

2 February 1970. In the morning I got a call from Dr. John Harvey's secretary at Iran Doc who said if I was interested in meeting the Yazdi Zoroastrian librarian at the International Relations Library, he would wait for me in his office till 7:00 and would take me over any evening I liked; so I said tonight.

I then walked down to Rimeh Iran to keep an appointment with Dr. Farhang Mehr. Mr. Ali A. Jaffrey was also there; he is also from Kirman, now works in the Ministry of Culture and promised to check on things there for me. Dr. Mehr acknowledged that he too went to the ISE tho a long time ago. I asked about the Census data: they agreed that there were no Zoroastrians in Nejafalabad-Ispahan though there were in Ispahan itself. And there were all these strange fives and sixes in places in Khorassan. Mehr mused that it would be understandable if people did not reveal their minority religion, but to reveal it to census takers but not the the Anjoman was strange. Maybe the people were just pulling the Census takers' legs. Yes he had asked for some data from the Census but the firsts results were not satisfactory, and he asked them to check the results. He had checked some himself and found they were not accurate. But he could not give the results to me because (1) they were confidential and he had only gotten it through personal contact (?); (2) they weren't accurate anyhow. What statistics however exist in the Anjoman he would ask Nasseni to give to me: the number of doctors, university graduates and students. But there are no comprehensive statistics as exist in the Parsi Panchayat (when I asked the question so, he turned to Jaffrey for confirmation that the Parsi Panchayat had such data; Jaffrey agreed and explained it that all the Parsis are businessmen whereas the Zoroastrians of Persia are peasants; all the Parsis are literate.) Zahedah has about 24 people; have Anjoman. No they didn't think any written genealogies exist.

Afterwards I stood out in the street jotting down some notes, and a fellow stopped and inquired what I was doing etc. He turned out to be a Mr. Shamsallah Ghazi ('judge') who works for the Ministry of Finance and who wanted to practice his English.

I then went down the street to Worthington-Yaganegi and returned a book to Mr. Shirazpour. Hincsig is out of town on a business trip to Israel, Turkey etc. I went into Dr. Yaganegi's office to ask his help on the permit business; he was very busy in a conference room out of which he emerged to shout into the telephone in indignant tones while a crew gathered in his office for the Monday trip to the Rotary Club luncheon. He sent me along with his son Rustam to the Rotary Club ahead while he finished up. The guest speaker was the Australian Ambassador who gave a lousy elementary talk on Australian history; 'We too have camels' as a young agricultural expert at our table put it. The fourth at the table was Muhammad Farokhshahab, who in the evening invited me to his place Wednesday evening (putting his wife, from Olney Md, on to give me directions--she sounds very nice; they've got two small kids: 6 mo. and 2½; he has a MA from one of the Calif schools). Yaganegi showed up near the end; and we talked briefly: he said he would write a letter for me to his good friend the deputy minister at Arts and Culture, and would also write a letter of introduction to the Mayor of Yazd although that guy was a bastard, and he was going to get rid of him. Parviz Varjovand was there as well and we said hello.

At 6:00 I went back to Yaganegi's offices and he wrote the letters for me. While waiting for him to get through some of the other people (including a Seventh Day Adventist missionary to whom he gave 100 toman) Farokhshahab suggested three reasons why the Yaganegi business (to which he is a consultant; he is also an instructor at the Institute of Technology in Teheran) is not doing well: (1) Land-reform removed the large landowners who could afford deep wells; the coops of peasants are not yet organized and can't afford these; (2) Competition from companies with less trained personnel and therefore lower salaries and therefore lower prices; (3) failure to secure government contracts because they are on a bidding basis, and low bidder (cf #2) gets it.

I then rushed up to Dr. Harvey's office, and we went over to the International Relations Library of the Univ. of Teheran, and met Allahyar Dabestani (home tele: 633941). He has a degree (BA) in economics from the University of Teheran; spent 3 months in Bombay doing mathematical economics on a scholarship, and is now writing a book (in Persian) on the economic position of the Zoroastrians as culled from the literature (6 months research). I sat down with him for about 45 minutes and began a genealogy. He lives with his widowed mother and 3 brothers (a dentist, a medical student at U. of Isphahan, and a high school student); he has been engaged for 8 years to the daughter of a man from Aliabad-i-Yazd, in whose firm he worked when he first came to Teheran. The Katkhoda of Sharifabad-i-Ardekan-i-Yazd is Mr. Rustam Belivand, with whom Mary Boyce stayed, who speaks no English but is full of information. Allahyar's Mother is illiterate, but knows the customs; her father was a farmer, name of family: Bameshki. Allahyar's Father was a teacher in the six-year Zoroastrian school of Sharifabad; and taught there for 39 years before retiring and coming to Teheran to do clerical work on the Bahrami Afagh ~~farm~~ farming village south of Teheran--salary work. This farm belonged to Hodayar Afagh the son of Bahram Afagh who never came to Teheran and was from Mebarak-i-Yazd; the farm was bought with money from Bombay, from the confectionary-bakery of Hodayar's brother, Rustam. Allahyar's father spent about 8 years in Bombay as a young man before he married running a tea shop; when he wanted to marry he returned to Sharifabad.

b. (Tues) 1970. In the morning I went with Dr. Yaganegi's letter of introduction to find Mr. Akbar Zad, Deputy Minister in the Ministry of Culture; I found his office but he was not in and I was told he would be back around 12:30; so I took the opportunity to run over to see Mr. Bahrami at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs first to find out where he had sent the letter and its number. I found out that the Ministry of Culture had finally informed the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of its refusal on my permit, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs had correspondingly written to the American Embassy. As far as they were concerned absolutely nothing could be done unless I could convince Mr. Zad to change the Ministry of Culture ruling. When I returned to the Ministry of Culture, Mr. Zad had returned--very friendly; he had almost gone to graduate school at the Univ. of Chicago, but couldn't find an apartment and so moved on via Colorado to Cornell where he did some anthropology. As to Haliqi, he opined: that man knows nothing; agreed he has no idea what anthropology is; I hired him 2 years ago to train him and he still has no idea. As I explained my problems, he dialed both Pourmand, the guy (Director-General) who had issued the new regulations, and Khaliqi; the latter was not there; with the former he discussed the regulations, saying afterwards that the rules should apply only to archeologists and are otherwise ridiculous; he would work on the matter, and also call Mr. Bahrami. But in any case, he doesn't see why I should need a permit at all: as long as I have a valid visa no one is going to throw me out of the country; what I should do is have the American Embassy write a letter to the U. of Teheran asking them to take me under their wing and guide me; and then have them write general letters of introduction saying for people to help me. After leaving Mr. Zad, I stopped by the Ministry of Higher Education; Miss Hejazi had received a copy of the refusal letter from the Ministry of foreign affairs, and now of course she could do nothing for me; Reza Alevi was in. In the afternoon I sent off a copy of the Fischer Saga to Marvin Zonis, and a copy home.

In the evening Jacob Black and I went to a movie sponsored by the Italian Cultural Institute showing at the Auditorium of the Ministry of Culture; very well done old movie (early fifties) about the Nazis in Rome--well done but not emotionally calculated to raise my spirits. We then went to dinner at the Paprika where we ran into Chris and Jane Philstrup. About Iran-Zamin: the science program is not quite up to par for kids to pass standard college-entrance level exams (the physics lab has no sink); but the humanities-history and language programs are superb; the degree given is a so-called "International Baccalaureate" which is acceptable to most universities in the US and GB. Jacob had taught for a year at a similar kind of cosmopolitan-faculty school in the Congo--a teacher training college set up under Unesco, the principal was Italian, the head of the English department was an American Negro (who bore a grudge against the Congolese because they didn't accept him as a black man; who bore a grudge against the other Americans because they were white; who bore a grudge against Jacob because he spoke English English...), several of the French-language teachers were Belgian (they were unhappy because the students refused to allow them to correct their French on the grounds that Belgian French is a bastard French); there were some Frenchmen; some Swiss who went around with their bolox cameras and tape-recorders proclaiming how they were wonderful socialists and harbored no colonialist attitudes; and the students kept going on strike because they wanted to have native teachers; decolonize the school. Re. Bahais--one of their fundamental principles is to disperse; so they now are really all over the world in small groups; (Jacob confirmed their movement into the Congo from East Africa); they have not adopted any form of the Shia dissimulation practice, and if asked their religion will admit to being Bahai even if it means the loss of the job. Chris was quite surprised by the amount of wealth in the community here, but rationalizes it thus; recognizing that legally govt jobs are closed to them, Bahais recognized the need to estab. an ec. base indepen. of the gvt, and thus moved into business. He is under the impression that the number of Bahais in Iran is no longer expanding; and they are leaving in large numbers.

After dinner Jacob and I repaired to the German Institute. He seems to be getting on in Maristan a bit better. Shir Ali has got his teeth, but he decided althe Jacob tried to get him to go to the good dentist in Khorramabad, to get his new teeth from a fellow in the bazaar who was 50 tomans cheaper; he's got teeth now but he's also got ulcers from a poor fit. But Shif Ali's eldest son (whom I never met) has returned, and is proving to be both a good companion and a helpful informant. The big event was the death of Hadji Musa--he's been burried in Qum and is being elevated almost to the rank of a kaxmovim? . Everyone is wailing all the time and tearing their faces (you scratch your face the deeper the closer a relation you are) and puting ashes on their heads. No one is doing thas better than Shir Ali's son, who is trying to be quite politic. Even Hadji Reza told him to cut it out; but he replied: no, no., I want to. The death is insofar unfortunate, as it now becomes impossible to mention death or people go off into wailing--and this will go on for a year; deaths are one of the few ways of dating, so this is unfortunate. Another event was the death of Jacob's mule; they overloaded it on a cliff and it feal off, they told Jacob and he found it still alive and suffering so he shot it; they said this was a sin; it was one of God's creatures; he replied 'oh come off it, you're killing birds all day long'. Their cooking techniques he reports are wasteful of nutrients; they under-cook lentils so that they cant digest them; since they are generally camped near good pasturage rather than near water (the camp I visited where the two coincided is quite unusual) after a while a camp becomes quite charged with human feces and one can walk around and see what people have been eating. He tried to show them how to cook birds so that they don't dry out (they cook them by cutting the legs apart so they dry out; he spits them under the wings and thru the legs)-- they admit it's much better his way and have him spit birds whenever he's around but refuse to do so on their own. He tried to show them how to thicken soup with fleur; they considered this good too, but won't do it themselves. The women say bread consumption goes to double in winter quarters. He's come to think that a definite segmentary system was operative not too long ago, but people get very confused now-- change has been occurring to these people at such a pace, that their reaction is something like aphasia: they cannot even remember what they did two years ago.

4 Feb. (Wed) 1970. Robert Hillenbrand talked at the American Institute weekly meeting about tomb tower development, and will cont. next Tues. Bill Sumner says he'll go talk to Akbar Zad, and possibly also to the Ambassador; this is the point he's been waiting for: an actual work of refusal.

In the evening I was invited out to dinner at the home of one of Dr. Yaganegi's engineering consultants, M. Farokhshahab, and his wife from Olney Md. Present also was a Mrs. Shadkhi who is in education, just has accepted a job in the Ministry of Science and Higher Education; and Mr. & Mrs. Walter Goves. Groves has been in Iran off an on since the 1920s--the first fifteen years with Albers College; now is helping set up Demavand College (girls liberal arts) which is a successor in Presbyterian-aided education to the Beth-el high school. At Albers he had a whole string of Iran's elite pass under him (he was Dean) including Dr. Yaganegi and Dr. Varjovand. Yaganegi's father was a shoe-merchant in Teheran. He knew Arbab Kei Khosrow Shahrokh, and was here when he was murdered; a senseless killing--he was an old man at the time; the story was that it was a political murder because one of his sons, Shah Bahram, was broadcasting propaganda for the Nazis from Germany to Iran; the that doesnt really make sense since Iran was strongly pro-Germany in sentiment. The Episcopal Bishop for Iran, trained in England, is a Tafti, now resides in Isphahan ; as to the mission in Yasd I should talk to Rev Gurney and Rev. at St. Pauls Church (on Roosevelt btw Soraya and Takhte Jamshid). Farokhshahab gave me two pieces of literature published by the Darut-tabligh-e-Islam (Islamic Educational Center) in Qum: "Food for Thought for Christians" and "A Living Religion with exalted Teachings"; the latter is a reprint of an article which appeared in the Journal Maktab-e Islam, translated now into English, Turkish, and Arabic for dissemination to teach the world about Shiism. Several interesting points: (1) est. 30 million Shi'ites in the world, = e. 1/4 of the Islamic community;

(2) ecumenicalism: about 20 yrs ago al-Azar Univ. in Cairo established "the center for rapprochement between Islamic schools" with the collaboration of Shi'ite scholars; it publishes a journal Risalat al-Islam; the late rector of al-Azar U., & the Grand Mufti of the Sunnis, Shaikh Mahmud Shaltut, for the 1st time declared openly ~~that~~ the official recognition of the religious teachings of the Shiites; & he permitted all Sunnis to perform their relig duties according to Shiite beliefs if they so wished; (3) missionaries: the late Shiite leader, Ayatallah Burujirdi endeavored to send propagators of Shi'ism to Europe and America--there is a large Iranian mosque in Hamburg; (4) universities of Shiism exist in Najaf, Qum, Meshed; (5) beliefs: unity of god; prophets sent not to explain the inexplicable but to teach people how to live with one another; judgment on Resurrection Day; 12 Imams as vice-regents of God; Divine Justice & it's corollary of free will; gate of ijtihad is open to all ulama; 4 modes of distinguishing relig duties: proof by Quran, Hadiths of Prophet and Imams, consensus of ulama, reason. Also: "Shi'ites like all Muslims believe that finally a day will come when mankind will reach an impasse because of injustice, struggles, wars and bloodsheds. Then with a sacred spiritual revolution guided by one of the descendants of the prophet the face of the world will change completely. Peace, justice, and faith in God will dominate everywhere and all peoples and nations will live in a lasting peace and tranquility."

Thursday, 5 Feb. I got Rev. Gurney's number from Dr. Groves who called him to let him know I would be calling; I then called Rev. Gurney and made an appointment to see him on Monday morning.

Mike Burrell reports: (1) Arbab Jamshid was elected as the repres. of the Zoroas. for the 1st Majlis in 1906. (2) of Browne's Persian Revolution 1905-1910, for a photo of a 1910 fatwa fr the Mustaheds saying that the Zoroas. are protected people and not to be attacked; pp. 421-2.

Robert Hillebrand reports that there is a tradition that Zoroaster is buried under one of the Mongol tomb towers in Khorassan.

6 Feb. (Fri) - 17 Bahram.

7 Feb. (Sat) - 18 Bahram. Parvin Hejazi called to say Tabari is back from Turkey and says he will look into the affair. Lunch at the Embassy; Parviz Varjovand was there and said he could give me an introduction to Sadegh Kia, the Deputy Minister for Arts in the Ministry of Arts and Culture. Dr. Iimatainen came over and walked back with me to say good-bye to David Stronach, since he is going back to Washington. He said the x-raying of the pyramids in Egypt (his wife is an Egyptologist) was successful; negative results insofar as no chambers were found; they want to continue as long as the machinery is there, but it is in the air at the moment because of the Israeli raids. Re. thh Israeli raids, Keith and Mike were mulling over the value of the threat to the Aswan Dam; they agreed that altho the Israeli's could use the threat they could never afford to carry it out since it would destroy Egypt, cause American withdrawal of support and possibly mobilization of Soviet troops; Mike was saying that hitting electricity and service facilities connected with the dam could be effective; Keith points out that the whole Aswan Dam is a ridiculous thing; it is inefficient, the electric set up loses about 45% of its capability, and the whole thing could go by accident. The paper points out that Israel is making big inroads in the world market with its Uzi sub-machine guns; the Shah has equipped his bodyguard with them.

Bill Royce reports an incident of anti-Zoroastrian prejudice; he is trying to sell of his furniture etc. and was bargaining with one of these guys who plys the alleys and his landlady came out and tried to help him get the price he wanted; when it was no go, she took the object back inside; the vendor yelled after her 'you son of a dog, Zoroastrian...'; and he waited at the entrance til her daughter came home from school and gave her the same treatment.

- 8 February (Sunday) - 19 Bahram. Went for a hamburger with Bill Sumner and family to the IAS; he and I shot the bull while the others went off to see a movie. He's giving a talk on Persepolis to the Womens Club of the Am. Embassy and has been going around town taking photos of things with Persepolis motifs; all the banks have some sort of Persepolis-period symbol. In the evening went over to Bill Royce's. He is a good friend of Keyvan Tabari who mentioned the other night something casual about 'your friend Fischer is having a lot of trouble with his permits isn't he?' Rumour about Nasr--he was supposed to lead the Haj, usually a job for an older man of the religious hierarchy; he didn't go; complained of being sick, but the rumor is that the Gvt backed down; too much protest from the traditional-Qum people.
- 9 February (Monday) - 20 Bahram. I dropped by Parviz Varjovand's office. Sadegh Kia is full of ideas about the period of Zoroastrian dispersal; he thinks that many of the Sassanian refugees became Manicheans and were ripe for the Arab conquest in the southwest. He is in anycase very pro-Zoroastrian, but he is not one of the circle around Pour Davoud. There were 3-4 competing such circles, of which Davoud was one, Behruz another, Kia a third. I asked him to write me a letter of introduction which he did, but it was a long production and he kept apologising that he couldn't write Persian very well, esp. had trouble spelling Arabic words; he can speak Arabic since he went to H.S. in Lebanon (his father's medical degree is from AUB) but can't write. I also got the name of his uncle in Yazd who has a big old house in which I might be able to stay; his grandmother also lives there; the uncle used to ply the spice trade between Iran and Bombay. That used to be a great overland trade route til the turn of the century when GB began discouraging traffic that way to protect its oil interests and when the countries became independent, viz. all the large houses along that route in towns which have now withered.

Leaving Parviz, I went to see Rev. Gurney at the Episcopal Diocese (nr. the Russian Hospital). He says I should definitely stop in Isphahan and talk to Bishop Daghganeh Tafti, David Austerberry who is the pastor for Yazd, and Miss Noubie Aidin (an Irish Armenian, and a Persian subject) who lives near the Bishop's house and who ran the Christian Mission Society girl's school in Yazd. (That school has now been taken over by the Gvt). She's going to Ahwaz on the 19th so I should try to be there well in advance; she's an old, old lady now but still very mentally alert. As to the Christian community in Yazd, there are about 20; notably see Mr. & Mrs. Ma'adan Notq (ma'adan = 'mine'; notq is Arabic for speech) who run a small hotel which used to be the Point Four Hotel and Yazdis will probably guide me correctly if I ask for Mehmankhane Asli Chahar. The CMS hospital was washed away by a flood, and the church is now located in its ruins; a Zoroastrian convert Christian woman is there and takes care of several village children during the week. The Gurneys lived in Yazd for about three years (they've been in Iran 3 1/2 years); a clergy man is no longer in residence because of the police; they kept watch and would question people who visited. In general the regime is very tolerant, as long as there is no hint of political activity. Christians (i.e. non-Assyrians and non-Armenians) have no franchise, which given present circumstances is no big loss, but the Christians are indirectly recognized: (a) the Bishop and the diocese gave a bible to the Shah at his coronation and was thanked by the Minister of Court; (b) it used to be that all church land had to be held in the name of one of the Christian converts, but now the church does have a legal personality--it is formed into a trust for the property, can buy and sell. The converts of Yazd are half Zoroastrian and half Muslim, few Jews ever; in Teheran the situation is very different; 60% are Jews, the rest are Muslim, and only one or two are Zoroastrian. The different converts mix very nicely in all areas except marriage; there is never a case of Muslim-Christians voting for Muslim-Christians in community elections; but when it comes to marriage, they stick with their own, and possibly this is strongest among the Jewish-converts. This years Synod

meeting will be held in Yazd the week of Feb. 23 (Mon-Fri). There are no relations with the Muslim clergy. On the Zoroastrians, both Rev. and Mrs. Gurney separately told me that inbreeding seem to show its effects: some of the children are brilliant, but many are also below par, and some of the women tend to become dull, fat... Green is a traditional Zoroastrian color: the traditional wedding dress of the bride is green, and the large sugar cone is wrapped in green, and you often get green-wrapped sweets; esp. around NowRuz people carry around green twigs. In Kerman, they light a large bonfire outside town before spring plowing to warm the ground, and smaller answering fires are placed on Zoroastrian rooves. There was earlier a division of Christian missionary work: the American Presbyterians got the north, and the CMS got the south. Re. Bahais, they are popular because they are of Iranian origin (and can tout this over Islam), because they present a facade of modernity (tho when you look into it, there is nothing particularly modern about it), and because they seemly give a degree of freedom not found in more rigid Islamic rules of conduct. (Parviz Varjovand said in the morning that a reason Bahais have enjoyed such a success is because there is an Iranian tradition that every thousand years a new prophet will arise; thus they were psychologically prepared for such an acceptance just about 1000 yrs after Mohammad give or take a couple centuries.) Gurney says, yes, there is no question that all the minority groups are moved to establish positions in business because of insecurity in government tenure; its simple human psychology that if there is a job opening and it is a choice between a Muslim and a non-Muslim, the former will get it. The Gurneys know the Hillebrands and Mike Bursell (Carol says he almost lost both eyes, but an operation at least saved one); Gurney is a painter and has some very nice landscapes of the stark Iranian barren mountains; their son-in-law was a convert and ran away from Meshed because of persecution (--Carol).

After lunch with the Gurneys, I went to see Dr. Wald, the new Science Attache, who was very cagey, and told me to talk to Bill Summer whom he had seen this morning-- he refused to tell me what was in the works; clearly he was not jumping into writing a protest note to Foreign Affairs about my permit refusal; but he wasn't going to tell me what his angle was--give me another couple of days, all I can say is we have the matter under consideration. I went back to the Institute and called Summer who sounded somewhat harrassed; it turned out that Wald and Rowse are going to see Esraghi, the American Political Desk officer at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs later in the week. Bill and Dick Arndt had been to see Akbar Zad who promised to try to get the Regulation changed, but with regard to me only again said they should write a letter to Hussein Nasr and have him write me letters of introduction. Bill vaguely talked about if I wanted to go to Bombay this might be a good time--it looked like it would take months.

IN the Afternoon, I went to the Zoroas. Lib. and made an appointment through Shahzadeh to meet Lorasb on Wednesday at 5:00. In the evening I finally finished reading Marvin Zonis' thesis which I had borrowed from Howard.

Tued. 10 Feb., 21 Bahram. Yesterday Hoyveda presented the Budget for the new year of 1349 to Parliament: the increase in military spending over last year is almost equal to the amount spent on education (not quite, more accurately is equal to last years allocation for education).

I went to see Tabari--an odd confrontation; we began friendly enough; I said I was Bill Royce's friend which seemed to sit well; he asked if I was working with Marvin Zonis; I asked if he had worked with Dan Lerner (his PhD is from Columbia); he then got on the phone and called Bahrami, meanwhile he asked me about my project as if he knew nothing: it was obvious from his conversation with Bahrami that he was well versed (as he should have been, having been briefed by Alevi and Hejazi); he said that he told Bahrami to clear things up with the Ministry of Culture so that it would have nothing to do with them, and that the Ministry of Higher Education wanted to have sole sponsorship of me: he hoped this would work out. He however then issued a stern warning: don't over-extend your research; just do your project; researchers tend to want to talk to everybody and learn as much about everything, but don't, do your project first then maybe at the end in the last 2 months play around; a French anthropologist working with the Baktiari talked to people he wasn't supposed to; don't talk to

people you are not supposed to. I asked him to spell this out for me; he couldn't or wouldn't. I had lunch at the Embassy with Bill Royce, Dunning Wilson and Khosrow ?. Bill was interested in the exchange with Tabari and was as surprised at the final warning as I; Tabari had said the exact opposite to him: so don't worry about Big Brother so much. Khosrow is concerned about the lack of freedom to travel here and wants out--his son was born in the US and he immediately got him a US passport; he now wants to leave on a business trip but they told him he can't get an exit visa until Saturday because of the Haj; it's only a matter of a few days but it could just as easily be years and there's nothing you can do about it. I suggested nothing but get to know Alan real well--at which he and Bill grinned and said say he learns fast--either that or pay someone; a friend just paid 8000 tomans to get a passport and an exit visa (over \$1000); who does one pay how much when--it's something neither you or I can do, but you need an intermediary (a paskarde?). Re. the bureaucracy, they are better, more efficient, more helpful now than they have been in the past, believe it or not, but if anything should happen to you know who the whole system would go into real chaos, the chaos you see now in the bureaucracies of Iraq and Syria. It is true nobody wants to sign anything, and there are always half a dozen signatures before the last guy affixed the official signature so nobody gets caught with responsibility for anything, because everyone is afraid of losing their sinecures which is exactly what the bureaucracy jobs are: you get 2,3,4 thousand tomans a month (on which you live very well) as long as you don't cause any trouble.

- 11 Feb. (Wed.)--21 Bahram. Howard Rotblat dropped by to invite me to dinner. He says Tabari was a classmate of Weinbaum (this polit. sci. prof. fr. Ill.) and they taught together at a small college, and maybe he can find out what the warning was all about. I then went to Iran Doc and got the copies of Don Stilo's book for Iran Zamin and myself. Bill Summer dropped by and reported a conversation with Tabari this morning, who said he had seen me yesterday, had taken steps and was optimistic. Meanwhile Dr. Negabaum (Markik) went to see people in the Ministry of Culture and got them to agree that the regulation should be changed and he will press on. Bill also went to see Alan in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs who called Pourmand, but the conversation was fruitless--full of gorbani-shomas, and when he put down the phone he commented that things might be a bit more difficult than he had thought.

At 2:00 I went to the Univ. of Teheran's center for International Relations Library to meet Allahayar Dabestani, but he called and said he couldn't make it til 3:00, when indeed he did come. We continued work on his genealogy till 4:30 when both of us had to leave. He said that Yasna Mehrized began yesterday and lasts 5 days; each family kills a sheep and lights candles in the fire temple--there is a rotation between families of killing sheep for different days of the 5 and at the end they take the sheep remains to a common place, read the Avesta and divide it for all the people. His father Ardeshir Dabestani established the Sharifabad school 40-50 years ago; it was called the Jamshidi School; and he taught there for 39 years; it was started with money from the Parsees as were the Marker and Dinyari Schools in Yazd (yatin = orphanage); students pay nominal fee of 20-30 R/yr salaries pd by Parsees. Leading names of Muslim Zoroastrianists: Ahmad Cassravi, Ebrahim Pour Davoud, Sedgh Kia, Homadin Ferocckh, Mayari Navabi, Zabi Holah Behruz. At 5:00 then I met Soroosh Lorame at the Zoroastrian Library, and he just talked for about an hour about the history of the Anjoman.

Afterwards I went over to the Rotblats for dinner, and the Stilos dropped by--the nibble by Chicago is still possible. Jerry Clinton has a nibble from Minneapolis.

- 13 February (Friday) - 23 Bahram. Evening, went with Dunning Wilson to Sorour Soroudi's house for dinner. Her father is a cloth merchant, orig. from Kashang. Neither parent speaks any language but Farsi; he has had only 6 years education. Sorour has 2 brothers in American (one, a medical student is doing his residency, wants to go into radiology); and 2 married sisters in Israel (Bat Yam); one sister is still at home: a fine arts student. Soroud went to H.S. and college in Israel; now she is at UCLA doing a PhD in Persian Literature: political poetry of the Constitutional period. She wants to return to the Hebrew University in Jerusalem to teach: they have just started a Persian major.
- 14 February (Sat) - 24 Bahram. Began packing; around noon called Allahyar Dabestan's home: he wasn't in and I did not pursue it. In the afternoon I made a last minute dash of the rounds: to the Abraham Lincoln (USIS) Library to return Herzfeld, and pick up my library card; to the American Institute, to return Iranian Studies, and pick up mail for Mike Bonine; (Met Dr. Anne Kälmer, Berkely Assyriologist, there); to the Rotblats to return Marvin Zonis' thesis and a last drink. Then back to the British Institute to catch the end of David Whitehouse's talk on the excavations at Siraf (village-city difference in the archeol. record: in village bread is baked in ea home, in city in central place). Afterwards, Tony Hutt, Carol Hillenbrand (Rbt was out of town on a trip), Miriam Imami, Mike Burrell, and Dunning Wilson took me to Leon's for a farewell dinner of blinnies (caviar and sour cream on pancakes - 250R) with vodka, and fried duck (120 R) with wine.
- 15 February (Sun.)--25 Bahram. Got up early and finished packing and loading the car, incl. changing money with the Jewish exchange on Ferdowsi (today's rate is 79 for cash dollars, 78 for TC, tho they started at 77). We finally (Dunning Wilson and I) got out of town by noon, driving straight to Isphahan stopping only for gas and an overturned truck across the middle of the road with its load spilled all over, but the driver only stunned; arriving at the Armenian-owned Apadana Hotel (250 for a double incl. hot water, parking lot, heat, but else not spectacular--apparently the standard stopping place for 'in-the-know' foreigners such as British Inst. people and hippies). We had dinner at the Caranne, a plush place in a kuche just across the Chahr Bagh (entres, everything from chelo-kebab to Wiener Schnitzle, runs 12-14 toman). Afterwards we strolled up Chahr Bagh, and I bought a miniature portrait of a sorrowful-musing man: a particularly nicely executed expression--it was one of about 5 signed pieces in the shop all of which stood out from their mediocre surroundings, 3 of which were by my artist, Ardeshir; and one of which was a grotesque man's head done in animals, a similar one we saw later in the bazaar; --he wanted 450R for my miniature: eventually 30t for it w/o the frame: got it for 25 toman.
- 16 Feb. (Mon)--26 Bahram. Dunning accompanied me to the Episcobal Church (St. Luke's): a large compound of chapel, schools and residences. Rev. David Ansterberry is already in Yazd preparing for the Synod. The Bishop Deghqani-Tafti is in Israel for the consecration of the new Bishop Kenneth Cragg (The Call to the Minarette). We were shown by the servant towards the secretary, when by chance I ran into Sarah Whitcombe (7 Astell St., London SW 3, Tel. FLA 8849; with whom I had gone to Veramin). She took us back to the Bishop's house to meet the Bishop's wife, da. of the last bishop--an English woman. While waiting for her to come down, I looked around at the pictures on the wall and found a description of a tile used in Christian buildings (e.g. those of the compound) patterned after Muslim tiles: an 8-sided star with the name of Jesus Christ in the center, surrounded by 8 of his titles or qualities: the Builder (Heb. 1.2); the Sublime (Phil.11.9) the Forgiver (Matt.IX.6), the Guide (John VIII.12), the Deity (John X.30), the Redeemer (Matt. XX.28), the Healer (Matt. VIII.7), the Protector (JohnX.2

The Bishop is the son of a Muslim man and a Christian woman; the latter had been a nurse in the CMS hospital in Yazd. When she died she wanted her sons raised as Christians. The old man, her husband, who was devoted to her wanted to respect her wishes but couldn't bear to think that his oldest boy should become an apostate to Islam. He eventually agreed to divine with the Quran if Christianity would be good for his second son: he opened the Quran at random and the reading was good, and so the second son was raised as a Christian. The elder son is still a devout Muslim and prays for his brother's return to Islam. They (the family of the elder son) would come and visit, and were friendly, but not close; they have now moved from Taft to Kerman and contact is pretty much cut off. Another brother is in Bombay (muslims as well as Zoroastrians went to Bombay).

The community in Yazd. The hospital et al. was destroyed in a freak flash flood about 40 years ago: everyone was safely evacuated to higher ground, but the cellars filled with water and the mud construction collapsed. The present chapel is in what used to be an out-patient ward. From the flood on there has been no real replacement of equipment, and no resident pastor; David Austerberry lives in Isphahan, and just occasionally (biweekly or once a month) goes to Yazd; he is scheduled to leave for good in June, and no decision has been made about the future of the church there. The number of Christians in Yazd is very small: there is a village on the Isphahan road which is basically Zoroastrian, but a Christian woman lives there and comes into Yazd to take care of the church bringing with her several women; then there is the Ma'adan Notq family on the Kerman road who run the old Point Four Hotel. Miss Aidin was allowed to cont. in the Yazd school after the Govt forced all other schools to become Persian because she is a Persian citizen.

There are 6 native clergy: one Jewish, one Armenian, a Zoroastrian named Khosravani in Ahwaz. **

The Bishop says that the level of education has deteriorated instead of improving: what his child, Souchi, learns in the 6th grade is by far not equal to what he himself knew at the same age.

Afterwards we went briefly to Sarah's room in the senior girls compound of the School for the Blind where she has been working (12 senior blind girls) to pick up a bronze candleholder of 4 rams which she had bought for Miss Aidin (22 T), and admire her other things: fancy tiles (5 T apiece; cheaper ones go for 3T), cloth, etc. Junior Blind school has 40.

Then we went to see Miss Aidin, 76, daughter of an English missionary mother and an Armenian (Julfa) father (thus her Persian citizenship). There were 2 Miss Aidins--her sister died a few years ago, had worked in Isphahan. In 1921 Miss Aidin was asked by Bishop Linton to go to Yazd to take over the girls school started by Miss Price. She did so, and stayed 30 years till under the xenophobia of the Mossadeq era she was forced out. The school still continues with her students as teachers. (On the school: cf the Sol-name--she has a copy:

سال تحصیلی ۱۳۲۷-۲۸
 بها نيل از انتشار ۲۰ ريال
 بعد از انتشار ۲۰ ريال
 نرسيدك يزد

She has a copy of Malcolm's History of Persia transl. into Persian with hand-emplaced pictures--a bit marked by the Flood of Yazd: willing to sell.

Zoroastrian disabilities and reform under Reza Shah: the Zoroastrian men had to wear muck-yellow, cap with headcloth with tail hanging down; no colors, no hats or turbans. The women had to have a patch on their clothes even if new--a problem solved by having colorfully embroidered clothes in

**One reason for the greater no. of Jewish converts in Teheran vs nill in Yazd is the Church Mission to Jews in Teheran.

They want to send their daughter to Demavand College if she is accepted in a year or two. Miss Gray was allowed to establish this school and get accreditation because she's been here so long and had run the finishing school Beth-El. But it is impossible for missionaries to open teacher training college as had been thought about (cf note above on deteriorating education levels, and therefore the need for good teachers). She (the bishop's wife) was Principal of one of the schools.)

Miss Aidin: Zoroastrians were not allowed to have shops in the bazaar, and she is not ~~xxxx~~ sure if they have any such shops now. They have shops in an old caravanserai. They used to have to wear their givens with backs turned down even on long trips out into the desert.

Miss Aidin adopted two kids from an Old Christian man (who had become Christian in India: he had heard Bishop French in the 19th cent.), whose first kids were brought up badly by his domineering wife; she died and he married a village girl whom he thought he could handle. Then he felt he was getting old (he was close to 100, and eventually died at 110) and asked Miss Aidin to take his little daughter and bring her up right. Miss Aidin refused saying that she was first financially unable, and second it would cause a flood of people to ask her to do the same. But he gave her some land to be held in trust for the girl, profits in the meantime to go towards her upkeep, so Miss A. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ accepted, and brought up a little brother as well. The old man had two more kids before he died (proud of his continuing virility) but she refused to take them. Her adopted girl is now in Teheran, the boy in Ahwaz (whom she is going to see this week).

We sat in a lunch bar so I could write while we had sandwiches. Entertainment: 3 guys came in and ate khoreh next to us; a 4th guy came to the door and sang out that 'my head is crazy' and so successfully begged some food from the first three--he was a young man.

In the afternoon we drove out of town west and south. To the west to the Fire Temple Mountain--built on a huge hill, not clear what kind of rock, but a monadnock on the valley floor, whitish hard rock formed the final ascent to the crowing round edifice), and to the Shaking Minarets (tomb, a child said, of Abu Abdullah). To the south a hillock--emplaced tomb-tower or small pigeon tower' fr which could see the fire temple hill dwarfed by the surrounding ridges. Also stopped at an old pigeon tower w fascinating interior:



The Zoroastrian village with the Christian community nr Yazd: Nasrafabad.

We then walked over to the Waterfields for dinner stopping briefly at the English-lg bookstore along the way which it turned out he had started for the Episcopal Diocese, but which had since been turned over to his Persian manager and had since deteriorated. But was still the best shop in Teheran or Isphahan. I bought a copy of Bishop Deghani-Tafti's Design of My World of wh they had a German translation as well.

The Waterfields have been here 12 years--since about 1956: 7 years here in Isphahan then 4 in Teheran and now back here. He has been in the bookselling business most of his life, and is doing a bibliography of materials on Persia in European languages which is still only on cards, and he needs to get to a good library. We talked til 12:30. Re. bibliographies, Navabi's thing on Zoroastrians is pathetic: he got the grant from the Ministry of Arts and Culture of £ 2000 which once was offered to Waterfield (not formally and he knew a foreigner could never get it.). The bibliog of the Cambridge Hist. of Iran will simply be a collation of the chapter bibliographies.

There is no clearinghouse for information on books published in Persia. Little publishers put out volumes and have little interest in promoting sales: it is not a commercial business in the usual sense since usually somebody puts up the money to have a book printed thus ensuring the printer's profit before sales. The books therefore are not items of sale so much as items of barter used to get books from other shops; thus books stores couldn't care less if the average man buying a book or two at a time buys or does not buy: hence no need for making stocks known to potential customers either in the way of display or in the way of catalogues.

There are two main printers (meaning doing more than printing visiting cards in Isphahan, both of which are very primitive. When the Church Hymnal was printed, they could only set 16 quartos at a time--they would run 16, break them down and then reset the next 16. There are 4 main bookshop-publishers in Isphahan.

It was only religion which stopped Persia from having moveable type printing presses before Europe. In the 11-12th cent. Chinese artisans in Tabriz made pottery etc.; and there are also still in existence bank notes of that time done with moveable type. But as far as the Iranians themselves were concerned, all writing had to be done in the Holy Script with grand calligraphy: type stamping was no good.

You cannot get books out of the warehouse of the Teheran University Press. He (Waterfield) went in with a list of books which Araj Afshar says must be in print: 'Oh yes, they are in print, but the man who is in charge of that section is on holiday: come back in three days.' They would not even let the librarian of the University of Isphahan search for himself.

The University of Isphahan is not a university. The former Chancellor Foroughi was a grand old man who kept people under his thumb and when he left, the place really deteriorated. The problem with the Peace Corps was that (1) their leader came in with well developed white-settler feelings: you've got to push these people the way they are to go; (2) the University did not want them or rather the University took them because they did not have to be paid and so veteran teachers could be fired, and then they treated the PCV badly; (3) the standards which the Peace Corps people wanted to introduce were unattainable. You cannot set standards or pretend it's a university. An older man who has taught for a long time in overseas education says, as I do, that the only thing you can do is press them a little further than they think they can do. (4) The PCV presented the University with some ultimatum which the University, being fed up with the PCV anyhow, ignored, and so all but John Macdonald left--Macdonald stayed, but he won't be here long--a moody, unbalanced person, who finally hit someone recently. Waterfield now teaches at the University having given up the bookstore, and enjoys it tremendously, but the kids' English is irremediably bad. You've got to get these boys as youngsters and train them right: my primary school boys at the docese school know more than the 4th year seniors at the University. He's refused to try to teach English language per se, but lectures in Persian on English literature. He tells the story of a little English girl who goes to a Persian kindergarden and has an Armenian teacher; she came home one day and replied to her parent's question of what did you do in school today by saying we learned a Persian poem: shall I recite it for you--yes of course-- The poem was 'Mary had a little lamb', but in a pronunciation which the little girl had failed to recognize as her own language.

Dr. Abadani is a gentle man--very nice--but hardly a scholar. In fact there is no scholarship in Iran and Minovi who is the closest says as much. S.H. Nasr is by no means anything recognizably Islamic, Sufic, or Persian--he is a gnostic, as demonstrated by his masters: Schuon, and his teacher G Nasr is to the traditional religious people as a theosophist is to the Church of England: irrelevant. Hadji Nuri

There is a censorship law on the books which says that all books must be submitted for approval. But it is only there so that if something should be published that they don't like, they can then go and say, why did you not submit it? There is only one guy for all of Teheran's censoring. The diocese bookshop in Manochehri in Teheran once was asked to bring in some books for clearance and they went in and found this guy: you do all of Teheran's--don't worry about it, they'll pass, just give me the books; so they did, six months passed, and he did nothing, by which time the flap died down, and they simply carried on as before. SAVAK used to come into the shop here and look at the shelves occasionally and would pick out the books like Identity Card, and say 'they're forbidden'; Waterfield would say 'excuse me, I did not know: could you give me a list of the forbidden books?--No, we can't but it is forbidden--give us the copies of the books; and off they would go with the books. "Leo Vaughan", author of the Jokeman, is a pseudonym--taught at the U. of Shiraz before it became Pahlavi.

Bahais are dishonest--dissimulate--are helpful to each other and in that respect unfair to others which may be their downfall. But they are hard working and do the jobs given to them, and they are efficient. The appeal of Bahaiism is their modernity (drink, equality of women, etc.)--appeals to growing middle class, and is Persian. Fair evid. that PM Hoyveda is Bahai.

The schizophrenic society of Persian Islam: read in children's books that the Arabs are bad, destroyed this, etc. but they gave the divine gift of Islam.

In Afghanistan there is something called the Afghan Mission--missionaries banded together and under this rubric which is treated like a government mission opened two eye clinics.

One of the richest men in Isphahan is a bazari who has a small room with two tables and two chairs, stubble beard, no tie and looks like he's penniless. His son drives a cadillac, dresses well, has a nice modern home.

Hassan Arab--used to procure women for the court--got in on distribution of foreign journals and used to have the monopoly on them which made it easy for the Gvt if they wanted something not sold. Now the magazines have been handed over (at least on the surface) to Mebso Gregorian, who used to be a penniless boy in Julfa. Hassan Arab still runs the Lux printing press in Teheran and probably produces all the local pornography.

Sassons - Baghdad Jewish family who went to Persia, ended up in Hong Kong. Now all over the world. Is an antique shop on Char Bagh which is Sasson. Cf. an article on the Jews of Isphahan; by Fishel (Berkely)--he is supposed to be doing a 3 volume history of the Jews of Persia. Bishop Tafti is in Jerusalem for the consecration of Bishop Kenneth Cragg. Carlisle Masanian, son of the owner of the Apadana is a bibliophile--wants to sell his collection to the BM and is probably taking it out one by one to avoid gvt wrath.

Persia still imports about 20% of its sugar--this agro-indus proj. in Khusistan will not only solve that--best sugar cane land in the world--but hope to have a fleet of refrigerated planes for early vegetables to be sent to the European market.

Yazd Christians are in Nostratabad: Homayun, about 35 year old woman who works at the church in Yazd itself; 3 very old men, 3 less old men, and a couple of women come but they are not baptized. The Yazd community then is the Nostratabad ex-Zoroastrian Christians (3 men, 2 women, and some children) and the Ma'adan-e Notq family (runs the Yazd Guest House: HU, WI, 3 children).

17 Feb (Tues)--27 Bahram: Aid-e Gorban. Holiday: university and public offices closed. Dunning and I walked to the Maidan-e Shah, looking at the Madrassa first, including the room of Shah Sultain Hassen, last Safavid who taught here. We then went to the Diocese Blind school to meet Sarah and Elizabeth for lunch at the Intour Hotel. After lunch Dunning and I drove off--as the girls were on duty--to Pir Bakran, about 20 miles southwest of Isphahan thru fertile fields amid small ranges. Pir Bakran which is the name of the village as well as of a Muslim shrine of the siad Sheikh Pir Bakram dating from the 14th century. The shrine has nice stucco plugs, plaster lattice and calligraphy. Nearby is a

Hadji Nuri, the grand old man here, renowned expert on Rumi Mevlana, obviously knows all about Nasr and refuses to discuss him. Another mullah is quite scathing. Nasr gave a speech here to the Faculty of Letters on Religion and literature; the audience followed him up on literature, but not on religion. There are two main devices of dealing with frustration here: poetry (much of which is a political code, but highly ambiguous and vague to the Western mind), and religion. Nasr seems to be one of those who have come back from the West with a profound feeling of inferiority of his country and desperately wants to find something to present as Persia's contribution.

"Nancy" Lambton puts down Brian Spooner. His facts are OK but his deductions are not--he runs around too much and never sits down to do anything solid. Lambton can put the dirt on anyone in Persian studies, and if you can get her talking--no easy thing--she will because with good reason she despises 80% of them. Zaehner and ... were really rogues during the war: there may be lots of half-Zaehners running about; Zaehner was persona non-grata here for a long time.

The 1956 Census is absolutely unuseable: they did not enumerate people under 3 years of age "because chances are they'll die soon anyway"; they did not enumerate girls under 7 because they were not marreagable and did not count. Even their inconsistencies are inconsistent.

Some historians was in Yazd--got no where. No hard data exists and it is hard to get thru people's suspicions of what is fact-finding and research: it can't be anything but spying either for the Gvt's forced levies which even Reza Shah resorted to, or for subversion of the Gvt.

The Persians are very loyal and easy going: they laugh at the frequent coup d'etats in Iraq--a cartoon that went down well among Iranians: 2 Iraqis sitting under a palm tree: one says to the other 'today is a holiday, what shall we do?'; the other replies, 'let's have a coup'. There has never been a successful military coup?--Reza Shah) - the closest has been Gen. Bakhtiari and he has no following.

3 attempts on the Shah's life since the 6th Bahram 15 years ago at the University (Iranians from the Univ. of Leeds)--one in the Gulistan Palace when a guard sprayed bullets about hitting his companions but missing the Shah.

What is it that is truly Persian, bridging the regional differences?-- Nancy Lambton says it is the oral literary tradition.

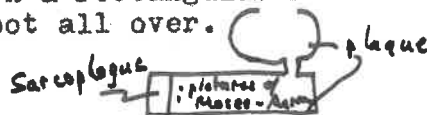
The Persian language seems to be designed to promote the maximum ambiguity-- Persians admit it and say that they don't want to chose one meaning, but keep the meidan before them: all possibilities. It is this flexibility that makes them good businessmen: they jump into things at a moment's glance and back out as soon as a profit is made. A printer friend was in England and saw some prams; he decided that the canvass tops could be made in Iran, and went in to find out where the chassis could be bought, and so the first pram was introduced--the printing business was dropped. The steam baker here originally went to England to get a Law Degree but came back with this steam bakery insbead and is making a fortune. But the Persians are also wiley and will never fulfil obligations. The Shah's money to W-- college, Oxford for a Persian Library (this college teaches nothing to do with Persia)--has the money ever arrived? The McGill center--is it working?

Volume I of the Cambridge History was badly received here and it is unlikely that more volumes will appear--maybe the vol. ed. by Bosworth, but no more. Elwell-Sutton is a 2nd rate academic and cantankerous.

There are 6 native clergy counting old Hakim (a Jewish convert). They are all trained in India--if trained in Europe or America, they would not return: viz the situation in the American Presbyterian Mission--they've got 4 or 6 ordained Iranians--all in the States or Canada.

graveyard
 place to wash corpse
 masjid
 garden
 -102-
 2 story caravanserai
 good-sized cemetery and behind it is the the old Jewish cemetery which an old man showed us around. There is a caravanserai-type place

where some 2 thousand people had come about 2 months ago, coming and going for about 20 days. They do this once a year and it is his job to provide supplies for the various anjomans, clubs, societies. The cemetery is supposed to be 2500 years old and was the general cemetery for Isphahan, Shiraz, Teheran. Behind the Caravanserai, is the tomb of Sonakhtun after whom also the graveyard is known. It is a domed circular space with a rectangular room behind which has plain white tile walls. Marks of candle soot all over.



In the caravanserai there are 2 rooms of devotion: one, a masjid with stone pulpit in the center with wax and match remains on it and a wall niche with plaques also with candle remains. The other room has a plaque which is supposed either to be from 2500 years ago or very old in commemoration of it. Also a pulpit with candle wax.

When I got back to town, I found my last roll of film had not caught in the camera and all was lost of Pir Bakran. Chelokebab for dinner and then we went to a Persian movie--same little comic dwarf or child star as in other Persian films; plot: long lost brother returns home and makes wife jealous who plots to kill him, is foiled and husband has heart attack and dies; wife goes insane and is committed leaving Hu's bro with little girl; the girl desperately wants Mo, and makes random phone call getting nightclub belly-dancer who's heart is torn by the little girl's plea; guardian-servant wakes up and in plot to make this new female, gets her to agree to play little girl's long lost mother; she comes and is wooed by girl's uncle; meanwhile her boss is giving her a rough time over a new contract and threatens to kill her old mother; her suitor becomes involved but boss manages to force her to sign contract; guardian, rogue-servant and his son (the comic dwarf) and his present girl-friend try out as an act for the boss' club and are offered a contract; in the course of negotiations are shown the belly-dancer's contract and tear it up; ~~girl's~~ bellydancer and uncle marry; little girl's mother is released from sanatorium but finds her little girl doesn't know her; she foils kidnap plot of boss and is taken back into the family; happy end

18 Feb (Wed)--28 Bahram. In the morning I went to the University to try to see Dr. Abadani--was told he was in class which would last till 11:00; so went to British Council and returned at 11:00 but was told he had gone home, has no phone, come back Saturday. Afternoon Dunning and I went back out to the Jewish cemetery to reshoot the photos. Evening: chelo-kebab--stopped in glassware (imported from Bohemia and Bavaria) shop run by a Bombay Singh. Dunning gave me the name of a Jewish merchant in Herat (one of 20 in the community): R.A. Ambalo, Bazaar Zulmi

رحمان امبالو، زلمي ما كيت هرات

In London, his son is J. Ambalo, Afghan Products Trading Co., 22 Queen Street, London, E.C. 4; a second guy at the London place is D. Nagioff.

19 Feb (Thurs)--29 Bahram. I left Isphahan at 9:00, passed thru Nain at 11, and on to Ardekan daxme by 12:30. There are two daxmes; a new one of cement has a plaque with the date 1940. The older one is stone and mud, about 5½ feet high and above mud-brick; a tin-aluminum door with mud-wattle facing; in the wall is a hole with some pomegranate pushed in and a couple of dates. Thru the hole and thru the break in the outer wall, can see that there is an inner circle wall. In front of each daxme is an altar w place for small fire on top and some fresh remains of pomegranate. Left the site at 1:15 and headed for Yazd.

Ardekan
old daxme

Window
200  break in upper wall

Got into Yazd and headed straight for the Sintons: gaily written on the door post was: "We are in Goodarz Hospital. I went to Marker H.S. and the Principal, Mr. Muneri, greeted me with 'You are looking for the Sintons?-- He is in the hospital (marisexane) and she is there nursing him--he had measles, and then got pneumonia. So I then went to the P.O. thinking they might know where the Bonines were: the man there said he had no way of knowing so I asked to talk to the P.O. master and he called up and I talked to him giving the Jahan-shahi name as reference, and he then remembered me, and invited me up to tea. We talked about the power hierarchy: Farmandar-koll Golam Reza DABIRAN
Farmandar Mr. ~~Shakiki~~ Hashemi
Shahrdar Mr. Shariati
Vakil-e Majlis Mr. Rashti

The Shahrdar is about co-equal with the post-master. Rashti does not have an office in Yazd. He said he would help me find Bonine by calling the Agahi of the Farmandar--they were not back at work and then it turned out they don't work Thursday afternoons, and of course, not on Friday. We then called the Karxane-Agha--they had not heard of the Bonines (a camping spot). He then took me with his friend, Mr. Neku-kar, Manager of the Banki Sepah to the Bank-i Sepah's gardens outside town on the Kirman road. Neku-kar was giving him a flower from their greenhouse there (gol-xane) which he expressed as a great gift since flowers are so rare in the desert. He said it in a very nice way: the Emperor Napoleon dressed up as a lowly man and went among the masses and tried to buy an egg and was quoted a very high price--why? he demanded--because Emperors are scarce was the reply--and so too with flowers in the desert. We walked around the 2 hectar nursery and talked to 2 of the gardeners: Ali Akbar and Hadji ?. A complaint was made about a fungus growth on some of the trees and the Hadji was directed to use some poison--he replied that in the old days before the modern poisons they would put tobacco on the fungus. The word for sand is chen but moseh is sand in the strong sun (the sun is big and cant be blown by the wind, the sand particles are small and can be). We returned to the PTT and called the 4 hotels in town about the Bonines (Arya, Pt four, Cyrus, Pars)--none had heard of the Bonines. Then he took me to Goodarz Hospital and we saw the Sintons: Peter was absolutely white but in good spirits, bored and ready to get out of the hospital. They gave me the key to their house and directions to the Bonines. We found the Bonines--I went back for my car and returned after unloading at the Sintons. They've got a huge unfurnished house for 4500R/mo. (55%) on a years lease which they can break at any time on 15 days notice. The furniture was bought cheaply fr the Notq's under duress of a friend from the police They pay 5R/cu. m. for water; gas for a two burner stove comes in a container for which a 1500 R deposit but only 12 toman for each filling (lasts about a month). Mike says a factory on the Ispahan road makes wool cloth for the Teheran tailors--the woold is imported from Australia --claim cant make good cloth from the coarser Iranian wool.

20 Feb 1970 (Friday)--30 Bahram. Beverly came around in the morning to make some jello for Peter and some eggs; they don't feed him well at the Hospital; gave him tasteless chicken soup with little meat--now he gets kebab. The "nurses" have no real training--2 years in Ispahan. The best hospital in town in the Maternity Hospital. The next best is Goodarz. Ma'adane Notq runs tours to the Fire Temple. In the afternoon I went to the Zoroastrian Quarter and found Manzelle Keyanian without difficulty. Keyanian was not there, but his brother came who said he could speak only little English, so we did it in my broken Farsi. A pretty young girl asked me if I knew Mike Bonine--she turned out to be Rustam Kavusi's sister. Keyanian lent me his servant Golam Hossein to take me to the house of Hormuzdiar Rustami; Golam Hossein was fairly talkative, but I only understood about 1%--something about the English being in Yazd and no work being done, but now with the advent of the Americans much is done. That Arbab Rustami and his Arabab are known everywhere. Rustami lives near the big Fire Temple. He confirmed there was only this one big one, but many smaller ones--he counted 5 but said there were more

Hormuzdiar Rustomi was not home, but a woman greeted me kindly and asked if I knew Parvis Varjovand. Said the Arbab would be back in an hour-hour and a half. So I left my card and said I'd go to Goodarz Hospital and return. At the Hospital I met Fraser Sinclair, the 3rd PCV. and later on the Bonines dropped in. Fraser has designed a hamam for a small village and can tell all about its modes of construction--circulation of hot and cold air and water --use of domes so that condensation on the ceiling will slide down the sides instead of dripping cold straight back down.

I then went back to find Hormuzdia Rustomi, age 70. I brought up the subject of finding a house or place to live in the Zoroastrian quarter--this he thought would be very difficult--the houses are old and not comfortable: it would be much better if I lived with my American friends. I tried to stress that I wanted to learn Farsi and Dari, but he pointed out that I should have learned Farsi in school rather than French or German! There are only 5-10 families of Yazd left--everyone has moved to Teheran. In their place villagers have been coming in. The farmers stay in the village but send their children with an old woman to take care of them. His grandfather (of whom a large photo in the guest room) started the family mercantile business by sea to Bandar Abbass (now replaced by Khorramshar--tho Bandar Abbas to be rejuvenated). He, Hormuzdiar, spent some 30-40 years in Bombay with business; he went with a knowledge of English gained from a teacher who also taught Persian and Zend but who was killed by another Zoroastrian. He picked up Gujurati and Urdu-Hindi in Bombay. The business coame to an end under his and his brother's tenure; when India became independent life became hard for foreigners: you had to inform the police of your movements, business registration etc. became difficult. So he returned to Iran although he liked Bombay, the big city, much better.

Re. Dari--it is a dead language: (1) it is not written; (2) it is not complete it does not have words for everything. It is his opinion that furthermore it is an artificial language, created at the time of the Arab conquest to have a language the Arabs couldnt understand.

Hormuzdiar has one brother who is here in Yazd; they have an office together, but they don't work yet they are busy. They have 3 sisters all in Teheran, one of whom is the Mother of Parviz. He Hormuzdiar, has one sone, 24, finished H.S. and now works in electrical firm--big, shy, young looking 24-year old!--knows no English. Parviz is also an only child. Hormuzdiar's son goes to the cinema once a week. Picture of a cousin died 7 years ago. Picture of brother and another cousin when young. Metal-backed picutre of Zoroaster.

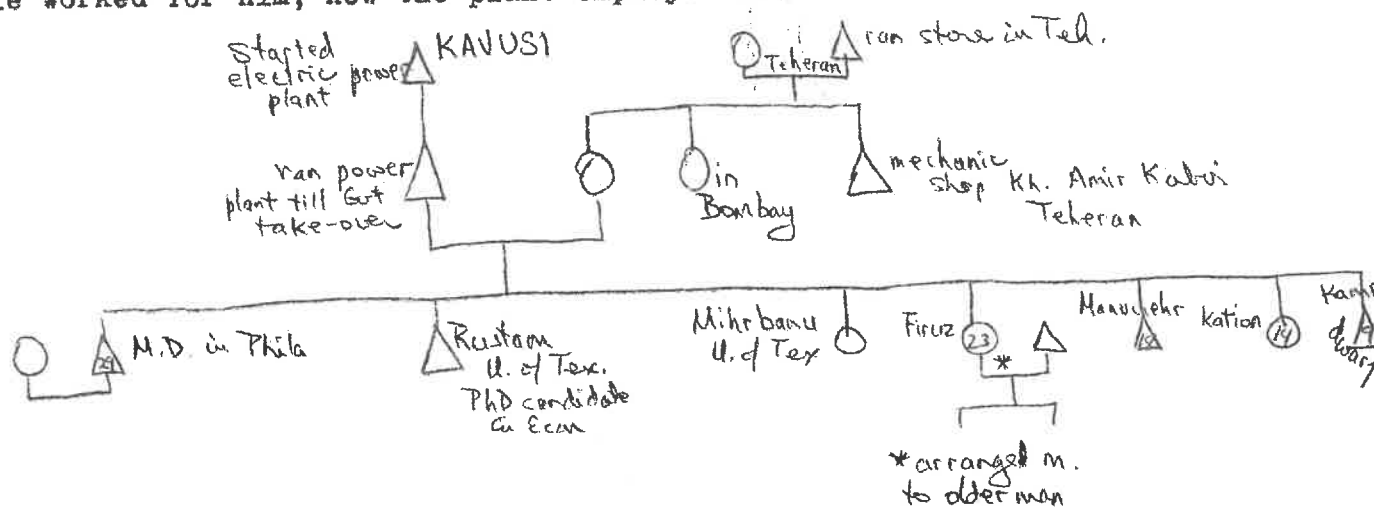
Dasturs here are ignorant--in India many educated dasturs. Avesta, Pahlavi are useless languages--you can't do anything with them--and young people don't want to become dasturs. Keyangan, one of the big families, once big landowners, now do nothing.

