the ^{difficulty} ~~problem~~ is how to dispose of it, neatly, elegantly, in the most unobtrusive packages possible so that none of the potential buyers are aware of what they have acquired until they get home with it and it is already too late to take it back to the shop to change it.

It is a commonplace of field-training seminars that when one returns one is obliged to make almost as great an effort ~~to~~ readapt to one's own society as one did to make life with the Savages just about bearable. The return syndrome is proving true to its almost legendary form. I don't reject Europe, but I find it very difficult to communicate with people who all seem to know much more than I do about everything and quote what they read ten years ago with apparently unerring accuracy and total confidence in their ability to express what they want to say. I have difficulty even in reading; my capacity for absorption is that of a first year undergraduate. I can see hard times to come - especially when I get back to London, where it will be essential to show oneself more than averagely able, for LSE has finally sunk to the rock bottom (Fox, Firth and Freeman have all left) and is now full, on the teaching side, ^{with} of 'averagely able' fairly articulate 'young' men of about my own age. I have no desire to be the Sisley or Charles Lamb of social anthropology - for me (said he ~~beating~~ his hairy chest) it's Picasso or Flaubert or Stendhal or nothing. But the more I tinker reflectively with my notes the more I am forced to admit that the 'all-time-greats' did a hell of a lot more hard work day in and day out than I do or am even prepared to do. The question is: how does one reconcile eminence and leisure?

Please write - not necessarily about Zarathoustra. We are eagerly awaiting your arrival in 1971 in England or Tuscany where we hope you will undertake a prolonged stay.

Jacobus flagellum morbidatus.

10 April 1970
Box 82, Yazd, Iran

Dear Mr. Smith,

Thanks for your letter and its encouragements. I'll certainly let you know if I find out how anything from you folks back home might help me to get the research permit. I'm going to Teheran this week to pick up some money and maybe someone will have a clue. So far things seem to be O.K. working on a tourist permit. The next time out of the country (in June) I'll have to get a new permit per se rather than simply renewing the validity of the one I've got by crossing the border. This last time out I went to Pakistan and managed to contact the Zoroastrians in Kirman, Zahedan, Quetta and Karachi. I took a really unique set of pictures of their religious facilities and then lost the camera (a Haminox Practica--East German copy of a Pentax more or less) in Karachi with the film in it!

I've drowned my sorrow by taking the last week off and levitating my consciousness to Jamaica. The results are enclosed (Map 1 is the topo-location map in my thesis which I could re-draw in black-and-white). Sorry about the typing but it'll give Erline something to remember me by if she's still doing your typing. There are a couple of bibliographic holes that I can't fill in from here like page references on the Edith Clarke quotes in section IV and the title of the Devereaux book and the publisher of the Ogden book.

The First Quarter Report is just a quick sketch. My big problem is I've got to force myself to sit down and learn the bloody language; one of the big advantages of moving to a village would be to get away from the Americans and into an environment where "situational reinforcement" would be constant-- I've made friends with a couple of high school boys who live in Sharifabad and will be there during the summer so maybe I can crash with them for a while. The situation is weird at the moment: I'm living with the natives because the natives can't conceive why I would want to live with them (tho there may be more to it, like difficulties in keeping the house pure), and I've got all these Persians who pretend to be insulted if I don't visit them everyday but really want me to teach them and their kids English which gets to be a drag. My best contacts so far are the Post Master (a Muslim, descendant of the Prophet no less, and an outsider to Yazd--he wants me to teach his son English which is fine but while the kid is intelligent he knows nill about Islam, Yazd, Iran, his genealogy etc.), the chief doctor of the Zoroastrian-donated hospital (also a Muslim, of a rich Yazd family--his tennis game is abominable--every 6:30 am--but he's a nice bloke), the principal of the Zoroastrian boys high school (Zoroastrian, son of a merchant, lives in Nasrabad--a former village now incorporated into the greater "metropolitan" area), an assistant priest who runs a water pump in Nasrabad. A good informant is supposed to be the MB of a good friend in Teheran, but he's the guy in on the murder story who doesn't want to talk: I'm obviously not a scholar since I want to talk to everybody and not just him! Also he asked what languages I learned in school and then opined that obviously I should have learned Persian instead! I seem not to be on good terms with the guy who runs the local Zoroastrian Society and that's due basically to our inability to community (he knows as much English as I Persian but makes a big show of not liking to use it). There would be a number of people ready to talk if only I could, so I've got my work cut out.