Beverly says that meat prices have gone up since they've been here from 11 to 14 tomans a kilo; camel meat is not considered really edible and so is cheap; beef seems to be cheaper than lamb.

21 February (Sat)-- After breakfast I made my way to the Farmandar-koal's office and met Mike Bonine there--we went in to see the Farmandar-koll who was just coming out of his office and ushered us into the Farmandar's office which was empty saying he would be with us soon. Two hours later we were ushered in. I gave him my card and we chatted in French. He had my card taken off somewhere asking me when letter had been sent to in Teheran and he asked us to fillout biographies. He had Shahria Xodayari come in--his way of introducing me to the Zoro. community, but I don't think Xodayari was very pleased. In the meantime Mohandess Aghye Fraser Sinclair came in with several other, incl. the mayor of Mehriz, and there was a long discussion about roads which they wanted to cut through in Mehriz: Mehriz consists of 3 villages in a circle; the mayor wants a meidan in the center to connect the 3; Fraser wants a ring road and has the Ministry in Teheran on his side--he eventually won. Afterwards Xodayari, Bonine and I paid courtesy calls on the Farmandar, the Mogavin Farmandar; then I showed Xodayari wehre the Sintons live and he said he would be back in the morning to take me to see Muneri.

The mayor in saying good-bye said he would be happy if I would drop in to say hello once or twice a week. For a late lunch I went to the "Yazd Guest House" and said hello to Mr. Ma'adan Notq who was very friendly and had a tasty spinach-bean khoresh. Jim Ricardi and Beverly dropped by in the afternoon as did a man to check the water guage. The water in the house taps comes from a barrel filled by a hose from a tap in the garden near the street.

I went over to the Bonines, and Mike and I went over to the Kavusis. The head of the house was out--he's going to Teheran to try to get the gvt to pay him for the electric power pumps they nationalized which had belonged to him. But we were entertained by Manuchehr, c. 17, his mo., MO.Mo., bro Kamaran (a 9 year old dwarf--big head and very small legs). Rustam understands Dari but cant speak, Manuchehr cannot understand even. The older generation uses it among themselves. Afterwards we went to look for some ice but didnt find any. We ran into the Post Master and his 2 elder sons. Mr. Kavusi dropped in back at the house just as we were ready to eat. He has been to America 8 years ago (with Kamran to see if anything could be done), and to India and Ceylon but only for an extended visit of several months. When Kavusi ran the power plant 35 people worked for him; now the plant employs 120.



22 Feb (Sunday). Mr. Xodayari showed up at 8 and we went to Marker Boys HS to meet Mr. Muneri using his English as a go-btw. It was really difficult trying to explain to them what I wanted to do: all the people who know about religion are in Teheran. Muneri was helpful and suffered that he was free to talk Tuesday mornings. And he even brought up the question of living arrangements and took my side--Xodayari said he would think about it and would take me tonight to see Hormuzdiar Rustami again. Sharia Xodayari is married to a teacher at Marker Girls, has 2 daughters, Parvin and Shirin.

I then went to the P.O., then registered with the police meeting there a young officer who spoke good English--Ahmad Rustamxani who invited me to come back and visit so he could practice his English. Mahmud Khorsand, a H.S. student pounded on my car taking me for Mike B. said his Fa was a dentist and his family owned 3 villages. Went home for lunch but was interrupted by some men who wanted to put up a utility pole in the yard. So, I disappeared while they went to lunch.

~~23x24x25x26x27x28x29x30x31x32x33x34x35x36x37x38x39x40x41x42x43x44x45x46x47x48x49x50x51x52x53x54x55x56x57x58x59x60x61x62x63x64x65x66x67x68x69x70x71x72x73x74x75x76x77x78x79x80x81x82x83x84x85x86x87x88x89x90x91x92x93x94x95x96x97x98x99x100x101x102x103x104x105x106x107x108x109x110x111x112x113x114x115x116x117x118x119x120x121x122x123x124x125x126x127x128x129x130x131x132x133x134x135x136x137x138x139x140x141x142x143x144x145x146x147x148x149x150x151x152x153x154x155x156x157x158x159x160x161x162x163x164x165x166x167x168x169x170x171x172x173x174x175x176x177x178x179x180x181x182x183x184x185x186x187x188x189x190x191x192x193x194x195x196x197x198x199x200x201x202x203x204x205x206x207x208x209x210x211x212x213x214x215x216x217x218x219x220x221x222x223x224x225x226x227x228x229x230x231x232x233x234x235x236x237x238x239x240x241x242x243x244x245x246x247x248x249x250x251x252x253x254x255x256x257x258x259x260x261x262x263x264x265x266x267x268x269x270x271x272x273x274x275x276x277x278x279x280x281x282x283x284x285x286x287x288x289x290x291x292x293x294x295x296x297x298x299x300x301x302x303x304x305x306x307x308x309x310x311x312x313x314x315x316x317x318x319x320x321x322x323x324x325x326x327x328x329x330x331x332x333x334x335x336x337x338x339x340x341x342x343x344x345x346x347x348x349x350x351x352x353x354x355x356x357x358x359x360x361x362x363x364x365x366x367x368x369x370x371x372x373x374x375x376x377x378x379x380x381x382x383x384x385x386x387x388x389x390x391x392x393x394x395x396x397x398x399x400x401x402x403x404x405x406x407x408x409x410x411x412x413x414x415x416x417x418x419x420x421x422x423x424x425x426x427x428x429x430x431x432x433x434x435x436x437x438x439x440x441x442x443x444x445x446x447x448x449x450x451x452x453x454x455x456x457x458x459x460x461x462x463x464x465x466x467x468x469x470x471x472x473x474x475x476x477x478x479x480x481x482x483x484x485x486x487x488x489x490x491x492x493x494x495x496x497x498x499x500x501x502x503x504x505x506x507x508x509x510x511x512x513x514x515x516x517x518x519x520x521x522x523x524x525x526x527x528x529x530x531x532x533x534x535x536x537x538x539x540x541x542x543x544x545x546x547x548x549x550x551x552x553x554x555x556x557x558x559x560x561x562x563x564x565x566x567x568x569x570x571x572x573x574x575x576x577x578x579x580x581x582x583x584x585x586x587x588x589x590x591x592x593x594x595x596x597x598x599x600x601x602x603x604x605x606x607x608x609x610x611x612x613x614x615x616x617x618x619x620x621x622x623x624x625x626x627x628x629x630x631x632x633x634x635x636x637x638x639x640x641x642x643x644x645x646x647x648x649x650x651x652x653x654x655x656x657x658x659x660x661x662x663x664x665x666x667x668x669x670x671x672x673x674x675x676x677x678x679x680x681x682x683x684x685x686x687x688x689x690x691x692x693x694x695x696x697x698x699x700x701x702x703x704x705x706x707x708x709x710x711x712x713x714x715x716x717x718x719x720x721x722x723x724x725x726x727x728x729x730x731x732x733x734x735x736x737x738x739x740x741x742x743x744x745x746x747x748x749x750x751x752x753x754x755x756x757x758x759x760x761x762x763x764x765x766x767x768x769x770x771x772x773x774x775x776x777x778x779x780x781x782x783x784x785x786x787x788x789x790x791x792x793x794x795x796x797x798x799x800x801x802x803x804x805x806x807x808x809x810x811x812x813x814x815x816x817x818x819x820x821x822x823x824x825x826x827x828x829x830x831x832x833x834x835x836x837x838x839x840x841x842x843x844x845x846x847x848x849x850x851x852x853x854x855x856x857x858x859x860x861x862x863x864x865x866x867x868x869x870x871x872x873x874x875x876x877x878x879x880x881x882x883x884x885x886x887x888x889x890x891x892x893x894x895x896x897x898x899x900x901x902x903x904x905x906x907x908x909x910x911x912x913x914x915x916x917x918x919x920x921x922x923x924x925x926x927x928x929x930x931x932x933x934x935x936x937x938x939x940x941x942x943x944x945x946x947x948x949x950x951x952x953x954x955x956x957x958x959x960x961x962x963x964x965x966x967x968x969x970x971x972x973x974x975x976x977x978x979x980x981x982x983x984x985x986x987x988x989x990x991x992x993x994x995x996x997x998x999x1000~~

The Kavhan for saturday: Madame Daba (Farah's Mo.) laid the foundation stone in Pakistan of a home for the aged called Reza Pahlavi Home. There is also a Farah Pahlavi Hosetl at the Lahore Agricultural College. Also Iranian gendarmes shot 7 opium smugglers, all Afghan nationals--in add. to the more than dozen executed for narcotics smuggling.

I then went to the Episcobal mission to see Rev. Austerberry but he was asleep so I said to the carefaker I would go to the hospital first and return. I went 60 the hospital and we sta and chatted til 6 so I had to go home to meet Xodayari--we went to Arbab Rustami's house but he was out, so we said we'd be back at 7:00 tomorrow again. Xodayari was full of enthusiasm--tues morn. I would see

Muneri, some nites I would see Rustami, then he had an English-speaking lady who knows much about religion, and something I didnt catch--also something about going to Sharifabad -Ardekan.

25 Feb (Mon)-- I went to see Rev. Austerberry. There are 15 Christians, 6 of which are from Nasratabad; 2/3 of which are Zoroastrian converts, 1/3 muslim; in town Ma'adan Notq, a guy who runs a liquor store on Kh. Kirman., several hundred yds from the statue, a teacher, a ret. teacher. He knows nothing of the Jewish community. Some Bombay Zoroastrians come to visit the shrine of the Lady of Pars, spoke only English, were of the opinion that the Zoroastrians here had adopted some Muslim customs and their religion was not quite pure. A reverend of Teheran (Gurney is Arch-deacon) came in. Bahai houses around the Yazd church, but there is no geographical locus like the Zoroastrian quarter. It is said that some of these houses have underground tunnels connecting them in case of danger. Is a family of followers of Meher Baba in Nasratabad--have relatives in Shiraz who come to the church, whom Rev. X said had once brought him some pamphlet Christian converts are basically from the pre-Deluge (1941) ear wehn the Hospital was here. Gurneys were here post-deluge but towards end of war. Austerberries lived here for 2 years but now in Isphahan and will leave this summe The synod was coming in today in 1/4 hr so I made my visit short.

I then met Mahmud Khorsand: we had some ice-cream and he tried to show me some math tricks--but they were wrong. He took me to see the Imamzadeh Ja'afar, a descendant of the 6th Imam: inside the grave was enclosed in a kind of green-house of glass--on the grave was money given by people who want someone cured, a son to become a doctor etc. On the outside of the glass, bars with a myriad of locks: they put these here taking the key till the wish is fulfilled, then they retrieve the locks. Many other graves in the entrance court, in the main room, in side rooms, and in side court. Also a number of the graves had large portrait photographs of the diseased above them.

Afterwards I went to get some gas on the Isphahan road station--I was given directions to the Karxane-Agha by a very friendly guy who turned out to be Zoroastrian, lives by the gas station on the Kirman road, is a mechanic; the son of his sister was in American and has an American wife. I went to the Karxane Agha but they had never heard of the Meya Baba evangelist.

At 5:00 I went to the Post Office where the postmaster was having a "commisss" with the Farmandar, Attny Gen., and 2 others about the telephones. Ahram was not there. At 7:00 I went to meet Xodayari at the Rustamis but was told by the little boy that Rustami's mother was sick and he was out looking for a doctor. So went

24 Feb (Tues)-- Morning had a good interview with Muneri who gave me numbers of students and their fathers occupations. (Cf Interview Muneri I).

Afternoon met with Aram for an hour. He and his brother Keyvan listed these Dabirestans in Yazd for me:

- | | | |
|------------------------------|--------|--------------|
| Marker Boys | | Marker Girls |
| Kei Khosrovi | | Shahnaz |
| Iranshahr | ← boys | Irandoxt |
| Ayande | | Shahdoxt |
| Arian or Arman | | Ashraf |
| Amir Kabir | | |
| Pahlavi | | Honarestan |
| Rasulian | | |
| Alborz (principal is mullah) | | |
| Ayatolahi | | |
| Talimat Islami | | |
| Afshar | | |
| Reza Pahlavi or Rokniyeh | | |
| Etehat (do-ed--Jewish) | | |
| Honarestan | | |

25 Feb (Wed). Aid-e Gabir - celebration of Ali's appointment as caliph. Everything closed, even the bread shop. Big holiday esp. this year, as No Ruz will be interfered with by Moharram.

Beverly and I went over to the Milkas. Dieter Milka, a German textile expert, has been here 9 years; his wife, Meka, is Dutch, came here 4 years ago as part of the European peace corps, is a nurse. Dieter says this is the traditional day for circumcision. Dieter has been sick, they don't know with what--will fly to Teheran for a check-up. He says in his 9 years some material things have changed: asphalt roads, can buy pepsi, but mentality has not changed one iota. We westerners cannot help them. They just don't work on a profit-efficiency rationale. There are 5 cotton-wool mills in town: Herati and Bodxoda are the big men. Young Bodxoda speaks good English (studied in the States) and is buying new machinery etc. well, but things will then decline. When first came out, tried to introduce quality control, giving bonuses for good work: was called names and beaten up. Now since labour syndicates have been organized it is impossible to quality control. Car Sauer says if he has to quality control he'll put on dark glasses. In the bazaar when you buy worsted-cloth and you see mistakes and point them out, the bazaris say 'it's not a mistake: it's from the kaxane'. Dieter's factory is mainly owned by 3 guys: the top guy is an addict, the 2nd knows nothing but is nice, the 3rd knows a little. Managers here have only 6 years education. In the five factories there are about 9 foreign technicians. There is a night and day difference between Zoroastrian and Bahai mentality from the Muslim mentality. Meka says that close intermarriage leaves effects: she had lots of Zardushti patients--they tend towards the hysterical; if parents dead, a son cannot marry til his sisters get married among the Zardoshti. On medical information see the following:

Dr. Ratfa, Ministry of Health - he has health records of children
say you come from me

Dr. Mortaz, Goodarz Hospital--dont know if he keeps records, his head nurse
is very nice

Dr. Morgibian--good records, very busy, dont say come fr me
about mental illness: Razi Hospital in Teheran is reputed to be the biggest and best in the Middle East (it is in Aminabad--2200 people private & public); Isphahan has a mental hospital which can ask Ratfa about, but it is really nothing: just house: 20 naked women in a room, and treatment is merely keeping them on drugs to keep them quiet; in Yazd there are no facilities--Dr. Afshal at the Ministry of Health is in charge of mental illness, he himself is nuts,

26 Feb (Thurs). Went to the Bank-1-Saderat near the Marker Clock Tower: the clerk, Esfendiar P..., is a Zardushti from Sharifabad, he has 3 brothers all in Teheran: one works in an electrical store, one for the Kirman airport. He went to HS here in Yazd: Dabirestan Iranshahr.

The Sintons report that Meka Milka says there was a meningitis epidemic within the last four years and one couldnt get near the daxmes for the stink of the decaying corpses. The Bathoons (PCV from Abadan) were out at the daxme this afternoon, and went into the graveyard--4 years old, only 40 graves. (Where are all the dead: 3% of 5000 would be 150--what is death rate?)

28 Feb (Sat),--9 Esfand. I went to the Ministry of Health to see either Dr. Ratfa (whom Meka Milka recommended) who was not around, or Dr. Resavi whom Fraser's friend at the Daftare Mohandesse recommended: who is supposed to be in charge of ~~many~~ the ehahrestan of Yazd, while Ratfa is only for the city. Resavi knows some english, was tutors bi-weekly by a PCV (Snow) 2 years ago, has been a doctor here 23 years; his father was a farmer in one of the villages near Yazd. He learned French in school, but doesnt know any. He of course asked me to tutor him as well, and I will go to his house near the meidan tomorrow night at 8:00-9:00. I did not really find out what kinds of records they keep. He confirmed that there had been a meningitis outbreak 2-3 years ago and later called in a clerk who thot it was 3 years ago. This year the hospital has only 2 cases. Yazd he went on has no diseases peculiar to itself,

unlike for instance Isphahan which has 2 local diseases: (1) fever malt, and (2) intestinal worms due to the drinking water coming from shallow wells 2-3m deep Yazd even before the advent of piped and pumped water had water from deep wells about 60 m. deep. Re. diseases peculiar to Zoroastrians I should talk to the doctor in the blood-sample lab for blood differences. He called over there but the doctor was not there. Then later a fellow who also speaks some English came in from the lab but it was suggested and I agreed that I return on Wednesday when the doctor who speaks good English is due to return from Teheran. The most common disease is influenza but it is not serious as it is for European race (nezad)--he heard that 8 thousand people died in England alone from influenza

I went to see Ahmand Rustamhani at Police and talked to him about Moharram which conflicts with NoRuz, so will be little celebration this year. The death of Hossein. Aid-e Gabir was a celebration of Mohammad's choice of Ali as his successor. It is not true that this is a day for circumcision. Usually done in hospital right after birth; used to be done about the age 7 with only a private celebration in the family. He is a Teherani, has been here 4 months, slated to stay 2-3 years). Then went to the P.O and saw the Postmaster: first name is Habibuallah (friend of god), his father was also in P.O. in Arak, has 2 brothers and 3 sisters. He and about 10 others have just started a group to promote special animals of Yazd, esp. cats.

To the Sintons for lunch. After lunch just for the hell of it we were kidding about Peter's weird family with several bro-sis exchanges, and I drew a quick genealogy for them: the German jews of Boston-NY who moved to SF and the Japanese of Hawaii. I then went to the Bonines and wrote up some notes, around 5:30 made an abortive trip to Sharia Kodayari's house: he was not there.

Evening to Rutami's--his sister, Parviz Varjovand's mother was there: she had come down at news of her mother's illness (heart trouble)--she's better now. I couldnt really interview with all these people around. This time I was taken in to the sitting room where they ate dinner about 9:30. Mrs. Varjovand and I discussed conversion: (1) she was bitter about muslim oppression and even today they say dont touch fruit or you will make it najesh; (2) intellectuals are studying and becoming interested in Zoroastrianism, while the lower class goes to Bahai. It is not we ho must accept them as converts; they were Zoroas. their fathers left Zoroastrianism for Islam; (3) how can you convert when there is a mullah in Qum who can write a ~~xxxx~~ writ telling people to kill apostates--they would do it. (Ie pragmatic: could still unleash trouble) Also accretion if people decalre themselves Zoroastrian--form own Zoro. is afterall little left of pure Zoroas.; even things like the Vendidad are written by priests, much simply made up--take of it what you like. Ie what is to stop new communities fr forming w their own ritual uses: need not be accepted into this particualr in-group--w corollary that if a "greater Zoro" formed could incl this group. / Rustami: Jamshidi very rich, is refered to as "Gentleman"--had large pistachio fields in Rafsinjan til Land Reform; new less; Mrs. V.: he eats his bread in cream.--a Pers. saying.

29 Feb (Sun.) - 10 Esfand. I first went to Goodarz Hospital to see if I could talk to Dr. Mortaz bbut he was not there; I was told he would be back at 2:30. So I went to the P.O., bought a Journal--the man insisted I take Frazers's too, so I took it to him. I then walked around the Zoro. quarter making a slow initial effort to map it in somewhat greater detail than Mike is doing w the bazaars, but few people around, so didnt accomplish much. People think I am there to put a road thru, but seem to accept that I'm not when I tell them no, I'm from the univ. except for a group of Muslim women. There is a pattern of movement of shops from the kuche next to Kh. Soroaya to the Khiaban.

Around 2;30 I went back to Goodarz Hospital and saw Dr. Mortaz for about 45 minutes. The hospital has 3 doctors, about 25 nursing staff, 50 beds of which 10 are free. The hospital gets no outside help --all is run on patient fees, but cheap: 25 tomans for a private bed per dqy. The 3 doctors are himself, the surgeon; an anesthatist, an internist. People generally only come to the hosp.

for surgery, fractures, etc., preferring to stay home for internal diseases and have the doctor visit them when it becomes serious. Goodarz Hospital does more surgery than any other in Yazd. There are 40 doctors in Yazd, mostly in the government hospital; only 2 have private practices.

Re. the Zoros: they are a small community and intermarry a great deal; they are consequently not healthy and not clever; in his opinion they are degenerate--one can tell by looking at them. But he didnt seem to think that statistically they have higher rates of heart and mental disease. He has had cases in this hospital of cancer of the penis among Zoroastrians; he has by the same token never seen cancer of the penis among Muslims: due to circumcision which the Zoroastrians do not practice.

Re. the Jewish population. He agrees that since they are a small community they too may be subject to similar diseases, but too few cases to say: only 2 Jewish cases in the last 8 years have come into his hands: both appendicitis; else they only come for surgery.

There is an old Persian saying: trade out but marry in.

Re. Mortas' family. His grandfather was a Shirazi, but moved to Yazd to be in a better marketing position in the opium trade: his brother, a bachelor went to China to handle that end; they exported opium from Iran and imported porcelain. The brother died in China leaving a ship which was sold; some of the money was brought to Iran but most was put in the Bank of China which was thought to be more secure than Iran. With the communist take-over, all was lost.

As to getting statistics, he promised I could see the records for the last ten years when I came again. He excused himself: he had to go to the theatre: 5 operations this afternoon. He himself had spent 15 years in Teheran, had a clinic there; came to Yazd when his Father died to take his Mother back to Teheran, but ended up staying.

I went to the Sintons, and two of Peter's students came in to see when he would be back to school. The school, Ayande Dabirestan Melli, is a private school which costs 390 toman a year and has 110 students. It offers only the first cycle. The one's father worked in a flour factory on the Isphahan Road. The other had a truck for hire: used to be in Zahedan; his father (FF of the boy) had been a merchant in Zahedan; the boys FB in in Meshed and another in Teheran.

The Yazd Foundation on the Isphahan Road is an orphanage--many boys work there.

In the evening I went to find Dr. Resavi--he took me out to Hotel Sefayeh on the outskirts of town, Yazd's no. one restaurant, for a dinner party with 3 of his staff in honor of Mr. John K. Friesen, Representative in Iran of the Population Council of the Rockefeller Foundation. Friesen had been in India and Turkey. He says birth control goes over better here than in Turkey--one reason being Imperial support. In the villages, after one year (in Iran) the continuation rate is 18% with the 21 day pill (the daily pill is new in Iran), 72% with the IUD. The condom is the most popular device in the town of Yazd: seems acceptable. The biggest need is (1) for follow-up field-workers (Friesen feels that if a woman can be encouraged for the first 2-3 months, she is over the hump and relatively immune from rumors causing her to stop); and (2) for female doctors for inserting the IUD--one can get away with male doctors in Teheran, but not in a conservative place like Yazd. The Imperial Clinics of which there are about 250 in Iran and 7 in Yazd have joined the family planning program (these are dispensaries under the Queen's patronage, probably with some Pahlavi Foundation money). The Health Corps at the moment is of little help because (1) it is all male, (2) it is only in the remotest areas, (3) it has to cope with everything under the sun. Friesen, a Canadian from Vancouver, is married to a Chilean linguist, and teaches also at Pahlavi Univ. Friesen says a guy named Joseph Eaton wrote a book (study) on the Hutterites of North America--a closely inbred group among whom he detected no mental illness which he attributed to the firm social structure of an insulating-isolating rural group. The study was done for the National Inst. of Mental Health; Eaton was then at Wayne State

Resavi on the trip out and back told me: The farmandar-koal of Yazd is less than a year old. Resavi's rank is Director-General. There are about 300 hospital beds in Yazd: 70 in the Gvt Hosp; 70 in Goodarz (NB - actual number is 50); c. 40 in Morgibian's Maternity Clinic; about 70 in Ardekan. There are 40 doctors in Yazd: the gvt hosp has 12. There are no mental illness facilities in Yazd--must go to Isphahan. The water in Yazd is good--from 3 wells 120m deep; 2 of which are operative and one is in reserve. Resavi says the daxmes are no longer used: he, Resavi, asked that the Zoroastrians desist from exposure of the dead two years ago--unhealthy: air-borne microbes.

The other doctors there that evening: Dr. Vesjavi, head of Family Planning; Dr. , pharmacologist, big jovial guy; Dr. , degree last year fr U. of Isphahan. Dr. Vesjavi is the ~~son~~ son of Mullah Vesjavi who runs the library of the Masjid-i-jome. He is an interesting character: a big man with short white hair and assertive voice. In charge of Family Planning in Yazd, he spent some time in Dacca, Pakistan on a family planning exchange fellowship--a fellowship most Iranians would not touch. He carries around an IUD in his pocket. On Yazd: it is an ancient city--Alexander's prison; Zoroastrians were here 6000 years ago; "in the history one finds mention of cloth printed here on 3 sides! (a mystery: where is the 3rd side of a piece of cloth; Dr (the pharmacologist) jokingly suggested they printed on the right, left, and in the middle--rejected as a solution). On "insha'allah": there is a story in the Qu'ran that someone came to ask something of Mohammad and Mohammad asked the prophet Gabriel-- Gabriel did not respond, so Mohammad went to ask why and was told you did not say 'insha'allah'; so now in the White Revolution, the Shah always says 'insha'allah'. Everything exists in Yazd: water, copper, iron, lead, silver, and they think uranium in the Shir Kuh--there was an American survey team there for a couple of months and there may be an airfield (check with Robin Waterfield's story).

Resavi has visited Scandinavia and England.

2 March (Monday)-- 11 Esfand: took the day off and rested.

3 March (Tuesday)--12 Esfand. Morning interview with Mansri: worked on his genealogy and spent the rest of the day drawing it out.

Afternoon went to see the Postmaster taking over catalogues of universities which the American Friends of the Middle East sent at my request for Aram. Turns out that they really want Aram to go to the Univ. of Teheran rather than America: his maternal grandparents are in Teheran, and this way he can stay within the womb of ~~family~~ family through university. Within Iran, the Univ. of Teheran is the only place offering a full course leading to the Mohandess (engineer) degree. Inst. of Tech. exist in Isphahan, Shiraz, Meshed, but only offer 2 year courses.

Stopped by the Sintons on the way back--Beverly's birthday is tomorrow and we'll go to hotel Safayeh to celebrate.

4 March (Wed)--13 Esfand. Morning went to the Ministry of Health (Gvt Hosp) for the interview set up by Dr. Resavi with Dr. Jelalian. Afternoon I went over to Kei Khosrovi Dabirestan and presented myself to the Principal, Mr. Mehdir Malek, a Muslim, and his assistant or a teacher, Mr. Nanargi, a Zoroastrian who speaks English. I wanted to get comparative data from that which I got from Mumeri-- Malek insisted on seeing some sort of letter of introduction before telling me anything--said a letter from Yaganegi would do (I'll try foisting off the letter to the Shahdar). In the meantime we had tea and he became friendly and nearly gave me what I wanted then and there but decided to prepare it for me to pick up in the morning. The school was founded 72 years ago by Kei Khosrovi, a Yazdi merchant: it got money from Bombay until the Indian government shut that off. Teachers here get a salary of 6-12 thousand rials a month.

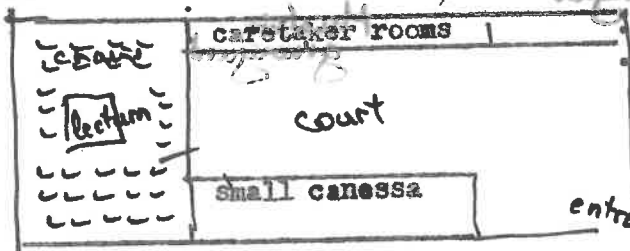
Evening--dinner party for Beverly. At about 11:00 Fraser and I took Ferangi's (teacher at Marker Girls) home--she was scared of returning so late, and we went p her kuche once because a taxi came out (esp. bad she said because she had no chador).

The taxi for some reason stopped right by the entrance to the kuche; so she said it made no difference, and we dropped her off; she ran across the street and into the kuche; I stayed to watch her disappear, but Fraser urged me on: dont just stop and let them gawk at us. Later Peter suggested it might have been better if Beverly had been along; another woman in the car. Ferangis' parents on both sides are rich, but traditional. Her older sister was married off by arranged marriage to an older man; she went to Teheran Univ. and then to Germany and wanted to marry a German; her parents consulted a mullah who did a divination by opening the Quran at random and reading whether or not it would be propitious: the result was negative.

5 March (Thurs)--14 Esfand. Morning went to Dabirestan Kei Khosrovi, and Mr. Malek accepted Esfendiar Yaganegi's letter, and gave me what I wanted to know. Meka Milka came into the Sinton house while I was there, said Dieter had ascaris worms.

TRIP TO PAKISTAN

6 March (Friday)--14 Esfand. Left Yazd at 10:00 a.m. on a dull grey day. Speedometer reading 23222. Just before Rafsinjan hit a rock in the road and when stopped for gas at Rafsinjan, noticed oil leak (23375). Began to drizzle; a few wet spots on the road and one place where a streamlet washed across the road. Arrived in Kirman at 3:00 and wanted to find a mechanic but couldnt find any open on Friday. Drove around a bit: out past the Zoroastrian Quarter with the Gateway with the Fravarti and the words خدا شاه ميهن (God, Shah, Country) on one side, and Zardoshti Kirman on the other side; to a large Muslim graveyard against the hill. The Jewish graveyard is also on the way out. I decided then to find a hotel and look up Jamshid Sorushian. But in finding a hotel, I got picked up by Ayub, who introduced himself as an "Israeli" (i.e. Jew), and though he is somewhat obnoxious--that Persian species of vulture who preys on the unfortunate foreigner--I invoked my anthropological duties and allowed him to take me to the Pars Hotel where he did the bargaining for me getting the price down from 15 to 10 tomans. I asked if he were going to the "canessa" that evening, and got him to promise to take me; but first we drove around a bit, then visited his father's carpet shop, and by the time we got to the "canessa" the service was over. He says there are about 500 Jews left in Kerman. There are 10 Jewish boys his age (14th year Dabirestan). He studies mathematics and his ambition is to go to the Technion in Haifa. There are 120 boys in the Jewish Dabestan, and 50 Jewish boys in the Dabirestan. The term "caleme" comes from the Koran where Moses is called "Moshe calleme mulla". The Jewish Dabestan is not a good school since its teachers are uninterested Muslims. Ayub himself went to Teheran to school for 4 of his Dabestan years; and thus was able to prove to be one of the best students in his dabirestan. His father is a carpet merchant in Kirman and Teheran; the father is from Yazd, has one brother still there, Aaron or Hanon Haksunzadeh, a money lender (siraf) in the bazaar, whose son was presented to the Shah as the best student in his class at the Univ. of Teheran (also a math student). Another FB is in Teheran working in a non-gvt office; a third FB is in Israel, owns a shop there. Ayub's mother is from Isphahan; her parents are now in Israel. Life is good in Kirman for Jews: Kermanis like Jews (xxx as oppos. to Isphahan for instance). The old salesman who takes care of his father's Kirman shop is a Muslim. Kirman has one Rav and one canessa which he took me to see just as the service concluded: there was barely a minion.



We went to his home for dinner, nearby; apparently there is a small Jewish quarter around the canessa. The house was Persian style built around a court. on the room where we sat were pictures of his cousin the Physics Prof at UCLA being greeted by the Shah when he taught at Pahlavi; his father with relatives Israel; a Picutre of Moses with lamb;

one of the Virgin Mary suckling Christ (this one because of it's beauty--it is ugly as sin but is number in Persian)

After dinner we went over to Peter Forester's (PCV--city planning), who is a very nice chap and turns out to be an old friend of Marv Davis. Zoroastrians have the franchise on 7-up. Ayub uses the phrase "Man Arab budam" (I was an Arab) to mean I was really stupid.

7 March (Sat.)--15 Esfand. I left Kirman at 7am since the oil seemed not to be down. It was still raining; this turned to snow after Mahan, and for one stretch the desert was one wet white plain against the flank of a white mountain range; about 80 kilometers out of Bam it turned back to rain. About 20 kilometers from Bam the engine suddenly quit; it would start after a few minutes go a ways and quit again. I eventually made it to Bam OK: maybe the spark plugs got wet (tho I checked this and that did not seem to be the case) or maybe the engine overheated (tho the water was still cool on the gauge). After Bam it stopped raining and for a few moments the sun even came out. About 30 kilometers past Bam I passed through a very strange mud formation on the flat desert; a couple of miles of dispersed mud mounds, which looked like yet couldn't be a dispersed ancient city (the famous ruins of Bam are just north of town). Further on, 55 miles from Bam I passed a lone minaret on the flat desert. 60 kilometers from Nasratabad (a guard post 110 kilometers from Zahedan) I was stopped by some gendarmes who wanted a ride to Nasratabad. There is nothing at Nasratabad: hic benzin hast, hic nun hast, hic dare. The two guys are stationed there for a year; one guy has served 3 months and is from Meshed; the other from Zahedan has served 2. They say the place has 3000 people, but they do no work in situ, go to Zahedan(?) for work. Is a water hole. Met the local dabestan teacher, from Zabul, serving in the Danesh Sepah. By the time we got there, it had begun to rain again; I had some tea in the guard house, filled my gas tank with the jerry cans, and took off. I stopped along the road for a beturbaned young man with a very nice face and very clear Persian, but he had a broken bicycle which I decided I just couldn't take. I then picked up another fellow who was either high or an idiot: what he was doing out in the middle of nowhere was not clear: said he worked in the hills (shepherd?). First impression of Zahedan was of a rather nice, prosperous, new town nicely set on the desert on the flanks of some ranges. I unsuccessfully tried to find the Pakistan consulate before it closed; so I met two young fellows (a Teheruni, and a Zahedani) who worked in INTO who suggested I stay at the Park Hotel, which I did. There I met 4 Pakistanis wanting rides to Quetta: one a white bearded man, a new Haji on his way back from Mecca; all from Lahore. I then met the money changer, Reza, a handsome young man, who introduced me to Sorush Arzomand, who runs a store across from the Park Hotel, and is the President of the local Anjoman. He is originally from Bombay, fought with the English in the second World War on the Pacific front--says he can still follow a little Japanese, Malay, but is rusty. His Farsi is good, but he can't write it. With Indian independence he became an Indian citizen, but now he is an Iranian citizen; says of all the places he's lived he likes the climate of Zahedan best.

He has built up the Anjoman here. There are 8 Zoroastrian families--more converted to Bahai. Every Monday they meet to discuss their problems. With Br. Yaganegi's help they built 25,000T meeting hall, fire temple, and place for Zoroas. (only) travellers to stay. The place is dedicated to the Dr.'s dead sister who's picture is up. The fire temple has an artificial fire--a red-light bulb in a metal afrigan with 4 pieces of symbolic sandalwood--he discussed this with Dastur Bode in Bombay (the Pope) and they agreed that in the time of Zoroaster there was no electric light, and it is not fire that is worshipped but the light of God which is what halos about all the prophets are. Zoroaster was the first prophet to bring the ten commandments; We do not have his grave because he said, if you had my grave you would pilgrimage to it, but the idea is to do good words, good thoughts, good deeds. Again God said not "worship me", but "do good words, good thoughts, good deeds"; the light in the fire temple is not an object of worship but something to focus one's attn on rather than thinking about money, women etc. "We are like sugar--we mix with everyone, eat with everyone, talk with everyone--sugar mixes with all liquids."

He introduced me to his partner, and a woman who I think was the latter's wife and who was wearing a chador. In the evening over dinner at the Hotel, I met a group of engineers who were concerned about water in this area: there was no agreement on the use of water of the Helmand River with Afghanistan, and so when there was little the Helmand Dam would effectively reserve all for Afghanistan.

8 March 1970 (Sun)--16 Esfand. Zahedan has cone-bearing conifers lining its boulevards; full of be-turbaned guys with beards--a bit of Afghan carry over; racially there is a strong element of very swarthy-dark Dravidian types; also many Sikh merchants in town; liquor stores, cloth, restaurant, automotive parts, etc.

First thing in the morning I went to the Pakistan Consulate and got a visa, meeting there 3 fellows driving from England to Australia: one of them tried to take a picture of the Consulate compound, but the Pakistanis got excited. I was through by 11, but since I had promised to meet Soroush Arzomand at 3:00, I gave my jacket to be dry-cleaned, had a weird meal at the Sikh restaurant (no choice) of a soup of liver, heart, balls, kidney of something larger than a chicken. Took a nap, and then had a great 2 hour interview with Soroush. Afterwards I took pictures of the afrigan. As I went back across to the Hotel, I heard the drums of a Zurkhane, so I went in to watch: it turned out to be the opening night of the town's second Zurkhane. I then returned to the Hotel, and a wandering minstrel, Xodabaksh came in; I recorded some of his singing till some young ~~hippies~~ people came in & disturbed the silence: the latter turned out to be 2 German medical students, a Canadian junkie who spoke fairly good German and had been living in Paris where he had left a woman with his illegitimate child, and a young British girl from the Rossi Island who had been studying electrical engineering in Paris and was on her way to Australia to visit her sister. The junkie of course was heading for India and her cheap drugs; he apparently was quite sick, and had frequent attacks; long-haired, I found his personality offensive in the extreme, otherwise might have given him and the Rossi girl a ride. She it turns out is one of a very small Jewish community (blond) of about 40 in the Rossi Island--a fishing community which speaks Gaelic as its native tongue--not only Jewish, but an anti-semite, and yet a Zionist; loves the Israelis, hates the rest of the Jews. She introduced me to two Malaysian boys who wanted a ride (she had to go to the Consulate in the morning, and I wasn't willing to wait).

9 March (Mon) --17 Esfand. Took off about 7am with the two Malaysian boys who were trying to make it back home from Germany by Easter; they had worked in Germany; were making the trip (one way) on about 100-125 dollars. We got to Quetta around 9:15 pm. after a gruelling day's drive of monotonous flat desert, til dark just before Quetta when we began to climb.

10 March (Tues)--18 Esfand. Arose around 9:00 and rapidly began to know all the local money-changers; an old man who also wanted to buy my landrover; two younger swave guys. The black market is wide open: the official rate is \$1 = 4.75 rupees; we were getting 9. We walked to the railroad station, taking some pictures of the Masjid-e Sein Khan and another mosque in Russian wooden style with Byz twisted domes etc. Quetta itself is very reminiscent of Afghanistan, with people in turbans, beards, full purdah; there were 3 styles of purdah--Afghan chadris, Persian chadors, and a black veil just over the head.; Afghan-style painted buses, and similarly painted 3-wheel scooter-taxis. And yet there is a very strong English influence too: several of the cafes look like 19th cent. Anglo-Saxon general stores; all signs are in English though few people know much English. At the RR station the boys got tickets to Lahore at reduced student rates (14.5 Rs). I then took a bath in a haman for 1 Rs.

After dropping the boys at the RR station in the afternoon, I went to the Parsee Colony--a walled compound on Jinah Road. Noted several Parsee names along Jinah Road:

- 1) Rustomi Flour Mill, Prop. S.R. Dastur
- 2) Adamjee Deutz Ltd.
- 3) Mehta--representative of P.I.A.
- 4) M. Esmailjee & Sons Colliery owners
- 5) Sorabjee & Sons "

In the Parsee Colony compound is a large grey building which must be the Fire Temple (Fravarti on Persepolis style gable), a side door with a lock on the gate and a red sign with white letters saying: Parsees (Zoroastrians) only. I Asked at a small cottage for Mrs. Romer (whose name Cyrush had given me) and was told by an elderly Parsee woman that she was gone to Pindi to visit her daughter; her son is at the airport seeing her off--will be back later. They've got two vicious dogs, so call out for him rather than go into the house. She's also got a vicious dog which she carefully kept in the house and talked to me out on the patio. Also in the compound is a large yellow building, and a series of brick housing units of the 1930s style.

I then went to see Mr. Mehta, the P.I.A. agent. Re. Zoroastrians, he referred me to the local high priest: Rustami Flour Mill: Dastur Sohrabji Dastur. Re. P.I.A. plane fares, he couldn't give me a reduction. Another Zoroastrian was there and remarked: you know in Iran you are allowed access to the fire-temple, but you will not be here. I found the Dastur and he gave me a ~~hookup~~ contact in Karachi: Sidhwa. The "High Priest" of Karachi died and there is none at present. This friend: Mr. Godroji D. Sidhwa, 96 Ghafoor Chambers, Victoria Road, Karachi, will give me what literature exists, and will show me the Oriental library. Of the 60 people in Quetta, 40-50 live in the compound. He showed me the compound, laughingly saying: whichever country we are in we keep aloof. First the yellow building turned out to be a rest-house for Zoroastrians only (closed up now, usually in use only in summer) with dedication plaque: Khanbahadur Ardeshir Dassabhoy Marker, OBE/ Rest House for Zoroastrians, donated by/ Mr. Kekobad Ardeshir Marker (the Pres. of the Quetta Anjoman) to the Quetta Anjoman/ in memory of his Late Revered Father/ 14 November 1954. The Marker of Yazd fame is a FB of this Marker. Next to this is a smaller rest house for overflow. The bungaloes are shake-proof construction, built after the Earthquake of 30 May 1935. He himself lives in the bungalow I went to first (it was his wife I must have talked to) which is provided for priests free of charge. He has been in Quetta for more than 50 years. Has 3 kids: a daughter in Kashmir, a son is engineer at Karachi airport, a son is in Bombay (the youngest studying for the priesthood, I think he said). Re. not allowing non-Zoros into the temple: has been practised since the Parsees went to India as an isolating mechanism to protect the religion from disappearing; it is not a religious tenet. Romer, the son of Mrs. Romer, is head engineer at the Electric Power Plant of Quetta, lives there but visits his brother (-in-law?) who lives in the compound frequently. I made a half-hearted attempt to go back later on but was met by barking dogs and so retreated.

Jalal, a pharmacist, and money-changer, found me a place to park my car in his sister's hospital for women behind the lively bazaar which Jalal says is full of smuggled goods. Then in the evening with Jalal and another Pakistani of the same ilk, and two former drug dealers (one English and one American) we made the rounds of the sea shops in the evening: nice hash, and the cold drink, bung, were displayed. Tea-shop society is very well developed in Quetta.

11 March (Wed)--19 Esfand. I took the early morning flight to Karachi flying over barren formations (Quetta itself seems to have a qanat system), over the Indus and Mohenjodaro. Karachi is a bustling warm English-looking city: full of people ready to change money, guide you etc.; humidly warm atmosphere of a sea resort; shops full of touristy goods including some antique shops with some really exquisite pieces of Buddhist art. I walked around a bit, found a room in the Casino Guest House across the street from Ghafoor Chambers, run by a pleasant little man wearing a black fez and white tunic and white pajamas who checked me out to make sure I wasn't a hippie; he has 3 sons, the Eldest in California, and 2 sons just finished university who are going to the US for advanced degrees. I went over to Ghafoor Chambers to find Mr. Sidhwa: his clerk called him at home and he picked me up at 4:30. Plenty of Parsi names about. Sidhwa took me out to his home in one of the Parsi Communities (there is another near his office) near the Daxmes.

- 12 March (Thurs)--20 Esfand. Went to see Sidkwa in the morning. Caught the 11:30 bus to the airport on stand-bye and would have gotten on the plane back to Quetta but for a misunderstanding. So came back to town and wandered about some of the shops: found a bookshop which had two of the 3 volume Mami'i Mufidi history of Yazd, run by the son of a Shirazi who had migrated to Madras. His father's first cousin was the Nemazi of Nemazi Hospital in Shiraz. (The cafe where I ate across from the Casino Guest House) was also run by an Iranian). Then my hotelier's son drove me around a bit, and we visited Jinnah's impressive tomb, not yet quite finished: in the style of a huge imamzadeh: glass sides in pointed arch form rising to a huge dome. We then returned to the Guest House and stood around in the street, as all the young studs were riding around, and stopping to say hello. Everyone wants to get out: there are no jobs for educated people. Interesting item in the Karachi Daily Mawla Iran and Pakistan to exchange blood for their blood banks so as to strengthen ties between the two countries (blood again); this was a result of the Shahanshah's visit to Pakistan two days ago; a more tangible result was the opening of Iran to fruit import from Pakistan, so maybe now we will get some sweet oranges: Iran's are notably sour.
- 13 March (Friday)--21 Esfand. I caught the plane today, but utter disaster in another way: I lost my camera with all the film in it of the fire temples etc. from Zahedan to Karachi. (Various religious justification popped into mind: Judah-Christian punishment of God; Islamic kismet; Zoroastrian: the world is good and bad and Ahriman wins this time). When got to Quetta it was cold: I retrieved my car etc. and wanted to change some money at the official rate to make my money declaration easier: but the banks were closed tho many bank officials were willing to change on the black market, but not stamp my declaration form. So I took off for the border, arriving at Norkundi at midnight, where I slept in the car til the place should open in the morning.
- 14 March (Sat)--22 Esfand. The border station did not open until 9:00; going through behind me was the big dumb Austrian fellow we had met when leaving Afghanistan three months ago--he was with a different Pakistani this time, and had troubles because his Pakistani visa had expired on 29 January. By Pakistani time I arrived back in Quetta at 3:00, by Iranian time it was 1:30, so since my feelings were still soured by the loss of my camera, and since I wanted to get back to Yazd for the mourning ceremonies of Moharram, I did not wait for Gyrush to open his shop, but pushed on for Bam, where I tried to look up the Peace Corps couple Jim & Mary King, but was told that they had gone to America for NoRuz; so I stayed at the Bam Inn for 15 toman, ~~spending~~ slugging on behalf of a hot shower. The guy who runs the place is a young Teruni, who had been posted in Shiraz, and hates Bam as the end of the world.
- 15 March (Sun)--23 Esfand. Left Bam on a cold but sunny morning--had trouble starting the car, but we finally collected enough people to push me out on the road where we hailed a jeep to push me till I could jump start. It later began to rain, and just before Mahan snow--very cold--all these were local desert storms. The snow was in a pass between two mountain ranges and at all times I could see blue sky on the other side. The snow came down quite hard, but was very wet and did not stick except on my windshield. Got to Kirman just as the weather was turning from sun to rain. Peter wasn't home (it was about 11:30) so I looked up Jamshid Soroushian: at first a Zoroastrian woman in traditional dress didn't want to let me in, but he came to the door and ushered me in. Tafazoli had told him I was coming 3 months ago. Almost 60 and hard of hearing--wears a western hat all the time; knows a little but not much English, and prefers to speak Persian. Large receiving room with photos, carpets, bookshelves--fairly good library: all on Zoroastrianism with a few books on plant diseases. He went through his library showing me various of his books-- From the 2-volume edition of the Rivayats (letters sent back to Persia from Bombay asking questions about religion for a 500 year period ending c. 100 years ago) he gave me these figures:

Zahedan?

in 880 A.Y.(1311) there were 6000 Iranian Zoroastrians in Iran of which 500 were in Yazd, and 400 in the surrounding villages of Yazd, 700 in Kirman, 2700 in Sistan, and 1700 in Khorassan. The Sistani and Khorassani Zoroastrians mainly migrated to Kirman, e.g. in 927 A.Y. (1558) 3 thousand (?) came to Kirman from Khorassan. Today there are about 1500 in Kirman and 200 in the Ostan (Bam, Zahedan, Bandar Abbas, Sanjan). The women in Kirman also wear chador, because the Muslims otherwise throw stones, spit; also fruitsellers say don't touch: you will make it najesh. He showed me his book: Farhang-e Behdin by Jamshid Soroush Soroushian, pref. by Prof. I. Pour-Davoud, Teheran 1956.--A dictionary of Yazdi and Kirmani Dari into Farsi. We went through the names of all the orientalist who had dealt with Zoroastrianism, and he showed me letters from most of them. In Isphahan I should see Dr. Abadani and Dr. Jalil Dastha (a student of Pour-Davoud); in Teheran, Dr. Kia, Dr. Behruz, Dr. Faravashi, Maghadan. The best library in Teheran is Pour Davoud's; next best is the Ardesair Yaganegi Library. The big dastur in Bombay is the 80-year old Dastur Hoshjiji DABO. In Kirman there is one Adarian and one Dara Mehr. In Teheran there are 2 Adarian (Rustam Bagh and Teh.) and another (what level?) in Kh. Amiri. Ardekan has an Adarian; Taft has 2. Yashater, the Iranian at Columbia, was a student of Pour-Davoud, was a Jew from Hamadan, but now became Bahai. ~~He~~ I had lunch there in the course of which I mentioned I had seen the newly consecrated bull in Karachi--his wife responded that no bulls are to be found in Iranian ritual altho they were formerly, but now people here are more modern. Met one of the Keyanian brothers there (has an M.S. in Chemistry from NYU--will return to Yazd in a few days), and says he can help me get a house in Sharifabad or Mazar Kalantar.

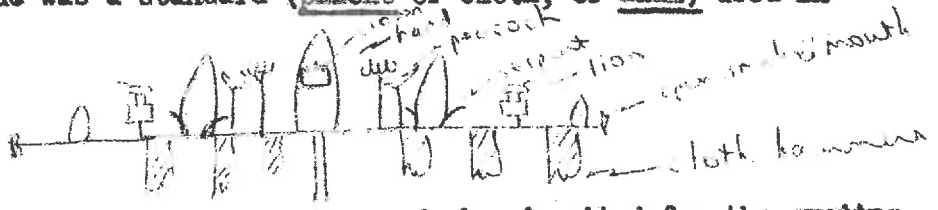
Afterwards it was raining and cold, couldn't locate Peter's office, Ayub not home, so instead of hanging around til evening, I headed for Yazd. Just before Mehriz, there was an accident on the road involving a gendarmerie jeep and I was asked to take an injured gendarme into the hospital which I did; he was in pain, but it seemed to be nothing really serious; a broken leg maybe.

16 March (Mon)--24 Esfand. Spent the morning trying to resettle myself. Afternoon, Mike and I went out to Mehriz. Mehriz is a group of small villages, esp. 3 in a circle which the Farmandar-koll wanted to connect with a maidan in the center, and which Frazer wanted to connect with a ring road thru the villages; it is just behind a range from Yazd M / Y. We parked in a square and walked up a kuche not very far before Y stopping where a guy was clipping a carpet--he is also a carpenter. The carpet, a large one (6 months to make) sells for 5000 T. of which 1000 T. goes to the weaver. Practically ever house has a loom worked by the women and children: we were shown one nearby. Mehriz has a boys and a girls Dabirestan; the boys, Dabirestan Mehrnegah, has c. 300 students; the girls c. 200--serves the villages in the area; four buses a day to Yazd. We were taken to see the Friday Mosque with a ruined minaret with a few blue-black tiles (Mongol?)--the boy maintained the mosque was very old; 2000 years old (but when I kidded him: atesh kadeh bud? gablaz Mohammad bud? he admitted he must have made a mistake and that he didn't know its actual age.) It was in 2 parts: a summer mosque and a winter mosque. One room locked up was a tomb: could see it through a barred window: green cover on the tomb with many mirrors about (rel. btw mirrors on Muslim graves, on the ma naql, and the portraits of Zarathustra on mirrors?). A place was shown where a camel fell from the path into a jui down a precipice: it ~~had~~ broke its leg, the villagers cut its throat, and it was used as meat.

We then drove out to the village of Khorviz where there was a fort which was "very old" called simply Qala Khorviz which our guide (the son of a farmer, in dabirestan) said dated back to Iskandar, and which an old man on the site said was there when the village "was new": no pottery about. Further on on one of the foothills to the East was an Imamzadeh: Hadji Saradin. On the way out and back, drove through a tent covered Husseinaya: canvass from Teheran, cloth of printed cloth from Yazd, printing done in Isphahan.

In the Friday Mosque was a standard (parche or cloth; or alam) used in the Moharram processions:

It was new, made in Teheran last year. Two candle holders on each side of the central sword.



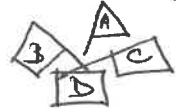
We went back to the Husseinyaya where the car was parked and waited for the evening ceremonies to begin, sitting in a little tea shop: a fakir in a green turban came in with a hankerchief full of wheat grain which he wanted to sell to the chai-xane owner: the latter took it in and weighed it saying the price was 7 rials a kilo and it was one kilo--the fakir made no attempt to bargain but simply accepted whatever was said: I'm not sure but I think he got a toman instead of the 7 rial rate.

As darkness fell, a double line of boys dressed in black shirts came into the Husseinyaya from the direction of the Masjid-e-Jome with zangir (chains) ^{زنجیر} flagellating themselves on alternate shoulders and chanting something about this being the 9th day of Moharram (Ma-harram): they went into the little mosque and formed a line there to continue the flagellation. We were then taken by our guide to "my masjid" where things had not started: so we got a chance to measure by rough pacing the height of the alams: about 30 feet--the ~~carriers~~ carriers wear their turbans around their waist as a support. This masjid was a small one with plain white walls, except for a picture of Ali and a set of flags:

A - black flag

B,C,D - green flags

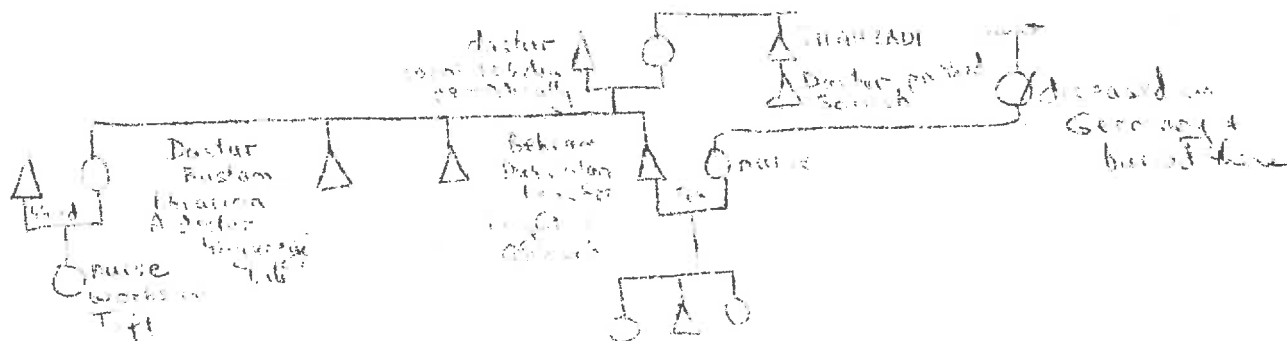
C,D - with white inscribed: "Abal Fask" ^{بابا فاضل}



Tea was served: Mike and I first. The place gradually filled, and the first to step to the mike was a young mullah apprentice; he was followed by a village "Elmar Gantry" mullah from the mountain village of Ardist an(?); the former read, the latter after drinking something from a brown bottle got up and sang, later joined by a second mullah at the mike doing the dasteh (beating the chest with the hands in 4/4 time. The next mullah chanted from a paperback while the previous two had tea and then left for the next masjid. The procedure seems ~~like~~ to be that these performers get about 1-2 tomans for their performance and make the rounds of masjids; each masjid's festivities each night are supplied by one man, in this case a man sitting with a black hat who is some kind of office worker in a finance dept of the gvt. The next performer was a greybeard who sat on the stairs and told the story of Hussein: how he had only 72 followers; how they had no water; he eventually looked at his watch, concluded, and left. Then an old man sang, and a younger one sang from the floor w/o the mike while an older man got onto the top but one step to sing and speak. A new mulla came in from outside and sat down near the steps after touching ground and nodding during the performance, and smoking the back--no separating curtain; tea was served during the performance, and smoking was OK even free cigarettes offered around. Then the younger man who had just sung from the floor got up and sang: we were told he gets one toman; followed by a old guy with a dramatic scratchy voice (also a 1 toman performer): he orated and said something about us coming, and then sang apparently a real tear-jerker: women began to wail, men hit their foreheads; he ended by saying I'm very poor and passed a hat around for money for which he thanked us for contributing--he counted the money and halved it, giving half to the following poet (neither a mulla) who sat on the lowest step--a cripple. After the performers were through, a procession was formed of a dual line of young men who took off their jackets under which they wore black shirts, saying as they took off their jackets 'I am black' and did the dasteh with others following behind also hand beating chest, changing "Emshab shabito suo ast...shabito suo semshab...mashallah...emshab" (tonight is the 9th of Moharram). The procession went to the Friday Mosque where many people were already gathered, and a young ahun was in the chair: he was a high school teacher in Teheran whose wife was a Mehrizi, had studied in Qum--supposedly he was being paid 22 tomans; he talked about Islam being democratic; he was followed by an inaudible mullah fr Yazd who supposedly was getting 50 tomans.

The Shia Hand is the hand of Abbas, the $\frac{1}{2}$ brother of Hussain (his father was Ali but his mother was not Fatima), who when trying to get water for Hossein was killed by the soldiers of Calif Yazid and whose hand was cut off. Hassan is not a coequal with Hossein because he was killed by poison, whereas Hossein died by the sword. The strongholds of traditional Moharram ceremonies are Mehriz, Ardekan, Bafq, Taft, Zarch, Meybod; of which the most exciting is Zarch. The followers of Ali are called Alavi (علوي). --Comments of Hossein Hadji Mohammad, a school teacher in Isphahan (Kh. Shah, Kuche Herati, #11; or Teacher Club, Kh. Azar, Kuche Modem).

17 March (Tues)--25 Esfand--9Moharram. Morning interview with Mumeri. Then went to the Post Office to phone the American Institute to confirm visit of Rotblats. Saw the Postmaster and he called in a Mr. Shahizadi who works in the P.O. and talked to him about finding a room. Shahizadi invited me to a wake in the afternoon for his diseased aunt: 30 day anniversary (si-ruz). There is one after 3 days, after 30 days, and after a year. At the home of his aunt's daughter where the wake was held, an old priest was reading in the courtyard, and people gathered in the visiting room. There I met Rustam Shahizadi's brother Behram whose mother-in-law was the diseased, his wife (the diseased da) and their three children--two girls and a boy (Behruz).




The name "Shahzadi" was taken for the family by Soroush's father while Rustam & Behram's father was in India (he would go to India periodically on business and return); Life was better in India and those who could went there with their families; those who couldn't afford that would at least go themselves for a while. The house of Behram's father is a joint house with his brother; now occupied by Behram's sister whose husband raises pigeons in a domed chamber near the entrance and whose daughter is a nurse in Taft. Behram upon hearing about the White bull I saw in Karachi says, "yes, it was used before in Iran too, but the younger generation doesn't want any part of it--the urine of the bull served as an antiseptic when there was none other, also taken internally it was a kind of inoculation against smallpox and TB. Also confirms green wedding dress in old days. (The gand-sugar was wrapped in green in the courtyard with food set out to make the spirits of the dead happy.) Green is the color of growing. Three grains grown in pots: sham balile, taratizak, jo-(oats) and what grows in the pots best is an omen of what will be a good crop in the new year. Myrtle tree grows in the Behram Shahizadi house courtyard. Eskendar gojaste or Alex the terrible: gojaste is Pahl. for those who are cruel--opposite is hojaste or farhunde "auspicious".

They were suprised I was at Mehriz yesterday and would go back--these Muslims are fanatic, uneducated, ignorant. They asked my religion, were interested in the fire of Moses' burning bush, and interested in the Arab-Israeali war: Soroush's wife said she hoped the Israeli's would get revenge on the Arabs for the Zoroastrians. Behram S.: Islam has contributed nothing to Iran--all of Iran's glory is pre-Islamic. The dress of the Zoroastrian women is post-Islamic, but never veil.

All the people present were relations including the fire temple priest, Dastur Mehreban, and the old priest. Soroush himself is a priest, studied in Bombay. Mehreban showed me a couple of books: the barsam here is made of silver, is 3 sticks laid across two tripod holders as a bridge repres. the Bidge of Judgment, and when

broken sends the spirit to heaven. Says knowledge of the alat is being lost.

Four days each month Zoroastrians do not eat meat (and this was one of them): Vahman, Mah, Gush, Ram. If as in the case of this wake it falls on a festival it makes it hard to prepare food--because ~~like~~ the people like meat and gives more variety--is a felt abstinence don for health and to increase cattle and sheep. 8 places of pilgrimage: Chak, chak Kuh; Pir Banyu etc.

In the evening, Mike Bonine and I went out to Zarch to a tent-covered Husseineya to watch a passion play--began with the dasteh ()--beating on the chest, preaching by Ahuns (preachers). Then guys in Shia green and red reenacted the tragedy of horse back, concluding with a parade of floats on horseback and camel-back: a yellow lion weeping and eating the killed Hossein; Imam Hossein on a camel; Ali Akbar, Yezid, etc; scenes of trying to get water--the great thirst.

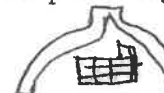
[walls vs sand. Shaved heads vs ringworm--saw cases tonite]

18 March (Wed)--26 Esfand--10 Moharram--ASHURA.

Mike and I went by to pick up Peter Sinton and then Aram Ga'amagni: the latter didnt realize we were going out of town and said he'd have to ask his Father, who came out to say hello and said Aram would like him to make the decision--Aram had never been out w/o his Fa before (he's in 12th grade.)

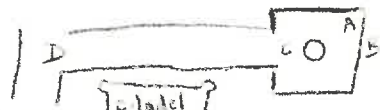
We drove out to Mehriz. The naql was all decorated with mirrors on the front except for the center piece which was a portrait of Hossein; they were still draping the sides in black. The back was black with a stylized gold painting of a mosque with a square pattern in its portal (the Kaba?).

We were met by the Post Master who recognized Abram and the gendarmery commander--a number of gendarmes



were stationed about. Mike asked if pictures were allowed and was told no. We stood around and watched a bit and then there was a series of unfortunate events. Mike and Peter moved off and seemed to be heading away from the square. Not wanting to be separated I followed with Aram; around the other side of the naql Mike stopped and snapped a quick picture. Then Peter stood around and asked if I thot he could attempt one too: I said I did not think it was a good idea but did not try to dissuade him any more forcefully. Meanwhile unbeknownst to us, Mike had been approached by a gendarme who asked him if he didn't remember the answer of the commander. Peter took his picture and was immediately surrounded by gendarmes and people. His film was demanded--he exposed it, but would it first and may have saved the picture. We were escorted away to a nearby village by the b...dar (btw Shahrday and deistan), postmaster and gendarme commander to the nearby village of Baghdadabad where some zelus were spread out in a Husseineya, an Ahan was preaching, and a dasteh group came in all black: a naql stood here as well. I asked one of the party--a grissled older man of lower class who said he was from Ardekan and a relative of the B...dar--if the mirrors on the front of the naql were only for beauty or also had religious significance. He said both--had something to do with cleanliness or purity of Hazrat Ali. [Aram knows nothing--does not know how to pray] He said the festivities in Ardekan--dasteh, chains etc--are the same as here, except they don't carry the naql there. We were then ushered to a nearby house for lemon drink and lettuce in a sweet vinegar dressing, and pomegranates, and then we all went back to Mehriz where my two chastized friends appeared with conspicuous absence of cameras. The interlude had been a very civil, courteous and kind way of getting us out of the crowd. The ceremonies were to begin it turned out only at 1:30 and it was still only 11:30. So we said we would go to Zarch and perhaps return.

Zarch is a place of about 10,000--divided into two moieties: Zarch chasme where Mike and I had been last night; and zarch tudeh, the larger of the two where we headed this time, stopping only briefly for a picture from the distance of the people crowding the Husseinia walls of Zarch chasme like a flock of crows. At Zarch tudeh we were met by the police who gave us an officer to escort us to the




Hosseinye. This was a very large oblong affair below a ruined citadel ^{with:} We climbed to the top of the wall (B) and then the police got us the best seats in the house on the second story, where the dignataries, a doctor, etc. came later. It was a magnificent view of the throngs and brought to mind the romance of the Imperial Roman coliseum. Behind on the mesa capped hill was the dome of Elabad ^(?) a Zoroastrian village nearby--in Zarch are only Muslims. We saw some Zoroastrian women in their distinctive dress among the crowd before the tazia, but afterwards we did not see them. Behram Shahzadi later asked if they were wearing chador--occasionally they do this out of respect. The naql here was draped in green in front with a facing again of mirrors ('because Hossein was a good man', said a boy); the back was a pattern of red and black knives following the tear-sword shape of the naql; The sides were draped in black. A large alam (bannered standard) was on top. A young man said red is the color of war; green of peace.



The tazia began with Shemr (the lt. to Yezid(s general) dressed in red tying up and leading away two young boys dressed in green (boys of Islam). Then a flock of black clad children ran after a black-cloaked man with a white Arab headcloth, all clapping their hands to their head in grief, chanting and running, kneeling, running. They gathered round the tent which changed somehow from white to black and then was burned. Dasteh group came thru. And there was a procession like last night of camel and horse carried Imam Hosseins, Gen Yezid, Gen. Ibn-i-Sa'd, and Gen. Shemr and the body of Hossein--a live bloodied man carried across a horse. This was followed by a series of floats on these 3-4 wheeled vehicles: a man in white who held the head of Hossein and alternatively polished it with a rag and clapped his hand to his thigh and mouth in a gesture of disbelieving grief; he came around the second time with binoculars looking off to see Hossein and with a camera which he pointed at the crowd; the third time around he had 2 heads in a pan. Another float was the same as last night: a well with a man in green jacket and a cup trying to get water (Abbas?). Then there was a float merely of a large pan of water (reference to the thirst of Hassein and His Family of the Tent on their last night). Another float had the dead body stained in blood with a man dressed as a lion picking over him and some live pigeons feeding on him; this float was followed by a gang of men in white-blood stained dress with red-painted faces and hands, clapping their hands to their head. After the floats about 150-200 men carried the naql from one end of the Husseineya to the other chanting "Hossein", "Hossein, Hossein" as a work chant. At each end they set it down a moment; they carried it from A to D and back 3 times, 2 men on top banging cymbals. At the end all gathered round the naql where a priest chanted and people raised hands and then did the dasteh.

In the evening Mike Burrell showed up and told about the student demonstrations in Teheran: the nominal reason was the raising of bus fares, which went up in some cases 200% which the students said was too much for the south Teheranis to pay. They closed down Daneshga Arya Mehr and the police cleared it with tear gas. The University of Teheran was closed and 2 boys set themselves on fire: one died, another unknown. A British embassy official said he saw several being beat up on Kh. Naderi by the police and would not be suprised if 5 or 6 were shot. The students overturned 5 buses. The bazaar closed. Mike coming back from the Majlis skirted his usual busstop as there were students jostling would-be-riders and was told by a policeman: today it is better to ride the taxi, and when Mike said there are no empty ones, the policeman said wait a minute, stopped the next taxi, put Mike in it and told the driver: "you will take this foreigner where he wants to go, and you will do it quickly because we have work to do". Story of torture of U. of Pahlavi radical who was in Teheran at the time and caught as he attempted to return to Shiraz. Within 24 hours a telegram came from the Shah skiing in Switzerland instructing PM Hovsyda to have the bus fares reduced and re-evaluated: the first time the students got what they wanted in 24 hours. Taxi driver said to Mike: The Shah is in Switzerland; everyone else skies in Ab Ali. There had been nothing of the disturbance in the newspapers, except a short note that all those who had been arrested had been released. The day before the real disturbances, however, the Kayhan had carried a several column rebuttal of a Baghdad claim that the students were rioting to overthrow the Shah etc.--way overblown.

19 March (Thurs)--27 Esfand--11 Moharram. Spent the morning typing my journal on Peter Sinton's typewriter while Mike Bonine and Mike Burrell went sightseeing. In the afternoon, Behram and Sorush Shahzadi dropped by and then we walked into the Zoroastrian Quarter a bit. They asked what I'd done yesterday and so we discussed the tazia--Sorush says that he saw the tazia before but since 4 years it has been banned in town. Behram asked directly if I did not think this was a manifestation of ignorance of uneducated people. They commented on our Esfand  --to keep away the evil eye. I described Halloween costumes as a pagentry akin to the Tazia and Behram said that in Teheran there was something similar; after Ramazan boys dress up in chadors and hit spoons on plates before the door and are given presents; the name of the event is Roshamzani. Also, the last Wednesday before NoRuz fires are lighted either on the ground or on rooves and children especially jump over the fire shouting Zardieh ma az to; sorghia to az ma--we give you our yellowness, you give us your red (Sharshambe suri)--done by both Muslims and Zoroastrians.

Places of Zoroastrian pilgrimage in annual cycle order: Pir Setipir (just north of Yazd, where someone rested in the flight from the Arabs); Pir-e Sabz (or Chak Chak Kuh); Herisht; Narestaneh; Hotunbanu; Naraki (end of Shahrivar at the beginning of the school year). The day for Pire Sabz is the 1st of Tir.

Keyanian; 4 brothers in Yazd; Fereydon, Rustam, Khosrow, Shahbahram; one of these (Shahbahram?) married a German wife, but divorced--no children.)

The land btw Dabirestan Kei Hosrovi (Kh. Herati) and the Zoroastrian Quarter used to be high sand dunes 10 years ago and at that time cost 1 toman a square meter; today it costs 300 toman a square meter.

On the first day of NoRuz, people visit the homes of dead relatives for a kind of memorial service; in Teheran the difficulty of getting around to all the houses has transferred the custom to a central place: the Iraj Hall of the Yaganegi Community Center. Another memorial service is held in Esfand (?). It is usual to have new clothes for NoRuz, but new clothes are not worn if there is a death in the family. Sorush was going to a tailor to try on new clothes, but apparently cannot wear them on NoRuz.

On the Panfeh (5 days) in Ma-e Tir, people go to the daxmes for a memorial service.

There are now a few Zoroastrian shops in the bazar: a tailor, liquor(?) store.

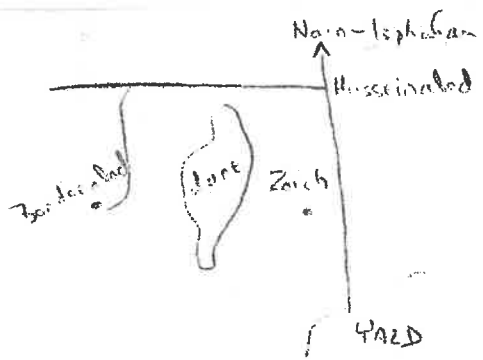
There is a Jewish barber in the Zoroastrian quarter. Sometimes the Muslim barbers refuse to touch the head of a Zoroastrian or a Jew. Four months ago the Muslims cheated a Zoroastrian girl and wanted to convert her to Islam against the wishes of her parents. Powerful men in Teheran, incl. E. Yaganegi, stopped the affair; and the Muslims, at that point, said they would not cut Zoroas. hair. The Zoroas. and Behram himself say--am very much for freedom of belief and individ choice but--very anti conversion because when it happens, the Muslims parade the convert around town. In Teheran mixed marriages can occur in anonymity and is OK.

I mentioned the transfer of impurity by water in Muslim belief, viz. not allowing Julfa Armenians to cross into Isphahan on rainy days. Behram says same here: Zoroas. not allowed to step on wet floor; also had to dismount and salute passing muslims.

Do have amulets which Behram had hung around his neck as a child--contained the Vahruna (guardian angel) Yasht. Also later a little book put in pocket. Also used the Avesta for divination like Muslims the Quran--opening it to get forecast.

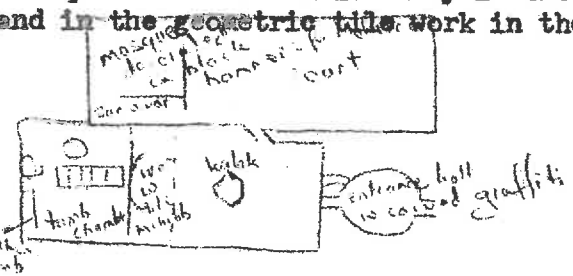
Bahai converts from Islam tortured and were going to torture Zoroastrian Bahais as well (since couldnt tell the difference) but Dastur Tirandar said no: let us punish them, and they again put on the sudra and kusti.

20 March (Friday)--28 Esfand--12 Moharram. Mike Burrell, Mike Bonine, and I went out to Bonderabad, followed by party of Noel Siver, her Persian boyfriend, and a couple of French teachers from Teheran. Bonderabad is to the south of the Isphahan road, but to get to it one must go around a large sand dune. The village itself is



being invaded by the sand; piles of sand are drifted up against the Friday Mosque and walking on top of the dunes there one is about roof level. The very green wheat fields each carefully irrigated add delightful spots of color in the brown scenery. There are two citadels, relatively small, of Qajar age the inhabitants say.

The main attraction is the Friday Mosque which the natives say is the tomb of Shah Mahmud Ghaznavid; it is Timurid, and in the geometric tile work in the central court, one can read Allah, Mohammad. In the tomb chamber, the mihrab niche contains a grave slab with headstone missing--stolen the natives say, 40 years ago by Europeans but whether English or Russian they don't know: Robert Hillenbrandt says in the north he continually runs across this sort of thing--taken by the Russians.



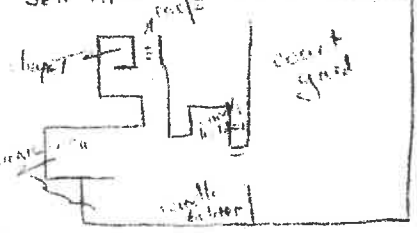
There is now a new stone in the mihrab back wall which has a candle engraved on it. On the floor of the chamber coming out from the mihrab are a series of grave stones with very elaborate calligraphic decoration. Next to this line of graves (viziers and military men) stands a candle-holder analogous to the larger kalak in the courtyard (on which a fire used to be lighted). In the nich are hung small mosque lamps, mirrors, esfands, etc. Imam Hussein is reported to have prayed here. At the entrance, many graffiti forms are carved in the plaster: grave and zigurat forms with flags, hands (one inscribed with the name of Reza Hussein Ali, dated 1348), The masjid is called Masjid-e Sultan Mahmud; is a Masjid-e Jome; and is an Imamzadeh Davozdah.

21 March (Sat)--NO RUZ: 1 Farvardin 1349--13 Moharram. I slept late, but Mike went with Mahmud to a last mourning ceremony at one of the mosques where just more speeches and dasteh. (Mahmud had also taken Mike to a private home ceremony--like the one we saw in the small mosque at Mehriz.) Apparently Iranians are allowed to take pictures of the proceedings, just not foreigners.

22 March (Sun)--2 Farvardin. In the Morning I finished reading C.G. Jung's PSYCH. & ALCHEMY, and then read Trevor-Roper's essay on the Witchcraft craze in the 16th and 17th century.

Sorush Shahzadi showed up and he took me with Behram Shahzadi's family in my Rover to Seti Pir--just off the pavement at the end of Pahlavi, a bit northeast: newly repaired, Seti Pir has a 40' well, is a stopping place in the flight of Yazdigird's daughter, now functions like a "masjid". Behram stressed that people did not come here to think about Yazdigird's daughter but simply to pray to god. It is a ziarat (pilgrimage point) and after here people often go to Chak Chak Kuh. (Yesterday was a big day for going to the Fire Temple.) There is no fire here; candles placed in holders, incense, fruit. A small chapel in which people went in to pray--Sorush brought a candle to light--reading from prayer books: rumbling of chanting.

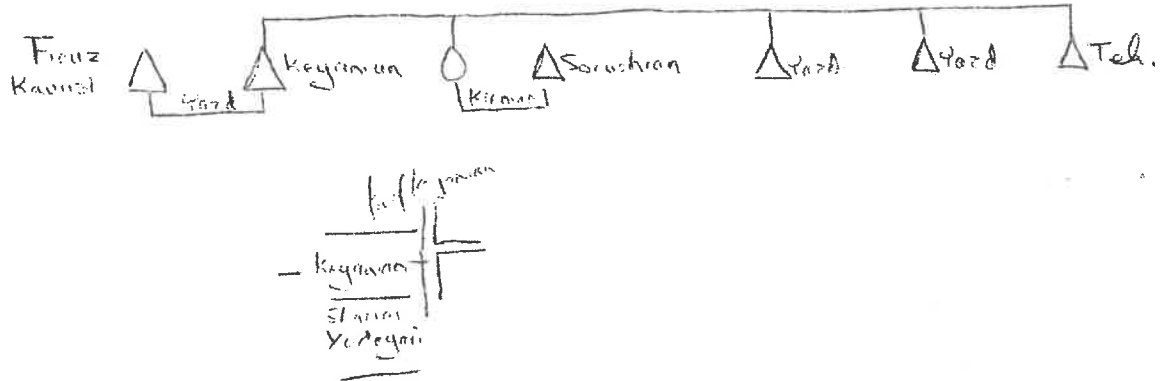
Afterwards we all went to Mr. Mumeri's house in Nersabad (Nasrabad) for tea. Behram spoke of the sad-ruz (100 day) fire celebrations 100 days before No Ruz: in Teheran are fire-works. His wife who mother died a month ago told some peace copps people there (the Beards from Rafsijan) that in Zoroastrianism there should be no crying at a death.



When I returned home, I found that Simin Sorudi had called--she is in town on a tour with the Univ. of Teh. art students (Teh-Yazd-Kirman-Bandar Abass-Shiraz-Isp) and so met her at Bagh Herati: the kids were really beat looking (usual for Iranis)--guitar, then tar and guys faked belly-dancing, 1-2 girls also but that didnt work.

23 March 1970--3 Farvardin 1349. (Monday). Morning spent reading and working on Pers.

In the evening Manuchehr and Firus Kavusi (now Keyanian) dropped by. Zoroas. Pilgrimage points: (1) Vaqt-e vaqt-e Chak Chak Kuh (1-5 Tir)--also called Pir Sabzi because of the green trees; (2) Seti Pir--vaqt-e vaqt--1st of Tir; name Seti Pir means "seh ta" (3 times), i.e. the 3 women who died here at the time of the Zoroas flight; (3) Pir Baba Sat, near Taft; (4) Narestaneh; (5) Sarv-e Chan, nr Taft.



I then went to Hormuzdiar Rustani's to say Happy New Year and Parviz Varjovand was there with his family so we stayed for a while and then went to his house (his grandfather's house which has been unoccupied for 40 years til now). Sinddoxt, Hormuzdiar's wife, greeted me with rose water and a mirror.

At his dai's (Hormuzdiar) Parviz mentioned that Ostad Master Kodabaksh a Parsee teacher sent out from India to Dabirestan Kei Khosrovi had been murdered because of his attempts to reform: he wanted to abolish the hereditary priesthood, and other things. Rustani did not want to talk about it despite Parviz and Sue's urging--it's a personal thing. But, Parviz later said, this is not quite so, since he was one of the first to rush to the shot man's aid, and helped to put up a memorial fire which is very public: Parviz showed it to me just down the kuche there is a bricked section of the wall with a small place for candles or a fire where someone recently had put something green (leaf). Above this is a plaque to the event: the teacher was killed by the evil Fereydan Rustan Kermani on Farvardin Day Farvardin Month (No Ruz) 1287. Inside the house a lamp is kept burning. The priests had him killed.

Parviz avoided the question of where he gets his information on the Parthian period which he conceives of as the golden age before the nightmare of the Sassanians. The Parthians (1) had no hereditary priesthood; (2) had no hereditary kingship; (3) had a conception of the indivisibility of man: death was the separation of the elements which in compound were man and he was thereby finished--the daxme is a reflection of Parthian unconcern about the corpse. The Sassanians on the other hand, he likens to the Nazis, full of persecution which is the explanation of their so thorough a fall so quickly when their political collapse came. Shapur drilled holes in the shoulders of his captives and put ropes thru. Parviz also compares the Sassanians and their collapse to Imperial Rome: both decadent. When Yemen, a Sassanian vassal, was attacked by Ethiopians, they were sent a shipload of Manichean captives from Persia. Such persecuted people are to be seen as the people who came back with the Arab invasion and on their home ground effected the revolution against the Sassanians. When you ask Zoroastrians why they were so completely destroyed, they often point to Alexander and the burning of the Persepolis library, but this Alexander is a myth, an excuse: must look to social structural reasons. Later people like Napoleon and Hitler were also misled by the myth of Alexander: that a small, well-disciplined elite with army could conquer large socially complex groups. Conquerors like the Arabs and the Mongols had more success, but their case is different in that the terms "Arab" and "Tartar" did not exist at the time; what happened was that there were prophecies and myths about

(such as the Iranian belief in a new prophet every thousand years) which were adopted by the conqueror to good effect. The conquerors then called themselves Arabs, said an Arab ~~warrior~~ warrior could not be pierced by a Sassanian arrow, etc. / I.e. social events were given post facto interpretations based on pre-existing beliefs--viz. Trevor-Roper's expl. of the witchcraft craze. / All this was given as Behruz' theory.

The Sassanians then had hereditary priesthood, began developing a caste system, also dropped the idea of an indivisible being and introduced separation of body and soul and buried their dead. I said I agreed about the importance of social structure and suggested that some of the conservatism which defeated Teacher Ustad Master Xodabaksh's reforms is due to the possibility that if there is outmarriage and conversion as a doctrinal allowance (rather than as an individual extra-community thing) there could be a strong response from Qum which could destroy the community. Parviz said he thought it had more to do with a kind of selfishness--contrast the case of the Parsees who were given all the jobs etc. by the British, became fabulously wealthy, and could therefore have converted half India had they opened their doors, but they feared the starving masses inundating them, destroying both them and the religion.

There is a group in Teheran which Yaganegi (Ferangis? Esfendiar?) has great hopes for, which meets to discuss reform etc., and which Parviz used to attend: he argued strongly for allowing out-marriage and was bitterly attacked by another young man. Afterwards he met the man outside who was quite surprised that he should continue the debate on his own time: look, he said, it's not so important: intelligent people like you will marry whom they like; the rules are not for you but for the masses that we not open the flood-gates. Parviz is bitter about this elitist attitude of the rich that rules do not apply to them; and the paternalism of the hierarchy. He says he often turns for encouragement to the non-hierarchical Islamic ideas.

I asked about the recent student riots in Teheran and Parviz first passed them off as nothing; then admitted there was one day of violence; then finally said they'd been here 5 years and it had been agreed that by this time if he hadn't found what they wanted they'd get out; it looks like a good time to get out. I mentioned Bonderabad, the mosque and the sand taking over; he said the Govt not really interested in us finding such things--if we can say 'oh yes Bonderabad--where the sand is taking over etc--the Shah's White Revolution gets forgotten; what they want to show is the picture of an unexciting Iran. I responded that once the Shah gave money to encourage Iranian studies there's no stopping intellectual curiosity; he agreed; then asked why no Iranian studies in local universities: I pointed out there were: Pahlavi, Avestand, etc., but conservatism: teach Greek anthropology because it doesn't stir people up.

Parviz is of the opinion the Zoroastrian Quarter is deteriorating; the dogs are no longer fed; kushes used to be cobbled and kept up--~~now~~ no longer; since dug up for water pipes not repaired. Used to be a group of men designed to keep things up. The land is being sold to Muslims even right in the center of the Quarter: they say 'oh he is a sayyed and wants a quiet place, so he came to the Zoroastrian Quarter'--which is interesting on both sides. Hormuzdiar's son, Bahram, buys windows from the old houses for Parviz when the buildings are sold: quite a collection--also a sign of decadence.

Green--a Persian color: Mazdak, Zoroastrian, Shia. Is a shrine or atesh of Shah Bahram Zed here in Khoramshah (also one in Teheran which has a fire, this one does not). Shah Bahram Varjovand is the only Immortal of Zoro. cosmology--he left the earth without dying and since the ancients used to light fires to their kings, his fire was always kept lighted and never put out; Is the prototype of the Shia imams.

When at Hormuzdiar's, Simindokht brought me a mirror and some rose water to put on: the saying is the nicest thing one can show someone is himself: hence the mirror. About mirrors; catch light, and reflect purity. Parviz remembers a strong fear from his childhood which returned as he entered his grandfather's house (which both he and Sue found spooky--forty years empty) of not looking at mirrors at night because you might see something not yourself.

Simindox is superstitious; very particular about ritual cleanliness; when period, doesn't go out etc.--has been talking a lot about it to Sue in an attempt to find out whether or not Sue is "clean" at the moment, but Sue is getting a perverse satisfaction out of keeping her in suspense. Simindox is so concerned she now takes pills to suppress her periods altogether. Simindox also washes (always) her clothes separately from those of her husband, and both separately from her son's. She has hinted that x is insane, and when Sue said she's young and could be cured, responded: maybe not, her mother died of insanity. There's been a big shuluk about food, Simindox always wanting to provide food, not allowing Sue's family to take light meals, cook themselves: occasionally takes the form of laughing at Sue's ash(stew).

Sue says on NoRuz they got up before dawn and for "sentimentality" spread incense at the door and thus greeted the first day. In the house there is a large ivan which is sacred in these old houses; as a child Parviz says he was not allowed to play there: the highest part of the house and the only part bricked, and where table put to put on offering to sun, moon, ancestors. Concern about the ancestors prevents renting houses to PCV etc. Pictures of shrines put up with words underneath 'may his spirit be happy'.

As I drove home I noted a light on the Atesh Behram's fravarti: only the ring of promise was lighted.

24 March 1970 (Tuesday)--4 Farvardin 1349. Went to Pir Narestaneh with Parviz, Sue, the two kids, Simindox, Shahbaram, and Ardeshir Superman with 2 of his kids. Ardeshir Superman runs the liquor store across from the police station in Kh. Kirman; has 6 kids; was in Bombay for 6 years.

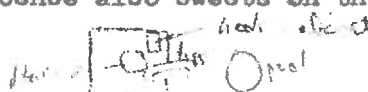
Pir Narestaneh is in the mountains to the north of Yazd across some desert and past Marianabad. There are several buildings--2 serais in good repair, and a couple of ruins, and the atesh kade, built 25 years ago (the atesh kade) by Kavusi of Sharifabad (no rel to the Kavusi of Yazd) with a pyramid top. There is a spring and an old myrtle tree--the spring is collected just below the Atesh kade in a small pool and the tree stands on one edge: the Atesh Kadeh is built around it so that outside are some of the gnarled roots.

The caretaker, an old man, was in Bombay 23 years ago but not since the English were kicked out and the Hindus took over. He lives out here 15 days then goes to town for 10 and so on. His wife is in Nershabad where he has some gardens. He has 4 kids--3 daughters and one son (married and in Teheran); the youngest daughter is in 12th grade.

There are some terraced small fields below watered from the spring, which are owned by a Muslim. The old owner was kind towards the Zoroastrians, but his son is more intolerant and cuts the trees so they dry out. Parviz and Ardeshir put their heads together and came up with this solution: the man now rents to a relative on a five year lease; pay him to plant more trees rather than wheat which in five years will make the plot unprofitable (you can't under the forestry laws directly cut down trees), and then maybe the owner will leave.

Shahbaram Rustani says that the previous caretaker was an old woman who used to sleep out here all along. One night she awoke to find something licking her face: a panther--hit it with a piece of wood she always kept nearby, and it went away. He also reports there is an old man who lives a hermit's life in the mountains coming down every once in a while for food: has a long white beard; speaks good English as he lived in Bombay as a young man; name is Hormuzd. Ardeshir Superman said later that this Hormuzd moves around from place to place in the hills.

Another party arrived: some girls who go to Marker H.S. and have Beverly Sinton as their teacher, with some Teherania--incl. a fellow who works in public relations for the Plan Organization. Also Fereydon Khosrovi, the mechanic, who took me into the Atesh Kadeh: wash hands and face then put something on head and take off shoes: along with some pomegranates and incense also sweets on the altar of wh we ate.



25 March 1970 (Wed),--5 Farvardin. Today was the day Soroush Shahzadi had tentatively said he would take me to Sarv Cham (a pilgrimage point of the Zoroastrians on the Taft road.) So I went to the Post Office around 10 to see if I could help him get off but he was not there. Around 11:30 since he still had not appeared, I went to his house and found him and Behruz Shahzadi cooking fesenjan--so of course I stayed to lunch and we went out afterwards.

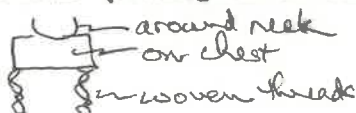
The old man of the mountains I was told about yesterday, is Hormuzd Bahrapour--Behram's father's brother's son. Behruz met him out at the daxmas; he had swept out the houses there. He has a long beard and goes barefoot. He moves around all over and everyone knows him and feeds him. Behram asked him why he did not wear good clothes; and his response was that when the poor would see his bare feet they would have the courage to ask him to give them the clothes. Behram then asked him why he did not wear shoes; he replied that in the brain are multiple nerve centers one of which is for the foot and if you do not wear shoes this center gets stronger: it has been hard for him, but eventually he has learned to do without shoes. Behram, showing his disapproval of Hormuzd's behavior, asked if he were a hippie (one of the ultimate dislikes of the Persians)--he said no, he disapproved of hippies because they were devil worshippers--he himself liked to work. Behram also confirmed that Hormuzd Bahrapour knows English well, and as proof showed me Hormuzd's handwriting (very good) in his notebook in which he asked Behram to get him two books: Fowler's English Word Usage, and A. Huxley's Point and Counterpoint. Hormuzd was educated as a dastur at the Cama Aetuman in Bombay, had two sisters, one now diseased, the other in India with whom he maintains no connection. He's been living this life 20-30 years; began by burning all his possessions. His father, Behram's FB, was a dastur here in Yazd but was sick--Behram remembers him as always being asleep or lying down. Behram's own father was not a full-time dastur either: was a merchant and spent much time in India (leaving his family behind).

Behram has been teaching 27 years and can now retire if he likes, thereby losing only about 100 tomans a month.

The uneducated people often (this was appropo of dialects, cockney and rhyming slang) used a rhythmic slang saying e.g. "sabzi sabzi" (2nd word nonsense syllable).

The story of Pir Narestaneh is about the son of Yazdegir: Ardashir.

Relations with Jews: Jewish merchants often peddled in the Zoroastrian quarter. They sometimes needed murd (- myrtle) for their rituals and they would come to the Zoroastrian Quarter to get it. There was an old priest, now dead, who was very friendly with the Zoroastrians and who would come over and pray for this old woman who died; in prayer he would wear (analogous to the kusti) a bib-like thing:

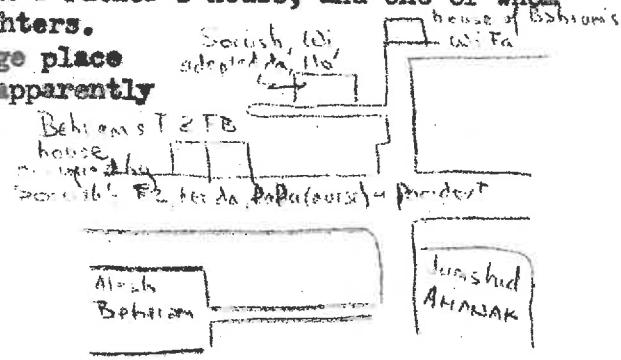


Also Jews wear a gown when they pray. Re. wine--the Jews have a custom: when a baby is born, they make some wine, bottle it and seal it and leave it until the baby marries (by which time the wine has aged to a perfection of sweetness). For lunch with the fesingan, we had some local wine and some arak which latter is made from the vine (the white), not like vodka from potatoes.

Another ritual plant used, growing in the courtyard of Behram's father's house, besides murd is the sweet-smelling sedona (?) used in ritual with vinegar: is antiseptic vs communicable diseases; and was put in pocket as amulet vs disease.

Sorush has 2 FZ, one of whom lives in Behram's Father's house, and one of whom lives in Teheran; the two have 6 sons and 4 daughters.

Ziaratgah (ساروتگاه) "holy place", Pilgrimage place (ziarat raftan = to go on a pilgrimage). They apparently did not know the story of Sarv Cham--only that there is an old sarv (cypress) tree there: indeed very old and tall. It is not in the mountains like other ziaratgahs so it can't be the swallowing up of a fleeing Zoroastrian escaping the Arab hordes. Cham is the name of the village, is the Dari equivalent of "chasma" or "eyes". Zainabad, Mubarak-cham are villages which were primarily

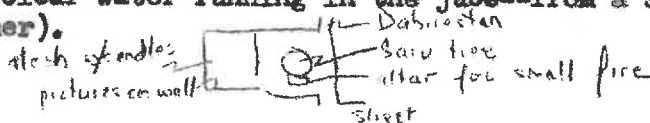


Zardoshti on the Taft road. They are furthermore interesting, esp. Cham, in that their inhabitants are known as jadid ("new"). During the periods of Qajar and even Safavid fanaticism (e.g. Shah Sultan Hossein), these people became half Muslim: their women wore a mediate kind of dress--no veil but the black trousers of the Muslim and the head covering of the Zoroastrian; they buried their dead, but not the Muslim way: rather they laid the corpse on the surface of the ground (no hole dug) and built a small half cylinder over it (the graveyard can be seen on the small road off the Taft road leading to the village (out of which the sarv rises strikingly). Behram did not know whether they married Muslims or not. They took two names, one Zoroastrian, and one Muslim; e.g. he knows such a man in Teheran whose Zoroastrian name is Ardeshir, and Muslim name is Hossein Ali--his wife was Zoroastrian, has a son who is Zoroastrian who lives in Teheran and whose car was recognized in the village this afternoon visiting; has another son, a doctor, who is not Zoroastrian. One of the women was talking to a mid-twentieth jadid village woman, and Behram noted they were speaking Farzi, but we asked one of the Yazd women if the jadid knew Dari and got an affirmative answer.

The jadid petitioned the Zoroastrian Anjoman in Teheran to be recognized as Zoroastrian, pleading the necessity for dissimulation in periods of persecution, and the Congress 6 months ago granted this request. When I asked if they had been wearing the kusti, Behram laughed and said that not many people wore the kusti anymore--he did not, and the Ateshkade in Teheran provided kustis because they knew people did not have their own.

The village used to be mainly this kind of Zoroastrian: now leaving due to lack of water. There was clear water running in the jube--from a spring--lasts til the month of Tir (mid-summer).

The ziaratgah:



The dabestan used to be Zoroastrian, was given to the Gvt and has been closed for lack of enough students. Sorush lit a couple of candles at the outside altar, put some pieces of sandalwood on a small afrigan there, said some prayers--untied his kusti (?): at least I saw him shake 3 times strings. The others (except my keeper, Behram) went into the room and monotone-chanted prayers standing around the small afrigan and candles there. Behram took me to the threshold, asking first if I was "clean"--and I said yes, I'd had a shower this morning if that were enough. Preceding the whole party had been an old woman caretaker who opened the

building carrying a little afrigan with incense and smoke wafting it all about before setting it on the tree-altar.

Coming back into town, we went to see the airport and then to a garden south of bagh Herati which Behram and wife (or their families) own, but it was locked and we couldn't get in. I dropped Behram and Sorush off at the Atesh Kadeh. Went then to Sharia Kodayari's house but he was not in.

Before leaving town, we met Dastur Mehreban who said the Austrian ambassador was going to visit the Ateshkadeh tomorrow, and the celebration of Zoroaster's birthday would be at 4:00.

Mike in the bazaar says he is finding a lot of Yaad is wafq owned by mullaahs.

In the ziarat compound were two huge old cauldrons (another was outside on the street)--these were used in the past to boil up large amounts of ash (stew) which was passed out to the poor. Apparently very recently there was such a feast for the jadid here.

Behram: marriage--dowry is given but no brideprice because unlike the Muslims, the Zoroastrians do not allow divorce except in special cases.

26 March (Thurs)--6 Farvardin. ZOROASTER'S BIRTHDAY. I went to find Sharia Kodayari but saw him on the street talking to Mehdi Malek, the Principal of Kei Khosrovi. They did not seem to want to talk, but Shahriyar Kodayari invited me to the celebration at the fire temple at 4:00 this afternoon. I then went to the Post Office and put in some time with Aram. Returning home, I found Anthrony Wynn and two friends, an Englishman who said not a word and a very interesting Iranian, Bahrampour. They're up from Pahlavi University over the vac. and are staying with Anthrony's friend, Shahriyar Rustami Mobedi in Nasrabad--it's the latter's friend, the katxoda whom Mobedi says is a sorcerer. Last night there was a huge cauldron of ash (stew) cooked up and passed out to the poor in Nasrabad--mounds of rice and vegetables (a mound is about 6 kilo)--this happens about 6 times a year, each time ~~paid~~ paid for by one man.

Bahrampour talked about the social clash of these very crucial years of change in Iran: the girls at the university dress very fashionably, very Western, etc., yet are not allowed to mix with the boys freely. There is a girl who spent several years in England and speaks freely to all, but she has engendered a bad reputation. Meanwhile this has repercussions on the other moiety of Shiraz society: the bazaris who see all these out-wardly Western-looking kids going to the university.

W/ the franchise for women: a trick was played on them: first they were given the vote and right to work in gvt offices; now this year they must go into the military (all with a high school education).

There is no dept of modern lit. which is absurd since there is magnificent writing going on, and esp. in journalism, but almost impossible to translate into English because of the multi-faceted allusions, metaphors etc. Story is told of Aminerri (?) one of the best of these journalists being introduced to Walter Lippman, who asked if his work was translated since he couldn't read Persian; Lippman was told that first it would have to be translated into Persian, then into English. Similar story told of an open column entitled Dear President Johnson. The following week a sequel was written in which the author said: a skilled translator at the Am. Embassy attempted a translation into English: we give you here a retranslation of his version into Persian--the difference was just incredible.

Sadegh Hedayat--his work is not so much banned because of political content per se, but because of its emotional pessimism which leads readers to commit suicide: done by portraying the entire social structure in such a way as to make the reader feel he is the most miserable creature alive--e.g. his story BeXoda Man Faheshe NaBudam (By God, I am not a Prostitute): the story of a woman whose husband has been fired from his job--she goes to see his boss to ask why. He replies oh well, this, that, and the other thing and our budget, etc. but if you really wish of course we can find him a job again. She, being an innocent soul and not understanding his insinuation, says yes of course I wish; so then, says he, come to my office this afternoon and we will talk about what can be done--now is working hours. She returns

and learning his intent, refuses at first but since they need the money eventually agrees to submit if her husband gets the job first. The husband gets the job and she tries to put off the boss but is attacked. She goes to a public prosecutor, who denounces the bestiality of the boss, and says to come back in the afternoon so he can make a really good report; in the afternoon she submits to the prosecutor so as to get revenge on the boss. She then goes to the prosecutor's boss to complain about him, and so the process continues til she gets to a high court, at which point the author says: I can go no further for reasons known to both reader and author, but reflect on this: the woman was pretty and so at least could use her beauty to help her family, but what of the old lady? And so the whole social structure from top to bottom is shown. (Similar theme in Esfendiary's Identity Card). Another of his stories is called Street Dog, Sag-e Welgard--which I read in the afternoon: a tear-jerker about a dog who has lost his master and is not subject to the life of a dog in the Iranian world: stones, abuse, no love.

As we were leaving, he politely waited to let others thru the door and I ushered him out before me saying "Befarma-id". He laughed and replied hehesh mikonam and told the story of a pair of twins born with long white beards; they were asked about the beards and one said: when we were conceived 60 years ago, I turned to my brother and politely said befarma-id...

At 4:00 I went to the Atesh Beheran and found Anthony Wynn and friends w/o their host having trouble getting in; I vouched for them and Shariar Xodayari let them in; We waited a long time, since the Austrian Ambassador was to arrive. In the meantime we talked to two students who were home from the U. of Isphahan and Pahlavi-- Last year there was a big celebration, cut down this year because of Moharram; a play had been prepared but it was decided not to present it. We are cautious about allowing people in because (exactly like Islam Bahrapour concluded) we cannot be sure if outsiders are ritually clean, meaning if they had a bath since intercourse or wet dream (Bahrapour says this conception of cleanliness is common to Islam, Zoro, Jews). Bahrapour explains that the sweat engendered during sex is particularly dangerous or dirty. Anthony Wynn told the story (this w/ ref to Sunni Islam) that one is not to engage in financial arrangements while unclean wither, which creates a problem for users of the brothel in Erzerum which is outside town: they cannot hire a cab coming back, so they hire a droshky in town and pay him return fare--at the brothel you can see a line of waiting droshkies. The Zoroastrian boys confirmed that you cannot convert to Zoroastrianism though one said maybe if you know all the books (a test of sincerity) you may apply-- but since by the time you really know all the books you will be a de facto Zoro, it will make no difference.

The entertainment finally began without the Austrian Ambassador: a prayer offered by a young girl in white hands outstretched palm-upwards and eyes raised to the heavens (one of the Gathas translated into Persian); two dramatic readings by young boys; and a speech by Shahriar Xodayari in which among other things he said that people should make an effort to stop the migration from Yazd to Teheran, and should build the community here. Then we watched film clips of the Shah. The Austrian Ambassador arrived, in slacks no jacket or tie, with a bevy of blond blue-eyed girls in ski slacks; was effusively welcomed by Shahriar Xodayari, and responded that the Zoroastrians had entertained a representative of Austria before: Cardinal Koenig of Wien who had delivered a speech on Zoroastrianism a couple of years ago at the U. of Teheran, and who had written a thesis on the the Avesta. We then had to see again some of the film clips.

27 March (Friday), 7 Farvardin, Morning. Anthony Wynn and friends dropped in and so conversation began with the Oxford gossip (the Hillenbrands, Anthony and Julian). But soon we got onto more interesting things and turned on Bahrapour.

Hot and cold foods classification: sard (cold), khonak (cool), ma (medium or both hot and cold), garm. The system is called "Plato's Medicine". Goli gav saban (cow's tongue flower) is a common remedy. If you have flushed cheeks you are hot and should eat some lettuce and lemon which is cooling (could this be a reason for the lettuce served us in Mehriz--to cool our embarrassment over the pictures--instead of tea which is hot?). Anthony put in that in Shiraz he put cloves in his tea to get rid of the taste of the water; he had offered some to his landlord, a barber, who asked what was in the tea--spat it out not because he did not like the taste, but because cloves are cold, tea is hot.

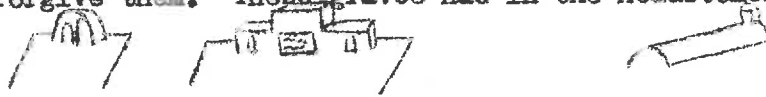
Moharram. The political identity of Iran vs Arabs established by the Safavids. So hatred of Arabs is passed on in religious veil, not the more open political way. The processions serve a variety of interests: for the organizers and leaders it is a means of political organization (in England the man who has political interests joins a party--doesn't exist here); for the average young man it is a way to flirt and show off his muscles (in England a man can go to a pub and pick up a girl). This is of course against the strict religious rule: since to look at a woman with desire is the same as committing adultery; and one should not do this while praying to God. Also after urinating one is unclean and must wash, but you see many people in the processions drop out squat in the jube and rejoin the procession.

Hossein as mediator. By Shi'a doctrine, without the mediation of the sayyeds the descendants of Mohammad, one is doomed to Hell no matter how good a Muslim, because all men are sinners. A mother praying for her sick child will call on Hossein saying God is so far, my words will not reach, help me transmit them! Cf. the speech of the Ahmad--take any Iranian Muslim and ask him: do you believe that Mohammad is the chosen prophet of God?--Yes of course. Well, then who was the first to follow Mohammad?--Ali. And who was the only person eligible to marry Mohammad's daughter?--Ali. Because if Omar or someone else had been the eligible one, Mohammad the tool of God would have given his daughter to that one instead of to Ali. So then do you believe the children of Ali and Fatima were the descendants of Mohammad?--Yes of course. And Mohammad repeatedly called Hossein the apple of his eye; Hossein grew up on the lap of Mohammad. And so those who killed the children of Mohammad, of Ali, must not be Muslims, or not good Muslims. All true Muslims love the children of Mohammad. And so they love Hossein who died for them, and who intercedes with God when a man dies, saying to God: look I know he is a sinner, but he cried for me. And so the story is told in the most tragic way so people will cry for him for their salvation. But, says the heretic Bahrapour: it is all a lie: it was a political attempt to gain the Caliphate that Hossein was after, not a religious goal; and Yazid was a good Muslim: all his soldiers carried the Koran. (cf flagellations of revivalistic Medieval Europe).

On Persians not being able to say "no"--you always say well, let me see if I have time--there is a story of a man who came up to another and asked him to lend some money til the next day; the latter replied: I have, I will not give, you must thank me (Daraz, nemidadam; as man teshakob mikonid.) The first man looked at him and said: you have the money, O.K. that I understand; you won't give it to me, OK that also I understand; but why should I thank you? Because I did not tell you to come back tomorrow: I have saved your time; now you can go elsewhere and get the money you need. Bahrapour was telling of the many requests university people in Shiraz make on him to translate things for them as a friend. It was suggested by the English company that he charge, and charge high prices as a means of discouraging freeloading. Can't do that; because if he tried to charge a price, they would begin to bargain, and if he did not come down, he would make an enemy.

In the afternoon we drove to Taft in my car and I stopped at Cham to have some pictures of the sarv Cham and the graveyard taken--noticed a dome behind on a ridge. At the graveyard Bahrapour deciphered the following for me: the rest house was built by Farajallah, son of Bahram Ali and Hokaollah Khalifeh, son of Bahram Ali Akbar so that whoever passes by may utilize this place, dated 1341. One of the newer brick graves was that of his father, Bahram Ali, D. 3 Azar 1343. Another larger

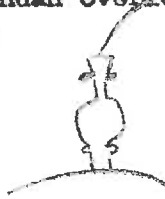
grave was that of my wife Janome Khakhmuri, daughter of Mundegar who died 20th Bahman 1333 solar year, and my son Hossein Ali, nakam (cut off in the prime of youth) died 1 Farvardin 1320...something Darabshah...may the spirit of both be happy and may God forgive them. These graves had in the headstones places for candles:



The older ones of mud and straw wattle in the arched shape described by Behram Shahzadi also had places for a light or maybe pomegranate. One of these had inscribed on the side the date (in stones in the mud) 10th of Dei 1321. So none seems to be terribly old. Nice Persian word for graveyard: arangah from aram "calm" i.e. resting place.

We then drove on to Taft to the newly reconstructed Masjid-e Vali, and the neighboring tomb of Shah Ne'amatullah Vali. "Shah" is a sufi title we were told by the guy who runs the telephone exchange who claims to be a Sufi and invited us to sit on his verandah overlooking Taft. On top of the tomb's dome is a brass carving in the round:

as is the figue on a the cypress is a that the disceased cypress as a sign of graves and on the of Koran holder, rose water aftabe, and flowers -Bahrapour says this same combination is left on the grave after the 3, 30, 40 days and 1st anniversary of death.



which Bahrapour described as a stylized cypress gravestones inside: common symbol indicating died young: evergreen of youth. Inside the tomb chambers were a series of floor carpets some people had left a combination



Acrossthe valley on the west mountain wall is the shrine of "Ali" which Behruz Jajanshahi and I had visited, was explained by the Sufi Telephone Exchange man as the grave of Morteza Ali, a sufi disciple of Shah Ne'amatullah. We then went for some tea in a chi-xane; hot and cold came up again: 3 kinds of vinegar-base lettuce dips are made:

Shabat balemu (vinegar, lemon, sugar)--is cold

Shabat naranje (vinegar, naranje, sugar) - is warm

Sekanjive (vinegar, essence of spearmint, sugar) -- is khanok

We drove back to town and out to meet Mr. Shahriyar Mobe'di, Anthony Wynn's friend in Nasrabad--a delightful character--went to school in Bombay, fought for the British, runs a water pump which he sells at 14 toman an hour but extends credit and is quite free about getting paid less than the rate. The boys say he wakes up at 5 am goes to do his prayers, then comes back and listens to the BBC and lies in bed while the tea is cooking. (The Rustami brothers are also BBC addicts).

Mobe'di says Nasrabad has about 40-50 families of which 2-3 are Christian and a number are Bahai. There is only one fire--a Dar Mehr. His theory on daxmas is that they were started by the Arab-invasion when so many died at once; and that the custom was continued because people were too poor for graves; now that people are more prosperous they are burying; he thinks the amount spent on gravestones should be limited because the money should be better spent on the living. He has heard that in ancient times men did not die, and when their sons or grandsons or greatgrandsons got tired of them they would tie them to a mountain and let the lions devour them.

There is an eternal fire that needs no wood, the fire of A. gustashp. The conversation got tangled up here as Bahrapour and Robert Hillenbrand got boggle-eyed and started pressing Mobe'di on the materialistic possibility of this (the whole misunderstanding started when Bahrapour suggested that gas was a more efficient way of keeping an eternal flame going than wood; Mobe'di's reaction was that a true eternal fire did not need to burn anything); I tried to head R.H. & B. off by suggesting that M. was talking about a mystical fire in the same sense that fire is not worshipped (as Mobe'di had just gotten thru saying) but is a symbol of God; so does the eternal fire burn but it takes time to "find it#.

The conversation, however, was too far gone; and Mobedi clearly had more in mind. It may be a misreading but it also seemed that when he started with the "we do not worship fire" protest it was not with the same understanding as a Xodayari, Shahzadi, Cyrus Arjomand, etc., because he did not go on to spill out the fire = light of God analogy, but rather lamely ended: going to the fire temple is just like going to a church or mosque.

28 March (Saturday)--8 Farvardin. Robert and Carol Hillenbrand, Marilyn and Mike Bonine and I went to see Rustahani at the Police to find out if there was an office of the *Sazman-e Hervazate Asare Bastani* (office for ancient monuments) in Yazd and were told no, but if we would give him the names of any locked buildings he would get the keys for us from the *Farhang-e Honar* tomorrow morning.

So we went to the *Masjid-e Vaqt va Saat* (or *Gumbad-e Sayyed Ruh no din*) dated 1324, near the *Masjid-e Jome*. In the center of the Dome is the star of David. On the mihrab wall are various styles of calligraphy including a squared form of Arabic which Robert says is due to Chinese influence: an attempt to make Arabic look like Chinese characters. This reminded me that Robin Waterfield had told me about the Chinese artisans of Tabriz and of their moveable type which had not been accepted by the Persians. Of this Robert had not heard, but in 1641 the Armenians of Julfa introduced the printing press but this was forbade by Shah Abbas for the same reason.

The Mongols brought with them a great Chinese impact (post 1220) and the 14th century is the great period of Mongol bldg and art--miniatures with Chinese clouds, dragons, imitation script; and this squared form of the Arabic script which is the origin of Kufic; another Kufic style is on the exterior of the dome--but is fake: two letters repeated saying nothing.

Funny thing about Yazd: it is all 14th century--the great buildings.

We then walked back behind the *Masjid-e Jome* on the north side to the really ruinous *Gumbad-e Shah Kema'i*--from the same period but in terrible shape: a side court has a small tomb chamber with scattered human bones: at least 3 people. There are also scattered bones on the opposite side but nothing is left of the tomb chamber and one of the bones is definitely not human. (a very short and thick limb bone). Holes in the mihrab and mud walls w/ candle soot remains.

We then continued back towards another dome, stopping in a little covered bazaar area to look at a small mosque in a cylindrical mud brick bldg with an exquisite 12th century mihrab--*Masjid-e Abdul Qasim Kuchik* (Rbt says this is in Pope's Survey): mihrab wall:

Across the kuche is the remnants of a later mihrab of the tomb of Sayyed Abdul Nabi. We then went to the being made into a *madrassah*, where we left Robert to make some notes, proceeding to the *Masjid-e Jome*. In the afternoon we wandered through the bazaar. Stopped to talk to a man who had just redone the floor of his stall: makes bed covers; is originally an *Isfahani*, came here 50 years ago when the rent was 5 toman a year; today it is 200 toman a year.

Evening we took the Hillenbrands to dinner at Hotel *Safayeh*. Carol was in some of the tear-gassing at the Teheran student riots. *Arya Mehr*, U. of Teheran, and the Polytechnic students have now delivered an ultimatum to *Hoveyda* that if the arrested student leaders are not released by April 4?, there will be blood.

29 March (Sunday)--9 Farvardin. Mike Robert and I went to see Rustahani who came with us and a man from the *Farhang-e Honar* to "Alexander's Prison"--a 14th century *madrassah* (*Madrassah Ziaiye* ^{مدرسه زایه}). The number of these very similar mud gumbads of the 14th century is quite impressive: this one, (the adjacent *Davozdah Imam* is much older), the *Gumbad-e Hasht* (nr *Pahlavi*), the *Gumbad-e Sheikh Ahmad*, where we were yesterday; *Masjid-e Vaqt va Saat* (or *Gumbad-e Sayyid Ruknadin*) and *Baqte Shah Kema'i*. In the courtyard of the *Madrassah Ziaiye* is a well which they tried to tell us is on an underground horse path to Taft (which Rbt took with the same grain of salt as the underground path from Tunisia to Mecca!). The courtyard is currently inhabited: a loom in one room, chickens, a cow. Blue faence of the dome

about which is some brick work; the interior of the dome has dome blue on white inscriptions; the top of the dome is missing.

The Davozdah Imam, on the other hand, has been restored. The calligraphic stone set in the wall of the mihrab is originally from the Guzbadye Sheikh Ahmad; it has a saying from the Koran in Arabic "All people will die...", and an Arabic date which we did not stay to decipher: Sabara Ashura... Rbt thinks it must be 717 A.H. The Davozdah Imam bldg itself dates from 1037.

We then went by the Post Office so Rbt could call Teheran; they said we could not get thru til 1:30 in the afternoon...or I should go talk to the rais: so we went in to see Postmaster Gha'annaghani who it turns out is the great grand-son (4th son) of Gha'annaghani, the progressive prime minister of Fath Ali Shah and teacher of Amir-e Kabir; and is also a sayyed--a family tree is in existence; he will write for a copy--he is either the 39th or 40th in line from the Prophet.

Peter Sinton dropped by; they're back--got sick of Teheran quickly. The Teheran Journal is cutting back the number of its pages, and laying off reporters. He knew nothing about the student demonstrations, not even that they had occurred.

30 March (Monday)--10 Farvardin. Picture in today's paper of Chogharet Mountain 135 kilometers S.E. of Yazd which will produce 200 million tons of high grade iron ore for the steel mill at Rizlanjan, Isphahan.

Spent the morning catching up on my journal. In the afternoon headed to see Dr. Mortaz at the Goodarz Hospital, but he was not there; would come in at 4:00, so I decided to go out and visit Mr. Mobedi in Nasrabad.

Mobedi says his father was the dastur for the fire temple in Nasrabad; he himself spent 5 years at the Cama Aeturnan in Bombay, but is not an active priest (he compared the Cama Aeturnan to the Mohammadan religious school, the tula) but runs a water pump instead. Dastur Mehreban runs this atesh kadeh and those of a couple of other villages* as well as the Atesh Beheran in town; there is another dastur for Taft and a couple of those villages; some villages have no dastur, saying they can do without. *Kuchebok. Dasturs today, if they have the education as a qualified dastur also have the education to find a better job than being a dastur; why then is Mehreban still an active dastur--because he is already a settled middle-aged man, cant start something new like a youth.