Your notes on the Caribbean crew sound good. Glad Lee Drummond is all set, and that Don is finally off--I hope he likes Ghana. What is Jack Alexander doing next year? By the way, what is this new political slogan of Guyana--something about a "third" economic sector: public, private, coop.--BBC mentioned it .??

with best wishes,

11 April 1970

Dennis--

My FLOP (Fieldwork Level of Performance--you'll go far, my boy!) has been a steady zero for a week and it's been great, but I'll have to come down from the Jamaican clouds of reverie and face Iranian reality. I had to leave the heartland to renew my visa again just before your letter arrived, and on the Pak. Pilgrimage managed to contact the Zoros of Kirman, Zahedan, Quetta and Karachi. I took a really unique set of pictures of their religious facilities and then lost the camera (a Maminex Practica--East German copy of a Pentax more or less) in Karachi with the film in it! I tried to drown my sorrow by taking the week off and writing a paper for Smith--who by the way writes that Don Robotham has got his MA and is off to Ghana, and Lee Drummond had some flak about getting permission to work in Guyana--the immigration neanderthal took one look at his one year visa and told him he could stay 3 days--but after some frantics including being grilled by the security police "they (amazingly in my opinion) gave him permission to virtually go where he likes and do as he likes--short of formenting a rebellion--I suppose". I've been doing one other thing: playing tennis every 6:30 am with one of the local PCVs and with the ~~doc~~ of the Zoro-donated hosp. I am now back up to that FLOP (Finesse Level of Play) at which I only have to work on my service, backhand, and forehand to get the ball over the net: it's hard to believe how badly my game has deteriorated.

I send you my FQR (Furtive Quirk Report) a) because you're the only person likely to give me any feedback, and b) if Nur ever shows up...I've no direct channel. All the juicy parts of course are omitted; no more info on penis envy by Muslim doctors, nor any opportunity to investigate elit.* The research situation is still this weird business of living with the Americans and having all these Persians pretending to be insulted if I don't come and visit every day and teach them English. My best contacts so far are the Postmaster (a Muslim outsider to Yazd who wants me to teach his son English which is OK except that while the kid is intelligent he knows zap about Islam, Yazd, Iran, his genealogy etc.), the doc from the Zoro hosp whose tennis game is abominable but who's a really nice bloke (he's also Muslim, but of a rich Yazdi family), the head of a Zoro H.S. and an assistant priest (both Zoro and live in a suburb section that used to be a village). An old man who is supposed to be a good informant is the MB of a good Tehrani friend--he's the one whose unready to talk about the murder because he thinks I'm not a scholar (if I were a scholar I wouldn't want to go around talking to everyone, but would only talk to him and the other respected family heads); also obviously I'm not a scholar because I don't know Persian (fair enough), because see I should have taken Persian in high school instead of French and German! My relations with the de facto head guy of the local zoro organiz are also not superb--a problem of communication among other things. And I don't do too well with the head of the local gendarmerie tho he speaks English. There are some more people willing to talk if only I could...so manyana I learn Persian!!! Actually manyana or the next day (there's always something) I'll go up to Teheran to pick up some money, to buy a camera, maybe investigate some more about the possibility of a permit.

*A fem. PCV thinks incidence negative here but have asked her to check. Purdah here generally fits your description there, except among Zoros where there is no segregation of women in any obvious sense: they do separate in seating etc. but nubile daughters introduced and any woman who has anything to contribute to conversation does so. But this is all very hazy first impressions. Something else--the raven-haired Persian beauty has a short period of bloom; they just don't keep well--diet maybe--heavy rice-starch complement--but are some comments on Zoro women linking it to inbreeding (this from Christian missionaries; but myself don't detect differences between religious groups). You say you simply see no Muslim women...dent they go out shopping or anything? or i.e. is there a veil? Here they all go about covered up in tents (chadors).