The well pumps 60 gavies (گایه) an hour, i.e. 1800 gallons a minute, which he sells at 1 1/4 tomans an hour. He has been running the well 8 years, paying 5000 tomans (a year) to his partner in Bombay. The well was dug 17 years ago by a big siraf in the bazaar named Bomasi, and another man named Fereydun. It was a good business for 10 years; then Bomasi declared himself bankrupt. (This Mobedi apparently cant believe: he was a big man, had shaken hands with the Shah etc.) His assets were taken over by the Government (including lands in Shiraz, Teheran, etc.) assessed (assessor is Khebra خبیرا), people wrote in what was owed them by Bomasi, and his property was auctioned off. So Mobedi and his partner bought the well. Now the government has nationalized the wells, but they haven't yet taken over. Mobadi says that tho they will pay him very little he does not mind, since he approves of a government that helps the many even if it hurts the few a little. He seems to be operating on the assumption that it will take a long time for the Govt to actually take over, because he is contemplating investing in a new pump, and wants Mike to write to a Texas company for actual cost estimates so he has something to bargain with the dealers here whom he is convinced are taking him rt & left. He later took me out to look at the pump: it turns out he has two pumps. The one has a large Leyland diesel engine which pumps 60 gavies an hour 1 1/4 toman which he sells to 50-60 people giving them 30 thousand tomans credit before collecting. The other has a rolls royce engine which he bought for 55 thousand toman, and a leyland truck engine which he bought without the radiator for 27 thousand tomans; the full Leyland engine would cost 43 thousand toman, or maybe that's the price of the larger Leyland. Altogether he serves about 150 people. The second pump produces 30 gavies which he sells at 9 tomans an hour. He has two watchmen who take care of the machines for 1 toman an hour each; and a collector

who works on a commission basis. He does his overhauling himself, and will take one of the machines apart in four days if I care to watch.

While we were talking, a barber came by, and Mobedi went out to have a "crop", not allowing the man inside, because it might become a Habit. The barber is Jewish and is used by the Zoroastrians because the Muslims won't cut Zoroastrian hair; should the barber not come around, they go into town and pretend they are Muslim. A young boy who dropped by, Farokh Sobati, the son of the ex-electric power manager for Nasrabad (it was owned in a lot of little shares) til nationalization--now a broker in the bazaar, a 12th grader at Iranshahr (a brother in 12th grade as well, aged 20; he himself is 19; a sister in 7th grade who is 13; and a 6yr old sister); he if asked by a barber will say he is Muslim. But Mobedi is uncomfortable telling such a lie and prefers to use the Jewish barber. The Jewish barber gat charges 5 rials, but sometimes like at NoRuz gets more; a toman, or a gift worth a couple of toman. Haircuts in town at the Muslim barbers are two tomans. There was a Baha'i barber in town who cut anyone's hair but the Muslims gave him such a rough time he closed shop and went to Teheran. This Jewish barber was dressed in a tattered grey overcoat, a very sloppy red-haman towel turban, unshaven; white hair stubs; looked not very clean. He said he had a daughter in Israel. Which brought Mobedi to offer that Iran and Israel were good friends; Iran buys a lot from Israel: pipes, cows. An Israeli cow costs 12thousand toman, is a good milk breed; used to buy American cows, now buy Israeli cows. At his pump latter on he showed me an Israeli 6" diam. 3-meter long pipe which he said cost 500 toman, but was no good; under the pressure of the water it splits; the 700 toman American pipes are better.

Black and white. Iran is a black nation: it has nothing to do with skin color. I am black; you are white. Like when I fought in the British Army: B.O.R.-- British and Other Ranks; I was Other Ranks; not second class, but not first class. Denied that I as non-British would have been the same, that I could be anything but white.

He tried to find out what I thought happened after death, but would in fact not allow me to say anything but that there was a God who wanted things the way they are. When I tried to say there was nothing after death, he countered with why are some people blind, others not; there must be something there; or why am I in my position while the Shah is in his. He thought the resurrection was after 50 ^{thous} years; when Isaid the Avesta says 12 thousand years, he said something about the Muslim belief being 50 thousand years. In one of the rooms around the court of his house, a picture of the Virgin Mary and Christ-baby stands next to a picture of Zoroaster; says Zoroastrians and Muslims believe in Christ as well, and told the story of a man of fisher caste in Bombay who saw Mt. St Mary in a vision, and she told him to build a Church to her, which he did, and the Christians came and were cured of illnesses; the place is Bhendra, 3 kilometers from Bombay. Also tells of opening the tomb of St. Francis in Goa, and finding his body in perfect condition some 15 years ago, and a blind woman grasped the leg of the corpse and cried, if you are a saint grant me a favour, and she gained her sight.

Hormuzd Bahrapour is a good friend, sometimes comes to stay in Mobedi's house; is dirty, has beard. Once Mobedi and several others caught him to give him a shave, but he cried so much they let him go. He refused to have his clothes washed, or to wash them himself. Some people think him very pious, others mad; in truth he is a saint. I asked him about Ostad Master Xodabaksh, of whom he knew, but he did not seem to know any details, and seems negatively inclined.

After leaving Mobedi, I went to see Aram Qa'emaqami, and we did some of his genealogy; his Father's sisters and brothers. He was of the opinion that his father was born in Qam and that his FF was Postmaster of Qam, whereas the story from his father confirmed when the latter came in is that the place is Arak. When as happened, someone comes in when another is trying to leave, the proper tarof is for the one who is coming in to say: Qadame man shor bud. (My step is salty; i.e. you don't want to be with me); the one who is leaving says: Qablaz amadane shoma mixastam beran, amma naraftam baroye shoma, baroya shoma nafaftam. (Before your arrival I wanted to go, but on account of you I did not go.) The business with

salt has more to it; tasting salt has to do with personal bonds--food and friendship. One says when eating anything salty in the house of another: Man namake shoma-ra cheshindad, man manyeune shoma hastam (I taste your salt and am dear to you). There is a story of a king who one day found his house had been broken into during the night but nothing had been taken; the culprit was found and the king asked him why he had taken nothing; the man said it was dark and he could not see anything, so he felt around with his hand and picked up something he thought would be a jewel; he tasted it and found it to be salt, and then since he felt close to the king could not take anything.

PARVIZ

I want to see Parvis and Sue Varjovand; they're leaving on the 6am bus tomorrow and were packing. He's asked Fraser Sinclair to remodel part of the house into a modern apartment and turn it into a stop for young people--asked me if I wanted it: I asked when it would be ready, and he laugh~~ed~~, yes, you've caught me there. He has to clear it with his father, but the latter won't mind as neither Fraser nor I am likely to have periods! This thing about periods is a big thing which has gotten Sue and him quite upset.

He says that Hormuz Bahrapour, the old man of the mountains--(a) is a good friend of his dai Hormuzdiar, (b) if I want to find him I should go to Pir Herisht which is out in the middle of nowhere--a rock in flat sand; reminds him of Greek Island architecture. Pir Herisht is where he hangs out; and the day for visiting Pir Herisht is coming up. Again said it seems that Hormuzdiar does not seem like he will open up to me, since he does not think I am a scholar: were I a scholar I would only talk to people like himself and Shahzadi.

The Ostad Master Khodabakhsh story is really important. The assassin was a direct relation of Arbab Shahrokh, the father of Ferangis Yaganegi. Shahrokh was a British agent and a big man in the rise of Reza Shah as a liason between the two. Later when Reza Shah in the Second World War turned pro-German, he had Shahrokh killed; at the time Shahrokh's son was doing propagan~~da~~ work for the British but was a double agent; he was decorated by the British after the war--shows how closely tied the family was to Britian. Anyway ~~he~~ Shahrokh was behind the calendar reform which caused a big crisis: an immediate split in the Zoroastrian community, and a weakening of the religion as it was. The old system had two calendars running simultaneously: one a solar year of 365 days with a day added every so often and the fractions corrected (the calendar of Omar Khayyam is still the most accurate calendar in existence); one a holy year which was 365 days and rotated around the other--they were synchronized every 800 years; this holy year was the calendar by which people organized rites to the ancestors: the 3, 30, 40, anniversary, Gambambars; when they had to cook food in their father's house because his spirit was there. With the new calendar, some people stuck tenaciously to the old as the correct one (it's floating about the solar year had the justification of ritual days moving around and blessing each day; others followed the new one; a few tried for a while to keep both but this became too complicated and they gave up. Really an important matter to people who felt the year to be supernatural and who were convinced the sky would rain blood if they did not cook food in their father's house when his spirit was there. Shahrokh however thought he was being progressive, said that intercalculations had not been carried out over the centuries correctly, and pushed the change thru, wanting to make the religion less a bread-and-~~ash~~ tribal or communal religion, and more like the Parsee religion. The Parsees had a terrific inferiority complex vis-a-vis the British and kept trying to present Zoroastrianism as an almost-acceptable Christianity. So Shahrokh wanted also to make Iranian Zoroastrianism into something like Christianity, Islam, Judaism. The Shahrokh crowd--~~is~~ the Yaganegis, the Mehrs--are politicians, earthy and practical and for that they are likeable enough. But they don't follow philosophical things which are important to other people (Varjovands have their own clique). Ostad Master Khodabakhsh opposed Shahrokh and thus was killed. (Where does the Keyanian family stand?--don't know; they are from Kirman).

Parviz also called Iranian Zoroastrianism more mystical; Indian fully of cow and urine and things. (A dissonance here with the above?). (MF: Ostad Master is to Zoroas. politics what Mossadeq is to Iranian politics: an index of how people range themselves.)


Down the same kuche, ran into a young airforce cadet, the wife's-brother of Pur Sorxabi, the man who works in the Bank-i Saderat at Markerabad. The wife is in Sharifabad at the moment, but the husband is here. The house belonged to Khodadad Tirandaz, now dead.

31 March--11 Farvardin (Tues.). Mr. Kassim Rashti dropped by; a 70 year old landowner who speaks very good English. The Yazd Majlis Representative, Mohammad Ali Rashti is the son of his 1st cousing (FBs). When you ask him what he does he replies, he does nothing, a landowner, has been wasting his time. "A landowner is one who wastes his time". He was educated at the CMS school here in Yazd until it was closed by the Germans in 1916; they raped the British "Imperial Bank" as well. So he was sent with a merchant uncle to Bombay to finish his studies; at the age of 16 he set out by mule to Bandar Abbas to catch the boat to Bombay; the trip to Bandar Abhass took 35 days. He stayed in Bombay 3 years returning in 1919 and never left Iran again. The Iranian export in those days was Anghoozeh which "those fools" in India eat (English medical term is asafoetida?)--it comes from the ghigh mountains near Yazd--a plant. After returning he tried to work in the Imperial Bank but eventually found a job making drugs in the Christian Hospital: made asafoetida pills. His cousin Vali Rashti, head of the Yazd Red Lion and Sun (lives by the Maternity Hospital), is also head of the Anghoozeh Corp. of Yazd. He later tried to find a job with the Ministry of Education as an English teacher but was told he was too old, so he tutors at his house. He is a camera bug, and took some pictures used by Pope in the Survey of Persian Art. He also likes to go hiking in the Shir Kuh, near his village of Deballah; it is not as high as Mb. Demavand, but more interesting; you can hunt mountain kheep, collect fossils (mostly bi-valved mollusks) do real climbing; there is a spring on the top of the mountain; even in summer it gets very cold at night on the mountain because it is so high.

Rashti's great grandfather came to Yazd from Rasht about 150 years ago (whence the family name) to get in on the termeh (silk) cloth and other trade; made a fortune, becoming a millionaire; and invested his wealth in land, whence the family fortune. This man's name was Hadji Abol Qassim Rashti. He also built two qanats, one at Qassanabad (named after him) near the present Railroad station; and the other at Rhamatabad. His son was Hadji Mohammad Reza Rashti; the latter had seven sons, the youngest of which was the father of Kassim Rashti. This youngest son was also the only one of the 7 brothers not to go to Mecca and become a Hadji: he felt the roads were too insecure. Of Kassim's 6 paternal uncles, 2 died before he was born. When the four others were still alive, they had good times migrating between Ramatabad and Deballah, spending only one or two months a year in Yazd. Now Kassim still has a house and gardens in those two villages, and two houses in Yazd connected by a tunnel (between the "birun" where male guests are received, and the "andarun" where the females of the house could be secure), and 30 years ago he purchased a house in Teheran, where his wife lives now. His wife teaches at the Beth El girls school (now to become Demavand College); she has a B.A. obtained in India but from an English university. She is the daughter of a very wealthy merchant by the name of Khongi (fr the village of Khong near Bandar Abbas--? name). Port families such as this have relations in many ports along the Gulf: Bushire, Bahrain etc. Kassim's mother-in-law and sister-in-law are currently in Bahrain. Khongi had 10 children of two wives; the first was his cousin (Qassim's wife is one of her 5 children) with whom he parted when she was 20; the second was a French woman he met in England--she now lives in Paris. Kongi lived in Bombay for a long time dealing in the textile trade. He also had a house in Yazd where Qassim met his wife.

Qassim himself has 3 children; the eldest, a girl, is 24 and finishing a doctorate in health sciences at the University of Teheran; the second, a boy, is studying medicine at Pahlavi University in Shiraz; the third, a boy, is studying engineering at Eastern Michigan in Ypsilanti. Qassim has no brothers, but two sisters. The ~~eldest~~ ^{younger} sister ~~lived~~ ^{is 30} lived in Teheran, but has just gone to America to be with her two sons who emigrated there 18 years ago; one of them manufactures medicines and is married to an American girl; the other is a structural engineer with Boeing in Seattle. His elder sister, 80, lives in Teheran; she had four sons; the eldest died of ~~apoplexy~~ ^{apoplexy}, was younger than Qassim; one, Hossein Afshar, worked for the UN in New York, married an English girl, is now retired and lives in Florida; another is a chief engineer in the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. and lives in Teheran; the fourth is the manager of office in Teheran.. His cousin Rashti, the Majlis repres. has a degree in law from Columbia; his brother is a doctor: (are FBss).

Another big family in Yazd are the Shirazis; they are sayyeds. Bomasi, he had heard of--very rich Zoroastrian. Jamshid Amanak and his elder brother Bahman who is about 80 are the only two of four brothers he knows by name; their father was Ardeshir Mehreban, the great landowner, whom E.G. Browne visited.

Says, no Land Reform did not affect him; only applies to wheat fields, not orchards. The water he rents to the villagers he does not sell at an hourly rate; rather at harvest time he sends around an assessor to see how good the crops are, and the better the crops the more he takes; vice-versa, in really bad years like this one, the villagers pay nothing. Reza Shah was great; gave security, freed women from the hejab (veil: ) , introduced education. Qassim's mother who lived to the age of 96 and died recently (a year or two ago) says that the happiest years of her life were under Reza Shah. Pahlavi Street was the first paved Khaban for Yazd; came in about 40 years ago; Soraya was the most recent one, about 18 years ago. There are 17 named quarters of town: (1) Shah Abol Qassim; (2) Pushte Xane Ali; (3) Mohalet (= quarter) tal (=hill); (4) Meidan-e Shah; (5) Sal Sebil (Kh. Soraya passes thru this); (6) Yuzaror; (7) Bagh-e Gandom (wheat garden)...

1 April 1970 (Wed)--12 Farvardin. Morning did a small piece of mapping in the Zoro. Quarter; slept in the early afternoon; then Aram Qa'amagami dropped by to remind me of the picnic with his family tomorrow for the traditional sizdah Farvardin; he, of course did not know why the 13th was a special day; feeling lazy, I shot the rest of the evening finishing Alec Waugh's the Mule on the Minaret, a novel based on his own experiences in M.I.5 and M.I.6 during world war II in the Middle East: Beirut, Cairo, Baghdad, but unfortunately little real local colour.

2 April (Thurs)--13 Farvardin 1349. Apparently two things coincide today: the death of the 4th Shia Imam and the traditional 13th of the New Year. The traditional picnic goes with the latter; although no one really seemed to know why the 13th of Farvardin should be so special, Mr. Qa'amagami suggested--and this was confirmed by the radio later in the day-- that since 13 is ~~ardak~~ ^{ardak} unlucky number, people leave the house to the evil spirits and themselves take off to a garden away from their normal habitats so that evil spirits and they shall not meet.

We went to Taft and had a picnic in a garden below one of the two hills away from the west bank of the river and the west mountain wall; from the top of the hill one had a magnificent view of Taft. Present on the picnic were Mr. Qa'amagami, his wife and 3 sons; Mr. Parviz Perovi, the Bakhsdar of Bafq, and brother of Mrs. Qa'amagami (former dietician), his wife and child and 16-year old brother (from Teheran); the Manager of the Yazd Telephone Exchange; the Manager of the Bank-i-Melli (successor to Jajjanshahi); Lt. H abibi, commander of the Yazd gendarmerie. The learning experience of the day was a faux pas on my part: before the picnic cloth had been cleared away I sat back and stretched my cramped legs, and was immediately called down by Lt. Habibi for my disrespect. When we returned home, Mr. Qa'amagami apologized for what he called Lt. Habibi's rudeness, but explained that while there is food laid out, the knees must always be bent in token of respect to the bread, for it is said in Persia

that "Nun az khoda amad" (bread comes from God); and thus the best position for eating is a kneeling position, (which is also the basic position in Muslim prayer), but cross-legged is the most usual position, and any position is OK as long as the legs are not straight. In apologizing for Lt. Habibi, he said that after all guests also come from God; and secondly, "Befarm-o beneshin-o betamarg mesle ham-e" (there are 3 ways of saying sit-down: please, sit, sit-down--is three levels of politeness, is: one can say things politely).

3 April (Fri)--14 Farvardin 1349. Today Peter and Bev Sinton, the Bonines and I went with Mr. Kassim Rashti to his house in Deiballah (High Village; high in the mts where the Yazdis go in the summer to keep cool). Deibala is up a road in the hills to the east of Taft; when almost there, the road to Tezerjan forks off to the east. Deibala is at the foot of the Shir Kuh, the highest mountain of the vicinity; Tezerjan lies just north of another high peak: Barf khane. Both villages (Deibala is the higher) lies strung down along a river bed; presumably the higher ranks live closer to the source of water. Rashti's house is one of 3 Rashti houses at the upstream end of the valley (Fasili, the 3rd ranking member in the Yazd hierarchy also has a house here). Rashti says he has 18 thousand square meters; his gardener and he split the tree crops (almonds, walnuts, cherries, plums) 2 parts to Rashti, 1 part to the gardener; ground crops, the gardener pays a straight rent of 14 mann (i.e. 84 kilo; 1 mann = 6 kilo) of wheat (which sells at about 47 rials a mann or 9 rials a kilo) and 14 mann of barley (which sells at 5 rials a kilo--used for animal fodder rather than human food). Last year a combination of flood and frost killed the almond crop: absolutely no return. The blossoms are already out this year and he is hoping for a good crop if there is no frost. Woods: the hardest wood of the area is walnut; chenar or plain tree is next. These are the best for doors and window frames so they won't split or warp, since wood is generally not treated. Zaban sangish or ash tree wood is used in walls for support. Sefid-dar or poplar is the most plentiful but is a soft wood and not so good for construction.

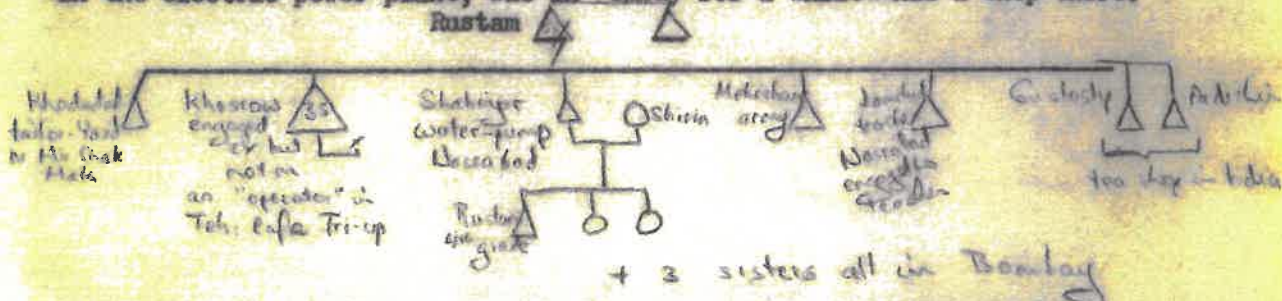
Weird dream last night: we were preparing for a celebration; I was in charge of a procession of some sort, and we were dressing up; someone else had obtained some Iranian army uniforms and put them in a pile; we picked out ones that fit; I took the smallest the pants of which were only a half inch or so too long, and the waist was a bit big but it worked ok with a belt that was too big too; some one handed me some white plaster to whiten my mustache and I went into a neighboring room which at first was the Dubetsky's but later was the Rotblats to use the mirror. The plaster did not hold very well for as soon as I got it on, a whole series of fishes jumped out of my mustache onto the floor, with little fishes jumping out of the bigger ones; my mustache was left with only stubble on which the plaster finally would hold... don't remember any more if there was any more; the fish sequence was not felt as frightening or strange--just matter of fact.

4 April 1970--15 Farvardin 1349. Finished typing First Quarter Report. Then went out to Nasrabad to find Mobedi; he was cleaning and changing the oil in one of his machines; a task done every ten days. He gave me a diary and small calendar when we returned back. Mobedi says Sizda (13th of Farvardin) was well celebrated by the Zoroastrians of Nasrabad. A Muslimboy at the pump said it was the day a house fell in on 13 guys and killed them--Mobedi laughed at this fairy tale. The boys father's father came to Nasrabad from Ardekan--as a farmer; owns some land and rents some. Mobedi only knows that Siz-da is the last day of the Noruz holidays and on the 14th it is back to work.

Mobedi is paying a man to re-tile his bath-room floor & a couple of other places 15 Tomar a day.

Day names: 1st seven are the angels who are "duty-officers" on their day: therefore on Bahman (the 1st of the 4 meatless days) meat is not eaten because Bahman is the angel of all the animals. Ahuramazda is the first day; Bahman the 2nd; Erdebehesht has the key of heaven and looks after the fire--if we do something bad, esp. to the fire we don't get the key of heaven--he is the angel of fire; 4th: Shahrivar: looks after iron (metals) whether used for good or bad--from bombs to cars; Esfendarnes looks after land and mud--if something is dirty, put mud on it and it becomes clean again. 6th is Hordad, angel of water; must not dirty the running water. 7th is Amرداد for trees and for medicine since medicine comes from trees. The other 23 days help these 7 prime angels. The meatless days are Bahman, Mor, Gush, Ram (he had to ask his wife and she had to look it up). He confirmed the calendar change, saying that while he follows the new calendar, his butcher follows the old one and so doesn't open on those days according to the old rather than new calendar.

He bought his house 10 years ago paying 2 thousand tomans; it is now worth 20 thousand. His neighbor, Jeshambaksh whose byy I met last time, was 1/5 partner in the electric power plant; was in Bombay for a while--had a shop there.



News: blows to Britain's proposed Federation of Persian Gulf Emirates:

- a) Bahrain--after Persian claims and moves by the Emir to become the primate Fed. State, now self-determination of 3 choices--cont. Br. protectorate, indepen, join Iran--under UN envoy Winspear Guicardi
- b) 3 April, Sheikh Ahmad bin Ali al-Thani of Qatar declared UDI, making Qatar a const. monarchy on the Kuwait pattern

5 April--16 Farvardin. Morning worked on mapping the area to the north of Kh Kirman: basically just putting in house numbers and correcting the base map. Ran into what appears to have been a wall of the ghetto where today two kuches run side by side the Muslim one closer to Kh. Kirman, and lower, with remnants of a wall between. Stopped by Superman's liquor store on Kh. Kirman and met his amu (nephew) who is going to A.I.T. (Abadan Institute of Technology). Fereydun, by name, was born in Bombay, his family lives in Khorramshahr-Yazd; his father was for a long time in Bombay and wanted to stay, but his family finally convinced him to come back and he now runs a hotel in Bafq. He is convinced that Zoroastrianism is the 1st true religion--all the other great religions took from Zoroastrians. I went over to Goodarz Hospital but Dr. Mortaz was too busy to talk; his brother however was there and I chatted with him; he's a gynecologist, spent the last two years in England and is now trying to decide what to do here; his bro of course wants him to come to Yazd. He says a male gynecologist would not be so bad off in Yazd because the people here are long-time urbanites; before going to England he was in the army practicing in Ahwaz (the dust here can't compare; there, it is closer to Iraq:

Iraq's gift to Iran) where the woman did not understand the difference between a doctor and a mid-wife and went to the latter because she was a woman and the gvt did nothing despite cases of malpractice by untrained midwives.

6 April--17 Farvardin. Spent the day working on the Jamaica paper. Mahmud Khorsand stopped by with a relative who runs a print shop on Kh. Pahlavi. He said Yazd has 4 newspapers but wasn't clear if any of them are dailies: Khaki-o Kun /not Yazdi/ a weekly; Ruzname-ye Nasser, Ruzname-ye Malik, and ?

7 April--18 Farvardin. 6:30 am tennis w Dr. Mortaz. At 10:00 I went to see Muneri. He did not recognize the name Mobedi, but did know of Shahriyar. He said both Shahriyar and his father were da-mobeds, i.e. assistant mobeds. He added these notes to the Ostad Master Khodabaksh story; he was educated in India but was of Yazdi parentage. His brother, Mirzam Mehraban, also taught at Dabirestan Kei Khosrovi--died about 16 years ago. He himself did not marry. Mirzam Mehraban had four sons, of which one took the surname Master to perpetuate his uncle's name: this is Ardehsir Master, a rich landowner of Shiraz. The other sons are Bahman Raisi, a member of the Yazd Anjoman and a businessman, Behram Raisi, and Khosrow Raisi who died in an accident near Chak Chak Kuh about ten years ago.

Fasili showed up in the afternoon. He has a garden in Dei-bala of 2000 meters (vs his friend's 18 thousand--Rashti) and pays his gardener a fixed rate to take care of it--about 1-2 thousand tomans a year. He has built a new house there. His Brother, a carpet merchant in Yazd (in a caravanseri) also has a garden in Dei-bala. He himself runs a carpet factory in Yazd employing 4 people: they do any design given them at 30-100 knots an inch, from 300-3000 toman a meter. His father was a henna merchant; henna is grown in Bam; they tried it in Bafq but the soil and weather was not right and it failed. Henna here is used only for dying; it is exported to the USSR where it is also used in a medicine. Dei-bala has Zoroastrian and Bahai gardens but apparently not Jews.--there are 7 named sections of Dei-bah. In the trade between Bombay and here: Iran imported sugar and cotton cloth (he says only during the reign of Reza Shah was the first cotton spinning and weaving factory established in Yazd--Eqbal was the first--and exported anroozeh.

8-11 April: writing the Jamaica paper for Mr. Smith.

12 April--23 Farvardin. Finished off and mailed letters with First Quarter Report to Mary Boyce, Milton Singer, Dennis McGilvry, and readied packages for Smith and home to be mailed from Teheran. Went to P.O.--they wouldn't take a package of books because it weighed more than 2 kilo. Then I had a flat-tire: 5 ~~holes~~ holes in the tube! Then one of my gerry-cans of gas sprung a leak.

Notes in the news: Kayhan International, April 11, 1970--(1) Medical Disciplinary Board announced yesterday that 250 physicians and dentists faced legal action in the last Iranian year. Of these 164 were complaints from the public and rest were prosecutions by the board for "misleading advertisements". Of the 164, 107 were dismissed by the board. (2) Under the new narcotics law stipulating a death sentence for smuggling or peddling more than 10 grammes of heroine, cocaine or morphine or 2 kilos of opium, 200 arrests since the law went into effect; 30 executions and a new bunch of executions expected shortly. (3) Ministry of Education admits failure in vocational training programmes: less than 4 % of school-goers go to vocational schools--~~163~~ of 4 million only 35,000 go to vocational schools--163 vocational schools; 300 teaching graduates a year, have to serve in 2yr natl service first. Planned intro of new ed. sys providing for early specialization: 5 yr basic ed (age 6-11) then 3-yr "guidance course" to select and develop talents, then 4-yr special course--will help increase the no. of technicians.

After the disastrous morning, I went back to bed in an attempt to start all over. Evening improved considerably: Muneri dropped by to invite us to meet a big Muslim family (tho I had to give my regrets--turned out to be the SAVAK agent in town who wanted Marilyn to teach English to his da); Manuchehr Kavusi dropped by to invite us to dinner (also I had to give regrets). Then went to P.O. and Qa'amagami said he had talked to the head Mulla at the Masjid-e Jome Library and I should come around. He also took a package of books off my hands to mail back home. All Yazd--

Kironen electricity from coal Z. Kironen

I then went to see Rustami and on the way ran into both Scrusch and this English teacher from Kei Khrosrovi. I think Rustami may warm up. He began with a suggestion that half doctors are dangerous and I shouldn't take as gospel what half-illiterate dasturs like Shahzadi say. As to Sarv Cham--he doesn't think anything particular happened there...a bunch of superstition this taking of a tree as a link to God; the philosophical point of all these ziaratgah is to pray to God and that is all that is important--not these vows of placing candles that God make a child well. The candle niches in the kuche for this purpose also were functional before electricity to give light. As to Ostad Marker Xodabaks he was of a poor Yazdi family--the father and whole family went to Bombay where Master went to charity schools learned English, Persian, Gujurati, Hindi, Arabic, Avesta, Pahlav and came back with Kei Khosrow (my father's paternal uncle) to teach at the latter's school--a dabestan, now a dabirestan--and to be an English-speaking companion to Kei Khosrow's only son. He taught for 40 years and was something of a reformer, and as all reformers got shot for his pains. The reforms and conflict themselves are a "secret" is not important. He was a goodman penniless, and childless and took one of his brother's sons as his adopted son--the Ardeshir Master of Shiraz who hasn't been back to Yazd for 40 years. Large ivan-ardh in the house is a ja pak (place of purity) where ceremonies done and where dastur sits--faces sunrise to catch 1st light. Daxme is good--equality--the main philos pt is to keep the bodies away from the town so they won't injure people--daxmes thus better than Muslim graveyard which is in center of town (just behind Govt bldgs)--gravezd OK if outside city and on hill so that water not polluted by running thru it as would be if at bottom of hill--I pted out that the Zoro. graveyard was at the bottom of the hill. At first he replied that our religion does not like burial and then when I said, "but now..." he interjected 'oh yes now all things are changing. That graveyard however is well situated in that the ground there is more like gravel than dirt (dirt not polluted, water not caught there), but daxmes are better--to the south of town since prevailing winds in Iran are from the north. I asked about the hole for light which he confirmed but said this was not important--the some think so--since what does the light actually do--the fundamental point is to keep the body away from the living and hygienic disposal. The daxmae nr Cham was built w/ Parsee aid c. 40 years ago--before they brought it to the 2 near town; besides these 3 are the Elabad and Sharifabad ones.

- 13 April--24 Farvardin. Took the 6am bus to Teheran arriving at 6pm. Met John Wertime on his way to the British Institute for a lecture on Timurid art by Basil Grey. I went to the Rotblats who were going chelo-kebabing w Malikoti and 2 boys from the Univ of Teheran forestry school (in Karaj) so I went along.
- 14 April--I went to the Pasteur Insitute and got a cholera shot. Then went to the Japanese Embassy but Mr. Inoe was away in Japan. So I went to the British Insitute after picking up a passport renewal form. In the afternoon there was an American Inst. meeting--informal but I met a new arrival from the U. of Wisconsin, an Iranian anthropologist, Dr. Mehti, who was complaining about the various run-arounds he was getting in certifying his various degrees, in getting a job etc. An older man he, said after all he had friends in high places, but it didn't seem to help. Also met Andre... from Oxford, an anthropologist who calls himself an economic historian for the bureaucracy after hearing about my case. The chair at Oxford has gone to Maurice Freedman after a protracted struggle between Needham and Beattie, leaving the LSE chair in limbo. The selection committee had 3 anthropologists on it: Max Gluckman, Furer von Haimendorf, and Meyer Fortes. In a strange twist von Haimendorf supported Needham because they're both South Asia people and thus friends; Fortes supported Beattie because they are old age-mates under E-P. At the first meeting there was a deadlock because Gluckman didn't show. He showed at the second meeting but no unanimous meeting could be achieved, each sticking to his candidate. So eventually they asked Freedman. Freedman had gotten Firth's chair after there had been no takers except Mary Douglas whom the LSE people didn't want.

Read Howard Rotblat & --- report on Political Attitudes of Iranian University Students: # of university students in Iran (source: Min. of Science and Higher Education, Office of Statistics, "Universities and Institutions of Higher Learning in Iran 1347-1348" Teheran, Mehr 1348) Gvt Univ.

	#	%
Teheran	18100	48.4%
Tabriz	3431	9.2
Meshed	2627	7.0
Isphahan	3431	9.2
Jondi Shapour	1048	2.8
Private		
Pahlavi	2270	6.1
Aryamehr	1173	3.1
National	5320	14.2
	<u>37400</u>	<u>100.0</u>

(excl. Abadan Inst. of (Oil) Tech.)

by Faculty in National University:

Lit & Human Sci	1066	23.40%	Ee & Polit Sci	1378	30.25%
Science	863	18.94	Architecture	64	1.41
Law	319	7.00	Dentistry	245	5.38
Medicine	620	13.61		<u>4555</u>	<u>100.0</u>

(no explanation given for discrepancy in totals with table above)

Sample in the study (table VII-1) was 411; In your opinion which of these choices below is most important for Iran? democracy -- 18.9% don't know -- 10.9
economic devel -- 39.1 dont want to answ, vague, or
ec & social equality-- 24.8 blank -- 5.9

Which do you agree with most? Gvt shouldnt intervene in ec; leave to private-- 5.1%
Gvt shouldnt own, but should control central
aspects of the economy --26.0
Should control import aspects of enterprise but also own basic indus--31.6
Gvt should own all indus and control total economic life --22.4

16 April (Thurs)--28 Farvardin. Delivered my passport application to US consul: \$12.

Went to look up Bill Beeman's friend, Shahrookh Mehta at Reading & Bates Offshore Drilling Company (a contractor for NIOC and the consortium, employing about 75 foreigners, all under the condition that they train Iranians to take over their jobs, and about 200 Iranian nationals; main offices in Ahwaz and Teheran). Shahrookh Mehta is a Parsi from Karachi--he, his wife Gol, and 2 small children form the only Karachi family living in Teheran at the moment; they have no connection to the local Anjoman. He's been here 5 years and tho he still cant speak Farsi fluently, he sentimentally feels Iran to be his home; he tells the story of having been introduced at a cocktail party as a "Red Indian of Iran". He was born in Karachi, his father coming from Bombay about 55 years ago. He was a student of Sidhwa. Although normally Pakistanis are not allowed to go to India, Parsees who say they want to pilgrimage to Udvara are given passports on the spot. He invited me to lunch the following day: Friday noon.

I went to the CMS bookstore and made friends with the guy who runs the place: an Assyrian from Resayeh who still refers to it by its old name. He says the community there is rapidly emigrating to Teheran and abroad--estimates of 70 thousand in Iran, 8 thousand are left in Resayeh. I mentioned a similarity in process for the Zoroastrians to which he responded 'yes, they massacred us: Shapur'!

Evening: good-bye chelo-kebab dinner with the Clintons. Jane is going home Sat. to have her baby. Jerry will be leaving in a few weeks.

17 April--28 Farvardin. I went with Howard to the ~~right~~ Lites where H. stayed to help paint; I went to lunch then at Shahrookh Mehta's. His wife Gol is of a priestly family: her brother could become a priest and Shahrookh's sister married into a priestly family. He is not related to the Mehta of Queta. His family is mainly in the States, etc. One uncle is left in Bombay. Only his immediate family is in Pakistan. Mehta is a common name: a Gujurati word meaning "bookkeeper". Walla is a common Parsi name ending meaning trade (onion trader, etc.).

His father died about 3 years ago at the age of 68--worked in the Sina Club across from the Metropole in Karachi. He was a classmate of Dastur Bode. Bode got into controversy in Bombay a number of years ago for performing the Naujote ceremony for children of a Parsi man and a foreign woman. He married Shahrookh's FB and at the recent wedding of the latter's son, Zubin Mehta, symphony conductor in LA, to actress Nancy Kovak (?) he said some Arshirvad or blessings--he did not perform a marriage ceremony for them as has been reported--the marriage ceremony was in a Christian church. At wedding ceremonies close relatives give household furnishing gifts so the couple wont have to worry the 1st couple of years, less close relations give cash in odd amounts (51, 61, 81, etc.) Weddings in Karachi are huge affairs since the community is so closely knit and everyone knows everyone else. His own wedding had 1400 guests, was at the Hotel Metropole (c. 16 Rs per head for food not counting liquor). People know how much the hotel charges and so can give appropriate amts to help pay the in giving, Gol says, more care is taken in giving back roughly wat was gotten than this. No dowry or brideprice. No divorce until recently: a divorce court has been established in Karachi and they have granted a few divorces. The daxmes of Karachi are protected by the religious shrines law; rather Shahrookh thinks the problem is that there are not enought birds and that in fact chemicals are used to get rid of ("to burn") the bodies.

Another young fellow was present who is in business administration and is trying to get a job here. He is having a bit of trouble inasmuch as he cant speak much Persian, has no proper commercial degree. But a Parsee at least has no difficulty getting a permit. The Shah by proclamation has made all Parsees official guests of Iran. There is now under consideration a bill which would allow Parsees to obtain citizenship in 3 months instead of waiting the full 5 years--so now, he says, they'll be asking us to take citizenship to get a job. He is staying at the Parsee rest house (free but no meals) across the street from the house of Ferangis Yaganegi. Two girls are there studying in Teheran whose homes are outside Teheran and an Iranian man, rest are Parsees from Bombay.

While there are a couple hundred Parsees here, only a handful from Pakistan-- Shahrookh's is the only family. He is not a member of the Anjoman. Laughs about the Iranian Zoroastrians not wearing the Sudreh and Kusti, and esp. about the extra ones being handed out at the Fire Temple--wouldnt happen in Karachi, tho there is a story about people carrying sudreh in a handbag to temple in Bombay, tho this seems unlikely inasmuch as there is no requirements to go to the temple, and if you were going why wouldnt you wear them.

Cf. Dr. A.A. Jafari, expert on Zoroastrianism, Head Persian Research Center, Rawalpindi now. Leading Dasturs in Iran: Shahriyar Fereydun; Ardeshir Azargushasp. TIME Sept 9, 1966: "India's Prosperous Parsis"--Parsi girls have won the Miss India title last 3 years. Current C-in-C of Indian army is Parsee: Gen Sam Hormuzji Framji Jamshedji Manekshd..

18 April (Sat)--29 Farvardin. Went to P.O. and mailed Packet to folks with Jamaica paper.

Went to Bee Parvis Varjovand who was not in a very talkative mood tho he accepted my offering of loess. He did say that there is a movement afoot led by Xodayari to close the daxmes; which will probably succeed, but will be sad for those who still want to end their lives there. But Zoroastrians may always have practised burial to some extent. His Fa remembers a Jew's door tied with sheep intestines cause they wouldnt sell him nails--his Fa got some nails from a Zoroastrian village.

Evening went to Chris and Jane Philstrap for dinner. His mother was the first in his family to become Bahai (they don't like the word convert because of its inference of turning one's back on something); this was when Chris was 18 and he was sure then that he would never join that or any organized religious group. When he went to Harvard he was impressed by the Bahai community there--mixture of interesting people from all walks of life--taxi cab drivers to professors; and so eventually he joined. There are still a few Babists around, but most all followed Baha'ullah who simplified the Bab's intricate number symbolism etc. Very unritualistic. Conscious dispersion--community groups are organized in 9s. Stories of conversion here--esp. in Shiraz often have to do with a premonition dream confirmed in life. (1) an ex-Zoroastrian had a dream of a

place with shoes of all kinds of people and one day he found the place and went in and saw all these people drinking each other's tea at which he was a bit frightened since he knew if he drank a Muslim wouldn't touch his glass. (2) An illiterate woman dreamed a vision of the Baha'ullah before she heard of Bahais and it made an impression but she had nothing to connect it with; later she married a Bahai man; still no connection; but one day she saw a picture of Baha'ullah and recognized it. There's an old man in Teheran jokingly referred to as Moses, who hangs out in a garden and tries to convert people--esp. Jews.

We went to a puppet show at the Fine Arts Theatre of Teheran University by a Rumanian group--just superb; the best was a celloist and pianist duo puppet skit; also very good was a chorus line of dustmops.

19 April (Sun)--Saw Rustom Shahzadi--he says there is a short biography in Persian of Ostad Kodabakh; the assassin was in the army at the time and left on his mission from Teheran; he escaped to Bushire where he was caught, but what happened then and what the cause of the assassination was he did not know off hand.

20 April (Mon.) - first seder night, we went to an Iraqi household: the son is a colleague of Nancy Rotblat at Daneshga Melli, and of Carol Lite at Pars College. The daughter is a secretary at an advertising agency. The mother was the only vaguely religious person and the seder was more or less of a farce. The father was a very nice old gentleman, as was his brother--they worked in the bazaar in Baghdad, and have a cloth store here.

21 April (Tues)-- the second seder night was at the Liges--a joint Lite-Rotblat affair with 22 people most of whom were Gentiles of the expatriate community: Jeff and Howard had translated the Hagada into all English, taken out possibly offensive references to Israel, and run off copies for each guest with parts for all. It worked quite well.

Earlier there had been a meeting of the American Institute: Mick Power (geographer from Durham) was back in Iran (he had been here last summer, but Durham has a stupid rule whereby you can only be away for less than 6 months at a time), working on central place theory, and Isphahan. His initial reaction is that the Isphahan regional development program is counter-productive: the steel mill is located 40 kilometers from the old city along the river valley; the Russians claim to be building a satellite town there for 200,000 people; he thinks the result will be to kill the old city; and the new city will use up valuable land in the best agricultural area of the basin. (To the Yazd side by contrast, one hits quickly near desert conditions which can't grow anything anyway.) The reaction of most of the audience was not to see why a twin-city development could not work.

22 April (Wed)--Took the bus back to Yazd: 8am to 8 pm.

insert: rumors that my permit had come through were confirmed by Parvin Hejazi whom I went to see Monday: she said that the Ministry of Culture had not reversed itself--they refused Kayvan Tabari's argument that anthropology was science rather than culture--and thus the problem was not itself solved; but the Ministry of Foreign Affairs was issuing a permit in any case.

24 April (Friday)--4 Erdebehesht. The Bonines and I were going to go look at Bafq but were stopped by the large puddle where the road crosses an intermittent stream caused by yesterday afternoon's spring shower. Only very large vehicles could get through. So we visited the nearby village of Faradj which has an interesting old Friday Mosque falling apart somewhat but being used by some women for a picnic. From its roof we saw an opium field which we went to inspect more closely: white and purple flowers--a gov't run field with a gendarme station in the center. The village has a lot of abandoned houses but also nice gardens. There is also a fortrees with the interior rooms still evident. In the afternoon the Becks appeared on their way to Pakistan. I took them out to the dunes where a lot of people were picnicing and visiting the graves.

25 April (Sat)--5 Erdebehesht. Took the Becks on a tour of the bazaar in the morning.

Afternoon went to see Mobedi in Nasrabad--found him running water into his garden near the pumps with his Bahai neighbor who has a garden across the way; the lot cost him about 15,000 tomans--the neighbors garden is ten years old and has nice pomegranate trees with red flowers in bloom. Neighboring lots are wafq or charity land: those who cultivate it must pay 20 tomans/acre into the charity fund. Shahriyar and his friend say they cultivate these gardens only for fun as opposed to living off the produce. The neighbor, Jehambaksh, is a Bahai--his FF turned Bahai. There was an altercation with an old man who wanted the jube in the kuche btw the two gardens to be kept up better; Shahriyar first said he was Bahai then Muslim who just wanted to pick a fight. We checked his pump--well 120 meters deep--his "driver" tho he looks poor is not poor; his investments are worth over 30,000 tomans--good garden and house--is pd 200 toman a month to watch the pump. We went back to the house and Shahriyar expanded on the theme that religion is one's "backing"; thus were he to convert it would be to Christianity since then no one would dare touch him, rather than to Bahai--apparently a Bahai from Taft had been around the night before for a weekly Bahai meeting. How to tell the religions apart; if someone hits me and a second man tells me to forget it and pay no attn, the man is a Muslim; if I hit some one and 10 people attack me, the man is a Muslim; if I hit someone and people take my side, the man is a Jew; if I don't dare hit someone, he is a Christian; but a Bahai how can you tell?--there is no way, nothing new is added. His driver used to be a Bahai--was converted in his home village of Husseinabad--when he came here re-converted to Zoroastrian. Bahai conversion particularly in villages, missionaries tell them they will help them, etc. Anti-Mossadeq because Mossadeq was basically saying "Iran for Muslims"; one of the leading army royalist officers vs Mossadeq was a Zoroastrian: Nozari, d. c. 6 yrs ago. The katkhoda showed up and the two of them read my palm: short life; come into wealth but spend it quickly. Shahriyar says the Katkhoda knows a lot of influential people and thereby maneuvered himself into the job; his father was not katkhoda (tho the previous katkhoda was also Zoroastrian)--seems the katkhoda is appointed by the central government. The katkhoda is friends with Shahriyar because he owes money for water which Shahriyar is not asking for. Katkhoda told Jews story appropo of saying the Hindus believe in transfiguration of the soul and degrees of perfection to divine blessedness: Jesus says to a goat: I once was like you but became blessed by God; perhaps in the future you too will be so blessed. Shahriyar then took me to Nasrabad to see the Christians. On the way he pointed to a man on the road who he said was an opium dealer getting his supplies from outside the country: Afghanistan, Pakistan. In Nasrabad we met the Christians who Shahriyar had known previously, but not known that they were Christian: an aged man, Shahriyar, whose daughter Hodayun runs the CMS in Yazd and takes care of about 15 kids there; his garden and house contain what once was the church which he says was burglarized and the lock broken by the Muslims; inside covered by white cloth is a set of hymnals in Persian & a Bible; and two pictures of Jesus one on a mirror which he got in Bombay. Across the way is the home of Fereydan: the top of the house sports a cross. There are about 6 Christians in Nasratabad now: 4 men and 2 women; 5 people are in Bombay. They have a weekly service and Hodayun comes out from town. Shahriyar says they were especially pleased to see me as this gives them some "backing" ie prestige of a foreigner; tho it might make the Muslims unhappy. Next to Fereydan's house is a fire temple and across the way a masjid. A young fellow with a falsetto voice, Shahrookh Irani, from Bombay--his father runs a restaurant there, wandered around with us: a Parsee whocould barely speak English; knew no Persian.

On the way out near Shahriyar's house we passed a Jewish "masjid" which we went in despite Jews and Muslims being peeved should they see us--no Jews out here. A very small 2 room place with some graffiti with Jewish names and some Hebrew graffiti. Shahriyar tells some story about bankrupted old Jew who slept here and was given a miraculous gold coin and a box of gold which he was not to open--he regained his wealth with the coin but lost all when he opened Pandora's box.

On the way back we stopped at a pump--this engine needs 200 liters benzine ea 16hrs, which rel. to Shahriyar's is good. The guy had a water circulation system set up instead of a radiator.

I then went over to Rustami's. The road from Bandar Abbas used to bypass Kirman, and hence Yazd was the big entrepot. Henna ground here because could get the big grindstones in the hills here; cut out, small holes drilled and wood filled in, wetted so as to expand and lift the stone out and then brought down on rollers. Twenty years ago trade here was much better; but today government provides services which didn't have 20 years ago. Cochineal red coloring comes from a small insect imported from Spain. Henna grown in Bam-Kirman is superior to the Henna of Pakistan--Hindustan. Fraser Sinclair was over when I got back; he's supposed to make prelim. studies for Yazd Master Plan". Qanat cleaners say there are about 40 operative qanats in Yazd at the moment about 15 meters down. Says opium smoking widespread and cheap and seemingly non-addictive--OK people engage in it like pot in the States.

26 April (Sun)--6 Erdebehesht. Went over early in the morning to Shahriyar's to have him take me to a mechanic to check out the flow. Found him doing the accounts. He says he collects about 40 thousand tomans a year from the small pump, and 60 thousand from the big one, leaving about 2 thousand outstanding. April 1970 he is collecting 2689 tomans; April 1969 he collected 2611 tomans, leaving about 45 thousand tomans outstanding (a policy of 30 thousand toman credit limit at all times). Collecting is the most difficult part of the business; people just don't want to pay, claim they didn't get all the water, etc. and even will take it to higher authority, but Shahriyar has himself protected by being on good terms with both the higher authorities; a local Muslim sayyid, and the man in the agricultural office. His pumps work about 5500 hours a year (-7 $\frac{1}{2}$ mo); he pays the mirab (sekler of water) at the one pump 200 toman an hour, and the driver 100. At the other pump the mirab gets 1 toman an hour (thus about 5500 toman/yr) and the driver gets 200 tomans a month. The pipes have about a 16-17 year life; the engines 3-4. They take about 20 litres diesel an hour, and about a litre of oil a day. Shahriyar estimates he makes about 1000 tomans a month; he runs informal businesses on the side: speculating in housing, cars etc. He took me out to a place where his friend the mechanic was but he wasn't there--the place only had tractors--so we went into town and he showed me where he buys pumps (on Kh. Fhalavi just beyond the Meidan-e Mojassema) and the Leyland spare parts dealer (on the Meidan itself). We then went back out to the mechanic (a Zoroastrian) just beyond the main cluster of Nasrabad; and took a peek into a henna grinding place out there. The mechanic was Zardoshti, and his little helpers were except for one Muslim. He had worked in town before and had now set up his own place out here.

27 April (Mon)--7 Erdebehesht. Tennis with Dr. Mortaz--they are building a wall so the kuche can be widened. Then men get 10 tomans a day, the foreman 16 and a little boy 5. I wanted to go into the kuches and find the Jewish barber but I got there too late and most of the shops were closed. One little old man from Nasrabad has a shop on kuche Abambar Gir--sells potatoes etc.--says he has 15 thousand square meters of land in Nasrabad and when there is work to do out there he doesn't come into town. He was in Kirman 30 years ago for 3 years as a soldier; spent some time in Bombay--had a store there. Afternoon went to have my battery terminals fixed; the electric mechanic is a very nice young man wearing his black dasteh shirt who refused to charge me. His name is Ahmad--he and his brother run the 25-year old business which his father started--a bit further down the street (he est. the street itself is about 40 years old). Then I went to do another small bit of kuche mapping (Dabirestan-e Marker Ektare sheet), meeting first a very lively Zardoshti woman from Taft who is renting a house owned by Kei Khosrovi Jehanian (who has gone to Teheran); her name is Esteharire and her husband is in Bombay with a son who she hopes will go to university there. She has a son and 2 daughters: the elder one has finished school. Across the Kuche was another Zardoshti rentee whose husband works in the roads dept of the gov't and has two small children: a boy and a girl. Next door live an old man and his wife, Zoroastrian and they own their own home; he is too old to work--80 years old; his wife came up--one cross-eyed and nose torn up a bit. In the facing small kuche is a Zardoshti house with a single old woman (?). Up the kuche a Zardoshti-dressed woman turned out to be Bahai. Her father was Bahai--they're from Husseinabad; her youngest son, a senior at Kei Khosrovi came out; his two elder brothers work in Teheran something to do with trucks (drivers?); he hopes to go to Univ of T

His Pa works in or owns a factory in Teheran--was for a while in Quetta where he and two others set up the Metropole restaurant. His younger sister goes to Marker Girls. The house next door is Bahai as well--the man does some kind of retailing. Across the kuche is the Muslim owner of a large carpet factory. And on the other side a Zoroastrian retailer of some sort. He estimates 500-600 Bahais in Yazd and 1000 in the Shahrestan (families?). Some story about a family who came from Philistine (Haifa, Israel) here, working in the electric company (Bahai) and then went to Teheran.

Sintons in the evening: two PCV couples there. The Beards (Rafsinjan) say Ali Agha, the pistachio magnate's F or FF was Zardoshti.

28 April--8 Erdebehesht. Tennis w/ght Dr. Mortaz--he reported sick; went back to bed for an hour and then proceeded to waste the morning. Noon to the P.O. and saw Sorush Shahzadi. Aram had invited me to lunch and showed me a self-stoppingswitch he had made in the Honarestan. The Postmaster says that opium was introduced into Iran about 100 years ago by Jackson who worked for British intelligence; at least he found some hard coal which is good for keeping the opium lit and it is called Jackson coal after him. The microwave communication system btw here and Kirman broke down 6 days ago and will take a month to repair, throwing into confusion communications all over SE Iran and to Pakistan. An engineer has come up from Kirman to help--orig a Meshedi. Turns out they now count 13 schools in Iran which give a mohandess degree.

I then went out to see Mobedi (wh see).

29 April--9 Erdebehesht. Morning did some mapping and met the ShahGushtasps. She is a Parsee--her parents were born in Yazd but ~~don't~~ went to India when young and her whole family is there; She married at age 20 and came here 31 years ago. Her husband works as a mechanic for the electric company. She has 4 sons, the eldest underwent the naujote ceremony at age 7 in Bombay; he is now married and has two children, lives in Teheran; the second son is an engineer in Kirman for the Iran company--his naujote was at age 11 here; third son is in Kirmanshah in army--his naujote was at age 13 here; 4th son now is 12 and hasn't entered the Din-e Zardoshti yet. The house is rented from Bahram Zardoshti and pictures of his parents still adorn the rooms; his father died in Germany; went there to be treated for an illness. Hu was an only child, F died when he was 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ --a carpet merchant in Kashan; the Mo lives here. She does some sewing; was embroidering flowers on some linen for a Muslim.

Saw the Nasrabad potato seller; he has a house here in Yazd which he bought a year ago so his kids can go to school here; when vacation they will move back to Nasrabad; the grocer is originally from Shahrifabad.

Bahai family next to the Abambar--father works as chief of Accts Farhange. Eldest son is 2nd yr Honarestan; younger son and daughter. Woman in next ally down taking care of da's da; her Hu runs a hotel in Bombay; comes back every 5-6 years; her son is 2/him.

Evening went to see Rustomi (wh see).

30 April--10 Erdebehesht. Went into the Kuches and did one block: restaurant owner. Then sat in the shop of Rabi, the Jewish barber; he has 4 brothers all in Israel--one young, one farmer, one shop keeper), has 6 children. Succession of steady customers: a Bahai who makes shirts; his Pa was Bahai--fr Zoro--Mehtiabad--was farmer; 2 kids small; had lived in Haifa running a florist shop until 1948 and so can speak arabic. A guy from Cassinabad (all Zoroas, pop. 300), farmer, ran tea shop in Bombay. A young bachelor--a farmer in Khoranshahr.

Afternoon movie with Aram and then Rashid and Darius came over.

1 May (Frid)--11 Erdebehesht. Morning went to see Xanem-e Savabi, the wife of Ali Alichar the Shahrदार of Zarch, whom I had met yesterday; she had been in the butcher's shop & called out to me as I went by to find out who I was; it turned out that she speaks quite good English having been a student of Miss Aidin. She sent her son, who works for the Shardari here with me to see the house of a distant relative, Momeni, in the area across Kh. Pahlavi btw Iranshahr and Shah)--a magnificent old house; the last time it was repaired was about 130-40 years ago; no craftsman are available to fix it anymore; the house itself is about 200 yrs old and used to be ~~the~~ one with the two adjoining houses, one of which has been bought by the Mortaz family, and one bought by another family.

The receiving room is magnificent: painted ceiling: central geom pattern with surrounding lion fighting bull in red--moulded plaster walls: animal and flower motif; with mirrors around (mirrors also had functional use of dispersing light from candles etc.); green pannels at the bottom; the crowning work being the painted stained-glass windows set into finely carved wood; two other rooms were similar--one below a bad-gir; the base of the outside windows which could be lifted up was marble which was a warm gold translucent; the central pool also large stones brought from the mountains around. Returning back, I ran into the old Bahai I'd met the other day: unmarried, no children, used to be Muslim, ret. carpet seller. The Ali Alicar kuche is all Zardoshti, but rented from the bazaar to their two houses, and aside from them, are several Bahai houses to the other side; across from them slightly towards town is a Dar-e Mehr. Xanome Savabi told me about Pir-e Herisht: there is a carved-stone (the the Z. deny it is carved) of a pregnant woman & child, repres. the fleeing princess. Round about are stones which are supposed to be smalled--are stone ginger and nabet (this yellow-candy sugar loaf), the story being a man with a load of these goods refused to give the woman water and so his load turned to stone. Collect them and bring them back: like cross or mud from Mecca.

Afternoon went out to see Mobedi (wh. see)

2 May (Sat)--12 Erdebehesht. The morning's disaster followed upon predictable enogght lines: I went to find the Shabbat morning service in the synagogue near the Masjid-e Jome having been told by Rabi the barber to show up at 6am. I walked by the relatively new brick building and heard a young boy chanting: there were some young boys standing by the entrance and I asked them what the building was--they responded that it was a 'masjid-e Jahudi' and as I made to go in (not quite remembering that Jahudi is not a term of respect) they told me that nothing was happening in there, only the reading of the torah. I can't have been totally linguistically incompetent inasmuch as I communicated quite easily with them; they followed me in as far as the door and made some disrespectful noises so I asked if they were Jewish and upon receiving a negative answer kicked them out--they made more noise outside at the windows. Inside I counted 9 be-tallisim-ed men, tho I cant recall if this included the boy reading or not, and 3-4 women. Again did not check closely but I think the boy's (still boys voice) was reading from a siddur rather than from scrolls but was at a podium in the center of the room. Two men talked to me--communication worked in neither direction: they apparently couldnt understand me very well, nor I them. The service was partially familiar but I was not competent enogght to pick up a book and demonstrate to them in a service style familiar to them but not to me that I was a bonafide Jew; and a shabily-dressed little old man escorted me out saying something about this being God's house and I was unclean ("najesh"); I only slightly protested, ~~making~~ invoking Rabi's name, but a woman who left at the same time insisted that she couldnt understand me. There were 3-4 women inside all in chador. Outside the little boys yelled something at me with big grins on their faces which I didn't catch.

I went back to bed and had a dream a variation of which I think I've had before. I was living in a new section of a familiar city on a hill, and one day as I was returning home in late mid-morning, I decided to see what was in a rather nice building on the NW corner of the crossing of the boulevard running at the foot of the hill and the relatively unbuilt up street runing up the hill towards home. As I went up the stairs I encountered a uniformed doorman from whom I inquired as to what the building might be: he said it was a Zoroastrian temple, and in mid-sentence switched to English saying something about and Indian origin. I asked if I might go in and he said of course. Inside I found myself in a simply furnished hall with a podium at one end and a long table at the back rather set off like a conference room on which was some literature. It was at this point that I recalled having been here sometime before but that the the building had been on the SE corner (I was aware of being half-asleep and of allowing the dream to proceed rather like a film.) Some other English speakers came in and sat-down, one of whom seemed to be a missionary: she gave me the full name of the sect: a long proto-Persian string of words (two of which were yad); the literature used a shorter was word name begining with A (something like Aterians); she said I was lucky to have just happened in today as the big head missionary would be in. He came in and sat down with some small talk about how tired he was, could barely keep his eyes open he'd been working so hard,

and the trip had been long. Then I felt a young fellow cutting at my hair; and I jumped up demanding to know what he thought he was doing; feigning surprise with a grin he made as if to say, well you came in to join with us did you not? I remonstrated and we struggled briefly over the scissors, at which point he ran out of the room. The two missionaries had meanwhile disappeared. I made to leave and the other people at the table gave me verbal support; it appeared that they were not full members of the sect either. I went out the door briefly and returned to check if I'd forgotten anything (noticing in fact that the trousers I had on seemed not to be mine as they were too long) and told them to deliver my apologies to the head missionary. The latter, however, then appeared in the doorway and thundered that all of us would join this group and abide by the rules; at which the seated folk jumped up and with me we fought our way out into the hall towards the front door. A young man appeared with a small button-like object which he said was a bomb and we better behave; I took the thing and threw it toward the conference room and it proved to be a dud at which the young man grinned saying yes there were some non-explosive tubes in the button and he would have to get some more (sic). Finis: our apparent victorious escape. [The previous dream (if it wasn't a *dajwā* which I don't think it was) had lacked references to Zoroastrianism, Persian language, India, etc., and was simply a Christian fundamentalist group. The hair-cutting business also is an accretion probably from the stories of Muslim barber shops in Yazd refusing to cut Zoroastrian hair; tho I don't remember what happened instead in the conference room.]

Spent the rest of the day typing the journal and reading a bit of Iqbal's "The Development of Metaphysics in Persia."

Evening dinner at the Sintons with Mr. and Mrs. Muneri, Eckhardt Neubauer (U. of Frankfurt, musicologist) and wife, Mr. Sauer, and the Bonines. Green is color of marriage dress; small silver fish put in the groom's sack--these are parallel for marriage and Nauruz; green is color of Nauruz and fish is eaten, along with special sweets. (Eckhardt says that the fish symbol is an old oriental symbol, but typically absent in Islam.) The lute originated in Persia, went to China via India, and returned to Persia from China via the Mongols; then went on to Europe via Arab Spain. Babies legs are bound together with a *taxteband* (long embroidered strip) and then swaddled to make their legs grow straight. There are 3 or more semi-professional singers in Yazd, but no musical instrument shops: there are 3 in Julfa-Isphahan.

3 May (Sunday)--13 Erdebehesht. The police came for me this morning, i.e. "Nikki-boy" showed up to say: You will be at Rustamhani's office between 8 and 8:15 this morning. Rustamhani said he had received a note from the International Desk of the Ministry of Science and Higher Education requesting my presence as soon as possible. "So when will you go? The reason I ask is that I am going on the bus 6:30 tomorrow afternoon and would be pleased if you would accompany me". I called Bill Sumner to let him know of the development: he was out, but Francis said she did not think he knew anything.

Eckhardt and Mike B. and I then went to the Fire Temple to find Nobed Mehregan-- he was not there but comes in at 11:30 to 4. So we said we would return which we did. He went on in a very interesting monologue which we only partially understood about the mythico-hyistory of Zoroastrianism in Muslim times: the story of Zoroaster's cedar tree in Khorassan he attributed to Shah Hussein of Saffavid times rather than to the Calif... Zand was a good Shah for the Zoroastrians as was Shah Abbas; and most interesting the White Revolution is foretold in the Avesta; this Shah is on the right track and could become another Cyrus but what can he do saddled with 25 million Muslims and only a few Zoroastrians? Says of the 3 great fires of Sassanian times, the one in Fars is the one taken to India: the Azarbaijan fire went out. Second really interesting point was that the Indians who come to visit say we Iranians are dirty-unclean and cannot keep the fire clean, but it is they who are dirtier than us. He agreed to allow Eckhardt to record this afternoon at three.

Early afternoon went out to tell Mobedi I could not come out with him in the afternoon. He said Kavusi cried about not getting paid for the electricity, but he had gotten 2 million rials in payment; he wanted 10 million, but the Govt was demanding additional income tax payments first. He had tried to buy a shop out along the entrance road to Nasrabad for speculation; he wanted to hold it for 5-6 years and then sell at a profit; but was checkmated by the procedure the owner demanded: you pay me 5000 tomans first, of which the interest is my rent, and you must sign a statement that when you no longer want the shop it simply reverts to me: i.e. you cannot sell to someone else.

At three we went back to the fire temple. Mobed Mehreban performed the Atesh Nayesh for us: he went in the fire chamber, put the padan over his nose and mouth; held the long-handled spoon in a position of offering with the spatula end resting on the lip of the fire-vase, on it some sandalwood. He began the Atesh Nayesh, putting the sandalwood on the fire, and stepped back leaving the spatula in the fire-vase, stepping to the NE corner and hit the bell, then moving to the SE corner and hitting the bell there. As he finished a little old lady came in to light a candle at the offering place by the western-barred open wall towards the fire, placing some "lub(n)un"--a sweet smelling soft stone (lub = essence or pith; a resin?) imported from Bombay, and a couple of other incense items with some seeds in one of the plates. She was sick, had gone to several doctors without result, and now was having 4 mobeds pray for her. When the other 3 arrived, Mehreban and the woman seated themselves on a carpet against the north wall outside the fire chamber, tho the door to the latter had been left open; the other three mobeds seated themselves on either side on the chairs lining the wall; they chanted the Erdebehesht Yasht; part of the Soroush Baj (Kushti Avesta); and the Beresad. Spread out on the floor in front of the old woman were greens in a plastic sack which afterwards the woman was to take home, cook up in hot water and drink. During the chanting, Mehreban would occasionally toss some abshar (a small leafed green sweet spice) on the woman with a flick of his wrist. Between the two of them stretched the cord of the kusti, and at one point he took the cord wrapped in his hand, placed on it a piece of either candy or rock salt, put some abshar on top, and blew it on the woman. Afterwards, Mehreban rechanting the Atesh Nayesh for Eckhardt, since the earlier recording had not turned out well--it eventuated that the fault was in the microphone. The wood placed on the fire is gerdu (walnut) or peste (pistachio). After it was all over, Soroush Shahzadi showed up: Mehreban is not a direct descendant of Dastur Tirandaz; Tirandaz's son was named Mehreban, and his son is Tirandaz, works currently in the Oil Co. in Teheran. Mehreban himself said he had not been educated in Bombay, but in Teheran; Soroush became a priest in Bombay, but says he did not study at the Cama Atuman.

Evening, dinner with the EckhardtsNeubauers and Mr. Sauer. Eckhardt says the Dervishes have their own slang-language in which they add 2 nonsense syllables after the first syllable.

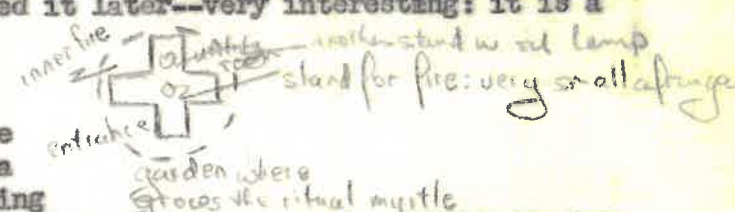
- 4 May 1970--14 Erdebehesht 1349. (Monday) At 6:00 p.m. Rustomcani and I took an Autotaj bus to Teheran; we were delayed an hour in Ardekan while the driver and his assistant did something to the pin holding on the front right tire. On the bus, I learned that Rustomcani did not know where in Teheran or rather from whom the request for me to come had originated; the note he had was signed by the Farmandar-koll. He himself is the son of a Teheran bazaari who was slated to go abroad to study when his father died, leaving him to care for the family, and chose the police academy as the best solution. He says he knows a little Rashti which seems to be similar to the Plateau dialects: bushu for Pers. boru; u bishe for Pers. u raft; (resp. 'go!' and 'he went!'); kore for Pers. doxtar; aboy for pers. pesar.
- 5 May 1970--15 Erdebehesht. Today is the death day of Mohammad, Hassen, and some one else and everything is shut up. So I stayed most of the day at the American Inst., going over to see Jerry Clinton, the Rotblats, and Hillenbrands. Terry O'Donnell was at the Institute; he is vaguely contemplating doing a book on the shrine at Mahan. Originally from Oregon, he's been in Iran for a number of years as a teacher in Shiraz and Peace Corps advisor etc. He says there is a typescript history of the Presbyterian mission mainly by William Miller with chapter headings such as The Invasion of Tabriz. William Miller apparently was a good friend of Francis Sumner's father (a preacher who taught college in preference to his calling, but who occasionally preached to Virginia country churches who had no pastor, and it was Francis' job as a girl to go through his pockets to make sure he had no cigarettes on him so out of figetiness he wouldnt accidentally light up while preaching.). Terry says that Robin Waterfield set up the bookshpps as a joint venture btw the American and English missions; he had run a bookship in Totemancourt Road, and then a nightclub in Soho before coming here 15 years ago.
- 6 May 1970--15 Erdebehesht. First thing in the morning I went to see Parvin Hejazi. Andre Singer showed up with a letter from Bahrami at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs addressed to him via the British Embassy. Parvin said I had a similar letter in my file from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to the Ministry of the Interior. They both said that permission was granted for the research and the permit should be picked up at the Ministry of Science and Higher Education. Parvin again reiterated what she has been saying for months: the Ministry of Science and Higher Education has no authority to write such a letter. To my suggestion that even had they not had such authority these two written requests from the Ministry of F.A. were sufficient warrant to write: she said see Tabari who would be in at 11:00 so come back at 12:00. In the meantime, I went down to see Bahrami who greeted me with a smile, "well, you've moved to Yazd quite smoothly and quietly havent you: you set things up well, and now all is approved"; he agreed to give me a copy of the letter and when I thanked him he said it was not his work but because our countries were friends; had I been a Russian, things would have been different. So I went back and saw Tabari and when he had been filled in (saying that it was not he who had requested me to come to Teheran, and expressing a kind of peevement that the Ministry of Interior should summon people to his office without him knowing about it) he called a Deputy Minister and they agreed to write the letters for both Andre and myself.
- 7 May 1970--17 Erdebehesht. Andre Singer and I picked up our permits from Miss Hejazi though we had to wait till about 12:00 and then had to take the myriad copies to a clerk to log in and then our own copies to a clerk down on the first floor who demanded another signature, but eventually gave them to us. From the wording of the 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ line permit, a tentative analysis is that: the Foreign Ministry acted on the request of the Farmandar-koll of Yazd and thus the Ministry of Interior forwarded to him notice of completion of action, and he then sent word for me to go to Teheran. Thus Tabari knew nothing. Andre's case was more straightforward as he presumably is an "economic historian". I ordered some sun glasses yesterday which were supposed to be ready today, but werent he said with a big smile!

- 8 May 1970--18 Erdebehesht. (Friday) To the Rotblats for lunch. An Iranian was there with his French wife and trilingual 7 year old son (English-French-Parsi). He works for the Ministry of Interior and was an inspector for the safety of movie houses till accused by the Syndicate of taking bribes--untrue--a cover for the bribes paid to the minister not to have to make costly safety changes.
- 9 May 1970--19 Erdebehesht. Picked up the spectacles in the afternoon; did some shopping for the folks back in Yazd.
Andre Singer met a fellow studying at the U. of Istanbul (possibly an Iranian) and connected here with the U. of Teheran Dept. of Geog., by the name of Ali Mahmudi (Teheran: Mahmoudiye Behruz Street, No. 14, Mr. Tokian house) who says he is here to do a study of the Zoroastrians from Yazd who are being settled by the Government along the border with Iraq as a buffer! Bill Sumner tells of a similar farce in Marv Dasht: there's a plan to settle well-to-do Parsees in one of the most saline spots of the Marv Dasht Plain. This land is considered by the dam authorities too poor to waste water on (with limited water, put it on the best lands) they have dug wells but have only a tenth of what they would need to reclaim the land, the project authorities hoping to change the minds of the dam authorities. On Bill's map of historical settlements, this area has one of the lowest concentrations of sites: 2!
- 10 May 1970--20 Erdebehesht (Sunday). Bus back to Yazd. Sat next to a Mr. Amiri, a Meshedi, who has been in Yazd 7 months and works for the Oghaf office. There were 4 Russian women and one man on the bus as well. Amiri says there are two kinds of graveyards: where you pay (in an imanzadeh), and where you don't: aramgah or har har (هر هر).
- 11 May 1970--21 Erdebehesht (Monday). I went to see the Farmandar-koll: he was out, so I saw the Farmandar who was talking to Fasil and another man. He was not interested in my permit as it wasn't addressed to him. So I left my card with the tea-boy of the Farmandar-koll with instructions to tell him I had received my permit. And I went to see Rustamzani who called Dabiran for me but he was indeed out. Rustamzani arranged to go with me tomorrow to his cousin's Nylon-kar factory: there are two nylon factories in town: Nylon-kar and Nylon-tex.
I then went to see Soroush at the P.O.--he's not feeling well, said the Shah's sister's son had been here. I ran into Kodayari who wrote me an intro. to Bellivand, the head of the Anjoman in Shahrifabad.
I then went to the Masjid-e Jome to the Library but it was closed: closed on Mondays, open on Fridays. Met two high school students and took pieces of their genealogy. Then back to the PO and talked to Mr. Qa'asagani and Aram.
- 12 May 1970--22 Erdebehesht (Tues). Tennis with Peter, but Dr. Mortaz was not there because Peter had not been showing up regularly. So I went to the hospital but Mortaz was not there; the head nurse said he'd be in at 1:00 but when I got there at 1:15 he had already left. Went to see the Farmandar-koll: waited in the secretarial office where I met the bakhshdar of ? on the road to Tabas, by the name of Ibrahim Mahdavi, a Mazandarani, son of a merchant; he had studied law at the U. of Teheran. He spoke of the important book of Ali Mahjool Baloghe. The Farmandar-koll read my permits with approval, asked about my linguistic progress (Dari, Avesta, etc.) and asked me to show him what books I had. Then I went to Iranshahr H.S. and Ertchad H.S.
Afternoon 3:30 Rustamzani took me to Nylon-kar and introduced me to his cousin-by-marriage, the manager, Mohandess Bahaduri. Driving back he pointed out on the south side of the Isphahan road where a hospital is to be built by Rasuli(?), one of the richest Muslim landowners of Yazd. I then went to spend a few minutes with Ahmad, the battery repair man who checked for me and found that Jashne Qasr is on Friday: he too suggested that the Zoroastrians have a fire and jashne on that day. Then went out to talk to Fereydm Anujan, the caretaker at the dazme.

13 May 1970--23 Erdebehesht. Morning went out to the dazmas about 8:20 as Fereyduh had said the event would be 9-10 am.; but it was all over. The diseased was a 64 year old woman who had lived in the house of Shahriyar Keyani (land and construction in Teheran) who came down; and the sister's husband's mother of teacher Faromazai who teaches Chemistry in Taft and lives in Khoramshahr. Also met Xanome Manijer Halavi Bastani, the pretty woman who had been so entertaining at Pir-e Nerestaneh: she lives somewhere just across from Dabirestan Kei Khosrovi. Shahriyar Xodayari was there too and was quite friendly.

Typed notes quickly and by noon was on the road to Sharifabad-i-Ardekan, stopping at the dazma of Elabad: the mesa it is on is all loose conglomerate including the top flat layer (formation?). There is a road which goes past it but not up to it: so it is necessary to climb conglomerate sand--must be some chore to carry a body up! Nice view from the top: settlement along the mountain base. Three vultures were flying around and there are some bones; about: some human and not broken at joints (some? cartilage filling in the joints--brown fibrous against white of bones) but after joints: the bone weaker when dropped by birds fr the heights. One bone at least was of an ass (small hoof) and the hoof cartilage was not quite dry--how did this get here? Further on the road there was a stream of white salt: very striding--rain must have caused a flow in the stream bed and it was still damp a millimeter below the surface and capillary action had brought a surface layer of salt crystals so the river was white with even some ripples and some green scrib growing in the river bed; in stark contrast to the brown-grey desert.

In Sharifabad I introduced myself to Mr. Ballebari, the head of the Zoro Anjoman and gave him the intro. note from Shahriyar Xodayari. He jabbered away at me at an incredible rate, beginning with an effusive string of ta'arofs: fortunately I was able to understand just enough to pop in a question which made sense every so often to keep his flow going; but unfortunately I could not understand enough to get much useful out of it. I think the following points were made: there is no graveyard here (this took him off into a long discourse about India and Teheran); the one dazma here was built by the Parsee, Manek Limanji, in the time of Nasr-din-Shah (over 100 years ago), the other one is new, built by the Anjoman 10 years ago. The Elabad dazma was built over a hundred years ago too. He insisted that the fire-temple is an Atesh Beheram and that each of the major villages about had an Atesh Beheram (and that they later went to Yazd to be consolidated). We visited it later--very interesting: it is a dome, inside cruciform with two fires: Pictures of Zardosht are on the walls; and crowning piece-de-resistance is a portrait which changes depending on the angle of view from the Shahanshah, Reza Shah, and the crown prince. The building was built in 1321. There are 6 other gumbads which used to be Atashkades but none now have a fire. He seemed to deny my suggestion that the inner sanctum contained the Atesh Beheram and the fire in the main room was a Dahre Mehr, or that only priests would be allowed into the inner sanctum. There are then also two dadgahs (the two altars at the dazmas). Ziaratgahs are Pir-e Sabz, Pir-e Banu, Pire-Herist, Seti-Pir (the wife of Yazdegir disappeared here), Pir Nerestaneh, and one to the south of Yazd above Taft.



There is a dabestan for boys and one for girls in Sharifabad, the nearest Dabirestan is in Ardekan, then Yazd, then Teheran. Mazar-kalantar belongs to this Anjoman. He says there are 5-6 deaths a year; maybe 10 marriages; something about girls not going through the naujote ceremony.

Driving back I stopped by Imamzadeh Sayyed Mir Hossein at Hadjiabad--a village of 200 people left: being taken over by the sand; the art of water dropped and most people have left; the dabestan has 5 grades: 20 students most of whom do not go on. A year and a half ago the Oghaf office took over the Imamzadeh: re-

whitewashed the interior and dug a well; water is sold at 2 toman/ hour (a small pump pumping from just below the surface, but the water is a bit brackish). There are 6 such pumps including the one for electricity which apparently is still not Govt owned. I was entertained by the village schoolmaster, 25-year old Yazdi, son of a clothes merchant on Kh. Pahlavi by the clock). A mullah from Zarch was there; he says he works as a mullah only in Moharram (the black month); learned Arabic in Yazd madressah; works the land in Zarch with his brothers. He gave me a lesson on who the father of Jesus was: not bad since God has no women, no children, no sons; but all prophets are liked by Muslims. Unfortunately did not get much. Also said something about Ebrahim, a Zardoshti, who wrote a book in ancient times.

14 May 1970--24 Erdebehesht. Morning went to see Rombod at Dabirestan Etehad. Mike Bonine went to see the Beenesht Dyeing & Carpet Co. where Peter Sinton bought the wool and Mike also got some cochineal bugs (red). The owner is a Bahai; he supplies wool to about 100 looms about 60 of which are in Dehbala, and 30 in Mehriz, others scattered. He apparently started looms in Dehbala about 11 years ago teaching the people there to weave. He furnishes the wool to the people and sends a man around to check on their progress and pay them a little at a time.

Afternoon went out to see Mobedi. The mulberry crop is almost finished. Wheat is just about ready for harvest. Wheat: 4 tomans a mann (=6 kilo).

15 May 1970--25 Erdebehesht. (Friday). Gahambar at Nasrabad (see Mobedi). Jashne Omar: there was a rosakane going on in Nasrabad. Peter Sinton reports that by Mir Chak Mak there was a strong-man (let a yellow taxi run over his arms and legs), a snake charmer w 2 snakes, one of which was a cobra. Mobedi talks of seeing camel trains of bones being taken to Qam--1st buried and then bones dug up.

16 May 1970--26 Erdebehesht. (Sat). Went out to Karkane Nylon-Kar, and then to Nylon Tex which was less successful; and Dabirestan Markoz Doxtaran.

17 May 1970--27 Erdebehesht. (Sun). Went to Honarestan-e Doxtaran. Then to see Rustamxani who said he would talk to Dastmalch at Nylon-TeX for me. And I started the application for a Residence Permit. In his office I met Mullah Rashid who gave me the following names for mullahs: alem, ahun, va'ez, ayatollah, Hadjatul-Islam (proof of Islam); when I asked where he worked, he replied 'from the mmba. Then to Dabirestan Etehad, and then to the Post Office where I saw Soroush: 6 Gahambars a year: 6 x 60 = 360 + 5 days, i.e. ea. two months.

Afternoon went to the daxmes and started a genealogy of Fereydun Amujan. He pointed out which of the rest houses belong to which villages:

		aramgah		
yazd	yazd			
	khoraanshahr	mariamabad		rahmatabad
		nasrabad		
arestan		qassimabad		
	kheirabad			

The new one--Narsiabad--was built 40 years ago by the same woman who built the new daxme: Golestan. Communal gatherings here are 3 times a year: 1st Tir; 1st Esfand (jashne sadha); Nauruz or rather the last 5 days of the year.

Evening went to Amujan's house in Rahmatabad and had tea with his wife and son and then he took me to see the Dahre Mehr: the main room has a simple podium for candles; side domed room has the large fire vase--he lit the oil lamp and stoked the ashes of the fire so could appreciate the glowing coals digging a hole in one side and putting on some dry sandlewood chips and kandor and chanting the Atash Nyash in Persian. Taking some ash on the spoon brought it to me and placed a spot on my forehead. He tends the fire 2x a day; morning and night since he must be at the daxmes all day (rides there on donkey: 1 1/2 hours). He calls this fire Atash Beheram and says Atash Beheram and Dar Mehr are the same: at the daxme is something else: a dadgah.

18 May--28 Erdebehesht. Eckhardt Neubauer came into town yesterday afternoon and went to see Mobed Mehregan who said an American had recorded him and given him 50GR, and Eckhardt hadn't given him anything! Said he did not do the Atesh Nyash 5x day--didn't have time; couldn't do them at the fixed hours. Zurkane moshet said the next time Eckhardt came he should send a telegram 4 days before so he could go on a diet: if you eat too much, hot or cold, you can't enunciate certain vowels: this guy has no teeth and can't enunciate anyway. Most of the zurkane people were connected with Tudeh and so are very careful to sound very pro-Shah: this guy sang portions of the Rostam story in the Shahname and in between a poem saying how great Iran is with the refrain "Iran".

Went to see Rostamxani to finish forms for residence permit.

Went to dazma and started genealogy of Shahriyar. Fereydu Amujan says the vultures are few and in the last couple of years haven't come much. They're not around in summer anyway--acid put on bodies.

Afternoon to Jewish H.S.--Eliazade's family had a garden in Dehbala which now sold as going to Israel. Rambod thinks Star of David has to do with the 6 letters of Melak David; Mullah Joseph thinks it has to do with the 4 directions and up and down, David thinking the Lord had given him all the world. Then as promised, I took Haridin, Eliazadeh, the latter's sister, the nurse (Dr. Resavi services the school clinic) and another teacher out: they demanded to see the dazmas (!) and when there the men handled themselves OK the Haridin scratched his name on the wall of a dazma; they also put a Mogen David in one of the mexanserais. The women asked me if the Bonines were Jews and when I said no, if we ate together, and when I said of course, why not, they: because we say the Shamah and they bow their heads to idols (!). We then went to Cassinabad where Haridin knew of a Bahai-owned garden we could go to, but the owner was not there; we met a Muslim boy he knew and went to the latter's garden.

19 May--29 Erdebehesht (Tue). Went with Firuz Faromazni to Zeinabad, then to Taft, to Kamarut, and then to the dazma-Cham for all-night wake.

20 May--30 Erdebehesht (Wed). Faromazni and I went to Mobarake; I then took him to Taft and returned to do some notes, agreeing to meet him again in the afternoon at 5. Before going back I stopped by the Jewish school; Rambod was not there, but I walked into a French exam being held in the courtyard. My French is below par at the moment. The French teacher is Shaban Shama'i, who says he is an accountant in the Ministry of Finance, and says something about being the only Israeli (read Jew) in Iran to achieve this distinction (?!). He is 52 and says he will go to Israel--at first this seemed to be imminent, but later it appeared to be a "someday" since he needs another 8 years to retirement age, tho he's worked there 32 years; he has a lot of work there but when school is finished and he no longer teaches, he will be pleased to talk with me at length. He is a free man: he can go to Israel and be free whenever it suits him: he has no small children here: a son in Israel. (Name of custodian: Aaron Benjamin).

To Taft, but Hormezd was too busy to sing--maybe Saturday. At Shidin's saw the 2 younger children of the Zeinabad katkhoda: the girl had been in the village yesterday: very pretty and shy; the boy has been in 7th grad 3 years now. Back in town Faromazni got me invited to the 10 day ritual tomorrow for the woman who went to the dazma on the 13th/23rd

21 May--31 Erdebehesht. Morning went to see Rambod and we confirmed he and wife would come to dinner Sat. Says boys and girls are together in class to the 4th grade, but then have separate classes in any case a public directive from Office of Education. And anyway try to get boys and girls to sit together for lunch but they won't. And in the 4th grade they sit apart in the same room.

Went to P.O. Sorush said he would be by later to plan for tomorrow--but he never showed. Spent some time with Aram who has ideas of getting his own apt in Teheran next year.

Afternoon, 10 day wake for mo. of Sohrab Faromazni.

Evening dinner with Sintons--Dev says are about 12 Bahais at Mariker Girls. She was asked in class which was the best religion and when she said they're all good, one girl blurted out "even Bahais?" Another girl walking home with her said Bahais were not good because their book was not the word of God but written down by a man.

Dev went to a birth congratulation ceremony: people arrived with flowers and loose candy; traded flowers with the happy family and gave them a piece of candy.

23 May--2 Khordad. (Sat). Morning: Honarestan. Beheshti at Education Office has left for Teheran. Soroush was not at office. To dazmes where Fereydm and Shahriyar were sitting with 2 Muslim men from Abshahi near town: Fereydm told me to go to sol am in Rahmatabad which I did.

Rombod and wife came over for dinner: 2 ghettos in Shirza and had 2 rabbis; here similarly. The ghetto in Isphahan is called Mahalle Mah because fishermen had a good market there for the Sabbath. The Jews of two towns in Iran are poor: Yazd and Tabriz--he suggested because there the Muslims were thrifty (also Tabriz had Armenians, here the Zoroastrians). Shiraz:
Bahai symbol of ring:

24 May--3 Khordad. (Sun). Trip to Pir-e Sabz and Pir-e Heriak. The latter is being repaired and enlarged by a Yazdi donor from Teheran. At Pir-e Sabz they graft a regular badam (almond tree) to a badam-kuh (a desert bush with long thin stalks bearing a nut something like an almond. Also some trees with nuts that explode in fire. (graft- peyvand) Pir-e Sabz fire temple (dad-gah) rebuilt in 1236 AY in the time of Nasr-din-Shah: Esfands, over the door; mirror inside, the boys and caretaker thought to disperse light; maybe a welcoming mirror as in the rose-water ritual. Firuz Farmanzai in praying put a ash spot on his forehead, a custom to insure good health picked up from Bombay. On the road to Pir-e Sabz is Pir-e Khani, a young man who died in 1332 falling off a bus or car. His picture is also the first at the fire-temple entrance at Pir-e Sabz Dadgah. Parayer ritual includes washing: hammam provided both at Pir-e Sabz and Pir-e Herisht. The original name of Pir-e Sabz was Hayat Banu. The green on the sides where the water drips: siah veshan; Tir is the month of pilgrimage because then is when the amount of water peaks.

25 May--4 Khordad (Mon). Morning to Rustamzani--it turned out that he wanted me to rewrite the application for a residence permit because he thought it too messy where I had crossed out my old passport number and put in the new. He and the others in the office discussed citizen complaints about the mosque loudspeakers--people complain that it irritates them (mardom azari), they can't sleep at night, etc. The police try to keep the decibel level down.

Priced fans: 280-400 tomans! (\$10 and up). Went to Ghademi's repair shop: I've got a radiator leak; he adjusted my idle and tomorrow when he does the radiator will also put in an asbestos washer in the manifold to cut down on noise.

26-27 May--5-6 Khordad (Tues-Wed). Trip to Bafq Mining Company.

28 May --7 Khordad (Thurs). Morning picked up car. Afternoon to Taft and back to catch Hormezd on tape: 3 songs with kebab and wine at Safayah!

Bezad--big Zoroastrian who owned blg on Meidan-e Mjassene btw Kh. Kirman and Taft (Blvd Shahanshahi).

29 May--(Fri) talked all morning with Mr. Akhdar Khavari at Bahai Center; afternoon Soroush.

30 May--9 Khordad. Spent day in Taft; evening with Soroush Shahzadi.

news report doubling of area for cultivation of peopies to 12,000 allocated thus:

Khorassan - 2500 hectares	Yazd - 250	
Kerman - 1000	Semnan - 100	<u>Kayhan</u> 30 May
Isphahan- 2000	Kurdistan-50	
Fars - 1000	Sistan and Baluchistan--400	
Qorestan- 2000	Gorgan - 100	
Hamadan - 1000	Kermanshah ⁴ -500	Teheran- 700
		Balditjari Reg--400

- 1 June 1970--10 Khordad 1349. (Sunday). ~~Hobest~~
- 2 June 1970--11 Khordad (Monday). Met Firuz Faramarzi at Qademi's and we went out to the dazme where the father of the teacher in a village near Taft was being put in. Ran into Dastur Hormazdiar and he agreed to meet me in Nasrabad in the evening. Some more talk with mabedi.
- 2 June. Mo. of teacher at Jewish school died--saw Bombod and crew crossing the street and went with them to her home. There's a small Jewish thread-spinning place just around from Bombod's house--a two person operation--old style, maybe only 6-7 such left: the factories now do their own.
- 3 June--13 Khordad. Ayatollah Hakim died in Iraq and everything is closed in mourning; Schools are closed till Saturday; music is off the air.
- 4 June--14 Khordad. Worked on genealogy of Dariush and Rasid. Went to see Bombod who said there are 2 Ayatollah's in Yazd: Sadiqi and Vasili. Two big people from JOINT came down, among other things to look over possibilities for remodeling the Jewish hamam. Evening dinner with Bill Wentworth, boss of Bafq Mining Co.
Mike Burrell says that not all trade to Yazd came thru Bandar Abbas--also Jask and Bandar L.-- Sirjan was wiped out by the Mongol invasion and never recovered. And most of the trade going to Khorassan came the overland route via Mastatabad, which he thinks to all intents and purposes was the predecessor of Zahedan--the possibly Zabol. He says there was an earthquake in Ferdows 18 mo. ago killing 2000; 80% now living in tents. They saw naqls until the village btw Ferdows and Gambad.
- 5 June--15 Khordad (Fri). Morning to mourning service for Ayatollah Hakim at the Masjid-e Jome. Evening dinner at Bombod's: zabane madar shohar: cactus and the children's toy tongue which you blow out and it unrolls whistling.
- 6 June--16 Khordad (Sat). Morning: Faramarzi and I went to the house of Bastani to do a bit of genealogy. Saw Muneri who says he is very busy and will be so until Mah-e Tir. Evening with Sorush Shahzadi.
Firuz Faramarzi knows the saying "mo'alime ba gher; vaselet by xish" but himself disagrees with it--makes bad children. No difference between different kinds of cousin marriage. Till 1st cousin is distinguished as "family" or "near family". He and Qademi insist that the body makes a certain amount of alcohol and that this process slows down after one is 50 which is why the doctors say that alcohol is good for old men. Alcohol is good for the liver! Cucumbers are good for the kidneys and the bladder.
- 7 June--17 Khordad (Sun). Wasted morning with Firuz Faramarzi. First we went to a garden belonging to the Bastani's which has a pump--they bought it a few years ago. Est. value 400,000 toman. Then we went to Taft where he picked up a carpet for his sister. In the evening we went to Khoramshah where he showed me 2 ziaratgah and translated one of Hormezd's songs from the tape. Mr. Sauer was over for dinner.
- 8 June (Mon.) Morning went out with Mike B. and Burrell and first stopped at the moqannis digging the qnat by the Kirman road. Eight work on one well, 4 below and 4 above and two can be working to dig down the next well. This one is 76m deep and the next well is 170 m away--they est. 6000 tomans for the distance and say they get 10-11 toman/day and seemed a bit peeved th the comment 'not bad'. Two boys 17 and 13 are working with them down below; the former is from Faridabad, son of a tinner (tins copper pots in the area going around fr village to village by bicycle) he is illiterate having only gone to one year of school. There is a dabistan with two Sepah Danesh people. The other boys has had 6 years education and has a brother who works in a bank in Teheran (summer job here for him?), his father is a farmer in the village where the rest of the moqannis come from, m--.

They say pumping water has dried up many ganats gives them plenty of work digging new or deepening as well as cleaning. One of the moqamis has been doing this kind of work for 20 years; also has a garden; his brother is a farmer, but does not look after his (the moqami's garden)--seems he either hires someone (or his wife?) and it is mainly a matter of the water caretaker distributing the water he pays for.

Then to dame where a party from Khorassan was celebrating a sol. Met Shahriyar of Nasratabad, apparently one of the Christians. His son, Jamshid was killed either falling in a well or by tractor while working for a Bahai in Mehtabad; the people there tried to say it was suicide. He himself fought for the British in Busra 5 years. Also was in Bombay where he learned Urdu. It wasn't quite clear if his son was buried in the Christian cemetery or not. At Kaujan's request we took him as far as Safayeh.

We then turned back and chased down a herd of camels: c. 70 camels bought near Sirjan and being driven to the Teheran butchers by 3 shatorbands from Nain. The small camels are not killed for meat in Teheran ~~but~~ as are the old ones but go on to Azerbaijan (for draft animals?). It is a 10 day trip from Sirjan here; a month to 40 days for the whole trip which they do twice a year. White camels are obtained from around Zahedan but these are better: 600-800 tomans for an adult; 300-400 for a small one.

Then to the large herma crushers near our house. Some 30-50 grind stones, most with the wheel and motor or a beam but one newer one with a right angle drive with machinery below--many little boys work here.

Burrell: there should be ~~222~~ 99 beads on long worry bead chain for the 99 names of God (the camel is proud and haughty because he is the only animal to know the 100th name which will be revealed to man on the Last Day); presumably the small beads have 33 and you count 3 times. (Checks with mine).

9 June (Tue)--19 Khordad. Took a copy of his genealogy to Mamari as he had requested. To P.O. where Scrush says he's been wearing his Sudreh-pooshi since age 7 and showed it to me. Postmaster and assist. assured me that my carne should not have burned since the fire was on a truck carrying only parcels and newspapers. Went to see Rustakani; my residence permit has come but needs a few signatures.

10 June (Wed)--20 Khordad. Met Mr. Shahla at Bimarestan-e Nicupur, the boss of Mr. Mahreban Lorasp. The Bimarestan is a maternity clinic. But Shahla and Lorasp are setting up a Food Nutrition Experiment station--only 4 mo. old and not yet in operation. Shahla originally a Tabrizi has been a Teherani since age 6 and is serving time in the Health Corps--the people here want to keep him on but he wants to go back to school (has applied to U.Cal) for further work in food nutrition. (Phone: 2866). The two got me these mortuary figures for Yazd city for last year:

	age	male	female	age	male	female
	under 1	112	113	25-34	4	5
	1-4	69	67	35-44	7	13
	5-9	10	7	45-54	22	17
	10-14	6	5	55-64	46	13
	15-19	3	3	65+	163	153
	20-24	4	1	?	15	13

Shahla thinks these figures are low.

11 June (Thurs)--21 Khordad. Morning picked up residence permit: good for yr. Afternoon went to see Mobedi and he took me to see a couple of wells.

12 June (Friday)--22 Khordad. Spent day typing notes and reading Max Weber on India. The Bonines got back from Bafq Mining Co. and reported having gone to a wedding celebration in Sayyidabad near the Kusk mines--Apparently the wedding itself had occurred a week earlier but this was the night of consummation. They did not arrive until 11 pm and people were eating. Then they went to the house of an "ama" (but neither the father of bride nor groom the a pesar ama marriage)

where as they entered a man wrapped in a white sheet was lying; a second man with sandals wrapped ~~across~~ to his head like horns, and a pole strapped to his back extending above his head and suggestively between his legs jumped out of the crowd and danced a strange dace towards the corpse, partly suggestive of the sexual act, partly lifting of a leg more like a dog urinating; as he approached the body, a small boy would growl in defense of the body like a protecting dog. After this charade ended, the party went to another part of the house where a man dressed as a mullah was made fun of; he had a false beard of cotton and as he tried to sit on a can it would be snatched out from under him and he would fall amid great hilarity. He was finally allowed to sit and he then began to chant apparently punning on a real mullah's duty--the people just howled with laughter. Then people began to leave as did the Bonines. They described the grocer as looking very frightened; the bride was so chafed, impossible to say.

They also report a ziaratgah at the village of ~~Kiddah~~ by the village stream: a rock with some ridges which are supposed to be the handprints of the Imams: 1st Imam, 2nd Imam, 3rd Imam etc. to which Mike B. reacted with a loud "bullshit." Candles lit there and tree nearby with rags tied to it.

13 June (Sat)--23 Khordad. Frazer Sinclair reports a complicated underground water pattern: some places you dig you hit salty water: some places you dig you hit sweet water--it's not entirely predictable with the amount of information currently available; e.g. the gvt dug a new well in the old city but abandoned it when they hit salty water. Some of the old qanats running under the city used to have flour mills some 100 feet down.

Qa'amagani introduced me to an engineer working in Frazer's office (?) who lives at Asle Chahr (Pt 4 Hotel) for 2000 r. /month (room only), with the idea that we might like to team up and live together; fortunately the latter put off the idea; but a few nights later he introduced me to another engineer in Frazer's office who speaks quite good English.

14 June (Sun)--Tried unsuccessfully to find Shahla (he was neither at Nicupor Hosp. nor at the Sepah offices; and when I ran into him on the street Mon. said indeed he had not gone to the office, and was leaving for Teheran for a week). Then went to see Rostamzani and then to the Post Office. Sorush says that last Friday there was a naujote ceremony at the Atashkade. This Friday will be the the porosh--memorial for all the dead of the year, and maybe he'll go with me; Mahinbanu is supposed to come from Teheran. Qa'amagani talked about the zurkane and he pointed out customs of enforcing an external humility on the parlavans who by nature tend to be proud: (1) the entrance door to the club must be too small for a man to go through erect; (2) when one enters and leaves the goud (pit, spalled but the vav takes an ow or aw sound) one blesses the earth, the touching of the hand to the ground, then to the mouth and forehead; (3) Sayyids are given the highest place and go first except if there is a young boy who is there for his first time, then he goes first; otherwise order is by seniority of being in the zurkane.

Afternoon went to see Rashid Dorost--he is still "bi-ker" (unemployed)--they say he's too old; he is 46. After vagt-i vagt, i.e. 5 Tir he is going to Ahwaz to see if he wants to invest in a hotel there or not. He told me a story of Zoroaster's birth which he says comes from an old Persian--lg bk Ayin Zardosht (= Din Zardosht): Rashid's Si So asked first if I knew how Zoroaster came into the world and I said 'laughing' which proved to be the answer they wanted. He laughed and the whole world heard his laughing. Then one day a man came and tried to kill him with a knife; the man's hand became crippled; the baby Zardosht crawled off and was suckled by a cow til his Mo found him and took him home; another day the baby Zoroaster made it up into the mountains where a lion made to attack him but was disabled and the baby slept until he woke up hungry and cried for milk and some ewes came to feed him til his Mo found him and took him home.

Evening I went to the Zurkane on Kh. Pahlavi (Bashkar Varzeshir Khajekhezre) for the 7:00 session, picking up Keyvan Qa'amagani on the street on the way and meeting Mahmud Khorsand later inside. The place is primarily dominated by high-school boys, and gives the impression of a lower-middle class body-building place. Before the traditional Zurkane exercises began, boys were lifting weights, and the mil, often in front of a mirror, the better to admire their muscles. In the zurkane exercises themselves 12 people took part, including two old men who divided the role of miandar (leader). The communal refrain: "Allah hema sale allah Mohammad va alle Mohammad". When one begins an individual act or wants to stop one says rakhsat (allow me). Three styles are played on different nights: slightly different exercises after the initial warm-up with the takte-shena and the mil. The program here written on the wall is: Saturday--Tabrizi; Sunday--Jangali (Forest); Monday--Fabili; Tues--Tabrizi; Wed--Jangali; Thurs--Kabuli; Fri--holiday. At the very end a prayer was said, in which choral responses are Elahi and Elahi smad. The final exercise was the snake-twist on the takte shena, with a singing count from yek to punja. Two boys also took up the kabodeh for a short period. Unfortunately I did not stay around until the 8:00 session began to see if there would be a significantly older group of men, but one person did come in;--a policeman who is a Yazdi whom I recognized from my visits with Rustam. Mahmud then took me to the other zurkane off Kh. Shih which turned out not to be operative tonight as the rais (and zarb player) is in Isphahan--the place however was again filled with young boys; they have two sessions daily: 5:30 am and 8pm.

- 15 June--25 Khordad. This morning the Bonines and Mike Burrell, the latter suffering a disabling case of Persian tummy, took off for Isphahan and Teheran. I went by the post office and saw Scrush who said he would drop by in the evening; and finally my carnet from Germany arrived (the bill is twice as high as expected, and the reckoning is not clear it is still a 40 dollar savings over the English carnet.) I restocked the ice box with ice, got fresh cases of 7-up and Canada, got yogurt, tuna, eggs, cheese. I went over to the Sinton's house to change the duck-pond water; Marilyn must not have come over here as often as she maintained because the water was absolutely filthy, and the ducks had no feed left: when I put out fresh feed they literally ran towards it as if they were starved. Ester is still sitting on eggs. Manuchehr Khvusi stopped by in the afternoon with a girl (his sister?) saying he had come for a summer lesson in English from Marilyn (?), but did not stay.
- 16 June--26 Khordad. Afternoon to Mobe'di (wh. see). Coming back, stopped by Kei Khosrow Yektai's shop where ran into the school teacher from Push Kuh whose Father I saw put in the dance, and who said on that account he would not go to Fir-e Sabz, but I of course must go. Firuz Faroumarzi was also there and said he was going to Teheran for a week tomorrow. Kei Khosrow wants me to go with him to Fir-e Sabz on Saturday ('the first day be with Khoramshahr'). At Fir-e Sabz they will eat a green called Bazieh which is good for virility. When Firuz left we engaged in playful handsqueezing, and I commented that I was Rustam, so he said he was Soltab, and then gave out this proverb: Felfel mabin cherize beshgan bebin chatize (Pepper is small, but when you break it open, see how hot!). Evening to movie with Hossein who has come from Iraq $1\frac{1}{2}$ yrs ago (his father is here, but most of his family is there). Again with the comic trio (Separnia, Gavsho, Motevaselani) and a deus ex machina good-guy fighter who shows up superman-like whenever the trio get in a fight with the bad guys. The theatre was jammed and the crowd incl. women and children just ate up the film (no worse than a Marx Brothers film) esp. the scenes where the strongman shows up to beat up the bad guys. Luckily located some copies of Roshan Fekr with the article by Xanem Arbabi on the dance which has raised a storm in the Zoroastrian community.
- 17 June--27 Khordad. Spent the morning reading the first column of the article in Roshan Fekr: took me five hours! Two more columns to go. Afternoon xeirat in Nasrabad with Mobe'di (wh cf) and met Rustam, the mechanic of pumps, who lives in Khoramshahr.

18 June--28 Khordad. Morning went to see Akhdar Khavari (wh of) at Daraldishan Factory. He says Thursday is a bad day to see the manager: Mon. and Tues. are better. So talked a bit about Yazd history. Says there is a 3rd cent AH book on Yazd, ed. by Iraj Afshar (?).

Noon went to see Qa'amagami and talked (1) about Aram's exams: he failed to make 14 pt av in Chemistry and so will have to sit the Chem exam again in Shahriyar, but this does not in anyway affect his being #2 in his class or going to the University next year if he passes their entrance exam (which he is going to Teheran tomorrow to take), and it has been guaranteed (sic) that he will pass the Shahrivar exam! Had M. Qa'amagami realized how close Aram was to not getting the 14 and had he pleaded his case a day or two earlier, the teachers say the embarrassment could have been avoided. Aside from this fiddle, the system is silly, in that it says that if it is only one subject one can still pass as long as one is over 10, but this holds good only in Shahrivar; in the Khordad exams if you fail you have to take the exam again in Shahrivar. (2) About Soroush Shahzadi: Qa'amagami says neither he nor Soroush can prove ill treatment at the hands of his fellow workers but it is thire, e.g. last week Soroush bought some cherries and when he went to take them home at the end of the day he found them gone, and screamed about people eating his cherries; when Qa'amagami went to investigate the commotion, they said Soroush was lying and that they had eaten their own cherries, and brought his out from hiding. Then they might tell him not to touch a glass of water because he was najsh; with this sort of semi-religious matter Qa'amagami says he cannot interfere because 99% of them are Muslim and the office would be disrupted--he has to work with these people. More serious is the matter of extra pay for extra work--such extra work is given out on a piece work basis rather than on a time basis; Soroush wants the extra pay but says he cant handle all the work involved and special concession of lightening the load for him should be made; this Qa'amagami cannot do, as there are other workers who say they can do the work, but he recognizes Soroush's point: when such extra work is given to a Muslim, his co-workers help him do it, but no one helps Soroush; he is alone among 100. The assistant postmaster is as bad as the rest and Qa'amagami's predecessor was even worse, even more a strict Muslim. (3) There are two kinds of wrestling: koshti azad in the goyd of the zurkane, and koshti ferangi (both of which are Olympic games, as oppos. to say "catch wrestling"). (4) When asking for salt: Chera, namak nadarid? (i.e. why, you dont have salt = you are not cute?). One says of a person like Aram who is just a shade darker than white that he is salty or cute; one does not say this of a white person like Ahmad or Keyvan.

I stayed to lunch (chelo kebab, eggs, mast-o-kiar, apricots, canteloupe); they have bought a large dall as a gift for 200 toman with a small tape recorder in the little girl's chest that says things like: Mummy I'm sleepy, is it my bedtime yet; Mummy, mummy, I fell down and got my dress all dirty; I want to be a friend, my name is Susan, what is yours?; Mummy I'm hungry, can I have a piece of apple pie; Have a nice trip daddy, bring me something nice when you come back; Let's play house, I'll be the mother. I had to translate and then write down these lines, as the tape was hard for the Qa'amagami's to understand--particularly the line about playing house Qa'amagami found hard to correlate sounds and words. Afterwards Aram and I went briefly to the Ketabkane of the Masjid-e-Jame.

Stopped by Ghaderi's--a policeman was drinking tea there and wanted to know who I was, so Ghaderi explained; and when I asked--he was obviously puzzled--if he still was unclear what 'jam-e shenasi' was, he defensively objected that he had only had 6 years of schooling. He has a son who also has only 6 years of school, completed this year, and the father is apprenticing him to Ghaderi, rather than sending him on to Dabirestan. He is a Yazdi, only knows 2 fathers, both Yazdi; his father was a cloth-weaver (by hand).

Stopped by Kadi Khosrow's shop; ~~somebody~~ a man came in who was immediately introduced to me as being a calami (Jew) and K.K. checked his shirt to see if he was wearing his kushti (tsitsis) which he wasn't: said he waxes shoes. Then to Rustan is (wh of)

- 19 June--29 Khordad. Porsah (of Mobedi)
- 20 June--30 Khordad (Sat). Morning spent working on Roshan Fekr article. Afternoon to Seti Pir with Mobedi (wh of). Evening shuffle as to when to take to Pir-e Sabz. It appeared that everyone was leaving around 2-3am so as to have sunrise there.
- 21 June--31 Khordad (Sun). Left early morn (1pm) with Kei Khosrow, Ardeshir, Shah Bahran for Pir-e Sabz. Spent day there: killed sheep--of Pir-e Sabz
- 22 June--1 Tir (Mon) returned to Yazd with Kei Khosrow Yektai family--slept rest of day
- 23 June--2 Tir (Tues). Went to see Mobedi (wh of). Large Rosa in Meidan-e Shah. Stopped to pick up some mast from the new grocer; he was in Bombay for 20 years, returned here 1 year ago (lives in Abrisharu); the liquor store nearby is owned by a Cassimabadi who believes the legend of Pir-e Sabz as fr time of Yazdigird/Cassimabad has 80 Zardoshti houses, 1/4 Bahai, and 1/4 Muslim, no atash kadeh. No Zardoshti are policeman in Yazd tho are in Teheran, Kirman and Shiraz
- 24 June--3 Tir (Wed). Went to see Rustemzadi in morning: have to pay another 6 1/2 tomans for the residence permit. And he wants me to fill out another form. The Rosa last night was Felsefi, famous shun from Teheran, will go on 10 nights (cf. MUSLIM: 2 June) Application for fellowship renewal arrived and filled them out. Evening to Mobedi and then to rosa.
- 25 June--4 Tir (Thurs). Worked on Roshan Fekr article; Mahmud Khorsand dropped by and helped me finish it.
- 26 June--5 Tir (Friday)
- 27 June--6 Tir (Sat) Trip with Khorsand family to Bidah Khavid and Almabad (wh of)
- 28
- 29
- 30 June--9 Tir (Tues)--Met Firuz at Qademi's and we all went to eat Shah Tut (good for the pancreas in the morning) at Bastani garden; afternoon to his no-in-law's house where transl. 2 of Khorzad's songs. NB references again to Ruzi astak as saban-e Musلمان. Coming out of the house ran into Haridin and Rabi selling cloth.
- 1 July--10 Tir (Wed)--Police say I don't need an exit permit!
Eliaszadeh is off to Teheran on Sunday to stay at ORT for 10-15 days. He sold his house (12) on Kh. Masjid-e Jome for 60,000 tomans; says it is worth 100 but the Muslims knowing he is leaving won't give him a fair price.
 Afternoon was supposed to take Firuz Farzvardi family to Ahmadshan but car overheated and turned back. Firuz and I were given viff of fire with espands, he because hit on head when leaving by my car back door flap, and I because the car broke down. Fire was also wafted in the car as we were to leave. This is to ward off the evil eye: people sat around discussing who had seen us go off and might have been jealous... Played card game in which winner is designated Shah, loser thaf: I was thaf both times I played.
- 2 July--11 Tir (Thurs) Took car to Qademi, he and Separi played around with it, said to bring it back Sat-Sun if not OK
- 3 July--12 Tir (Fri)--day for Naristaneh, but didn't go because of confusion with Sorush; instead spent useful morning with Akhtar Khavari in his house in Marianabad (cf). Is a difference of opinion on how many days Naristaneh is for: Firuz says 5 days, Sorush says one.
- 4 July--13 Tir (Sat)--went to Darakhshan and was intro to personnel manager; inconclusive. Drove out to darnes; tried to find Semai, but he wasn't home.
- 5 July--14 Tir (Sun)--tested out car; but then let Qademi and Separi play with it til tomorrow eve: said I wanted it to be AOK for Tues morning. Tried to find Semai but he wasn't home again.

6 July--15 Tir: Monday. I took back God Passes By by Shoghi Effendi to Akhtar Khavari and spent the morning chatting with him. Afternoon spent with Ghademi and Spentari trying to get my car working: valve job done by ~~him~~---\$35.

YAZD-SHIRAZ-TEHERAN-CASPIAN-TURKEY trip

7 July--16 Tir: Tuesday. Got up at 4am but we did not manage to get on the road until 6am. Over the hills to Abarghu, an old town noted by Arab geographers, then depopulated, now apparently enjoying a new boom. It is located on a plain overlooked by a well-preserved imam-zadeh called Gombadi Ali dating from 448/1056; graffiti inside:

یاد یو اکبراکری فرز بدله // یاد بودی

On the plain seem to be a few smaller imamzadehs. In town is the old h-ivan Masjid-e Jome with a very nice carved plaster mihrab, a lighthouse-like minaret, and some nice arches in the back. A nearby Gombad (14th cent., same style as the Yazd gombads) is called Seytin which turned out to be a peculiarly convoluted pronunciation of Sayyid (?). In another section of town are a pair of broken minarets which look Mongol; one of the boys showing us around said it was Sassanian (!), but called it the Masjid-e Mizani. A large, quite beautiful sarv tree near the minarets is a local ziaratgah; they used to light candles and place them on the tree til one day it caught fire, and the scar can still be seen. So now people only do the hajjad (tying of strings onto the twigs). This is the only big sarv tree in the plain and only such ziaratgah. The boy said he knew no legend for this tree but that for sarv trees in general there was a story from the time of Hazrat-e Ali but he did not know it.

On to Parsagadae, where we met David Stronach who was photographing a scerated disc in the gable of Cyrus' Tomb which he had just noticed at Nowruz--- he doesnt know what it means but it is a new symbol and must be recorded. He gave us directions to see the other sites: the two plinths which from the carvings on the Tombs of Nakshe Rostem he thinks are for fire and the king's throne, resp.; a commanding citadel; two small palaces---one according to the guard a haram or andirun for the women, and one a birun for King and guests; the so-called zندان (prison); and the winged goddess. (1st Achaemenid capital).

Then on to Nakshe Rostem. Very impressive. The tombs of Darius, Xerxes, etc. give a very Egyptian feeling. In front is a vertical building also called a fire temple. The engraving here is not in cuneiform as are the items at Parsagidas.

(* Inside Darius' tomb is an engraved mihrab; Cyrus' tomb had been turned into a congregational mosque, and is now in the midst of a Muslim graveyard. Near-by were some black tents, presumably Qashgai; the women stood quite happily as Mike photographed them. The other impressive thing for us desert residents was the vast grain fields and the modern combines at work.)

We got to Takhte Jamshid too late to go in.

In Shiraz, I tried to find Bruce but failed; also failed to locate David Moriston; the Frye family was not home; and Narangistan was glosed; so we checked into a hotel on Kh. Zand til morning.

8 July--Wed. We checked out of the Hotel Palace and made our way to the Narangestan, the Cajar Palace, at one time also a whore house, bought by the Queen and donated to the Asia Institute (more popular name is Ragh-e Cavax); Noel Siver took us in hand and Dick Frye gave us permission to stay in the palace. Barbara Frye invited us to lunch at the Pope House to meet Fhyllis Ackerman tomorrow. Ackerman apparently has lost her mental faculties except for short periods when she pulls herself together, but afterwards is exhausted. (The mental deterioration is attributed first to the move from New York here and then to the death of Pope. I then took the Land Rover to find a recommended Armenian mechanic before lunch to adjust the valves, but got there too late. I did however run into Bruce Livingstone on the street and accompanied him back to his place for a beer. His set up with the Pahlavi University medical survey is yielding him good demographic and kinship data (23% of several hundred marriages are first cousin, first cousin once removed, and 2nd cousin). When you ask people how they are related to their spouse they may say pedar amu but it turns out on probing that

one parent was a pedar amu. Divination with nakhote: arrang in a cross and move the pieces around. Then went to mechanic to the the valves adjusted.

Next to the Christian Church where I met Rev. Axtell who has been here 9 months, before 1 1/2 mo. in Kirman, and before in Teheran (8 years in Persia). The Christian converts are middle class; upper classes are friendly but not really interested; a few people like a Col., ret. head of investigation of graft and corruption in NIOC, have moved up: background was not upper class. Recent converts are tailor, sandwich-shop keeper, street sweeper. Basically an urban church; little was ever done with villages: Nasratabad (Yazd) is an exception and the other half of village Christians is the Shiraz village of Qalat (in the direction of Masjid-e Suleiman or Ardekan-i-Shiraz): the villagers of Qalat are not upwardly mobile, but the townies generally are. The Kirman community consists of 5 ex-Jewish families (converted 40 yrs ago), one Zoroastrian family, the head of which converted 40 yrs ago, and a couple isolated Muslims (not families). In Teheran 70% of the native Christians are of Jewish descent. Shiraz is an exception in that the Jews here did not convert to Christianity--Shirazi Jewish community is a tightly-knit community and very orthodox in their way, tho he finds them lax by European orthodoxy standards: they keep kosher meat but none of the other dietary rules (thinks milk-meat not kept apart)--doesn't know if wear tsitsis). Jewish community here largest after Teheran. The Muslim inquirers who come to his office usually come nowadays because dissatisfied with Islam which is not a good starting place--negative. And everything must be explained and everything is seen differently through Muslim eyes: (before they came thanks to material pay and prestige of Chr. hospital, etc.) sin to Muslim is just something bad--something man does because he can't help it vs Chr. concept of sin as enmity towards God (a matter of will). So I brought up the distinction btw haram, gonah, makru; and he said yes, haram or ceremonial offences almost seem, as in Judaism, to be more serious than those in the moral sphere: wilful transgression is limited to the ritual sphere; nowhere in Islam does he find the exhortation to be a good Samaritan etc. characteristic of Christianity. Muslim coloration of the Jewish and Assyrian communities, not so much in the moral sphere but in life style. The Shiraz community school put on a play last year and had for realism Mary come in riding on a live donkey--a gasp fr the Assyrians (only 8 families and use this church); this is najesh, a dirty animal in God's house. Also resort to the phrase ghesmat mast: it was my fate.