Hope Steve is settling down and beginning to enjoy himself. Write back and tell me to quit fucking around and learn the language--do it soon; my guilt complex needs bolstering.

Desperation Mike

1st June

Dear Nancy —

Good to get your letter — I guess by now I can address you as Frau Doctor Professor!

Thanks for being a liason to Kathy & Smith: just before your letter arrived I had sent a short one to Smith asking if the paper had ~~to~~ arrived: with the mails here one can never be sure. I also just sent a note to Kathy re. the fact that no continuation application has yet arrived here. There was a mail truck fire last week coming into Yazd, but the Postmaster swears it was only carrying parcels. Whether that's verity or Persian courtesy only the Holy Fire knows. Actually my prayer rug is more worn with the expectation of a wearnet de passage for my landrover than for the last Town.

Work here gets done in spurts — It's very hard to do anything systematically and Persians are sometimes difficult to work with: they'll do anything for you if you're their friend, but being a friend requires being with them (a one person) all the time, ^{and they get upset if they aren't with you every day.} It's very hard to have more than one thing going at a time. I've really got to get organized one of these days! Once upon a time, I started mapping the main Zoroastrian Quarter, but that's been hanging in limbo for a couple of weeks while I developed a friendship (really a full time occupation). Then I've started a couple of genealogies — this is really difficult — people are

Dear Jan & Cissie —

I always thought August used to be the cruellest month, but T.S.! Exams are over as is April? or did the shower bring May weeds? ~~Farquhar~~ ^{Having covered} your satire of Farquhar so long, I imagine it has grown towards the climactic value (Homo erectus as it were), eh Herr Doktor.... I understand there is an opening for an English PhD in a small music college Phila. Fondling toward my own UPOP my Field work Level of Performance has been just that: FLOP. Meanwhile the saga of Rustom ~~for~~ von Fischer vs the Shattans continues: I have been summoned to Teheran by the besieged international desk of the Min of Sci and Hi Ed, and am going by the white bus with an unofficial (it could of course be a coincidence as they say) police escort. I was just in the other side of the pot belly a week ago and was told the Min. of F.A (foreign affairs) was overriding the controversies of RT (Iran). Min. of Cult. — this would appear to be hanging in the acid fragrance.

2 June 1970
Box 82 Yazd, Iran

Dear Mr. Smith:

Guess what: after the normal human gestation period the Imp Govt of Ir has issued me a research permit! It's very impressive: 2½ lines long under the letter head of probably the most junior ministry they could find. So now the scramble is on to see if I can get a residence permit before my tourist visa re-expires again, and if a new carnet de passage will arrive in time before the old one expires.

Did you receive the "Religion--Abligion" paper? I ask because it went supposedly APC but through a man I don't entirely trust (the new US science attache here). Included in the package were a "first quarter report" and a letter.

My parents and I have been debating the word abligion as a possible opposite for religion: they're convinced it's an impossible bastardization of Latin prefixes. I still find the idea of a polar for religion aesthetic, eye-catching, and useful; and so suggest line 3 page 1 be changed to read "...the fractured but apt neologist"; and then rewrite the footnote 1:

"The etymology of religion is not absolutely clear. The usual derivation used by A. France in his historical romance Le Procureur de Judée is from Latin re- "again" + ligare "to bind". The stem word has less popularly also been derived from Greek alegein "to pay heed to" assuming an I.E. root leg- "to be concerned", when then Latin diligens, "diligent". Cicero in De natura deorum (IIxxvii72) suggests it is from relegere, "to go through again in reading or thought", whence then also lecture; but both he elsewhere and other Latin authors (Servius, Lactantius, Augustine) seems to agree on the derivation from re-ligare, assuming a root lig- "to bind", whence then also licitor, lex, and ligare; and hence religio sometimes means the same as obligatio. (Lewis...etc. the same citations).

"More problematic is the prefix ab- as an opposite of re-. Standard opposites are ad- and ab-; cum or con and dis or di-. Re- normally does not have an opposite, being an iterative particle rather than a conjunctive (or disjunctive) one. "To tie again", however, is close enough to a putative adligion (or align), "tying to", for our purposes, to allow, with orthodox reservation, abligion as a handy tag for a sociological phenomenon. The theological (theological) objection that religion has fundamentally to do with a man-deity relation rather than a social relation is precisely part of the inquiry and cannot be taken as given ab initio."