Bahais here do most recruitment in small towns more than in villages: sent a man to a community with enough money to set up a shop--after he earns a reputation for honesty, he announces 'well I'm a Bahai; you too become one'. It is effective. Why the govt is so down and out on Bahais he can't see; they couldn't grant recog w/o fear of ahuns; ahuns are as oppos to Chr. and except for an instance of troubling a Pers. Lg tape sent for broadcast no harrassment in last 6 yrs; dismissed big stick of West: no outcry vs Indian and Pakistani harrassment of missionaries.

Nature of Revelation diff btw Muslim and Christian: they always ask: why 4 gospels: which one is right? Then they ask how can JC be the son of God. They don't understand that it is not the Gospel but JC who was the Revelation, since by contrast it was Mohammad's words: the Koran being an unalterable, untranslatable Revelation. One help is the argument that Chr. is not something to be proved but can only be understood by participating in the coherent whole. Muslims have this too: theoretically a Koran is not given to an inquirer till he has uttered the credo.

Zoroastrian cemetery is next to the Christian one on the Teheran road.

I then went across the kuche to the Zoroastrian garden and met Parviz Hormuzi, a physics student at Pahlavi U. whose family was staying in the guest house--his Mo. was sick and came to the hospital here. He says he thinks of Zoroaster as a philosopher rather than a prophet. The family was fr Khoramshahr Yazd; they est. 200 Z. families. The fire here came by airplane fr Teheran. I was taken in to see it tho had to convince custodian I was not Muslim.

Also present in the guest house were a history grad, now in the army, and a very pretty Fem. Air Force sergeant. A woman passed out nakhot, to which goes a story but it is very long. The history grad. said that Khramshahr dates from the flight of Isphahani Zoroastrians from Shah Sultan Hossein. Two qanats there: Dowlatabad and

Rev. Axtell, cont.: Zoroas. astute here in buying real estate outside of town, holding on to it for a generation or two before selling; Tasezan Pars had some trouble and developer went bankrupt; it was a bit premature so far out from the center of town. But now things are OK with the development.

Community School in Shiraz has 100 kids in 8 grades.

9 July (Thurs)-- Morning went to the fire temple again but Parviz was not there and no one else was there; so went to see Rev. Axtell and we went through the baptismal records (1923-1970). He told me that JOINT has a lot of statistics; so I went there but was told to come back in the afternoon. For lunch then went to the Pope house. Phyllis Ackerman was talking about philosophy at Berkeley when she and Pope were there. She says she's followed math. logic as far as Russell and no further. She was a Hegelian specialist, Pope on Plato. Their interest focused on aesthetics. Murray Nicol came by--he's just starting a dig on an 'industrial site' near Persepolis. Then to Bruce's where I met Dr. Mohsen Mahloutji, a student of McKusick at Hopkins; interested in a genetic study of Zoros. in Yasd, together w a Zoro. doctor in Teheran, Marvdad. Back to JOINT; met Mr. Khavari who said he was busy, could I come back. Rambod dropped by the Naranjistan; his brother sells gold.

Evening long talk with Dr. Baghizadeh (a Tabrizi til the age of 6 when moved to Teheran; ed. in US, SOAS, Sorbonne; has been teaching at the Sorbonne; invited here by Frye to organize the Pope archives which he is doing for the summer, but Frye is trying to convince him to stay on and that he will never get any real position in France because he is not French). He says he is impressed with the Bab but not with Baha'u'llah; naql may be the structure in which the daughter of Hossein was carried after death of her husband, son of Hassan whom she married just before his death at Kerbala; small versions used to be carried in India and also around here. Hedayat made a deep impression on his entire generation; people like Bozorg Alawi want to return to Iran but fear being put on show to recant, etc.; Czechoslovakia was a real blow to what was left of Communist sympathies; people do not understand Nikpay's confessions: he served 5 years of an 8 year sentence, so not likely that it is just a ruse to get out of jail; he seems genuinely to have changed his mind, but it is very strange. Imprint of Shiism in Sunni areas: St. Sophia in Istanbul has a dated Hussein-Hassan from 100 years ago up on the balcony; many Turkish mosques have the 4 Caliphs and Hassan-Hussein; Ali motif is implanted in Timur's tomb, etc. Rami mentions that Aleppo was strongly Shiite (Hamadan as well--a man with the name Omar could not get bread) and remained so (Southern Syria) til 100 years ago. Shiism is a transformed Sassanian pattern. Not true that Safavids were the 1st to make Shiism a state religion; Buyids in the 9th cent did so; Mahmud Ghaznavid made a big thing of killing Shias; Mazandaran strongly Shiite.

10 July--Friday. Morning to Hafez and Saadi tombs; afternoon to Firuzabad, now the Qashqai capital and we were constantly stopped by police as we drove through the town making sure we had registered with the them; outside the present town is a circular site--the town of Gur; further towards the gorge is the Sassanian palace ruins, next to which was a Qashqai tent grouping (tho they seemed to be connected to a village there) and they were out threshing wheat, one man playing a long horn; at the end of the gorge is a wall bas-relief. Evening had dinner with Charles Pinton (ex-Peace Corps, now assistant to Frye) and Baghizadeh in the garden of the Naranjistan. Baghizadeh, now 40, is the son of an Azarbaijani cotton mill magnate. Says the Ferdowsi statue in Teheran was altered 5 times. Baghizadeh after graduation from college worked for Pahlbod in the Ministry of Culture; sculptor Azadi (?) came in and complained, "Agha, in Ferdowsi's time did they have buttons! (being upset that he had not been commissioned to do the statue) I want to do a statue of Nadir Shah but til I find out if his horse was white or black I do not start (my hist. accuracy)."

Similar stories about Behzadi, the miniature painter. He wanted to go to Europe and came to the Min. of Culture, since he couldn't afford it himself; and Pahlbod said Ok and got him an official passport within a few days; then he came and said he couldn't go by himself, so they got him a companion; then a friend was peeved that he wouldn't go as the companion and Behzadi tried to make him the companion; finally they told either to go as planned or stay home: he stayed home. Pinton feels that Judaism got its monotheism from Zoroastrianism since the Bible is written post captivity. He's been told by a Zoro. leader in Yazd that the fire there came from India and that he saw a fire in the old fire temple which you enter by going down stairs.

- 11 July (Saturday). Morning, Rombod showed me some 8 synagogues (one opposite the fire temple and Church is 8 yrs old: Axtall says that half that street is now Jewish; rest in the ghetto). He estimates a Jewish population of about 8 thousand, 4 in the ghetto and 4 outside the ghetto. Twenty years ago it was 17 thousand. Have many torahs: as communities leave, they leave their torahs with the Shiraz community--most were made in Baghdad. Currently there are 2 ravs, one is Rombod's MB (his maternal grandfather was Rav). Pointed out many Jewish stores on the main streets of town, distinctive because closed today. There are two moieties to the ghetto; in the one, on the edge of Kh. Lutfallah Ali Zand the community is putting up a several story building in an attempt to create more space within the ghetto. In finding one of the synagogues we had to ask, and Rombod had to give his genealogy to prove we were Jews and not Muslims out to steal the synagogue carpets.

Then with Bruce to Nemazi Hospital to see Mohsen Mahloudji, who called up a Dr. Pourshasp, head of the Geotechnical Dept. of the Engineering School whom I went to see: a young Cambridge PhD who is a-religious, says he does not even know where the Atash Kadeh here is, and warns of Zoro. suspiciousness vs foreigners due to persecutions at his father's time. But gave me the names of 5 Z. families and estimates that there cannot be more than c. 30 families or 200 people. A big Zoroas. party had 60 people; and says he'll try to get Ardeshir Mobed to help me. He admits that today Zoroastrians are perhaps given help rather than being discriminated against: he is head of this school, another Zoro is Dean of Engineering. Thus Zoroastrians are very pro both Reza Shah and this Shah who gave them liberty to a greater extent than Jews (still subtle discrimination: if 2 applications for some job, one Muslim, one Jew, Muslim gets it; but if Zoroas, Zoro may get it) or Armenians. Says Zoroas are ugliest race on earth--due to intermarriage--I should go watch the people who enter Shah Bahram Izet in Teheran. Denies that Muslims intermarry as much; est. Zoro up to 65%; and Jews may as well, but they are ugly too. But in his immediate family there is no intermarriage: grandfather was a Parsi who married an Iranian; the other grandfather was a Kirmani who married a Yazdi.

For lunch to Haji Baba restaurant on Zand with Bruce and gang. Afternoon wandered around in the Bazaar--surprisingly little: few very nice carpets. Much cloth from Yazd. Bought a salt bag.

- 12 Sun-- Morning went to see Khavari at JOINT--again busy and going out but took 10 min. to tell me about the program: kindergarten and lunch feeding but main thing is clinic and preventive medicine program. In the last few years there has been no infant mortality. Trachoma has been vastly reduced. A file on each family follows the child through the school system. When piped water was put in 6 years ago, it was too expensive for Mahalle families to install or for JOINT, so they opened community taps and now 100% of the households use uncontaminated water (was quite a job in education to teach them not to use jube water). About 4000 people in Mahalle, maybe as many again outside--used to be 15-16 thousand. 1966 Shiraz epidemic of Solak sores, a fly bite which takes 1 year to dry: need was to spray city, but the Ministry of Health said it did not have the funds, so JOINT sprayed Mahalle at least: this last 3 mo there were only 3 cases of such sores. Effective care for typhoid outbreaks: once there were 14 separate cases, but non spread further. Afternoon, Khavari showed me the clinic: there are 5 doctors; Mahalleh has almost 400 houses, only 13 of which do not have piped water (5000 rials per house). Cholera injections are starting today (epidemic reported in Teheran): people used to run away, now that they understand the effect of injections, they rush to get, and need policemen to control the crowd.

Admits to great deal of close marriage but seems to know little about hereditary diseases. Head of JOINT Med. Program in Iran is Dr. Bemusa; regional director is Miss Garson. I should get permission from them to use clinic files, tho he doubts they contain much of value to me. There used to be a village on the Persepolis road with 30-35 families and used to go out there once a week; encouraged them to go to Israel--they said they would but only if they went all together; and so they did. Eight years ago an English doctor worked here and did a census report. Many of the Mahalle people are peddlars, shopkeepers. Schools: 2 boys primary, one girls, boys and girls secondary.

- 13 Monday--Left Shiraz stopping at Persepolis and briefly again at Nakshe Rostam. Arrived in Ispahan and went to Eckhardt's--he had already left for Turkey, and Elsbeth says he was told both in Ispahan and Teheran that he did not need an exit permit.
- 14 Tues--Went to CMS; Bishop is in Teheran. Robin Waterfield is in London to work on his bibliography and the CMS history. But met the Engl wife of Rev. Steve Appie (Amer. priest from Forest Hills Chicago, Princeton ed.). She took me to see Nousey Aidin who showed me a photo of the 1926 Moharram procession in Yazd which she said was the last allowed by Reza Shah. He had already outlawed it, but the people pleaded and he said, OK one last time. Nousey thinks Master was killed accidentally in a riot--his brother was a Christian whom she knew well (/). When she went to Yazd she was befriended by a Bahai family but found out that they were spreading a rumor that she was Bahai and her Christianity was a cover. The first native priest was Suligol, a Muslim teacher, whose conversion was extraordinary inasmuch as it was not done through a person but simply by reading the Gospel: Luke's.
Afternoon left for Teheran.
- 15 Wed--Went to Police; they said, 'but of course you need an exit permit'. Then after four hours of fiddling around getting my file, they said I would need a letter from the Min of Sci and Hi Ed--over there Parvin and Kia agreed that they had no authority to issue such a letter; but you are a foreigner, you are free to go where you will, and besides it is not as if you were our employee.
- 16 Thurs--Went back to the Min of Sci and Hi Ed with Bill Sumner. Tabari was in today and he got Parvin to write the letter after checking with Bahrami at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs whose reaction was to find out how long I would be out of the country since after all I was supposed to be doing research for them and not wandering about! By the time the letter got written the Police had closed (they close early on Thurs.). Dinner with Klaus S. and wife Helga at the Amer. Inst.
- 17 Friday-- Read Bill Iron's dissertation.
- 18 Saturday--Got an exit/entry permit visa w/in 20 minutes and so after running a few errands like dropping off some pictures for development, mailing a journal packet and 2 bks (Weber's India and Keddle's Relig & Rebel) took off towards Turkey. Was doing great until Rover Bharabzadeh threw a coil at the end of the Karaj freeway. Fortunately there is a mechanic right nearby on the old road tho he charged a small fortune. Having lost most of the afternoon on this, I decided to see the Caspian coast, and headed up the Chalus road. It was very good to see some running water again, and the dam is impressive. Went through a couple of tunnels which were dripping which at least shows that the denuded rock has water inside. Slept in the town of Shahsavar between Chalus and Ramsar.
- 19 Sunday--6am start. The built up resort area continues almost to Rasht. Ramsar where the Education Conference is being held is a good example. Rasht itself looks interesting but I did not stop--vaguely Russian architecture. Then Bandar Pahlavi is completely the sea port atmosphere; could almost be an overcommercialized place in New England. A big customs yard; wonder how much and what trade comes thru here (with the USSR). Stocked up on cheese, yogurt, water and took off to the north. This was a real treat: thatched housing on wood or mud bases began to predominate (such housing is found in occasional pattern far to the east of the Caspian as well, but amid other styles), amid very green fields of rice. At Astara I stopped for a swim and the Rover stuck in

the sand. At Astara the Caspian is quite shallow quite a ways out; the water was warm but rather mucky. A second best to the Turkish Mediterranean which is second to the Turkish Aegean. Then I turned up the mountain road through real forested hills up onto the Azerbaijan plateau. (The Gilan women wear a colorful long dress and a short head covering the bottom end of which is flung around to the front and over the other shoulder forming a veil for the mouth.) I stopped in Ardebil to look at the Sheikh Safi-eddin Ardebili. A newer mosque nearby had a candle-lighting niche in a kuche on a bar of which were tied strings and locks. Then on to Tabriz where I stayed in the Ziba Hotel, which is neither pretty ('ziba') nor cheap nor very clean.

- 20 July (Monday)--29 Tir. Left Tabriz at 7am, picking up a hippy going to Maku: he had been at university in England in science but had decided to change to philosophy and is going to be at Sussex next year; he was on his way back from Katmandu. Maku means gala (fort)--where the Bab was imprisoned. At the border, not only did my two passports (the expired one with my entry into Iran) and the new one) stop them, but it turned out that the idiot at Mirjaveh had written that the car could come into the country only for one month! (Now it was 4 months.) So I was sent to see the Head of Customs who pointed out that even aside from the Mirjaveh business, were I a resident, the carnet was no good (seeing my exit-reentry visa). So I threw myself on his mercy saying 'what shall I do then? and saying that I had been in Teheran getting a research permit and was taking the car which did not belong to me but to my university back to Turkey. So he said OK and let me go.

The change to Turkey is tremendous. First of all in clothing they are dressed like 1930s workers in grey suits and bebop caps (no pajamas); all day I saw only 4 veiled women tho these were in severe black--presumably old ladies. The rural women wear a long dress and short headcloth or even occasionally an arab-like white head-cloth with a band around it. The landscape continued the Azerbaijan grain fields, but the housing is somehow starker; there are mud villages but many concrete buildings stick up rawly. Not a soul on this side understands Persian (I had begun to run into only-Turkish speakers in Ardebil). The towns all have outdoor tea-parks, and the tea-house culture is well-developed. The Turks are insist hitch-hikers and I picked up 4, the first one buying me tea and ayran (dough). The little town of Horassan where the road crosses the railroad tracks seems to be my nemesis: this is where I had a flat tire last year, and this time the car just died and I could not figure out why. At times the Turks are really dense to communicate with, but it appeared to be the case that the town did not contain a single mechanic! (This would never happen in Iran). A lorry offered to carry me and Rover to Erzurum for 300 TL! Eventually I enlisted the aid of the army, and we found a loose distributor cable. The air was very cool, almost cold; very pleasant like I've not felt for a long time. Arriving in Erzurum I checked in with TMTF (student union) and got a student card; and then tried unsuccessfully to find Eckhardt at the University. I got a very nice hotel room for 15 TL.

- 21 July (Tues)-- Found Eckhardt and took a shower at his place while we discussed strategy. Then I took off for Trabzon, picking up two hitch-hikers, the one of whom went half-way and insisted on giving me 4 TL: I think they were after all suprised that a foreigner had picked them up, and he could think of little response than to treat me like any other Turk who picked him up. The other fellow was more sophisticated, and obviously better-to-do; he paid half my gas bill at one stop, and bought my lunch. He was from Kayseri, a Sunni, but I couldn't really figure out what he was doing. He helped me find a hotel in Trabzon before taking his leave.
- 22 July (Wed)--Along the Black Sea coast to Samsun, and then down to Ankara; coming into the city I saw a sign I could read: Şehir Merkezi (City Center) and followed it but the signs stopped and I found myself lost in the middle of Ankara somewhere, then I saw a minibus with the sign Ulus and followed it to Ulus; there I found an interesting hotel (no sanatory facilities but otherwise clean) seemingly of students and assorted others. I got 1/2 a double room for 11 TL and my roommate turned out to be a Cypriot merchant, now operating in Izmir and Ankara.
- 23 July (Thurs)--Embassy; then found Gunner Khanom--they no longer work for the Yalman.

- 24 July (Friday)--Got new visa at Iranian Consulate and took off again back towards Samsun and Trabzon, stopping for the night in a delightful Black Sea Coast town near Trabzon with cobbled streets, wooden buildings. Really, Turkey is so European in contrast to Iran, and they know how to eat. Every little taverna has a range of food, and beer is a standard drink. (Iran is more strickly Islamic about beer, which is not a public item in restaurants.)
- 25 July (Saturday)--An amazing meteorological day. Over each pass orographic precipitation built up: towards Erzerum it was just rain, but over the highest pass it was a hard hail storm, and later we saw snow, and the torrential rains in one place was just washing the mountain side over the road, and a village there looked like it was simply going to be washed away. For some strange reason the Landrover did not break down and we managed to get through all the fordings with only slightly wet brakes to show, which made the experience delightful. Up the first side of the first set of hills I stopped to help a French citroen, with 2 boys and a girl; they thot maybe it would make it over the top if they had less passengers, so I agreed to take the girl along with me: she turned out to be a naturalist on her way to south India to study butterflies. My passive French was Ok but my active French had scandalously somehow all but compabty disappeared. When we got to Erzerum it was still raining; Eckhardt was not there, so we took off towards Lake Van and Mus. We camped outside of Mus, but were awakened by the army who drawing pistols, making throat cutting motions etc. made us to understand that they feared their compatriots would kill us and that we would be safer if we camped next to one of their guard posts which we then did.
- 26 July (Sunday)--A brilliant sunny day south of Lake Van. We stopped to look at a famous imam-zadeh, passed the magnificent fort at . And made for the Border. It turns out that there is only one place on the Iranian side in Rezayeh where one can change Turkish money; with an Armenian money-changer in the Bazaar; the banks will have nothing to do with Turkish money. (A week later the Turkish lire was devalued; new tourist rate from 12 to 15 for the dollar.) We spent the night in Shapur.
- 27 July (Monday)--Shapur via Tabriz to Teheran. On the way we saw two German cars one with a sign in the window saying 'Afghanistan', so we flagged them down to ask if they could take another passenger; they really had no room, and the other car was going to Iraq--it seems they were the last Germans to get an Iraqi visa as this Aghan-heading car had tried unsuccessfully for a visa as well, and outside of Germany visas are not given at all. They said behind them was a caravan of cars belonging to the Hindu-Kush expedition (students going mountain-climbing). Then we found 2 French citroens stopped by the road with 5 young men in bikini bathing suits which was a real shocker for the Iranian passing by; and I handed her over to her Landsleute amid a flood of speech (she could speak nothing but French, and the conversation with the Germans had been all through me). And so back to Teheran.
- 28 July (Tues.) Note in the Kayhan International, p. 1 July 28, 1970: Deputy Dir. General Malcolm Adiseshian of UNESCO speaking of Arab brain drain problem: 80% of Jordanian students in the West never return; of 120 Saudi Arabia students studying abroad each year only 30-40 return; all students from Lebanon studying in the US decided to stay.
- Morning, went to central customs and talked with Mr. Ali Namdar who said to come back in 2-3-4 months (it doesnt matter) and they would try to extend my carnet.
- Afternoon long talk with Sayyid Reza (the cook at the American Institute, who used to be the cook for Hershfeld) who says he is a real Teherani: from one of the old families when Teheran was a village of a thousand souls. Teheran, fr. Deh-i-r-an i.e. Dehyat. Talked about a hammam in Ispahahan built by Sheikh ~~Reza~~ Baha (the same one who built the "baking Minarets)--it was a large hammam but he heated it with a single candle (in the time of Mahmud Shah, father of Nasr-din-Shah) and this candle continued to be lit until the time of Reza Shah when some German engineers came and put it out (it had never been re-lit) and from it they discovered the principle of the atom bomb. This same Sheikh, a man of God, everything he touched would turn to gold, so when he died in Mashad they had to asphalt the approached to his tomb so people could not touch. Also in the time of Reza Shah the Germans worked at a ~~hamm~~

mountain near Tabas where they would get angush from which they made poison gas for war. Zardosht was born near Kermanshah. When Mohammad was born, the great fire of Fars went out and water came in its place--there is still a sea south of Shiraz. The post Mohammad Zardoshti are najesh because they did not follow the teachings of Zardosht; Zardosht forbade the drinking of wine saying that when you drink wine, you drink my blood. Zardosht said that when you clean yourself you should use water, but the Zardoshti use paper and other things. Zardosht said that if someone slaps you, turn the other cheek, but the Zardoshtian fight. And in any case the Zardoshti are not worshippers of God, but they worship fire. (He calls them Gabre).

Takhte Suleiman is fed thru an underground stream from the mt named after Hazrat-e Suleiman's wife. The name here comes from his building of the monumental palace near the lake. The water from this lake flows out thru 4 jubes each of which supports 10 villages--the water is used both as drinking water and for farming, tho it has a slight smell, and builds into stone; Europeans cant drink it; but the main body of water flows out thru another unfathomably deep underground channel. This was provided for by God and Hazrat-e Soleiman to prevent people from trying to get the money and offerings people threw in for vows.

Creation stories: ...sun, sky, 5 circles with the inscribed (/) light of God: Allah, Mohammad, Ali, Fatimah, Hussein, Hassan--the last two in red and yellow; yellow for being killed by drugs; red for being killed by sword (blood). Then 3 Malak created: Gabriel, Raphael, Israel; and these 3 worked the created elements (first water which thru turbulence created earth) into man (a process which took 40 years) and ~~then woman created~~ then woman created. They lived in Paradise and God told them they could eat everything but a wheat bush. A snake tried to get them to eat this but they refused. Eventually the shaitans took 2 stalks of wheat and stuck them into an apple which the couple ate; they were then banished towards what is present day India. And as they were being banished God instructed that they be given ass holes (so they could expel the wheat?) and so to this day there is a slight black circle about the human anus. Next shame: first woman says she likes everything about her man except his erection. They have 3 sons. The first one takes a wife from a Shaitan; the third from another Malek. The second son lusts for the first's wife and is taught to kill by the shaitans and kills his brother; the father not realizing what has happened assumes his first son has just walked off and orders the first levirate. Of these 1st 3 sons are then born: Mohammad, Ali, and Abu Bakr. The 3 sons being Abdullah, Abu Taleq, and

Before this world there was another in which men-like creatures w dog's faces existed. At Takhte Jamshid there is a well and a mill stone of jewels which is hidden underground; when the 12th Imama comes it will rise to the surface of its own accord. It belonged to Jamshid. There is a mountain towards India filled with gold which will open when the 14th Imam comes. When he comes Rustom, Jamshid, will also reappear (they are not dead)--also Zardosht who has thus no grave.

29 July (Wed)-- Morning, reading. Evening at the Lites.

30 July (Thurs)-- Morning went to the Bible Society where got phone no. of Paul Sato and Geo. Brasswell--are at Armagan. Then went by US Consulate to check on passport procedures. Then to JOINT: Rombro was not around so talked to Miss Carson, a 50ish grey-haired woman from Manchester who's been working with the Shiraz group for 10-11 years. She too asked if I was MOT. Finds the Jews here have lost the precepts of the religion--charity, community help, etc., doing anything for children--retaining only the traditions. E.g. have had a summer camp in Shiraz each year for the last 9 years taking c. 600 children, but not this year because they could not find a garden in which to hold it, which is nonsense because they have gardens enough--the problem was even brought up in council meeting. On the other hand she is proud that at last the Shirazis are running the program themselves and show it off with pride to visitors like me--asked if I'd been invited to any Yazdi homes and pointed out that it was only the small group around the school who would make such invites. Anywhere else in the world a foreign Jew would be embraced. Lost all but the form of the religion--father to son of rabbinate, a process in wh learning gets lost.

Sayyid Reza: Saturday, the 10th of Mordad is the 1st of chahel kushik. Tir and the 1st 10 days of Mordad are chahel bozorg--meaning the 40 hot days of summer. Chahel kushik is when it begins to cool off. The orig of the seasons; snake created and asked God what to eat; God said you breathe in and out; begins to exhale 1st of Farvardin and other seas inhales. Opens mouth wide and after death one walks across a strand of hair from his mustache to his lower jaw and Paradise; if one has been good, the hair is a broad road, if not you fall into the snakes mouth.

Afternoon to Zoroastrian library.

- 31 July (Fri)--Morning spent typing Shitaz baptismal record. Evening took Helen Potamianos to dinner at the Paprika; she is Mary Boyce's only student and has come out here on a reconnaissance prior to a 6 month study next year. She is a Greek divorcee; studied in Switzerland, then ran a modern art museum in Paris, made a film, went to Japan to study Zen Buddhism, got interested in Islamic Art and went to SOAS where she saw a sign saying Iranian archeology, and gradually so to Zoroastrianism. Her interest is in the modern rituals as a clue to the archeological record. Seems to know the texts backwards and forwards. She has a romantic vision of Zoroastrianism as essentially being a Gnostic existentialism or something. Zoroastrianism is the best religion in the world, etc. with enthusiasm.
- 3-4 August; of interviews with Rustam Shahzadi.
- 5 August: (Wed). Took off for Gorgan and Pahlavi Dez with Howard Rotblat, Mike Burrell, Mick Power, and Brian Clark. Arrived in Gorgan and found the first two hotels we tried all filled up.
- 6 Aug (Thurs). The weekly market at Pahlavi Dez was already fully set up by the time we arrived around 6am. It was in 3 sections: the animal bazaar at the north side of town in a field (horses mainly going for around 600T.--ie. a man told me he was asking 400T for a 2-year old filly; a grey stallion changed hands for 600T.), the carpet bazaar (nothing old, nothing particularly exciting) on the north-south street across from the gendarmerie (a couple of the fellows were told by the gendarmerie commander that photos were not allowed; they were taking pictures of what was old and backward he complained), and the fruit, hats, jewelry, utensil market on the east-west street. It was not terribly large, which is expected with roads etc. The man in the tea-house complained that the Iranian government did little about the earthquake, wildly underestimating the damage which they put at 1000 lives and about 30 villages. (Bill Sumner's reaction was that the Turkomen probably would not be satisfied with anything the Iranian gvt did; but support comes from the (1) report in the Times by David Haskell, and (2) by the non-rebuilding of housing in Ferdows where people are still living in tents 2 years after the great 1968 quake.) Only a few yurts are still to be seen around Pahlavi Dez and are used mainly as auxiliary rooms for storage, weaving carpets etc. A few years ago the yurts were plentiful here but the gvt has encouraged cement housing. We saw a carpet being woven on a horizontal loom--the family seems to buy the wool and sell the carpets for themselves rather than the middle-man system in Yazd (confirmed by the Turkomen walking c. Teheran with carpets). The women clip the carpet as they go along, i.e. after so many rows (vs the leaving of long ends on the vertical frames of the Yazd area and the clipping after by someone other than the weaver, e.g. the carpenter in Mehriz).

Evening back at the British Institute, a very interesting conversation with Sam Peterson (a student of Eddinghouse at the Fine Arts Inst. of NYU. He knows Rustam and his brother in Yazd; the brother is both physically larger and more successful: was awarded a prize a couple of years ago for being the best farmer--had taken a piece of unused land with clayey soil and ploughed it; sand blew in and good soil--grows pistachio; now also a second farm but plants destroyed by porcupines. Peterson is doing a thesis on the Husseinaya. Says naql is a Yazd area thing: to Gombad and Neyris; it is a coffin, by the meaning of the shape is not clear. Yazd people seem not to be as articulate about the woods used in the naqls as the Isphahanis and so maybe wood comes from I. Rosa-orne, named after Rosa, 1st Pers. bk on the Kərbela tragedy; rosa is reading vs tazia, the dramatic form with costumes, etc. 1st ref to the latter is in the 1700s. Tazia is the stage for a tazia; in Yazd served by the structures like Mir Chak Mak and the kalak. (Iranians go 'buggy' about lights--this does not carry over into the Arab world.)

16 August--25 Mordad (Sunday). We arose at 4am at Naraki to return, going first to the Pir ("pegi" i.e. be Pir) where Shahriyar inquired about the giratgah-name which he informed was burned, but the story was that the father of Shahriyar Bonasi used to come out here on horse-back and one day Pir-e Naraki complained to him that the Zoroastrians went to Pir-e Sabz and Harishk but not to her and he should tell them to do so, which he did; thus confirming Shahriyar's point that the Pir is only 150 or so years old (Shahriyar Bonasi, the siraf who went bankrupt is still living).

Returning home after breakfast at Mobedi's and his showing me the next door house which is to be mine from the 15 Shahrivar to 1 Mehr, Mike reported that Soroush Shahzadi had said that Helen Potandanos was back in Yazd; so I went over to Karl Sauer's where presumably she would be staying but she had left so I went to see him at Derakhshan Factory and he confirmed her presence saying she was doing some recording at the Atash Kadeh and afterwards they were scheduled to go to Pir-e Narestaneh and so I told him to bring her by. Meantime I typed notes on the Pir-e Naraki trip.

They finally showed up around 5 in the afternoon, she radiant with her fantastic world-wind tour and instant acceptance which she had first through her contact with Bellevari and then clinched by putting on a sudreh-kusti in the fire-temple: the change in attitude apparently was instantaneous and any remnant suspicion vanished, you must be a Zoroastrian, which Bellevari confirmed. She admits her illusions and romantic expectations of the religion being centrally important to the people on the ground have been somewhat shattered, recognizing that it is more a social tie. She is struck by how the women count for nothing: she was counted as a man, played chess with them, ate alone with Bellevari, etc. The women were always separate. Especially the unmarried girls will say nothing. (Shahriyar Mobedi had commented yesterday that unmarried girls are terribly shy--denying that this attitude was taught to them by their parents--and that this changes the moment they become engaged. He also commented on why women are always frightened, e.g. when we cut across the desert, it was a male decision which the women ineffectively opposed--and yet they want equality.) Each afternoon the girls of Sharifabad go around to each of the 5 shrines there; struck Helen as similar to girls putting flowers on the figure of the Virgin Mary. At each house she went to, Helen was given a flower and a piece of fruit: no one had introduced her to the mirror and rose water ritual; but when she left for good they gave her a bowl of herbs to dip her fingers in and she had to step over a small fire (1). At the fire temple she kept digging at Mobed Mehreban about the sacrifice of the bull and the urine; at first he kept insisting that they don't do such things anymore, and that people say that Zoroastrians are fire-worshippers etc. But eventually, when she kept saying (1) never mind what people say, and (2) I know you kill the bull, he admitted that a bull was killed at the Gahambars, but the bull is not kept for this purpose by the Zoroastrians as this is too expensive but is bought each time from the Muslims, the hair is taken, he is put through the purification ceremony of 7 days described by Rustam Shahzadi, and then killed. She tasted some of the purified urine after much urging on her part, which she said tasted like urine ought to taste; it was a half-full bottle about the size of a jam-jar, kept before use for 30 years. Rarely used. She noted the tendency of people to warn her about taking bad or wrong information, protect her for themselves, and esp. warn her against Bahais, esp. those who would pass ~~themselves~~ themselves off as Zoroastrian.

She will be back in April for 6 months, probably stay with the Bellevaris. She painted an amusing picture of Agha Bellevari getting up in the morning wearing his pjs, sudreh kust, and putting on his socks, and then to eat breakfast his hat. The one and only things she doesn't like about the Sharifabadis is that they are very dirty, and they belch all the time. She wanted to sleep on the roof and was accompanied up by others: can't be alone and would be subject to Ahrimanic influences. She was taken to court here in Yazd to observe a case just starting with a Muslim laundry vs a Zoroastrian customer: the former had refused to iron the latter's clothes. In Derakhshan factory there is a separate hamam for Zoroastrians.

- 17 August 1970--26 Mordad 1349 (Mon)-- Morning: I went to Derakhshah Factory and began an initial interviewing of 7 people. In the afternoon I went into the bazaar and talked to a master coppersmith (hammers 2 kinds of trays); and stopped by Yektai's shop where I saw Ardeshir. In the evening I went to Rustani's; he himself has initiated a suit against Khanom-e Arbabi over the Roshan Felk article on the domes. The hen-killing custom which I mentioned as occurring in Alabad, also occurs in Khoramshah. Laziness is a sin. Most of Bahatabad-e Taft has become Bahai. It is not the custom here to name house cats.
- 18 August 1970--27 Mordad (Tues)--Morning: interviewing at Derakhshah Factory. Then a tour of the factory with Sauer. He keeps shaking his head helplessly at the dirty condition of the machines. Says he could double the production of at least the spinning side (the weaving section has a natural limit), but management is not interested. The factory school which is voluntary, except once you've started you must go or you are docked, is only for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour a day.
- 19 August 1970--28 Mordad (Wed).--The anniversary of the royalist restoration after Dr. Mossadegh. Spent the morning interviewing at Derakhshah Factory. In the afternoon I was going to go to the bazaar again, but saw a contingent of female ^{sepah} walking in formation from the Education Office towards Meidan-e Mojassame, so I went there where a crowd was gathering. The base of the statue had a mike set up whence speeches were made by representatives of such organizations as the female sepah (army), the Yazd Women's Organization (Sazeman-e Zanan-e Yazd), the workers, the Zardoshti (Mr. Shahriyar Kodayari), etc. In the circle were groups holding banners from the factories, police, etc. and occasionally chanting Javid Shah (long live the Shah). A demonstration of zurkane gymnastics was held in the circle near the junction with Dr. Pahlavi, and there was much pushing and jostling in the crowd maneuvering for a view. The usual exercises were followed by the bending of an I-beam, and the driving of the front of a jeep up the back of a man; by the time of these latter two finales, the pressure of the crowd was such that the police took out night-sticks and started pushing back, at which the crowd tended to try to run causing near trampling. The family of the girl speaker for the sepah was there dressed in their finest, one sister without a chador which caused much staring; another sister with chador but hair piled up so high that the chador rode up very high on her head and underneath, through the chador one could see a chic miniskirted sleeveless dress. As dark came, it was time for fireworks of which apparently there had also been a display last night. The fire works were somewhat puny but their trajectories somewhat dangerous; one in fact smacked into one of the pine trees on the circle which blazed up as the most spectacular of the fire works, but not much damage was done, and it was put out after about 15 minutes.
- I went over to the Sintons new house and had dinner there while we watched the fire works and the fire from the roof. Peter reports from Frazer that before the statue of the Shah was erected there had been a really beautiful pool-fountain and the circle had been full of trees. (I saw Frazer a few days later, and he confirmed this, saying that some middle-aged people he had talked to who remembered it--being destroyed about 10 years ago--reverted to his saying it was a shame, by emphasizing not merely a shame, but an outright crime.) Also Frazer has been in on a lot of land-grabbing stories: people moving walls, or putting walls up to claim land; throwing peasants out and building walls, etc.
- 20 August 1970--29 Mordad (Thurs). Morning: finished interviewing at Derakhshah: a 10% sample (70 people). Taheri, the manager, called me in to his office and called the police to make sure I was OK. Then when I went in to say good-bye and thanks, the Personnel Manager who had taken him my visiting card, was there and they were impressed by the Pahlavi which I had put on it: Pahlavi Center! Afternoon went to the bazaar with Abul Cassim and we interviewed about 8 shops in the gold-bazaar kuche.

21 Aug. 1970--30 Mordad (Friday). Qasim Rashti came over in the afternoon. The flood of 1941 which destroyed a section of town including the Christian hospital, came from rain which fell 60 Km. away towards Rafsinjan at Gerd Kuh. His own house escaped damage thanks to the old qanat Jadide which runs through it and carried off the water. This qanat is now dry, which pleases him no end, as its water was dirty and smelly--it is clean when it enters the first house, it is dirty by the time it gets to the second house; dirtier when it comes to the 3rd house, etc. Water is a very precious thing: it cleans everything--one can wash everything with it--but at the same time it itself can very easily be made dirty; and so it must be taken care of. Which is appropo of the atom bomb testing polluting the atmosphere. (The connection, pray tell, Mr. Rashti, Agha?) Air likewise must not be played with; just like drinking a bottle of wine each night is playing with the internal organs of the body: eventually if one drinks every night the body is spoiled. The air, and the body too, are things which must be taken care of.

A fortnight before the Flood, he was coming into town by the Butcher's Gate into Kuche Shish Bad-gir with his bicycle, and suddenly the sky grew dark and then a ball of fire, yellow like gold, but with a tinge of the rainbow, proceeded slowly across the sky. Some of the people said it was a miracle, but he said no. A few moments later (longer than seconds) there was a loud ggun sound. The direction of what he and Krughly the manager of Eqbal Factory decided was a meteorite, was from Kirman to Ahnda. Krughly decided that the noise was probably that of the meteorite exploding in mid-air. But no one went to see if they could find pieces.

This Krughly (name?) was a good man from the hill area, knew English well, was in Bombay at the same time as Rashti, served as an English teacher (was even Rashti's English teacher for a while), and then as a clerk in the Imperial Bank whence he was recommended to run this first karkhane in Yazd established by Reza Shah's government on stocks issued at 1000T. a piece. Rashti's mother bought four when these issues were worth 200T. a piece. Dividends were sometimes in cash, sometimes in kind (cotton thread which could be sold in the bazaar), and then occasionally in the form of extra stocks. And so Khanom-e Rashti collected 6 shares. Her son, Qasim wanted to make it an even 10 and bought 4 more for 2000T (500T. a piece). One more accrued, so after her death he had 11 shares. But now under new management he was realizing nothing, and the value of the shares began to dip; so he got rid of them. They went down to 400T. a piece and no dividends were forthcoming when he decided to sell; but by the time he sold they had gone down to 100T. a share.

He has never been to Mecca and thinks the Haj is a bad thing. The house of God is not in one place, but everywhere; why go to Saudi Arabia to spend money that is badly needed here? And people go there to throw stones at an imaginary Satan! Silly people! And they kill lambs and just plough them under (shown in the film of the Haj) when here meat is weighed more carefully than gold. Kerbala is not so bad because it is not so expensive a trip; but even so, it is better if Iranians spend their money going to Meshad where it can help this country. I am a fanatic Muslim but these things are stupid. Again brought up the subject of why dont you come to the Masjid-e Jome with me--archeologists in Teheran say that the daxme is the only worthwhile thing to see in Yazd but what is a daxme, a wall with bones inside it! And they say that the Masjid-e Jome was a fire temple: there is no proof that any particular part was this; it's a lie, and furthermore an insult! The histories are full of lies.

Aram Qa'amagami came over for dinner just back from Teheran, where he failed the university entrance exam; so now, plan no. two goes into action--study in the U.S. He still has to take this last high school exam on the 12th of Shahrivar here; then he will go to Teheran to take an exam for a government program to send students to the US; he is too young to go into the army and so is in a good position. Should he fail that exam, he will still go to the States on family money; there are members of the family in the US. Somehow I got onto the subject of the Shahname; he says it is much more difficult to read than Saadi or Hafiz. Somehow this slipped into a

a discussion of the excellence of the Quran with respect to the Shahname. For him and according to him, for all Iranians, the question of how one knows the veracity of the Quran just does not arise; we are Muslims and therefore we have faith in the Quran. Epistemological critique does not carry over from scientific training (of course one wonders how much epistemological critique there is in science teaching here any way.) He has heard of people becoming Muslim but never of a Muslim apostating. He thinks Islam is the same today as it was in the day of Mohammad; but his answer to how there came to be '72 Islamic sects' is either one of appealing to his own not having studied religion, or that their origin is the same; but in the latter case, he cannot answer why they Islam should be different from its predecessors Judaism and Christianity. In any case, although protesting that he himself had not become unhappy (narrohat), he warned me over and over not to raise such questions with Iranian Muslims for they would become unhappy and evil would befall me.

Sorush Shahzadi: Naraki in the old days was visited the 5 days from the day Mehr; then people would go to Cham, and then via Shah Bahram Izet in Khusanshah back to town.

- 22 August 1970--31 Mordad. Morning set up a questionnaire for Zoroastrian shopkeepers. Went to see Rastanxani, who was not in. So went to see Bahram-e Bozorgi, the watchmaker (Saatsazi Novin) who took me to his home on Kh. Soraya, where he took my watch for cleaning and we did the questionnaire. He gave me lunch as well. Afternoon, interviewed Behruz. And then watched a snake-charmer on the back side of Mir-Chak Mak whose long drawn out preliminary to rake in money was full of pleas to think of Imam Reza. He had a cobra in one box, and a elongated quadrupedal furry creature in the other. The act itself was lacking in dramatics: he took the latter out, and eventually the snake. Dinner: the Sintons came over.
- 23 August 1970--1 Shahrivar. (Sunday). Morning interviewed Shariyar, the grocery man at the entrance to Xodayari's Kuche; and then picked up my watch; and then interviewed Rustan Khosraviani, the grocery at Markerabad, and Rais of the Rahmatabad Anjoman. In his latter capacity he makes a count of the population each year (currently 25 Zoroastrian houses and 450 Muslim houses; 89 Zoroastrian individuals) which he sends to Teheran. Thus he can account for each individual. E.g. last year, a girl disappeared. He called the police after learning that shee had been abducted to an ahun's house, and after a few days she was taken out of the house, whereupon he signed a complaint citing her reduced mariagablity etc. She was taken to Teheran where she has now married. The Muslims came after him threatening to kill him, but he got away. This was told at the same time as he recounted the dream of the snake attacking his ankle (and much pain, a man told him that the pain would stop if he killed the snake, but that if he did not kill the snake, it would kill him; so he killed the snake and the pain stopped). The next day he told the dream to a Muslim who clapped his forehead and went away without saying anything.

Afternoon: in the bazaar with Abul Qasim-e Sabagrian. His father is a nurse in the Govt Hosp.--they were originally from Mehriz--spent a while in Teheran before father landed this job. His reaction to the name of Musa Ismail who own the shop site of his relative Ahmad, and who is either Jewish or a Bahai, was a strong one of we dont like the Bahais. Why? Because they say that our Imam-e Zaman (Mahdi) has come. Furthermore, they freely fuck their sisters, daughters, sons. Furthermore, they have no Book. They will not tell you that they are Bahai, because if they admit so to a Muslim, the latter will fight them.

The Jews in the bazaar have spilled that I am a Jew! Abul Qasim did not know what was going on til the end. He on his own initiative sought out a Jew in the bazaar as a matter of ethnic diversity for me, which I was glad of so as to have a contact to come back to; they of course knew me and confirmed it for themselves by asking if I had been to Israel, if there were many Jews in the States, and if they were rich. I wrapped up the interview before they could ask the direct one: are you a Jew? But then at the end a 22-year old goldsmith began with "no, I havant been

to Hindustan, I'd like to go to Israel" and some comment about the weather being good there with a reference to the Arab-Israeli war, and eventually he got around to labeling me an Israeli to which Abul Qassem reacted by saying no 'he's an American' which I confirmed. Then the boy pressed on, saying a Jew had been by and told him and he would call him, etc., so I pointed out that the I was a calend I was not an Israeli but an American and that I was free in religion. The interview was quickly finished on a more serious note.

BBC News this evening: British newspapers have published charges that European convents have been buying poor girls from the RC hierarchy of the Indian state of Kerala. The Vatican says it will reserve comment until after investigation.

Yesterday's KAYHAN (Aug 22) P.3.: meat consumption in Teheran for the month of Tir dropped to $\frac{1}{2}$ normal level: 193,000 head of sheep = 3,212 tons of mutton
 16,000 cattle = 1,522 tons of beef
 1,066 pigs = 73 tons
 32 tons of camel

Interesting esp. for the proportions: in Yazd the price of beef is much lower than that for mutton; camel is cheapest but disvalued. (The pig figure in Teheran is presumably for the Christian communities and foreigners.)

24 August (Monday)--2 Shahrivar 1349. Morning interviewing shops on Kh. Valiad (Kirman).

Afternoon to Abul Qassem's house as getting too late to do anything in the bazaar and he translated the poem of Mhd. Saer Lutfi which we got in the bazaar, and added a short one of his own. He said he had no poetry books around the house (Saadi, Hafiz, etc.) saying he had given what he had to the Honarestan.

Poem of Mohammad Saer Lutfi:

Bazeh sibaye shahr ashub	Oh, pretty revolutionary city
Choghra karde-i yare shirin-am	You have caused a rev. stir my sweet friend
Chu shur ast inke bar pa karde-i	What salt have you made?
Jam'e mora halghe zolfat parehshah sokte ast	You have made us people sad
Ashaghanat-ra miane khalk rusva karde-i	You made your lovers feel awkward
Raft jonam ba seri yek buseh dar baazare eshk	W/ a kiss my soul went to the head of
Egran janan be janam xub soda karde-i	the love bazaar/Oh my expensive soul
Piekulian miravam ham rahah motreb payeh dar	I go dancing and singing to the gallows
Ta shenidan xukme katlam ra to ensa karde-i	Til I heard that you signed the receipt
Ruh-be har ja az in pas bang ba inke xundar	of my revenge/Whenever I go your voice
me karde-i	calls us because your blood stirs our
Bas ke-eh yavar xun dar dele ma karde-i	body/ Hey, you have put your blood in
Gofte Lutfi gehi mi kard dar delha asar	our body/ Lutfi has aid sometimes she
Az asar aftade ta tasfire delha karde-i	loved us/ Your love has fallen but
	your picture is in our heart

Poem of Abul Qassin

Yar hamsar gerefte/ Eske man ba bad raft	My girlfriend married and my love
Yar man-o az yad bordo/ bar refighash shad raft	went with the wind; my girlfriend
Bar jehise ashke man xanehe damad raft	forgot me and she went with her
	friend joyfully with my doury-
	tears, she went to the house of
	her groom.

His mother was present when we arrived and his first step was to hand her her chador which she put on and kept her hair and mouth covered making her already village Persian even more difficult to understand (they are from Mehriz). She went out with the Quran to pray at the mosque built by Rasulian (the Philip's factory in Teheran etc). His father then came in--works at the hospital. They are apparently quite the fundamentalists: they inquired about American aesthists and I tried to explain the difference, by way of conversation, between an agnostic and an atheist saying that Americans believed the evil in the world to come from men themselves rather than from an external Satan--i.e. that in this sense, men were the Satans: a line I had picked up from Zoroastrians in response to my questionnaire. The mother reacted

strongly that there was a Satan and jinn who cause all sorts of bad things. Abul Qasem himself brought up the fairies that people see in graveyards which he described as white and in physique like men except their feet are hooves; though men fear them, they do no harm and vanish when seen. The jinn used to be a harmful element until their leader the Padeshah Jafar-jinn told them not to harm Muslims, at the same time telling the Muslims to not throw water carelessly at nite in case they might hit a jinn and he retaliate. About 15 years ago this Padeshah died and there were funeral celebrations or ceremonies held in the mosques etc. as if he were a Muslim man; the porseh on the 3rd nite. His son Jafar-jinni or pesar Jafar-jinn has now become the Sultan or Padeshah. All the business with jinn is from the old days--not now.

- 25 August (Tuesday)--3 Shahrivar 1349. Further work on the Zardoshti shopkeeper survey. Shahriyar Hoor in bargaining (bicycle shop) cited his belief in God and his peygambar's injunction not to tell a lie, and therefore what he said he bought the item for was ~~was~~ true. Bargaining in these shops over 5 rials is not a terribly friendly business, and typically the buyer will try to pay less by giving less money than requested; if change is required the storekeeper will try to return less than the purchaser agreed to. Friendly reduction of price generally does not involve much talk on the side of the purchaser, and does not involve a series of quoted prices. Bargaining here is different and more attenuated than in Isfahan.

Hormazdiar Hormazi, motor cycle parts, is the father of Parviz whom I met in Shiraz. His grandfather was a big merchant on the Shiraz-Yazd route; kashk and ghes went to Yazd; cloth back the other way. His FF was regarded as so honest that the caravan people would leave sacks of silver with him while they went about their business in town without bothering to count the amount. Although his FF and FFB were quite rich and well-known the fortune was spent by his father who went to Bombay to work. He himself went to Bombay 5 times, the first time with his Mother and 3 sisters to join his father and brother who were already there. He and his mother did not like Bombay and returned. He worked then as an interpreter and accountant at the end of the War II on the airfield at Zahedan. A second trip to Bombay came after he married and had his first child, Parviz, at the invitation of his brother. They ran a restaurant together. This lasted a short time and he returned to Iran where he became Shahriyar Hoor's partner in the latter's bicycle parts shop, for 2 yrs. Another 6 month trip in Bombay, followed by work on the Mohammad Reza Pahlavi Dam as an interpreter and accountant; during this job his throat gland troubled him and he went to Teheran for an operation, which was not wholly successful (he has a speech impediment and needs sleeping tablets to sleep at night). He then (he couldn't work further at the Dam but that job was almost finished anyway) set up this shop. His house in Khoramshah was his father's but as soon as he inherited it he signed it over to his son Parviz; no sense in twisting your arm around your head in order to carry a piece of bread to your mouth. He believes in marriage ba rish and has a wife all picked out for Parviz: his sister's daughter (FZd). His second child was son Darius, then daughter Homayun (18)--Darius is an accountant of sorts in Teheran. The fourth child is Katayun. When his wife was pregnant with her she tried to abort with some kind of salts and vinegar, because she doesn't like children, but the attempt was not successful and Katayun was born (10). Hormazdiar had a dream in which his aunt's da gave him a baby girl with whom he played; his wife was angry at this dream, and he suspects a connection with this dream and the abortion attempt to his wife's asthma attacks (for which she went to Namazá Hosp. when I saw her in Shiraz, and when they could not help, to Teheran where they also could not help) which began at that time and have been getting worse at great medical expense. She is now with her sister in Teheran who will not let him bring her back to Yazd. He wants to be buried in his garden which he loves so much (and thus prefers burial over dahme). Similarly (w resp. to belief of life after d) he prefers xeirat-gambar over xeirat-giving money to anjoman, because the ancestors expect the xeirat and he does not know if they enjoy giving money for other causes. On the question of conversion, he refers to the pure blood of Zoroastrians, saying that since the Muslims intermarried with the Arabs one cannot tell if they are pure Iranian or not; he supposes conversion is ok if the convert is an honest one; but the problem is academic since the Parsees will not

allow it, and the Anjoman here is subordinate to the Indians and do what the latter say

26 Aug--4 Shahrivar. Some more work on the shopkeeper survey before going to Nasrabad, where I signed an agreement to rent the house next to Shahrivar Mbedi for 100 toman a month from 1 Mohr to end of Esfand (NoRuz), giving 300 T. for the first 3 months. I talked to one of the sons of the landlord, Bahai. He says his grandfather was the first Bahai in the family and became a Bahai after a pilgrimage to Haifa to see Bahau'llah whom he recognized as a new prophet. He was from Husseinabad which was almost entirely Bahai--it has been emptying partly because of the injunction for Bahais to spread so as to spread the word, and partly because of the lack of water. Says he does not think there is a Zoroastrian who has understood the Bahai message and has rejected it; but there are such rejectors among the Muslims because they enjoy war (his family was originally Zoroastrian). He also began to say something about the inferiority of Islamic civilization, but unfortunately I pointed out the excellence vis-a-vis contemporaneous Europe of Abbasid Baghdad to which he had no answer. Stressed the gaining of converts through friendship of Bahais vs the abstract moral principles (goftarenik, kerdarenik, pandarenik) of Zoroastrianism which may or may not be followed.

Shahrivar makes a distinction between ordinary dreams caused by worry or thought fixation, like worrying about having an accident while driving and seeing the accident in a dream; and that kind of dream due to a Pir visitation. At Pirs many have dreams but most of these are due to reason one not the second kind. Similarly (?) many responded to the survey question, saying 'no, they did not have a dream last night, they only dream when they eat too much'. Shahrivar also reported a conflict over water which he is taking to a big Muslim for arbitration.

27 Aug (Thurs)--5 Shahrivar. TRIP TO PIR-e BANU with Kei Khosrow Yektai, Ardeshir Peshotan, Firuz Faromarzi, Shah Bahram, Kodadad, and Rustom--all young Khoranshahis. The Pir is set back off the road from Agda over the first range of mountains (actually up a valley) where several stream beds come together (there are at least 3 springs), two main ones: one with the village of Zarjan, and the other with the Pir, with a defense tower on the hillock between. The torrents envisioned by Mary Boyce must indeed be impressive when they occur, but rare; the road is up the river bed; the more impressive feature of the dry landscape are the wind-eroded surfaces of the rocks and the denuded revelation of folded stratification. The trip there was full of joking and song; at one point a spontaneous recognition of contrast with the Muslims emerged in a burlesque with Pirs chanting an ad-lib storey of the trials of Firuz and his VW a la the trials of Hussein at Kerbala with the others alternatively wailing, clapping their heads and Salamats Mohammading; and bursting into laughter. No one seemed to know much about the Pir, the caretaker (Firuzeh) incl. beyond it being another daughter of Yazdigird III; the zinatnameh is currently in the hands of Hommezad. The building housing the Pir has recently been rebuilt under the leadership of Belevani--a dome in the same style as at Naraki and Harisht; on top is a which Kei Khosrow denied was a sarv (cypress--used on Muslim imamzadehs as a symbol of a youth who has died), but rather is a flame form signifying the presence of a fire (which they referred to as Shah Bahram--interesting symbolic usage: Shah Bahram, the sovereign divinity, the returning messiah). Ardeshir said simply he knew not what it was. Inside is a stone under a 3-legged table serving as the kalak where a piece of her malma was supposedly found (the fringe of the old style malma) til eaten by a goat or something a few decades ago: the rock has a rill separating a smaller piece (the baby) from a larger piece (the mother); the rill is where the malma was.

When inquiring about the stories about the Pir, Kodadad told a discovery myth, attributing it first to Naraki, but later saying it might be Pir-e Sabz instead (which would fit with what I had previously heard): a Muslim shepherd arrived out of water and nearing death of thirst; he lay down to sleep and in his dream saw the Pir come down from the top of the mountain saying she was a daughter of Yazdigird and resided here and he saw that water came down from the top of the mountain (parallel identity). He awoke; there was indeed water; since she said she was a daughter of Y, he told the Zoroastrians who established the Pir.

In the Pir was a large copy of the Shahnameh, in the front of which a list of various Zoroastrians who contrib to having it printed incl several fathers of those present.

The small Muslim village of Sarjan has some sad poverty cases, including a nearly toothless, lame and feeble old man who says he used guard the Pir for the Zoroastrians with a gun (now sold some 20 years ago). He arrived on the arm of a neighbor lady; and another old woman, also basically toothless with a dislocated little finger on her right hand, and a small sixth toe growing on her right little toe, came to beg in the late afternoon--they were given what left-overs we had: some bread etc., as well as a toman or two. The women of the village sitting with their kids and a samovar in the shade of the Tower in the afternoon asked if I were a doctor and were quite open to talk, but knew nothing about the story of the tower or the age of their village. They wore a simple short headcover instead of a chador.

28 Aug--6 Shahrivar. (Fri). I was awakened after sleeping past the indecently late hour of 6am with the word that the sun was up. As I came down from the higher roof where I had slept to catch what breeze there might be to the porch of the Pir where the others in Persian fashion had slept huddled together, I was plying with the question first whether I had dreamt (a question on my survey of shops about which they knew) and then whether in America after a wet dream a man takes a bath before or after sunrise. It turned out that the ruckus which had awakened me during the night, was the aftermath of Piraz and Kodadad's wet dreams and consequent baths--apparently with the help of their friends--before sunrise because as each gah of the day is initiated with prayer for which one must be clean, so at the time of the sun rise starting the second gah, they must be clean. (We had on the way yesterday stopped to look at the whore houses along the main road outside Ardekan). Kodadad further cited the proverb: Sahar xis bosh ta kamrava bosh. (He who arises by sunrise will be successful) which he attributed to Bosorg Mehr, Visier of Anushiravan, in the Pahlavi book Kalila va Demneh. The rest of the day however was dedicated to the fact that while they may rise early, the result is to be lazy and tired the rest of the day. My program was to go to see Agdah (a reputed fire temple as well as ancient town) and Maybod (old fort, modern pottery and zelu center). In Agda we saw a fort and the city walls but no one seemed to know of an old ~~fire~~ fire temple. The boys were stopped by a brazier with the good smell of esfands and debated if it might be the work of a Zoroastrian (but as I pointed out, Muslims do this as well). We went to a chai-xane for soft-drinks and water, then via Ardekan to Maybod (10 k south) the impressive Qala Narange (of the Mozafferids?)--but the rest of the trip was searching out a fellow teacher's house and sitting around waiting for a late light lunch.

NB fr KEXHAN INTERNATIONAL Aug 27, 1970, p. 2: Wheat prices in Teheran have fallen in the last 2 wks due to shipments fr Hamadan, Kermanshah and the west. Down 5-10% to 6500-7000 rials/ton of quality wheat. This is still higher than the govt-supported prices of 5000-6000 rials/ton and so the state-owned Cereals Organization has not bought any wheat from this year's crop. Crops are reported satisfactory in most areas except Fars, Khorasan, and parts of Kuzistan.

p.1: Gondi-Shapur U. (Ahwas): new chancellor Abbas Jams'i (ex-hd of Stat Cent): Shah calls it "one of the world's oldest universities if not the oldest one".* P.3: Oct 12, 1971 has been set as the opening of the 25th cent celebrations, and 8-meter pillars are to be erected with Cyrus's Human Rights Decl on one side and the Shah's 12 pts of White Rev on the other.

(*Presumably a ref to Sardis-shapur, founded by Shapur I in 3rd cent AD or present Ahwas as a POW camp in the war w Valerian; devel into a center of learning w a school on the model of Alexandria + Antioch.)

29 Aug (Sat). Caught one Zoro shopkeeper before going to the Post Office who returned Agha-ye Qa'amagani was receiving greeters; employees in open shirts, and fellow heads of departments in ties and suits who kissed his cheeks and the mouth. Qa'amagani asked me to talk to Ahran and encourage him to go to Iran this year studying both English and trying for the exams for an Iranian university again next year; Qa'amagani cannot afford to send him to the States since Ahran says he could do it by selling a house he has in Teheran (he has another there for his own retirement use), but Qa'amagani then says well there are two other things to think of as well. In any case, after Ahran's great disappointment in failing the exam after being one of the best students in his school all his life, he feels he cannot talk to him directly and wants me to be the go-between.

I used the opportunity to ask two favors--one for a mail box key I've been trying to get for 2 months--the man was called in on the carpet and ordered to have it ready tomorrow morning--and the other if I might interview some P.O. workers as representatives of the bureaucratic estate. This he said he would have to refer to SAVAK as they had just sent around an order saying no information of this sort was to be given out, esp. not to foreigners.

30 Aug (Sun)--8 Shahrivar. Finally convinced the guy who runs Superman's store to answer the questionnaire as Superman is in Teheran. Went to Bahram's shop who put me off once again! Jamshid the pedar zan of Ardeshtir was there and Bahram told me to ask him and the former seemed interested but quickly clammed up, not wanting me to write down his father's occupation, nor whether he and his wife were related; my father is dead and of no interest, not family relations. He can't give up the idea that I am a newspaper reporter and in any case cannot understand the usefulness of questions about the past or family. Which is all too bad, inasmuch as he is 65, speaks some English, was in Bombay as a trader before becoming a clerk for Deradshahn Factory from which he is now retired with a severance pay of 500T (?) instead of a pension--i.e. he would be useful were he willing to talk.

At the P.O. Qa'amagani had thought about asking SAVAK about my questionnaire and decided not to as they then might get sticky about the rest of my work. SAVAK people are not good people altho things are a lot better now than when the murderer Gen. Bakhtiari was in charge. As a young man, he was offered a better job (from 500-600T./mo.) as a SAVAK agent but he refused to be involved in work which forces you--even if you are a decent man--to do bad things. One who works for SAVAK would be dismissed if he told people he did so. Later I asked about the upcoming elections and what the function of the new state councils would be; he answered that since this was the first time they were being elected no one knew. But in any case he was not interested inasmuch as it is all a game; everyone knows that real power is only in the hands of the King and SAVAK; what the king wants gets done, like the killing of Bakhtiari by an Iranian in Iraq a couple of weeks ago. SAVAK must think he is OK otherwise he would not be the director of the P.O.

The current big worry is cholera; there is cholera locally--cases in Bafq, Mybod, Mehriz and Abshahr, and they are injecting everyone. There are about 5 cases in the Bafq mines and several deaths have occurred. There has been cholera in Iran all summer as there is each summer, with an epidemic reported in South Teheran a couple of months ago; but officially Iran has no cholera and is thus one of the countries WHO has complained about in not reporting cases. Official reports have come in from the USSR, the not the number of cases, Israel, Lebanon, and Libya, though the disease unofficially is known to exist from Jordan to Guinea.

A man came to welcome him back saying while you were away the office was dark and we were blind.

31 Aug (MON)--Went to see Ruztamdani who said that in Yazd he had heard that shir baha is an expected payment of $\frac{2}{3}$ the sedagh (mehr) at the time of marriage, and is used by the wife's family to make up the jahas (furnishings brought to the marriage by the girl). In other places shir baha may be identical with sedagh and then becomes activated only at the time of divorce (and death?). Again there seems to be some latitude as to whether the payment is made to the girl or to her family.

On the elections, the new council will essentially be advisory and not change power relations; one must be 25 to be on the council and 20 to vote; police and army may not vote. Iran Novin (the ruling party) is effectively the only party here; only 3 non-Iran Novine candidates have been fielded.

Went to talk to the P.O. who had the box keys at last in hand; his subordinate had apparently tried to defend himself by pointing out that a box should only go to one person and not two, which Q. moderated as 'a new rule' and made an exception for me (tho there is at least one other such dual useage of a box). His wife's sister's husband came in with a filter for water to be put on a tap in the house--Bafq (of which he is mayor) does not yet have piped water; the device is being sold here for 480 T., but Qa'agagani says he saw the same thing in Teheran going for 80T.

Went to Nasrabad where Nobedi was fixing the engine. Kakhoda took me to one of his gardens and we collected grapes. Back at Shahriyar's the Bahai boys came in and dominated the talk, the younger one in particular (Cyrus?). He had a book printed in Cairo and quoted a story supposedly in the Gospel of St. Mark about a conflict btw the owner of a garden and the peasants; he sent messengers to collect the rent but they were killed, so thinking his son would command more respect sent the latter who was also killed; so finally he decided to go himself and kill the present leaders. The interpretation was to identify the son with Christ, and the owner with Baha'u'llah, the latter's killing being the gradual elimination of priests of factious religions. The boy refused to concede that Abdul Baha and Shoghi Effendi were similar to the Pope; Baha'u'llah was the trumpet thru which God spoke, and the other two were trumpets thru which Baha'u'llah spoke--like a series of reflecting mirrors but the light becomes weaker with each reflection. On the other hand, he conceives of the 4 gospel writers as more important than the Pope, rejects that they were simply scribes, but sees them as God-inspired analogues to Abdul-Baha and Shoghi Effendi. He makes a distinction btw 2 parts of religion: 1) that which is eternal ~~and~~ doing good words, thots, deeds--which is common to all religions; and 2) that which are the rules of life in a changing world, and here he sees Bahaiism as something new: equality of women with men, no priests, etc. It is almost funny to argue with someone like this here--the obviously no one but me sees the humour--because, of course, to a rational humanist, the need for a prophet, etc., is reactionary even if the morality is OK. But these people simply cannot conceive that I do not believe in a prophet who is the guide and repository of my ethical conscience. That a man should be his own thinker is not in their set of possibilities. I.e., I may be a free-thinker in the sense of not accepting certain practices or ideas of my co-religionists, but I am still categorically a Christian (or to those who know more like Nobedi, a Jew). That is, my understanding of my prophet may differ from other believers, but my religion still must have as its center faith in my prophet; and this central symbol of my faith is that prophet. Thus altho the boy eventually agreed that what defines a Bahai is proper living, and not saying 'I believe Baha'u'llah to be God or a mouthpiece of God'; yet he articulated that the goal of his conversion effort was to get me to say that Baha'u'llah was God or the mouthpiece of God. Thus while in a limited sense my argument was acceptable that I was a Bahai because I accept the ethical ideals of Bahaiism (which simultaneously makes me a Zoroastrian and a Muslim as well), what makes one a member of these faiths is belief in their prophet as the last Word and acceptance of his temporal rules (the 2nd, changeable part of religion). In the Muslim creed (God is one and Mhd is his prophet) it is thus the second proposition which is the distinctive feature; and it is this part of the creed while Bahais contradict by maintaining that Mhd was not the seal or that Baha'u'llah was the Mhdi. (Nobedi always maintains that what is different about religions is their 'social backings', i.e. they are social groups, and that therefore were he to convert to anything it would be Christianity because their social backing is the greatest.) Western humanists, on the other hand, try to emphasize the first part of the Muslim creed; e.g. H. Rotblat in talking to Qazvin bazaris would say, look do you believe that Moses spoke the word of God; they would say yes; and Mohammad spoke the word of God; yes; so that there is no difference; to which apparently the Qazvinis had no response. Jeff Lite however tells the counter from northern Afghanistan of a man who said, look a general can give an order to his men one day, and the next day he can change the order; well you guys received the first order, but then God changed the orders but you did not follow.

The kathoda believes in metempsychosis (cycle of rebirths till eventual blessing by God and release), which he says is in the Vendidad; he also says that prophets--in response to the Bahai boy--are sent to the least civilized nations; first came Zoroaster, then a prophet went to India, then Moses; the Semites apparently are particularly thick-headed (we all know the intelligence level of the Arabs) requiring also Christ and then Mohammad and maybe Baha'u'llah. In the civilized West you don't find prophets.

Mobedi; Muslims call Zoroastrians dogs (sag), Bahais mongrels (sagta?), and Jews not even creatures of God. The health officials did come around for cholera injections, but they did not say there was cholera; they said there was no cholera in Yazd and they were simply inviting those who wanted to take a preventive measure. Mobedi consequently did not get it, the hearing of cholera from me said he would go immediately; this may have been lightened later by the kathoda who said he had talked to people in city hall and there was no cholera. On the resolution of the water dispute: the man involved was a Muslim whom Mobedi wanted to show that Zoroastrians cannot be pushed around; when the man came to owe 300T, Mobedi shut off the pump for everyone, and the man came to swear and say 'why did you not warn me, etc.' They took the case to a Muslim sayyid who is respected in the community (Mobedi keeps calling him the rais of the anjoman) who first asked Mobedi to turn the pump back on, but when he refused, told the man to pay up which the man did. But Mobedi ruefully points out that he loses anyway since he has to pay off the Sayyid and other supporters. He keeps the Sayyid on his side (and the kathoda too, who according to him is forked-tongued but powerful having friends among the police and in city hall) by not collecting all he owes him for water. Were he to go to the police in such a case, the same would apply; he would have to pay about 200T to get them to send out an officer--he has never done this for the pump, but did do it once over the electricity when they were running that locally. As to the elections, they've decided to give all their votes to Kavusi so as to have Zoroastrian representation on the council, the Kavusi is not known for free-handed charity towards fellow Zoroastrians; he has not done anything like build a school etc.; he is only interested in his own profit (altho it is conceded that he has never collected for the old engine he gave Nassebad for their electricity plant because they were Zoros); if someone goes to him with a request for money, he won't give but will say go out and work for it. On the proper way to convert people, Mobedi told his young Bahai friend, you don't do it by argument, but you live a good life like a sadhu for 14 years and God maybe will give you the power to cure someone, and thru the faith engendered thru that man's cure you may convert; thus in oppos. to both conversion by argument and conversion by example.

3 Sept. (Thurs).--12 Shahrivar. Akhtar Khavari; Jews in Mashad who are $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ like the Zoroastrian jadid here also call themselves jadid. Muslims here call Zoros dogs; Zoros call Muslims cats ("gorbe bud" of a Muslim who has passed by), also dale Shaitan (son of Satan). Cf. esp. Ardai Viraf for modes of punishment in Hell in add. to Vendidad. (Goure sag, i.e. Gabre sag).

3 Sept.--12 Shahrivar (Thurs). Morning working on paper. Afternoon to Bazaar with Abul Qassim and eve with him to Cinema; heroes of film were "Bahram Parsi" and "Mashallah" the both criminals!--final plot development is the execution of the theft of a diamond but they get caught, but a girl friend saves them w/o their knowledge by substituting a fake diamond and putting the real one back--scene of the freeing of Bahram Parsi in legal office with noise about justice is merciful and a panning of the wall picture of the Shahanshah..

4 Sept.--13 Shahrivar (Friday). Was caught in the morning before could go out and see Mobedi by arrival of Mahmud, Mo. and sister, but salvaged the situation by starting their genealogy: their impression is of a high rate of intermarriage. In the old days marriage ba xish was preferable because you knew what you were getting whereas marrying ba gher was a gamble under conditions of insecurity: people did not see their wives until the day of marriage, women being kept under wraps, not allowed even to go to school, whereas today things are different esp. in Tehran where boys and girls meet at the University but even in towns like Yazd, where girls go to school, etc. A man who is gher tho you know he is rich may still be of bad character. Shir baha may be paid at the time of marriage or may be identical with sedagh; if paid at time of marriage, may or may not be used for jehsia. The initial genealogy contains about 175 people, 56 marriages, of which 29 are ba gher and 27 are ba xish (one of which is Zdi)--else evenly distrib. btw the 4 cousins: almost 50% endogamy! Deaths 3rd day sare-xak (at grave), wk (at house), 40 days, year, finished. None of the family voted in the election: not interested tho 4 yrs ago Mr. Khorsan was head of Iran Novin registration (a 40-day job).

Afternoon got to Abul Qassim's tocolate to catch him and go to the baazar, so went to Mobedi's: he voted a few days ago (!) not today. There were two xhirats this week, one by Mobedi's well partner, who is back from Bombay for a few days: accord. to Mobedi this man was Zardoshti then became Muslim and married a Sayyid's daughter, then became Bahai in Bombay and now is a Zoroastrian again. Some Nasrabadi boys caught Dastur Hormuzdiar and shaved him! Mobedi sympathizes saying he himself is ashamed that Hormuzdiar is a Zoroastrian; if one wants to be a saint one must be clean! Muslims call Zoros. sag; Zoros call them del demang. Story about the Udvara fire he heard from some Parsees; when they came from Iran they landed at a place where there were a lot of camels. Ud means camel. There they volunteered to help the local Hindu king fight an enemy; they were successful and victorious and the King pleased and called them and asked them who they were and why they had come. So they told of the Muslim invasion and had to explain Islam since the Hindus had not heard yet what evil was to later come to them as well, and that they had refused to convert. The king replied that they had chosed a foolish escape for they had not brought any women with them so how could they expect the relig to carry on; they would all die, and that would be that; but he would save them; they should chosse wives from the local population under his supervision, which they did which is why the Parsis adopted the Hindu custom of putting ash on their forehead which indicated that they came of Hindu women. So I asked why today then there is no exchange of women with Hindus and he says it was of the old days; and since people have become strong Zoroastrians in the same way that the Bahai boy next door is a strong Bahai even tho this FFF was Zoroastrian and so is his mother. The conversation was interesting another way as well; as is often the case I was asked to relate what I knew of Udvara first (informant insisting on anthropologist's role). So I gave the account of Udvara from the Kisseh-i-Sanjan and he wanted to know had I heard it or read it, in one or more books, by one or several authors. Insecurity of information: these people first of all dont know books available, and even if they did they are only semi-literate (even H.S. graduates cant read histories which have many Arabic phrases or archaic words easily), and they are aware that books are written by fallible authors, and have no criteria of evaluation.

Mobedi grants his story that no women came with the Zoroastrians' immigrants plausibility since the Arabs would first seize women which got him off on his theory of women: they are always afraid, surrendered, don't fight and resist like men.

5 Sept. (Sat)--14 Shahrivar. Abul Qassim had left and Firuz was in Taft and I couldn't find Rustam of Marimabad (a woman tried to help but said she did not know Moriamabad as she was not a Moriamabadi but from Nasrabad, she had married here 16 years ago!). Soroush says Rabi, the barber is going to Israel the day after tomorrow--they'll have to find a new one; also there will be a gahambar Tuesday. Frazer says as far as he knows there were 9 unopposed candidates for the council--his landlord (Resvani) was one (owns the bus from here to Rafsinjan)--powerful; they can oust the Farmandar etc. City council also has power. Afternoon to bazaar with Abul Qassim.

6 Sept. (Sun)--15 Shahrivar. Morning to bazaar with Abul-Qassim; afternoon again. KAYHAN (5 Sept p.1 & 6) reports that 910,000 people registered in the 23 days and voted in 150 towns for 960 provincial and town council seats. There were 1520 candidates (not quite 2 candidates per seat) selected as qualified of the 1800-odd nominated by the parties; improvement over town council election which had to be nullified 2 years ago for irregularities. What the eligible voting population was not given (towns of more than 10,000; $\frac{1}{2}$ total pop too young to vote; still must be below 20% turnout; Teheran has 3 million, say total of 10 million urban of 26 million--5 million voters).

7 Sept. (Mon)--16 Shahrivar. Morning went to see Akhtar Khavari--rahmi is mortgage; sargolfi is a fee for the site--since 6-5 years recog. by law--for having the right to rent the site and when the tenant leaves the owner to retain the right to the shop site must pay the current sargolfi fee; else the tenant can give the shop to someone else.

Yesterdays KAYHAN (Sept 6, 1970) p. 1--the final official results of Friday's election announced only 16 hours after counting begins (a national election w/o voting machines) and would you believe the ruling Iran-Novin Party won? (930 of 960 seats). "Iran-Novin Party officials who had earlier boasted they would sweep the elections expressed dismay that they had not scored a 100 per cent victory". Of 150 towns, Mardom has a majority in 16 towns (these figures would give each council an average of 6 seats; 16 of these councils are dominated by 30 seats; 6 x 16 is 96; 30 is less than a third of 96. Meanwhile altho Iran-Novin captured "all but 30 of the 960 seats" (1.3) and Mardom won 30 seats (sub-headline), yet "several towns" (not just seats, mind you) went to independents (para. 6). Towns in which Mardom has a "decisive majority" are 5; Fuman, Ilan, Shahpour, Aligudarz and Maku; all the seats in these towns were won by the Mardom Party. Towns captured by independents were Nowshahr, Naqdeh and Bushahr.

From as near as we can make out Yazd's council consists of 9 members from the city and 6 from the bakshdaris (Ardekan, Bafq, Taft). Thus it is possible that of the 150 towns many have but one-two representatives to the councils of the Ostans. of which there are about 13; none of the towns cited are capitals of ostans. Thus capturing a town has little political meaning unless there is a council with a significant number of opposition members. It might be interesting to know more about these 11-14 towns, but is likely that the candidates as elsewhere owe their nomination and election to parti bazi more than anything else. As another item in the paper reports, a factory manager giving a speech in Kermanshah during Hoveyda's visit ended by shouting 'Long live Mardom Party': "Everyone laughed thinking that he made a mistake and should have shouted 'Long live the Iran-Novin Party'(. Hoveyda campaigned for Iran-Novin citing what the Shah and his White Revolution have done for you, i.e. to vote against Iran-Novine is to vote against the Shah. The item ends with: "But did he really make a mistake? 'Tolerance is the virtue of any democratic party, especially when it is on the winning side,' quipped one zealous Iran-Novin Party member." Or indeed of any party when it is on the winning side. General elections are to come in 18 months.

Brief stops at Frazer's office, the P.O. (a rel. of Soroush is flying to Teheran

for an eye operation; and Mobedi's--the English born granddaughter of the woman whose son (in England) gave the money to rebuild the Khaji Mher came to visit, but is staying in a hotel rather than with the grandmother. Ran into Rabi who is indeed leaving for Israel at 6 pm today.

Back to Mobedi's in the afternoon--we went to see his old well partner, Ferozdun. The latter is Bahai and has a bakery and is in the construction business in Bombay. Says he dislikes Iran: it has a population of 30 million and of them 35 million are crooks. They sweet-talk you while they harbour ill-will against you. What development is here: nothing's changed. India is different: there the people are gentle and kind and there is real development. He has four sons and daughter. One son is in Teheran and teaches English to the Air Force; one son is in Germany studying. Two sons and the daughter are in Bombay. (Mobedi says: he first was Zoro. here and married a Zoro. girl; then he became Muslim benefiting greatly in business from the aid the Muslims gave their demonstration convert; he left his wife and married the daughter of a Sayyid; then he went to Bombay where he said he was Zoroastrian, leaving his Muslim wife behind and sending for his first wife; there he became a Bahai.)

Zoroastrian and Jews are not supposed to drink from the public water jugs along the street; one Jew bought yogurt from a store keeper for a long time and only then did the latter find out that he was Jewish; he refused to take back the little jars. We went to Rustam, the mechanic's to see some land the latter has and Mobedi wants to invest in, and we went out to see it with his bro-in-law and partner, a teacher at the primary school. Five gavies they have between the Airport and the Isphahan road (5000 square meters) and Mobedi thinks they got it free in a deal with a doctor who claims a lot of land there in exchange for bringing water since the Government was about to take all--they've laid pipes from their well in Khoramshah and are selling the land at prices the water has raised it to; 5t/m. Mobedi wants to give them 15 thousand for what they are asking 25. Pure speculation--the Gov. theoretically has nationalized all water.

Zoroaster must be before Moses is Moses was 1260 BC--he was in the time of Gushtasp who was 1000 yrs before Darius who built Takhte Jamshid and said Ahura Mazda sent me and who was 600 years before Christ. Mobedi stated his fear of talking politics in his characteristic mode of telling me how people feared to talk to me and suspected I am other than what I say (damned if you do and if you don't: all investigators like me avoid politics) but as long as he only says what he has been told "what is public knowledge" he is OK. Then inveigled vs Mosadegh as having claimed Iran for Muslims. Also brought in whatever is God wanted theory (God wanted JFK shot, mosadegh overthrown, the king there). Muslim animosity vs non-Muslims is phrased as an attack on the community: those who do not join are doshman nashab (enemy of the religion).

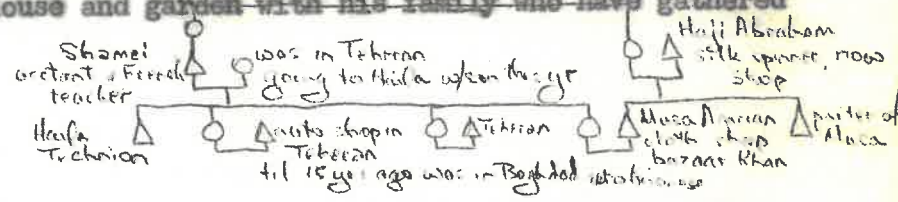
8 Sept. (Tues)--of Gahambar.

9 Sept. (Wed)--KAYHAN (8 Sept). Interior Minister Hassan Zahedi praised the fairness of the elections--only one substantiated complaint of tampering by a governor. Again the figures make no sense: 942 representatives elected fr 150 towns and cities. 840 of those elected were nominees of the Iran-Novin Party who captured 930 out of the 960 seats. 95 Mardom and independent elected (840 and 95 + 7 = 942 ≠ 960; 930 ≠ 840). Further complications: the elections are not over as now villages are to vote on 11 Sept (finish voting on 11 Sept) for 1,538 representatives, giving total of 2,480; 2,480-1538 = 942. This gives the predominance of votes to villages over towns and cities.

Report that $\frac{1}{2}$ the letters addressed in Teheran are sent privately instead of through the post office for speed and safety. ~~Mosadegh~~

Morning back to the bazaar. Afternoon, Eclward Ehlers, geographer from Tübingen dropped by: he was going to do a study of Kashan until he found out a fellow from Durham had done it; then he was going to come to Yazd til he heard of Mike; so he did a quick review of Bam--he's collecting material for a regional geography of Iran. Previously worked in Gilan.

11 Sept. (Friday)--20 Shahrivar. Stopped by Akhtar Khavari's--he was out. So back home and worked on paper. Afternoon went by Shamsi's; he has been in Manshad for two months in a rented house and garden with his family who have gathered from Teheran and Israel; Says there were about 20 Jews in Manshad over the summer. Economic specialization of the Jews in the old days was silk spinning until the Govt put up a factory in Rasht. Silk weaving was in Muslim hands.



On the origin myth: Jews came from Ispahan and tried to settle in Main but were killed and given a lot of trouble so they moved on to the area of Yazd settling in Mariamabad, Faraj, Khodat (?) etc. Then in the time of Shah Abbas the latter was walking about and his enemies were after him; they had a check on people going in and out of Yazd. Shah Abbas hid in a jube; a Jew went down to wash. Shah Abbas said who are you? I am a Jew. OK, I'm Shah Abbas, help me get out of here. That's very difficult sire, but tell you what, I'll bring me old lady into town on the morrow and we'll try bundling you up in her old clothes. (In Shamai's version she was the Jew's mother). It was done and the Shah turned to the Jew and said OK what can I do for you lad? Nothing sire, except that we live in the country and the people bother us, it would be better if we could move into town. Shah Abbas gave them the best houses in the center of town around the masjid-e jome.

We went into the one of the 11 synagogues built by Shamai's grandfather, a Rav. Each synagogue has a summer and a winter portion. This summer portion was a simple court open to the sky. One man began reading (the call of the muzzeins in the background) and then Shamai's son took over. I could only really recognize the reader's kaddish, amidah, shamah, etc. because of the chant and pronunciation. After all was over Shamai's son held out the book to all the assembly and with his hand threw out blessing, and all gathered made a motion with the hand from the center of the forehead to the chin. A couple of sweet smelling greens were passed around and brocha said over them, and then a glass of sweet wine. Women were in the entrance way not in the court itself and most of course were at home. Two small girls were allowed with the men. Back at Shamai's house we began with a bit of fruit then a young boy said kiddush and we passed around some wine. Then more fruit and dinner was not to arrive til 8:30. Arak toasting in between. I asked if candles were lit and Musa Aranian's brother said of course otherwise we would not be Jews, so I asked where they were and was told they had burned out, which the women confirmed; but later Musa said that candles had never been lit and are not lit in Iran. (Rombod the next day said that this was a misunderstanding, and candles are lit in every Jewish home.)

Shamai reacted strongly to the suggestion that Jews of Iran have ziaraggahs aside from synagogues. OK what about Nasrabad?--well if some one is excited, insane, tired, afraid, lonely, he sometimes sees things and goes and tells people "I really saw..." and some people believe him.

Doshman balartar az old nist, shakhe gav-a badtar az damad nist. (There is no worse enemy than a son, no cow's horn worse than a son-in-law). Shamai was the first Alliance student and got his name ('my son') from the first director of the school. He also taught French at the Christian school.

12 Sept. (Sat)--21 Shahrivar. Went to Nasrabad but still feeling ill from last night and so left early. Gahambar was held in the house of Shahrivar's pedar san; the old man is the oldest and only surviving brother of 3 all of whom went to Bombay when things hot here for Zoroastrians (note my house; it is poor because the Muslims in those days would not allow us to build better houses). He came back when his brothers died and there was no one else to work the fields here. Things have become much better since. His family he maintains comes from Kashmiri (a village near Teheran); wife's family from Ja'afarabad. Nasrabad is about 130 yrs old but was in another place: Dowlatabad. He has 7 sons: 3 farmers here, one

living in the old homestead (he himself, moved to his new homestead only one year ago--owner went to Teheran). One is in Shiraz and 3 in Teheran.

Went to Goodarz Hospital and renewed acquaintance with the Brothers Mortaz--the younger maybe will help me on the inbreeding thing. They had 100 cases of cholera in the Govt Hosp. 2 weeks ago; now down to 30. Resavi has lost his job over it and is in Teheran trying to get it back (it's hardly his fault!). Met a young Yazdi who just got an MD from Mashad U. and is working in a village of 5000 near Shah-i-Babak, called Dehaj. Complains about how many people show up in his office each day--so many that he can't work and give each the attention they need. Seems to be the major problem of the Health Corps. Xoda Mortaz is suspicious whether there is real development--election people know it is wise to stay away; there was only one free election (under Mossadegh)--was the only time he felt any desire to vote, but was too young. Agrees with Zoroastrian suspicion of Mossadegh because there was freedom some that this was freedom to beat up on minorities. The head nurse, Padicher, is a Bahai--father was a shopkeeper in Bombay, Mother's family merchants and landowners in Shiraz. Her dai is Raiz (amush was Ostad Master).

HBC: 13% of all Englishmen lose all their teeth before age 21. Dome of the Rock, Jerusalem, where Mhd ascended.

13 Sept. (Sun)--22 Shahrivar. Phyllis and Bob Dillon (Anthro, Columbia) planning to work in Kirman on the effects of land reform dropped in with Sasha, their one-year old son. Says if the 1972 budget goes through there will be no more NIH fellowships for anthropologists. Saw Rombod: all Jews light 2 candles for Shabbat, holidays--a religious law, not just a custom, e.g. 2 not 3. Stopped by Goodarz Hospital. As I left, saw Jamshidi who invited me to dinner.

At the dinner party: Ardeshir Mobed (105 Zoroastrians in Shiraz), Shahriyar Xodayari (who quickly got drunk and made me dance with him), his attractive wife and two daughters and son, a teacher from Iranshahr who is single and whom Xodayari et al kidded about being in love with the singer Suzanne, Xodabaksh the old man. Jamshidi said his Rafsinjan pistachios are 3 generations old; his FF. We drank from 6 til 10 (arak in beer) and then had dinner.

14 Sept. (Mon)--23 Shahrivar. Went to get car fixed. Then to see Ardeshir Mobed but he was out. Ran into Firuz who said there was a xeira t in Khoramshah. Bought an old balance and a picture of Zoroas. Xheirat in Khoramshah was given by Firuz' pesar xale because his son who had been born with a foot defect had been operated on and is now OK. The xeirat was originally scheduled for a few days ago but was cancelled due to a death and they waited til after the 4th day. The noon feast in the Khoramshah guest house was for about 40 people and included a dish of blood (cooked in oil with onion) from the two sheep killed for the 5 cauldrons of ash. Also a dish with all the choice bits of liver, brain etc. In the afternoon the ash was ready, candles were lit, and sandalwood etc. incense sprinkled on the fire cooking the ash and with nuts on the top of each cauldron; some of these nuts were eaten, toehr nuts and incense were taken and touched to a neighbor's shoulders. Then a bit of ash was passed around for tasting (tavargah).

I took a brief genealogy (Pers. nasab; Dari pusht-e valasab) of Rustam Pinton who has lived most of his life in Bombay, just 2 yrs in Iran and 3rd visit to Yazd; he's the nephew of the MD I met at Pir-e Saba. Says many poor Iranian shopkeepers in Bombay--are part of the Panchayat and get aid. Parsees seem to be mainly priests.

↳ Daxme: quicker release of spirit from the body--teacher last night? / They broke out some arak while the ash was being taken around--there will be some more tonight.

Went to Goodarz Hosp. Xda Mortaz thinks Zoroas. are good because pure, whereas we are mixed with Arabs and Arabs are the worst race in the world. When I objected to race, he switched to uneducated.

15 Sept. (Tues)--24 Shahrivar. BIRTHDAY OF ALI: flags up all over town, band concert in Meidan-e Mojassame. Spent day moving and getting Mike copies of my surveys. Evening took table to Nasrabad in Mike's jeep and there Teacher Bahram asked if we knew a foreigner who had lost a purse--Marylin's!--it had been found in Kuche Biuk. We waited for him to get ready to come with us (his mother-in-law lives in Kuche Biuk; Shahriyar is his pesar-xale). Talked with Shahriyar; he wants the Texas pumps not for himself but to resell. Water given a rate by the Land Reform People. (He got an offer from Rustam on acct of the pump business of 2T/m. for the land--10 thousand tomans in all--others really paying 3T/m, not 5T as the teacher had told us.)

KAYHAN 15 Sept. p. 3--"Temporary 'wife' is refused a divorce". Under trad. law a man cannot remarry a divorced wife until after she has married another man. Some men make a living being such an interim husband--called mohallel--and are paid a fee for their services. This particular mohallel, Hassan Javadi, has refused to divorce his "wife" and since legally she is his wife nothing can be done despite the pleas of the woman and her former husband Ali Akbari. She gives as reasons for wanting her 1st husband back; that she loves him, that he divorced her in an unthinking rage, that they have 3 kids for the sake of which she wants to remarry him

16 Sept. (Wed)--25 Shahrivar. 29th ANNIVERSARY OF MHD. REZA SHAH'S ACCESSION; flags up all over town. Morning finished moving things. Mobedi and a relation from Kirman (Rustam's family from Aliabad on road to Elabad 5-6 houses left) on way to Teheran for check on eye surgery on sea--Rustam has 15-20 thousand tomans he wants to invest in land; so we went to see the manager of the Eqlal Factory who is the Govt receiver for Bomaal's lands (Shiraz and Yazd) but he was not in town. Bomaal went bankrupt 4-5 years ago--he was $\frac{1}{2}$ owner with Fereydan of the well. After bankruptcy his part of the well went up for sale. Mobedi had been the contractor running the well for them and so got first crack at buying which he did--63,500 toman plus a 10,000 T. commission on the sale to Rustam Modiri (the mechanic) (a middleman because a friend of Eqlal manager--I gather the process was that he got the tip off of the sale of the pump and told Shahriyar he could get it for him for a consideration). Now Fereydan wants to sell the other $\frac{1}{2}$ for 115,000T. but Mobedi wants no part of it.

Went by Goodarz Hospital to confirm appt for tonite with head nurse's dai, Rustam Rais. On "little blood"--is what the doctors tell people suffering from malnutrition which is widespread. People eat abgush (a small piece of meat and 2 pints of water) rice and bread. He himself forbids rice in his house--the servants, gardener, etc. may eat it. He orders steak every day from a cook--beef, not mutton. He thinks beef has a slightly higher protein value.

Afternoon took Bob, Phyllis, and Sasha Dillon to the Towers of Silence. Paid off the Bonines; 6500 rials for the last 3 months. Evening talk with Bahram Rais and Dr. Khoda Mortaz. The latter suggests that the important thing of inbreeding is that the rate of abortion goes up and consequently the net increase of pop. goes down, but we did not come to any agreement on the theory of this; he was on to the Rh neg. factor--but says that this does not increase in frequency--is not dominant-- in inbreeding pop.; steady about 15%.

Bahram Rais thinks that the close endogamy rate is around 30%, about the same as Muslims; but says that since the inheritance laws were changed there has been an increase in marriage ba ghayr; some 30 years ago the inheritance law was changed at the request of the Anjoman-e Nasri of Yazd by Parliamentary legislation (Ked Khosrow Shahroodi's tenure). Before the law was that females received no inheritance now females receive $\frac{1}{2}$ share, males 1. So before in-marriage, not out-marriage. (connection?) Bahram-e Rais's ama was Master Xodabakhsh; was killed during elections --he received most votes to be the Zoroas. repres. to Parliament; so the Kirmani Shahroodi killed him, and since he received the 2nd most votes, became the Repres. As to Master's relation with Bahais; he said if Muslims became Bahai it would be an improvement, but not Zoroastrians. When he died without issue, Bahram's eldest brother took his name and became his fictive son; he is a malek in Shiraz and is Bahai--how did he so become?--for the sake of money; got business help from them when there were few Zoroas. in Shiraz.

Xoda Mortaz says they bring 10 English Kappans to Yazd each day.

Dr. Bowman (pathologist) article in Am J. Med. 9-11 yrs ago
was at Nemazi Hosp; did some research in Yazd

17 Sept. (Thurs)--25 Shahriyar. Got up a bit after 6am--Shahriyar et al were in inviting Jehambaksh Saboti and me to tea. Jehambaksh explained the system of looks to me on the front door and how he heard my knock on the door but did not respond last night until he was sure it was me (I must call out in the future). A xeirat today given by Mehreban-e Hormuzdiar, was in Bombay and had shop there but now is here and is giving this for his parents (sol?)--Rustam described him as young; he and I got kusti at the same time. (A xeirat was also on Mon 14th or Sun) Sahriyar says he just came from Bombay and so is giving a xeirat.)

Went to see Rustamcani and tell him of my move. Aghaye Resvani (owns garage--Fraser's landlord) came in and they talked about the elections (he is one of the new council members)--I could not understand much, but Rustamcani was complaining about the backwardness of Yazdis. At one point he gave the example; if when you came in I did not offer you tea, you went and told people that my daughter was sleeping around. (Fraser later reported that when the unopposed slate of candidates had been announced some guy wrote a letter entitled 'let's know our candidates' which reported all sorts of scandal about each one, he signed it and sent it to all the government offices and the candidates themselves.)

KAYHAN for 16 Sept; 3.4 million people voted; 2471 candidates elected; 1926 of Iran-Novin; 511 Mardom; 35 non-party.

took the Dillons to the airport--ran into Terme out there, also Klaus and Helga Schipmann and Karl Sauer.

Back to Nasrabad; Jehambaksh came back with the duplicate key but it does not work. We talked about Meher Baba--his father was born in Khoramshah not he himself; he was born in India. Jehambaksh went to see him in India (J. was in India 30 years studying and running a bakery); Meher Baba would respond to questions by tapping out a code which a disciple would translate. He claimed to be God; not simply the messenger of God. All the previous prophets claimed to be messengers; so J. says he did not believe him--Meher Baba is one of many such in India--they are good people but not guiding lights like a prophet (he went through an analogy with 20 watt bulbs, 2000 watt bulbs and the sun; Meher Baba et al are 20 watt). They do not bring a religion but only tell people not to do bad, advise them on problems etc. I.e. as opposed to a prophet who shows the way (rahnamai kardan). Their followers don't 'convert' in that sense. Meher Baba followers are vegetarians and don't kill even snakes and bugs.

Jehambaksh says there are 5-6 Bahais in Nasrabad but most unlike him are "unknown" are frightened. He is known to all (wears the Bahai ring). The people know they cannot beat him. A Mohammadan boy abused one of his sons in school and he made a complaint and it was stopped. Eventually because Bahrookh was such a good student, Muslim boys would come to him for help.

Jehambaksh's FF was Bahai--relig is 127 years old; F was from Husseinabad--all were Bahais. Water dried up and so out-migration. He m. Dowlat who was of Nasrabad and so moved here then on and off went to India for 30 years. His mother died when he was 5, and his father remarried moving to Teheran with his 1/2 brother (in real estate)

The gardians of Nasrabad are only some 35 years old--as old as the wells (the two of Shariyar and some closer to town)--before all this land was desert. The land on which the electric workshop stands he bought 15 years ago for 6 T./m. now worth 70T/m. Before the agricultural land of Nasrabad was at Rainabad and people commuted daily by ass (its not clear why they didnt live there as well, but I guess they want to be closer to town). Electricity in Nasrabad is 15 years old; pipel water 2 yrs. Nasrabad itself is ancient but used to be at Dowlatabad. When electricity was nationalized small companies like himself lost heavily selling utility poles for 1/2 their purchase price (as construction beams etc.). We went to his garden for figs and pomegranates. He gets water 2x/mo. (Once ever 12-15 days) in summer say Month of Tir for 1 1/2 hours at a time; in winter one hour. Two years ago (1) a man burned down the wooden door to his garden (it is now metal); J. knew who it was but he wouldnt admit it; do you believe in God?--yes; you say you did not do it?--no; all right go on--that same month that man had an auto accident knocking down a utility pole for which he had to pay some 1000t. damages and

his daughter was in an accident on the way to the nearby Muslim shrine of Sayyid Jafari (name?) in which she lost an eye (Bahai QED: direct retribution--God is just). The cause of the door bursting was that this man had owned a brick kiln near the gardens and J. had 4 times complained to the Farmandari, Shahr-dari, and Shahr-bani and they had eventually agreed that the smoke was harmful to plant and human life and closed the kiln forcing the man to move some 6 km out.

Zeirat-ash was awaiting our return.

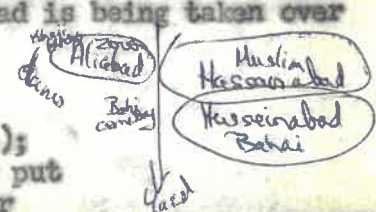
Shahriyar says Shirin says 2 years ago there was an American woman here for 2 months to study the "culture"--not specially Zoroas. He also reports some oppos. to allowing a foreigner in the fire-temple (me?) as well as Muslims. Also at the previous zeirat there was a fight between Bahram the teacher and Dastur Rustam over which is better dance or arangah.

KAYHAN 17 Sept. p3.--"Teheran police yesterday started a campaign against men wearing pyjamas in public. Thirty-five men were taken to a police station in south Teheran yesterday and warned not to appear in pyjamas ever again when they are out of their bedrooms." Police spokesmen complained about men wearing "briefs" (presumably boxer-shorts) also.

18 Sept. (Friday)--managed to put off getting up til 7am only to find that Shahriyar had already been out to see someone who has come from Bombay. After tea, he and Rustam Javannardi and I went out to look at the land by the airport--the process of information input and evaluation gradually dampens the early enthusiasm; Rustam points out that only maybe in 20 years will the city maybe grow this far and its uselessness if one is thinking as was Shahriyar of a short 3-4 year investment--he wouldnt give more than 1T/m unless he were sure of development plans to build a workers city here or bring factories etc. And Shahriyar is willing to believe that such stories are made up so as to sell the land at inflated prices.

When we returned for breakfast, one Fereydan Felfeli was awaiting us and everyone was upset that we had kept the big man waiting. It turns out that he is the owner of Iran's largest steel and galvanized iron company (bus rooves, door-frames- furniture etc.--Spenta Co. which puts out the calendars like the one Shahriyar gave me)--90% of steel imports are from Japan. There are (accord. to Rustam 3 such companies, but this is by far the largest having c. 70% of the market--says he learned from Tata in India). Shahriyar says he was an assistant of Bomasi--got his apprenticeship and took off himself when Bomasi went bankrupt. Son of a Nasrabadi farmer. His elder brother died of cancer and he is bringing up the latter's son who has long hippy hair. Felfeli says he was in the ex-import business in Bombay but when he saw that things in India were getting worse he pulled out (India needs a dictator or will go communist--it is clear from the vast amount of poverty--Parsis may have some poor but no beggars; others may be rich but they still beg); has had no business relations in India since 1957 tho he goes there each year for vacation. He then switched to this factory. He was in town to sell some land and came with a Khoremshah moneylender. (Shahriyar says the bank rate is 12.5 T for a 1000 T on security; this man is 20T but no security); he came to see Shahriyar because S. is a middleman--knows a buyer and will collect a commission on the sale. Felfeli was an ordinary man (from rags to riches) and once borrowed 5000T. from Shahriyar's father. Was staying at the R.H.

While Shahriyar went off to consummate the deal, Rustam, wife, Shirin, kids & I went to see Rustam's parents in Aliabad--fruitful afternoon doing household count (20 houses), a Khaji Khez ziarat and the Atashkade (which Shahriyar referred to as the Atash Behram and Rustam as the Dar-e Mehr). Aliabad is being taken over by the sand and as the water becomes less the vegetation changes: mulberry trees (on which the now defunct village task of raising silk worms depended) have died (you see the white bare limbs like a skeleton along a defunct tube); cactus which only camels like has arrived. One Bahai has put in a well (25-30 m) with an engine below to lift the water rather than like Shahriyar's which draws from above; the water he gets is slightly brackish and so he is planting pistachios which like brackish water (after 3 years they bud; begin to yield after 5; good after 7);



he does not sell the water, using it only himself, knowing it will get less. The rest of the village depends on a qanat built by Ali Jurabaf (last name?) and a partner in Hajatabad about 150 years ago. Now the qanat belongs to a number of local people, e.g. Rustam's father owns $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours a week (he used to own $7\frac{1}{2}$ but as it started drying out and he got old, there being neither sons at home nor labor, he sold first 3 hrs and then 2 more). Ali built several houses in an old fort the remains of which can still be seen on the SE side. Many of the Z. families like that of Rustam are from Ja'farabad (towards Ashgozar) which is completely dry now and taken over by sand. Rustam went to the 1st 4 years of school here then 2 years in Husseinabad. The Atashkade bldg is about 10 years old and is quite new looking--Rustam's father is Atashband (feeds it once a day)--they want him to bring the fire to Nasrabad. Fire is always about--morning at breakfast in the old man's house; washing dishes in the jube-qanat in Aliabad. Today is a meatless day, but Shahriyar is the only one who abstains from meat. Five partners in the electric business--Jehambaksh lead guy and with two others signed all the papers; Shahriyar was chief engineer bought in for 18,000 T.; one man from Bombay just arrived, bought in for 80,000 T. and wants some return.

- 19th Sept (Sat)--At Breakfast Shahriyar reported that the women were interested to know if circumcision was done in the West; they want to circumcise 3 year old Behruz. Shahriyar is against it as a Muslim custom (when they forcibly converted people the first thing they would do is circumcise you) but it is becoming fashion.
- 20th Sept. (Sun)--29 Shahrivar. Morning: Jehambaksh sold a piece of land to Shahriyar's assistant (Muslim), but the Gvt says the land is vafq--they quarrelled a bit--some judge said it was OK to go break the lock the Gvt had put on the door, so J. told the boy to do so and when he hesitated J. called him a "Jew"--ie one who is frightened--Shahriyar stood up for the Jews saying that you're talking like the old days: now the Jews are fighting for their rights. Went to town to get money from the Bank-i-Melli and ran into the Sintons so after trying to get the P.O's Lambretta started went there for lunch. Did the two Zoro tailors on my questionnaire. Bought a butane stove (120T.) and gas (12T.) and container (138T.).
- 21 Sept. (Mon) 30 Shahrivar. Went to the dazman and got house count for Qassemabad from Shahriyar Forudi; 52 houses. Lunch at Shahriyar's; servishi - the purification ritual of a couple of hours before going into the inner chamber of the fire temple. Vendidad considers as unclean only those things we normally would; finger nails after cut, hair, blood is dirty when not part of the body. S. wants to go into the dazman to see what is there--he thinks the bodies are still there after a few months and it is said that the soul returns there which he would like to see evidence of. Afternoon chat with Jehambaksh about Bahais--do I believe the 12 principles--Islam is outmoded, can't live by its rules; veiling of women (hajib), Muslims say as long as water is more than 70 man it is clean and can be used for anything whereas today we see it is dirty. One lg, one gvt, one human race, equality of man and woman. Inheritance rules so as to redistribute money that has accumulated too far in one man's hands; divide into 40 parts (5 each to son and 3 to daughter--but can be equal or all to one) part to children, relatives, teachers (ed. sys.) and rest to international body (UN--now Bahi council). Husseinabad is about 130 years old--qanat built by 4-5 big arbabs in Yazd and about 100 small people had a share. Here about 200 houses but now dry and people moving out. Some fr Kasnavish and Nasrabad which then were dry and now ~~moving back~~ moving back since well here. Were 100 Z. houses, now all but 2 Bahai. C. 4000 Bahais in Yazd. Manshad all Bahais were killed several times. Muslims less likely to be open Bahais--afraid. Hassanabad all Muslim maybe 1-2 secret Bahais.

Was planning to go to the hospital in the afternoon but was called to tea and Anvari, Jehambaksh's dai came in and Shahriyar got out his knives--as he puts it, he would have been much happier had his ancestors converted to Islam since then he could say 'go on, talk about something more practical than religion', but because he is Zardoshti he is frightened and also pricks up his ears when religion is discussed; it is forced on him and so he wants to know what it is all about.

I let the two of them argue for a while before taking over, and we retired to Jahambaksh's--he, the dai, and Cyrus--Shahriyar did not sit down with us. Concept of the soul: an ocean above thru which human spirit circulates like rain-evap-vapor; after death the sinless soul or the average soul like you and me merges w/ God, the sinful soul has many problems, but as to what constitutes the "progress of the soul" after death we cannot know (in the same sense that mortal progress is measured in terms of wealth, intellectual development or morality) any more than a baby in the womb does not know about this world. The spirit of the baby comes from God's ocean too. The body just disintegrates; graves are just a custom. Sin is a concept he referred me to the books for. Tho there is retribution in the sense of suffering/merging of the soul after death, these are not strong sanctions but rely on their ambiguity--i.e. the goal of existence is the next world; this world is not important and one avoids bad only for sake of Next world. All this in response to me and my Christian question about sin. Earlier in talking to Shahriyar, Anvari stressed the social goals of Bahaiism; each prophet brings the same verities (Bahaiism is a restatement) but Baha'u'llah says "good words, good thoughts, good deeds" is not sufficient--one must also work towards peace on earth; the prophecy of the The Lord's Prayer "thy will be done on Earth as an Heaven". The world will never end and another prophet will come in another thousand years. If we follow Baha'u'llah's guidelines there will be peace, else war until mankind tires out. As to creation, we don't think about that but there was never a time that men did not exist because God is a relation like that of teacher: just as there is no such thing as a teacher w/o students, so there is no God w/o men and God is eternal, so no time w/o men. This conflicts with Darwin and by extension with all of modern geology, chemistry etc. This he denies (one of the 12 principles is the harmony of science and religion) in the evolution, development idea Darwin is right (everything is progressing): the human soul is present in the atom and even if there were a time when the planet Earth had no men, "other worlds" did. But this temporizing turned incoherent; man has an immortal soul, immortal because it has free will to chose right and wrong; animals, trees, stones, also have souls but when they die they are finished (the soul of a tree is growth). But then there is a disjunction--which science denies--btw man and the rest of Creation. He could not resolve this. Baha'u'llah is A Christ Returned, the 5th Buddha, the 12th Imam, Shah Bahram Varjovand, Krishna reincarnated, and for Israel the "Everlasting, Lord of Hosts". When I pointed out that the parallel does not extend to the last, being names of God Himself, I was greeted with the mirror analogy: a mirror reflecting the light of the sun can at one and the same time say I am the (light) of the sun, and I am not the sun but glass. Also Christ presumably said, "I shall return, I shall return the son of God, I shall return God". Buddha is a prophet but the theory of transmigration of souls is wrong: an invention of priests. The Koranic line about Mhd being the seal of propheticism is misread as "the last prophet"--the last prophet of the old and the first of the new. The 19 day fast at the end of the year is to think of the poor and suffering. Miracles happen: the Virgin Mary was physically, not only spiritually virgin. No real quarrel with the man who lives the Bahai life but rejects the prophethood of Baha'u'llah. Anvari's son is doing a Phd (Econ) in the States; a second son wants to go to college there. He is going to teach Eng in Meybod--family will stay in Teheran--and also teach Bahaiism. Prayer as well as fasting is a duty--to ask for important spiritual aid rather than mundane spiritual things. (Prayer is still an asking rather than a mode of self-discipline; tho it is not as crass as asking for money.) Note also strong spiritual/ material dualism with a negative emphasis on the latter not so as to world reject but to promote latter--ie use of spiritual rhetoric to achieve material peace--unconscious and; when arguing with Shahriyar, began with "you believe in God" Mobedi privately notes that Zardoshti are more open about coming to Bahai meetings but even they hide.

22 Sept. (Tues)--31 Shahriyar. Shahriyar popped in to point out that Anvari had run from him--he wanted to know (not just a person's opinion because there might be 1000 different opinions from 1000 people, but what the religion says, because he wants to know the truth) where the soul went after death, and why one man is born blind or rich while another is not. But Anvari said 'God knows'. Shahriyar also pointed out that Anvari lied when I asked him if Bahais have missionaries, when he said "no": he himself is a Bahai preacher (mobalegh) going around to the village mafels (meetings--supposed to be held each 19 days in 3 parts: reading and meditation on inspirational writings; discussion of community affairs; social breaking of bread in fellowship).

Morning typed Qassimabad count. Afternoon to Hospital--Xoda said to meet him on Thurs morn at the Workers Hospital; he has a nurse-patient there who is Zardoshti who maybe will help. Was going to go to Rustami's but since Mom's paper on Judaism had just arrived read them instead--went over to Karl Sauer's to see Kalus and Helga Schippmann: some 70 chehel tag (Sassanian fire temples--deduction since appear where Arab writers say they should) are known, more found each year. Helga says the maternity hospital does have records tho their accuracy she doesn't know since they are in Farsi--she doesn't know Morgibian since when she was there Javadi (cousin of Mortaz) was in charge.

KAYHAN 21 Sept 1970. "Miracle Tree Transforms the Deserts"--by Khosrow Merabi, p.6. Planting of Haloxylon tree in the desert--good results near Sabzevar, Neishapour; called tagh in Farsi; to be started in Yazd, Kashan, Isphahan area this Feb. Seeds were first imported fr the USSR in 1965. Some species can put down 2m of roots in 8 mo. Grow to 4-5m., yield plant fodder, good for fuel and charcoal but not carpentry. Desert sands are already threatening Kashan and have all but engulfed a no. of outlying villages.

23 Sept (Wed)--1 Mehr. Went to the daxes to find Shahriyar Forudi to check some points on the Qassimabad count; Amujan said there had been an all night month prayer last night with 4 dasturs and Shahriyar had gon home to take some food to his kids. He said the ziaratgah referred to last night by Klaus, near Faraj, was called Sultan Shohadah and had a sary tree which is dying for lack of water--it is a Muslim ziaratgah but Zardoshti go as well. I went to Qassimabad (which see).

Afternoon slept and then long talk with Marobhi (Kei Khosrow) at Shahriyars. History of Nasrabad--before this whole strop from where Nasrabad was on the other side of the road (Dowlatabad) to Raimabad was all Dowlatabad. When the water dried here people moved here. (Qanat water--24 hours each hour divided into 6, so that "24 ab" = 4 hrs; qafiz = 1000 m.--Anvari; Mehrrohbi: 24 hrs divided into 11 minute units in cycles up to 18 days--more than 18 days no where--dries out, tho later talked of a 24 day cycle). The soil is better here than upslope: Kheirabad, Taft, Pish and Push Kuh; also there is as much as an hour more sun here than in the mountain shaded area. Altho there is more water there, in drought because the soil is more stony (conglom, sandy?) and does not hold water, things dry out faster. The amount of water needed for a piece of land is dependent on the quality of the soil and the sweetness of the water: the more brackish or salty the water the more often water must be given--thus different length cycles in different places. (Shahriyar--qanat watered places dont have mirabs; Kei Khosrow in Qassimabad; no mirab but take turns in giving water to seires of gardens rus-shaban.) On the India trade: transfer of profits in India back to Iran was not done directly--rather money was given to a merchant who then sent things to Iran to be sold giving a note to be redeemed in Iranian money by his small creditors. DARI--the language of court, of use to Pahlavans etc. Ali was not bad towards Zardoshti as was Qsar. Muslims say that 70 mann of water is clean, say in Arabistan at the time of Mohammad thirsty troops came to some dirty water and Mhd cleaned it for them by blowing on it. But Zardoshti say it is unclean (najes) to wash dirty hands in a jube or even in the sea. Noshveh he never learned. Inheritance--by Muslim law property is divided into 8 parts: 1 part for the wife, 2 parts for each son, 1 part for each daughter. Zardoshti law, daughters and wives get nothing, and the youngest son gets most because it is he who is the last to remain in the parental home and it is his duty

to take care of the parents when they get old. But now inheritance rules have become one because it is a Muslim state. Marriage ba xish is better because know what you're getting--if you are good know that the offspring of your kale is also good. These Muslims who are good are the result of Z-Muslims who married Z-Muslims; intermarriage w/ Arabas caused bloods to fight and people bad. Zardoshti are honest and people know this and take a Z's word over a Muslim's. Zardoshti are all able to write their names, read and write. Marriage w/ brother's daughter is haram; no sedagh because no divorce. Girls get something from parental estate when warry must bring furnishings etc. Zoroas. religion says dont do evil etc.; Muslim religion includes a duty to convert forcibly others.

- 24 Sept--(Thurs)--2 Mehr. Morning to Kargaran Hospital to see Dr. Xoda Mortaz; met Francoise, his new French nurse, and the Zoroastrian nurse (put her on my questionnaire but only got 10 marriages of her husband's side of the genealogy before she excused herself for work). Back home, Shahriyar spontaneously gave economic reason for inbreeding--women sit around and say my son should marry your daughter and then their children can switch back, so as to keep wealth in the family. He estimates 90% ba xish marriage. Evening to Keyanian's but he is out of town; to Snaers to say good-bye to the Schippmans; then to the Sinton's. Bev says that Milka said Mortaz fire his nurses to save in bank accounts because they have better marriage possibilities if bring larger dowry.
- 25 Sept--(Friday)--3 Mehr. Morning to Rahmatabad for household count (which see). Rustam Khosroviandi's brother strongly agrees that the real incentive to marriage ba xish is an economic one of keeping wealth together. Afternoon Soroush Shahzadi came over and talked about there must be Zardoshti in China (part went there at the time of the Arab invasion), also says a lot of secret Zardoshti in Azerbaijan afraid to say they are Zoroastrian; Jehambaksh claims to know similar Zardoshti in Yazd too. Did the questionnaire, which took all the time! Now dasturs dont change villages as used to. He gets less than 100T/yr from his dastur work in Xeirabad because people dont do ceremonies much any more. Rustam has both Nasrabad and Kuche Biuk; Mehreban has Moriamabad and Cassinabad. Is of the opinion Zoroastrians never allowed conversion. Very much pro-daxme--keep 4 elements clean--Mehreban's Mo. who died in Germany was cremated--not bad but not so good: body feels pain (?). Burial not good because takes so long for body to decay, smells if dig up corpse, worry. Muslims throw finger nail clippings on ground--Zoroastrians say that is dirty--save clippings and then dispose of them in an uninhabited place.
- 26 Sept (Sat)--4 Mehr. Morning to Ghademi's to check the car and we talked about how everyone was gung-ho on Jahan (Citroen) when it first came out but gradually decided that the extra 5 thousand tomans (over the 15 thousand for a Citroen) was worth it for a Peykan (4 over 2 cylinders; water cooling over air cooling system, etc.). To the P.O. and on way back to the Sintons ran into Rustamxani who confirmed the Farmandar-khill's departure (after 25 years, retirement mandatory) and that the Mayor would change and that a replacement for Dr. Resavi at the Hospital had arrived. He said he knew nothing of a holiday on Wednesday (Soroush Shahzadi and I are planning to go towards the Shahrifabad area). Sinton's and I went out first to Mohammadabad--the masjid-e Jome has been redone and is of historical interest only in imagination now; many ruined buildings including a fort, but large and many trees. They remembered Zardoshti inhabitants--the last left 4-5 years ago tho there is still one who has a house; used to be 15-20 houses. Nearby is a round fort with some ruined buildings in part of it but apparently a still operating flour mill in the center--water comes in a jube on the surface through a break in the wall, and then falls down--the entrance is a ramp but the door was locked and only a cat meowed from the other side; a bag of flour was on one of the buildings above.
- We then went to Faraj. A boy showed us around: he claimed it to be the oldest mosque in Iran, some 1600 years old from Sassanian times; and when I said this would make it older than Mohammad he agreed that it was previously a fire temple.