Or in fact since that seems a bit long now for a footnote, the first paragraph could be cut to: "The etymology of 'religion' is not absolutely clear. The usual derivation, however, and that apparently used by A. France in his historical romance Le Procureur de Judée is from Latin re- "again" + ligare "to bind". Less likely derivations of the stem are from the Greek alegein, "to pay heed to", and Cicero's aberrant suggestion ~~is~~ from relegere, "to go through again in reading or thought" (cf. Lewis...etc. same citations). More problematic is the prefix ab-....

Things are slowly beginning to look up a little over here.

Box 82 Yazd
27 May 1970

Dear Marv--

So how are things, Rev? Are you coming out this way next year or is the going still protracted?

I ran into an old friend of yours from Chicago high school days by the name of Peter Forester. He's currently doing a stretch in the Peace Corps (locally known as the Guru Sol--some gurus!) as an architect in the next town east of here--Kirman.

The gestation period for asses was not something we learned in bio. anth. but after 8 months the Imp Govt here finally delivered me a permit to do research; all of 2½ lines long on the letter head of a junior junior minister. But I've asced that by managing to wrangle a photostat of the letter to the Interior Ministry (read secret police) on Foreign Affairs Ministry letter head which is a good deal more impressive. Am now applying for a residence permit, a race against time to see if it comes thru before my 1st year tourist visa expires. Meanwhile after a trip to Afghanistan and a brief one to Karachi and some unuseful months in Teheran I've more or less settled down here in Yazd, tho my location and interstitial status are not entirely satisfactory. One problem is I'm not sure yet what really to concentrate on I'm being squeezed on two sides--on the religion side, Prof. Mary Boyce (U London) says I'm obviously more competent in economic things and should stick to that (she's writing a book on the Zoros of Yazd--something I did not know before I started); on the economic side, Paul English sent out a geographer from Texas to do a central place study. The Zoros for their part are both pleased to have me around and suspicious as hell. One old man who could be a lot of help says he's not interested in the past or in superstition: what we need are roads not Persepolis; pilgrimage spots are not important for me: the philosophical point is simply to pray to God! An ex-British army soldier who claims to be the only person in Yazd who is completely open and frank and tells me everything on his mind, can't make up his mind whether I'm here to watch the movements of the Russians (!) or whether I'm working for the local sec serv; obviously I can't be a student if I've got a landrover. There've been no Hindu-Muslim riots here but people enjoy pointing out that barber shops have signs 'Muslims only'; Zoros won't let Muslims into their places; Jews have their own butcher; and Bahais (unrecognized) are evil. Christians have a better gossip break inasmuch as high status foreigners are same; and there are only about 6 local ones around. Else this is a pretty quiet place tho the heat is beginning to soar which makes midday pretty damn quiet

Havent really stumbled across anything terribly exciting: mortuary ceremonies and seasonal ceremonies and commensual ceremonies all are basically the same: you eat a lot while the priest drones away. There are some things I havent found out about yet like a political murder about 50 years ago which possibly still has the Zoro community split, a ritual calendar change, purification ceremonies, and so on which should be more exotic. I'm not getting very far very fast on cross cousin marriages or anything of that nature tho there are a lot of cousin marriages and a saying "trade out, marry in" (that from a Muslim). There are a lot of pilgrimage points, and more simple candle niches of memorial but so far these seem to be more community solidarity foci than interstitial bastis as in North Africa.

Do you know anything about the kind of stuff Paul Rabinow came back with? Someone said he'd had a rough time in Morocco?

Regards to Rita,

Box 82
Yazd, Iran

UNIVERSITY NATIONAL BANK
Chicago, Illinois

Dear sirs:

Please transfer from my checking account (0710-0291; 71-0593-8) to me care of the Bank-i-Melli Iran, Yazd Branch one thousand (\$1000.00) dollars. Please be sure to request the transfer to go to the Yazd branch.

I would appreciate it if you could do this as soon as possible, and if you could notify me directly that you have initiated the transfer.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

Michael M.J. Fischer