In a nearby courtyard, huge cauldrons were lying by some fire trenches: yesterday they had what they called ashe Imam Hussein--done once a year about this time, but always on Friday. Several other such ashes are also held in honor of Imam Reza, Abul Faz, on the 10th of Moharram... Usual procedure seems to be to collect contributions, sheep are killed, ash cooked. We then went over to the ziaratgah Sultan Shohada: a large complex of buildings with a now dead sarv tree. The boy says that it is supposed to be where a son of the sister of Ali was killed in the time of war (Arab invasion). Another place exists to the north called Chelak doxtar where 30 daughters of the imams were killed and thrown down the well. Two other sarv (cypress) trees used to exist, one one farsakh further east and one by the village Sar-e Yazd (towards Mehriz) but both these have died and no longer exist. On Fridays many people come to Sultan Shohoda. One of the surrounding small buildings amid the memansar is called Bibi Hayat. We returned to Yazd by way of Khetk where there is a fort still full of the interior buildings, but dusk was upon us and we could not take pictures--a family lives in the fort; this village is being taken over by sand. Faraj's water comes from a well and a qanat--the boys family buys water by the hour at about 11T/hr. The poppies were harvested about two months ago and the field plowed by tractor for re-planting.

Returned to Yazd--the Zoro. liquor stores were closed and Rastam Khosroviani's as well; closed by the police; the cinemas also were closed--death of an imam or something, said Soroush Shahzadi who happened to show up. Normally these places are closed three times a year: Noruz, Ashura, Ramazan. Soroush says there is a ziaratgah Shahzadeh Fazel in town which was Zoroastrian but now is Muslim. Says Dastur Bode says it is not important to observe the 3 day, 4 day, week, etc. after death. Says Parsis don't observe the 4 day a mo. abatement from meat--tho we can't know for sure that his is an ancient custom.

27 Spt (Sun). Morning to dawn to cont work on Qassinabad which see. My glasses fell off my face as I was driving back down Pahlavi, so I stopped by to see Fraser who applied his architectural skills in repairing them temporarily with matchsticks and tape. Then I went to see Qa'amagami: ash-e Imam Hussein (we asked a Yazdi) is properly done on the 10th of Moharram. Ash-e nasr (vow) anytime. Other ashes for Abul Faz etc. In Arak (Qa'amagami's home) they did not make ash as here but sholezard (rice, oil, sugar, saffron). Some friends made sholezard here in Yazd but the Yazdis rejected it--due to improper climate. Sholezard is not healthy here (esp. the sugar and saffron) because here it is dry; whereas in Arak it is wet, the weather (cold-hot; wet-dry). Today is the death of the father of one of the Imams (Qa'amagami did not know it was a special day til I told him--neither had Rastamzani, but Ali, Qa'amagami's tea boy did, as did another Yazdi). (In Fraser's office, the Sabzevar boy said it was the 7th imam, father of Imam Reza.) On Wednesday, is the day that God told Mohammad he was a prophet; there will be a celebration at the Farmandar's the focus of which will be the signing of good wishes to be sent to the Shah. (He had a formal invitation).

Shahriyar Mobedi--we used to call Bod-parast (w/o relig) those in India who put a stone by a tree and said they were worshipping their prophet. A Zardoshti in India put in the paper that he would prove the truth of Zoroastrianism by pouring molten lead on his chest, and Shahriyar assumes he did so and survived, because according to Zoroastrian religion an Ashem Vohu said when rising is worth \$0,000 at any other time, and 20, 000 if said before eating; and for a pure soul, a vairyo ...said when trying to break up a fight etc. is protection vs bullets or molten lead in this case. There must be something in fortune telling--Shahriyar went in the early 40s to one in Bombay and asked if Germany would attack Russia--the answer was affirmative and in 3-4 years it happened.

And so in the afternoon we went to see Dastur Mehreban--70 year old man with bug-eyes behind wire frame glasses; two young boys left as we came in. Shahriyar was quite surprised at the way the man was living; in the entrance court he had a wood bench set up as a bed-cum-sofa under which were food buckets, by the head of which a lantern and a kerchief which contained some papers. He was wearing dirty white pants, dirty sudreh, dirty white jacket, and dirty white tennis shoes with holes in

them; he was trying on some new white tennis shoes from Melli Shoe Store. He said he was living so because of his lame foot, but Shahriyar could not accept this, since he says the man is quite wealthy, the house is a big and nice one, and he could certainly afford to hire someone to care for him in the house. The man has a son in Germany and when the latter wanted to marry, he went to Germany to perform the ceremony. Shahriyar asked him my fortune; he asked my name and my mother's name and then went through a mumbo-jumbo number series (14 + 8 = 22, 32, 36, 43, 58, 36...) and then he said that from his calculations he could tell that I had been born near sunset, had had two close brushes with death at age 13 and 17; that I had a spot on my body that was distinctive (birth mark). Then asking my age, he went on to say I was the kind of person who could not tell lies or rob without getting caught; that I would live about 65 years and die a natural death; I had been in an airplane and two people had died in it. A dream I had had in the last few nights would come true. When I was 15 two people prevented me from doing something. Shahriyar fed up with these pickings from the air (I was not being particularly helpful in giving feedback, saying to the above that the statements might be true but I did not know e.g. if two people had stopped me from doing something when I was 15...) and decided to test the old man by asking him how many siblings I have: I have it turns out an elder brother, an elder sister, and a younger sister. Shahriyar lost all faith at this point. He asked the old man to take out his remz (a divination instrument which is thrown like dice onto a cloth on which calculations are marked); the latter said they had been taken away from him several years ago. But he would ask things from the little fairies before him on the floor; he breathed heavily for a few moments or maybe mumbled an incantation inaudibly, and then said that when I was 30 I would receive 3 coins which I should not throw away for they would make me ~~from~~ rich; so I asked how I would recognize the coins (there being the possibility that I would not save them) and he replied they would be "foreign coins". Shahriyar pressed for the remz and the Dastur said that the vegetable man around the corner had some; so we went to ask, and he said it was a lie, doubly so since the Dastur did have remz and people were going to consult him all day long, both Zoroastrians and Muslims. Shahriyar then went back to urge the Dastur alone, saying that I had been willing to give him 20 tomans for a remz performance and not just the 5 tomans bakshish; so he said he would get remz--I should come back on Thursday. --a somewhat shameless performance; no attempt to protest that I must believe before he could predict; no attempt to set the scene beyond the charisma of an old man.

In Nasrabad, ash is made once a year at the end of Ramazan by the Muslims by donation from each house--all may partake who believe in Imam Reza and this includes some Zardoshti (ash-e Imam Reza). Dreams: a camel bare-backed chasing you is the sign of a promise you have not kept. A camel gaily decorated is sign of God's pleasure. Shahriyar had a dream of 2 young girls 14-16 in white telling him not to worry about his customers paying etc. Has dreamt the falling dream ("God knows").

Shahriyar says a prayer in morning and at night when he switches on a small orange night light and lights some sincense. Ashem vohu--not 5x/day. Prays to God, Virgin Mary and Zardosht (represented by light, and two pictures) to help him. But they already know how things will turn out. Prayer is not as good as deeds. Prayer w/o deeds is contradiction since in prayer are asking God to send the evil to hell, and that means self if dont do good. Prayers help set conscience at ease. Hot and cold foods: rice is very ~~hot~~ cold; eggs are very hot. Shahriyar is very disappointed in Dastur Mehreban because he wants the truth, someone who really knows. He had had faith in Mehreban because when he was small they took a brother to the dastur who threw the remz and wrote out a charm to be kept with him. There are several Muslims in Nasrabad who write out such charms. He also does not go for a theory of dreams as integration of anxieties, experiences, etc. for then dreams mean nothing. Tried to save a bit of faith in Mehreban by reporting that Shirin says that Mehreban would not talk because he was afraid I was from the Police and would report him for taking money for something the government thinks is not honest.

10 of which are Yazd city, rest rural

28 Sept. (Mon).--6 Mehr. OUT to dazms to do some checking on Shahriyar Forudi's genealogy. Count 282 people of whom 101 are in Yazd area, 87 are in Teheran; 38 are in Bombay or Pakistan; 34 are in rest of Iran; 0 are in America or Europe. Of 68 marriages, 15 are ba kish, and 53 are ba gher. This is a cross-check for of the households in the Cassimabad household count.

I then found the eyeglass (Zeiss Eyeglass) shop on Meidan-e Mojassame which Bahman Rais had told me was his hang out. Bahman was not there and the proprietor asked me to come back in the afternoon. Back in Nasrabad, a transaction was occurring between Shahriyar's well operator, Kodaram (used to be Bahai, but is Zoroastrian again because wants to work here, and the Muslims here would not leave him alone at the well if he was Bahai), the latter's adopted son, Jamshid Anvari, and Shahriyar. Jamshid wanted to borrow 2500 tomans (\$400) from his father to start a electrical appliances repair shop. Kodaram, a poor man, was willing to give the lad who is 24 the money, but wanted the money to go through the hands of Shahriyar so that a written contract could be written obligating repayment. It seems that Kodaram had given the boy 1000 tomans before, and it had gone into drinking and cinema etc. So this time he gave the money to Shahriyar, and Shahriyar made the boy write a receipt and pledge to repay 100 tomans a month; Shahriyar then gave the receipt to Kodaram. Kodaram wanted Shahriyar and me to sign the paper too, but Shahriyar nixed this. Kodaram commented, 'tonite I go to the movies first', but Shahriyar noted that today was an auspicious day for starting a business since it was Hormezd (Ahura Mazda's day, the day on which one asks aid directly from God himself without intermediary, for on this day God takes personal charge.). In the afternoon I went back to the eyeglass place and got new frames (30 tomans), met Bahman, and Kei Khosrow Yazdani. It turns out that the proprietor is a Bahai, whose father was Zoroastrian-Bahai and went to Jordan to farm; they returned 19 years ago, but much of the family is still in Jordan in the midst of the fighting (Aman).

Back in Nasrabad, at dinner, Shahriyar told about the kherz (ape which carries off people). Kodaram the driver of the pump tells the story that he saw a kherz at night and called out "Hassan" (the mirab) thinking it to be the mirab; but when it dropped down on all fours and ran off he knew it was a kherz. Harbot tells the story of a woman carried off and 8 years later a hunter shot a kherz and followed the wounded animal to his cave where he killed him; there he found the woman with 3 human children. Shahriyar thinks that children begotten of a kherz and a human will come out human, both if the female is the kherz or the zaka human. Then there is the story of a very beautiful Nasrabad Zoroastrian woman who became Muslim and then a whore, all the city folk coming to her; eventually a Sayyid married her (she was already married) and told her she could have no more visitors. She grew old and was about 50 when Shahriyar returned from Bombay; she struck up an acquaintance with him; but then one day she got a boil on her nose and it began to grow till she was prostrate in pain and shame. Shahriyar went to the Raiz of the Muslim anjoman and told him they should help her. Eventually a relative of Shahriyar's offered to nurse the woman and did so for the last few years of the woman's life--this relative undertook the work because she had failing eye sight and thought that maybe through this good work God would reward her with renewed eyesight. Custom of selling a child who is sick to the first passerby or someone with good luck so as to gain the luck of him for the child.

Nasrabad has 2 anjomans, an Anjoman-e Dei with about 20 members, 8 of whom are Zoroastrian; and an Anjoman-e Zardoshtian but no body listens to the latter, the head of which is Jamshid the tailor, a relative of Shahriyar.

After dinner Jehanbaksh and I had a long talk--I drew a brief genealogy. His paternal and maternal grandfathers converted to Bahaism in Husseinabad, under the influence of Mullah Bahram (grandfather of Akhtar Khavari); some 25 families converted together in Husseinabad. Jamshid, the maternal grandfather, told him that once converted he and Noshiravan, the paternal grandfather, still wanted to see Baha'u'llah or Abdul-Baha in person, so they together with Bamebed of Kuche-Biuck went to Haifa. They had prepared questions but when they came into the presence of Abdul baha they could not speak, only listen. Abdul Bahah knowing them to be farmers gave them a task to cut down a tree and remove the roots; they came to the tree and saw that it was very large and would take them some 9-10 days. After the third night day they

1. lay down to sleep and dreamt of a storm and hear a voice. When they awake the tree had been uprooted--this they took as a divine sign and so now they became true believers. Abdul-Baha allowed them to remain in Haifa for 19 days, but then he showed them the way back to Iran. Jamshid decided another route back was better, and they set off. After about 70 miles they ran out of food, and the other two went to a nearby village to buy some, while Jamshid remained on the trail. While he was alone two bandits came upon him, tied him up, took his donkey, bed roll, money, and one threatened to kill him with a pistol, but the other held him up and they merely rolled him off a hill, where the two companions then found him. They agreed that it was because Jamshid had not obeyed Abdul-Baha's directions. Jehambaksh's FB wis's sister's daughter, who is the doctor's wife (MSd) of Fereyduh Felfeli (owner of Sepenta Co.) tells the story of Fereyduh Felfeli's elder brother, Gushtasp, who was his business partner as well, that he died on the anniversary of Abdul-Baha's death; he had fixed the day of his marriage on the anniversary of Abdul-Baha's death and invited all his relatives, not only the Zoroastrian ones (his family) but also the Bahai ones (his ^{mother's} family). His maternal uncle, Rustam from Asrabad, replied that he must change the date of the wedding. Gushtasp refused saying that all the invitations had already been sent. Rustam said he would not attend and forbade his children to as well. One son disobeyed and went to represent the family; but a few days later was killed in an accident involving a camel and a car on the way from Nasrabad to Asrabad. The father's reaction was that this was his reward, and he told Gushtasp that he too would be "rewarded"; Gushtasp subsequently had a son who contracted cancer and was taken for treatment to Germany but died. When Gushtasp died, Fereyduh married his widow because they were business partners and he did not want another man to marry her and become party to all his business.

Although Bahai religious dogma is that all good men are one and women and food should be exchanged with them, in fact women are taken from Muslims but not given because Muslims will not eat with Bahais. There is freer exchange between Zoroastrians and Bahais. Wine as well as opium and sexual use of children is banned in Bahaism.

Master Kodabaksh was a Bahai, but an unknown, and not a real one because he drank wine publically. (If one must drink wine it is permitted in one's bedroom before going to sleep.) In Dehbal, once, he was asked what he would do there without a priest to pray for him and he responded saying anyone can be priest as long as correct prayer. All the teachers in his school were Bahai, and when asked to defend this by the Zoroastrians, he replied that they were daneshman, the best educated people available. There is a tablet from Baha'ullah to him. He was shot by the priests acting in concert with Kei Khosrow Shahrookh who was worried that Master Kodabaksh's popularity would replace him as Parliamentary representative. All those involved in the plot died within "40 days"; Shahrookh later was killed by Reza Shah; a dastur who was involved told his wealthy father that he had to die because he was involved. And the Parsis were very upset saying they had sent Master to help the Iranians and they had killed him. Master had no children of his own, so a son of his brother took his name--Ardeschir Master in Shiraz, an open Bahai, and maybe the second wealthiest man in Shiraz. Bahman Rais, son of Master's brother, was a Bahai but was kicked out for public drinking wine. Hormezdiar Rustani, a student of Master, is a good Zoroastrian who harbours no religious prejudice, unlike his brother Kei Khosrow. The dasturs in the old days were endogamous, would give but not take food. The Pepsi magnate in Teheran, Parsa, was a driver of pilgrims to Haifa, a Jewish-Bahai; he tired of the job and Abdul-Baha suggested he invest in land in Teheran which he did, and so became rich.

Jehambaksh confirms what also seems to be emerging elsewhere; there are 2 or even 3 (4 counting Sharifabad) breeding populations (the there is some and increasing intermarriage between them)--the Moriabad-Mentiabad side; Nasrabad (Kuche-Bluk-Ahrestan ?) -Kasrawieh, Husseinabad, Aliabad, Elabad side; Khoramshah-Taft; Shahrifabad-Mazar-Hassenabad). Confirmed in terms of knowledge: (1) the Moriabad woman who tried to help me but excused herself saying that she married into Moriabad from Nasrabad 16 years ago and so did not know the community; (2) Amujan who claims to know only the 9 Rahmatabad families related to him, and not the others who are from Kuche Bluk, Ahrestan, etc.

(3) Piruz Faromarsi and Shahriyar Mobedi don't know each other, have not been to each other's villages, were at first jealous of each other on account of my friendship with the other.

Charity Mortaz style: on Fridays he sits on his father's grave and hands out coins or token food (nuts, sweets); he gives free medicine to Mehtabad one day a week. Resawi is the other doctor who has a reputation for tolerance for non-Muslims; he is the doctor of the Jews, also many Zoroastrians and Muslims go to him. He used to treat Anvari free. He once went to a village on call and found the "patient" abusing a Bahai; he left without administering medicine, saying, if he is well enough to abuse he does not need medicine.

29 Sept (Tues)--7 Mehr. Took advantage of the holiday for the day of Mohammad's appointment, to go with Soroush Shahzadi and Hahirin to Ardekan to see the latter's land inherited from her father Jamshid. (Of. Ardekan).

Jaen-xandi--read names of ancient Shahs and of dead of the household on sol with four dasturs, or gahambar, or on opening of store, new house, etc. Done more in India than here.

The cactus which came into Aliabad is also here; HAR (vs har, donkey). Its seed is good for cleaning the ears. Then to Mazar Kalantar (which see).

Back at his house, met his wife's father, Shah Bahram, a truck driver, who lives in Mahalleh and was in Bombay where he learned some English. His brother is farming; the family in Nosratabad where also his mother lives. He owns his own ~~transportation~~ truck. There is a trucker's union which is basically an insurance organization; accident, unemployment, sickness--dues is about 50 toman/yr. He works out of a garage--the garage gets requests and dispatches trucks. Estimates some 200 Yazdi truckers, of which maybe 20 are Zoroastrian.

Soroush says he knows someone who knows about remz divination and will ask him if we can have access to his book. This person is not Dastur Mehreban, who does not know anything--is a charlatan. There was a man who really knew remz well, could tell you what you are thinking; his only problem was he drank (3-4 bottles of arak a day) and eventually died. Named Ali Khan, ~~knows Remz~~ throwing goes with calculations; start with name and mother's name (as Dastur Mehreban did) and calculate by the adjat method (arabic alphabetic numerology) and get thereby the proper sign of the zodiac and go on from there. Dream analysis--there are many books available. He used to have a book on cards, but lost it. But he does know palm reading (tho he has not told people he knows it) which is even better than remz. Our (life line) if long means long life, if short, short life; age is given in 30 year estimates by the lines at the wrist (3 lines = 90 years); head and heart lines. Head line is normally separated from life and chance lines, but when a person dies, they come together.



30 Sept 1970 (Wed)--8 Mehr. Morning went to the Jewish school which was closed (Rosh Hashannah? the parents did not mention that was coming up); went to P.O where immediately sat down and answered letter from Dave and Naomi Nelson. Then went to Derakhshahn; Mhd Reza gave me the names of raiz or personnel manager for several of the other factories; Sauer earns \$900 month (70 thousand rials).

Alditar Khavari; altho the Zoros now say that boys and girls are equal in the past girls counted for nothing. Marriages were contracted for them like Muslims in terms of how much jehezia (dowry) the father would give with the girl. The husband often went off to India for 10 years at a time, and the girl was dependent on his mercy to send back money. Inheritance when her father died, the girl was entitled to nothing. Girls then applied to the civil courts for a share of inheritance; civil law is based on Islamic law and the girl can get $\frac{1}{2}$ a share; since anyone is entitled to apply to the court, Zoroastrians have now adopted this as their law.

Noshveh--his grandmother, wife of Mullah Bahram died in noshveh (you must be nude, and it was winter--done after yielding premature or stillborn baby etc.); she was a prejudiced strong Zoroastrian and used to sit in the door of the house and abuse people who came to inquire about the (Bahai) faith. Two important books: Nashab-e Hedayat (Lights of Guidance) by Azizullah Suleiman--biographies of early Imams.

read - I said how so? + he said he was interested in changing my mind where Alkhavar Khavari was interested in giving me history. So I said back, there is only one difference between you behavior & what I intended in changing my mind where Alkhavar Khavari was interested in giving me history.

This Azizullah Suleiman is still alive and well in Teheran, and is working on these biographies still (from Ardekan?). Secondly there is an autobiography called Bejato Sedur by Haji Mirza Hada Ali, an Isphahani who spent many years in East Africa.

Jehambaksh they all know at the factory because he owns some shares. He is hung up on this court case of the land he sold which the Edare Oghaf claims is vafq—he is ready to take it to court (Hormuzdiar Rustami is writing the brief for his lawyer) and the Edare Oghaf knows it will lose the case; it is all an exercise in extortion by the clerks of the Edare Oghaf; they are willing to settle the case out of court and admit in writing that they mixed up his number for about 1000 tomans. They own a block of land near Jehambaksh's land which has the next number in the registry book to Jehambaksh's. Meanwhile the Muslim to whom Jehambaksh sold the land for 45 rials a meter, and who was thrown in jail briefly for using vafq land has demanded to resell the land back to Jehambaksh for 200 rials a meter, which Jehambaksh agreed to (why?) since the land, once the court case is finished will be worth about 500 tomans a meter.

I was going to go to the Jewish Quarter to find out what's up but Shahriyar invited me to dinner. He first delivered a message; yesterday was a Pir-e Varmaru in Mahalleh—a day on which meat is not eaten (fish is OK because it is not cut); his uncle went and there Dastur Mehreban told him to be sure to tell Shahriyar and his friend not to come on Thursday for the ramz because he was too busy—he would say when another time. Dowlat (wife of Jehambaksh)'s pesar-xala was by to muse over the recent death of his brother in Bombay, and about the trouble it used to be to carry the dead on the gavum (f) the iron stretchers to the dames when there was a cholera epidemic—when there was an epidemic the streets were littered with the dead; they had two such stretchers, one heavy and one light, and they used to sleep on the light one because they knew the next day they would have to carry someone and they did not want to be stuck with the heavy stretcher. Xodaram, Shahriyar's pump driver and asked "what are you doing?" and Shahriyar finally told me the proper response; "shokreh xoda" 'shokreh allah' = giving thanks to God--- that is a kind of work appropriate at all times. He spoke of the Adaf Virai, who went to the other world and came back to tell us that this world is nothing and we must so act as to earn good in the next world. And he quoted St. Francis of Assisi 'What use to have the whole world if you lose your soul'. And then spoke of the book Sultan Janjema; a prophet, but he forgets whether Moses, JC or Zoroaster was walking one day and came by a skull; and he asked God that he wished to know who was this man, and what has happened to the soul. The wish was granted; the man had been a rich king with 40 wives, many palaces etc.; the soul was now in hell and he talked to the soul who said that hell was really bad, the fire in which he was roasting was ten times as hot as a fire on earth, and would he please ask God one favor: that he be allowed to return to life, because he now understood that life was an exam, and that he had flunked. So the prophet asked God, this is a son of yours who is asking. And the wish was granted to extend the life for 40 years, and the man devoted himself to good works and prayer. On suffering and prayer: suffering is good, is because God loves you—you do not pray when well and everything is going all right, just as you do not repair your car if it is running well; the devil goes to God and says to him to keep Mike healthy. Who goes to church? —he who is sick or who wants something. E.g. at exam time, all the school boys are in the atash kade praying and vowing to God to get them through the exam; but when they are through the exam they do not go to the atash kade. MF: Does God then want prayer? / No. God does not want prayer, he wants you to do good and be helpful to your neighbor. MF: but if you are sick you cannot help—how is suffering good? / Suffering is so others will see and will take heed not to do bad.

The meal was rice stuffed in liver skin, brain, and other parts of the head—the head is cheaper (whole head for 7 tomans) than mutton but harder to prepare. Muslims do not eat blood; Zoroastrians do, esp. in the month of Mehrizeh when each family kills a goat, collecting the blood and people gather to eat.

Then back home I got Meshat Anvari to translate a few pages of the Martyrs of Yazd. I spoke of Akhtar Khavari's reading suggestions & he said he knew better what I should

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On the food we ate; rice is cold, head of lamb is hot, liver is very cold. This food is hard to digest relative to soup (naxoda) or abgush) and tea which are neither hot nor cold and which doctors prescribe to the sick for easy digestion. In a meal for good digestion, should balance hot and cold. Cold rice makes you fat because it is constipating. (Potatoes however seem to be hot).

~~MATABER~~ NABOR ('don't kill') --the weekly abstention from meat.

SHAH ABBAS STORIES (told by Sayyid Agha one afternoon last week, bro. of Raiz of the Anjoman-e Dei, Nasrabad). Shah Abbas was wont to go about in dervish dress as a disguise so he could see what was going on among his people.

One day he came across a kebab shop, quite large, and very well patronized. He went in and in the back of the shop was a door leading to some steps down, so he ventured down. He founding himself down below trapped with several other people and learned that the people so trapped were used for kebab meat. To escape he told the shop owner that he was a carpet maker and would weave him a very fine carpet which he could sell for a great deal. The owner said OK. So Shah Abbas wove a very elaborate carpet, and when it was finished he told the owner to sell it at the Royal Court for only there would he get the best price. The owner did this, but as the ministers of Shah Abbas recognized the motives in the carpet they understood that the king was trapped, and the went to the shop and freed him. And then Shah Abbas did away with the shop.

Another time, between Yazd and Taft, Shah Abbas came upon a man who was offering a large sum of money for someone to carry a load which did not appear to be very heavy to a point which was not very far away. Shah Abbas thought to himself that this was strange, that there must be something more to this story, so he waited until a man undertook the job and followed him as he carried the load to the assigned spot. When the laborer reached this spot the ground opened and he fell into the earth. Looking down the hole, Shah Abbas discovered a network of tunnels and chain-gang enforced labour. Hence we have the proverb: light load, near destination, much pay, must have some cause.

Another time, Shah Abbas ~~was sitting in a garden and saw a~~ saw a company of men dining and feasting, and he invited himself in. He asked the host's job which turned out to be carpentry. The next day Shah Abbas ordered that carpenters be barred from working. The host of the previous evening finding that he could not work, enlisted in the police. As he made his rounds he came upon two men fighting, and began to arrest them, but accepted a bribe from them not to take them to court. That evening, Shah Abbas found him again at home feasting and drinking; and the king again invited himself in. The next day, Shah Abbas instructed two men to begin a fight within this policeman's fight and not to give a bribe, but to allow themselves to be brought to the Court. This ruse worked and when the policeman arrived, Shah Abbas gave him a sword and appointed him guardian of the royal door. He made him stand guard until late in the evening when he allowed him to leave.. This time, the man having no money, went to a pawnshop and sold his sword, and made a wooden one in its place, so that evening again he began feasting. But Shah Abbas called him back to Court and told him he must always be on call as the Royal Executioner; and a prisoner was brought in whom Shah Abbas told the guard to kill with his sword. Thinking quickly, the guard replied that the prisoner's face looked innocent, and if he were innocent, his sword would turn to wood when he drew it from the scabbard. He drew the sword, and of course it was wood. Shah Abbas laughed, and saw that this was a good man who enjoyed living for the minute, and let him go.

1 Oct. 1970. I went by the Jewish School and it was still closed--so I was going to go by Bombard's house, but stopped by the P.O. on the way where a note from Frazer said two people from Chicago were trying to find me: it turned out to be the German fellow, Jürgens, who is trying to study anthropology at Berlin whom I met in Berlin who had known McGuire Gibson, and a Swiss friend from Zurich--they are working as photographers with Missen in Khuzistan. The latter says there is a group of self-styled Swiss "Zoroastrians" in E. Zurich. I spent the day showing them around.

We went to Shahrifabad, but Dastur Kodayar was in Yazd, Agha Bellevani was in the fields, and Prof. Abadani was in Ispahan. The wife of Atashband Rustam Rashid remembered me from before and came to open the Atash Kadeh for us. The Atashband rather than Dastur Kodayar feeds the fire--once a day, in the evening. They have both qanat and well water. Land reform however he says has changed nothing: there is a coop store, and one can borrow money. Arbabs are from Yazd, Ardekan and Shahrifabad.

Every night this week there has been a *roza* in Nasrabad, tonite included.

- 2 October 1970. In the morning I started some work at home, then was called for tea at Shahriyar's where found my two house guests (Jehambaksh and Anvari); we discussed what is the best thing in the world; Anvari said health, Shahriyar rebutted, no "clear mind" i.e. it matters not if healthy or wealthy, what matters is what one does and one's clear conscience so that one is assured of going to heaven not hell. They ~~like~~ Anvari and Jehambaksh and I retired to my room to do some translating of the Martyrs of Yazd.

At noon I left for the luncheon party at the Sintons with the Czech couple, the Hazleys; they have been here 6 years working at Junub factory because as the machinery there is Czech, the factory wanted a Czech to ensure maintenance; that was Hazley's job at first, but now he has gradually taken over the design of the cloths produced, leaving the maintenance to another Czech (there are 3 couples). Akhtar Khavari works at Junub; Sauer only comes over when something needs thermal fixation since the machine at Derakhshahn can only be heated to 150°C but for thermal fixation of polyester you need a temperature of 220°Celsius. If these petroleum fibers are not thermally fixated where cloth rubs on cloth (armpits, crotch, elbow) quickly piles and rolls into little balls. But nothing in synthetic fibers can yet match the insulating quality of wool and cotton: in winter the synthetics are not warm in summer not cool. He makes 55000 rials a month (vs Sauer's 70,000)--the Sintons say that they have many gadgets in the house--tape recorders, etc.--because no one saves in Czechoslovakia because of economic insecurity: it does not pay to save. They are building a house in Czechoslovakia. The subject of Nasser's death came up, and Peter said that at the funeral the next two people in line had 'heart attacks' but were O.K., and we joked about contagious heart-attack, but Hazley said it is a Moscow virus: only a month ago Nasser was in Moscow--the same happened to a President of Czechoslovakia, and a Pole: they went to Moscow, and a month later were dead. Hazley makes no bones about his and his countrymen's hatred of the Russians: they have to learn Russian in school, which no one likes but eventually was useful when the Russians invaded, since they could put up banners in Russian saying "Go Home", "Moscow that way-->" "Weiner Two says Red Brothers: Go back to your Reservation" (Weiner two is apparently a story of a Red Indian and a White Man who called the Indians his red brothers, which the Czechs know well). The system is wrong: they people want freedom and democracy. Eventually Mrs. Hazley commented we shouldn't talk so much about politics, but Hazley retorted that this was not politics but philosophy. And Bev remarked that Hazley's son (studying at the American Community School in Teheran) had said that his father only talked about 2 things: food and politics. Talk turned to Iran: there was trouble with the Qashqai as recently as 4 years ago. And a few years earlier there was big trouble with the mullahs of Qum who got 40 thousand people to march from Qum to Teheran in the white jihad dress: the Shah ordered them strafed with jets, some 4 thousand being killed. Since two years factory managers have no right to fire workers for bad work (only for stealing, absence) but they can reduce a foreman, e.g. to a sweeper. Labour organization is all controlled by the shah and is just something to show the outside world: the same way it is in Czechoslovakia.

I then went to the Navar's for Shabbat dinner: 2 boys, David in 11th, and the elder son has finished and wants to find a job in Bafq or Ispahan with the steel mill operation; 4 daughters. Jews in Yazd have always had only two kinds of work: cloth selling in Bazaar Khan (Jews used to be the cloth sellers, but as they left for Israel, Muslims took their place) and peddlers of cloth etc. to the villages.

Women do some weaving in the house of a silk-like fabric (?) for ladies lingerie(?). Jews have always lived in the city: since the time of Cyrus the Great after the death of Haman. At the time of Haman the Jews (ancestors of the Yazdis) lived to the north of Iran around Babol, and then came south. With the death of Nasser, the Muslims began to bother the Jews a bit: throw rocks against the door. But in general things are pretty good now because the police are strong. This king has done well by the Jews at least in the last decade. His father was not good for the Jews.

After returning home around 8:00, Anvari & Jehambaksh and I did another 10 pages. I asked them why they thought the Shah had not yet recognized the Bahais. Jehambaksh was of the opinion that (1) if he did, half of Iran would immediately declare themselves Bahai, (2) as a Muslim state, no religion after Muhammad can be recognized (thus the difference with Jews and Zoroastrians in whose prophets Muslims also believe), (3) as a bankrupt religion now, Islam could not survive the onslaught of open proselytism by Bahais: were they given freedom they would of course begin to preach on the radio, in offices, in public etc. At the moment only Muslims can use public preaching such as the rosa-xane (which we could hear going again tonight). They can no longer say bad things in the rosa because there might be a SAVAK man in the audience, they must get permission from the police and tell the police the subject of their discourse.

3 October 1970 (Sat). Morning I took the Nasrabadis to see Fereydun, father or grandfather of Iraj the Bank-i-Saderat man, at Goodarz Hospital. Then I took the car to Chadendis for repair, and ran into Mahmud Khorsand there, who gave up the teaching job in Baffq because that would have made him eligible for the army. Then to the bank where I talked to Qa'amagani for a long time: ramz means code, e.g. each ministry has a code for internal communication; the dice-like objects for fortune telling are properly ramle and they go with the ostarlab (astrolobe), but these are against the law for those who use them are considered shay-yads (charlatans and deceivers)/note > 1/2 vs 1/2 perhaps /: should the police find out about someone using them they will be arrested. Deciding to do something or not by opening the Koran and reading the top line on the right hand page is called esterxeirh (fr. xair = good) in distinction to using other books such as Hafez in which case one merely speaks of fall kardan: the difference is that once one decides to do esterxeirh one is obliged to abide by the result because the Koran is the word of God; by contrast one can finally decide against the results of either fall kardan with Hafez or shir-o-xat (flipping a coin, on one side of Iranian coins is a lion, and old coins had a line across the other side). But these latter are means of deciding whether something is good or not to do, but ramle are connected both with telling the future, the past, and with sorcery to stop someone from doing something e.g. through the intervention of fairies: shahra and jaddu > 1/2. Dalali (brokerage): in bargaining, the owner gives his last price and you walk away, and an intermediary comes in and says, if you want it for such and such a mediate price, I'll get it for you, you say ok, but then have to give this man a commission, usually 10-30 tomans. He noted that my ramle each square has two 3s, one 2 and one 4. Aram failed another exam and is studying English & Math in Teheran.

Shahriyar reported that when he went to file his petition to dig his well deeper, a big fight was raging over a landowner who was (apparently successfully) evicting 5 tenants.

Evening to Hormuzdiar Rustami. He recognized the picture I had bought in the antique store: it is ~~more~~ of his maternal grandfather, Ardeshir Mehreban, of whom E.G. Browne wrote, and his dai, Bahman, and their staff in Bombay. Ardeshir was one of seven brothers; another was Rustam who was also Hormuzdiar's FF; a third was Kei Khosrow who founded the school. He finally agreed to tell me his genealogy, but not now. His ~~bro~~ bro-in-law, Dr. Varjevand, is in town, but did not come in so I said I would come back tomorrow. He says that there were senf in the bazaar but this means 'occupational group' rather than 'guild'; that is, there was a rais-e senf for each occupational group, who was the collector of taxes; the government would assign a lump amount, and this rais would then collect it and apportion it among the members, but the senf was not a group yisādd any sort of insurance or mutual aid society.

Religion and private belief are different things; if one wants to live with people in peace one must affirm religious statements of the community. E.g. I am Zardoshti and when I am with Zardoshti I must say there is a God whether I so believe in my heart or not. Likewise one who says he is a Christian must believe in the Bible. If you deny such statements, how can people trust you?

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Now we enter the dark tunnel of the death of winter, the days become shorter, darkness longer longer, the trees bare. But when I suggested that it was all a prelude to rebirth in spring, he responded, but no, for us mortals, there is no rebirth: we grow old and die. So I suggested the idea of 7 stages of man, each a rebirth. Ah, he responded, but those are stages progressing towards death. But the 4 stages--infancy, youth, middle age, and old age--are a direct analogy to the four seasons. So then I suggested, what happens after death?

After death: some people believe that when life is finished all is finished; some people believe that ~~immortality~~ there is another existence after this life. We cannot know, just as we cannot know where the soul comes from before birth. But in both cases it is the same that in life there are two paths: the straight path (or right path; mah-e rast) and the path of wrong. If one does right the world speaks well of you, writes well of you and you feel at peace or in heaven. If you follow the bad path, you are narohat, everyone around you is narohat and life is hell. It is this that the prophets have told us: do good.

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4 October 1970 (Sun). Morning I went to see Rombad at Ehtehad, he was introducing a new Persian-cum-Math teacher: a Muslim to take the place of Shalom who went to Israel. There is a shortage of teachers, and he could only find someone for half-a-day.

Scrush at the P.O. said that Pir-e Varmaru was something only for women, not really of religion. He had fished a card out of the mail asking for a pen pal from America, so I wrote a response for him, and thereby got the address of Mahinbanu's brother in America: Jahangir Mobed, 750 William Street, River Forest, Illinois, USA. This brother was adopted by his anu. Another brother has just recently moved from Germany to the US. And another is in Bonn (Bahman and Kei Khosrow resp.).

Went to Ghademi to pay my bill, and we ended up talking for a couple of hours. He had a tax form on his desk: 9000 tomans reduced to 3000T. Men from the tax office, and from the insurance company come around to assess income, profit, etc., but they don't do a straight-forward questionnaire; rather they just grab the first available person, ask him questions, and estimate people working. Thus for instance they charged Ghademi's father, a bread-baker, with having a boy working for him, who happened to be a neighbor and just standing in front of the shop with a piece of bread, and wanted to collect employer's insurance fee (13 tomans on each 100 tomans of salary is paid by the employer to the insurance fund, and 5 tomans by the worker). After one is given an estimated tax request, one can appeal to a commission, but this takes a lot of time, that one could be using earning money, sitting around and waiting etc.

Sedagh or mehr is what is asked concerning marriage. Jehozia is never formal, and the 2x sedagh figure is only in talk. A cash portion of the sedagh is expected. Sedagh is in the system, because Muslims cannot date or try out a girl like Westerners, and a fellow might therefore send a wife off if it were not for a ghogh sedagh. Sedagh varies with ehāks, xish vs gher. The prospective groom, according to Islamic law may take one look at his prospective bride in the bargaining period. If wife is higher rank, problem of sleeping with her: ba ajazeyeh shoma emshab mixam...; but if of lower rank: boxab! Drinking wine as a cop out for a marriage which is not working: story of the man whose wife had such bad breath that it drove him to drink so he would not notice, and she in turn got narohat; story of underwater petroleum pipe worker whose wife was a doctor and could not get enough.

5 October 1970 (Mon). Morning stayed home and cleared up some paper work. Afternoon to Ehtehad School and saw Rezavi who agreed with Rombod to give me access to the medical records such as they are. Rezavi says there are 16 children who are retarded (disease; ideo); only 3-4 children have heart disease--It is a disease of the old; a test of the whole community reveals no siphilus; there is no disease specific to the Jewish community here; abortion rate is minimal. The records do not state age or occupation, but is a simple visitation record. A summary of visitations is sent to Teheran each month but this is just a number broken down by age and sex, and the summary number, e.g. 206 may represent 206 visits of 40 people. Went by Goodars to say hi to Dr. Xoda: the electricity went off: there's an emergency battery good for 10 hrs. Before the hospital used to generate it's own power but now it depends on the municipality.

6 (Tues)/10/70. Morning to Ehtehad School to look at the medical records with Nurse Musazadeh, but she kept having to run off so we accomplished nothing but a list of household names. She suggested I do my own house-to-house survey--Aaron Benjün offered his services as guide, if I got Rombod to release him in the afternoon. So all enthused I spent a few hours drawing up a schedule, but the director of the school wouldnt let the janitor go: he suggests I work thru the bazaar shops. So I redraw the schedule and we shall see. I return home only to find people returning from pilgrimage (Oh we that maybe you might be too busy to be interested-- what does one do--lose one's temper?) Each month on Ruz-e Adar Izet people go to Seti Pir. The wife of the Katkhoda in particular goes, because the katkhoda once was sick, internal bleeding, and she prayed that if he got well she would go to Seti Pir each month.

Shahriyar told me the story of the veju (Dari name; in Farsi: chaush) hanging in my ivan: on NoRuz haft-sin (7 sweets) are placed with a mirror, golf-ab (rose water), twig of cypress (or other green) under it, and bread on it--its corners are marked (6-4 corners) and it is supposed to turn at night and the moment of turning is supposed to coincide with the turning of one year into the next. The years have animal names (mouse, dog, donkey, etc.) but no one (Sarvar, Shirin, Shahriyar) seems to know how many animals there are or even the animal name of the current year. Then in the morning each person partakes of the sweets--goes thru the rose water & mirror 'mobarake' ritual and wishes each other well.

There is a Sopreh Seshambe ritual once a year (cota goat) etc. --is past in Kuche Biuk and Jamshid does it here; but it is done at different times in different places.

Shahriyar has been commissioned by letter from Teheran to go to the office of the Land Reform to certify that a deed to land is valid. When a land sale is made, a new deed is made leaving the old one in the hands of the original owner, and the opening of the way for all sorts of shananikins which is complicated by the vafq business which the Zorcas are trying to get out of: they called all their land vafq to keep it away from Muslims but now want to seal it as private land which is really behind Jehambakhsh's trouble. The land can change hands a couple of times before it is found out that the owner did not own it.

Shahriyar greeted me this morning with the story of a robbery of one Ardeshir husband of Shahriyar's uncle's da, who used to live in Xodaram's house across the kuche: Ardeshir was accountant for the Anjoman-e Deh (Mardom hankar ba Paseban) and so 3 Muslim regues from Kasnavieh came one night and cleaned out the house.

I promised to take him to the Land Reform Office and he promised to tell me stories while we waited. The Land Reform Office behind the municipality is a set of offices crammed with papers and tattered farmers. The interior waiting room has no chairs, and is done in bathroom tile and grey cement. The tub in the center of the room is gibson in green tile with a utilitarian spicket and two goldfish incongruously nibble along its floor. In 2½ hours our paper managed to move the ½ desk length required to get it looked up in the files only to find that the Nasrabad file is not here. Meanwhile a peasant was in to complain about a land lord who wanted more rent from him. Another man explained how he owned a piece of land and this land had been given by the Land Reform Office to a tenant who refused

to pay rent; now the Land Reform Office said that this was none of their business, he should see the police; the police said as long as there was no fighting it was none of their business; so it looks as if the only thing to do is to start a fight.

SOPRE BIBI SESHAMBE--like a xeirat in that it is carried on for a vow, e.g. if so and so I will do 3 sopre seshambes; usually a hen is cut, but if richer a goat, sweets and fruit. The night before a room is made clean and 3 candles are lit and placed in the room; the only one allowed in the room is the giver of the Sopre, and he fasts until after the story has been told the next morning (he does not even take morning tea). A white cloth also prepared (with the sweets and fruits on it? in the rm?). The next morning after breakfast, the hen or goat is cut and the food is prepared. Around 11am 3 virgin girls are called to come and sit and one person tells the story of Sopre Seshambe. Then har marodi (any wish) one wants is made. The 3 girls are representatives of 3 angles believed to be present. In the afternoon, some atar (white wheat flour) is put in the special room (on the white cloth?) and the door is locked. It is believed that if the morad (wish) is granted, the next morning a finger print will be left in the white flour. My (Shahriyar's) second mother once came running to say there was a finger print and all the wishes would come true. The story itself we must get from Shirin and Sarvar.

PIR-e VAMARU (Vamsh-e Vishasp) - that of the 7 angles (incl. Ahura Mazda) which guards over animals. The Pir is visited in Push-Khan Ali on the first of the meatless days each month.

TELES. Zoroaster said that Iran was supposed to be for Iranians, and to that end he prayed the Bahram Izet (or Bahram Yasht) to create a teles (magic circle) around Iran so no one could come in to destroy it; and the efficacy of this teles would last as long as the Iranians (is Zoroastrians) remained clean and true (pak-o-rast).--Like the Muslim Akhums tell the story of the 10 or 15 men who wanted to stone a whore to death as the Koran says they might; but they were stopped by a wise man who pointed out that the Qur'an gave them this right only if they themselves were pure and righteous. The ro sa, says Shahriyar, I like very much. The priests say don't look to my character--I may be a sinful man--listen to my words.

YAST-e DAVRE DEHMAH--stay at the Dakhme all night. Can be done any time, e.g. word may come that the body is not blessed and is still hanging around and this ritual must be done; so get some dasturs and spend some money to do it.

Fiddles on death: someone comes to the relatives before the 4th morning and says, I had a dream in which your father (or whoever) came to me and said that a xeirat should be done in my name. Or someone comes and says that the deceased owed him some money.

PANJEH--(1) light fire on rooves, (2) all go to daxme, (3) do porseh: go to houses of the dead. All souls are freed for 5 days from hell to join in the communal rites, i.e. all souls except those which committed suicide because suicide is saying to God that one is not happy with the lot God gave him.

Sign of **SHAH BAHRAM VARJOVAND** some say is the fall of the black pyjamas (the fall of the Muslims) and thus the Bahais claim to see him in Baha'u'llah. Black pyjamas of Muslims (esp. at time of Ashura with black shirts too) is sign that they are ready to die for the faith.

Sorush at the P.O. said Mehregan was not for another 5 mo. and when I said it was now Mehr he said, oh by the new calendar, but we follow the old. But **SADEH** (100 days) before NoRuz will come before then--everyone builds one big fire (in Marker Schol here, but even better in Kirman) vs the fire for each house during **PanjeH**. **SADEH** commemorates when Hushang discovered fire by throwing a rock at a snake and a spark caught as the stone struck stone. Sharifabad and Mazar Kalantar have a good Mehregan, else little and nothing happens on day/mo. jasnes. Praying over craft fires occurs but is not a big creation of fire or strengthening--he'll let me know if something of this sort occurs.

Shahriyar reports that wheat and its straw are expensive this year 5T/mann (vs 35r last yr). Also this is the season of anar (pomegranate): the men walk c. with clubs to keep people out of the gardens. Figures his investment in the wells is 300,000 T. (2 engines 46 thousand ea; pump 95 thousand; pump shaft for the 2nd pui 25thous; land 75 thousand); gets 500T or so a month for living and reckons maybe 5000T yr over that. Last water for gandum is c. 15-20th Erdebehesht.

8 Oct (Thurs). Morning in Bazaar Khan trying to do survey on Jews. A blind seller of posters was sent thru shouting the news that 25 Israelis had been killed--the joke of a Muslim to send this guy to shops where Jews are with a false story. Question about profits and land ownership are regular drawers of false answers: guy says shop is giving him 300T when he's getting 3000T-- says he owns no land when he has 200,000 T worth. Ahmad Agha: senf exists, doesnt help if someone just sick but if doctor needed etc. get one, collect and asses taxes etc. maybe if doctor needed etc, g# want son to be apprentice ask rais. Musa Aranian: senf also used to organize, contrib at time of jasne demonstrations.

Stopped by Derakhshahn--Alditar Khavari says Zoroas only here and Eqbal--one accountant at Shark--one iron worker Bahai at Junub (a relative)--they dont hire Zoroas any more is an increase in fanaticism as last dying gasp together w/ much new mosque building. Also Zoros dont come much for this work.

Lambh w Sintons.

Shahriyar--How do you know God forgives you for a wrong? 1st must give back what wrong taken; then must ask forgiveness of God--ready to accept whatever punishment he gives. / MF: fine but how do you recog it as a sign of forgiveness? / By faith. That's all religion is is faith. / MF: if relig is only faith, then what is the diff btw a man who has faith, and one who doesnt. / The man who has faith knows that God is watching, and his conscience won't let him do wrong i.e. religion is superego /.

Iman Reza Shrine (Mashad): if a simer circumambulates, his nose is supposed to start bleeding.

MASJID-e RIGO. Shahriyar heard this story from Fereydu, Iraj's MF. Once there was a famine in Yazd, there was no wheat, and no transport except camels in these days. Things began to get very serious. The mayor told the people to hang on, that he would send the camels to get wheat from somewhere else. The camels went out. The famine grew worse, people began to die. After a number of days the camels returned. Empty; they had not been able to find any wheat. What to do? The Mayor ordered that news that the camels had come back empty should not be given out (his men had gone out of the town to meet the caravan on the road) yet, as people were coming into town on the news that the camels were coming back. The mayor ordered the camel bags filled with sand. The camels came into town, but the mayor ordered that the bags would not be ~~filled~~ opened until the morning, saying God is good, maybe something will happen before morning. The Mayor prayed to God. In the morning there was nothing else to do: the bags were opened, and lo and behold, they were filled with wheat. The wheat was sold and the proceeds used to build the mosque.

Some places water is sold e.g. at 10 T in winter and 18T in summer rather than 14T all year like me. Only 2 waters here: satvi and sgyfi. Tractors used for digging--e.g. 9T. hr hire tractor and driver. Ploughing then done by human labour (one month more for wheat).

On ziaratgahs: a Muslim asked me 'what is a Chak Chak--I went there and saw nothing special'. Mobedi replied: it is a matter of faith: I went to Mashad and saw nothing special.

Evening with the Khorsands where met Mohandess Sharifi, who works at Land Reform (ed: agri. eng. Pahlavi). Says are 60 coops in Yazd Farmandari-koll. So far he thinks Land Reform is a failure; would be a success if the coops worked better, and if farmers became owners.

9 Oct (Friday): went to Zoro. hamman--there is a story about the hamman about which I should ask Muneri who is the owner (?) but the hamman is run by Fereydu Felfeli who collects 1T/time; esle yrly subscription. Shahriyar: one aldun here was caught and turned into police--someone had tape recorded his words, and they cant figure out who did it. Today is a Vamaru (meatless day)--only 1st 6 of the 4 days Bahman go to Pir: the other 3 days are "helper days" helper angles. Believed that eating meat on these days is doing something that wont be pleasing to these angles and they wont help you get to heaven--ie is sin. Now if a

Christian eats meat on these days is not a sin because he does not have this faith--what is not known is forgiven. Thinks vegetarianism is good for health, both physically, and spiritually, because they say meat eating makes you passionate and Indians (who are vegetarians) do not get angry easily. Ruz-e Bahram is a day for prayer. Laughed at RC confession--that a priest can forgive you and compares it to the Khodja Muslim sect in Bombay where a body was not buried until a piece of paper was obtained from an akhun to be put with the body saying it should go to heaven and priests would run around saying 'hell no, I won't sign a recommendation for that man to go to heaven' and they have to organize bribes etc. so he will sign the paper so the man can be buried.

EVE: cf Yom Kippur--Jews

10 Oct (Sat) 1970-- cf Yom Kippur--Jews

11 Oct (Sun) 1970--19 Mehr. Morning Shahriyar called me to meet one Bahman (who said Shirin was his doctor's name and who went off then to visit family in Aliabad) who works for the Jewish liquor factory in Qazvin (300-400 workers owned by 2 Jewish brothers) which makes 12 million bottles a week (?). Bahman is ~~not~~ a driver there and commutes by bus each day from Teheran; has worked there 5 years (student before). Then Shahriyar and I went to Land Reform and the Electric Co. and the P.O. We came back for a late breakfast: bread from a SHAH PARI in Zeinabad. Sarvar will explain the difference between that and Sopre Bibi Seshambe sometime.

Went to see the Bonines who are newly back.

Then went to see Fereydm Keyanian. He has no figures on how many Zoros there are but he estimates 8 thousand; it is a constantly changing figure. He can get the number of marriages for me but there is no record of jehzia and Zoros have no dowry. Nor are there records of deaths or sudreh-kusti ceremonies. He gave a sudreh kusti for 2 boys 2 years ago and invited ~~2000~~ 200 people. This year on the sol of his father he will select 3 needy village boys and have them invested buying them new clothes, then they will go to the hamam and will be invested; if I am here in the 9th Azar I shall be invited. 30 years ago there was little intermarriage btw village and city; those who came to town were higher class; today since village boys go to university, become lawyers, doctors, etc., city girls do not refuse them; all have become one. Few Zoros find work in Yazd, don't go to factories; is ill feeling there. Once they leave Yazd things are much better; no one knows who is Zardoshti. 30-40 families in Isphahan and Abadan there because work exists with the Steel Mill and Oil Co. resp. He will be willing to tell me about his genealogy in 4-5 days.

Ran into Abul Qassem and talked. Then at home Neshat Anvari showed up and we did some more transl.

13 Oct. (Tues).--21 Mehr. Morning to Edare-Bagh to find out about Zoros there. Afternoon home. Today was jasne-Ruz-e Mehr Izet and pashmak was brought back from town, but Shahriyar says there was no jasne jasne and he brought the pashmak only because when he goes to town he always brings something back. Hussein was made embarrassed about his refusal to eat with Zoros, lamely explaining that he had a bad heart and also bad teeth; eventually he took a token pinch. Then to Rosa--the 23rd continuous night, the first $\frac{1}{2}$ of which were paid for by one man, the rest kept going by contributions; enough money to keep it going thru Friday so far. A really magnificent setting: well-dressed and bearded akhuns who spoke well; nice Husseinaya; white brick with tent up, wall hangings. Say no akhun gets less than 5T; but no upper limit (50-60T). A night runs about 70-80T. so each akhun must average about 10T; tea and cigarettes given out. One Akhun talked about not troubling women so much with so many children; Islam encourages two years nursing as birth control. One Akhun talked about how one hour of thinking about God is worth 100 hrs of...? Rais of Anjoman Deh was there Sayyid Mhd... Namaki with his brother; his son who is Peter's student sat next to me. There are 6 brothers: two are teachers, 1 mechanic, 2 in Germany, the younger in school, and 1...

Neshat Anvari had expressed surprise that I wanted to go to a rosa and asked if I was going to accept the tea? He said he would be scared to go.

14 October (Wed.) 1970. --22 Mehr. Sarvar told that Zoroaster when asked for a miracle to prove his divine mission, he planted his staff in the ground and said 'there it will be evergreen' (the sary tree) as she collected the droppings from the base of the sary in my hyat (makes the fire small sweet). Shahriyar reaffirmed how much he likes the rosa--they tell people to do good, a robber may stop there just for the sake of tea--and contrasts it with Gahambar which he likes because it is praying for souls, but which he dislikes because people don't know what they are doing. Rosa--priests translate the Quran into Persian. Shahriyar also told of an incident near the P.O. --a Jewish old man w/ long beard (used to come out here as a peddler) was begging; Jewish girl came up and told people not to give anything because he was well off and he was a disgrace to Jews; they should shoo him away.

Afternoon went to see Dr. Xoda--the brothers have a large farm in Push Kuh (c. 20 hectares) with a tractor from Rumania which they bought under the Iran-Rumania special trade agreements at less than half price for 30,000T. and a well with a pump (10m), and 10 wage workers. They bought the place about 5-6 years ago but have failed to make a profit; they were trying to grow sugar cane but they didn't test the soil and he thinks that they didn't use the proper fertilizer, also the hot days and cold nights may not have suited. So now they're switching to pistachios which is expensive; trees, 2x fertilizer a year, and report that the US is refusing pistachios from Iran. Esfendiar, the patient from Qassimabad with a tongue operation, was their tractor driver but a bad one and had to leave; he went to Teheran to look for work in a factory but couldn't find anything suitable and so is back and maybe will run Arbab Sohrab (Bastani's) pump. He lives alone as all his family is in Teheran. (He is a free patient). Safayeh is a company mostly owned by S... who took desert and transformed it; motel et al.--idea is to make it a suburb for upper class folk with more privacy. Xoda says can't live in Yazd itself where everyone has to know what you're up to--he attributes it to an Arab life style.

15 October (Thurs) 1970. --23 Mehr. Morning to Land Reform Office and met Mohandess Hamidkani thru Mohandess Shafari (the relative of the Khoraands from Abarghu) from Ghasvin. He went to Canada for a year, and gave a paper there on the land reform program which he gave me to read (from 1962) in his seminars on Land Reform, Management of Marketing etc. To P.O. and to see Frazer.

Evening interesting: at Khorsands, the subject of religion inevitably was brought up by Mahmud who wanted me to talk to his grandmother's (2nd) husband (a dentist with land in Sonich). The latter dismissed Zoroastrianism tho when I put it this way he softened: Iran was a strong power in the time of Mohammad, is it not strange that Zoroastrianism was not mentioned in the Quran? He then allowed that Zoroaster might have been one of the 1024 prophets. Mohandess Sharifi said there are only five holy Books: Quran of Mohammad, Angil of Isa, Torah of Misah, Zabur of Davud, Sohar of Ibrahim. /refs. to edicts of Caliph Omar no good in Shia lands / Mahmud added that the prophet noted most for wisdom is Mohammad, for beauty Jacob, for song David. His grandmother's husband says of the sary of Faraj: To Yazd the Zoroastrians fled and the Arabs pursued as far as Faraj killing a few but then withdrawing, and Yazd remained a peaceful place. Of more interest, the sary tree is supposed to burst into flame itself and from its ashes a new one grows. Abbas (the jack-of-all-trades from aliabad) says that there is another large sary 3 farsac from Abarghu in Firuzabad (In Bida Khavid the tree worshipped is a chenar)

We then went to 'tu shahr' (the old city) to Asar, the house of the Asari family (Mahmud's mother's family) in which two old spinster women live (Mahmud's mother's ame whom he addresses as ame). Each Wednesday the sisters hold a rosa in the little chapel complete with mamba of the house--one aknun comes, the same one always, for either just the two of them or what ever family there happens to be--to make them solem (calm, healthy). On the membay is